Poetry and the Arts (ENG 266)
Professor Jeff Dolven

Readings for Monday 1/31:

Anne Carson, "Merry Christmas from Hegel"
Emily Dickinson, "I Heard a Fly Buzz"
John Donne, "The Funeral"
H.D., "Sea Rose"
Terrance Hayes, "American Sonnet for My Past and Future Assassin"

Plus excerpts from:

Aristotle, *Poetics*
Harry Berger, Jr., *Figures of a Changing World*
Allen Grossman, *Summa Lyrica*

Readings for Wednesday 2/2:

John Keats, "Ode to a Nightingale"
Shigeru Matsui, "Pure Poems"
John Milton. "At a Solemn Music"
Tracy K. Smith, "Wade in the Water"
Wallace Stevens, "The Idea of Order at Key West"

Plus excerpts from:

Daniel K. L. Chua and Alexander Rehding, *Alien Listening*
John Hollander, "The Music of Poetry"
Stefano Harney and Fred Moten, *The Undercommons*
Arthur Schopenhauer, *The World as Will and Representation*

Merry Christmas from Hegel

It was the year my brother died. I lived up north and had few friends or they all went away. Christmas Day I was sitting in my armchair, reading something about Hegel. You will forgive me if you are someone who knows a lot of Hegel or understands it, I do not and will paraphrase badly, but I understood him to be saying he was fed up with popular criticism of his terrible prose and claiming that conventional grammar, with its clumsy dichotomy of subject and verb, was in conflict with what he called "speculation." Speculation being the proper business of philosophy. Speculation being the effort to grasp reality in its interactive entirety. The function of a sentence like "Reason is Spirit" was not to assert a fact (he said) but to lay Reason side by side with Spirit and allow their meanings to tenderly mingle in speculation. I was overjoyed by this notion of a philosophic space where words drift in gentle mutual redefinition of one another but, at the same time, wretchedly lonely with all my family dead and here it was Christmas Day, so I put on big boots and coat and went out to do some snow standing. Not since childhood! I had forgot how astounding it is. I went to the middle of a woods. Fir trees, the teachers of this, all around. Minus twenty degrees in the wind but inside the trees is no wind. The world subtracts itself in layers. Outer sounds like traffic and shoveling vanish. Inner sounds become audible, cracks, sighs, caresses, twigs, birdbreath, toenails of squirrel. The fir trees move hugely. The white is perfectly curved, stunned with itself. Puffs of ice fog and some gold things float up. Shadows rake their motionlessness across the snow with a vibration of other shadows moving crosswise on them, shadow on shadow, in precise velocities. It is very cold, then that, too, begins to subtract itself, the body chills on its surface but the core is hot and it is possible to disconnect the surface, withdraw to the core, where a ravishing peace flows in, so ravishing I am unembarrassed to use the word *ravishing,* and it is not a peace of separation from the senses but the washing-through peace of looking, listening, feeling, at the very core of snow, at the very core of the care of snow. It has nothing to do with Hegel and he would not admire the clumsily conventional sentences in which I have tried to tell about it but I suspect, if I hadn't been trying on the mood of Hegel's particular grammatical indignation that Christmas Day, I would never have gone out to stand in the snow, or stayed to speculate with it, or had the patience to sit down and make a record of speculation for myself as if it were a worthy way to spend an afternoon, a plausible way to change the icy horror of holiday into a sort of homecoming. Merry Christmas from Hegel.

591 (465)

I heard a Fly buzz - when I died -
The Stillness in the Room
Was like the Stillness in the Air -
Between the Heaves of Storm -

5 The Eyes around - had wrung them dry -
And Breaths were gathering firm
For that last Onset - when the King
Be witnessed - in the Room -

I willed my Keepsakes - Signed away
10 What portion of me be
Assignable - and then it was
There interposed a Fly -

With Blue - uncertain - stumbling Buzz -
Between the light - and me -
15 And then the Windows failed - and then
I could not see to see -

1863   1896

620 (435)

Much Madness is divinest Sense -
To a discerning Eye -
Much Sense - the starkest Madness -
'Tis the Majority
5 In this, as all, prevail -
Assent - and you are sane -
Demur - you're straightway dangerous -
And handled with a Chain -

1863   1890

740 (789)

On a Columnar Self -
How ample to rely
In Tumult - or Extremity -
How good the Certainty

5 That Lever cannot pry -
And Wedge cannot divide
Conviction - That Granitic Base -
Though none be on our side -

75   Let him still mark us; he shall see
            Small change when we're to bodies gone.

                                                        1633

The Funeral

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm
        Nor question much
That subtle wreath of hair which crowns my arm;[9]
The mystery, the sign you must not touch,
5   For 'tis my outward soul,
Viceroy to that, which then to heaven being gone,
        Will leave this to control,
And keep these limbs, her[1] provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread[2] my brain lets fall
10   Through every part
Can tie those parts and make me one of all;
These hairs, which upward grew, and strength and art
        Have from a better brain,
Can better do'it; except° she meant that I   *unless*
15   By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacled, when they're condemned to die.

Whate'er she meant by 'it, bury it with me,
        For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,[3]
20   If into other's hands these relics came;
        As 'twas humility
To'afford to it all that a soul can do,
        So 'tis some bravery,
That since you would save none of me, I bury some of you.

                                                        1633

The Flea[4]

Mark but this flea, and mark in this,
How little that which thou deniest me is;
It sucked me first, and now sucks thee,

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9. I.e., a lock of hair that he had tied about his arm.
1. The soul's, but also the mistress's (cf. "she," line 14). *Viceroy:* one who acts in the name and by the authority of the supreme ruler.
2. One theory during the period maintained that the body is held in organic order by sinews or nerves emanating from the brain to every part.
3. A reference to the Roman Catholic practice of idolizing martyrs as saints and venerating objects

(relics) associated with them, such as bones or clothing.
4. The flea was a popular subject of Renaissance erotic poems in which, frequently, the narrator envies the flea for the liberties it takes with his lady and for its death at her hands (both *die* and *kill* were Renaissance slang terms for orgasm; the act of sexual intercourse was believed to reduce the man's life span). The narrator here addresses a woman who has scorned his advances.

Doomsday

The end of everything approaches;
I hear it coming
Loud as the wheels of painted coaches
On turnpikes drumming;
5   Loud as the pomp of plumy hearses,
Or pennoned charges;[3]
Loud as when every oar reverses
Venetian barges;
Loud as the caves of covered bridges
10   Fulfilled with rumble
Of hooves; and loud as cloudy ridges
When glaciers tumble;
Like creeping thunder this continues
Diffused and distant,
15   Loud in our ears and in our sinews,
Insane, insistent;
Loud as a lion scorning carrion
Further and further;
Loud as the ultimate loud clarion
20   Or the first murther.°   *murder*

1932

H. D. (HILDA DOOLITTLE)
1886–1961

Sea Rose

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

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

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

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3. Military charges with streaming banners.

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

                                                    1916

Sea Violet

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

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

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

                                                    1916

Helen[1]

All Greece hates
the still eyes in the white face,
the luster as of olives
where she stands,
5   And the white hands.

All Greece reviles
the wan face when she smiles,
hating it deeper still
when it grows wan and white,
10 remembering past enchantments
and past ills.

1. In Greek mythology, the beautiful wife of the Greek leader Menelaus; abducted by the Trojan prince Paris, she was blamed for the Trojan War, waged to regain her.

AMERICAN SONNET FOR MY PAST AND FUTURE ASSASSIN
Terrance Hayes

Inside me is a black-eyed animal
Bracing in a small stall. As if a bird
Could grow without breaking its shell.
As if the clatter of a thousand black
Birds whipping in a storm could be held
In a shell. Inside me is a huge black
Bull balled small enough to fit inside
The bead of a nipple ring. I mean to leave
A record of my raptures. I was raised
By a beautiful man. I loved his grasp of time.
My mother shaped my grasp of space.
Would you rather spend the rest of eternity
With your wild wings bewildering a cage or
With your four good feet stuck in a plot of dirt?

noun or name is a composite significant sound not involving the idea of time, with parts which have no significance by themselves in it. It is to be remembered that in a compound we do not think of the parts as having a significance also by themselves; in the name 'Theodorus', for instance, the δῶρος means nothing. A verb is a composite significant sound involving the idea of time, with parts which (just as in the noun) have no significance by themselves in it. Whereas the word 'man' or 'white' does not signify a time 'he walks' and 'he has walked' involve in addition to the idea of walking that of time present or time past. A case of a noun or verb is when the word means 'of' or 'to' a thing, and so forth, or for one or many (e.g. 'man' and 'men'); or it may consist merely in the mode of utterance, e.g. in question, command, etc. 'Did he walk'? and 'Walk'! are cases of the verb 'to walk' of this last kind. A sentence is a composite significant sound, some of the parts of which have a certain significance by themselves. It may be observed that a sentence is not always made up of noun and verb; it may be without a verb, like the definition of man; but it will always have some part with a certain significance by itself. In the sentence 'Cleon walks', 'Cleon' is an instance of such a part. A sentence is said to be one in two ways, either as signifying one thing, or as a union of several speeches made into one by conjunction. Thus the *Iliad* is one speech by conjunction of several; and the definition of man is one through its signifying one thing.

21 · Nouns are of two kinds, either simple, i.e. made up of non-significant parts, like the word earth, or double; in the latter case the word may be made up either of a significant and a non-significant part (a distinction which disappears in the compound), or of two significant parts. It is possible also to have triple, quadruple, or higher compounds, like many of the names of people from Massalia: e.g. 'Hermocaïcoxanthus' and the like.

1457ᵇ1   Whatever its structure, a noun must always be either the ordinary word for the thing, or a strange word, or a metaphor, or an ornamental word, or a coined word, or a word lengthened out, or curtailed, or altered in form. By the ordinary word I mean that in general use in a country; and by a strange word, one in use elsewhere. So that the same word may obviously be at once strange and ordinary, though not in reference to the same people; σίγυνον, for instance, is an ordinary word in Cyprus, and a strange word with us. Metaphor consists in giving the thing a name that belongs to something else; the transference being either from genus to species, or from species to genus, or from species to species, or on grounds of analogy. That from genus to species is exemplified in 'Here stands my ship'; for lying at anchor is a sort of standing. That from species to genus in 'Truly ten thousand good deeds has Ulysses wrought', where 'ten thousand', which is a particular large number, is put in place of the generic 'a large number'. That from species to species in 'Drawing the life with the bronze,' and in 'Severing with the enduring bronze'; where the poet uses 'draw' in the sense of 'sever' and 'sever' in that of 'draw', both words meaning to 'take away' something. That from analogy is possible whenever there are four terms so related that the second is to the first, as the fourth to the third; for one may then put the fourth in place of the second, and the second in place of the fourth. Now and then, too, they qualify the metaphor by adding on to it that to which the

word it supplants is relative. Thus a cup is in relation to Dionysus what a shield is to   20
Ares. The cup accordingly will be described as the 'shield of Dionysus' and the
shield as the 'cup of Ares'. Or to take another instance: As old age is to life, so is
evening to day. One will accordingly describe evening as the 'old age of the day'—or
by the Empedoclean equivalent; and old age as the 'evening' or 'sunset of life'. It
may be that some of the terms thus related have no special name of their own, but   25
for all that they will be described in just the same way. Thus to cast forth seed-corn
is called 'sowing'; but to cast forth its flame, as said of the sun, has no special name.
This nameless act, however, stands in just the same relation to its object, sunlight,
as sowing to the seed-corn. Hence the expression in the poet, 'sowing around a
god-created flame'. There is also another form of qualified metaphor. Having given   30
the thing the alien name, one may by a negative addition deny of it one of the
attributes naturally associated with its new name. An instance of this would be to
call the shield not the 'cup of Ares', as in the former case, but a 'cup that holds no
wine' . . . .[13] A coined word is a name which, being quite unknown among a people,
is given by the poet himself; e.g. (for there are some words that seem to be of this
origin) ἔρνυγες for horns, and ἀρητήρ for priest. A word is said to be lengthened out,   1458ᵃ1
when it has a short vowel made long, or an extra syllable inserted; e.g. πόληος for
πόλεως, Πηληϊάδεω for Πηλείδου. It is said to be curtailed, when it has lost a part; e.g.
κρῖ, δῶ, and ὄψ in μία γίνεται ἀμφοτέρων ὄψ. It is an altered word, when part is left as   5
it was and part is of the poet's making; e.g. δεξιτερόν for δεξιόν, in δεξιτερὸν κατὰ
μαζόν.

The nouns themselves are either masculines, feminines, or intermediates. All
ending in N, P, Σ, or in the two compounds of this last, Ψ and Ξ, are masculines. All   10
ending in the invariably long vowels, H and Ω, and in A among the vowels that may
be long, are feminines. So that there is an equal number of masculine and feminine
terminations, as Ψ and Ξ are the same as Σ. There is no noun, however, ending in a
mute or in a short vowel. Only three (μέλι, κόμμι, πέπερι) end in I, and five in Υ. . . .[14]   15
The intermediates end in the variable vowels or in N, P, Σ.

22 · The excellence of diction is for it to be at once clear and not mean. The
clearest indeed is that made up of the ordinary words for things, but it is mean, as is
shown by the poetry of Cleophon and Sthenelus. On the other hand the diction   20
becomes distinguished and non-prosaic by the use of unfamiliar terms, i.e. strange
words, metaphors, lengthened forms, and everything that deviates from the
ordinary modes of speech. But a whole statement in such terms will be either a
riddle or a barbarism, a riddle, if made up of metaphors, a barbarism, if made up of   25
strange words. The very nature indeed of a riddle is this, to describe a fact in an
impossible combination of words (which cannot be done with a combination of other
names, but can be done with a combination of metaphors); e.g. 'I saw a man glue
brass on another with fire', and the like. The corresponding use of strange words   30
results in a barbarism. A certain admixture, accordingly, of unfamiliar terms is
necessary. These, the strange word, the metaphor, the ornamental equivalent, etc.,

[13]Kassel marks a lacuna.
[14]Kassel marks a lacuna.

will save the language from seeming mean and prosaic, while the ordinary words in it will secure the requisite clearness. What helps most, however, to render the

1458ᵇ1 diction at once clear and non-prosaic is the use of the lengthened, curtailed, and altered forms of words. Their deviation from the ordinary words will, by making the language unlike that in general use, give it a non-prosaic appearance; and their having much in common with the words in general use will give it the quality of

5 clearness. It is not right, then, to condemn these modes of speech, and ridicule the poet for using them, as some have done; e.g. the elder Euclid, who said it was easy to make poetry if one were to be allowed to lengthen words as much as one likes—a procedure he caricatured by reading Ἐπιχάρην εἶδον Μαραθῶνάδε βαδίζοντα, and

10 οὐκ †ἂν γεράμενος† τὸν ἐκείνου ἐλλέβορον as verses. A too apparent use of these licences has certainly a ludicrous effect, but they are not alone in that; the rule of moderation applies to all the constituents of the poetic vocabulary; even with metaphors, strange words, and the rest, the effect will be the same, if one uses them improperly and with a view of provoking laughter. The proper use of them is a very

15 different thing. To realize the difference one should take an epic verse and see how it reads when the normal words are introduced. The same should be done too with the strange word, the metaphor, and the rest; for one has only to put the ordinary words in their place to see the truth of what we are saying. The same iambic, for

20 instance, is found in Aeschylus and Euripides, and as it stands in the former it is a poor line; whereas Euripides, by the change of a single word, the substitution of a strange for what is by usage the ordinary word, has made it seem a fine one. Aeschylus having said in his *Philoctetes:*

φαγέδαιναν ἥ μου σάρκας ἐσθίει ποδός,

Euripides has merely altered the ἐσθίει here into θοινᾶται. Or suppose

25   νῦν δέ μ' ἐὼν ὀλίγος τε καὶ οὐτιδανὸς καὶ ἀεικής

to be altered, by the substitution of the ordinary words, into

νῦν δέ μ' ἐὼν μικρός τε καὶ ἀσθενικὸς καὶ ἀειδής.

Or the line

δίφρον ἀεικέλιον καταθεὶς ὀλίγην τε τράπεζαν

into

30   δίφρον μοχθηρὸν καταθεὶς μικράν τε τράπεζαν.

Or ἠιόνες βοόωσιν into ἠιόνες κράζουσιν. Add to this that Ariphrades used to ridicule the tragedians for introducing expressions unknown in the language of common life,

1459ᵃ1 δωμάτων ἄπο (for ἀπὸ δωμάτων), σέθεν, ἐγὼ δέ νιν, Ἀχιλλέως πέρι (for περὶ Ἀχιλλέως), and the like. The mere fact of their not being in ordinary speech gives the diction a non-prosaic character; but Ariphrades was unaware of that. It is a great thing, indeed, to make a proper use of these poetical forms, as also of

5 compounds and strange words. But the greatest thing by far is to be a master of

metaphor. It is the one thing that cannot be learnt from others; and it is also a sign of genius, since a good metaphor implies an intuitive perception of the similarity in dissimilars.

Of the kinds of words we have enumerated it may be observed that compounds are most in place in the dithyramb, strange words in heroic, and metaphors in iambic poetry. Heroic poetry, indeed, may avail itself of them all. But in iambic verse, which models itself as far as possible on the spoken language, only those kinds of words are in place which are allowable also in a prose speech, i.e. the ordinary word, the metaphor, and the ornamental equivalent.

Let this, then, suffice as an account of tragedy, the art imitating by means of action on the stage.

23 · As for the poetry which narrates, or imitates by means of versified language, the construction of its plots should clearly be like that in a tragedy; they should be based on a single action, one that is a complete whole in itself, with a beginning, middle, and end, so as to enable the work to produce its own proper pleasure with all the organic unity of a living creature. Nor should one suppose that there is anything like them in our usual histories. A history has to deal not with one action, but with one period and all that happened in that to one or more persons, however disconnected the several events may have been. Just as two events may take place at the same time, e.g. the sea-fight off Salamis and the battle with the Carthaginians in Sicily, without converging to the same end, so too of two consecutive events one may sometimes come after the other with no one end as their common issue. Nevertheless most of our poets, one may say, ignore the distinction.

Herein, then, to repeat what we have said before, we have a further proof of Homer's marvellous superiority to the rest. He did not attempt to deal even with the Trojan war in its entirety, though it was a whole with a definite beginning and end—through a feeling apparently that it was too long a story to be taken in in one view, or if not that, too complicated from the variety of incident in it. As it is, he has singled out one section of the whole; many of the other incidents, however, he brings in as episodes, using the Catalogue of the Ships, for instance, and other episodes to relieve the uniformity of his narrative. As for the other poets, they treat of one man, or one period; or else of an action which, although one, has a multiplicity of parts in it. This last is what the authors of the *Cypria* and *Little Iliad* have done. And the result is that, whereas the *Iliad* or *Odyssey* supplies materials for only one, or at most two tragedies, the *Cypria* does that for several and so does the *Little Iliad* [for more than eight: for an *Adjudgment of Arms*, a *Philoctetes*, a *Neoptolemus*, a *Eurypylus*, a *Ulysses as Beggar*, a *Laconian Women*, a *Fall of Ilium*, and a *Departure of the Fleet;* as also a *Sinon*, and a *Woman of Troy*].[15]

24 · Besides this, epic poetry must divide into the same species as tragedy; it must be either simple or complex, a story of character or one of suffering. Its parts, too, with the exception of song and spectacle, must be the same, as it requires

[15]Excised by Kassel.

O N E

Two Figures: (1) Metaphor

I begin with an absolutely arbitrary and unwarranted assertion, namely, that given a distinction between metaphor and metonymy, the tendency to make metaphors is characteristic of the modern attitude, while the tendency to see metonymies is characteristic of the traditional attitude. Any traditional ambience that becomes a cosmos does so because it has been structured into a field for the perception of metonymies, has been organized, we might say, by the metonymizing process. Modernization (or disenchantment) is then the transformation of metonymies into metaphors; to modernize is to de-metonymize, to metaphorize. To re-traditionalize is to de-metaphorize, to re-metonymize. The traditional attitude privileges the metonymizing process; the modern attitude privileges the metaphorizing process.

The trouble with such assertions is not so much that they seem arbitrary, as that they seem incomprehensible, so freighted down with

jargon as to inhibit any rapid transit of meaning from writer to reader. Besides, who needs another account of metaphor and metonymy, which have already been the victims of vigorous overelaboration in linguistic and semiotic circles, not to mention hermeneutic circles? These accounts, however, have indeed stayed in orbit and retained their equidistance from the central point to be developed in the following discussion. The difference between metaphor and metonymy is the difference between making and seeing: making metaphors, but seeing metonymies. On the one hand, a metaphor is something we make; it wasn't there before we made it; we brought it into being. On the other hand, a metonymy is something we see; we didn't make it up; it was already there.

We all know that a metaphor is a figure comparing two things without the use of "like" or "as," a transfer of terms from their proper or literal signification that is grammatically phrased as an assertion of identity. Consider two famous examples, "Achilles is a lion" and "my love is a rose," the first immortalized by Homer, the second by centuries of sexist discourse.[1] Both display

> the tripartite structure of all metaphors, often stressed by theoreticians of rhetoric. When Homer calls Achilles a lion, the literal meaning of the figure signifies an animal of a yellowish brown color, living in Africa, having a mane, etc. The figural meaning signifies Achilles and the proper meaning the attribute of courage or strength that Achilles and the lion have in common and can therefore exchange.[2]

De Man's analysis makes it clear that of the three meanings the literal is most likely to invite readers to conjure up a visual image, and my point about this is that the visual image then gets put under erasure in the dynamic transition to the figural and proper senses.

It's important to appreciate the dynamic and countervisual properties of metaphor. Nobody thinks Achilles is or actually looks like a

lion. Nobody thinks the poet who says "my love is a rose" means "I'm in love with roses" rather than "the person I love is a rose" (she isn't, really) or "my affection is a rose" (it isn't, really).[3] The transfer affects the thing referred to and the verbal reference together, and here the effect is apiary: Whenever the male poet deposits the properties of a rose on the referent of "my love," the properties of his love are temporarily visited on the flowery referent of "a rose."

Again, no one familiar with that figure takes it as a cue to visualization. We aren't motivated to picture the beloved wearing petals or bearing thorns. So conspicuously absurd a possibility reminds us that if a figure recognized as metaphor initially feints toward visualization of the things its terms refer to, it does so only to force us beyond visualization and toward interpretation. Any attempt to visualize a metaphor produces a grotesque image, a monster, especially when the opposition is sharpened to the point of catachresis.[4] As the syntagmatic order of de Man's comment shows, metaphor demands that its images be dissolved into or reconstructed as meanings. But the effect of countervisuality depends on and presupposes a feint toward the visualizable.

A is B / A is not B: This is the conceptual structure of metaphor, and although most of my isolated examples tend to reflect it, we should keep in mind the difference between a trope's conceptual structure and its grammatical form—a difference that has been brilliantly explored by Christine Brooke-Rose in *A Grammar of Metaphor*.[5] Drawing her examples from the works of fifteen English poets and adopting the simplest of definitions—metaphor "is any replacement of one word by another, or any identification of one thing, concept or person with any other" (23–24)—she examines the differences produced by different types of grammatical linkage.[6]

The grammatical variability on which Brooke-Rose's study centers belongs to the surface structure of metaphor but, as her definition indicates, it also has an invariant deep structure, which is pseudo-propositional and duplex in form. It consists of an identity assertion,

"A is B," coupled with its implied contradictory, "A is not B." The exclusion of the simile's "like" or "as" serves to sharpen the collision between A and B, especially when the context seems to support a strong or existential rather than a weak or predicative sense of "is."[7] I note in passing that metaphoric propositions needn't be reversible. "A rose is my love": This is less likely to be taken as a poetic inversion than as a straightforward if melodramatically reticent expression of anthophilia.[8]

A more homespun way to phrase the oppositional deep structure is "A is B, but not really." "What matters," as Donald Davidson insists,

> is not actual falsehood but that the sentence be taken to be false. . . . Generally it is only when a sentence is taken to be false that we accept it as a metaphor and start to hunt out the hidden implication. It is probably for this reason that most metaphorical sentences are patently false. . . . Absurdity or contradiction in a metaphorical sentence guarantees we won't believe it and invites us, under proper circumstances, to take the sentence metaphorically.[9]

The intensity of the opposition is what pumps a metaphor up and lets it take off; as the negative becomes weaker through use, the metaphor suffers deflation and loses altitude until it is grounded in literalness.

Such phrases as "the leg of the table" or "the mouth of the bottle" are no longer bizarre when visualized because both "leg" and "mouth" have left their bodily origins behind and now designate more general functions of support and ingress.[10] We view the identity assertion as conspicuously imaginary or counterfactual only as long as we feel the pressure of the negation. Metaphor denies actual or preexisting states of affairs, rejects distinctions taken for granted in normal usage, yokes together items that belong in different contexts, different "worlds" or frames of reference.

What a living metaphor asserts, reveals, or creates is therefore generated by and confined within the particular linguistic utterance that

gives rise to it and that contextually sustains or reinforces the nega-
tion.[11] It is like a hapax legomenon, a nonce usage, and it therefore
demands to be interpreted. All this indicates the obvious, which is
that *use* matters. To repeat Davidson's emphasis, "Metaphor belongs
exclusively to the domain of use. It is something brought off by the
imaginative employment of words and sentences" (247).

"A is B, but not really": The version of metaphor characterized by
this formula differs from—and needs to be protected from—the
versions featured by George Lakoff and Mark Johnson in *Metaphors We
Live By* and *Philosophy in the Flesh*. Lakoff and Johnson insist that the
traditional tendency to treat metaphor exclusively within the bound-
aries of poetry, rhetoric, and language has been misguided. Metaphor
is not merely a rhetorical trope or linguistic entity but a concept and
a cognitive function. They focus on the pervasiveness and systematic-
ity of the metaphorical concepts by which we understand and experi-
ence "one kind of thing in terms of another."[12]

Lakoff and Johnson are careful to define metaphor in a manner
that emphasizes things (concepts) rather than words: "The essence of
metaphor is understanding and experiencing one kind of thing in
terms of another."[13] Thus in the metaphors "argument is war," "time
is money," "a purposeful life is a journey," and "love is a journey," the
equation is not between the terms "argument," "war," "love," "jour-
ney," and so on, but between the domains of activity and discourse
those terms designate.[14] These conceptual "mappings" govern our
common understanding of argument and time. They "structure our
actions and thoughts," and they so permeate everyday thought and
language as to render them largely imperceptible to their users. Nev-
ertheless, it is misleading to refer to them as "dead" metaphors.
"They are 'alive' in the most fundamental sense: they are metaphors
we live by. The fact that they are conventionally fixed within the lex-
icon of English makes them no less alive" (55).[15]

For my purposes, the most significant moves made by Lakoff and
his associates are their elaboration of the category of conventional

metaphor, their disconnecting it from the category of dead metaphor, and their insistence that conventional metaphors like those mentioned above operate at the level of "the cognitive unconscious": "Such general metaphors as a LIFETIME IS A DAY . . . are conceptual, not linguistic, in nature, and . . . have the form of structural mappings across conceptual domains."[16] These mappings are called *metaphor* "because they are . . . responsible for the phenomenon traditionally called metaphor. . . . Metaphorical language . . . is the language that conventionally expresses the source-domain concept of a conceptual metaphor. Thus . . . the conceptual metaphor A LIFETIME IS A DAY . . . maps twilight onto old age and night onto death." In this way, "conventional metaphorical language is simply a consequence of the existence of conventional metaphorical thought."[17]

Important as this introduction of the category of conventional metaphor is, it leaves open the question whether live conventional metaphors exhibit the formula "A is B, but not really."[18] The answer is that if, in the Lakoff/Johnson/Turner system, the element of negation is taken into account, it plays a minor role and is mentioned only in casual reminders that in any metaphor the overlap between A and B is never total, always partial.[19] Despite a lot of rhetorical muscle-flexing in their attack on traditional views of metaphor, their complex and exhaustively worked-out theory produces an account of metaphor that reduces it functionally to the status of a simile: not "A is B, but not really" but "A is [like] B," "A resembles B in certain respects."

Consider a representative sample of the conceptual metaphors on their list:

A. "Target domain"		B. "Source domain"
Love	is	a journey[20]
Life	is	a journey
Death	is	departure
People	are	plants
Death	is	rest
Life	is	a flame[21]

However variously Lakoff, Johnson, and Turner describe the relations between these domains, they define "a mapping" as the actualization of "a set of correspondences."[22] Although they are careful to argue against notions that metaphors express preexisting, literal, or symmetrical similarities not based on cross-domain mapping, their account of mapping is nothing if not a definition of metaphor in terms of resemblance or similarity: "The conventional Love is a Journey metaphor creates a . . . Love is a Journey concept, which of course has similarities to journeys—exactly the similarities expressed in the mapping, since the mapping creates the similarities."[23]

A theory of metaphor that bases itself on the formula, "A is B, but not really," can't be reduced to or equated with the view of conventional metaphor as cross-domain mapping, the basic formula of which is closer to that of simile: "A is [like] B." Simile is a positive analogy, metaphor a negative one. Or, as Davidson puts it, "The most obvious semantic difference between simile and metaphor is that all similes are true and most metaphors are false."[24] What Lakoff, Johnson, and Turner call "metaphor" appears in my scheme as a metaphoric simile. From now on, therefore, I'll distinguish their concept from mine by designating theirs as *weak* and mine as *strong* metaphor.[25] The qualitative sense of the distinction is concisely expressed in Davidson's varied repetition of the statement quoted above: "Most metaphorical sentences are *patently* false, just as all similes are trivially true," which also says something about the Lakoff/Johnson/Turner reduction of metaphor to metaphoric simile.[26]

Two Figures: (2) Metonymy

Metaphora is a Greek term precipitated from the verb *metapherein,* to carry something from one place to another—a sense acknowledged early in the twentieth century when I. A. Richards gave the name "vehicle" to the predicating term of a metaphor.[1] But the initial context of vehiculation is more pragmatic than poetic. *Metapherein* means—switching now from Greek *meta* to Latin *trans*—"to transfer" (as of property) or "to transport" (as in the hauling of goods).[2] Transferred to the *techné* and *logos* of rhetorical discourse, the noun means "transfer of a word to a new sense."

The rhetorical meaning of *metaphora* is thus a metaphorical extension of legal and commercial meanings. In rhetoric, any term that enters into a metaphoric negotiation undergoes a shift of semantic burden. This reminds us that metaphor, however poetic and airy a view we take of it, carries the markings of the home base from which it deviates, the base still quaintly—metaphorically—characterized as *oikonomia* (rules of the house; domestic order). *Oikonomia* designates a

system of rules and the practices of exchange the system organizes: exchanges between or among genders, generations, families, households, lineages, communities, tribes, corporate groups, institutions, and nations. The economics of metaphor can't avoid being implicated in the metaphorics of economy—or should I say, the metonymics of economy?

The word *metonymy* comes from Greek *metonomasia* (Latin *metonymia*), "a change of name," and the action it designates involves moving or extending a name from one referent to another: "Sail" is extended to the referent of "ship"; the name of a material, "marble," is extended to the referent of "a statue" made of the material; the traditional name of a species, "man," is extended to the referents of "women and children," who belong to the species. It may or may not be important that the root term, *onoma*, means "name," not "word" (*logos* or *lexis*). The relations of metonymy are various modes of contiguity and association: between whole and part, container and contained, sign and thing signified, material and thing made, cause and effect, genus and species.[3]

Most dictionary definitions are less laconic than the one in Liddell and Scott's *Greek–English Lexicon*: "metonomasia, change of name." They include one or more of the various modes of contiguity and association listed above: "the substitution of the name of an object for that of another to which it has some relation, as the name of the cause for that of the effect, of the property for that of the substance, etc.; a metonymy" (Lewis and Short's *Latin Dictionary*);[4] "a figure of speech which consists of substituting for the name of a thing the name of an attribute of it or of something closely related" (*OED*); "a figure of speech consisting of the use of the name of one thing for that of another of which it is an attribute or with which it is associated (as 'crown' in 'lands belonging to the crown')" (*Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, Eleventh Edition*). *The American Heritage Dictionary* (third edition) differs in not using the word "name": "a figure of speech in which one word or phrase is substituted for another with which it is closely

associated, as in the use of Washington for the United States government." Notice, however, that "Washington" and "United States" are proper nouns, and proper nouns differ from common nouns in designating individual referents rather than such generic referents as "a rose" or "beloved." Washington may be substituted for the United States government because it is already associated with it by forms of contiguity (part/whole, container/contained) in the real world.[5]

In the present study I argue that metaphors involve modifications of meaning produced by the rhetorical context, whereas metonymies involve analytic or descriptive changes of name that may illuminate but don't change the prior meanings of the things signified. Metaphors rhetorically challenge the similarity they grammatically claim to establish, in order to feature their departures from preexisting states of affairs. Metonymies present themselves as analogies that articulate or reaffirm preexisting states of affairs. They are guarantors of *facticity*, a term that can be translated or defined as *fact-like-ness*.

Unlike fact and factuality, facticity names a state of appearance and resemblance and thus implies a rhetorical effect, a trope. By an imaginative employment of false etymology we can link it to *factitious* as to its adjective. *Factitious* means artificially produced and therefore lacking authenticity: fake, sham. *Factitious* slides easily, by a one-letter change, into *fictitious*. *Factitious* also shares a common etymology with *fetish, fetishistic*—both derive (the latter via Portuguese) from Latin *facticius*. To fetishize is to confer an especially intense degree of facticity as a repository and guarantor of value; to characterize the conferral as fetishizing is to affirm that it is factitious or fictitious. Given a context of competing ideological economies, the production of facticity depends on the development and maintenance of strategies of defictionalization. Metonymizing is such a strategy, whereas metaphorizing is a strategy of fictionalization.[6]

On the basis of this distinction I go on to argue that metaphor and metonymy can be used as instruments both for the macrointerpretation of tensions in culture change and for the microinterpretation of

tensions within particular texts. At the same time, I also suggest that the difference between the two figures can't be upheld without introducing an additional set of terms that subject the difference to historical or cultural determination. And this poses a problem. For how can metaphor and metonymy be used to interpret the very process necessary to distinguish and interpret them? I'm not sure I can solve that problem, I'm not even sure it's important from the standpoint of interpretation, but I think we have to keep it in mind to guarantee the provisional and inconclusive character of any inquiry such as this.

It is a necessary condition of one's ascribing states of consciousness, experiences, to oneself, in the way one does, that one should also ascribe them to others who are not oneself (Strawson).

16.5   The "I" in the poem is not in time, until the voice on its journey upward inscribes a precinct.

16.6   Lyric is a mode of the soul's "rejoicing in communicability" (Jaspers).

16.7   In what sense of the word "overheard" is the voice of the speaking person in lyric (not heard but) overheard? The answer must be either as the devil (and all social beings) knows the self, by outward indications, *or* as God knows the self, through participation of personal being (Aquinas).

> Poetry and eloquence are both alike the expression or utterance of feeling: but, if we may be excused the antithesis, we should say that eloquence is *heard;* poetry is *overheard.* Eloquence supposes an audience. The peculiarity of poetry appears to us to lie in the poet's utter unconsciousness of a listener. Poetry is feeling confessing itself in moments of solitude, and embodying itself in symbols which are the nearest possible representations of the feeling in the exact shape in which it exists in the poet's mind. Eloquence is feeling pouring itself out to other minds, courting their sympathy, or endeavoring to influence their belief, or move them to passion or to action.
>
> All poetry is of the nature of soliloquy (J. S. Mill).

Metaphor

17.   What is *like* cannot be unique (31.13).

17.1   Metaphor is a device for reducing the unknowability of the fact by eroding its uniqueness.

17.2   In a similar way the poem by a fiction reduces the uniqueness (inconceivability) of personal (own) experience.

> It seems as if the elementary psychic fact were not *thought* or *this thought,* but *my thought,* every thought being *owned.* Neither contemporaneity, nor proximity in space, nor similarity of quality or content are able to fuse thoughts together which are sundered by this barrier of belonging to personal minds. The breaches between such thoughts are the most absolute breaches in nature (William James, *The Principles of Psychology,* 1, p. 226).

17.3   What is *like* cannot be identical.

17.4   The function of the particle *like* in metaphor (all metaphors being reducible to some form of the sentence "A is like B") is to enable the perception of a relationship by *distinguishing* its terms.

17.5   The fundamental metaphor substantiating human presence (the *eidos*) in Western civilization is "Man is like God"—enabling the perception of a relationship by distinguishing its terms.

> *Scholium on God.* The first constitutive rule of image construction (eidetic substantiation) is the distinction of realms. The most fundamental distinction presented by Western culture is the distinction between "man" and God. God creates the mortal person at every moment of interhuman perception by participating as *difference* in relationship. The imitation of this difference, inherent in the grammar of metaphor, accounts for the sense we have of the centrality of metaphor in eidetic (human-presence) discourse. The sacred is functionally a principle of orientation. This function is enabled by the nature of divinity as generative of boundaries. Metaphor implies the experience of sanctity by repeating the constraints which boundedness imposes on experience. The particle "like" functions as divinity by keeping realms in being, in the same way that "space" enables perception by interpos-

ing a middle term between subject and object. The decline or foundering of metaphor indicates the decay of difference, and portends the loss of the poetic resource. Where surrogates are placed in the God-position (as in sentences such as "Imagination is God," or "Community is God"), the distinctness of the human image is eroded just insofar as the difference which the surrogational term makes is less than the difference which God makes. When difference is repudiated ("Man is God"), the *eidos* and the world with it disappears.

17.6   The prosodic feature of the poetic medium is a version of the time-experience. "Like" represents an insurmountable barrier in experience which both enables possibility and destroys possibility *until the end of time.*

17.7   The relationship of percept and experience-in-consciousness is always of the "is like" character. In other words, the metaphor of metaphor is the fundamental situation of being conscious of something in the world.

The Ontological Affirmation (5)

18.   The value of the poem for the reader of the poem flows from the acknowledgment which it enforces that something not the self is. The act of reading begins (?) with this ontological assertion.

> *Scholium on the ontological affirmation.* The ontological affirmation ("Something is.") is equivalent to the creation of difference out of sameness ("no-difference") and in theological terms is in fact the sole redemptive act. This is because it is a repetition of the creative act of God and stands for that self-creation or "cooperation" with grace which is the precondition of the experience of grace. The difference between the damned and the saved in Dante is the difference which the ontological affirmation makes and no other. The ontological affirmation is of peculiar importance for the lyric since

the lyric is the representation of mind alone. In the Scholium at 16.3 we observed that representation takes its stand where philosophy sinks down. The poem interposes itself to enable the ontological affirmation. Its "presence" constitutes a negotiation of the mind-world threshold. Reading in poetry therefore is a continual celebration of presence. The further paradox introduced below (18.1) corresponds to the theological commonplace and paradox that other-finding and self-finding are the same finding. From a theological and a poetic point of view difference and no-difference converge in the self.

18.1   The "something not the self" which is affirmed in the act of reading is the self.

Silence II (3)

19.   The silence which precedes speech is the first representational event of the poem. It is the poem's first artifice.

19.1   The *termini* of the poem (the marks of its boundedness) are the white portions of the page which constitute a morpheme meaning silence.

19.2   Some of the meanings of silence are: noise, darkness, possibility, death, "woman," chaos, ineffability, unconscious life, sin, the curse of God (11.2).

19.3   The specificity of anything is that by reason of which it is replicable in only one way. The speech of the lyric person is characterized by absolute specificity.

19.4   A poem is a voyage which is the destiny (the specificity) of only one speaker, undertaken and brought to an end with complete finality on only one occasion. Where any code will do, we call the utterance prose. The untranslatability of poetic speech is a non-negotiable aspect of its seriousness.

And there shall be for thee all soft delight
65   That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
    To let the warm Love[7] in!

1819   1820

Ode to a Nightingale

1

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
    My sense, as though of hemlock[8] I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
    One minute past, and Lethe-wards[9] had sunk:
5   'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
    But being too happy in thine happiness—
        That thou, light-wingèd Dryad° of the trees,   *nymph*
            In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
10   Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

2

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
    Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora[1] and the country green,
    Dance, and Provençal song,[2] and sunburnt mirth!
15   O for a beaker full of the warm South,
    Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,[3]
        With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
            And purple-stainèd mouth;
    That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
20   And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

3

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
    What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
    Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
25   Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
    Where youth grows pale, and specter-thin, and dies,
        Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
            And leaden-eyed despairs,
    Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
30   Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

7. I.e., Cupid.
8. Opiate made from a poisonous herb.
9. Towards the river Lethe, whose waters in Hades bring the dead forgetfulness.
1. Roman goddess of springtime and flowers.

2. Of the late medieval troubadours of Provence, in southern France.
3. The fountain of the Muses (goddesses of poetry and the arts) on Mt. Helicon, in Greece; its waters induce poetic inspiration.

4

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
   Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,[4]
But on the viewless° wings of Poesy,   *invisible*
   Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
35 Already with thee! tender is the night,
   And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
      Clustered around by all her starry Fays;°   *fairies*
        But here there is no light,
   Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
40   Through verdurous° glooms and winding mossy ways.   *green-leaved*

5

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
   Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd° darkness, guess each sweet   *perfumed*
   Wherewith the seasonable month endows
45 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit tree wild;
   White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;[5]
      Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
        And mid-May's eldest child,
   The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
50   The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

6

Darkling° I listen; and for many a time   *in darkness*
   I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
   To take into the air my quiet breath;
55 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
   To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
      While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
        In such an ecstasy!
   Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
60   To thy high requiem become a sod.

7

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
   No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
   In ancient days by emperor and clown:
65 Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
   Through the sad heart of Ruth,[6] when, sick for home,
      She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
        The same that ofttimes hath
   Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
70   Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

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4. Leopards, drawing the chariot of Bacchus, god
of wine.
5. Sweetbrier; wood roses.
6. In the Hebrew Scriptures, a woman of great loy-
alty and modesty who, as a stranger in Judah, won
a husband while gleaning in the barley fields ("the
alien corn," line 67).

8

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
    To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
    As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
75 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
    Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
        Up the hill side; and now 'tis buried deep
           In the next valley-glades:
    Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
80   Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

May 1819   1820

Ode on Melancholy

1

No, no, go not to Lethe,[7] neither twist
    Wolfsbane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed
    By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;[8]
5 Make not your rosary of yew-berries,[9]
    Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
        Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl[1]
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
    For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
10   And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

2

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
    Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
    And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
15 Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
    Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
        Or on the wealth of globèd peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
    Imprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
20   And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

3

She[2] dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
    And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,

---

7. River in Hades, the waters of which bring forgetfulness to the dead.
8. Queen of Hades. "Nightshade" and "wolfsbane" (line 2) are poisonous herbs from which sedatives and opiates were extracted.
9. Symbols of mourning; often growing in cemeteries.

1. Beetles, moths, and owls traditionally have been associated with darkness, death, and burial; Psyche (the soul) sometimes has been symbolized by a moth that escapes the mouth in sleep or at death.
2. The goddess Melancholy.

Shigeru Matsui
Pure Poems

The "Methodist Manifesto" (not to be confused with one of John Wesley's eighteenth-century tracts), drafted in early 2000 by the Japanese visual artist Hideki Nakazawa and undersigned by the musician Tomomi Adachi and the poet Shigeru Matsui, reads as follows:

> A large number of tautologies seen in every art and every science of the twentieth century, which democratic systems have given rise to, should now be talked about again as a single principle, by being reduced to method, not to form. Meaninglessness, which is what tautologies mean, does not excuse sensualism nor the mob, and it rather requests stoicism and discipline for its authorization.
>
> Method painting is a colored plane which is overlaid on method itself, prohibiting chance and improvisation. However, real colors which cause pleasure will sometimes be replaced scrupulously with other materials.
>
> Method poem is a row of letters which comes to method itself, prohibiting personalization and absorption. However, real letters which epicize lyric will sometimes be alternated scrupulously with other signs.
>
> Method music is a vibrating time which embodies method itself, prohibiting expression and tempo. However, real vibrations which vary eros will sometimes be exchanged scrupulously for other events.
>
> These method arts, on the one hand, return to the tradition which each form depends on, and on the other hand, sing in chorus a single principle in the same age. We, methodicists, doubt liberty and equality which have produced license and indolence in arts and sciences, and reinstate logics as ethics.

Or, in short, as Matsui has written his series of "poetics," poetry is less the expression of personal emotional messages and instead simply the permutation of basic elements in a formal distribution (his "Poetics No. 011," by way of illustration, reads: "15, 09, 14, 28, 04, 10, 03, 08, 22, 16, 30, 18, 11, 13, 26, 25, 17, 01, 31, 07, 20, 06, 23, 24, 29, 02, 27, 19, 12, 05, 21").

Matsui's series "Pure Poems" are compositions of similarly austere and minimal means but with broad potential for decoding and performance. Begun in early 2001 and currently numbering in the hundreds (and counting), the "pure poems" constitute something like On Karawa's daily date paintings: an index of viability. Both an assertion of poetic viability in general—proof that the most archaic elements of poetry can still be written in meaningful forms today—and a reassertion that Matsui, with each writing, is still a poet, they are also blunt evidence, like that photograph of a hostage with the day's newspaper, that the poet himself is still, at least as of the last poem, living.

Like John Cage's *Music for Piano,* composed by marking the imperfections in staff paper and reading those marks as pitch notations, the poems in "Pure Poems" derive their form from the material scene of their inscription. Based on the twenty-by-twenty grid of standard Japanese writing paper, every poem consists of four hundred characters, each of which is a number from one to three. Although Matsui originally wrote the poems in Chinese script, which represents the numbers 1, 2, and 3 with a single, a double, and a triple dash, respectively, he wrote later poems with roman numerals, rotating the Chinese characters ninety degrees from horizontal to vertical and moving the texts from a regional Asian alphabet to a European format more readily translated across the Internet. In both cases, moreover, the characters are iconic (in the sense defined by Charles Pierce): signs, like onomatopoeic words, that resemble their objects.

With each figure pointing back to itself in this way, conflating content with form, the poems are insistent in their refusal of a subject matter beyond a basic form. Reduced to the fundamental poetic elements of rhyme, rhythm, and lyric lineation, they gesture to the myth of poetry's origins in the divinatory casting of counters. Similarly, they relate to the traditional fixed form of the *tanka,* with its thirty-one mora triplets providing a mathematical skeleton for structuring poems.

With their dense forest of vertical lines creating a dizzyingly sublime fillet, the pure poems can be read as visual poetry or recited to a similarly maddening hypnotic effect as sound poetry, but they can also be read as musical scores or choreography and realized in other ways. Matsui's performance of "Pure Poem Walking," for example (enacted at the Toyota Municipal Museum of Art, on September 14, 2003), translates the written units of composition into the number of steps made in a rhythmic tattoo locomotion. Indeed, with three insistent beats incessantly counted out against the sturdy square grid of the twenty-unit page, the poems are always little warped waltzes danced against death.

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Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

47   At a Solemn Music

Date. 1633? There is no firm evidence for dating. The Trinity MS has two heavily corrected preliminary drafts, followed by a separate draft of *17−28*, followed by a fair copy of the whole (these four drafts are referred to in the notes as (*a*), (*b*), (*c*) and (*d*) respectively). The drafts begin on the reverse of the leaf containing the end of *Arcades*. *Solemn Music* can therefore be dated after, probably soon after, *Arcades* (itself not precisely dateable). The drafts are followed by the first draft of the letter to a friend (see headnote to *Sonnet VII*, p. 152 above) which is undated but perhaps as late as 1633 (W. R. Parker, *RES* 11 (1935) 278–9). *Time* and *Circumcision* do not appear until after the second draft of this letter: they appear, however, as fair copies, so no conclusion about their date of composition relative to that of *Solemn Music* can be drawn from this position. In *1645 Time* and *Circumcision* precede *Solemn Music*, but it cannot be proved that the order of poems in *1645* is strictly chronological. Suggested dates range from early 1631 (Parker[3] 88–9, 762 *n*.53) to Sept.–Oct. 1637 (J. T. Shawcross, *MLN* 75 (1960) 11–17).

Publication. *1645* (6. concent,]content,) *1673* (the text followed here).

Modern criticism. The history of the idea of world harmony (*musica mundana*), with which *Solemn Music* is concerned, and of the related harmony of man (*musica humana*), is traced by L. Spitzer, *Traditio* 2 (1944) 409−64 and 3 (1945) 307−64. The second of these articles contains a detailed analysis of the poem, showing that it can be divided into three sections (Graeco-Roman, Jewish and Christian), according to the technical terms and concepts used. John Hollander relates the poem to contemporary ideas about music in *The Untuning of the Sky* (Princeton 1961) pp. 324−31. M. C. Pecheux, *SP* 75 (1978) 331−46, notes the significance of the octave in the poem's structure, and H. W. Gabler, *Archiv* 220 (1983) 54−61, traces neo-Platonic harmonic proportions. P. L. Heyworth, *BNYPL* 70 (1966) 450−8, attempts to reconstruct the poem's textual prehistory. J. Carey (Caldwell, Olleson and Wollenberg 245−57) relates the poem to M.'s habitual distrust of music without words, observing that 'Voice' and 'Verse' denote not (as they are often read) 'music and poetry', but unaccompanied solo or choral voices. The poem's orchestral music is entirely illusionistic.

Versification in M.'s 'canzone poems'. A. Oras, *N&Q* 197 (1952) 314−5, suggested that the model for the stanza form of *Circumcision* (*a*10*b*10*c*-

10*b*10*a*10*c*10*c*10*d*7*d*7*c*10*e*10*f*7*f*4*e*6) was Tasso's *canzone* to the Virgin of Loreto. Tasso's rhyme scheme, however, differs slightly from M.'s (his first six lines rhyme *abcabc*). As Prince 62 demonstrates, M.'s actual model was Petrarch's *canzone* to the Blessed Virgin (*Vergine bella, che di Sol vestita*). *Time* and *Solemn Music* (which may have been written either before or after *Circumcision*) adopt the less taxing form of the madrigal – a single, unrepeated stanza of the *canzone* type.

> Blest pair of sirens, pledges of heaven's joy,
> Sphere-borne harmonious sisters, Voice, and Verse,
> Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ
> Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce,
> 5 And to our high-raised phantasy present,
> That undisturbed song of pure concent,
> Ay sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
> To him that sits thereon

¶47. *1–2. sirens*] See *Arcades* 63–72*n*, p. 165 above.   *pledges*] Earthly music is a pledge or assurance of heavenly bliss because it makes us recollect the divine music. James Hutton, *EM* 2 (1951) 1–63, indicates the currency of this idea among Renaissance neo-Platonists.   *Sphere-borne*] carried on spheres. *sisters*] Cp. Marino, *Adone* vii 1: *Musica e Poesia son due sorelle.*
3. Trin. MS (*a*): [. . .]vine power and joint force employ. (*b*): *Mix your choice chords, and happiest sounds employ* (deleted, present version inserted).
4. Dead things] Alluding to the myth of Orpheus, whose music could attract trees, streams and rocks.
5. high-raised phantasy] Phantasy was thought of in the seventeenth century as intermediate between sense and reason (see *PL* v 100–13). The idea that music could produce an ecstasy, separating soul from body, was common. For a discussion of the whole subject see G. L. Finney, *Journal of the History of Ideas* 8 (1947) 153–86, and for *phantasia* in M.'s early poems see S. Cumberland and L. V. Sadler, *MQ* 3 (1974) 50–55. Between *4* and *5 Trin.* MS (*a*) inserts: [. . .]whilst your `equal´ raptures tempered sweet / [ . . . ]happy spousal meet / [ . . . ]th a while / [ . . . ]home-bred `woes´ beguile. *Trin.* MS (*b*): And *whilst* `as´ your equal raptures tempered sweet / In high mysterious *holy* `happy´ spousal meet / Snatch us from earth a while / Us of ourselves and *home-bred* `native´ woes beguile.      *high-raised phantasy present*] *Trin.* MS (*a*): [ . . . ] *fancies then* `phantasy´ present. *Trin.* MS (*b*): high `up´ *up-raised* `high–raised´ phantasy present.
6. concent] harmony, concord. Each of the *Trin. MS* drafts reads 'concent'. In a Bodleian copy of *1645* (8⁰ M168 Art) a hand possibly M.'s has altered 'content' to 'concent'.
7. Trin. MS (*a*): [. . .]*ounds* [. . .]ay surrounds the *sovereign* `sapphire-coloured´ throne.   *sapphire-coloured*] Cp. *Ezek.* i 26: 'the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone'.

   With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
10 Where the bright seraphim in burning row
   Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow,
   And the cherubic host in thousand choirs
   Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
   With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
15 Hymns devout and holy psalms
   Singing everlastingly;
   That we on earth with undiscording voice
   May rightly answer that melodious noise;
   As once we did, till disproportioned sin

9. Trin. MS (*a*): [. . .]vers a[. . .] and solemn cry. (Not deleted; present version inserted).

10. Trin. MS (*a*): [. . .]e the ser[. . .] princely row. (*b*): Where the bright seraphim in *tripled* `burning´ row.

11. Trin. MS (*a*): [. . .]*ire loud unsa*[. . .]*trumpets blow* `Loud symphony of `silver´ trumpets blow´. (*b*): `Their´ *high-lifted* loud `uplifted´ *arch*-angel trumpets blow.

12. Trin. MS (*a*): And *the* youthf[. . .]ubim `heaven's henchmen´ sweet-winged squires.

13. Trin. MS (*a*): In ten thous[. . .]es.

14. Trin. MS (*a*): With those just[. . .] that `bear´ wear the *fresh green* `blooming´ `victorious´ palms. (*b*): With those just spirits that wear the blooming `blooming or victorious´ palms. *palms*] Cp. *Rev.* vii 9: 'a great multitude . . . clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands'.

15. Trin. MS (*a*): *In* hymns d[. . .] and sacred psalms. (*b*) Hymns devout and sacred `holy´ psalms.

16–17. Trin. MS (*a*) and (*b*) insert two lines between *16* and *17. Trin. MS* (*a*): `While´ *that* all the f[ . . . ]e of `whilst the whole frame of´ `while *then* all the starry´ heaven and arches blue / Resound and echo Hallelu. (*b*): *While all the starry rounds and arches blue / Resound and echo Hallelu.*

17. Trin. MS (*a*): That we *below may learn with* `with undiscording´ heart and voice (*b*): That we `on earth´ with undiscording *heart and* voice.

18. May rightly answer] *Trin. MS* (*a*): `May´ Rightly *to* answer.

19. Trin. MS (*a*) and (*b*) omit ll. 19–25 and read instead, (*a*): By leaving out those harsh chromatic jars / Of sin that all our music mars / And in our lives and in our song. (*b*): By leaving out those harsh *chromatic* `ill-sounding´ jars / Of clamorous sin that all our music mars / And in our lives and in our song. *Trin. MS* (*c*): As once we could `did´ till disproportioned sin. (*d*): As once we *could* `did´ till disproportioned sin.

19–24. Cp. Du Bartas 256, where it is explained that the 'hidden love' which still exists between 'steel and Load-stone' or '*Elm* and the *Vine*', 'Is but a spark or shadow of that Love / Which at the first in every thing did move, / When as th' Earths *Muses* with harmonious sound / To Heav'ns sweet *Musick* humbly did resound. / But *Adam*, being chief of all the strings / Of this large

    20 Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din
            Broke the fair music that all creatures made
            To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed
            In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
            In first obedience, and their state of good.
    25 O may we soon again renew that song,
            And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long
            To his celestial consort us unite,
            To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

48   On Time

Date. 1633? There is no certain evidence for dating. For *Time's* position in the Trinity MS and *1645* see headnote to *Solemn Music*, p. 167 above. Fletcher ii 174, 417–23 dates *Time* 1627–8 on the grounds that its metrics reflect the influence of Pindar and its content that of M.'s study of physics, begun some time during the academic year 1626–7. These reasons are clearly insufficient in themselves, and the appearance of even a fair copy of *Time* in the Trinity MS suggests a date later than Fletcher's. Parker 85, 761 *n*.49 assigns the poem to Christmas 1630 or early 1631. J. T. Shawcross, *MLN* 75 (1960) 11–17, would put it late in 1637.

In MS the poem was originally headed '[. . .] set on a clock case'. Later this was deleted and 'On Time' substituted. Bodleian MS Ashmole 36, 37 f69v. has a version of the poem in an unknown seventeenth-century hand, headed 'Upon a Clock Case or Dial', with the following variants: *2*. stepping]sleeping *17*. the]your   *19–22*. When once . . . O Time.] Shall heap our days with everlasting store/When death and chance, and thou O time shall be no more.

Lute, o'restretched, quickly brings / All out of tune.' The idea that the singing of the heavenly host was audible to human ears till the fall is found in Dante, *Purgatorio* xxix 22–30; M. refers to it again, *PL* iv 680–8 and vii 561.

20. *Trin*. *MS* (*c*): *Drowned* `Jarred against´ nature's chime and with *tumultuous* `harsh´ din.   *nature's chime*] Echoing Jonson, *Underwoods* lxxv 26–7: 'The Month of youth, which calls all Creatures forth / To doe their Offices in Natures Chime.'

23. *diapason*] concord, harmony: literally, the concord through all the notes of the musical scale.

25. *Trin*. *MS* (*c*): O may we soon `again´ renew that song.

26. *And keep*] *Trin*. *MS* (*a*) and (*b*): May keep.

27. *consort*] a company of musicians.

28. *Trin*. *MS* (*a*): To live and sing with him in ever-endless `ever-glorious´ `uneclipsed´ `where day dwells without night´ `in endless morn´ `cloudless birth´ of `in never-parting´ light. (*b*), (*c*) and (*d*): To live and sing with him in endless morn of light.

POETRY FOUNDATION

Wade in the Water

BY TRACY K. SMITH

for the Geechee Gullah Ring Shouters

One of the women greeted me.
I love you, she said. She didn't
Know me, but I believed her,
And a terrible new ache
Rolled over in my chest,
Like in a room where the drapes
Have been swept back. I love you,
I love you, as she continued
Down the hall past other strangers,
Each feeling pierced suddenly
By pillars of heavy light.
I love you, throughout
The performance, in every
Handclap, every stomp.
I love you in the rusted iron
Chains someone was made
To drag until love let them be
Unclasped and left empty
In the center of the ring.
I love you in the water
Where they pretended to wade,
Singing that old blood-deep song
That dragged us to those banks
And cast us in. I love you,
The angles of it scraping at
Each throat, shouldering past
The swirling dust motes
In those beams of light
That whatever we now knew
We could let ourselves feel, knew

To climb. O Woods—O Dogs—
O Tree—O Gun—O *Girl, run*—
O Miraculous Many Gone—
O Lord—O Lord—O Lord—
Is this love the trouble you promised?

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Anon, their lamps' uplifted flame
Revealed Susanna and her shame.

And then, the simpering Byzantines
50 Fled, with a noise like tambourines.

IV

Beauty is momentary in the mind—
The fitful tracing of a portal;
But in the flesh it is immortal.

The body dies; the body's beauty lives.
55 So evenings die, in their green going,
A wave, interminably flowing.
So gardens die, their meek breath scenting
The cowl of winter, done repenting.
So maidens die, to the auroral
60 Celebration of a maiden's choral.

Susanna's music touched the bawdy strings
Of those white elders; but, escaping,
Left only Death's ironic scraping.
Now, in its immortality, it plays
65 On the clear viol of her memory,
And makes a constant sacrament of praise.

1923   1931

The Idea of Order at Key West[4]

She sang beyond the genius[5] of the sea.
The water never formed to mind or voice,
Like a body wholly body, fluttering
Its empty sleeves; and yet its mimic motion
5 Made constant cry, caused constantly a cry,
That was not ours although we understood,
Inhuman, of the veritable ocean.
The sea was not a mask. No more was she.
The song and water were not medleyed sound
10 Even if what she sang was what she heard,
Since what she sang was uttered word by word.
It may be that in all her phrases stirred
The grinding water and the gasping wind;
But it was she and not the sea we heard.
15 For she was the maker of the song she sang.
The ever-hooded, tragic-gestured sea
Was merely a place by which she walked to sing.
Whose spirit is this? we said, because we knew

4. One of the coral islands off the south coast of   5. The pervading and guardian spirit of a place.
Florida.

It was the spirit that we sought and knew
20 That we should ask this often as she sang.

If it was only the dark voice of the sea
That rose, or even colored by many waves;
If it was only the outer voice of sky
And cloud, of the sunken coral water-walled,
25 However clear, it would have been deep air,
The heaving speech of air, a summer sound
Repeated in a summer without end
And sound alone. But it was more than that,
More even than her voice, and ours, among
30 The meaningless plungings of water and the wind,
Theatrical distances, bronze shadows heaped
On high horizons, mountainous atmospheres
Of sky and sea.
                    It was her voice that made
35 The sky acutest at its vanishing.
She measured to the hour its solitude.
She was the single artificer of the world
In which she sang. And when she sang, the sea,
Whatever self it had, became the self
40 That was her song, for she was the maker. Then we,
As we beheld her striding there alone,
Knew that there never was a world for her
Except the one she sang and, singing, made.

Ramon Fernandez,[6] tell me, if you know,
45 Why, when the singing ended and we turned
Toward the town, tell why the glassy lights,
The lights in the fishing boats at anchor there,
As the night descended, tilting in the air,
Mastered the night and portioned out the sea,
50 Fixing emblazoned zones and fiery poles,
Arranging, deepening, enchanting night.

Oh! Blessed rage for order, pale Ramon,
The maker's rage to order words of the sea,
Words of the fragrant portals, dimly-starred,
55 And of ourselves and of our origins,
In ghostlier demarcations, keener sounds.

1936

Waving Adieu, Adieu, Adieu[7]

That would be waving and that would be crying,
Crying and shouting and meaning farewell,

6. Stevens claimed (*Letters*, 798) that he had simply combined two common Spanish names at random, without conscious reference to the French literary critic and essayist Ramon Fernandez

(1894–1944).
7. Cf. Mark Strand's homage to this poem in *Dark Harbor*, XVI (p. 1864).

it shares the same texture as the universe and is integrated in the weft and warp of its fabric. Music is inextricably embedded in the universe.

Summary In IMTE, the rules of simplicity, inclusion, and embeddedness are conceived musically as a theory of repetition. In this theory, music is best described in terms of loops, oscillations, turns, spirals, rotations, recursions, frequencies, and waves. Framed in this way, music functions as a universal machine or universal medium — a kind of computer through which any discipline can plug in and any intelligent life-form can engage.

★ ★ ★

The following sections of the blueprint outline, in the briefest terms, the "what," the "how," and the "why" of repetition:

- What is the nature of repetition (section 0011)?
- How does repetition work (section 0100)?
- Why is repetition important (sections 0101 and 0110)?

The purpose here is not to define a theory and fix its meaning, but to offer a few speculative coordinates to provoke further exploration on this voyage into space.

0011. REPETITION

Everything repeats.
Everything repeats. Music repeats itself endlessly. If it were a language, it would be meaningless; its interminable reiterations would be denounced as incoherent stuttering.[1] Music is not language precisely for this reason. If anything, music (en)trains language to jump through its hoops, turning its meaning into stuttering nonsense that makes perfect sense as rhythmic phenomena. For example, take a simple sentence from a song by the Police:

I can't I can't I can't stand losing

I can't I can't I can't stand losing

I can't I can't I can't stand losing

I can't stand losing you

I can't stand losing you

I can't stand losing you

— "Can't Stand Losing You," The Police, 1987

Music's repetitive motion is the basis of its coherence. Indeed, at its basic level, music is just repetition — a rhythmic fold — that holds time together as a discrete loop (see section 0100). Without this loop, music is incoherent, if not impossible. Thus, repetition is the minimal condition for music and the maximal potential for its generation. Music is therefore very simple. It is simply a matter of repetition.

Music's fundamental simplicity enables it to be a theory of everything, because everything repeats. The universe repeats itself endlessly. It operates by repetition. Through its vibrations, oscillations, waves, and rotations, it moves and measures time and space in all dimensions — from the looping membranes of string theory to the massive shudder of gravitational waves. Repetition functions as a universal in the universe — a kind of background hum that is a fundamental condition for existence. As long as there is time and space, there is repetition. Or, to put it in the terms of Fourier analysis, space-time is frequency; any*thing* that takes *place* in *time* can be expressed as frequency.[2]

This is the case for both the animate and the inanimate world. The laws of quantum mechanics and general relativity may repel each other, scuppering the scientific quest for "a theory of everything," but they at least share the same vibe: both theories require their worlds to oscillate. Indeed, in a curious validation of Pythagoras, the quantum leaps in string theory jump back and forth in accordance to harmonic ratios of a string. But to be a thing is not simply to vibrate randomly here and there, but to repeat itself in time to hold

its thingness together. As Catherine Pickstock claims, to be any*thing* at all is to sustain identity as repetition.[3] As for the animate world, life also oscillates; its biochemical and cognitive mechanisms circulate, replicate, and reproduce, from neural oscillations firing across the body to the feedback loops and mimetic actions that create a social oscillation between individuals. To live is to cognize and recognize. "Life is repetition."[4]

If music is defined in terms of repetition, then it can be found anywhere in our universe, not so much because it exists in the universe, but because it partakes in the fundamental parameters of existence. Music is not contained in time, but is enmeshed in it. It is not so much a product of life as an expression of its process. Where there is frequency, there is music. Thus, any theory predicated on intergalactic communication would need to be musical, because music is woven in the fabric of life and the very dimensions of being. So although Pythagoras was wrong, he was wrong in the right way. The universe is a kind of music. You can tune in to its frequencies. To communicate across galaxies to an alien intelligence is therefore possible because we *frequent* the same space-time and life-form.

Summary

1. IMTE is premised on frequency as a shaping of space-time. Music, as repetitive motion, does not merely move in time and resonate in space, but is materially embedded in these dimensions and can therefore model and disclose their properties. Music is an aesthetics of space-time.

2. IMTE is premised on frequency as the biological and cognitive rhythm of life. Music, as repetitive motion, is embedded in mechanisms of sense and sensation, perception and reflection, motion and emotion.

These two statements are a reiteration of an ancient idea found in Greek, Indian, and Chinese cosmologies: music weaves the world together, both within us and outside us. Herder echoes this vision

when he writes: "Everything, therefore, that resounds in nature is music." "It is not *we* who count and measure, but rather nature; the clavichord plays and counts within us."[5] Music embeds us in the universe, and the music we make enables us to hear how we inhabit the fabric of space and the cycles of life. To put the matter the other way around, we do not make music as its creator, but respond to a music that is already there. Repetition is therefore both an ontological domain and epistemological object of music theory.

If music weaves time both within us and outside us, then its repetitive motion operates as a mediator. Music converts time as an unknowable object into a *quality* of time that can be experienced. This relation is a metaphor: time *is* music. To listen to music is to attend to time. It is as if music scales time's immeasurable vastness into an ear-size gravitational field that warps within our being. Or, heard from the opposite end, it is as if music amplifies the subatomic resonance of the universe to dance before our ears. Thus, as a metaphor, music measures the immeasurable to make time appear as if it is calibrated to tick precisely with our internal clocks.[6] Music's repetitive tick enables us to keep time with the universe. And in turn, by making music, we are manufacturing teeny-tiny big bangs — miniature explosions of time that expand as vibrational cycles — in order to share our peculiar measure of the universe with another. And the other (perhaps, an alien), in its turn, will receive our measure of time in accordance to its own measure and perpetuate a chain of difference as music passes from one interface to another.

Repetition is a generality in the universe, a specificity in music, and a multiplicity through media.

OIOO. THEORY

Of course, if everything repeats in the universe, then repetition is not the sole property of music. Its embeddedness seemingly erases music of its distinguishing characteristics. Color, for example, is also frequency. Given the right ears, you could hear color. Conversely, given the right eyes, you could see music. Both can be

particularly treacherous study right now. Unlike the metrists of antiquity and later ages, faced with the relatively simple task of describing canonical styles, "rules how to compose," in short, today we must understand conflicting rationales of the varied styles of an intricate tradition, and of a patchwork present descending from many areas of it simultaneously. Ever since Sidney Lanier hailed music and poetry as "the two species of the genus art of sound," prosodists, following his example, have felt free to turn to musical notation and terminology to help them unravel the problems they have inherited.

Aside from clarifying some of the historic confusions of stress and duration, however, too many musical prosodists have either swollen our lexicon of prosodical terms, or, without knowing it, needlessly proliferated marginal entities. Notating a poem for vocal reading is one thing; reifying prosodic elements whose existence is suggested by the notational symbols, and then employing these entities in a purported description of the poem, is quite another. Now it is description, adequate to various purposes of criticism, to which prosodical study has most frequently been committed. Historically, it has been continually stricken with inconclusive debate over ontology: "Does the foot exist?" "Is there quantity in English verse?" "Does 'hovering accent' exist, and if so, where does it hover?" Usually quite wisely, one's instinct leads him to avoid such questions. It must nevertheless be remembered that, as a famous logician has remarked, "What there is does not in general depend upon one's use of language, but what one says there is does."[1]

In attempting to keep this in mind in the following discussion of prosody and music, I shall not attempt to offer a new method of scansion, decked out with new terms and symbols drawn from music, and selective redefinitions of older ones. Neither will it be my intention to demonstrate stylistic similarities between the chromaticism of Gesualdo's madrigals, the texture of Crashaw's verse, and the *chiaroscuro* of Caravaggio. Rather, I shall critically examine something of the history of music's identification with prosody in verse, and attempt to describe the limits of usefulness of any further comparisons between the two that we might choose to make.

The first problem we shall have to face concerns the idea of the nature of music itself. Classical antiquity bequeaths us no single line of doctrine on the subject. Actually, the Pythagorean view of music as a mathematical model of universal order, and what might be called the Platonic view of music as a branch of rhetoric, have polarized and interacted throughout our history. The first of these, called by Boethius *musica mundana*, concentrates primarily on the organizations of musical structure, taking little interest in effects on a hearer, but making of them a *donnée*, like the apparent motions of the heavens. The second view, Boethius' *musica humana*, involves the effects of musical forms and conventions upon the hearer; in it, formal considerations are subordinated to ethical and psychological ones. At various times in the past, one or another of these views has predominated, with various admixtures of a third, or Plotinian strand of tradition that makes of music an utter mystery.

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[1] W. V. Quine, *From a Logical Point of View* (Cambridge, Mass., 1953), p. 103.

JOHN HOLLANDER

The conflict between these two views is an important one for aesthetics gener-
ally, for it represents a traditional choice between concentrating on the structure
of any work of art, or upon its effect. It marks the gap between the word, sound
or image, and the feeling that it may purport to invoke in the hearer. A grave
confusion on this score is built, as it were, into the English language. For in the
coalescence, shortly after Chaucer's time, of Latin *modus* (relating to structure)
and Anglo-Saxon *mōd* (relating to feeling), a complicated redistribution of mean-
ings between "mode" and "mood" arose to terrify lexicographers and betray
all but professional aestheticians.[2] Most important of all, however, is the fact
that such confusions create a shaky bridge over the chasm between structure
and effect. It is precisely this chasm which modern criticism has committed
itself to filling in.

It was Leibnitz who first grasped the real nature of this difficulty when he de-
clared music to be a kind of *"unconscious* exercise in arithmetic,"[3] thus implying
in one phrase the ultimately determinative character of music's structure, as well
as the compulsiveness of our tendency, on hearing it, to minimize all but its
sensuous effects. For the Greeks, however, no such problem existed. Poetry was
inseparable from music, and the origins of Greek prosody lay in purely musical
principles. Proper music was almost exclusively vocal, and hence the intended
effect of any composition lay unambiguously exposed in its text. The notation of
Greek vocal music is of great prosodic interest. It indicated pitches only, one or
two for each syllable of text. A singer, then, could simply fit these pitches to the
duration-patterns indicated by the poetic meter and produce musical periods,
corresponding to *lines* of verse, marked out in what we would call *bars* or *meas-
ures*, corresponding to *feet*.

But sequences of long and short durations cannot arrange themselves into
musical patterns without the introduction of stresses, just as successively flashing
red and green lights would require an accompanying click on every fourth red
flash, for example, to produce perceptible groupings of an otherwise endless and
unbroken continuum. Greek music employed the *thesis*, or stressed downbeat,
and *arsis*, or unstressed downbeat, to mark off its feet or measures, even though
Attic Greek, like modern French, possessed no phonemic stress itself. Stress
patterns in Greek prosody may thus be seen to have served a musical purpose.
The same sort of phenomenon can be seen, almost in reverse, in the development
of bar-lines in baroque music. They became a necessity as instrumental music
replaced vocal polyphony in predominance, since stress and syntactic patterns
in the text could no longer give order to unbroken successions of notes.

Greek prosody, then, originated in systems of vocal music. It was when the
speakers of an originally stressed Latin poetry took over Greek conventions that
our traditional prosodic problems began to arise. The superimposition of schemata

[2] See my "Moedes or Prolaciouns in Chaucer's 'Boece'," *Modern Language Notes*,
LXXI (1956), 397–399.

[3] *Monadology and other Philosophical Writings*, tr. R. Latta (Oxford, 1898), p. 422n. Also,
cf. *The Principles of Nature and of Grace* (Ibid., p. 422), where Leibnitz insists that "Music
charms us, although its beauty consists only in the harmonies (*convenances*) of numbers and
in the counting (of which we are unconscious but which nevertheless the soul does make) of
the beats or vibrations of sounding bodies . . . "

for the poetry of one language upon the hostile realities of another engender grave complexities; they may be seen in the effects of Romance prosodic conventions upon Old English, for example. But it was with the adaptation of Greek meters to Latin that poetry, originally inseparable from music, began to grow away from it. And it was then that poetry began to develop, in its meter, a music of its own.

Actually, this whole account is complicated by the fact that two schools of thought eventually arose within Greek music itself, and it was their differences, discussed in uncomprehending detail by Roman grammarians, that became responsible for so much terminological confusion. The *metrikoi*, primarily rhetoricians and grammarians, held to traditional principles of Greek verse, maintaining in particular that one long syllable should be made equal to two shorts. The *rhythmikoi*, musicians in our sense of the word, held for finer gradations in relative length. In essence, the latter group were arguing for melodies rhythmically independent of the text. Differences between "meter" and "rhythm" remained those of commitment to the independence of melody.[4] Acquired pairs of meanings, such as rational schema vs. actual sound, quantity vs. stress, and, more recently, the printed poem vs. the spoken one, have become pinned onto the terms "meter" and "rhythm" only since the middle ages.

Music in post-classical times, confined at first to the uses of the Church, eventually became an independent art with conventions, and eventually a history, of its own. Even the earliest theorists of the polyphonic period, during the tenth and eleventh centuries, were obliged to try to reconcile the respected authorities of Boethius, Cassiodorus, and Augustine, with the actual practice of their own day. The *Scholia Enchiriadis*, a tenth-century treatise, for example, discusses consonant intervals of the parallel *organon* that was unknown to classic times; then, to prove that such considerations only reaffirm the Pythagorean status of *musica mundana* as a branch of mathematics, the author invokes the following passage from Augustine's *De Ordine: Thus reason has perceived that numbers govern and make perfect all that is in rhythm (called "numbers" in Latin) and in song itself.*[5]

It was just this use of the word "numbers" for prosody in general that the Elizabethan critics employed in trying to revive the prelapsarian marriage of music and poetry. Long after their divorce, and just at the time that their paths were departing from the parallel course to which Renaissance aesthetics had held them, a writer like Thomas Campion could argue from the ideology of *harmonia mundi* to the necessity of reëstablishing classic scansion in English. The first chapter of this *Observations in the Art of English Poesy* (1602), "intreating of numbers in general," maintains that "the world is made by Simmetry and proportion, and is in that respect compared to Musick, and Musick to Poetry."[6] The conclusion follows that *numbers* (i.e., classic quantitative scansion) must re-

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[4] I am indebted to Curt Sachs' discussion of Greek meter in *Rhythm and Tempo* (New York, 1953), pp. 115–146.

[5] See Oliver Strunk (ed.), *Source Readings in Music History* (New York, 1950), pp. 137–138.

[6] Thomas Campion, *Works*, ed. Percival Vivian (Oxford, 1909), p. 35.

place rhyme and stress. The world had been redeemed from Medieval ignorance, adds Campion: "In those lack-learning times and in barbarized Italy, began that vulgar and easie kind of Poesie . . . which we abusively call Rime and Meeter."[7] "Meeter" means stressed scansion here; it is even more confusing to note that other theorists like Puttenham use "numbers" to refer to a pure syllable-counting scansion, like that of Japanese verse. But Puttenham adds that "meeter and measure is all one . . . and is but the quantity of a verse, either long or short,"[8] and then cheerfully assures us that quantity in English consists in the fact that two or more syllables (shorts) make up a foot (long). Puttenham was the first really comprehensive English prosodist, and in his confusions he inaugurated the prosodical tradition of preserving inherited terminology at any cost.

The Elizabethan prosodists also produced some musical analogies which will be discussed shortly. What must be remembered at this point, however, is that throughout the middle ages music still usually depended on a poetic text for its *raison d'être*. By the fourteenth century, music had attained a stage of development that permitted stylistic controversy to concern itself not only with questions of sacred authority, but with those of elegance, subtlety, and utility as well. Composers had been signing their names to compositions for over one hundred years, and instruments were being richly employed in the performance of vocal music. But music was still essentially singing; and although motets, up through the fifteenth century were written to several texts simultaneously, one for each voice and often in different languages, only rarely could there be music without a text at all.

It was not until after 1500 that instrumental music received the continual attention of being notated, and it was not until the seventeenth century that, aside from lutes and keyboards, particular instruments were specified in score. It was during the sixteenth century, however, with its growth of secularism and of both amateur and professional musical activity, that the utter separation of music and poetry was being prepared. Three conditions apparently necessary to this final alienation began to emerge. A concentration of interest in instrumental music and the birth of instrumental virtuosity gave rise to a change from an emphasis on music as an activity in which one participated as a performer to an activity which one enjoyed as an audience. And finally, music became ideologically transformed from a microcosmic imitation of universal harmony, benefiting the hearer by bringing him into physiological and moral tune with the macrocosm, into a process operating instrumentally upon the emotions, affecting an audience through its senses alone. Renaissance apologists for music's virtues argued from its cosmological importance and venerable place in antiquity. But before 1620, Descartes could turn off the singing of the spheres as if with a switch when he began his *Compendium Musices* by saying: "The *object* of this art is sound. The end, to delight and move various affections in us."[9] ~~Finally, hundreds of~~

[7] *Ibid.*, p. 36.

[8] George Puttenham, *The Arte of English Poesie* (1589). In G. G. Smith (ed.), *Elizabethan Critical Essays* (Oxford, 1904), II, p. 70.

[9] René Descartes, *Oeuvres* (Paris, 1824) V, p. 445.

What I'm really trying to say is, I think, it's important to make a distinction between the capacity of capital, or the administration, to initiate, as opposed to their power to call to order. There's a difference. They don't initiate anything. In other words, the call to order is not in fact an initiation. If it's an initiation, it's an initiation in the sense of being initiated into a fraternity. It's a new beginning, let's say. It's a moment of some sort of strange, monstrous re-birth. It's literally being born-again into policy, or into governance. But there was something going on before that. And that initiatory moment is double-edged. You are starting something new, but you are also trying, in a radical, kind of brutal way to put and end to something – and the horrible part is it's a moment of colonisation: you're putting something to an end and you're also trying at that very same moment to declare that it was never there. "Not only am I going to stop you from doing this shit, but I'm going to convince you that you were never doing it."

STEFANO: Yeah, that's right. So, it's sort of within that context that I think both of us pose the question that's important to us. In other circumstances, Fred and I have talked about this by thinking about a certain kind of song, a soul song that you might get in Curtis Mayfield or in Marvin Gaye, where something's going on, let's call it the experiment with/in the general antagonism, and then the song starts. You can hear the audience, you can hear the crowd, and then he begins to sing or music begins to start. So, the thing that I'm interested in is, without calling something to order, how can you still sing? In the sense that not calling something to order is different from saying that there's nothing that you want to do with others, there's nothing that you want to start with others. We have our own versions of insistence or persistence in study.

FRED: Form is not the eradication of the informal. Form is what emerges from the informal. So, the classic example of that kind of song that you're talking about, Stefano, is "What's Going On?" by Marvin Gaye – and of course the title is already letting you know: goddamn it, something's going on! This song emerges out of the fact that something already was going on. Then, from a certain limited perspective, we recognize, there are these people milling around and

talking and greeting one another – and then, something that we recognize as music emerges from that. But then, if you think about it for half-a-damn-second, you say, "but the music was already playing." Music was already being made. So, what emerges is not music in some general way, as opposed to the non-musical. What emerges is a form, out of something that we call informality. The informal is not the absence of form. It's the thing that gives form. The informal is not formlessness. And what those folks are engaging in at the beginning of "What's Going On?" is study. Now, when Marvin Gaye starts singing, that's study too. It's not study that emerges out of the absence of study. It's an extension of study. And black popular music – I'm most familiar with things from the 1960s on – is just replete with that. That thing becomes something more than just what you would call a device – and it's also very much bound up with the notion of the live album. The point is that it's more than just a device. It's more than just a trope. It's almost like everybody has to, say, comb that moment into their recording practices, just to remind themselves, and to let you know, that this is where it is that music comes from. It didn't come from nowhere. If it came from nowhere, if it came from nothing, it is basically trying to let you know that you need a new theory of nothing and a new theory of nowhere.

STEFANO: Yeah, and this is also all over rap music, which is always about saying, 'this is where we live and here's this sound.'

FRED: I told you, "this is how we do it." My kids listen to some shit, and I'm trying not to be that way, but sometimes I'm like, "let me play y'all some good music." If you listen to the Staple Singers' "I'll Take You There," it's got one little chorus, one little four-line quatrain, and then the whole middle of the song is just Mavis Staples telling the band to start playing. "Little Davie [the bassist] we need you now." Then, her father, the great guitarist Roebuck 'Pops' Staples: she's like, "daddy, daddy." Then, the verse was like, "somebody, play your piano." That's the whole middle of the song. That's the heart of the song. Not the damn lyrics. It's her just saying, "play," and they're already playing. And that's not a call to order. It's an acknowledgement, and a celebration, of what was already happening.

the other. This last type seems to me much preferable to the other two, because it shows us the greatest misfortune not as an exception, not as something brought about by rare circumstances or monstrous characters, but rather as something that develops effortlessly and spontaneously out of people's deeds and characters, almost as if it were essential, thereby bringing it terrifyingly close to us. And if in both the other categories of tragedy we catch sight of an appalling fate and horrific evil as powers that are indeed terrible but that threaten us only from a great distance so that we ourselves will probably escape them without being driven to renunciation, – then this last genre shows us the sort of powers that destroy life and happiness and that can at any moment make their way towards us as well, where the greatest suffering is brought about by entanglements essentially the same as those assumed by our own fate, and through actions that we too might perhaps be capable of committing, so that we may not complain of injustice: then we shudder as we feel ourselves already in the middle of hell. But the execution of this final type of tragedy brings with it the greatest difficulties because it has to produce the greatest effect merely by positioning and distribution, with the least expenditure of means and the smallest number of causes of action:[a] thus even some of the best tragedies evade this difficulty. A perfect specimen of this type of tragedy is nonetheless to be found in a work that in other respects is greatly surpassed by many others of the same great master: it is *Clavigo*.[b] To a certain extent *Hamlet* belongs here, if you look only at his relation to Laertes and Ophelia; *Wallenstein*[c] has this merit as well; *Faust* is entirely of this type, if you consider as the principal action only the events with Gretchen and her brother; likewise Corneille's *Cid*, except that this lacks a tragic end, which, by contrast, you find in the analogous relation of Max to Thecla.[*,d,76]

§ 52

Now that we have considered all the fine arts with the universality proper to our point of view, beginning with fine architecture (whose goal as such is to make the objectivation of the will clear at the lowest level of its visibility, where it shows itself as the dull striving of mass, conforming to

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[*]   See chapter 37 of the second volume.

[a]   *Bewegungsursachen*
[b]   [by Goethe]
[c]   [by Schiller]
[d]   [characters in *Wallenstein*]

law but with no cognition, but nonetheless still revealing self-dichotomy and struggle, namely between gravity and rigidity) – and concluding our investigation with tragedy at the highest level of the objectivation of the will, and which puts that very schism before our eyes in fearful grandeur and clarity; – we find that one fine art still remained, and must remain excluded from our consideration since there was absolutely no suitable place for it in the systematic context of our presentation: and this is *music*. It stands completely apart from all the others. What we recognize in it is not an imitation[a] or repetition of some Idea of the essence of the world: nonetheless, it is such a great and magisterial art, it exercises so powerful an effect within us, is understood so deeply and entirely by us as a wholly universal language whose clarity exceeds even that of the intuitive world itself; – that we can certainly look to it for more than an 'unconscious exercise in arithmetic in which the mind does not know that it is counting',[b] which is what Leibniz took it to be,[*] although he was entirely correct to the extent that he considered only its immediate and external significance, its outer shell. But if it were nothing more, then the satisfaction that it affords would be similar to the feeling we have when some mathematical problem comes out right, and would not be that heartfelt joy with which we see the deepest recesses of our being[c] given voice. Thus,[77] from our perspective, focusing on the aesthetic effect, we must grant it a much more serious and profound significance, one that refers to the innermost essence of the world and our self, and in this respect the numerical relations into which it can be resolved are not the signified but, even in the first instance, the sign. By analogy with the rest of the arts, we can conclude that music must in some sense relate to the world as presentation to presented, as copy to original,[d] since all of the other arts share this distinctive feature, and music has an effect on us that is, on the whole, similar to theirs, but stronger, quicker, more necessary and more unerring. Its imitative[e] relation   303
to the world must also be very intimate,[f] infinitely true and strikingly apt, because it is instantaneously comprehensible to everyone and has a certain infallibility recognizable from the fact that its form can be reduced to completely determinate rules that can be expressed numerically, and

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[*] *Leibnitii epistolae, collectio Kortholti* [*Letters of Leibniz*, edited by Christian Kortholt], letter 154

[a] *Nachbildung*
[b] *exercitium arithmeticae occultum nescientis se numerare animi*
[c] *Wesen*
[d] *wie Nachbild zum Vorbilde*
[e] *nachbildliche*
[f] *innige*

from which it cannot deviate in the least without entirely ceasing to be music. – Nonetheless the point of comparison between music and the world, the respect in which the former acts as an imitation or repetition of the latter, is very deeply hidden. In every age, people have played music without being able to give an account of it: content with an immediate understanding of music, people did without an abstract conceptualization of this immediate understanding.

By devoting my mind entirely to the impression made by the art of music[a] in its many different forms, and then returning to reflection and to the train of thought expounded in the present work, an explanation came to me of the inner essence of music and its mimetic relation to the world, a relation that must be necessarily presupposed by analogy. This explanation is entirely sufficient for me as well as satisfactory for my investigation, and will be equally insightful to those who have followed me thus far and agreed with my view of the world; nonetheless, I recognize that the explanation is fundamentally incapable of proof, since it assumes and lays down a relationship between music as a representation and something that can fundamentally never be a representation; it claims to regard music as the copy of an original that cannot itself ever be directly presented. Here, therefore, at the conclusion of this Third Book, devoted primarily to the arts, I cannot do more than to present the explanation that I find personally satisfying of the marvellous musical art,[b] and I must leave the acceptance or rejection of my view to the overall effect on readers of, on the one hand, music itself, as well as, on the other, the whole of the single thought that I have communicated in this text. Beyond that, in order for readers to be genuinely convinced by my explanation of the significance of music, I consider it necessary that they listen to music frequently and with sustained reflection; and in order to do so it is again necessary that they should already be very familiar with the whole of the thought I am presenting here.

The (Platonic)[78] Ideas are the adequate objectivation of the will; the goal of all the other arts is to arouse cognition of these Ideas through the presentation of particular things (artworks themselves are always such things) – something that is possible only given a corresponding alteration in the subject of cognition. As a result, they all objectify the will only indirectly, namely by means of the Ideas: and since our world is nothing other than the appearance of the Ideas in multiplicity as a result of those

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a   *Tonkunst*
b   *Kunst der Töne*

Ideas entering into the *principium individuationis* (the form of cognition possible for the individual as such); then, since it passes over the Ideas, music is also wholly independent of the appearing world, simply ignoring it, so that it could in a sense still exist even if there were no world at all, something that cannot be said of the other arts. In fact, music is an *unmediated*ᵃ objectivation and copyᵇ of the entire *will*, just as the world itself is, just as in fact the Ideas themselves are, whose multiplied appearance constitutes the world of particular things. Therefore, unlike the other arts, music is in no way a copy of the Ideas; instead, it is a *copy of the will itself*, whose objecthood the Ideas are as well: this is precisely why the effect of music is so much more powerful and urgent than that of the other arts: the other arts speak only of shadows while music speaks of the essence.⁷⁹ But since it is the same will that objectifies itself in the Ideas as much as in music (albeit completely differently in each of them) then there must be a parallelism between them even if there is absolutely no direct similarity, there must still be an analogy between music and the Ideas whose multiplied, incomplete appearance makes up the visible world. Evidence for this analogy will clarify these points better, since understanding here is hindered by the obscurity of its object.

   In the lowest notes of harmony, in the ground bass, I recognize the lowest levels of the objectivation of the will, inorganic nature, the mass of the planet. All the higher notes, which are brisk, sprightly and die away more quickly, are known to originate from the secondary vibrationsᶜ of the deep tonic noteᵈ (they always resonate softly with this tonic note) and it is the law of harmony that a bass note may be accompanied only by those high notes that actually already sound with it on their own (its *sons harmoniques*ᵉ) through these secondary vibrations. Now this is analogous to the fact that all the natural bodies and organizations must be seen as arising from a stepwise development out of the planetary mass: this mass is both their support and their source: and this is the same relationship that the higher notes have to the ground bass. – There is a limit to the depth at which tones are still audible: this corresponds to the fact that matter is not perceptible in the absence of form and quality (i.e. without the expression of a force that cannot itself be further explained, precisely one in which an Idea expresses itself), and more generally to the fact that no matter can be

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ᵃ *unmittelbar*
ᵇ *Abbild*
ᶜ *Nebenschwingungen*
ᵈ *Grundton*
ᵉ [harmonics]