I. The Distance to China
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

splendidly expressed in some classic (and the school musters altogether a most formidable erudition).

2. They re-wrote his verses before his eyes, using about ten words to his fifty.

Even their opponents admit of them—ruefully—
"At least they do keep bad poets from writing!"

I found among them an earnestness that is amazing to one accustomed to the usual London air of poetic dilettantism. They consider that Art is all science, all religion, philosophy and metaphysic. It is true that *soubirme* may be urged against them; but it is at least *soubirme* in its most dynamic form, with a great deal of sound sense and energy behind it; and they are stricter with themselves than with any outsider.

*F. S. Flint*

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A FEW DON'TS BY AN IMAGISTE

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

It is the presentation of such a "complex" instantaneously which gives that sense of sudden liberation; that sense of freedom from time limits and space limits; that

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RHYTHM AND RHYME

Let the candidate fill his mind with the finest cadences he can discover, preferably in a foreign language so that the meaning of the words may be less likely to divert his attention from the movement; e. g., Saxon charms,
In a Station of the Metro
Pound. 1912.

The apparition of these faces in the crowd
Petals on a wet, black bough.
the (kanbun) kundoku method
The jewel stairs have already become white with dew.
(dew was thought to grow on things)
[The jewelled steps are already quite white with dew,]

Far gone in the night, the dew has come to my / gauze sock.
[It is so late that the dew soaks my gauze stockings,]

So I let down the crystal curtain
[And I let down the crystal curtain]

And still look on the bright moon shining beyond.
[And watch the moon through the clear autumn.]
jewel steps grow white dew
The jewel stairs have already become white with dew.
(dew was thought to grow on things)
[The jewelled steps are already quite white with dew,]

night long permeate transparent stocking attack gauze
Far gone in the night, the dew has come to my / gauze sock.
[It is so late that the dew soaks my gauze stockings,]

let down down water crystal sudare crystal
So I let down the crystal curtain
[And I let down the crystal curtain]

transparent clear look at autumn moon
And still look on the bright moon shining beyond.
[And watch the moon through the clear autumn.]

Mori’s note:
Gioku kai [the poem’s first two ideographs] means here—a place where court ladies are living, one of the imperial mistresses. The subject of the poem is that one of them was waiting in vain for the lord to come. The beauty of the poem lies in not a single character being used to express the idea of waiting + resenting; yet the poem is full of them. the idea. This is how. Thinking that the lord will come, she was coming out to meet him at the entrance, a flight of steps ornamented with jewels. She was standing there till the very dewiness of night wets her stockings. She lets down her curtain already despairing of his coming. And yet she can see the moon shining so brightly outside, and had to think of the possibility of the lord’s still coming, because it is so fine a night; and so passes the whole night awake.

Pound’s note:
—Jewel stairs, therefore a palace. Grievance, therefore there is something to complain of. Gauze stockings, therefore a court lady, not a servant who complains. Clear autumn, therefore he has no excuse on account of weather. Also she has come early, for the dew has not merely whitened the stairs, but has soaked her stockings. The poem is especially prized because she utters no direct reproach.
II. Other Chinas
On the way I saw the parrots of dusty crimson feathers wrangling over a piece of flesh, but on account of the perfume of thy scented billet I was unable to hear their screams.

A potter, who was creating the world, threw from him what seemed to him a useless lump of clay, and found that he had thrown away his left hand.

When the delicious verses of Li Po were praised in the Court of Heaven an envious mandarin complained of the poet’s scandalous life. The Divine Emperor, who was walking in his garden, held out a rose and asked him, “Do you smell the gardener’s manure?”
The River Song in *Cathay*. Pound.

玉簫金管坐兩頭
美酒樽中置千斛

Musicians with jewelled flutes and with pipes of gold
Fill full the sides in rows, and our wine
Is rich for a thousand cups.
Song of the Bowmen of Shu, Fenollosa’s Note

We pick off the “Warabi” (an edible fern) which first grow from the earth.
We say to each other, “When will we return to our country?” It will be the last of the year.
Here we are far from home because we have the “ken-in” as our enemy.
We have no leisure to sit down comfortably (as we did at home) because we have the “ken-in” as our enemy.
We pick off the “Warabi” which are soft.
When we say the returning our mind is full of sorrow.
We are very sorrowful. We are hungry and thirsty.
But our defense is not yet settled, so we cannot let our friends return to our country and ask how our family lives.
We pick off the “Warabi” which have become already rough.
We say to each other, “When will we return to our country?” It will be October.
We must be prudent for our affair (which is the order of the emperor); we have no leisure to sit down comfortably.
Our sorrow is very bitter, but we would not return to our country.
What is that blooming flower?
Whose is that chariot? That is our general’s.
The horses are hitched already to the chariot; they seem to be vigorous.
How dare we repose? We must conquer the enemy even three times a month.
Those four horses are tied; they are very strong.
The generals are on their backs and the soldiers are by their sides.
The four horses are well educated; the generals have the ivory arrows and the quivers which are ornamented with the skin of fish.
We must be careful every day, because the enemy is very quick.
Other time when we started the willows are drooping by spring wind.
But now we come back when it snows.
We go very slowly and we are thirsty and hungry.
Our mind is full of sorrow; who will know our grief?

Song of the Bowmen of Shu, Cathay

Here we are, picking the first fern-shoots
And saying: When shall we get back to our country?
Here we are because we have the Ken-nin for our foemen,
We have no comfort because of these Mongols.
We grub the soft fern-shoots,
When anyone says “Return,” the others are full of sorrow.
Sorrowful minds, sorrow is strong, we are hungry and thirsty.
Our defense is not yet made sure, no one can let his friend return.
We grub the old fern-stalks.
We say: Will we be let to go back in October?
There is no ease in royal affairs, we have no comfort.
Our sorrow is bitter, but we would not return to our country.
What flower has come into blossom?
Whose chariot? The General’s.
Horses, his horses even, are tired. They were strong.
We have no rest, three battles a month.
By heaven, his horses are tired.
The generals are on them, the soldiers are by them.
The horses are well trained, the generals have ivory arrows and quivers ornamented with fish-skin.
The enemy is swift, we must be careful.
When we set out, the willows were drooping with spring,
We come back in the snow,
We go slowly, we are hungry and thirsty,
Our mind is full of sorrow, who will know of our grief?
Pick a fern, pick a fern, ferns are high,
’Home,’ I’ll say: home, the year’s gone by,
no house, no roof, these huns on the hoof.
Work, work, work, that’s how it runs,
We are here because of these huns.

Song of the Bowmen of Shu, Cathay

Here we are, picking the first fern-shoots
And saying: When shall we get back to our country?
Here we are because we have the Ken-nin for our foemen,
We have no comfort because of these Mongols.
We grub the soft fern-shoots,
When anyone says “Return,” the others are full of sorrow.
Sorrowful minds, sorrow is strong, we are hungry and thirsty.
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The enemy is swift, we must be careful.
When we set out, the willows were drooping with spring,
We come back in the snow,
We go slowly, we are hungry and thirsty,
Our mind is full of sorrow, who will know of our grief?
III. Language Rhizome
Cent visions de guerre. Julien Vocance. 1916

Les cadavres entre les tranchées,
Depuis trois mois noircissant,
Ont attrapé la pelade.

Rumeurs de veuves, d’orphelins,
Bourdonnantes, comme un essaim,
Sur ces pauvres corps déteints.

Sur son chariot mal graissé,
L’obus très haut, pas pressé,
Au-dessus de nous a passé.

Au fil de l’eau. Paul-Louis Couchoud,
Albert Poncin et André Faure. 1906

Une simple fleur de papier / Dans un vase. / Église rustique.

Ville endormie. / Un garde de prison passe, / Un volet s’ouvre.

Les chirurgiens / Examinent l’intestin / De la bicyclette.
May I for my own self song’s truth reckon,
Journey’s jargon, how I in harsh days
Hardship endured oft.
Bitter breast-cares have I abided,
Known on my keel many a care’s hold,
And dire sea-surge, and there I oft spent
Narrow nightwatch nigh the ship’s head
While she tossed close to cliffs. Coldly afflicted,
My feet were by frost benumbed.
I once got a man to start translating ‘The Seafarer’ into Chinese. It came out almost directly into Chinese verse, with two solid ideograms in each half line. Apart from ‘The Seafarer’ I know of no other European poems of the period that you can hang up with the ‘Exile’s Letter’ of Li Po, displaying the West on a par with the Orient.

Pound. *ABC of Reading*. 1934
Pound. 1914-17:

'China . . . fundamental, Japan . . . not'. Japan was 'a special interest, like Provence, or 12-13th century Italy (apart from Dante)', but China was 'solid.'

I am often asked whether there can be a long imagiste or vorticist poem. The Japanese, who evolved the hokku, evolved also the Noh plays. In the best ‘Noh’ the whole play may consist of one image. I mean it is gathered about one image. Its unity consists in one image, enforced by movement and music. I see nothing against a long vorticist poem.
Several half-wits in a state of half education have sniffed at my going on with Fenollosa's use of the Japanese sounds for reading ideogram. I propose to continue. As sheer sound "Dai Gaku" is better than "Ta Tsu."

When it comes to the question of transmitting from the East to the West, a great part of the Chinese sound is no use at all. We don't hear parts of it [...] the rest is a hiss, or a mumble. (Pound. 1928)
IV. Whose Language?
“inventor of Chinese poetry for our time”

He [Pound] is more himself, more at ease, behind the mask of Arnaut, Bertrand, Guido, Li Po and Propertius, than when he speaks in his own person. He must hide to reveal himself.

Eliot 1919
"Chataio" on Fra Mauro map, ca. 1450 (south is up)
李白 (original hanzi/kanji 漢字)

Rihaku (prewar Japanese)
Li Po (Beijingese literary reading 文讀)
Li Bo (Beijingese literary reading through Pinyin)
Li Bai (contemporary Pinyin; Beijingese colloquial/vernacular reading 白讀)
Ri Haku (contemporary Japanese)

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Li Bah (Suzhounese)
Li Beh (Suzhounese - alternative)
Lei Baak (Cantonese – Yale romanisation)
Lei Bag (Guangong pinyin)
Linguist Chao Yuen Ren ‘yin-song’ 吟誦 /’ro-ei’ 朗詠 (reciting) in c. 1900 local Changzhou dialect and rhythm (00: 34)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NccZtzaHGQI&ab_channel=%E9%98%8A%E9%97%A8%E6%A2%A6%E6%96%AD