

*Cathay () is a collection of classical Chinese poetry translated into English by modernist poet Ezra Pound based on Ernest Fenollosa's notes that came into Pound's possession in*

One of these pies was the translation of poetry into English. Over his lifetime he published translations from at least 10 different languages, though of some of these, like Chinese, he had only a very weak grasp. Needless to say, sinologists object to these "translations", but they are without a doubt fine English poems. Eliot wrote, "Chinese poetry, as we know it today, is something invented by Ezra Pound. To give you a taste of their poetic quality I will quote a few; and to give you a sense of how they are approximate, I will quote some versions by other translators of the shorter poem. It is a lament by a soldier for whom the campaign has gone on much too long. Song of the Bowmen of Shu 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 defence is not yet made sure, no one can let his friend return. We grub the old fern-stalks. 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? Horses, his horses even, are tired. 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? Remarkably, the answer 2, years later is: Here are versions by different translators of a poem by Li Po. Night long on the jade staircase, white dew appears, soaks through gauze stockings. She lets down crystalline blinds, gazes out through jewel lacework at the autumn moon. Grievance at the Jade Stairs The jade steps are whitening with dew. My gauze stockings are soaked. I let down the crystal blind and watch the glass clear autumn moon. The full text of Cathay can be found here: Fenollosa lived in Japan and learned about Chinese language and literature from Japanese masters.

**Chapter 2 : The Modernist Revision of a Foreign Culture in Ezra Pound's Cathay**

*Cathay is uniquely interesting because it is a collection of ancient Chinese poems (mostly by the poet Rihaku) loosely translated by Ezra Pound, and regarded as an innovation in that without these poets, you don't have the likes of Q-Tip or Mos Def or Drake.*

The Anglo-Saxon Seafarer is of about this period. The other poems from the Chinese are earlier. 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 defence is not yet made sure, no one can let his friend return. We grub the old fern-stalks. 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? Horses, his horses even, are tired. 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? And within, the mistress, in the midmost of her youth, White, white of face, hesitates, passing the door. Slender, she puts forth a slender hand, And she was a courtesan in the old days, And she has married a sot, Who now goes drunkenly out And leaves her too much alone. The River Song THIS boat is of shato-wood, and its gunwales are cut magnolia, Musicians with jewelled flutes and with pipes of gold Fill full the sides in rows, and our wine Is rich for a thousand cups. We carry singing girls, drift with the drifting water, Yet Sennin needs A yellow stork for a charger, and all our seamen Would follow the white gulls or ride them. Kutsu's prose song Hangs with the sun and moon. King So's terraced palace is now but a barren hill, But I draw pen on this barge Causing the five peaks to tremble, And I have joy in these words like the joy of blue islands. If glory could last forever Then the waters of Han would flow northward. I looked at the dragon-pond, with its willow-coloured water Just reflecting the sky's tinge, And heard the five-score nightingales aimlessly singing. The eastern wind brings the green colour into the island grasses at Yei-shu, The purple house and the crimson are full of Spring softness. South of the pond the willow-tips are half-blue and bluer, Their cords tangle in mist, against the brocade-like palace. Vine-strings a hundred feet long hang down from carved railings, And high over the willows, the fine birds sing to each other, and listen, Crying "Kwan, Kuan," for the early wind, and the feel of it. The wind bundles itself into a bluish cloud and wanders off. Five clouds hang aloft, bright on the purple sky, The imperial guards come forth from the golden house with their armour a-gleaming. The emperor in his jewelled car goes out to inspect his flowers, He goes out to Hori, to look at the wing-flapping storks, He returns by way of Sei rock, to hear the new nightingales, For the gardens at Jo-run are full of new nightingales, Their sound is mixed in this flute, Their voice is in the twelve pipes here. The River-Merchant's Wife: And we went on living in the village of Chokan: Two small people, without dislike or suspicion. At fourteen I married My Lord you. I never laughed, being bashful. Lowering my head, I looked at the wall. Called to, a thousand times, I never looked back. At fifteen I stopped scowling, I desired my dust to be mingled with yours Forever and forever, and forever. Why should I climb the look out? The monkeys make sorrowful noise overhead. You dragged your feet when you went out. By the gate now, the moss is grown, the different mosses, Too deep to clear them away! The leaves fall early this autumn, in wind. By Rihaku, The Jewel Stairs Grievance THE jewelled steps are already quite white with dew, It is so late that the dew soaks my gauze stockings, And I let down the crystal curtain And watch the moon through the clear autumn. 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. Poem by the Bridge at Ten-Shin MARCH has come to the bridge head, Peach boughs and apricot boughs hang over a thousand gates, At morning there are flowers to cut the heart, And evening drives them on the

eastward-flowing waters. Petals are on the gone waters and on the going, And on the back-swirling eddies, But to-day s men are not the men of the old days, Though they hang in the same way over the bridge- rail. The sea s colour moves at the dawn And the princes still stand in rows, about the throne, And the moon falls over the portals of Sei-go-yo, And clings to the walls and the gate-top. With head-gear glittering against the cloud and sun, The lords go forth from the court, and into far borders. They ride upon dragon-like horses, Poem by the Bridge at Ten-Shin 15 Upon horses with head-trappings of yellow-metal, And the streets make way for their passage. Haughty their passing, Haughty their steps as they go into great banquets, To high halls and curious food, To the perfumed air and girls dancing, To clear flutes and clear singing; To the dance of the seventy couples; To the mad chase through the gardens. Night and day are given over to pleasure And they think it will last a thousand autumns, Unwearying autumns. For them the yellow dogs howl portents in vain, And what are they compared to the lady Riokushu, That was cause of hate! Who among them is a man like Han-rei Who departed alone with his mistress, With her hair unbound, and he his own skiffs-man! Trees fall, the grass goes yellow with autumn. I climb the towers and towers to watch out the barbarous land: Desolate castle, the sky, the wide desert. There is no wall left to this village. Bones white with a thousand frosts, High heaps, covered with trees and grass; Who brought this to pass? Who has brought the flaming imperial anger? Who has brought the army with drums and with kettle-drums? A gracious spring, turned to blood-ravenous autumn, A turmoil of wars-men, spread over the middle kingdom, Three hundred and sixty thousand, And sorrow, sorrow like rain. Sorrow to go, and sorrow, sorrow returning, Desolate, desolate fields, 16 Lament of the Frontier Guard 17 And no children of warfare upon them, No longer the men for offence and defence. Ah, how shall you know the dreary sorrow at the North Gate, With Rihoku s name forgotten, And we guardsmen fed to the tigers. Now I remember that you built me a special tavern By the south side of the bridge at Ten-Shin. With yellow gold and white jewels, we paid for songs and laughter And we were drunk for month on month, forgetting the kings and princes. Intelligent men came drifting in from the sea and from the west border, And with them, and with you especially There was nothing at cross purpose, And they made nothing of sea-crossing or of mountain crossing, If only they could be of that fellowship, And we all spoke out our hearts and minds, and without regret. And then I was sent off to South Wei, smothered in laurel groves, And you to the north of Raku-hoku, 18 Exile s Letter 19 Till we had nothing but thoughts and memories in common. And then, when separation had come to its worst, We met, and travelled into Sen-Go, Through all the thirty-six folds of the turning and twisting waters, Into a valley of the thousand bright flowers, That was the first valley ; And into ten thousand valleys full of voices and pine-winds. And with silver harness and reins of gold, Out come the East of Kan foreman and his company. And there came also the " True man " of Shi-yo to meet me, Playing on a jewelled mouth-organ. In the storied houses of San-Ko they gave us more Sennin music, Many instruments, like the sound of young phoenix broods. The foreman of Kan Chu, drunk, danced because his long sleeves would n t keep still With that music-playing. And I, wrapped in brocade, went to sleep with my head on his lap, 20 Exile s Letter And my spirit so high it was all over the heavens, And before the end of the day we were scattered like stars, or rain. I had to be off to So, far away over the waters, You back to your river-bridge. And your father, who was brave as a leopard, Was governor in Hei Shu, and put down the barbarian rabble. And one May he had you send for me, despite the long distance. And what with broken wheels and so on, I won t say it was n t hard going, Over roads twisted like sheeps guts. And I was still going, late in the year, in the cutting wind from the North, And thinking how little you cared for the cost, and you caring enough to pay it. And what a reception: Red jade cups, food well set on a blue jewelled table, And I was drunk, and had no thought of returning. And you would walk out with me to the western corner of the castle, To the dynastic temple, with water about it clear as blue jade, Exile s Letter 21 With boats floating, and the sound of mouth- organs and drums, With ripples like dragon-scales, going grass green on the water, Pleasure lasting, with courtezans, going and coming without hindrance, With the willow flakes falling like snow, And the vermilioned girls getting drunk about sunset, And the water a hundred feet deep reflecting green eyebrows Eyebrows painted green are a fine sight in young moonlight, Gracefully painted And the girls singing back at each other, Dancing in transparent brocade, And the wind lifting the song, and interrupting it, Tossing it up under the clouds. And all this comes to an end. And is not again to be met with. I went up to the court for

examination, Tried Layu s luck, offered the Choyo song, And got no promotion, and went back to the East Mountains white-headed. And then the crowd broke up, you went north to San palace, And if you ask how I regret that parting: It is like the flowers falling at Spring s end Confused, whirled in a tangle. What is the use of talking, and there is no end of talking, There is no end of things in the heart. I call in the boy, Have him sit on his knees here To seal this, And send it a thousand miles, thinking. 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. Chill its chains are ; chafing sighs Hew my heart round and hunger begot Mere-weary mood. Lest man know not That he on dry land loveliest liveth, List how I, care-wretched, on ice-cold sea, Weathered the winter, wretched outcast Deprived of my kinsmen; Hung with hard ice-flakes, where hail-scur flew, There I heard naught save the harsh sea And ice-cold wave, at whiles the swan cries, Did for my games the gannet s clamour, 23 24 The Seafarer Sea-fowls loudness was for me laughter, The mews singing all my mead-drink.

**Chapter 3 : Cathay (poetry collection) - Wikipedia**

*EMBED (for racedaydvl.com hosted blogs and racedaydvl.com item tags).*

I suspect that every age has had, and will have, the same illusion concerning translations, an illusion which is not altogether an illusion either. The History and Context of Cathay In , Ezra Pound obtained the notes and manuscripts of Ernest Fenollosa, an American who had begun to translate Japanese Noh drama and Chinese poetry, but had passed away before his work was complete. Little did Pound know that this material would ignite his curiosity, provide him with material that he would weave into the then-nascent school of Imagism, and begin a lifelong inquiry into the inner workings of the Chinese language. Despite a lack of experience and knowledge relevant to Sinology, Pound came armed with a recently modernized diction and perhaps more experience experimenting with prosody than any other living poet. Among them was Henry Adams. Even his forward-looking interest in the East, though, tends to orientalize and objectify China. Or is there some sort of two-way flow at work? Scarcely attempt it unless there were some urgent reason. Also some of the script in that book was fairly fancy. For Cathay I had a crib made by Mori and Ariga, not translation or anything shaped into sentences, but word for sign, and explanation with each character. Do his poetic liberties obscure the meanings of the originals? Neither writer strives necessarily to adhere to the strict meaning and metrical qualities of the originals. If asked, Lowell would most likely tell us that Pound is certainly not a taxidermist when he translates Chinese poems. Instead of stuffed birds, he deals with a more dangerous subject: And yet, with this claim arise a slew of difficult questions: How are they constructed? The poem reads as follows: With only four lines and only six distinct images, [16] Pound infuses the poem with subtle hints of lament, without the speaker ever voicing her feelings. The narrative, too, only spans a few brief moments while the speaker waits for someone presumed to be her lover. She stands on a jeweled staircase late at night, her stockings wet with dew, and lets down the curtain while watching the moon. Each of these images bears a subtle suggestion that entices the reader to draw his or her own mental connections about the scene and the feeling it evokes. I will use my own dilettantish reading as an example of how one might approach these images: Is it the lover on the stairs? Perhaps his absence plagues the speaker with sad insomnia. The soaked gauze stockings feel heavy in my mind, as if soaked with tears, and uncomfortably cold. Does she expect her lover to return soon? Or is she so disturbed by his absence that she cannot sleep? In the penultimate line, she lets down the crystal curtain, perhaps expressing resignation that the lover is not with her. Then, in the concluding line, she stares at the moon through the clear autumn, possibly finding some distant comfort in its presence. Though not mentioned in the poem, the moonlight most likely bathes the scene in a pale light, adding unspoken solemnity and grief to a scene already imbued with sadness and longing. Pound achieves all of this with an extreme economy of words. In fact, the explanation of my own reaction to the poem must triple or quadruple it in length. 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. Not content to let the poem speak for itself, he provides the presumably authoritative opinion on the matter. Though this gesture may seem puzzling, it cues us in on exactly what Pound thought he was doing with the images he translated. The first few sentences of the note lack a main verb. Pound eliminates typical grammatical structures from his own sentences, in order to mimic the Chinese style of writing “ at least in the way he understood it. In his conclusion Kim states: Caught between critical expectations of translation and of poetry, Pound has no choice but to try to satisfy both. A few poetic devices that more easily cross the borders between Chinese and English? In another departure from the original, a Chinese reader would notice that no specific pronoun is given for the subject of the poem. It shows us how the verbs relate the subject to the object without the subject stated, but it does so with syntax that would perplex an English-speaking reader. Is the longing that of a maiden in Tang Dynasty China now long departed from the world? Or of Li Bai projecting grievance upon her? To add another layer of complication to the translation “ for those readers who feel they have not already had enough “ let us look at a couple of

diagrams Francois Cheng has created to describe the complex relationship of images in the poem: Far from a singular metaphor or narrative relationship, the connections often remain unstated. Furthering the brevity of an already brief poem, Pound uses very little rhetorical play in his grammar and structure. The title is a sentence fragment. We must create connections of our own for this sort of poetic minimalism – imagining a narrative or emotion whose gravitational pull incorporates each detail into a cohesive whole. Quite the contrary, however, the poem reads thusly: They say the roads of Sanso are steep, Sheer as the mountains. Sweet trees are on the paved way of the Shin, Their trunks burst through the paving, And freshets are bursting their ice in the midst of Shoku, a proud city. Though the poems of Shelley and Pound resonate with each other in their themes of the passage of time and their images of man-made monuments toppled by decay, they differ significantly in their formal properties. He takes these observations in stride, as if unsurprised and unimpressed. It would have been the name that Marco Polo used to refer to the mythical land that some have argued he never actually visited. The divide is not only physical; it also denotes a certain amount of cultural baggage that informs the readings of a Western audience. Behind that writing, though, lie frameworks, ideas, words, and metaphors rooted in Chinese poetry from many centuries ago. Was he aware that for some readers he might have been inventing a conception of China? Or was he merely tapping into an ancient culture in the same way he would tap into ancient Greece: Although Chinese forms one of the most striking examples of this essentialism, we should remember that these problematic tendencies followed Pound outside of Cathay and into the harmful characterizations of Jews, usurers, and other subjects of the Cantos. The first four lines of the crib appear like so: If given these words, without the serious duties of a translator, a poet might be tempted to create those unorthodox kinds of translations Robert Lowell spoke of in his introduction to *Imitations*. That said, Pound does have some duty to the original voice at work here, insofar as he holds true to his statement at the beginning of *Cathay*: Green green, river bank grasses, Thick thick, willows in the garden; Plump plump, that lady upstairs, Bright, bright, before the window; Lovely lovely, her red face-powder; Slim slim, she puts out a white hand. Blue, blue is the grass about the river And the willows have overfilled the close garden. And within, the mistress, in the midmost of her youth. White, white of face, hesitates, passing the door. Slender, she puts forth a slender hand, And she was a courtesan in the old days, And she has married a sot, Who now goes drunkenly out And leaves her too much alone. Rather, Watson separates the first two words reflective of the first two characters with a comma. Watson, by contrast, attempts to preserve a form reflective of the five-character lines in the original. These harsh double-worded first lines, each followed by a comma, only cause the reader to stumble, confused about why a single iteration of each word could not suffice to convey its meaning without the burden of a redundant partner. His translation maintains fidelity to the original form and grammatical structure in which the first two characters offer a description, and the last three locate that description with a verb, conjunction, object, or some other equivalent. As a price of this fidelity, though, the translation reads awkwardly. Without verbs linking together the first five lines, we readers are unsure how to conceptualize the sentences. As far as I can tell, Watson pays no attention to the meter, either. For the sinologist or the scholar of Chinese poetry, the lines accurately reflect the original. For the English reader, by contrast, they require a context or contextualization that is not present. Pound, on the other hand, abandons these constrictions of representing the Chinese language in order to pursue the elements of the original that he finds most freeing or interesting. Instead of burdening the reader with awkward double-words, he recreates this flourish with a poetic device more familiar in English poetry – resonances in the sounds of the words he uses. Whether or not Pound realized that Chinese word doublings often convey a superlative or wide-reaching meaning, his translations capture these possibilities, and do it in a method more artful than the mere transmission of word-meanings from one language to another. These intricacies of the original color-word here lose whatever descriptive or metaphorical relations they would have signified within their native language and cultural moment. Although he alters a few key elements of the poem, [35] he picks up on an irony that is central to it: Not to mention, he does all of this within a cultural moment that is foreign to the original Chinese. Strangely, but perhaps because he was not yet very familiar with Chinese, Pound does not once focus on the etymology of a Chinese character in this translation. In moderation, and with adequate explanation, such etymological translations could provide interesting information for the reader. Fortunately

for the reader of *Cathay*, Pound had not yet developed the fluency with Chinese to enable him to translate in this way. Her analysis brings her to a similar multiplicity of conflicting options. To use absolutely no word that does not contribute to the presentation. It must have substance. Avoid literary references or allusions. Nevertheless, each cites the ancient literary tradition of the other as the exemplar for modern language. Undoubtedly pure color is to be found in Chinese poetry, when we begin to know enough about it; indeed, a shadow of this perfection is already at hand in translations. In his closing reflections on the implications of that inquiry, Kenner writes: On the contrary, these effects became causes of another flow back to the East. The ordinary colloquial language itself possesses a striking number of metaphorical expressions that the Chinese use at will, even for the expression of abstract ideas.

Chapter 4 : Ezra Pound's "Cathay" | eBay

*Full text of "Cathay" See other formats "PL CATHAY EZRA POUND CATHAY CATHAY TRANSLATIONS BY EZRA/JPOUND FOR THE MOST PART FROM THE CHINESE OF RIHAKU, FROM THE NOTES OF THE LATE ERNEST FENOLLOSA, AND THE DECIPHERINGS OF THE PROFESSORS MORI AND ARIGA LONDON ELKIN MATHEWS, CORK STREET MCMXV RIHAKU flourished in the eighth century of our era.*

His turn to fascism and antisemitism, arrest for treason and time spent in St. Elizabeths Hospital have all come to define contemporary perceptions of him as a groundbreaking, but irredeemably flawed poet. Cover of Cathay London, Elkin Matthews, Photograph by Alan Fang. While the poetic content is a small sample of his work, the book itself is a symbol of his tendency to commune with the past specifically with the tradition of classical Chinese poetry. Through this fixation with Confucianism and its discrete social order, we see traces of his fascism. Photograph by Alan Fang a personal favorite. Poetry has always been a sort of minefield that translators must traverse, worried about accuracy and faithfulness. Through his friendship with W. Nonetheless, Cathay is a highly influential imagist work and represented an entirely new approach to translation and English poetry. The physical artifact shows off over of century of wear. The edges of the cover are frayed, the pages are yellowed and more than half are covered with brown stains. Why exactly Pound chose this character to grace the front of Cathay which is an alternate name for China with a medieval resonance I have yet to discover. Perhaps it was chosen for its ideogrammatic appearance, or perhaps it was chosen as a sort blessing for his work as, before its publication, he was suffering from a deficit of confidence. The back cover is austere, reiterating place and publisher. The Beinecke Collections at Yale provide insight on his continued interest in the Chinese language and literary tradition. Here we find seal scripts of the Confucian Odes, phonetic transcriptions, character practice sheets and a number of other documents that elucidate his continued commitment to the Asian poetic tradition. There are also bi-lingual correspondences with Achilles Fang, a scholar who Pound met in the fifties and who greatly influenced his later understanding of Chinese subject matter Hightower. Correspondence with Achilles Fang [https: Pound and Cathay revived Western interest in the Chinese classics and permanently altered the course of American poetry in the early 20th century. Can we reconcile the magnitude of a work like Cathay with its morally reprehensible creator? Perhaps it is the essentially human paradox.](https://www.yale.edu/beinecke/collections/online-exhibitions/achilles-fang)

**Chapter 5 : Ezra Pound – Modernism Lab**

by Andrew Karas. In , *Ezra Pound published a slim volume of poems which he called Cathay and which contained, according to its title page, "translations by Ezra Pound for the most part from the Chinese of Rihaku."*

I am homesick after mine own kind, Oh I know that there are folk about me, friendly faces, But I am homesick after mine own kind. The equally conservative college dismissed him after he deliberately provoked the college authorities. He annoyed his landlords by entertaining friends, including women, and was forced out of one house after "[t]wo stewdents found me sharing my meagre repast with the ladyâ€™gent impersonator in my privut apartments", he told a friend. When she was discovered the next morning by the landladies, Ida and Belle Hall, his insistence that he had slept on the floor was met with disbelief. Glad to be free of the place, he left for Europe soon after, sailing from New York in March. By the end of April he was in Venice, living over a bakery near the San Vio bridge. The London Evening Standard called it "wild and haunting stuff, absolutely poetic, original, imaginative, passionate, and spiritual". The book was dedicated to his friend, the Philadelphia artist William Brooke Smith, who had recently died of tuberculosis. According to modernist scholar James Knapp, Pound rejected the idea of poetry as "versified moral essay"; he wanted to focus on the individual experience, the concrete rather than the abstract. In December he published a second collection, *A Quinzaine for This Yule*, and after the death of a lecturer at the Regent Street Polytechnic he managed to acquire a position lecturing in the evenings, from January to February, on "The Development of Literature in Southern Europe". He would wear trousers made of green billiard cloth, a pink coat, a blue shirt, a tie hand-painted by a Japanese friend, an immense sombrero, a flaming beard cut to a point, and a single, large blue earring. No one ever presents a cape, or shakes a muleta at him without getting a charge. Through Olivia Shakespear he was introduced to her former lover W. Pound had sent Yeats a copy of *A Lume Spento* the previous year, before he left for Venice, and Yeats had apparently found it charming. The men became close friends, although Yeats was older by 20 years. The American heiress Margaret Lanier Cravens – became a patron; after knowing him a short time she offered a large annual sum to allow him to focus on his work. Cravens killed herself in , after the pianist Walter Rummel, long the object of her affection, married someone else. It was favorably reviewed; one review said it was "full of human passion and natural magic". He loved New York but felt the city was threatened by commercialism and vulgarity, and he no longer felt at home there. On 22 February he sailed from New York on the R. *Mauretania*, arriving in Southampton six days later. When he returned to London in August, A. Orage, editor of the socialist journal *The New Age*, hired him to write a weekly column, giving him a steady income. Pound introduced her to his friends, including the poet Richard Aldington, whom she would marry in . Before that the three of them lived in Church Walk, Kensingtonâ€™Pound at no. What obfuscated me was not the Italian but the crust of dead English, the sediment present in my own available vocabulary. Neither can anyone learn English, one can only learn a series of Englishes. Rossetti made his own language. Imagisme, Pound would write in *Riposte*, is "concerned solely with language and presentation". They agreed on three principles: Direct treatment of the "thing" whether subjective or objective. To use absolutely no word that does not contribute to the presentation. He wrote that the natural object was always the "adequate symbol". Poets should "go in fear of abstractions", and should not re-tell in mediocre verse what has already been told in good prose. All that day I tried to find words for what this made me feel. He may have been inspired by a Suzuki Harunobu print he almost certainly saw in the British Library. Richard Aldington mentions the specific prints he matched to verse, and probably attempted to write haiku-like verse during this period. Michael Alexander describes the poems as showing a greater concentration of meaning and economy of rhythm than his earlier work. Pound was fascinated by the translations of Japanese poetry and Noh plays which he discovered in the papers of Ernest Fenollosa, an American professor who had taught in Japan. Fenollosa had studied Chinese poetry under Japanese scholars; in his widow, Mary McNeil Fenollosa, decided to give his unpublished notes to Pound after seeing his work; she was looking for someone who cared about poetry rather than philology. Yeats invited Pound to spend the winter of – with him in Sussex. Lawrence, Yeats, H. The Imagist movement began to attract attention from

critics. They stayed there for 10 weeks, reading and writing, walking in the woods and fencing. It was the first of three winters they spent together at Stone Cottage, including two with Dorothy after she and Pound married on 20 April. Her parents eventually consented, perhaps out of fear that she was getting older with no other suitor in sight. Pound took the opportunity to extend the definition of Imagisme to art, naming it Vorticism: Upset at Lowell, he began to call Imagisme "Amygism", and in July he declared the movement dead and asked that the group not continue to call themselves Imagists. In he persuaded Poetry to publish T. Eliot had sent "Prufrock" to almost every editor in England, but was rejected. He eventually sent it to Pound, who instantly saw it as a work of genius and submitted it to Poetry. Most of the swine have done neither. He told a friend in August: About a year later, in January, he had the first three trial cantos, distilled to one, published as Canto I in Poetry. From he wrote music reviews for *The New Age* under the pen name William Atheling, and weekly pieces for *The Egoist* and *The Little Review*; many of the latter were directed against provincialism and ignorance. The volume of writing exhausted him. He feared he was wasting his time writing outside poetry, [76] exclaiming that he "must stop writing so much prose". Pound was deeply affected by the war. He was devastated when Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, from whom he had commissioned a sculpture of himself two years earlier, was killed in the trenches in *A Memoir* the following year, in reaction to what he saw as an unnecessary loss. He asked the publisher for a raise to hire year-old Iseult Gonne as a typist, causing rumors that Pound was having an affair with her, but he was turned down. When he included this in his next poetry collection in, he had renamed it *Homage to Sextus Propertius* in response to criticism of his translation skills. Harriet Monroe, editor of *Poetry*, published a letter from a professor of Latin, W. Hale, saying that Pound was "incredibly ignorant" of the language, and alluded to "about three-score errors" in *Homage*.

## Chapter 6 : Cathay () by Ezra Pound

*On 6th April, Pound published Cathay through Elkin Matthews. Ostensibly translations, largely of works by the Chinese poet Li Po (æ•Žç™½), whom Pound calls by the Japanese version of his name.*

## Chapter 7 : Ezra Pound - Poet | Academy of American Poets

*Cathay is a collection of classical Chinese poems by Li Bai, interpreted by the American poet Ezra Pound. Though Pound didn't speak Chinese, he based his translations on notes by Ernest Fenollosa, in the process setting a benchmark for modernist translations.*

## Chapter 8 : Ezra Pound - Wikipedia

*Pound, not knowing any Chinese or Japanese at all, promptly created a new and somewhat complex style of translation, as he had done with words from several other languages. The Cathay poems are primarily written by the Chinese poet Li Po, referred to throughout these translations as Rihaku, the Japanese form of his name.*

## Chapter 9 : Cathay : Pound, Ezra, : Free Download, Borrow, and Streaming : Internet Archive

*The life of Ezra Pound is perhaps the most intriguing of the modernist poets, though not for the all the right reasons. His turn to fascism and antisemitism, arrest for treason and time spent in St. Elizabeths Hospital have all come to define contemporary perceptions of him as a groundbreaking, but irredeemably flawed poet.*