THE RATIONAL BEHIND THE IMAGIST INNOVATIONS AND AMY LOWELL'S INVOLVEMENT

Amy Lowell's poetic images are essential and elemental in their operation. They are varied in their patterns. They are the product of Amy Lowell's scientific and technical innovations. Sometimes they are symbolic, sometimes ironic, sometimes pathetic, sometimes rhythmical, sometimes philosophical, sometimes erotic, sometimes mystic, sometimes sensuous and sensual, in a way, they are all characteristic of her iconoclastic nature of image-making.

The critics had never been unanimous about Amy Lowell's distinction as a poet. It is just possible that her self-estimation, when she said, "I made myself a poet, but the Lord made me a businessman", gave them abundant scope to rail against her. To her organizing and commandeering role in the Imagist movement, they have confined themselves. Most probably they have ignored her genius and scholarship which the root causes of her modernism in poetry. Her six books of verse, however, exemplify her scholarly intuition of values in the form of lyrics, grotesques, narratives in rhyme, blank verse, free verse and polyphonic prose. The way she experimented and adapted Chinese verse form of
expression is characteristic of her literary talents. Her technical experimentations make Harriet Monroe say:

One detects a certain scientific rapture in many of Miss Lowell's interesting experiments in technique.  

The expression 'scientific rapture' is very interesting. The poetic rapture is scientific in the sense that it gets aptly moulded and tuned with the appropriate emotional experiences and the physical variations that follow them. They are scientific because they are universally true.

Amy Lowell's imagery is keen, direct and clear in accordance with the Imagist creed. Her style is varied in organization and musical in flow. A serious and minute study of her poems only could reveal the structural roundness of her moulds of poems. Being a champion of free rhythm she devoted herself to the pattern and form of the poetry which in its turn envelopes into itself the subtle variations of that human emotions and experiences. It is here they are scientific in the sense that they are true to everybody's honest self-analysis. Her poetic style in her works, gradually attains fluid to more fluid, clear to clearer and deep to deeper expressions of thoughts. W.L. Phelps says:

Vigour and versatility are the words that rise in one's mind when thinking of the poetry of Amy Lowell.
Amy Lowell's vigorous and versatile modes of expression are rooted in the role of experimentalism she has undertaken without confining herself to any specific traditional style of composition. Her Imagist involvement itself has given the movement, newer and newer forms, rhythmic variations, subtle imagery, musicality, and expressive diction. She has the unique skill of narrating her stories, feelings, and thoughts at one poetic stroke of image, choosing the accurate form of expression true to their content. There is no artificial framework in her poems but they for themselves a spontaneous expressive form. The spontaneity here need not be mistakenly identified with the imaginative freewheeling of the romantics. Amy Lowell's spontaneity concerns itself with what exactly happens to her interiority of experience at that instant poetic moment. A vision, its reflection as a picture in her mind, its inevitable physical reaction in the self and its profound perception are immensely carried on into the poetic expression in a sort of inseparable togetherness. Thus her spontaneity concerns itself with the phenomenological formula of experiencing the world by the self. Here Edmund Hessurel and his phenomenology influenced her to a great extent. In short, Lowell's images are exact poetic replicas of her intense experiences. It is here they acquire for themselves a rare depth-analytic vision into their experiencing self. It is probably this kind of individuality that
made Clement Shorter to compare her with Dr. Johnson as the "unacknowledged head of Literary America". She is certainly making a novel, pioneering enterprise of poetry.

The Influences on Amy Lowell

In the words of Amy Lowell:

There are always many influences at work in the growth of a poet and among the most important are the influence of personal contacts. To study an artist's work is to study his psychology, and that we can only do by concerning ourselves with the objects of his thought.

This idea brings us to study the different kinds of influences that worked upon Amy Lowell's authorship and creativity. Amy Lowell's family residence Sevenels was located in the Western slope of Heath Street in Brooklyn, Massachusetts. Among her treasured books of childhood was Walter Ferguson's *My Early Days*, 1827. Her paternal ascendants were, father, Augustus Lowell and grandfather John Amory Lowell, and maternal ascendent was Katherine Bingelow Lowell. Her mother was an accomplished musician capable of playing several instruments. She had a melodious voice. Amy Lowell's inheritance of love of music from her mother accounted for musicality in her poetic expression. Her father Augustus Lowell was the second trustee of the Lowell Institute and a member of the Executive Committee.
at MIT, treasurer and Vice President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, an officer of the Massachusetts Historical Society, a board member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and the honorary director of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts. Amy Lowell inherited her dogmatism and rigidity from her father and dynamism from her mother. Her inquisitiveness for oriental culture found its initiation from the massive heavy furniture and oriental rugs of her ancestral home. From the very beginning Augustus Lowell wanted his children to think for themselves; to formulate their own personal point of view. Her brother Percival at the time of her birth was a sophomore at Harvard. Her other brother and sisters were Lawrence, Katherine and Elizabeth. Amy Lowell found an Edenic wonderland in the gardens, groves and meadows of Sevenels. The scintillating colours of floral garden and its walks influenced her later verse. Nature delighted Amy Lowell to such an extent that the immensity of its experience in her childhood ever remained green and novel all through her life. Therefore in a sense she is a Naturalist of the rare ardour and conviction. The poem "In a garden" of the "Poppy Seed" of Sword Blades and Poppy Seed, a neat Imagist work drew Ezra Pound’s attention and its subsequent inclusion by him in his Imagist anthology.

... Damp smell the ferns in tunnels of stone,
Where trickle and plash the fountains,
Marble fountains, yellowed with much water.
Amy Lowell's Imagistic tranquility here emerges from the gardens at Sevenels, seasoned her love for serenity and came to her as a soothing zone of tactile ecstasy and happiness. The beauty of nature, its living soul haunted her thoughts and acquired a permanent mode of expression here. She explores every nuance of the floral treasure of her gardens, every leaf and grassblade, shrubbery and grove that invigorates her thoughts and ecstasy. She enters into the lucid details of the greenery around her. What exactly attracts us in the above poem, concerns itself with the measured quality of innumerable images coalesced into a superb poetic experience. It is her observation and the exact manner in which she observes or rather feels the intensity through all her senses that counts for the poetic supremacy here. On a careful analysis we find that the audio ('plasm', 'splash', 'throb', 'gurgling') and visual ('ferns', 'moss', 'marble fountains') images contribute to each other as that usually happens to anybody's experience near a mossy waterfall. We have here a moving picture, poetically faithful to the rare creed of Amy Lowell. S. Foster Damon in Amy Lowell narrates an incident wherein Amy Lowell recollects
her childhood acquaintance with Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in one of her visits to Cambridge with her father at her early age of five, says Amy Lowell:

My. Longfellow carried me round the table in a scrap-basket and the recollection of that ride is gentle as vivid as though it were yesterday.7

At the age of six she joined the Boston dancing school of Signor Lorenzo Papanti. Perhaps this taught her the rhythms of life, the creation, the particles of time and the beauty and the charm of the art of dancing. Her summer tour of Europe in 1882, at the age of eight, with her parents and sisters, and a trip to the West in 1883 spring, initiated her into writing. Amy Lowell's mother published her tales of these itineraries in the form of a small pamphlet Dream Drops encouraging her to express her ripples and reactions to the world around.

Amy Lowell's brother Percival also became an important influence in her development. He in her eyes was a folk hero. After his graduation from Harvard he went to the Far East, finding a job in the Korean Embassy and renting a house in Tokyo. His lengthy descriptions of Oriental landscapes, pictures, miniature items of interest enticed Amy Lowell very much. Her dislike for school curriculum kept her ignorant
of the classical languages. This she reflects in her words:

My family did not consider that it was necessary for girls to learn either Greek or Latin, and I have found this ignorance of the classical languages a great handicap.

Amy Lowell visited neither China nor Japan but after the initial encouragement from her brother Percival she at once learned about the beautiful islands of Japan from Mr. Teunerjiro Miyaoka an interpreter of her brother at length. Says Florence Ayscough, Amy Lowell's friend:

By virtue of her astounding gift of intuition Amy Lowell annihilated time and space, and seemed to comprehend the thoughts of men long dead, and visualized the movement of scenes long past, although both thoughts and scenes belonged to civilizations far removed from our own.

But, however, this initiative gift could never became a property in her so far the classical languages are concerned. This may be one of the reasons as to why her images lack the tragic intensity of the ancient Greeks and extended descriptive and analytical performance of the Latiners. Amy Lowell turned into a great poet on the basis of what her brother told her about the far-east. She always retained an instinctive curiosity about the tales told to her.
In her childhood she studied *Beowulf*, Gray's works, Burns, Chaucer, and Irving. She read Dickens, Thackeray, Louisa May Alcott, adventure stories of Scott, Cooper, Jules Verne and R.H. Dana perhaps because of her brother Percival's influence. She has also developed a fondness for Wordsworth. She also had an early passion for the theatre, for history and for literature.

C. David Heymann writes:

For Amy the search for personal fulfilment and meaning existed in a different realm. She remained individual and insular, refusing to follow the path of what she thought a compromising and self-effacing existence.

The passion for theatre and plays created in her a love for action and colour. The plays produced at Boston Museum Theatre and the discovery of Charlotte Bronte; Anthony Trollope, and Jane Austen created her imaginative intensity. But Keats proved to be a paramount influence on Amy Lowell. She developed a passion for Keats's work on reading Leigh Hunt's *Imagination and Fancy* which she found in her father's library. His critical study "opened a door that might otherwise have remained shut". This "turned" Amy "definitely to verse". Amy Lowell writes about the book:

I did not read it, I devoured it. I read it over and over, and then I turned it to the works of the poets referred to, and tried to read them by the light of the new aesthetic perception I had learnt from Hunt.
After her mother's death in 1895 Amy Lowell travelled through Italy, Austria, Germany, France, Holland and England. The ballet, the opera, the art galleries and the museums of Paris enchanted her. In England she visited the Chelsea Studio of James Abbott McNeill Whistler, the American expatriate painter. Returning to Boston she very soon started for Europe again. The European voyage this time got her new experiences and involvements. Now Paris, Cairo and Rome gave her a wider range of experience.

Her father's death in 1900 liberated her and yielded her the overpowering, feeling of independence. And very soon she became an executive member of the Brooklyn Education Society.

On October 21, 1902 Eleonora Duse's performance in one of Gabriele d'Annunzio plays La Gioconda, La Città Marta, and Francesca da Rimini marks the inauguration of Amy Lowell's career as a poet. It is her remarkable performance that compelled Amy Lowell to write a tribute to Duse in seventy one lines of blank verse.

... The effect on me was something tremendous. What really happened was that it revealed me to myself, but I hardly knew that at the time I just knew that I had to express the sensations that Duse's acting gave me, somehow. I knew nothing whatever about the technique of poetry, I had never heard of vers libre, I had never analysed blank verse — I was as ignorant as anyone could be. I sat down, and with infinite agitation wrote this poem...
Amy Lowell's Definition of Poetry

A few years later while speaking to an audience in New Haven, Connecticut she said:

"a poem, like a great actress, conveys a good deal just by how it walks on the stage and it is possible to fall in love with a poem, as with an actress simply by watching it move." 16

Then she remarked that

"poetry is the free exercise of the imagination. It is the only thing we have left, the only complete success our species can point to. Only in the sphere of art is humanity able to rise above its failures and inadequacies."

According to her, poetry is that art of expressive imagination that uplifts the mankind. And a poem is an exercise that an actress does to perform her role, moving across the stage. The poem moves on the interior stage of imagination and behaves like a true actress devoted to her role expressing her imaginative understanding of the part she plays in a play. The actress metaphor through which Amy Lowell tries to suggest that the experiences that a poem creates, is self explanatory. In the presence of a great actress acting her role on the stage there is profound transport into a greater realm of experience. Amy Lowell contends that this happens
in the case of reading a poem also. But unfortunately
G.H.Ruhiely says something contradictory to Amy Lowell's
own feelings and contemplations about poetry:

Much of her printed verse is unworthy
of her talent, being little more than
adumbrations of the distinction
found in other poems. While her
narratives may express her love of
colour and movement, they are often
empty and laboured. In all probability
the inferior verse did 'spring from
the will'. The poet believed that she
was to endure. These facts confine
the fullest enjoyment of her poetry.17

Ruhley's negative approach towards her poetry is absolutely
uncharitable. Most certainly Amy Lowell is never 'empty and
laboured'. On the other hand, her love of colour is an ins­
tant and spontaneous projection into the beauty of assemblage
of colours. The expression 'being little more than adumbera­
tions of the distinction found in other poems' is a mere
critical verbiage driving at no real point of critical interest.
In stating so Ruhiely might have thought that he made a great
aesthetic discovery. On the other hand, he made a critical
disservice to the poetry of Amy Lowell. It is in such circums­
tances that criticism becomes erroneous, destructive and
unenthusing. A poet whose theories of poetry are so intricate
and minute could never be so superficial in her renderings.
Even Ruhiely has also found this thing in her poetry and he
says:'
Coupled with the reaction to her eccentric mode of life, they account for the general distrust of her value. But a fair appraisal does not stress failings.18

After so much of depressing critical pattern this is an insignificant critical compliment.

Amy Lowell's fascination with the language from the very beginning of her writing got expressed in her voracious reading at home and in libraries particularly at Boston Athenaeum. Apart from her garnishment of her Sevenels with the objects from farthest corners of Europe and Asia in a Victorian-Oriental look she had a music room where she kept a grand piano as her musical resort.

It was the news of her childhood friend Mabel Cabot's marriage with Ellery Sedgwick, the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in Boston newspaper that made her decide to get her work published. And soon her four sonnets "Fixed Idea", "A Japanese Wood-Carving", "On Carpaccio's Picture", and "Starling" appeared in separate issues over the year 1910 beginning their appearance from the August issue. Her fifth sonnet "Leisure" appeared in *Hampton's Magazine* forming the source of her first volume of verse *A Dome of Many Coloured Glass* published in October 1912 by Boston's Houghton Mifflin Company. About the Collection Rica Brenner says:
A Dome of Many Colouring Glass, a book, which in spite of the classical form in which many of its poems were cast, hinted at experiments in a different manner, in a freer method which, was to become the 'new poetry'.

Romantic Scenario

This first volume, though has the echoes of several poets of different ages, is a mark of delicate craftsmanship. All its poems are based on the conventional metres and matters following a manner of nineteenth century poetry. The initiation of Keatsian expression is almost there in her poem entitled "Suggested by the Cover of a Volume of Keats".

Wild little bird, who chose thee for a sign To put upon the cover of this book? Who heard thee singing in the distance dim, The vague, far greenness of enshrouding wood, When the damp freshness of the morning earth, Was full of pungent sweetness and thy song?

(C.P. 1)

The phrases 'distance dim' and 'damp freshness' show the influence of Keatsian sensuousness. In the poem "Teatro Bambino Dublin N.H." the lines

How still it is! Sunshine here fails In quiet shafts of light through the high trees Which arching, make a roof above the walls Changing from sun to shadow as each breeze Lingers a moment, charmed by the strange sight

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Sweet scented clover, from a broken sphere Grouped round the stage in hushed expectancy What sound is that which echoes through the wood? Is it the reedy note of an oaten pipe.

(C.P. 11-11)
remarkably show the potent figures of Keats that form her passionate moods. He was her hero and she has a wistful regard for him. The intensity of the poem goes back to Milton through Keats and Tennyson. Then we find the Tennysonian metre and diction running through a number of her poems in this volume. The poems "Apples of Hesperides" and "To Elizabeth Ward Perkins" echo the Tennysonian metrical experimentation and his vivid diction of "In Memoriam". The Tennysonianess is aptly visible in the poem "Apples of Hesperides".

Glinting golden through the trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Through the moon-pierced warp of night
Shoot pale shafts of yellow light,
Swaying to the kissing breeze
Swings the treasure, golden-gleaming,
Apples of Hesperides!

(C.P.2)

Tennysonian colours and diction come vividly in the lines of "To Elizabeth Ward Perkins" in their musical garb of 'abba' rhyme scheme.

Beneath my feet the snow is lit
And gemmed with colours, red and blue,
Topaz, and green, where light falls through
The saints that in the windows sit.

(C.P.13)

"The Road to Avignon" shows the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites

A minstrel stands on a marble stair
Blown by the light wind, debonair;
Below lies the sea, a sapphire floor,
Above on the terrace a turret door
Frames a lady listless and wan,
But fair for the eye to rest upon.
The minstrel plucks at his silver strings,
And looking up to the lady, sings:

Down the road to Avignon
The long, long road to Avignon,
Across the bridge to Avignon
One morning in the spring.

(C.P. 11)

we should
Here note the inspiration that the Pre-Raphaelites found
in the Italian painters prior to Raphael, a sweetness,
depth of making a close study of nature. The poem "On
Carpaccio's Picture : The Dream of St. Ursula" reminds us
of D.G. Rossetti's picture-poems:

Swept, clean, and still, across the polished floor
From some unshuttered casement, hid from sight,
The level sunshine slants, its greater light:
Quenching the little lamp which pailled, poor,
Flickering, unreplenished, at the door
Has striven against darkness the long night.

(C.P. 15)

The poems "Monadnock in Early Spring" and "To an Early
Daffodil" reflect Wordsworthian depth of nature worship and
the philosophical intensity he finds in the physical nature:

Above thy snowy crevices where full
Pale shrivelled oak leaves, while the snow beneath
Melts at their phantom touch. Another year
Is quick with import. Such each year has been
unmoved thou watchest all, and all bequeath
Some jewel to thy diadem of power;
Thou pledge of greater majesty unseen.

(C.P. 15)
"A Japanese Wood Carving" has a form echoing the meditation of Coleridge.

High up above the open, welcoming door
It hangs, a piece of wood with colours dim.
Once, long ago it was a waving tree
And knew the sun and shadow through the leaves
Of forest tree, in a thick eastwood.

(C.P.3)

The dominant theme of this volume and later the recurrent theme of other volumes is Amy Lowell's sensitive, feminine notions of the recreative forces of life for reaching the fulfilment which could never be here. This volume of poems is however something more than a mere imitation. Here we find the signs of her coming achievement, we discover a true blending of thought and diction budding in Imagistic expression of which she became a pioneer. This volume remarkably shows her first step towards "a clear presentation of what the author wishes to convey", a canon that Imagists emphasized. They were against "the high-sounding, artificial generalities which convey no exact impression". This volume is mostly traditional in approach but we find here her exactness of expression, a straightforward dealing of an object or thought. The poems, however, have the sparks of revolt against the traditional poetry. The also reveals the keenness that Imagists had in recreating the past, delving into what is unknown, there lies the excellence of this volume.
The poem "Before the Altar" occurring in this volume is Amy Lowell's first venture into free verse. Here she has merely broken down the metrical pattern:

Before the Altar, bowed, he stands
With empty hands;
Upon it perfumed offerings burn
Wreathing with smoke the sacrificial urn

(C.P. 1)

in this poem the image of an altar and a worshipper is fully developed. The poems "A Japanese Wood-Carving" and "A Coloured Print By Shokei" in their massing of vivid details draw our imaginations to her image-making faculty. She paints a tree that lived through winter, summer and autumn and helplessly yielded to a wood-carver. The contrasting images of forest and sea done very intricately in "A Coloured Print that of Shokei" shows the poet's inner urge to explore the pictured path of Shokei.

I forget that 'tis only a pictured path,
And I hear the water and wind,
And look through the mist and strain my eyes
To see what there is behind;

(C.P. 5)

The poem presents a subtle image of a waterfall and makes the reader discover an inseparable affinity with nature.

Love Imagery

Though sometimes prosaic expressions do intrude into her poems but the wonderful image-making is her great achievement.
From the very first volume of her poems we could guess her inclination towards colour imagery, vividness and a geometrically measured exactness of expression. And in another respect in which the coming greatness of Amy Lowell is anticipated is her interest in love poetry where we find her masculine domineering point of view. An exuberance of passion we note in her renderings. Her poems "Hora Stellatrix" and "ALYAI" are characteristic of her love poetry and reflect her active, passionate and sensuous expression. These poems have the extreme rapture of love with an intense passion and they point to the lover's complete surrender in love:

In the intimate dark there's never an ear,
Though the tulips stand on tiptoe to hear
So give; ripe fruit must shrivel or fall.
As you are mine, sweetheart, give all!
Starfire sparkles, your coronal.

(C.P. 7)

Similar intensity of love and its sensuousness we find in "ALYAI" when the lover says to his beloved.

Dear Heart, I love you, worship you as though I were a priest before a holy shrine.

(C.P. 9)

The title of her first book takes a phrase from Shelley's Adonais. And her poem "Fragment" reflects the title of this volume.
What is poetry? Is it a mosaic
Of coloured stones which curiously are wrought
Into a pattern? Rather glass that's taught
My patient labour any hue to take
And glowing with a sumptuous splendour make
Beauty a thing of awe; where sunbeam caught
Transmuted fall in sheafs of rainbows fraught
With storied meaning for religion's sake.

(C.P. 7)

Apart from her expression of love there we find the poem "A Fairy Tale" which describes her adolescence lacking in love.

This kind of autobiographical content reflects her intense agony:

But overshadowing all is still the curse,
That never shall I be fulfilled by love!

About this volume when we read C. David Heymann say:

... the collection was of minimal interest; it contained an assortment of sentimental lyrics, jejune moralizing, undistinctive landscape and still lifes, several tributes to Oriental themes and artifacts, some sonnets, Amy's wordy toast to the Athenaeum, and finally a farrago of 'verses for children'... 22

One feels like protesting against such evaluation. In spite of the fact that the poems of this volume show a great lack of maturity and poise, they maintain in themselves a profound seed of her forthcoming Imagist poetry. No judgement should be formed on her poetic grandeur on the basis of this volume. Though Amy Lowell echoes Keatsian sensuousness, Tennysonian music, Pre-Raphaelite picturesqueness, Wordsworthian love of
nature, still there is that experimentalist's zeal and a keenness towards the exactness, vividness of varied images making an Imagist spark and her voracious and intrinsic understanding of her predecessors.

About this volume our discussion would remain incomplete if we leave the few delectable verses she has written for the children. They remind us of Stevensonian description. "The Crescent Moon" is remarkable in this context.

Amy Lowell's close friend Louis Untermeyer in his "Memoir" is remorseful about his impressions in the review that appeared in the Chicago Evening Post about Amy Lowell's A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass saying;

to be brief, in spite of its lifeless classicism, can never rouse one's anger. But to be briefer still, it cannot rouse one at all.23

He says in the "Memoir":

I remember that my own review was not only generally patronizing but cruel in its particulars. Unaware of the devotion which was to become a lifetime preoccupation, I implied that the author had not freed herself from a fatuous, fancied kinship to Keats, that her tone was belatedly Tennysonian, and that her indebtedness to Shelley was implicit in more than the title of her book, A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass. That was in 1912.24

A prospectus from Harriet Monroe of publishing and editing Poetry from Chicago which Amy Lowell received in the summer of
1912 while she was vacationing in New Hampshire brought a turning point in the poetic career of Amy Lowell. It was a revolutionary aspect which she sensed, and raised funds for the magazine. It is Harriet Monroe's reading of her poems in the *Atlantic Monthly* that made her write to Amy Lowell to contribute both her works and funds for the venture. Soon the Amy Lowell knew the name of the foreign Editor of the journal, Ezra Pound. She read the treatise of Imagism that appeared with the name of Pound and H.D.'s poems in different issues and felt and realized that she too had the same instinct in her poetic expression. Harriet Monroe's introduction of Amy Lowell to Ezra Pound made her rapid stride to London and her links with the emerging poetic movement and subsequently her acquaintance with Yeats, Ford, Fletcher and Hilde Doolittle. Fletcher and H.D. were very innovative in the group. Fletcher enthused and shared her reading modern French poetry. From Fletcher she heard about his plans of writing poems with generous use of colours, objective outlook, the themes of modern city, experimental modes, for which his models were Cezanne, Ganguin, Van Gaugh, Stravinsky and Synge and others.

During her stay in London Amy Lowell enjoyed Russian Ballet whose innovative choreography produced in her the various ideas of theatrical space and movement within that. Her visit to the cubist painting exhibitions gave her the sense
of structures and structures within structures represented with geometric accuracy. The broken surface taught the hidden symmetry of the broken images and relative significance. They are parallels to thoughts within thoughts. The concerts of modern musicians like Schoenberg and Musil\textsuperscript{25} infiltrated the modernist musical variations and their effects. The discords and rhythmical variations resulted in her patterns of poetic expression. After her modernist acquaintances when she returned to Sevenels Pound wrote to her.

I'd like to use your 'In a Garden' in a brief anthology \textit{Des Imagistes} that I cogitating -- unless you've something that you think more appropriate.\textsuperscript{26}

Pound's anthology appeared as the fifth number of Alfred Kreymborg's \textit{Glebe} in February 1914 and then came to the market in the form of a book in March 1914 published by New York's publisher Albert and Charles Boni. Pound's intention of getting funds for the journal \textit{The Egoist} from Amy Lowell failed when she understood that Pound's warmth and subsequent inclusion of her in the Imagist group was only because of her affluence. Her visit to London in June 1914 brought her a surprisingly changed picture of the movement as she observed a new band of followers of Ezra Pound. She understood the remarkable difference between the two movements Imagism and
Vorticism; the former is the framed emotion; and the latter is the new form of "new chords, new keys of design kinesis and stasis", a "rigid reflections of stone and steel" and a "rock drill precision". And very soon Amy Lowell discovered a new strategy and programme for the Imagist movement after a derogatory experience, quite a challenging task, although its being "a democratic beer-garden" in the eyes of Pound. Also, her departure from England with her companions gave a new turn to this movement unlike an increased bickerings regarding the coining of the word 'Imagism'. As an effect of this Some Imagist Poets appeared as an anthology; 'some' being the reason behind Pound's exclusion from the collection. And the preface to it justified the differences.

Amy Lowell's views on the Language of Poetry

In this regard Amy Lowell's views on the language of poetry are worth mentioning. She emphasized the natural and conversational diction asserting the importance of 'exact word'. By 'exact word' she meant the one which most effectively communicates the writer's impressions of it quite different from the one that describes a thing as it is. Her views on language trail off into Impressionism. She explained the distinction between the 'reporting' and 'rendering' a thing.

Amy Lowell protested against the floating notion of an
Imagist being a picture-maker exclusively. According to her an Imagist's job is something beyond picture making, it is not only a picture through words but also a picture of words. Amy Lowell did not stress the hardness of poetry but the hardness of the subject matter offering a pair of terms; "Internality" and "Externality"\(^{31}\) approximating Pound's and Aldington's theory of poetry. She criticized the view of the poets of nineties, the pathetic fallacy, as the nature being a reflection of poet's mood exclusively. She was against the view of assuming man as the centre of the universe. This view she calls 'Internality' but says simultaneously that modern poetry is characterized by 'Externality' unlike 'Internality' of the nineties, which she feels the contemplation of nature without pathetic fallacy. She says that it is 'Externality which creates interest in the things for themselves not because it creates effect in an individual. According to John Gould Fletcher:

Imagism ... taught her to boast of the 'Externality' as a poet; an 'Externality' derived from the use of the so called 'unrelated method'.\(^{32}\)

Calling himself the inventor and experimenter of this method he says that:

thought is prior to knowledge and consists in the simultaneous presentations to the mind of two different images
that style is short, being forced by the coming together of many different thoughts and generated by their contact that "the form of a poem is shaped by the intentions and they stirred his mind. According to him a poem is the outcome of the consciousness of various contrasting images derived from a poet's various associations.

Poetry as an Art for Amy Lowell

Amy Lowell says that poetry is the resultant of the vision and the voice. Whether vision produces voice or vice versa is a different problem but the dominant quality of an Imagist poem is to imply something rather than stating something. So, we can easily anticipate the remarkable advance Amy Lowell has made in her poetic accomplishment. Her second volume Sword Blades and Poppy Seed appeared in the autumn of 1914 is a true representation of her poetic development. Though the three fourths of the collection consisted of metrical poems, the remaining part in free-verse took her aloft in the poetic Renaissance in American literature. In the short but admirable preface Amy Lowell reveals three important characteristics -- an honest and sincere reverence for the great art of poetry, her determination of not adhering any school, and a confession of how to make poems. In the preface she writes:
I wish to state my firm belief that poetry should not try to teach, that it should exist simply because it is a created beauty of a Gothic grotesque... How far we are from 'admitting the universe'! The Universe, which brings down its continents and seas and leaves them without comment. Art is as much a function of the Universe as an Equinoctial gale, or the Law of Gravitation; and we insist upon considering it merely a little scroll work, of no great importance unless it be studded with nails from which pretty and uplifting sentiments may be hung! 34

Amy Lowell, thus against the didactic nature of poetry considers poetry as an art which is an honest manifestation of beauty or a beauty itself. She is not at all concerned with the kind of beauty or the apparent meaning of beauty. Beauty could be of any kind even if it could be a terrible beauty, a beauty which could be ghostly or ghastly in its appearance. She discovers a functional relationship in beauty and the universe, the art (here it is poetry only) and the universe. As, a natural phenomenon is a function of universe, art is also a function of universe according to her. For her beauty has a soul within, imperishable and immortal. The art teaches as inevitably as anything in this world. It has no deliberation but it has the inevitability of suggestive teaching. Through man and man's soul it fulfils a great natural need. Art comes to man in the totality of its universal appeal, and universal involvement. Sheer scrolling or scanning of the universe does not effect an art.
In the preface also, Amy Lowell says about her use of unrhymed cadences. She feels that the use of unrhymed cadences gives an organic structure to a poem. It transfers the same organic creative experience to the reader. The poet varies the length of his breath and creates a progression. It is a progression through varying breath lengths. The irregularity of the verbal pattern is obtained through the "effect of the curve" as she herself puts it, which is something that deals with the appropriate ending of a cadence through appropriate beginning. The beginning of the cadence itself maintains a suggestive premonition of the ending of it. The use of unrhymed verse thus created a new poetic form vers libre in English. The verse form is not only non-syllabic but anti-syllabic for the syllables approach the rhythms of life in equidistantial measured blocks. Life at the outset is not at all such arrangement of equidistantially measured blocks. The stress in vers libre is one of the chief accents. The verse form depends upon a sense of balance, a satisfactory rounding of groups of words irrespective of rhyme.

Thus she has produced a subtlety of expression through cadences constructed upon the mathematical balance of time and substance. While explaining the structure of the free verse she said that the unit of the vers libre is not the foot, or the number of syllables, or quantity or line but it
The term 'strophe' which could be a part or the whole poem as well but it is a "complete cycle". She felt that a poem is nothing but a cyclical movement or a movement of recurring cycles; the movement could be either slow or fast depending upon the emotional intensity. The difference between the metrical verse and vers libre is in the rhythmical variations, the contra-uniform beats which may vary at ease as they please. It worked as a way out for a poet to get rid of the limitation of choosing words in metrical forms. But here the problem arises regarding the choice between freedom and control. It was the problem of determining restraint to be exercised. The cyclical movement in the form of strophe is alright but the variation in the speed of the cyclical movement is again a matter of resolution, where should be the inner compulsion. Thus this form created a great challenge for the poet to attain the true craftsmanship.

In the preface, Amy Lowell has attempted to draw the attention of readers and critics to a new form Polyphonic prose which she dealt at length in the preface to her another collection of poems Can Grande's Castle. John Gould Fletcher calls her the "true discoverer of this form". He thinks, contrary to Amy Lowell's own confession, that M. Paul Fort was the first poet who employed this form in French. He says that M. Fort being unsatisfied with the rigid regularity of the
French classic Alexandrine metre attempted something like a ballad singer "by interspersing his poems with bits of prose." Paul Fort's intention was to gain lightness and swiftness in expression and its consequent effect. But Fletcher says that M. Fort did not print this kind of work as poetry interspersed with prose but he had chosen to print it as prose only. But Amy Lowell made a unique innovation of rhythmic movement through its division into lines. Depending upon the aural significance as well as visual implication she broke this into lines, giving it a poetic dimension, making a synthesis of the sound quality and the breath length. She even tried to make a commingling of rhymed and unrhymed verse through the effects of decoration and conciseness for attaining a flexibility in expression she varied the rhythm and metre of the poems in accordance with the inner emotion effected by a thing or an image. Thus she succeeded in giving an orchestral structure of the substance she wanted to express. For this orchestral structure she exploited all the musical quality of language, assonance, consonance, alliteration, rhyme, rhythm and return to the core.

Amy Lowell said that polyphonic prose is,

...the freest, the most elastic, of all forms for it follows at will any, and all, of the rules which guide other forms. Metrical verse has one set of laws, condensed verse another, 'polyphonic prose' can go from one to the other in the same poem with no sense of incongruity. Its only touchstone is the taste and feeling of its author.
Thus she implies that the inner structure of this new form is not at all incongruous to the reader when it makes a synthesis of the metrical prose and vers libre. It has an easy flow, a movement, free in every respect showing the true representation of the poet's feeling. Amy Lowell says again, that the fundamental aspect of this form is a bare "insistence on the absolute adequacy of the thought it embodies." So, the movement or the flow of the polyphonic prose depends upon the thought it embodies. Depending upon the thought it sometimes takes the metrical form, sometimes the vers libre. She says that the rhythm in such a form is something like "the long flowing cadence of oratorical prose." That here one thing is remarkable to note when we read the words of James W. Tupper quite contrary to John Gould Fletcher that, 

...this experiment with rhythmical prose is not absolutely new. The Euphuistic prose of the sixteenth century employed the device of alliteration, assonance and rhyme and it had a rhythm not strictly that of prose.

So, he feels that the orchestral quality of the polyphonic prose of Amy Lowell which is according to John Gould Fletcher a true discovery of Amy Lowell is not a discovery of her own exclusively but it had its roots in the Euphuistic prose of the sixteenth century. However, there are no critical evidences to show that she had personal acquaintance of this sixteenth
century 'Euphuistic prose'. In all probability, we have to believe that she arrived at this form on her own. If there is a resemblance between her polyphonic prose and the sixteenth century 'Euphuistic prose' it is just a matter of coincidental forms of poetic creation, which are often found in literature.

Structural Novelty

The same preface also explains the usability of the Imagism and its effectiveness as a popular poetic mode. His second volume shows a considerable improvement in the technical aspect of poetry, yet the themes of her poems at least do not make any novelty. They are basically rendered unchanged and have remained as they were in her earlier collection. One important feature we note in this volume is its being devoid of any kind of imitation in the sense of borrowing the structures. "Sunshine Through A Cobwebbed Window" of the section "Sword Blades" presents a contrast of the past and the present, which shows there is slight thematic resemblance but with a great structural novelty.

What charm is yours, you faded old-world tapestries,
Of outworn, childish mysteries,
  Vague pageants woven on a web of dream!
And we, pushing and fighting in the turbid stream.
  Of modern life, find solace in your tarnished broideries.

(C.P. 33)

The theme here is concerned with the frustration with the modern life. There are innumerable examples of this kind of dealing
with frustration in her earlier volume. But here the poem strikes an abundant note of novelty and freshness. It all emerges out of the structural variation tilting towards polyphonic prose and vers libre commingled in a unique experimental manner. Again "The Book of Hours of Sister Clotilde" of the section "Poppy Seed" has the Pre-Raphaelite tint of colour treatment but its aesthetic performance takes on a unique note of novelty.

And the sun lit the flowers
In Clotilde's Book of Hours.

It glistened the green of the Virgin's dress
And made the red spots in a flushed excess
Pulse and start; and the violet wings
Of the angel were colour which shines and sings.

The book seemed a choir
Of rainbow fire.

(C.P. 65)

So far the aesthetic experience in the above lines is concerned it flows in uneven breaths of expression to suggest the rhythmic experience poetically confounded here. The poet is concerned here with the passionate experience of the sunrise on the flowerbeds of a garden more than the colour variations, which, of course, are due to the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites on her. It is the emotional excitement and immersion into the aura of the sunrise that she shares with the
flowers of the garden, that becomes the central experience of the form here. The poem "In a Castle" is in polyphonic pattern. In this poem we readers are conveyed the grim, gloomy atmosphere with the rare imaginative touch of the poet's pen:

The candle swale. In the gale the most below plunges and spatters. Will the lady lose courage and not come?

The rain claps on a loosened rafter
Is that laughter?

(C.P. 60)

The word 'swale' reflects Amy Lowell's unique manner of making experimental coinages. It is used as the past tense of the verb 'to swell'. She is taking poetic licence and liberty with the grammatical coinages. She is taking this liberty just because it suits her poetic purpose here:in the sense the word 'swale' effects a charming rhythm with the word 'gale'/is simply uplifting and charming. Likewise she continually repeats such a consonantal rhythm in "The rain claps on a loosened rafter. Is that laughter?" While the musical quality of these coinages is rightly enchanting, a laboured manner in which she arrived at them strikingly sickens our experience. They appear to be forced consonances. But it is just possible that they came to her quite instinctively as in the case of eighteenth century alliterative poets. It all shows
her concern with the experimental manner of using the language for poetic purpose. The poem that gives its name to this volume is the first poem we come across. The poem "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed" has the octosyllabic structure in every line with abundant onomatopoeic rhythmic quality.

A drifting, April, twilight sky
A wind which blew the puddles dry,
And slapped the river into waves
That ran and hid among the staves
Of and Old wharf. A watery light
Touched bleak the granite bridge and white
Without the slightest tinge of gold,
The city shivered in the cold.

(C.P.27)

The careful manner in which she breaks the lines into distinct halves reminds us of the nursery rhymes, as well as Alexander Pope and William Blake, the two past masters of caesura. But however, the structural novelty of Amy Lowell finds its way into the poem when it literally lifts our conscious experience into a rare nowhere land of poetry. The opening lines point out the sharpness of her punctilious and meticulous ardour. Here she draws a lively picture of nature in all her grandeur. This, in fact, is the greatest gift of Amy Lowell. She is never hopping from thought to thought but making a subtle progress in her image-building, smelling and rejoicing every nuance of the intricacies of the divine nature. It is a sort-of-step-by-step ascendance through instinct mounting on instinct.
In the Poem "Dealer in Words Ephrain Bard"/in words is universal the dealer from whom every poet gets himself armoured.

All books are either dreams or swords,
You can out, or you can drug with words.
My firm is a very ancient house,
The entries on my books would rouse
Your wonder, perhaps incredulity.

(C.P. 30)

She herself hastens to add further to the above lines that the 'inherited (this) from an ancestry/stretching remotely back and far'. It is, therefore, clear that she shares the poetic lineage of the ancestral past. But, however, what goes further in the sheer experimental novelty,

... From farthest Ind
Come the purple flowers, opium filled,
From which the weirdest myths are distilled;
My orient porcelains contain them all.

(C.P. 30)

creates 'visions and fancies'. It is this creative purpose of 'visions and fancies' that becomes the real poetic purpose of Amy Lowell. Her manner of sharing affinity with the poetic tradition is always with a unique purpose of attributing for herself new dreams and new visions. These new dreams and new visions are really new because they are the direct replicas of the passionate unique impressions that her experience with the traditional poetry creates in her. Therefore, we do not
find her imitative of the tradition. Rather we notice a unique recreative intentions of experiencing the world of poetry in its freshness and beauty of unique impressions. In fact, the dreamy and aura-filled poetic images of Amy Lowell are substantially new and revolutionary in her poetic purpose.

In this way Amy Lowell shows how poetry could be a unique instructive instrument. Poetry is nothing but a kind of dedication of one's own soul to the soul of beauty and truth. It is her symbolic effect that produces a true beauty.

One more important point in this volume is concerned with her direct criticism of Pound and his Imagist manifesto. In the poem "Astigmatism" she criticises Ezra Pound's theories and establishes her personal interpretations of Imagism:

The Poet took his walking stick
Of fine and polished ebony
Set in the close-grained wood
Were quaint devices;
Patterns in ambers,
And in the clouded green of Jades
The top was of smooth, yellow ivory,
And a tassel of tarnished gold
Hung by faded card from a hole
Pierced in the hard wood,
Circled with silver
For years the poet had wrought upon this cane.

(C.P. 34)

to

The hypothetical poet that she refers here in so many words is Ezra Pound himself. There is an acidulous suggestion here that
Ezra Pound, instead of leaving the images to be absolutely natural in their original states of experience, constantly aimed at artificially decorating them with showy and rich appendages. Perfection for Pound, as in the case of Alexander Pope, is a matter of constant refinement and revision. He revises with an aim to effect a rare polish and grandeur on the created image. He chooses arabesque adjectives and forceful verbal melodies in order to confection his images. In fact, this method of performance is diagonally opposite to what he practised in the Imagist manifesto when he said that a poem should be simple and direct manifestation of the impression that a thing creates on the conscious experience of the poet. Pound resorted to a method of bringing out the interior experiences and impressions through a classical formula of effecting verbal melody and beauty on them, as though the pristine interior experience of those images is not sufficient for his aesthetic purpose. Amy Lowell directly differs from Pound here in the sense, that art must be capable of evoking like experiences in various readers in various lands and times. This is possible in the case of the Imagist poetry if only the poet is capable of faithfully rendering the impressions in such a way and in much a poetic language which ultimately is shared by the speakers of that language. This doesn't mean that the poet is not free to make experimental expressions. It only means that such experimental expres-
sions should be accessible to the readers' comprehension.

The poet holding the showy walking stick is symbolically suggestive of Pound holding poetry itself as an artificial and showy accessory for the natural fact that everybody is by nature presented with. For Pound it is a walking stick; for Amy Lowell they are two legs with which man is born. She resents artificial polishing of the images while Pound prefers to decorate his walking stick (i.e., his poetry) with all sorts of precious stones. This kind of artificial performance is ultimately claimed as poetic perfection by Pound. It is a fact that in Pound images are clear-cut deciphered blocks of poetic perfection but in being so they carry with them the extraordinarily refining and perfecting intentions of the poet in operation. It is from this deliberate perfecting tendencies of Pound that Amy Lowell differed. For her perfection is the direct outcome of the image of the impression without the poet interfering with his beautifying impressions. Therefore she accuses that:

To him it was perfect,
A work of art and weapon
A delight and a defence.

(C.P. 34)

But for Amy Lowell while poetry is certainly a work of art, it need not be a 'weapon' and a 'defence'. Poetry is not a matter of warcraft. The delight worth of poetry for
her more often lies in agreeing, adjusting and compromising with the beauty worth of the image rather than labouring seriously to beautify it. It is because of these inherent differences and variations in their poetic intentions that Ezra Pound got frustrated with his original innovation, that is, Imagism and characterized himself as a Cubist, while Amy Lowell wholeheartedly adjusted herself to the original Imagist manifesto and remained an Imagist pure and simple all through her poetic career. For her what all the experience that the external images create on the internal experiencing medium must be faithfully brought out with a sort of passionate and devotional love towards them.

Process of Image-Making

In the poem "The Coal Picker" the coalpicker gathers coal:

... Through the smut
Gleam red the wounds which will not shut
Wet through and shivering he kneels
And digs the slippery coals; like eels
They slide about. His force all spent,
He counts his small accomplishment
A half-a-dozen clinker-coals
Which still have fire in their souls
Fire! And in his thought there burns
The topaz fire of votive urns
He sees it fling from hill to hill,
And still consumed, is burning still.

(C.P. 35)

The poet frames here a picture of the creation of a poem.
The words are mute and dumb when they are isolated but when
they are put together in an essentially unified whole they form a unique collage of poet's intense thoughts and impressions it becomes a sheer piece of beauty. It is the poet in the form of a coal-picker discovering and assimilating the pieces of coal in which yet a soul burns. It is the discovery of the shade of beauty or spark that would contribute to the ultimate delight. For the poet fire is not an illusion but it is an intense source of joy. The flame of fire is the flame of joy. A similar kind of approach with a treatment of realistic artifact of life we find in Amy Lowell's poem "A Tale of Starvation".

One day he was digging, a spade or two,
As his aching back could lift,
When he saw something glisten at the bottom of the trenches
And to get it out he made great shift.
So he dug, and he delved, with care and pain
And the veins in his forehead stood taut.
At the end of an hour when every bone cracked
He gathered up what he had sought.

(C.P.39)

Here we find a parallel between the internal brokenness and the external brokenness. The external brokenness becomes the essential image of the poet. In the latter portion of the poem it gets further clarified that what he had sought is a prospect of beauty. In a symbolic way the poem celebrates that the man found out a few broken pieces of the vase with which he reassembled and recreated the vase. Everybody appreciated the same. On another day the vase fell off his hands
and got broken into pieces. In this anecdote there is a profound parallel for what a poet does through his arduous effort and how it becomes really appreciable for him and how in course of time, through familiarity the same becomes broken into pieces again. The whole episode explains that the process of image-making is a strenuous job. After an arduous attempt a few particulars of experience would be available for the poet which in their turn would be characterized into the poetic shapes in accordance with the passionate desire of the poet. When once the poetic image is perfected the passionate intensity of that creative moment gets lost. After such a loss of emotional intensity the same imagined piece appears to have broken or lost in its pristine beauty. All this reflects on the process of experience of the poet as a creator and of the poet as an enjoyer of what he creates. It is out of the broken particulars available for him in the world of external experience that he successfully assembles a poetic image. When once its assemblage is complete, the poet starts visualizing the same and arrives at a frustrated conclusion that what he made is not really commensurate with what he passionately desired to create. It is so because the so-called brokenness which prevails in the outer world of experience is also true with the interiority of the poet. Amy Lowell aims at suggesting that only in a poetic moment the inner self remains harmonious and that harmonious moment
is the moment of supreme joy. Before and after that harmonious moment what the poet encounters is a phenomenon of brokenness in the world. This is one way in which Amy Lowell comes to a point of creativity.

**Imagery of Satire**

There is another way in which a poet assumes upon himself a creative moment according to Amy Lowell. That is when the poet looks upon the world of nature and the world of fellowmen with a sense of critical disagreement. The typical images that emerge out of such attitude are often ironic and satirical.

The section "Sword Blades" of *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed* contains some excellent satirical pieces. "The Precinct Rochester" contains one such satirically accusing passage:

Beyond the Cathedral close
Yelp and mutter the discontents of people not mellow,
Not well-regulated.
People who care more for bread of saints,
And give the painted windows of churches
To their children for toys.
People who say:
"They are dead we live!
The world is for the living".

(C.P. 32)

Here she gives an exact image of the world of people which usually cares more for their self-centred vanities than for any universal idealism. The people caring more for the
'bread of saints' handing over 'painted windows of churches' to their children as toys is highly ironical. Amy Lowell wants to suggest that even the love of religion in people is not sincere and real. She finally wants to suggest that they attach only a toy-worth to the religious yearnings. Therefore, their religious aspirations are born of a vanity rather than a real love of religion. This is what she categorically suggests in the above image. Thus here the poet satirically reveals the nature of the people who care for destroying beauty. They live in a world of total self-indulgence. Also they not only destroy the beauty but make use of it for their selfish ends. The beauty that is decaying in the hands of these people points at the decaying morality of them. Here the satire gets an indirect treatment in the hands of the poet. The direct treatment of satire we could note in the poem "The Cyclists".

Spread on the roadway,
With open-blown jackets,
Like black, soaring pinions,
They swoop down the hillside,
    The cyclists,
Seeing dark-plumaged
Birds, after carrion,
Careening and circling,
Over the dying
    of England.
She lies with her bosom
Beneath them no longer
The Dominant Mother,
The Virile — but rotting
    Before time.
The smell of her, tainted,
Has bitten their nostrils:
Exultant they hover
And shadow the sun with
    Foreboding.

(C.P.33)
'The Cyclist' here is the common man who in his sick hurry for material comforts, cares not for the sanctity of his motherland. The image of a cyclist moving regardless of the 'dying England' is highly provocative. It is a sort of poetically chiding the shallow and cheap attitudes of the modern generation. James Tupper, a prominent critic of Amy Lowell, somehow could not agree with the idea of Amy Lowell the her image of cyclists as the basis for her satirical treatment of the self-centred materialistic attitudes of people. It is clear that the cyclists here are the people who are in the cycle of degeneration unlike in the cycle of spiritualization. They run after material comforts even if ravaging their motherland.

Lover's Adulation

Amy Lowell's love poems have a unique tendency to be masculine in stance. It is quite surprising that she brings into her poetry a rare and abundant passion of a man in love with a woman. In her poem "A Gift" the hypothetical lover is a poet:

See! I give myself to you, Beloved
My words are little jars
For you to take and put upon a shelf
Their shapes are quaint and beautiful,
And they have many pleasant colours and lustres
To recommend them.
Also the scent from them fills the room
With sweetness of flowers and crushed grasses.
When I shall have the whole of me
But I shall be dead.

(C.P. 41)
The lover here wants to give himself totally to his beloved. Being a poet what all he has constitutes of a few words.

The lover is proud of his treasure and in his passionate moments he wants to give away all of them to his beloved. But, however, he hopes that she should carefully preserve them on the shelves of her heart. This is so because of the fact that his words are such perfect beautiful pieces like 'jars'.

The poet also claims that his words abound in beautiful smells of flowers and 'crushed grasses'. This is so because of the simple fact that his words are the enviable products of nature like flowers. Also they are as delicate as the flowers. It is quite gratuitous on the part of the poet to give away all his words as gifts to his beloved. He cherishes a rare desire in him to drain all the words out of himself and put them as presentation to his beloved since a poet is a mere possessor of words, when he gives all of them away to his beloved, he would naturally come to death. But that death is glorious and worth cherishing on the part of the poet.

To a poet his beloved is his impressions of experience. In the course of sacrificing all his words he reaches his death. Through his creation he gradually dies. Every impression squeezes a grain of his life. The poem contains a simple enchanting idea that a poet wholeheartedly sacrifices everything of himself for the sake of the one he loves.
Lover's Scorn

While Amy Lowell's "A Gift" is a passionate poem of devotion in her "Vintage" we have a rare expression of a lover's scorn. We have here the extreme sentiments of romantic lover who got utterly frustrated on being cold-shouldered by his beloved. The poem is a monologue directly addressed to the cold beloved. Love in man is a matter of passionate sentiment which turns into a fury on being rejected. Amy Lowell mounts a consistent image of fury as felt and experienced by a rejected lover as it is true of all romantic hero lovers. Amy Lowell's lover also expresses his intense pent-up fury in a Donnean metaphysical manner:

I will mix me a drink of stars,---
Large stars with polychrome needles,
Small stars jetting maroon and crimson,
Cool, quiet, green stars.
I will tear them out of the sky,
And squeeze them over an old silver cup,
And I will pour the cold scorn of my Beloved into it,
So that my drink shall be bubbled with ice,
It will lap and scratch
As I swallow it down;
And I shall feel it as a serpent of fire Coiling and twisting in my belly.
His snorting will rise to my head,
And I shall be hot, and laugh
Forgetting that I have ever known a woman.

(C.P.42)

The poem is made up of far-fetched images but they are, however, capable of realistically measuring the intensity of
lover's desire and need of the beloved. The alcoholic metaphor in which the whole poem is cast substantiates at once the reality and the absurdity of the lover's emotional sensibility. Lovers, mad men and poets are, an absurd class apart. Amy Lowell's lover here is a mad man and a poet. He says that he would make for himself "a drink of stars". Further he explains how he would pluck the big as well as small stars all in a lot in order to make his liquor. The essence of stars will be turned into a ingratiating liquor in his bowl. Adding up of his beloved's cold scorn to it probably completes the purpose of expressing his furious anger at the cold attitude of his beloved. The manner in which he would swallow it and how it creates a burning sensation (opposite to that of the coldness of the drink) is characterized in the impressionistic and expressionistic manner. The drink while it is being swallowed, gives him the sensibility of a hot and fiery serpent which ultimately goes into the stomach and snortings that are made by it directly shoot up into his brain and make him hot. It is probably in this extreme excited condition that he would realize his foolishness in passionate love. Therefore he would laugh at himself, wherein it becomes momentarily also possible to forget not only his wretched beloved but all women of the world.
Forgetting that I have ever known a woman right from the beginning the poem maintains a mock-heroic sense. Amy Lowell probably does not reconcile love and its exuberant vocalization through innumerable phraseologies of self-pity and self-aggrandizement. The lover here makes a mock aggrandizement making the whole of his stance an ironic parallel to that of the serious romantic lover. The strange brewery that he would make out of the stars plucked from the sky speaks for itself the absurd notions of the ironic lovers. One thing, at least, is real. He is a rejected lover. Amy Lowell here takes the personalities of Donne and Browning upon her, with a mind to suggest that there is something absurd and wrong in the concept of romantic love. But at the same time rejected lover is widest spread reality in our societies. It is quite possible that a rejected lover, like a harshly beaten child, falls into the rousing and spiralling imaginative prospects of potentially revenging the other. The manner in which our lover prefers to take revenge on his beloved is by way of resolving for himself that he would prefer not to have known any woman in the life.

The whole poem substantiates the furious image of a disowned lover. But in the ultimate analysis the poem appears to offer the message that all this heroic chatter of the lovers is a psychological exaggeration of the male chauvinism and autocracy. In our modern societies, just as he has a freedom
to love her she too has her freedom of not loving him. Amy Lowell's intentions here are very clear. The lover, or any passionate idealist lover for that matter, assumes upon himself archetypal capabilities instead of realizing the simple human limitations of being a man.

Her Passion for Colour Imagery

The poems in this volume have the profusion of the colours of the external nature. Colours play a dominant role in the imagery of Amy Lowell's poetry. Every object, every image has the minutest detail of its colours. Though, according to David Heymann, Amy Lowell is obsessed with hues in this volume still if we go deep into her visualization of image and her meticulous insight into the light and shade of every image we discover her realistic as well as exactness of reproduction of the actual image. Her tapestry weaves the colours with all its nuances. Her poem "The Captured Goddess" presents her taste of this sort. The colours are sometimes scattered, sometimes compressed, sometimes contrasted, sometimes creating newer shades. The colours mark the characteristic mode of her image-making. The colours are not only visual but they are aural, and kinaesthetic and sometimes olfactory too. They colour the thoughts and impressions that emerge out of the vivid experience as natural as is the experience. Her "The Captured Goddess" reflects this aspect
of her image-making:

Through sheeted rain
Has come a lustre of crimson,
And I have watched moonbeams
Hushed by a film of palest green.

It was her wings,
Goddess!
Who stepped over the clouds,
And laid her rainbow feathers
Aslant on the currents of the air.

I followed her for long,
With gazing eyes and stumbling feet.
I cared not where she led me,
My eyes were full of colours:
Saffrons, rubies, the yellows of beryls,
And the indigo-blue of quarts
Flights of rose, layers of chrysoprase,
Points of orange, spirals of vermilion,
The spotted gold of tiger-lily petals,
The loud pink of bursting hydrangeas
And watched for the flashing of her wings.

(C.P. 31-32)

This poem is an example of Amy Lowell's lively feeling of colours and her style of achieving the wizardry of colours in producing her vivid sharp-cut images. Here we have a dream vision of the goddess of imagination characterized in all and sundry colour combinations and assortments. The poet follows a childlike dream pattern which is usually free from the rationalist dimension of thought. Amy Lowell, in true manner and the tradition of nursery rhymes and other child poems, gracefully makes a beautiful assemblage of moving colour patterns around this goddess 'who stepped over the clouds,/And laid her rainbow feathers/Aslant on the currents of the air'.
It is due to the presence of this goddess in the distant clouds that the poetess sitting in her room experienced 'a lustre of crimson' which came through a 'sheeted rain'. The whole experience here conforms to the immersing joy that the poetess intimately feels in the after rain context in her room. The rain as well as the colourful phenomenon of atmosphere that follows it is the substantial award of the goddess sitting in the clouds. It is obvious that this goddess is the goddess of imagination. The profound immersing experiences that the poetess assumes upon herself are highly confusing as well as eluding a logical exposition. The poem is a rare example of Amy Lowell dabbling in the colour symbolism.

The propriety of poet's experience should be taken at its childlike artistic worth. But at the same time the devotional tone of the poem testifies to the real conviction of the poetess about the strange goddess like qualities of imagination. Since it is possible to realize the immensity of the presence of this goddess for a poet she is deciphered as "The Captured Goddess" in the heading. Every poet conceives himself as an ardent devotee of his imagination. It is this point that is settled by Amy Lowell when she says that she 'followed her for long,/With gazing eyes and stumbling feet',/garing eyes 'for fear of losing her track on taking a
wink and stumbling feet because of the innate apprehension and fear whether the goddess would ultimately reveal her total worth or not. This is a beautiful dream picture poetically realized exclusively through the witchery of colour assortment.

**Dramatic Patterns of Imagery**

Another significant pattern of Amy Lowell is concerned with the dramatic manner in which she interprets various images with a poetic purpose of ensembling the impressions on her mind. As a matter of fact, various impressions on the mind are extremely personal and unique in being separate and unrelated individual bits of experience. Amy Lowell preserves all her exciting experiences in her vivid memory, when it comes to the moment of poetic expression all such exciting impressions preserved in her memory instantly and instinctively emerge into the forefront to assume upon themselves a poetically viable pattern. This pattern, to the extent that it maintains in itself the freshness and glory of the pristine impressions turned into delicate images smacks off the novelty of her type of poetry. The manner in which the various images mutually affect each other, in order to turn themselves into a pictured dramatic scene in progress, is unique. In fact the picturesqueness of Amy Lowell intensely differs from that of John Keats in the sense that, while Keats
immensely undertones his own personal reflections on the poetically improvised dramatic scenes, Amy Lowell's dramatic pictures are merely presented in such an artistic manner that the concerned reflections are silently and passionately evoked in the minds of the readers. To put it more clearly, she does not add her intellectual comments for the dramatic pictures that she provides in her poetry. But, however, such intellectual comments invariably crop up as the most necessitous impassioned reaction of the readers. The required reader's poetic reactions are not directly suggested by her. To that extent, her art is a definite improvement on the Keatsian manner of picturizing the imagined moments of dreamlike dramatic experiences. The dreamlikeness in Amy Lowell, however, persists, because of the mutually interacting passionate affections maintained in between the Imagist particulars in a given dramatic scene.

Her poem 'A Lady' reflects her dramatic patterns of imagery she weaves story giving it a dramatic development through her images. Here she employs her technique of one image mirrored in another image. The images appear one by one as they are juxtaposed with their various movements performed on the stage. One image is developed with respect to another image. This kind of kinaesthetic formula is highly characteristic of this poem. It is a kind of image of an
image treatment. One image is implied into another image, not of the same kind but of two different kinds as such:

You are beautiful and faded
Like an old opera tune
Played upon a harpsichord;
Or like the sun flooded silks
Of an eighteenth-century boudoir:

In your eyes
Smoulder the fallen roses of out-lived minutes,
And the perfume of your soul
Is vague and suffusing,
With the pungence of sealed spice-jars.
Your half-tones delight me,
And I grow mad with gazing
At your blent colours.

My vigour is a new minted penny,
Which I cast at your feet
Gather it up from the dust,
That its sparkles may amuse you.

(C.P.73)

If a Keats were to poetize on the same theme he would first assemble the scene itself, adding the necessary poetic comments to it. Amy Lowell silently presents the picture of a beautiful woman and her imploring lover. What all we have here is the passionate zest of the particular instinctive experiences of the lover which instantly provoked him to express them in a few assembled images that merely happened to him. The 'old opera' tune played upon a harpsichord' actually refers to an exciting experience that might have been there in the past of the personae in the poem. But with the passage of time it had faded into a vague and haunting memory, with a
passionate zeal attached to it from the spokesman's end. Invariably the old opera tune is an exciting experience coming from the past and smothering the present. So to say, the concreteness of cause of the present exciting experience is difficult to ascertain, partly because it is rooted in an uncreasable experience in the past and partly because of the practical impossibility of exactly calling back the whole of it into the present experience. The beloved standing in front of the protagonist is compared to that vague reminiscent operaic musical experiences. Just as it is difficult to concretize the reminiscent operaic experience of the past into a definite experience in the present, in the same manner her beauty is a passionately teasing phenomenon on the mind of the protagonist. Therefore, he compares her beauty to that half forgotten musical tune. This half forgotten operaic musical chord is further juxtaposed with 'the sun flooded silks of an eighteenth century boudoir'. The eighteenth century silks are again an antique property on which the flooding of the sun invariably creates a flashing glitter because of which the vision gets splashed and the silk itself remains unvisioned. Her beauty is like that unvisioned silk whose glitter alone is available for the protagonist and not the silk itself. Precisely, the beauty of hers is inexplicably bewitching. It is this idea that is prominently presented by way of juxtaposing one musical image with another visual image,
both formed into mutually contributing dramatic images for the essence. Both the images are quaint arabesque and exciting, in the context of which there is a plentiful immensity in the passionate experience. The excitement further evolves into a close-knit assemblage of her eyes being compared to the fallen roses of the outlived minutes and the soul's perfume compared to the pungence of the sealed spiced jars. But he ultimately goes mad by gazing at her 'blent colours'. For the purpose of the poem all the four images brought in as parallels for her beauty are dramatically contributing for each other's prominence in the poem. That is to say, they coherently affect each other with the protagonist falls into a frenzy ('I grow mad'). From the reader's point of view it is very difficult to ascertain as to which of the Imagistic particulars is the real cause of the madness. The poet, however, insists that it is her beauty that turned him mad. But it could certainly not have sent him mad without the type of reminiscences he maintained in himself about various other exciting experiences with which he prefers to compare her beauty. If we put an empirical question as to how her beauty is comparable to anyone of the passionate reminiscences of the images in the poem we are at a loss to explain. But, however, all the four juxtaposed reminiscent images in the poem speak of something relegated to the past experiences of the protagonist. But her
beauty itself is a prominent experience in the present. Unless and until a sort of indepth association is attributed to her beauty by way of correlating which had been a beautiful experience in the past, and which excitement is not probably a complete and converted into a haunting reminiscence into the present. All the images that are brought in as comparative to her beauty are part of something that is dead and gone as experiences. In doing so the poet skeptically maintains that her beauty too is absolutely susceptible to this antiquating phenomenon. Therefore there is a veiled suggestion, or even a threat, that she should live upto the substantial purpose of her beauty in readily consenting for his entreaty. Obviously, the structural aspect of the poem maintains in itself a correlation to that great metaphysical Andrew Marvel, the author of 'His Coy Mistress' and Browning of the dramatic monologues and lyrics.

Wider Meaning of an Image

Amy Lowell's written craft of poetry comprises the words and images. The words are images themselves, arranged with their connotative value. Her poems aim at attaining an aural veracity to be heard by the interiority. Though David Heymann says that this theory or this aspect contradicts the visual function of Imagism, we could very well guess the validity of this aspect in Amy Lowell's extending the concept of Imagism.
from its confined meaning of visual function only. She, through her poems, again and again reflected the greater scope for the Imagists by extending it to all other senses and imagination. This is a great contribution to Imagist movement. The Imagist school unfortunately confined itself prominently to the visual image under the stewardship of Ezra Pound. The image remained something not only meant for eyes but also for ear, nose, heart. This is what she substantially borrowed from John Keats. Pound's incessant, laboured manner of ultimately aiming at converting every sense perception into that of a visual property ultimately did the harm to the Imagist school. The whole school was getting branded as a fad after visuality. It is Amy Lowell who sensed the danger of giving a predominance to the visual at the expense of all other four senses. She had a judicious tendency of balancedly catering for all the human senses their appropriate preciousness and uniqueness. This makes her characteristically different from Pound and Pound later dissociated himself from the Imagist movement because of the fact that he was self convinced that Amy was making a superior stride in the field. In his own rash and erratic manner Pound branded Amy Lowell's Imagism as Amygism and tried to discard it. But the lovers of Amy Lowell's poetry really want to declare it Amygism with a great pride. But then, it's not Amygism in a true sense, it is rather the ancient most classical manner of poet's living upto the impressions created by the senses. In this
sense Amy Lowell tried to bring Imagism close to the traditional immemorial manner of poet-craft. But, at the same time, the marked tendency of substantiating the processes of experience to oneself through images remains, by and large, the unique pattern of her craft.

The two schools of thought, one pro-Pound and another anti-Pound have differently considered Amy Lowell's role. Poundian school has called Amy's role in the modern poetry a usurper's role who remaining outside periphery or on the periphery wanted to claim to be the active member in the beginning and soon a self-styled leader of the movement. According to them, she was a total farce as she never understood why the movement was initiated, she participated quite uninvited and unwanted by the real brunt bearers of the movement. The second school acknowledged the worth and value of her role in the movement. Jean Gould says:

Amy Lowell did more than anyone else to win from the general public an understanding reception for the new poetry.46

Both the schools are the two extremes of the rope of consideration of the role of Amy Lowell in the promotion of modernity in the field of poetry. The first school evaluates her role with derogation, contempt and vengeance and the second school just eulogized her role with a biased tone. Ezra Pound started Imagism but the people were already aware
of the subtle but the true cause of the need of the new poetic development in both England and America. Pound's role was not the sole role as the former school establishes but also in no way insignificant as the latter school presumes. Pound was the person behind the transformation of the modernist consciousness into a movement. Simultaneously Amy Lowell's systematic approach and perseverance gave the movement a new direction, mould and pace. It is quite clear seriously that neither of the two schools has considered serious Amy Lowell's own poetic contribution to Imagism. They have only spoken of her leadership. But Amy Lowell's experimental creation is equally significant along with Pound because it paved the various technical developments in poetry of the nineteenth century. David Heymann's comment on Amy Lowell's creativity is basically negative and shallow:

Certainly her campaign had an air of absurdity about it, a kind of idiotic magnificence that even she must have found distasteful at times. And yet at the fore, she was determined to interest the American public in poetry, to inject renewed potency into verse, to demonstrate its potential for experimental forms while casting off the influence of the Aesthetics and Decadents, similarly adjuring the vocabulary and syntax of the Victorians. Basically she wanted a poetry that utilized the American idiom and that was as American in its sensibility as Whitman's Leaves of Grass.
The charges of the 'air of absurdity' and 'a kind of idiotic magnificence' are highly pungent negative and destructive. In what all he speaks about her inconsecution to his first sentence equivocates her greatness with that of the author of *Leaves of Grass* and speaks plenty about her original contribution for modernity in poetry.

**Symbolic Imagery**

Amy Lowell's maturing craftsmanship and innovative zeal gradually got reflected in the poems *Men Women and Ghost* appeared in 1916. While it is a fact that she is not as potential as Pound himself in being the innovator of the Imagist school, her contribution itself in claiming innumerable affectionate followers like H.D. and John Gould Fletcher speaks for itself that she kept the mantor aflame after Pound deserted it halfway. Therefore, the charges of flamboyance 'absurdity' and 'idiotic'magnificence' may be relegated as a mere envious chatter, specially invented by a few Pound-line critics, in order to claim a relative superiority for their master. It is however a truth that Amy Lowell, while being an Imagist innovator, extended the poetic use of images somewhat in the neo-romantic and symbolist manner. Broadly speaking, it is her symbolism that more appeals her readers than what can be called her Imagism. Her images are symbols. To that extent, the sort of absolute concreteness
and strict minimal use of words to express the poetic images, which are the preliminary presages of the Imagist manifesto, are slightly, rather wilfully, violated by her. It is here that she incurred the displeasure of the strict Imagistic critics. In fact they wanted to be declassify her as an Imagist poet. The sort of poetic liberty that she had taken in variously inflating her images was grossly mistaken as a traditional analytical manner of reverting back to the old poetic patterns from which the images wanted to dislodge themselves. The fact is, Amy Lowell is an instant apprehender of the impressions with a feminine sensibility of slight exaggeration and inflated emotional bent of mind. Therefore, the shape and structure of her images, while being artificial from certain objective angles, maintain in themselves a natural purity and brevity which are appropriate to her extended and inflated manner of absorbing the images into her interiority. This much of natural and innate predilection for poetic inflation and exaggeration need not be branded as either absurd or idiotic and artificial. Her poetic craft reflects the exact emotional manner in which the images are impressed on her mind in her moment of ecstasy and excitations. She never receives her impressions in a cold, calculated, rational and empirical manner. From her end, as a receiving medium, she attributes a sort of subjective emotional exaggeration or impression. At the same time, she is probably
one unique Imagist poet for when the electrical feelings that her impressions create on her total physical and spiritual personality are highly important from her poetical point of view. As in the case of Keats, a few feelings are all important for Amy Lowell as a poet. This excessive importance that she gives for human feelings became unwithstandable for Pound and his followers. But, for Amy Lowell they are as much human as the intellectual manners of absorptions are human.

The poem "Patterns" of Men, Women and Ghosts is a masterpiece for its symbolic worth of an image. The poem is in the form of a dramatic monologue. It is a poem symbolic of modern woman’s violent rebellion against the conventions of society, life and culture.

I too am a rare Pattern. As I wander down The garden paths I shall go ... up and down In my gown Gorgeously arrayed Boned and stayed And the softness of my body will be guarded from embrace By each button, hook and lace For the man who should loose me is dead, Fighting for the Duke in Flanders, In a pattern called a war. Christ What are Patterns for?

(C.P. 75-76)

The poet is symbolically suggesting the two contradictory
patterns juxtaposed with each other. She herself is one pattern which we may tentatively call the pattern of life. Her dead lover who too should have been a living pattern by her side is representative of the pattern of death. The conflict here is between these two patterns. The poet's intense question is as to why these mutually discordant and destructive antithetical patterns of world are. At one place, there is that booming love and at the other, there is that cold regardless anti-pattern of reference to the dead lover. She fondly questions as to why these antithetical patterns are there in the life of man. The epitome of the poem lies in the categorical resolution she makes about remaining alone for the rest of her life. This is probably the third pattern which emerges as an interaction between the first two patterns. The determination that she poetically confections here is the outcome of the contradictory patterns of life. It is this outcome that ultimately becomes a supporting phenomenon of life in its liveability. Man has to arrive at a few blunt determination with the help of which he has to see an adjustment with life. Otherwise life is a blend of antithetical patterns in the presence of which life becomes unw withstandable. The determination she makes is that probably the expression of a sentiment or conviction emerges into her as a result of antithetical patterns or formulas of
life. Symbolically speaking, the poem demonstrates life both spiritual and physical through the bitter contradictory experiences. It is Lowell's manner of Imagistically presenting the most necessitous frustration and anxiety of life. Thus it is a poem with abundant poetic justice. But the patterns as well as the resolutions are unconsolably harsh. This is the symbolic meaning of the poem.

The epitaphic line 'Christ! What are Patterns for?' was though conceived by the critics as the clue to delve into the personal life of Amy Lowell but it registers an explicit protest against the patterns of life; the protest against Puritan inhibitions and repressive conventions. James W. Tupper is right in saying about the poem that it "presents the woman's point of view; and yet how well it merges into and suggests the man's". The poem presents a clear image of the society, how man and woman exists in the conventional repressions of the society. These patterns cut across the natural desire of the individual. The poem because of its subtle appeal makes Harriet Monroe say, "Patterns... says a true thing a thing close to people's lives and hearts with beauty and concentrated force." 49

The thematic excellence, the symbolic effect and the technical strength make this poem an artistic piece of beauty. The poem is the best example of vers libre in which the rhythm
meaningfully matches the thought content. Here the delicacies of occasional rhyme and the technique of return go together with the depth of thought and vision effecting subtle melody and sheer magic. The poem moves and develops as the emotions of the woman, condensed with her increasing anguish. The images in this poem occur in slides as one image passes into another image with a musical thread. The interesting thing to note about this poem is that the images of this poem are not simply images but they become symbols in their gradual development in the poem. About the technique adopted in this poem, Stanley Coffman, a recognized critic of Imagism reflects:

The symbolists sought to communicate an eternal meaning and used the symbol among other devices, to heighten the mystery of the inexpressible; Miss Lowell dealt with the expressible, or with a tension very simple in nature, her poem expresses a state of consciousness, but it is an elementary making no claim to reproduction quality of consciousness itself and her symbols are turned in the direction of making the expressible more concrete.50

Amy Lowell in her poetry resorts to symbolic image-making. An image by nature is a formula of interior impression is on the tabula rosa or the experiencing table of the mind. Such images, being exclusively personal and absolutely unique,
requires to be concretized through the known forms of expression. In short, it has to invent for itself proper handy resemblances, which in their turn would be readily involved, absorbed, and acknowledged by all those that go to read them. Amy Lowell's poetry is an intense, anxious search for such resemblances which she otherwise calls images. Thus, she opts for concretizing the image. It is never inexpressible but it is the concretization of that which can be expressed through her poetic medium alone. She has found out a completely new meaning of symbol but it is never an abstract or a generalized picture of a thing. Her image-making faculty, in itself, is neither complex nor simple but it is the process of simplifying the complex in experience. Her imagery appears to be simple in its making. But, however, its range of impressions is as wide and as subtle as the very form of experiencing the novelty of the world presented to her. Thus the complexity in the imagery of Amy Lowell lies in its novelty. She never experiences a thing presented to her in any traditional tell-tale manner. She always puts herself in the stance of a poetical discoverer. In the fond emotional sort of communion, that she effects on the things presented to her mind there is always a passionate discovery, which in its final shape conforms itself in a beautiful poetic image. Such images of Amy Lowell are the profound outcomes of her intense rapport with the world of things on the one hand,
and the world of imagination on the other. It is natural for all the poets to aim at finding an internal meaning for an external image. It is a kind of penetration into the internality of the external. It is a kind of re-interpretation of the presented. A new shade of image, when invented, automatically turns into a symbol or a form capable of suggesting some experience or the other. This experience which is suggested by the symbol is also the experience of the poet in the process of its making. But, in the case of Amy Lowell the experience suggested is strangely diffused subtle and evasive. In fact, by creating one poetic image she performs the unique job of creating trails of imaginative experiences undergone by the reader. This process of experience can be compared to the ripples created in a still pond on throwing a small stone into the middle of it. Therefore, the images of Amy Lowell are very often essential, fundamental and elemental in their structure, eluding all kinds of logical interpretation or analysis. Coffman again says that,

If she was not a Symbolist, neither was she an Imagist. Her concept of the image was so vague as to be meaningless. It is true that she did not completely ignore the function of the image in poetry...

Coffman finds Lowell's images 'so vague as to be meaningless', simply because of the reason that those images are the direct
poetic replicas of her essentially elemental experiences with the world of things and imagination. It is, however, a widely acknowledged critical point that she is both Symbolist and Imagist. In stating that "she did not completely ignore the function of image in poetry" Coffman suggests that at least to some extent she had disregarded the function of image in poetry. But, however, Coffman is not right in making this charge. The fact is, the elemental nature of her Symbolism went far above his empiricist comprehension.

Imagery of the Narratives

The poem "The Cremona Violin" is the best narrative piece she has poetized. This is a tale of a neglected wife because her husband prefers his career to the conjugal bond. He is a man of orchestral concerts where he maintains a perfect harmony with the orchestra but when it comes to the question of maintaining harmony of heart with that of his wife he proves himself to be a failure. Here we have a picture of a man who is capable of perfect balance and harmony in the craft of his art but incapable of diverting the same energy towards the instinctive interiority of his own. So to say, this great master of instruments is a gross failure in the art of maintaining inner harmony of his personality. Or, could it be that his incapability for inner harmony was giving
him the external faculty of mastering the outward harmony? This is a subtle psychological point on which Amy Lowell leaves the note of her poetry for the judgement of the readers. On that analogy, it is just possible to say that the masters of external arts and crafts are the products of internal disharmony. The artist here is a lover of music but he does not find the same delight in his family life. He treats his wife merely as an obedient house-keeper. His devotion to art effects the consequent neglect of his wife. Amy Lowell artistically builds up the poem to a peak of tension when the wife of the Violin player destroys his Violin and goes out into the dark:

... What use were prayers?
He could not hear, he has not there, for she
Was married to a mummy, a machine
Her hand closed on the locket bitterly.
Before her, on a chair, lay the shagreen
Case of his violin. She saw the clean
Sun flash the open clasp. The locket's edge
Cut at her fingers like a pushing wedge
A heavy cart went by, a distant bell
Chimed ten, the fire flickered in the grate
She was alone. Her throat began to swell
With sobs. What kept her here, why should she wait?

The violin she had begun to hate
Lay in its case before her. Here she flung
The cover open. With the fiddle swung
Over her head, the hanging clock's loud ticking
Caught on her ear. 't was slow, as she paused
The little door in it came open, flicking
A wooden cuckoo out: "Cuckoo!" It caused
The forest dream to come again, "Cuckoo!"
Smashed on the grate, the violin broke in two.

(C.P. 102)
The poem is a long narrative in the Chaucerian stanzaic form along with lyrical interludes, where there is a mature handling of *vers libre* and irregular rhymed verse together. In the narratives Amy Lowell shows her control of dramatic, incidental, realistic romantic, imagistic and symbolic details with a lyrical excellence.

*Unrelated Method* or *The Method of Catalogue*

Amy Lowell is a relentless experimentalist in the Imagist patterns. Her dramatic poems, her symbolic attempts and her autobiographical techniques had already been examined. Her 'unrelated method' (to put in the words of John Gould Fletcher), or the method of catalogue, even though it is not her original innovation, gains a rare poetic height. The artistic advantage of this method concerns itself with the art of naming or enumerating serially innumerable objects, with a unified purpose of making a comprehensive attempt of bringing out the attitude of the mind. The objects are the images enumerated in the poem do not maintain any causal and logical relation amongst themselves. But they directly relate themselves to a certain inner sentiment or mood or experience in such a way that their basic structural relation or unrelatedness implies an inner cause of anxiety in experience. The very poetic purpose of cataloguing the images is to bring out expressively that inner state of mind. Amy Lowell
gains a great poetic success in this kind of poems. The
catalogued technique is one of the dramatic modes of expressing
the extreme subjective state of mind; and we find this
technique adopted by Shakespeare himself in an intensely
dramatic manner. In King Lear Edgar, feigning madness,
makes a conscious attempt to project or characterize himself
as a real mad man. For this purpose he enumerates what all
that are eaten by him in the form of a catalogue. The
catalogued items provided by Shakespeare reflect the
author's profundity of observation.

Ever since Shakespeare had shown the way generations of
poets resorted to this method with various and varied artistic
purpose. Amy Lowell resorts to this technique with the rare
artistic purpose of measuring the image-worth and depth of
her experiences of the world with nature, with the fellowmen
and with herself. It is the mensurational precision of the
images that startles us in this context. The subjective meas-
suring instruments of these experiences are the five senses
not condescending to imaginative extensions, dissensions and
distortions. The manner in which she restrains her imagina-
tion in evaluating the impressions of images on her senses
is in itself a remarkable artistic experience. Somehow W.A.
Bradley having made a peripheral study of her cataloguing
technique, arrived at the erroneous conclusion that Amy Lowell
was an 'utter failure' in this art. Referring to her poem "Malmaison" says Bradley:

"Malmaison"—which suffers also from a certain sluggishness of movement in spite of its brisk phrases—it is felt very much more in many of other poems—particularly in those where Miss Lowell employs that 'unrelated' method, or method of 'catalogue' which however fascinating for the artist, constitutes a very distinct menace for her art.52

The appraisal of Bradley here is quite uncharitable. By way of contracting Bradley it may be noted that particularly in the following few lines of the part II of this poem, the 'unrelated' method never disrupts the movement of the poem. The charge of sluggishness is unfounded. In fact it projects a canvas of broken images or a collage of disjointed images, appearing slides after slides but it never affects the poetic movement of the poem. On the other hand, it helps the reader in distinguishing the experience worth of the images on the interiority of Amy Lowell.

Gallop! Gallop! The general brooks no delay. Make way, good people, and scatter out of his path, you, and your hens, and your dogs, and your children. The General is returned from Egypt and is come in a calèche and four to visit his new property. Throw open the gates, you Porter of Malmaison. Full of your cap, my man, this is your master, the husband of Madame. Faster! Faster! A jerk and jingle and they are arrived, he and she Madam has red eyes. Fie! It is for joy at her
husband's return. Learn your place, Porter. A gentleman here for two months? Fie! Fie! then! Since when have you taken to gossiping. Madam may have a brother, I suppose. That—all green, and red, and glitter, with flesh as dark as ebony—that is a slave; a blood—thirsty, stabbing, slashing heathen, come from the hot countries to cure your tongue of idle whispering.

(C.P. 113)

Here her variety of images with rhythmic elasticity gives a new dimension to her images. Her catalogue-method though brings flashing slides of images but the inner harmony and tenor remains compactized; and the entire cluster of images becomes a unified phenomenon. Thus the organic structure remains in tact. The organic structural propensities of the images far exceed both the romantics and the classicists. They are not just 'the modifying colours of imagination' (to borrow the phrase of Samuel Taylor Coleridge). Also they are not Aristotalian figurations where the whole is many times more superior than the sum total of the parts. Particularly in Amy Lowell we have that rare expressive organic sense of feeling delicately spread over the innumerable images presented in a togetherness in her catalogue method. Each image gives more to the other images than what it receives from anyone of the images or all of the other images put together. In fact the interdependence of the images in the catalogue method as well as elsewhere is somewhat delicate and inexplicable. Moreover Amy Lowell concentrates her poetic experience in the
emotionalized smothering and lucid manner in which the images themselves are acquiring their place in the process almost in an involuntary and instant manner. For example:

Faster! Faster! A jerk and jingle and they are arrived, he and she.

Here the 'jerk' is partly audio and mostly tactile, 'jingle' is exclusively audio. The manner in which they arrived is suggested in the rolling lyrical effect produced by 'faster! faster!'. All these images go to contribute for the arresting final stroke of the visual image in 'Madam has red eyes'. Why on earth she has 'red eyes'? In the traditional manner, the red eyes indicate anger. But here there is no place of anger. Then the redness of her eyes must be referred to her hot desire to be received with great esteem and height of dignity. It is this desire that is making her desiring heart palpitate in a quick ejaculating manner that becomes poetically realized in the particular order in which the images are arranged. The kinetic complexity of 'faster! faster!' awards plenty to the 'jerk' and 'jingle' by way of mounting the effect. But however it does not receive the same amount of emotional effect from 'jerk' and 'jingle'. In their togetherness there is a rare poetic communion of urgency and movement of the heart that desires.
Yet in another poem, 'A Roxbury Garden', there is a beautiful rhythmic shuttle-cock device, the rhythm like shuttle cock movement from court to court, racket to racket rising upwards, arching them falling downwards, then again rising is done with the application of assonance and consonance to the images, using, a beautiful vowel arrangement.

Spring, Hoops! (/i/ /u:/)

rising

Spit out a shower of the blue and white brightness (/i/ & /au/), (/a:/ & /u/), (/ai/ & /ai/)

The little criss-cross shoes twinkle behind you

arching

The pink and blue sashes flutter like flags

(/i/ & /i/, /u/ & /i/, /ai/ & /u/, /i/ & /u/, /æ/ & /æ/)

falling

The hoop sticks are ready to beat you

(/u/ & /i/, /e/, /i/ & /u/)

The rhythm here changes if we note the beats falling on the accented syllables. The vowels of the accented syllable and the consecutively stressed syllables ('sprung rhythm') show the rising, arching and falling rhythmic variations.

The poem 'Bombardment' dealing the theme of war through polyphonic prose is a superb example of Amy Lowell's rhythmic...
imagery in its arrangement of images by way of technical
delicacies:

It rustles at the window-pane, the smooth, streaming rain and he is shut within its clash and murmur. Inside is his candle, his table, his ink, his pen, and his dreams. He is thinking, and the walls are pierced with beams of sunshine, slipping through your green. A fountain tosses itself up at the blue sky, and through the spattered water in the basin he can see copper carp, lazily floating among cold leaves. A wind-herp in a cedar tree grieves and whispers, and words blow into his brain bubbled iridescent shooting up like flowers of fire, higher and hire. Boom! ...

(C.P. 126)

Here the lines are in polyphonic prose, poet's deftness in assonance (pane and rain, streaming and dreams, beams, green, is and his, blue and through) consonance (dreams and beams, fire and higher and hire, spattered and water) alliterations of /s/, /k/, /b/ and /f/ makes the poem sonorous and dulcet as we read it aloud. It is as if a rhythm of brass-drum beating with gusto with bugle blowing (the words with nasal sounds). Though it does not succeed in creating terror of war, it certainly succeeds in the new interpretation of war. The war has the inherent sense of filling our conscience with innumerable possibilities of destruction and disturbance. Her poem "The Hammers" included in the
"Cronze Tablets" has a beautiful onomatoponic experiment when we note how it begins:

Bang!
Bang!
Tap!
Tap-a-tap! Rap!
All through the lead and silver winter days,
All through the copper of Autumn hazes
Tap to the red rising sun
Tap to the purple setting sun.

(C.P. 116)

The typographical innovative formula is evident here. Amy Lowell, here seems to be fascinated with drum beats. Her rhythms emerge out of drum beats the sounds thus generated with their sequential value enrich her technical aspect. She tries hard to imitate the natural exciting musical effects available in the state of nature. Lowell's poetic genius is explicit when she creates altogether new words to express her poetic intensity, as though the available fund of words in the language is insufficient, for her purpose. In the above poem 'rap' is one such an innovation. Elsewhere in her poetry as well as her polyphonic prose there are innumerable examples of such a nominalist interests of Amy Lowell (such as whee, tap-a-tap, tong, tong ti-bump). Coming to the Imagist implication of the above lines there is that exciting audio implication delicately manipulated with visual and kinaesthetic significances. The audio bias is evident in the 'Bang!/Bang!/Tap!/Tap-a-tap!/Rap!/'. Immediately after
the lyrical gusto glides into the seasonal implications of experience. The uniqueness of Amy Lowell lies in clubbing up 'winter' and 'autumn' images together. In a fact the poem aims at celebrating the 'red rising sun' and 'purple setting sun'; 'red rising sun' refers to winter and 'purple setting sun' applies to autumn. One should not forget here that heading of the poem is "The Hammers". Hammering is the job of a smith. Here Amy Lowell is the poetical smith of seasons. The hammer she uses is the delicate palpitating note of her heart beating in urgency in order to immerse in the grandeur of winter morning and autumn evening. The quaintness of the artist lies in leaving out spring and summer from any serious consideration here. In the traditional symbolic connotation winter stands for death and autumn for weening of youthful flush. In hammering simultaneously on red winter morning and purple autumn evening the intentions of the poet are slightly reversed. Coming to the mutative phenomena of nature through seasons and life through experiences suggest at the transitory nature of everything in the universe; and the poet here is rare smith of those mutations. She hammers them and thrusts upon them a rare figurative Imagist appeal.

Her poems are not merely moving pictures but they have a colour symmetry harmonizing sculptural (visual and tactile) and musical (audio and kinetic) values of experience. Her
musical experimentation does not indicate her inability to exploit the verbal resources in echoing the feelings through sounds. There is a general criticism on the imagists referring to their inability to exploit all the available words for their poetic purpose. Their manifesto confirms that they had a necessity to take up only the concrete words and leave the abstract ones for themselves. But Amy Lowell abundantly uses even the abstract words, but for a concrete poetic purpose of withstanding or assembling a withstandable poetic image as a rich source of poetic enjoyment. It is interesting to note that she prefers sounds of sense to sense of sounds though sound variations do contain sense variations but musicality even marks an important point of comment in her technique. She wants to be more sonorous than meaningful in a mere verbal manner.

Imagery of the Grotesque Western World

A few poems that appear at the end of the volume *Men, Women, and Ghosts* are grouped under the sub-heading "Towns in colours". Here the poems are rendered in such a way that the reader enters into the province of painting. The scenes are worked upon, woven with words but explicate the nuances of the painter's brush. They are word painting not the other way round. Here even sounds get a pictorial value and a painted look. The colours are assembled instinctively as though out
of instant contact of the intention of the poet with the assembled instinctive provocations of the colours. Her poem "Red Slippers" exemplifies this fantastic feature, characteristic of her art most prominently:

Red slippers in a shop-window, and outside in the street, flaws of grey, windy sleet!

Behind the polished glass, the slippers hang in long threads of red festooning from the ceiling like stalactites of blood flooding the eyes of passer-by with dripping colour, jamming their crimson reflections against the windows of cabs and tramcars...

(C.P. 149)

She presents the poem with a rare symbolic logic. The symbols here are open symbols. The poem starts with 'Red slippers in a shop window'. The very phrase 'Red Slippers' be startling image. If we put a plausible interrogation as to who these 'Red Slippers' are, we are likely to get a logical answer that these are those human beings who are immediately performing the business of the shop. But the shop itself is the symbol of the beached culture (to borrow the expression of Ezra Pound), in which commercialism and mercantilism have totally sabotaged all the inherent values freedom and ideologies of life. The whole western world is this junk house of a shop on the threshold of which the very sense of human freedom got strangulated. If so the poem is one more example of the human sense of being versus the insti-
tutional sabotaging forces. The shop is a mercantile house where material profits and losses are superior even to the human sense of being. Therefore, they are the 'red slippers' where the redness abundantly suggests about the red hot desires they maintaining themselves in order to attract the customers for selling their wares. But quite ironically they are slippers because of the simple reason that they had willingly slept over the very sense of being free as humans should be in any society. The state of slippers used is deplorable when we particularly realize that all those profits that they make out of the precious sacrifices would ultimately go to the riveting institutional properties. Here is a glaring instance of institution totally slaving the free beings for its demagogic and meaningless purposes.

The state of affairs becomes more tragical and unfortunate when we notice that the customers who are out of the shop-windows on the roads are equally the tragic figures. This is so because of the fact that the alternative offered for them from the red slippers' shop-window is a mere cardboard lotus bud opening its petals to reveal a wax doll in the alternative shop. Therefore for the red slippers, as well as for their customers the real lotus that blooms in the natural ponds is something absolutely unavailable:

People hurry by, for these are only shoes, and in a window, farther down,
is a big lotus bud of card-board whose petals open every few minutes and reveal a wax doll with staring bead eyes and flaxen hair, lolling awkwardly in its flower chair.

One has often seen shoes, but whoever saw a cardboard lotus bud before?

(C.P. 149)

At the same time the poem abounds in the most grotesquely caricatured kinaesthetic photographic snaps of images, wherein the human dimensions of the characters are abnormally stretched this way or that way to make them highly ludicrous. We can say that this is Amy Lowell's Imagistic apocalyptic vision of the modern American society.

The row of white, sparkling shop fronts is gashed and bleeding, it bleeds red slippers. They spout under the electric light, fluid and fluctuating, a hot rain — and freeze again to red slippers, myriadly multiplied in the mirror side of the window.

(C.P. 149)

The poem is Amy Lowell's summation of her sneer at the modern methods of mercantile manner of living, leaving all the primal felicities of life for themselves. In fact the whole poem is a satirical cityscape where people suffer an inexplicable agony of being thrown off at unapproachable distance from the simple human and natural freedoms of experiences.
In Amy Lowell's *Can Grande's Castle*, colours and the sounds lose their identities in creating impressions in forming a kaleidoscopic view. There is an integrity in the volume from the beginning to end. Here rhymes are torn assonances are echoed, alliterations are altered, rhythms are broken deftly line to line but still the poetic harmony persists in the sense that *anti-life* we have in the present day world is a colossal distortion of the natural expectancies of the imagined life as it should be. The sense is never lost, the climax is never disrupted, the flow is spontaneous and all these effect a pure beauty. What is apparent as well as true of the poems is the unified identity of the poems quite unlike the poems of the other volumes. About the poems Amy Lowell herself reflects in the preface of the volume:

They are the result of a vision thrown suddenly back upon remote events to explain a strange and terrible reality... Yet to-day can never be adequately expressed, largely because we are a part of it and only a part. For that reason one is flung backward to a time which is not thrown out of proportion by any personal experience, and which on that very account lies extended in something like its present perspective.53

The personal experience that she refers, is concerned with the poetic imaginative structure of an artist's manner of
thinking. Now Amy Lowell's looking into the past from the present with the eyes of the present perhaps here points to the poetic unified sensibility. Man is never imagined to be of a separate identity. A man of present only dwells in the present deviated from the past is what Eliot contradicts. For him, the present is not unique the present not what the present is, but it is rooted in the past. Man is made out of the past. And there lies the unified sensibility the term he coined. The concept quite earlier was made clear through her poems of this volume by Amy Lowell. Now, she says what she finds in entering into the past:

Life goes on in spite of war; that war itself is an expression of life a barbaric expression on one side calling for heroic expression on the other... History has become life and (the poet) stands aghast and exhilarated before it.

Amy Lowell's Haikus

Her innovative spirit produced a completely new experimental volume *Pictures of The Floating World* which got published in September 1919. Since the publication of *Men, Women and Ghosts* Amy Lowell's poetry bears a strong testimony of her growing interest in Japanese literature. The title of the book itself is the translation of the Japanese word *ukiyo-e*, a term for a form of eighteenth century Japanese paintings portraying the frivolous and morrowing aspects of life. The
poems are short free verse lyrics. The opening section contains fifty nine poems of Japanese haiku manner. The Japanese haiku poems follow a fixed lyric form consisting of three short, unrhymed lines of five, seven, and five syllables, immensely suggestive, imagistic, contrastive, symbolic and also interpretative in details of the culture in which they evolve. These epigrammatic poems stimulate the spiritual insight of the reader through the process of juxtaposing the details of two or three images suggestive of a complete and clear picture. In the haikus the abstract language is used to correlate the impressions of nature. The poet builds up a mood more direct and clear than painting. The form of haiku as perfected by the Zen monk Basho is just a form expressing the "correspondence between human sensibility and the various aspects of nature. 57 Zen Buddhist philosophy has greatly affected the art forms of the Imagists and their successors. Zen Buddhism suggests that "we know nothing worth knowing in the human sense, and that the world we inhabit is quite simply, chasm of emptiness, the 'Miraculous Void' out of which suddenly issue designs of incredible delicacy*, 58 which comes to humans in a vivid introspection into the nature of things.

The rules of constructing such poems in Japanese are so strict that it is impossible to translate them into any
other language. Japanese is an unstressed language. Though many of the Imagists tried to imitate the form and the depth of haikus but Fletcher and Amy Lowell only succeeded in catching the spirit of these poems. The idea behind their inclination to this form of writing poems is its imagistic quality. These poems with a smallest possible frame, and with smallest possible words along with contrastive visual images set side by side flash in the mind of the reader. Amy Lowell adopted for herself the basic spirit of haiku, without rendering her poems into more mechanical formal imitations as she herself says:

I have made no attempt to observe the syllabic rules which are an integral part of all Japanese poetry. I have endeavoured only to keep the brevity and suggestion of the hokku and to preserve it within its natural sphere.

In spite of the fact that the haikus are performed in a sort of abstract language they somehow attain in themselves a rare concreteness, wherein they appear clearer than paintings. The conciseness of the Haiku in imagery, spiritual insight, rock hard form, and the lucid details captured the mind of Amy Lowell; and she exploited this form for her Imagistic purposes. David Heymann reflects in this context:

Although she captured the rock-hard and crystal-clear quality of Japanese verse, she lost a good deal of its elliptic impressionism.
The view of Heymann is not correct. As a matter of fact, the quality of 'elliptic impressionism' is one of the essential qualities of her poetry. If 'elliptic impressionism' can be construed as a form of wide ranging simultaneous elusive suggestions at a time, Amy Lowell has it as an inborn and innate poetic quality. The innumerable suggestive faculties of the Japanese haiku were not imitatively incorporated by her in her haiku experiments. Also, such imitative incorporations are not possible in translations and transformations. But in her original poetic inspiration itself there is that wide-ranging elliptical impressionistic quality and the same gets confirmed in the following poem "Circumstance".

Upon the maple leaves
The dew shines red
Bud on the lotus blossom
It has the pale transparence of tears.

(C.P.203)

It is a matter of common visual experience that the dew drops on the lotus blossom shine like crystal clear water drops resembling tear drops. The resemblance of the lotus petal to the eye is exact elliptical imagistic quality here. The maple leaves are broad breasted and the dew drops on them reflect the red radiance. The dew drops on both maple leaves and lotus blossom are bright but to the poet the former is
sanguine and the latter is pathetic. The dew on the maple leaves is red but on the lotus blossom it is pale. The colour red is symbolic of hope, energy, a mark of beginning but the colour pale is symbolic of desolation and a fading end. The title of the poem is significant. It is the circumstance that determines the value. The value evaluation itself is a subjective phenomenon of the mind. In different circumstances the same thing might stand in altogether opposite value proportions. This is what exactly happens to the dew drops on the maple leaves and the dew drops on the lotus blossoms. Here the emotional implications of the image are highly significant and important. One creates an emotional sense of fire and virility, whereas the other substantiates a deep sense of pathos. However in both the cases it is the angle and its association of the poet that matters. What all Amy Lowell wants to suggest is, the circumstance is the real content. It is the circumstance that mobilizes the poetic imagination in a particular emotional direction and it is that visualization of the thing in its circumstance that determines its value for the property of experience, poetic or otherwise. Amy Lowell appears to poetize the age-old philosophic tendency of things being considered as spatio-temporal accidents and it is this spatio-temporal circumstance that determines the worth of a thing in its perspective. Modern aestheticians call it the theory of association of
sensibility. In this context the words of Samuel Taylor Coleridge in his Biographia Literaria are worth quoting, says Coleridge:

Ideas by having been together acquire a power of recalling each other; or every partial representation always the total representation of which it had been a part.61

Amy Lowell goes a step further and suggests that an image set in different circumstances might lead to altogether antithetical association, for example, the image of dew drops in its different circumstances in the above poem goes to create altogether opposite emotional reactions.

In the same volume there is another worth remembering haiku "Ephemera" which states about the transitory and chimerical quality of love which marks a dominant theme of Amy Lowell's poetry.

Silver-green lanterns tossing among windy branches;
So an old man thinks
Of the loves of his youth.

(C.P. 204)

Here imagery is taken from lanterns which is mostly a popular image of Amy Lowell. She wants to imply from the shining lanterns the glittering leaves on the branches. When the wind blows the leaves toss and glitter with their green reflecting
surfaces. The flashes are instant and ephemeral. The impression of these glittering flashes in an old man's psyche is the main subject of the poem. In the glittering flirts of the leaves the old man has copious associations with his own youthful flirtations. Momentarily they are given and in the next moment they are lost for good. In stating that love-life is of such instant ephemeral nature, Amy Lowell pathetically suggests the transitory quality of human existence.

Amy Lowell's Metaphysical Imagery

Lowell's images are packed with emotional intensity and a sort of sudden bloating or outburst of such intensity into a powerful poetic image. This kind of explosive phenomenon is the choice-quality of Amy Lowell as an Imagist poet. Such explosive poetic phenomenal sequences became highly attractive in her amorous poems. Very often her amorous poems are filled with suggestive and symbolic images for obvious reasons. Love in the sense of interpersonal relationship between man and woman is exclusively a personal phenomenon even amongst the partners concerned. What happens to each other in the companionship is a sort of wild and impassioned exploration rather than achievement. This exploration is an end in itself. This is particularly what we find in her "Opal".
You are ice and fire, 
The touch of you burns my hands like snow. 
You are cold and flame, 
You are the crimson of amaryllis, 
The silver of moon-touched magnelias. 
When I am with you 
My heart is a frozen pond 
Gleaming with agitated torches. 

(C.P.214)

The elemental antithetical and mutually discarded images used here are obvious, say for instance 'ice and fire', the touch of the hands burning like snow, 'cold and flame' etc. The poem appears to be an amorous address made towards a hesitant mistress or a cold and frigid beloved. Lowell appears to be an expert in the psychology of a frigid. Frigidity in woman is a particular psychological tendency which creates a simultaneous desire and repulsion for the companionhood with man. In this tug of war between the desire and repulsion there begin the diagonally opposite physical reactions in the frigid partner. There is a fire in the heart but the fingers touch cold. The result of all such experience is invariably a disaster. And the above poem proposes such a moment of disaster between a lover and his beloved. The poem is reminiscent of the antithetical manner of the metaphysical poets like Donne and Marvel, particularly in their love poems. The metaphysical quality of Amy Lowell is obvious here, as well as in innumerable other poems. There is a way of classifying Amy Lowell as a metaphysical poet, in so far as a poet of comprehending opposite and antithetical dimensions of human experience.
Impact of Chinese Ideograms

In 1921 Fir Flower Tablets, a collection of translations by Amy Lowell of antiquated Chinese Verse got published. The important point here to note is that Amy Lowell did not know the Chinese language. Her transcreation of the old Chinese verse depended on the English version of those verses by her friend Florence Wheelock Ayscough, a sinologist. In the preface of this volume, Amy Lowell clarified that she had only "... turned the literal translations of Mrs Ayscough into poems as near to the spirit of the originals as it was in her power to do."

This volume shows Amy Lowell's interest in Chinese poetry, a parallel of Ezra Pound's involvement with Chinese ideogram. Ernest Fenollosa, who was a disciple of Emerson, had studied Japanese and Chinese verse and drama. After his death, his wife came to Pound along with sixteen notebooks of translations of Chinese verse and Japanese Noah plays and an essay by Fenollosa on "The Chinese Written Character as a Medium for Poetry." His translations of Chinese poetry were very effective as well as exciting. In his essay on "The Chinese Written Character," he explained the Chinese character as:

... a bold figure represented by running legs under an eye, a modified picture of an eye, a modified picture of running legs but unforgettable once you have seen it. In reading Chinese, we do not seem to be juggling mental counters but to be watching the things work out their own fate.
The Chinese written character, i.e., the ideogram is actually a picturesque word. That is to say it is the manner of showing through pictures what is to be said through that word. The meaning of the word is visible from the way it is scripted. It is the visual representation of the meaning of the word. Here the so-called impression of the visualizer has no prominent part to play. The entire meaning of the situation is exclusively dependent upon the image substantiated. What the word wants to imply is implied through its picturesqueness. The character for the 'sun' looked like the 'sun' a horse like a horse. The total impression is achieved through some visual components that exist with their inherent meaning in their essential movements. The ideogram is in fact a visual picture effecting an idea as we very often find in the traditional dance sequences and temple sculptures of India. Every word is a combination of images. By uniting the images a completely new image is acquired. A number of ideograms thus produce a word picture. Although an ideogram is both pictorial and literal but it also represents spiritual suggestions. Thus an ideogram successfully establishes an image which is beyond the outward material association of images. It is precise, evocative and suggestive of a certain involuntary, instinctive and spontaneous reaction. This is so because of the gestures represented in sudden instinctive reaction. The underlying theory of an ideogram is perfectly akin to Pouni's concept of Image.
Amy Lowell with her little Chinese and less Japanese sent her own renditions of eleven Chinese poems to Harriet Monroe's Poetry demonstrating, "... for the first time how Chinese poetry really worked." Amy Lowell's work proved to be of questionable value to Harriet Monroe and she published them in the February 1919 issue of Poetry accompanied by an introduction by Ayscough. Florence Ayscough who lived in China for many years, in the autumn of 1917 gave Amy Lowell some paintings and a number of written pictures projecting Chinese aesthetic expression. About her impressions Amy Lowell writes in the preface of Fir Flower Tablets:

Among these paintings were a number of examples of the 'Written Pictures'. Of these Mrs. Ayscough had made some rough translations which she intended to use to illustrate her lectures. She brought them to me with the request that I put them into poetic shape. I was fascinated by the poems and as we talked them over, we realized that here was a field in which we should like to work.

About her translation Amy Lowell reflects:

I had, in fact, four different means of approach to a poem. The Chinese (in translation) for rhyme-scheme and rhythm; the dictionary meanings of the words; the analyses of characters; and for the fourth, a careful paraphrase by Mrs. Ayscough, to which she added copious notes to acquaint me with all the allusions, historical, mythological, geographical and technical that she deemed it necessary for me to know.
In *Fire Flower Tablets* there are those earlier published eleven poems along with translation of a hundred more poems of other poets. Though Amy Lowell-Ayscough's combined trans-creation work was vehemently criticised by sinologists for their lack of accuracy and total discrepancies, still it cannot be denied that Amy Lowell has certainly proved the deftness of her pen in some of her translated poems in this volume. For example we consider here the first stanza of the poem "The Character of a Beautiful Woman Grieving Before Her Mirror" by L1 T'AI-PO:

Bright, bright, the gilded magpie mirror,
Absolutely perfect in front of me on the jade dressing-stand,
Wiped, rubbed, splendid as the Winter moon;
Its light and brilliance, how clear and round!
The rose-red face is older than it was Yesterday,
The hair is whiter than it was last year.
The white-lead powder is neglected,
It is useless to look into the mirror. I am utterly miserable.

(C.P.332)

The relative reflection here immediately brings the objective perfection of the mirror as a thing and the subjective insufficiency of the image that it makes. It is in this context we have that profound ideogrammic assemblage of two possible natural objects arriving at altogether a different experience.
in their association. The above stanza is a psychologically concerned and disconcerting reflection of a woman sitting in front of the mirror. The mirrored image presents for her altogether a frustrating picture of herself when compared to what she thinks she had been in the past. The concerns of the woman for the quick vanishing graces of her beauty are simply derisive in her authentic interiority. The perfection of the mirror is absolute and static. So is its brightness. But the visualizer finds a great depressing change in the mirrored image of her face when compared to what it might have been in the past. The mirror is the same but the image has altogether changed from what it was a day before. The hair too altered from what it was a year ago. All this shows the most subjective manner of the reactions of the visualizer. It is very common, particularly in oldage, for people to think about their relative superiority of beauty and grace in the bygone times. But when one sits in front of a mirror the superiority of the past becomes powerful relativizing factor with the present. The thought that smother the mind of the character in the above lines are highly depressing. It is in the depressing intonative quality of the reflections that we find the gestural ideographic composition. Here particularly the past images of herself to herself are becoming a phenomenon of scaring unw withstandability. Precisely the widest spread self pity gets objectively comprehended, in the act of which
there is that abundance of negation of the self's esteemed prerogative. The woman almost becomes dramatically excited and frustrated towards the end and goes to the extent of charging the mirror: 'It is useless to look into the mirror, I am utterly, miserable'. Why miserable? The answer is obvious. The whole picture presents an ideograph of a woman, a mirror and the clustering thoughts of the woman. In her thoughts there is a bottomless self sinking. Therefore she is miserable.

The composites of the mirror and the woman are symbolically extendable to the philosophical proportions of subject-object interactions. For all the known comprehensions the object is static perfection in any given moment and the subject is a continually changing and altering phenomenon. The conflict between these two when exclusively put face to face it is always detrimental to the composite being of the self. The composition of the self gets shattered.

It can never be denied that Amy Lowell was behind a radical wave in American literary field. Her intellectual drive, liberating spirit, integrity stylistic sense and creative enthusiasm are all that got reflected through her work. Harriet Monroe thinks:

... imagism could not hold her in, nor any other system of technique. She has used for her own purposes the training it gave her, just
as she has used her study of prosody, and her wide reading of poetry in English and French, and through translation, in other languages.67

In spite of all her energetic exercising with formulas of Imagist manifesto, Amy Lowell herself is a far wider poetic phenomenon than what the verbal boundaries of the Imagist manifesto dictate and determine. Amy Lowell is a born poet, with an all-embracing open approach towards what they call the poetic content of the world at large. To look at the world with the sort of the poetic toy interest of Amy Lowell is one way of adjusting with what usually becomes unadjustable for the proper probing and aspiring intentionality of a thinker-poet synthesis. Amy Lowell always set aside the thinker back and projected the poet to the forefront. There are innumerable instances in her poetry where she seems to be advising in that brash bold Keatsian manner "beauty is truth truth beauty. That's all ye know and all ye need to know". It is in this sense that Amy is an exciting and exasperating romantic. The plentiful images she created in her poetry are likely to remain permanently in the poetic horizon as a few brilliant blazing stars.
FOOTNOTES


2. Ibid, p.80.


8. Quoted in Heymann, p.165.


13 Phelps, p.256.

14 Quoted in Heymann, p.178.

15 Quoted in Heymann, p.175.

16 Quoted in Heymann, pp.176-177.


18 Ibid., p.xii.

19 See Heymann, p.181.


22 Heymann, p.182.

23 Quoted in Heymann, p.183.


26 Quoted in Heymann, p.194.

27 Quoted in Heymann, p.196.
28 Quoted in Heymann, p.196.

29 Quoted in Heymann, p.196.

30 Quoted in Heymann, p.197.


33 Quoted in "Herald of Imagism", pp.820-821.


36 Quoted in Tupper, p.41.


38 "Miss Lowell's Discovery", p.33.

39 Quoted in Tupper, p.43.

40 Quoted in Tupper, p.43.

41 Quoted in Tupper, p.43.

42 Tupper, p.43.
43 Tupper, p. 46.

44 Heymann, p. 201.

45 Heymann, p. 203.


47 Heymann, p. 217.

48 Tupper, p. 47.

49 Monroe, Poets and Their Art, p. 90.


51 Coffman, p. 173.


53 Quoted in Tupper, pp. 50-51.


55 Quoted in Tupper, p. 51.

56 Heymann, pp. 248-249.

58 Ibid., p.86.

59 Ayscough, p.12.

60 Heymann, p.249.


66 Ibid., p.302.