

**Wallace Stevens & Melih Cevdet Anday:
The Poetics of Supreme Fiction**

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Pelin Batu

Boğaziçi University

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ABSTRACT

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The distance between the physical and metaphysical, the real and unreal cannot be measured, but it is precisely a preoccupation with this distance that creates the poems and fictions of Stevens and Anday. The focus of my thesis is the journey the poets take into the grey zones of life and poetry. The relationship of the poet to the world around him, to death, change and pleasure are subject matters that both poets are preoccupied with, thereby raising the status of the poet to the “artificer of life.” In their works, the multifaceted layers of reality and history are brought into question only to be debunked and replaced. My thesis is an attempt to explore this tendency towards destruction and recreation, the breaking down of boundaries to be replaced by new ones which in their turn will be broken down.

KISA ÖZET

Wallace Stevens & Melih Cevdet Anday: “Üstün Kurgu’nun” Poetikası

Pelin Batu

Gerçek ve gerçekdişi’nin, fiziksel ve metafiziksel olanın arasındaki mesafe ölçülemez. Buna karşın gerek Stevens’in gerek Anday’ın zihni sürekli bu mesafe ile meşgul olmuş, şiirleri ve kurguları bu konuya odaklanmıştır. Yaşamın ve şiirin gri bölgelerine yapılan bu yolculuk tezimin ana eksenini oluşturmaktadır. Şairin kendi dışındaki dünya ile ilişkisi, ölüm, değişim ve haz, iki şairin de ilgilendiği ana konulardır. Böylelikle, onlar için şair, hayatı sanat yoluyla yeniden yaratan konumuna yerleştirilir. Her iki sanatçının eserlerinde, gerçekliğin ve tarihin katmanları sorgulanıp çürütülür ve yeniden yaratılır. Tezim, bu yok etme ve yaratma eğilimini, eski sınırların sürekli yıkılıp tekrar yapılmasını inceleme çabasının ürünüdür.

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INTRODUCTION

EMPERORS OF ICE-CREAM

The poetry of Wallace Stevens and Melih Cevdet Anday is like the liquefying clothes of Herrick's Julia, at once vivid and impalpable. Their hero-poets are the emperors of ice-cream who are beyond the physical, while the metaphysical state they both yearn for becomes the cause of their fragility. Like the emperors, the poets oscillate between the physical and metaphysical, the abstract and concrete, life and death, pleasure and pain. My thesis is devoted to exploring these oscillations, which is the defining characteristic of their poetics.

In the first chapter of my thesis I have attempted to outline what I think are Stevens' and Anday's major poetic influences and concerns. In the three chapters which follow the first, I have overviewed the poets separately so as to trace specific tendencies in their individual works. It is these tendencies that I have endeavored to expand and elaborate upon in comparing and contrasting the two poets. To this end, I have tried to analyze where the poets stand in regard to the subject of images and things as is seen in many a Modernist work, despite the ambiguities and discrepancies pertaining to the subject of Modernism.

Their relationship to nature and death as well as their preoccupation with words are concerns that both Stevens and Anday have in common, along with the extensive poetics they have each developed which can be directly and indirectly related to their poetry. One of their central concerns is the estrangement of the self from the outside world. In writing on the outside, Stevens brings into question "the inside," thus we find in many of his poems the subject of reality juxtaposed against the mind or imagination. Likewise, Anday's relativistic approach towards time and history bring into focus the question of the *reality* and relevance of history, hence, the present. The subject of reality is brought to the forefront in both poets because they both start with the same premise, namely that the world's system of belief and structure has been destroyed, gods are dead, dualities removed. In destroying a "system"

however, one has to replace it with a new system and here is where their mutual stress on the role of the poet comes in. The subject of reality is linked to their defenses of poetry because both Stevens and Anday replace prophets with poets: the “artificers” or creators of the new world system.

This defense of poetry may seem to echo the Romantics’ plea, Shelley’s or Goethe’s entreaties for poetry. Certain critics have criticized these “moderns” precisely because of such supposed affinities. Poets have always defended poetry but Stevens and Anday actually have a different agenda: the poetry they exult is seen as yet another “order” or “system” that will in turn be replaced, transient as the previous poetry they themselves have replaced, a finiken thing of air, a poetry that “is a pheasant disappearing in a bush.” (Opus Posthumus, p177). In this view of constantly collapsing systems, there is movement, change, just like there is in nature, in death. Yet poetry is defended, for though its current phase will be destroyed, it is a comfort, lending a colour to our often endulled, entwined, ensnarled lives. It helps us escape, if only momentarily, the notion of mortality but more importantly, brings joy.

Stevens’ and Anday’s preoccupation with words may be seen as an extension of the modernist’s relationship with the “image.” Stevens has occasionally been connected to the Imagists, especially in the earlier part of his career, while Anday’s French Symbolist influences have been brought to attention by a number of critics. Their relationship with words is especially significant in regard to their poetics. Both poets have written extensively on the subject of poetry and poetics wherein we can glimpse the best comprehensive view of their positions in literature and their standing in regard to Modernism. For, when it comes to their poetry, neither poet can be pinpointed easily.

I will henceforth address these subjects under three headings that I have borrowed from Stevens’ Notes Towards a Supreme Fiction. Supreme fiction, according to Stevens, must be abstract, it must change, and it must give pleasure. I will attempt to tackle the

question of the Stevens' and Anday's concern with "the image," a question that frequently appears in Modernist works, in the chapter titled "It must be abstract." The relationship of reality/nature/death that is invariably contrasted with the imagination will be explored in the section "It must change." And finally, the role of the poet and the defense of poetry in a world of flux and change will come under the section "It must give pleasure."

CHAPTER ONE

PART I

WALLACE STEVENS: SYMBOLISM AND THE AMERICAN *DAIMONS*

As a student at Harvard, Stevens contributed poems to the Harvard Monthly and its rival, The Advocate, reflecting the literary aspirations and styles of the aesthetes during the 1890s. The publication of Theodore de Banville's Petite Traite de Poesie Francaise in 1872 had inspired a revival of French verse forms among the late nineteenth century English poets such as Dobson and Swinburne. This "fashion" with its accompanying philosophy of beauty and art as saviors in an age that saw the death of God in turn spread to the American colleges. Pierre la Rose, an influential instructor whom Stevens met and shared literary talk with at Harvard, initiated his students into the mysteries of French poetry. Malcolm Cowley recalls la Rose's enthusiasm for French Symbolism in And I Worked at the Writer's Trade: Chapters of Literary History, 1918-1978.

Stevens' work during his college years is very telling as to the influence of the aesthetes and symbolists in his work and very important to trace in the light of his early development. To link a poet to a school which is itself a questionable "entity," or to a series of heirs oftentimes turns out to be reductive but is an essential endeavor so as to understand and analyze a poet in depth.¹ Robert Buttel singles out Stevens' "Ballad of the Pink Parasol" as being modeled on Dobson's "On a Fan That Belonged to the Marquise de Pompadour," with an ear to Rossetti's "The Ballad of Dead Ladies" (a translation of Villon's poem), and Fitzgerald's *ubi sunt* refrain in the Rubaiyat.² "Ballad of the Pink Parasol" was published in the Harvard Advocate (1900), not long before Stevens left Harvard.

¹ Symbolism has been traced back to Plotinus in a recent book by Angelo P. Bertocci, for instance. Anna Ballakian notes how the French technically place symbolism to the period between 1885 to 1895, while the Anglo Saxon critics (or the followers of Arthur Symons) mainly use the work of the "big four" French poets (namely, Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Verlaine, and Mallarme, Eliot adding Laforgue and Corbiere to the list) to describe the movement. Thus, terms themselves are rather ambiguous and need be questioned.

² Bates, Milton J., Wallace Stevens: A Mythology of Self, p27

I pray thee where is the old-time wig,
And where is the lofty hat?
Where is the maid on the rod in her gig,
And where is the fire-side cat?
Never was sight more fair than that,
Outshining, outreaching them all,
There in the night where the lovers sat-
But where is the pink parasol?

Where in the pack is the dark spadille
With scent of lavender sweet,
That never held in the mad quadrille.
And where are the slippered feet?
Ah! We'd have given a pound to meet
The card that wrought our fall,
The card that none other of all could beat-
But where is the pink parasol?

Where is the roll of the old calash,
And the jog of the light sedan?
Whence Chloe's diamond brooch would flash
And conquer poor peeping man.
Answer me, where is the painted fan
And the candles bright on the wall;
Where is the coat of yellow and tan-
But where is the pink parasol?

Prince, these baubles are far away,
In the ruin of palace and hall,
Made dark by the shadow of yesterday-
But where is the pink parasol?

Although he would not have paid for his laundry in pounds and addressed his peers with "I pray thee," the elegance and artifice of a completely useless pink parasol was appealing to a student of the decadents and their French predecessors in that "beauty, romance, the rush of life and love are, after all, things that "prove themselves" to one's mind as completely as "the reduction of vague philosophy."³

Stevens' appreciation for the advocates of beauty and art was not unconditional however; Stevens attacked Pater's Appreciations in a journal entry a few months after he purchased the copy in 1898 by stating that "art for art's sake is both indiscreet and

³ Bates, p29,. Stevens's note on the margin of James Russel Lowell's Letters, protesting Lowell's demand that poetry "reduce to the essence of a single line the vague philosophy which is floating in all men's minds."

worthless...Beauty is strength. But art-art all alone, detached, sensuous for the sake of sensuousness, not to perpetuate inspiration or thought, art that is mere art-seems to be the most arrant as it is the most inexcusable rubbish. Art must fit with other things; it must be part of the system of the world.”⁴ It is ironic of course that despite his above stance towards Pater and his repeated poetic attempts in underlining the importance of reality pertaining to its relation with the imaginary, he has oftentimes been passed off as an escapist building “baroquely stylized”⁵ poems that are too dense and out of tune with experience and reality.

Although Stevens’ temperament towards a Whitmanesque idolization of the here and now, “The greatest poverty is not to live/ In a physical world,”⁶ (“Estetique du Mal”), may seem to contradict with the advocates of art for art’s sake, there is a strong link between the two philosophies in that both support the fact that art and life are inseparable. Stevens’ world “must be measured by eye”⁷ (“On the Road Home”), but it is this world too that is transformed and enriched by poetry and imagination. The man with the blue guitar, the poet, changes the world: “Things as they are/ Are changed upon the blue guitar.”⁸ Bates points out that “the Parnassians and aesthetes, while professing to be interested in art for its own sake, had ultimately been intent on living artfully or using art to create a style of life. T.S. Eliot did not hesitate to call Pater himself a moralist, since he justified art by its capacity for “enlarging life.”⁹ In justifying the place of poetry and the poet/prophet in our world, Stevens underlines this very “enlarging capacity.” It was in fact Marianne Moore who used Stevens’ own line in “A Comedian as the letter C” to describe the poet: “The author’s violence is for self aggrandizement, not for stupor.”¹⁰

⁴ Souvenirs and Prophecies: The Young Wallace Stevens, ed. Holly Stevens, p38

⁵ Stern, Herbert J., Wallace Stevens: Art of Uncertainty, p7

⁶ Stevens, The Palm at the End of the Mind, p262

⁷ *Ibid*, p165

⁸ *Ibid*, “Man with the Blue Guitar,” p133

⁹ Bates, p31

¹⁰ Moore, Marianne, “Well Moused, Lion,” The Dial, LXXVI, January 1924

In The Necessary Angel, Stevens refurbished the French philosopher Simone Weil's idea of "decreation" in arguing that the creative powers formerly attributed to god were now to be assumed by man.¹¹ In stating that, "modern reality is the reality of decreation in which our revelations are not the revelations of belief, but the precious portents of our own powers,"¹² Stevens deemed that art could compensate for the loss of religious belief, the poet being "the priest of the invisible."¹³ In the modern age, it was the poet who would supply the satisfaction of belief, be the revealer of reality, the "Rimbaud" of the French symbolists. As with Mallarme and Valery, Stevens believed that "there is inherent in the words of the revelation of reality a suggestion that there is a reality of or within or beneath the surface of reality..."¹⁴ Stevens thus takes on the symbolist legacy to become a "musician of silence" using words as symbols and musical sounds to reach deeply into human feelings and turn the evil of existence with its pain and tragedy, into the good of art, just as Baudelaire had done before him. Stevens' "Esthetique Du Mal," the sequel to "Sunday Morning," comforts us despite our earthly sorrows and terrors in transforming the "evil flowers," violets springing forth from the graves of the poor and dishonest, into that which is beautiful; "Natives of poverty, children of malheur,/ The gaiety of language is our seigneur."(XI). Likewise, the secretary for Porcelain observes that evil makes magic, equating "ten thousand deaths/with a single well-tempered apricot, or say, / An egg-plant of good air."¹⁵ ("Extracts from Addresses to the Academy of Fine Ideas").

The endeavor of raising the status of poetry so as to transcend the limitations and corruptions of the world, as evidenced so often in the poetry of Stevens, stems mainly from Mallarme. The English aesthetes or Italian decadents such as d'Annunzio may have elevated art to an elitist religion but as C.M.Bowra points out, "neither Rossetti nor Pater developed

¹¹ Pratt, William, Singing the Chaos, Madness and Wisdom in Modern Poetry, p183

¹² Stevens, The Necessary Angel: Essays on Reality and the Imagination, p175

¹³ Stevens, Opus Posthumous, p169

¹⁴ *ibid*, p213

¹⁵ Stevens, The Palm at the End of the Mind, p179

their theories of the Beautiful with the desperate logic of Mallarme.”¹⁶ It was Mallarme who attempted to convey feelings in a manner of supernatural experience, his “pure poetry” simulating Wagner’s music. In Mallarme’s blurred and cold landscapes, words become symbols evoking a reality beyond the senses. He said of his new poetics that its aim was to “describe not the object itself, but the effect it produces...a verse must not be composed of words, but of intentions.”¹⁷ And as with Stevens’ “musician of blue,” the poet of the imagination, Mallarme wished to capture silence, “which is more musical than any song.”¹⁸ In Mallarme’s *Sainte*, a saint depicted on stained-glass touches an angel’s wing that, in turn, transforms into a musical instrument, while the saint, despising her own lute, becomes a “Musicienne de silence.”

What Mallarme was seeking in music and its silences was a pure harmony. “Mallarme dreamed of something like the music of the spheres, a harmony audible to the spiritual ear in forms of ideal beauty. For him a poem is like this: *De scintillations sitot le septuor*, a septet of starry sounds, like the seven stars of the Great Bear.”¹⁹ In Stevens, we see this world created by a singer who, by singing (or, by writing poetry), makes the sky, “acutest at its vanishing.”²⁰ (“The Idea of Order at the Key West”). The poem, not surprisingly starts with the line, “She sang beyond the genius of the sea,” because it is the poet “the artificer of the world” who, like Mallarme’s musician of spheres, tries to bring harmony and order through her song, for eventually, it is she, “and not the sea” we hear. It is *the beyond* that the poet takes on:

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

¹⁶ Bowra, C.M., *The Heritage of Symbolism*, p4

¹⁷ Stromberg, Roland N., ed. *Realism, Naturalism, And Symbolism*, p203

¹⁸ Bowra, p11

¹⁹ *ibid*, p11

²⁰ Stevens, *The Palm at the End of the Mind*, p98

Mallarme stressed the importance of these “keener sounds” because he desired to create a poetry that could transcend the limitations imposed by words. Since Mallarme claimed that words were limited by their meanings, he aimed to create a poetry that could be as purely aesthetic as music. Thus, the ideal poem was akin to a musical piece, which did not describe but “unveil the efficacy and beauty of monuments, seas, or the human face in all their maturity and native state [by]...*evocation, allusion, suggestion.*” “For what is the magic charm of art,” Mallarme continues on to say “if not this: that, beyond the confines of a fistful of dust or of all other reality, beyond the book itself, beyond the very text, it delivers up that volatile scattering which we call the Spirit, Who cares for nothing save universal musicality.”²¹ The emphasis on music is undeniably inherited by Stevens. The title of Stevens’ first book Harmonium itself is significant in that it couples the insinuation of a book that is a musical instrument and the word “harmony” that is immediately evoked by the word. As to the maker of those keener sounds, Stevens cited Mallarme in his essay The Figure of the Youth as Virile Poet where Mallarme’s satisfaction with the sound of the line “La vierge, le vivace et le bel aujourd’hui”²² was representative of a poet’s joyful relationship with the world around him with its sounds and light.

The “universal musicality” that Mallarme seeks can be heard in “Peter Quince at the Clavier” written in four sections common to the sonata or symphony form, wherein Stevens translates words into musical sounds. Pertaining to the meaning of the poem, “Music is feeling then, not sound,” writes Stevens in contrasting the transience of life, “Death’s ironic scraping,” with the “immortality” of poetry/music. “The body dies; the body’s beauty lives./ So evenings die, in their green going,/ A wave, interminably flowing.../So maidens die, to the

²¹ Mallarme, “Music and Literature.” Selected Prose Poems, Essays & Letters, p45

²² Stevens, The Necessary Angel, p57

auroral/ Celebration of a maiden's choral.”²³ Susanna's music touches “the bawdy strings/Of those white elders” but escapes them, because her music, or poetry, intimates that which is above and beyond the flesh; the “red-eyed elders.” It is the structure of the poem however that comes closest to Mallarme's dream of music=poeem. Pratt points out how the poem could be read as sheet-music:

The first section ends with the introduction of Susanna and the hidden desire of the elders, who are represented by musical instruments that play “witching chords” that make “their thin blood/ Pulse pizzacati of Hosanna.” The second section offers an abrupt change...for while the first section has steadily mounted to a climax, through rhyming iambic tetrameter lines, the second shifts to a languorous mood, with free-verse rhythm and occasional rhymes...this section may be called the adagio, or slow, movement of the sonata, which is luxurious in its portrayal of the beauty and pleasure of the woman bathing. Then comes another abrupt change, signaled by other musical instruments-“A cymbal clashed, and roaring horns”-to describe the leering elders...and quickly a third, allegro movement of the sonata follows, in dactylic tetrameter couplets that mimic the embarrassment of Susanna...accompanied “with the noise of the tambourines.” The final section then returns to the moderato of the opening section, with a philosophic calm...in a musical coda that plays “on the clear viol of her memory/ And makes a constant sacrament of praise.”²⁴

From his earliest poems to his last works, Stevens' poetry is suffused with music and its sounds; the “hoo-hoo-hoo's” and “shoo-shoo-shoo's” of “Mozart, 1935” the “ke-ke's” of supreme music, or the s-sounds, that is to say “sea sounds” of the “Two Figures in Dense Violet Light” where, “As the night conceives the sea-sounds in silence,/ And out of their droning sibilants makes/ A serenade.”²⁵ Not only does sound come to the foreground in his poetics, but music as a metaphor for the ultimate poem echoes Mallarme's vision. In his statement on modern poetry, Stevens writes that it should “speak words that in the ear,/ In the delicatest ear of the mind, repeat,/ Exactly, that which it wants to hear, at the sound,/ Of which, an invisible audience listens... .”²⁶ (“Of Modern Poetry”). And the actor/poet is described as a metaphysician who, “twangling/ An instrument, twangling a wiry string that gives/ Sounds passing through sudden rightnesses, wholly containing the mind...” In this poem/music that reads like waves of air, Stevens infuses thought with aesthetics, the beauty of

²³ Stevens, *The Palm at the End of the Mind*, p8

²⁴ Pratt, p187

²⁵ Stevens, *The Palm at the End of the Mind*, p85

²⁶ *Ibid*, p174

sounds with the clean perfection of philosophy, thus uniting everyday life with its wars, (“It has to think about war”) with beauty. It is here he parts from Mallarme.

Like Mallarme, Stevens was often criticized for his language, albeit for different reasons. Some have described his early poetry as being made up of “gaudy” language with many “gallicisms and out-of the-way words, the freak titles, the colour symbols, the style devised for Imagist scraps and the longer meditative style.”²⁷ But Stevens, as with Mallarme before him, was aiming at something transcendental beyond the sweet sounds and strange titles. Hollander argues that, “the level of figurative rhetorical music, the so-called music of poetry in the dimension that Pope explored in the famous passage about sound and sense in the Essay on Criticism, misled many early critics of Stevens into thinking of it as dandified nonsense, as high-flown joking about elevation of voice.”²⁸ Stevens does indeed have a very decorative and complex language but he also chose to abandon the oboe when he wished, leaving the poet, “naked, tall.” In “Asides on the Oboe” the poet or “The Central man, the human globe, responsive/ As a mirror with a voice, the man of glass,/ Who in a million diamonds sums us up...”²⁹ is the center because he observes what is about him and reflects it all back to the world. The poet is the central man because “he creates the world to which we turn incessantly and without knowing it and he gives life the supreme fictions without which we are unable to conceive of it.”³⁰ The symbolist aspiration of *unity* is crystallized in the last stanza of “Asides on the Oboe”; “we and the diamond globe at last were one.”

Stevens’ insistent belief in the power of imagination and the transforming role of the poet has aligned him with the French symbolists for the likes of Pratt who points out that, “Wallace Stevens may be seen as the American poet who strove most ambitiously to create an

²⁷ Kermode, Frank., Wallace Stevens, p8

²⁸ Hollander, John, “The Sound of the Music and Sound.” Modern Critical Views, ed. Harold Bloom, p146

²⁹ Stevens, The Palm at the End of the Mind, p187

³⁰ Stevens, The Necessary Angel, p187

imaginative human order to replace the lost belief in a superhuman order...”³¹ What needs to be underlined here however is the word “American.” Despite Stevens’ symbolist songs on the transcendental power of poetry, “A poem like a missal found/ In the mud, a missal for that young man”³² (“Man with the Blue Guitar”) there is also a Stevens who declares that “Poetry is a finikin thing of air/ That lives uncertainly and not for long.”³³ (“Like Decorations in a Nigger Cemetery”). His poet, or singer, is not always a triumphant prophet but a tragic figure. This “Snow man” or poet is “nothing himself,/ Beholds the nothing that is not there and nothing that is,”³⁴ (“The Snow Man”). It is not a coincidence therefore that the archetypal father figure in the opening lines of “Like Decorations in a Nigger Cemetery” is Whitman;

“In the far South the sun of autumn is passing
Like Walt Whitman walking along a ruddy shore.
He is singing and chanting the things that are part of him,
The worlds that were and will be, death and day.
Nothing is final, he chants. No man shall see the end.
His beard is of fire and his staff is a leaping flame.”

The American legacy inherent in Stevens combines the Symbolist insistence on the world of ideal beauty with everyday life. There is certainly Emerson here who, according to Bloom “could not imagine a life apart from the natural.”³⁵ As Bloom goes on to elaborate a Whitman who sings “in the words of his involuntary heir, Wallace Stevens,”³⁶ we enter an American world that is untamable and primordial. Like his forefathers, Stevens “yields to a version of the Reality principle” whose muse is “a *daimon* of disorder.”³⁷ In this world of wild grass, “the green corn gleams and the metaphysicals/lie sprawling in majors of the August heat,/ The rotund emotions, paradise unknown.”³⁸ (“Esthetique du Mal”). Like the ghosts who return to earth to hear the “Large Red Man Reading” whose phrases are “those from the wilderness of

³¹ Pratt, p189

³² Stevens, The Palm at the End of the Mind, p144

³³ Ibid, p106

³⁴ Ibid, p54

³⁵ Bloom, Harold., American Poetry through 1914., p6

³⁶ ibid, p14

³⁷ ibid, p10

³⁸ Stevens, The Palm at the End of the Mind, p262

stars that had expected more./ There were those that returned to hear him read from the poem of life/ Of the pans above the stove, the pots on the table, the tulips among them...”³⁹ the metaphysicals lie about; paradise is unknown to them precisely because they have been divorced of the physical world. Stevens, the poet, the large red man reading, amalgamates this very physical, American world with the subliminal ideal of the French symbolists. Between his weeds and wild grass are the delicate flowers of Mallarme who states “And so when I make the sound -a flower- out of the oblivion to which my voice relegates all contours, something other than the visible petals arises musically, the fragrant idea itself, the absent flower of all bouquets.”⁴⁰

In highlighting the resemblance between Whitman and Stevens, Samuel French Morse points out that :

They have in common sense of place and that loneliness which is so often its complement, in their lives as much as in their poems...The “slap-dash intensity”, the “contrariness”, and even “the sophistication” run like streams through their work. We have made too much of certain aspects of Stevens...and too little of the native element. I do not mean any sort of factitious Americanism; but I do mean a quality of mind, a sense of the world...Who else except Whitman, Randall Jarrell asks, would have thought of using language (and here he has in mind Whitman’s use of French and his characteristic catalogues) in the way Whitman does? And I should answer, Wallace Stevens.⁴¹

Mapping out parallelisms between poets can oftentimes be a dangerous feat, reducing the poets into a list of similarities and differences. As Morse points out, however, the French elements in Stevens have been worked so much that his American “self” or aspect is frequently forgotten. In this American self, Whitman plays an important role, and not only in that Stevens echoes his French words. It is Whitman’s spirit that is so entwined in Stevens’ verse. The place names and foreign words inherent to both lend a certain spirit surely, but what needs be stressed is the feeling, perhaps the “loneliness” that Morse talks about that is common to them both. This sensibility may not be inherently American, but coupled with the aforementioned understanding of nature and life, Whitman and Stevens are inexorably

³⁹ Ibid, p320

⁴⁰ Mallarme, Stephane., “Crisis in Verse.” Symbolism, An Anthology., p10

⁴¹ Morse, Samuel French., Native Element., p457

connected. And pertaining to their use of music-imagery and sound, Stevens and Whitman are also linked in that both poets make use of previous models, the Keatsian nightingales and Aelion harps for example, to combine and consequently convert into something altogether novel. In other words, both practice what Hollander calls “the solemnizing of older sound imagery by taking it one step further into figuration [which] seems to be a peculiarly American poetic activity.”⁴²

In positing the “American elements” of Stevens, Kermode argues that “when reality and imagination are fused, the marriage happens in a specific place,”⁴³ using Stevens’ own statement that “The gods of China are always Chinese,”⁴⁴ to point to the ample usage of American place names in Stevens and his “insistence that reality is what you see finely and imagine fully from where you are and as what you are.” It is true that we frequently come across American place names in Stevens poems but the French ingredients are undeniably and intricately affixed to it. Stevens has been associated with the symbolists mainly for his aesthetic approach and the ideals he touches upon in his works. “He is Symbolist by reason of his evocatory art, his search for *correspondences*, for words which constitute images and words which reverberate with associations,” writes the French scholar Rene Taupin who also points out that it is not only that Stevens regularly uses French vocabulary but that the “movement of his sentences is French. It makes more use of exclamations and questions than is usual in English poetry.”⁴⁵ But Stevens’ disenchantment with the symbolist ideals can be frequently traced too. In “Sad Strains of a Gay Waltz” Stevens says that “The truth is that there comes a time/ When we can mourn no more over music/That is so much motionless sound./ There comes a time when the waltz/ Is no longer a mode of desire.”⁴⁶ Beauty is lost

⁴² Hollander, p137

⁴³ Kermode, p12

⁴⁴ Stevens, “Two or Three Ideas.” Opus Posthumus

⁴⁵ Kermode, p11

⁴⁶ Stevens, The Palm at the End of the Mind, p116

when it is abstracted from nature, when it becomes an artificial flower absent from all bouquets, Baudelaire's rose.

Ideals and reality are part of an intricate whole with Stevens, each as vital as the other. Sometimes the symbolist facet comes to the forefront- in some of his poems however, this seeming "air of sumptuousness"⁴⁷ is contrasted with his "American identity." The Aristotelian and Platonic aspects always converge. While seeking an ideal in poetry, "Bend against the invisible; and lean/To symbols of descending night; and search/ The glare of revelations going by!"⁴⁸ ("Blanche McCarthy"), his heroines make offerings to the Lord, but not only of beautiful flowers but of radishes. ("Cy Est Pourtraicte, Madame Ste Ursule, et Les Unze Mille Vierges"). The symbolically charged and graceful images coincide with those objects from everyday life, or an ordinary jar in Tennessee takes "dominion everywhere," portending a metaphysical message. ("Anecdote of the Jar"). "But his general poetic project, to be the "harmonious skeptic...in a skeptical music" that will be "motion and full of shadows," could not merely catalogue the nostalgias of old flowers, not rest content in hearing "a not newly new replaying of the music of the spheres."⁴⁹

PART II

MELIH CEVDET ANDAY: A SEA OF SUNKEN LOVES

Melih Cevdet Anday recounts an incident that took place between a fellow poet and Stephen Spender at the Pen Club in Istanbul. His friend was apparently taken aback by Spender's high estimation of T.S.Eliot and was increasingly doubtful as to Spender's standing as a poet for, as he later explained to Anday, "A poet does not like another poet- at least not to

⁴⁷ Ibid, p16

⁴⁸ Ibid, p3

⁴⁹ Hollander, p140

this extent. If he does, he is bound to disappear.”*⁵⁰ I believe what was meant by ‘disappearance’ was an obliteration of ‘originality,’ or an evaporation of ‘singularity of the poet.’ This attitude that undermines the poet in his/her relation to tradition and the works about him, naturally pushing him to distance himself from others’ works and obviously begrudging the poet the benefit of the doubt that one cannot be erudite and appreciative of other’s works and influences and still be a good poet, was certainly something Anday did not adhere to. Throughout his career, Anday was very liberal in his usage and acknowledgment of sources expanding from the Epic of Gilgamesh to “the Odyssey” and Karacaoglan to Wallace Stevens. He made use of myths, epics, histories, and poems from both the West and the East, blending them all up to befit his anachronistic understanding of history and time. His poetry hints at his attitude towards influence. And as in the case of Wallace Stevens, who wrote a great number of critical essays on literature, we can espy Anday’s motives and position on the matter in his motley range of essays on the subject.

The latinization of the Turkish alphabet that consequently brought about the alienation or rather the breaking of ties with the past language and literature have been and can be brought into question when analyzing poets of Anday’s generation with regard to their use of language and tradition. This change has been regarded by many to have had dire effects but Anday, who was indeed well versed in Ottoman literature and has admitted his predilection for Ottoman grammar and literatures, did not view this change as a catastrophe for Turkish culture or his writing. “They have maintained that by switching to the Latin alphabet we would sever our relations with our old culture not only here but abroad too. I don’t know how many books we have. It amounts to something like twenty-five, thirty thousand...And out of this sum, how many books of use could you find?”⁵¹ Of course, the advocates of the

⁵⁰ Anday, M.C., *Cumhuriyet Gazetesi*, April 1961

*All Translations from Turkish prose and Poetry, unless otherwise indicated, are mine.

⁵¹ Kabacali Alpay., *Melih Cevdet Anday’la Soylesi.*, p73

contradictory view did not simply boil the problem down to the number of books published. But that is a different argument. Pertaining to his generation, what Anday was distraught about was that having been ridden of the old script, they were left with a new language and system which meant that it took quite a bit of time until there was an accumulation of sources, and translations from either Old Turkish or other languages, that could educate and influence them. When he was later employed in the translation department of the ministry of education, Anday would encounter difficulties that came with these changes. He would summarize the problem of this period with an example: “The professors of philosophy and their students started reading Plato at the same time. It wasn't possible that the professor read and prepare his lecture beforehand- he had not heard of Plato until then...It was translated for the first time.”⁵² This *groundlessness* may have had its difficulties but it was liberating in the sense that the poets of the new Turkish could start afresh. This was precisely what the Garip movement accomplished.

Born in 1915, Anday was in middle school when the Latin alphabet replaced Ottoman Turkish. Indeed, the problem with this generation was that although they were faced with difficulties such as those pointed out by Anday above, being the children of the new republic and enthusiastic about such changes and novelty, they were standing askance on a mezzanine level so to speak, being the heroes of an epic that started *in media res*. By cleansing the Turkish language as the critics claimed the Garip movement accomplished, and bringing words of the common man and the parlance of the streets into poetry, they were not only revolutionaries, but also the haulers of the old tradition now seen in a different light. They were the generation that acted as a bridge.

Anday's early Garip phase was soon to turn into something far more sophisticated, philosophic, muted, and distant. Garip had served an important purpose, as Anday later on

⁵² *ibid*, 73

concluded, but it had to die and open up the way to a far more complex poetry, a poetry more about poetry than politics. This is not to say that Garip was merely a reactionary movement. Garip was not simple poetry; Anday declared that when he compared his Garip poetry to his later works, he found important parallels. It was Anday who pointed out the similarity between an earlier poem (“Since animals do not speak/ They must think so beautifully/ Just like our hands.”) to one of his later poems, (“The insect lies in its round universe/ In its dreams we are great skies/ Is it the sky or the insect that comes first?”)⁵³ Even in his earliest work, Anday’s partiality towards the quixotic questions in philosophy could be detected. He set alongside man’s basic joys and fears the daunting questions or statements that were oftentimes criticized for being opaque and complex. Despite certain themes that he used throughout his career, there was of course a great evolution in his style, but the same concerns and questions appeared repeatedly. Looking back to Garip and his own relationship with the movement, Anday would go on to write that a poet is he whose multifaceted works would give us a sense of wholeness because the point of view towards life would not have changed despite the different styles the poet experimented with.⁵⁴

The first poem of Anday’s to be published was “Ukde” in Varlık magazine. Here, he used a rhyme scheme and syllabic meter but the rhymes were rather muted and almost hidden. As for the meter, a movement that was led by a group of writers making themselves known as Yedi Mesaleciler had previously attempted to abolish the syllabic pauses in their poetry. This attempt can be seen in Anday’s first works too. As to the question of his choice of meter, Anday would defend his later preference for the single syllabic meter; “The *Aruz* meter is very beautiful because the short and long syllables are harmonious. But it makes itself too obvious. Had it not been so, I would have used *Aruz*. The monotony of the syllabic meter (Hece Vezni) bothers me. As to free verse, I rebel against it as I get older. It makes everybody

⁵³ Anday, “Siir Deneyimim.” Adam Sanat, Issue: 207, April 2003

⁵⁴ Anday, Olumsuzluk Yolunda Melih Cevdet Anday, p63

aspire to write poetry, as if anything you say, goes! I think I have found a solution: I use differing monosyllabic meters...monosyllabic lines allow the reader some space and freedom...”⁵⁵ Anday’s reasoning and consequent choice of meter is telling with regard to his reaction towards certain predecessors in his early work and his later development as a poet.

Pertaining to the poems of his Garip period, Anday declared that they came about as a reaction to that which was “artificial” and “overly poetic,” and that they had no ancestors: “In Turkish poetry, the Garip movement does not have a precursor. This means that we created this poetry without a master...Garip poetry is a poetry of speech, it is recited in rooms in a low, speaking voice.”⁵⁶ Despite Anday’s seemingly cynical remark on the subject of influence, he had admitted in the very article that initially, he and his fellow Garip writers were influenced by the French Surrealists, albeit in a minor way. The reason why he was so adamant in his insistence that he lacked ancestors was the new Turkish they had come to use. Anday thought this was what brought about the breach. But as to the question of influences, he candidly expressed his amazement at those who criticized him for having been influenced by the West for, to him, this was something that had been taking place in Turkish literature since the Tanzimat period of reform in the 19th century. And besides, Anday pointed out that prior to the said era, the Ottoman court and arts was under the dominion of Persian culture, therefore, the belittling attitude of those who claimed that the current literature was under the Western sphere of influence and therefore lacking in originality was preposterous. “When they say our poetry is influenced by the West, I believe they are trying to put down our new literature. It is known that the Western influence on our poetry began during the Tanzimat period...Some may be piqued at the West for political reasons and this may be the cause of their negative attitude towards such literatures, but there seems to be a great contradiction here because almost all of our translated works are from the West. Besides, it has always been

⁵⁵ Akatli, Fusun., “M.C.A Siirinde Zaman/Tarih.” *Guneste Ayiklanmis.*, ed. O.Hanceroglu, p198

⁵⁶ Balkar, Tugrul Asi., “Telgrafhane Kitabina Dair.” *Guneste Ayiklanmis.*, p109

useful to know foreign writing everywhere. Western artists were also influenced by the East.”⁵⁷ The stress on the inevitability of influence can be seen in the poetry of Anday.

Addressing the “phenomenon” of inspiration, Anday has quoted Valery extensively. He equated Valery’s “God,” in the statement, “A poem’s first line is from God, the rest is mathematics,” to inspiration. Valery’s essays on poetry were one of his most important sources pertaining to the art of poetry which he frequently wrote about. He interpreted the Valery quote “You prepare the cage, the bird will come” to buttress his own belief in the mind, a mind that was actually the source of inspiration. His understanding of contemporary poetry went along the lines of Valery in that poetry was that which could not be translated into prose.⁵⁸ What was the inspiration that brought about those “untranslatable” lines then? As influence goes, it can easily be said that mythology was one of the greatest sources that Anday repeatedly returned to.

It was ancient Anatolia with its numerous civilizations that became his focal point; “Yahya Kemal had narrowed himself down to the Ottomans, Kavafis was inspired by the Hellenistic period, I seek in ancient Anatolia that which is necessary for my poetry ...when I recount an incident from the Hittites, Phrygians, or Lycians, I feel I live in that period and that period is taking place right now.”⁵⁹ By rewriting and reworking some ancient stories and myths, Anday fused differing time periods and geographies, thus erasing our basic conception of time. A notable example would be his “Masal” (Fairy Tale) poems wherein he rewrote Ovid’s Narcissus/Echo and Apollo/Daphne poems. Some would argue that the Anday versions were highly inspired, to say the least, for although they are almost one to one translations of the original, they do not pass as such.⁶⁰

⁵⁷ Anday, *Olumsuzluk Yolunda M.C.A.*, p64

⁵⁸ Anday, *Imge Ormanlari*, p337

⁵⁹ Anday, *Olumsuzluk Yolunda M.C.A.*, p65

⁶⁰ Ibid, p64. Pertaining to the subject of inspiration, Anday referred to an essay of Orhan Burian’s on the British poets. Burian held that the British poets were so highly influenced by their Latin forefathers that this “influence” verged on plagiarism. Anday criticized Burian’s attitude and said that, “to be inspired, influenced, or to copy are

We see the first overt reference to mythology in Anday's Kollari Bagli Odysseus (Odysseus Bound) in 1963. Not having published a work for seven years, Odysseus Bound also signals his greatest break with Garip. Memet Fuat has interpreted the work as a turning point of politicized art to "art for art's sake"; "This is the transformation of an art that had followed politics to an art that comes before politics."⁶¹ By re-constructing the mythology of Odysseus, Anday creates his own mythology, which he calls "the mythology of Modern death," a line he has borrowed from Wallace Stevens. Man's alienation from nature, society, and himself is the issue he addresses in an Ithaca that cannot be pinpointed to any historical locale, just as Odysseus cannot actually be bound. The poet's relationship to nature echoes Stevens' preoccupation with nature; the "great nature/ deaf king"⁶² (in Stevens' case, the Great Mother) touches one, but suddenly disappears like a branch that has brushed against our window no longer to be seen. This overwhelming notion of abandonment is reminiscent of Stevens' winter poems. The higher man or poet-prophet of Stevens' is Anday's Odysseus here, eventually declaring in the last line of the poem that he has surpassed himself.

In the postscript of the poem, Anday actually elucidates the poem and lists a number of his influences. He states that it is Eliot's notes to the "Wasteland" that has inspired him to undertake such an endeavor; Tennyson, Pound, Baudelaire, Seyh Galip, and of course Wallace Stevens are recorded as being the major influences alongside Homer's text. It is striking how different this methodology is from Anday's Garip phase. Not only does he make use of direct quotations (as is the case with the Wallace Stevens line) but the structure of the poem is reminiscent of Pound's "Alchemist" and Eliot's "Wasteland" as Anday himself points out. The poem also heralds Anday's eclectic style, especially pertaining to the juxtaposition of his Eastern and Western sources. In the ninth poem of Part I, Anday reiterates

not things that could be denounced. Not as long as it is written in a mother tongue." This statement clearly indicates Anday's attitude towards the usage of other sources and translation. As long as it is in a different language, it is an original; and what is an original in any case? That is another problematic issue for Anday.

⁶¹ I.e. (Politikanin arkasından giden sanatin, politikanin onune gecisi), Fuat, Memet., Yon, February 28, 1963

⁶² Anday, Odysseus Bound, p12

a Seyh Galip poem; The stanza, “Dil hayret-i gamla lal kaldı/ Galib gibi bimecal kaldı/ Gonderdigim arz-i hal kaldı/ El’an bir ihtimal kaldı/ İnsafın o yerde nami yok mu” of Seyh Galip is transformed by Anday into “Simdi ondan ne ki kaldı/ Unutulmuş bir kapi belki kaldı/ Degismez bicim, ari renk, olumsuz birlik/ O zorunlu kendiligindenlik/ Anilarla geldi gitti kadi/ Duyularla bir urperdi kaldı/ Artik eski bahcelerde degildik.”⁶³ It is not only the sound that Anday literally echoes but also the verbal parallelisms and the repetitions. Seyh Galip’s sense of rejection and solitude is perfectly befitting Odysseus’ feeling of alienation at this point. Odysseus in turn takes over the poet, Anday. Necati Cumali proposes that the lines “I am all alone in my kingdom” are reminiscent of Anday’s own stance in the literary scene of his day.⁶⁴ Not only are Anday’s characters interchangeable, his historical or mythological subjects at once contemporary and ancient, but some of his narrators take on a metafictional quality. Anday goes on to place overtly unrelated subjects and motifs from the West and East far more liberally in his later works.

Anday’s next volume of poetry, Gocebe Denizın Ustunde (On the Nomad Sea) is once again predominantly set in the civilizations of ancient Anatolia. Here, Anday juxtaposes the likes of Henry Moore, Freud, and Nazim Hikmet against blind gods, pregnant goddesses, Sumerian tablets, laurel trees, and bronze. Anday continues on the mythological journey he had given start to in Odysseus Bound. In On the Nomad Sea, mythology is written like a history, where legends keep on multiplying themselves in a Borgesian universe of paper map cities. Ancient qualms and pains are constantly relived, time does not seem to exist, mistakes are repeated. The universe is at once painted with his perception of things, his own blue eyes colouring everything;

My Blue Eyes

You walk out of my eyes
Onto the street

⁶³ Anday, Kollari Bagli Odysseus.. p15

⁶⁴ Cumali, Necati., “Anday’in Odysseia’si.” Varlik, September 15, 1968

Blue, blue

And yet it is a relativistic universe. The moon that was once a goddess becomes Anacsagoras' umbrella. "Reflection is a scientific fairy tale," declares Anday in "Ay Uzerine Aciklamalar" ("Explanations on the Moon"), and indeed the moon which is at once something that races with the clouds, or hides in pots, or lightens the path for Endymion, the shepherd, is also a large mussel lying underneath a lake, a slippery young girl, or a lonely goddess- the moon is constantly changing form as its reflection changes with its movement across the sky. Reflection and light are "modern fairytales" in a land where there are very many ways of seeing. Only the swallow is without history (another tale that is constructed) for it keeps on gliding while all we do is dig or fill in holes with the dead, nights, or hyacinths. ("Bu Kirlangiclar Gitmemisler miydi?") ("Had these swallows not taken off?") In his poetry Anday seems to simulate this swallow, defying the conventional reading of history, swooning past Time. Not being tied down to facts, objects, or memories, that is to say histories, reflections, or fairytales, he is groundless, free. His sources are scattered about while he soars in full flight.

Critics of Anday have usually aligned him with the West due to his predominant use of Greek myth and a poetic style which Anday himself said was influenced by writers such as Eliot and Wallace Stevens.⁶⁵ The aforementioned juxtapositions of Eastern and Western images, time periods, and personalities have been brought to attention in the light of his view of history and time but not in view of the poet's world of influence despite Anday's resistance to any form of categorization and his insistence that his poetry is the poetry of Anatolia, where the East and West merge, where neither the Hittite kings or Lycian maidens could be placed under the captions of "East" or "West." His subjects serve to prove Anday's disbelief

⁶⁵ Anday has admitted the important influence of Eliot and Stevens on his work in several interviews. Talat Halman's interview with Anday for the Wallace Stevens Journal and Orhan Kocak's interview for Defer (June-October 1989) are notable examples.

not only in our conception of time or history but in geographical constructs such as East and West. Anday defies standards not only in his choice of subject but his application of differing poetics. In Teknenin Olumu (Death of the Boat) (1975) for instance, Anday makes ample use of Homer's imagery; in "Troya Onunde Atlar" ("Horses before Troy"), he builds the poem on Homer's depiction of horses,⁶⁶ in the section "Zaman Su Gibi" ("Time is like Water") we are immersed in the world of Homeric legend where promiscuous Lycian women aggravate the sea and Bellerophone. But as Cemal Sureya points out, the book is on the whole heavily influenced by Apollinaire's "Chanson d'un Mal-Aime." Sureya proposes that this is not a minor influence that can be seen in a couple of "borrowed" lines but can be seen in the body of the poems. "The influence is such that it forms the body or construction of the poems."⁶⁷ As with his usage of Seyh Galip, it is not only the structure that Anday ingeniously emulates but absorbs the spirit of a poem to fit his own mythologies or lyrics upon. As with Odysseus Bound and On the Nomad Sea, Death of the Boat presents a myriad of different time periods and historical personages, building upon varying styles or structures from Homer to Apollinaire, where the eventual outcome is something altogether hybrid yet distinct.

Wallace Stevens draws on a scene from Plato's Phaedrus in The Noble Rider and the Sound of Words where a noble charioteer and his pair of flying horses is described. Plato posits a scenario in which one of the horses is noble while the other is ignoble, and accordingly seeks to distinguish between that which is mortal or immortal, perfect or imperfect. Stevens uses this quote to point out our modern cynicism where we not only feel detached from that ancient world where "the figure becomes antiquated and rustic,"⁶⁸ but we have lost our belief in that magic with its heroes and imaginary horses, or in the soul. It is

⁶⁶ In regards to this poem, Anday writes that Homer was his starting point; "I took a piece from Homer, I started my poem with him. I realized that Homer speaks of horses as if they were human. This is what caught my attention. Homer was my starting point but I also brought in horses from other times. I inserted Ali's horse and Don Quixote's horse. In short, I used lots of horses from differing places and time periods. I wanted to say, *this is history*. Why do we need to read a chronological history?" (Guneste Ayiklanmis, p193)

⁶⁷ Sureya, Cemal., Olumsuzluk Yolunda M.C.A. p35-36

⁶⁸ Stevens, The Necessary Angel, p4

poetry that can ignite our passion, conjure up old myths and make reality the magic that it is, poetry such as Anday's that remind us of the past, present, and future, ourselves and those long dead all in one universe. By (re)writing myths and integrating ancient lore with modern anxieties or observations, Anday approaches Stevens' model of the poet portrayed in his essay. In constructing the figure of the modern poet, Stevens purports that this poet must have lived the past two thousand years and erased the boundaries of space/time and imagination/reality:

He will have thought that Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton place themselves in remote lands and in remote ages; that their men and women were the dead- and not the dead lying in the earth, but the dead still living in their remote lands and in their remote ages, and living in the earth or under it, or in the heavens- and he will wonder at those huge imaginations, in which what is remote becomes near, and what is dead lives with an intensity beyond any experience of life...Don Quixote will make it imperative for him to make a choice, to come to a decision regarding the imagination and reality; and he will find that it is not a choice of one over the other and not a decision that divides them, but something subtler, a recognition that here, too, as between these poles, the universal interdependence exists, and hence his choice and his decision must be that they are equal and inseparable. To take a single instance: When Horatio says, "Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince/ And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest" (Hamlet, V. ii) are not the imagination and reality inseparable? Above all, he will not forget General Jackson or the picture of the *Wooden Horse*.⁶⁹

Anday's discontented ghosts of Troy's unburied horses tell us that "Eternity is a broken statue that is hunted/...Because the sea has not yet died, sleepless/ and half, it sinks in its barrel of sieves/ Collecting the sediments of the ancient dead."⁷⁰ Everything is half or incomplete and yet it is alive because there is no closure. Eternity is in the past, present, and future. Since "Tomorrow is yesterday, and yesterday has not begun"⁷¹ we could be two thousand years old, Rosinante could ride alongside Achilles' immortal horses, the dead are not yet dead, the living may die and be reborn. Here, there is no distinction made between the imaginary and the real because all is eventually fabricated or reread, then recreated by the poet. Not surprisingly, Anday's Trojan story closes with the line "We do not have a fortune" because fate is constantly being written and rewritten by the poet and reader.

⁶⁹ *ibid.*, p24

⁷⁰ Anday, "Truva Onunde Atlar." *Teknenin Olumu*., p82

⁷¹ *ibid.*, p87

Words are the language of the seas, says Anday, and “Just as they are being understood, it snows/ bird language is a barbaric tongue/ It rings like the language of blessed horses.”⁷² These are the different tongues in a world where “No one dies, and no one is born,” our world, where only words remain, their sounds like trees and stone. Anday’s words take on an animalistic, natural, and carnal shape. They are at once barbaric and eloquent, eternal and transient. “I start with one word, often/ She is a beautiful, hungry wolf,” Anday writes.⁷³ And it is with these she-wolves, these words, that Anday converges distant worlds, making use of numerous (hi)stories while deconstructing our notions of eternity. Anday’s poetry is at once musical and yet it contains great silences.⁷⁴ His sundry influences are difficult to pinpoint precisely because he turns everything around, altering everything to fit his own voice. As his language is made up of the words of the sea, the poets he reads write with that foam and spume which he takes and embroiders, making it his own.

⁷² Anday, “Sozcukler” (“Words”). *Sozcukler*, p21

⁷³ Anday, “Siir Yazmak.” *Gocebe Denizin Ustunde*, p14

⁷⁴ He compares the poetry of Garip to chamber music, for instance., Anday, *Olumsuzluk Yolunda M. C. A.*, p63

CHAPTER TWO

IT MUST BE ABSTRACT

I

Begin, ephebe, by perceiving the idea
Of this invention, this invented world,
The inconceivable idea of the sun.

You must become an ignorant man again
And see the sun again with an ignorant eye
And see it clearly in the idea of it.

Never suppose an inventing mind as source
Of this idea nor for that mind compose
A voluminous master folded in his fire.

How clean the sun when seen in its idea,
Washed in the remotes cleanliness of a heaven
That has expelled us and our images...

The death of one god is the death of all.
Let purple Phoebus lie in umber harvest
Let Phoebus slumber and die in autumn umber,

Phoebus is dead, ephebe. But Phoebus was
A name for something that never could be named.
There was a project for the sun and is.

There is a project for the sun. The sun
Must bear no name, gold flourisher, but be
In the difficulty of what it is to be.⁷⁵

In 1938, John Crowe Ransom proposed “an ontology of poetry” wherein he categorized poetry under three main headings. Firstly there is Platonic poetry, which according to Ransom is poetry that is concerned with ideas, although it “dips heavily into the physical... [trying] as hard as it can to look like Physical poetry...”⁷⁶ Physical poetry is poetry that deals with “things.” Just as the Imagists initially declared, the intention is to “present things in their thinginess, or *Dinge* in their *Dinglichkeit*.”⁷⁷ Ransom finally posits a third option, the poetry that seems to be the best of both worlds: Platonic poetry that is “too idealistic” and Physical poetry that is “too realistic” is merged into completion, taking the form of the miraculous in

⁷⁵ Stevens, “Notes Towards a Supreme Fiction.” Palm at the End of the Mind, p207

⁷⁶ Ransom, John Crowe, “Poetry: A Note in Ontology.” Modern Poets on Modern Poetry., p89

⁷⁷ Ibid., p83

Metaphysical poetry. It is difficult to know where John Crowe Ransom would place Wallace Stevens and Melih Cevdet Anday in modern literature with respect to his categorization of Platonic, Physical and Metaphysical poetry. Although Ransom's labels are reductive, they point to a major concern of Modernism however, which is summarized by Ransom as being the dilemma between the "image *versus* idea."⁷⁸ In Stevens, who tells us to *begin* "Perceiving the idea/Of this invention," it is presumed that we are in Plato's cave, but shadows have become inventions, and ignorance/(innocence?), not philosopher kings, are needed so as to *see*. The whole system is therefore reversed. Ideas are born from the image and we are in a metaphysical world where we will keep on bumping against the physical. Wallace Stevens' sun must bear no name while Anday's Icarus steps down from the stairwell to the sun where "solitude flies by."⁷⁹

As Virginia Woolf pointed out, "in or about December 1910, human nature changed...all human relations shifted- those between masters and servants, husbands and wives, parents and children. And when human relations change there is at the same time a change in religion, conduct, politics and literature." It is not the above date that needs to be underlined here, since Modernism for Stevens and Anday differs due to differing time periods and geographies, but a common advent of change can be traced in Modernist works, whether it is the differing conception of time and space, society and the individual, or reality and imagination, in short, a new mentality or world order. And similarities of approach can be seen in both poets pertaining to a certain aspect of Modernism. The relationship between image/idea, form/essence and reality/imagination are concerns and subjects that can be seen in many Modernist writers, including Stevens and Anday. The subject comes to the forefront in Notes Towards a Supreme Fiction. The first section of the poem, *It Must Be Abstract* can be read in the light of the Modernist preoccupation with the image wherein the nature of reality

⁷⁸ Ibid., p84

⁷⁹ Anday, M.C., from "Death of Icarus" in his last book of poetry, Guneste (In the Sun)

is brought into question, with its call for a hero.⁸⁰ The ground shifting changes that occurred in the conception of space, time, and existence naturally find their way into the problematizations and philosophies of the two poets.

The great preoccupation with the image as a mysterious or supernatural thing can be traced back to the French Symbolists. As with Villiers' Axel, there follows a rejection of science and ordinary life, pursuing ultimate aestheticism and life of action as that of Rimbaud's, in a world where objects take on magical qualities. The fact that critics like Edmund Wilson claim that Symbolism was a second wave of Romanticism while others see it as a branch of Modernism will not be discussed here. Suffice it to say that many of these preoccupations can be found in works considered to be Modernist, and both Stevens and Anday, in varying degrees, share certain of these sensibilities. Stevens, like early-Pound, has dabbled in Imagism while Anday's concern with objects runs through his career. Graham Hough has called Imagism, "Symbolism without the magic,"⁸¹ and while that may apply to some Imagist works, I believe that in the case of Stevens, his Imagism, if it may be called that, is replenished with an idealism that takes the place of magic. His belief in the "refreshing- powers" of poetry echoes Symbolist pleas. Similarly, Anday deems poetry to be the new god that enables us to see things; " 'Look' says the poem, 'That's a tree! Look carefully!' We look and see the tree, for the first time."⁸²

In his essay Painter of Modern Life, Baudelaire praises Constantin Guys, a minor painter who was a contemporary of Baudelaire's, for his lack of monumentality. As opposed to the Classicists, Guys is a vivid observer of life, faithful to the impressions he receives. Although Baudelaire is not a fan of photography, he celebrates this impressionist form of

⁸⁰ Of course, heroes come in different forms, and the new Phoebus or poet may be that which is ordinary; McCullough (VIII), "The common man is the common hero/ The common hero is the hero" (*Examination of the Hero in a Time of War*, V), a natural part of everyday reality (of wheel-borrows). But the hero is also a Whitmanesque philosopher, as Bloom and Riddel point out, the perfect representation of "logos."

⁸¹ Spears, Monroe K., Dionysus and the City: Modernity in Twentieth Century Poetry, p19

⁸² Anday, Yeni Tanrılar (New Gods), p161

painting wherein the transient moment is frozen; where the fresh impression solidifies time in momentum like Monet's cathedrals where each passing moment takes on new colour and shade with the changing light. According to Baudelaire, the mainspring of Guys' genius lies in his curiosity, likened to a child who sees everything in a state of newness.⁸³ Stevens takes this a step further to say that it is this child or ephebe who, *seeing* everything in an ignorant eye, will "...see it clearly in the idea of it." It is only such an eye that can see the essence or idea beyond passing images. By expelling images, Stevens hopes to reach the "clean" ideas, supposed to exist from the very beginning. ("How clean the sun when seen in its idea/ Washed in the remotest cleanliness of a heaven/ That has expelled us and our images...").

Baudelaire likens the "painter of modern life" to the convalescent in Poe's The Man of the Crowd who hurls himself into the midst of the throng in pursuit of the unknown. This is a world where "The sun/ Must bear no name..." This Modern child has discarded all previous statutes of belief and order, has killed its suns and sun gods, and peeled off the stuck images to exist "In the difficulty of what it is to be." In the search for a supreme fiction, Stevens calls for the destruction of tags and titles, seeking to reach an absolute. But we do know how he feels about such absolutes; praising metaphysics, he has written that "the greatest poverty is not to live/ In a physical world."⁸⁴ At a time when "the celestial ennui of apartments/ ...[sends] us back to the first idea,"⁸⁵ ("Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction") it is perhaps natural to reject old images in search of some meaning or absolute. But Stevens also ridicules absolutes: (The sun, in clownish yellow, but not a clown,/ Brings the day to perfection and then fails).⁸⁶

⁸³ Baudelaire, Charles,. "Painter of Modern Life." Norton Anthology of Theory and Criticism., p794

⁸⁴ Stevens, "Esthetique du Mal." Palm at the End of the Mind, p262

⁸⁵ Ibid, "Notes Towards a Supreme Fiction." p208

⁸⁶ Ibid, "Esthetique du Mal." p255. It would be interesting to compare the similarity of Baudelaire's approach to C. Guys and Stevens' to Marcel Gromaire. In his article *Why Stevens Must be Abstract*, Charles Altieri points out Stevens' reaction to his contemporaries: "He sees precisely what is at stake: "It is easy to like Klee and Kandinsky. What is difficult is to like the many minor figures who do not communicate any theory that validates what they do and, in consequence, impress one as being without validity." In other words, without an implicit theoretical concern or ideal for which the work is testimony, there is nothing for the presentational features to

Stevens points out that “not to have is the beginning of desire.”⁸⁷ Devoid of meaning, the modern artist seeks to attack and destroy that which is old and stale, believing or wanting to believe in a new system, or offering a new system or supreme fiction in place of all the detritus, in the desire to reach a wholeness: “In a consummate prime, yet still desires/ A further consummation.”⁸⁸ The attempt to put down images or the words/works of the scientific, modern, post Darwinian world at once seems to be futile, however, because there will never be a pure satisfaction, as Stevens acknowledges. Seeking comfort is nonetheless a very human need, (But the priest desires./ The philosopher desires)⁸⁹ and this is where poetry comes in: “The poem refreshes life so that we share,/ For a moment, the first idea...It satisfies/ Belief in an immaculate beginning.”⁹⁰ Although this poetry may refresh us only “for a moment,” it is nonetheless a comfort, a novelty, as when winter turns to spring. It is like “desire at the end of winter” when we throw away that which is old, “As morning throws off stale moonlight and shabby sleep.” Poetry or supreme fiction becomes the new religion. And its face is forever changing.

With Anday, the relationship with images takes on an ironic aspect. In “Bir Yonutun Eski Durumuna Gelmesi” (“A Sculpture Resumes its Old Form”), a sculpture that is presumably antiquated becomes a part of nature, covered with sea salt and silt. But although the sculpture mixes with nature, its stone and metal now covered in salt, it can never actually resume its “old form” as the title claims it does, for it has already been sculpted *out* of stone. “I was found covered in stone and metal/ A sculptor has once again stuck to my body/ Sea water and salt...”⁹¹ Decay or oblivion may take the sculpture back to nature, the new sculptor being nature, but the object or image in question is nonetheless something that has been

testify to or for; context, on the other hand Stevens will recognize a painter like Marcel Gromaire presenting “the human spirit seeking its own architecture, its own *mesure*’ that will enable it to be in harmony with the world.” (OP, p291)” Altieri, Wallace Stevens: The Poetics of Modernism ed. Gelpi, Albert., p92

⁸⁷ Stevens, “Notes Towards a Supreme Fiction.” Palm at the End of the Mind, p208

⁸⁸ Ibid, “Esthetique du Mal.” p255

⁸⁹ Ibid, “Notes.” p208

⁹⁰ Ibid, p209

⁹¹ Anday, Guneste (In the Sun), p24

sculpted, stone and metal are stuck to its skin. The refrain, “My eyes are closed, it’s something like birth” is thus both true and false: the sculpture claims it has cast aside all that it had possessed, returning to the nature it came from, but it still has the eyes that were carved out by the sculptor, and metal is still stuck to its body. Its eyes may be closed, filled with sand and sediment, but there can never be a complete change, or birth. The image wishes to be born again, but this change is not complete as it deems/dreams it to be (the sculpture’s eyes are still closed). Hence, it is “Dogum gibi iste” or something *like* birth, but not birth.

Anday may not be as overtly concerned with the relationship between image and imagination, or form and idea, as Wallace Stevens is, but his poetry subtly points to the dichotomy between these distinctions, oftentimes ridiculing our desire to classify. In “Bolumlemeler” (“Partitions”) he toys with the mathematics between object and words, doing away with inferences and equations:

There is knowledge about trees that no one knows about. In fact they wanted to name them as “the waiting.” But they detested this proposal and had to rest content by saying that “the reality of objects is the romanticism of epic science.” Only knowing through words, but not knowing the objects that these names refer to, but still holding that there is surely a similarity between words and the referred objects, but not knowing which comes before which, perhaps both are born simultaneously but created by different gods, gods that have not seen each other or known each other, I have nonetheless never kept the names of types of things against those who denied each other. Understanding makes me unhappy; I can only live with books I do not comprehend. Glass of stair-cased waters. I have always thought of the table and chair together, thus both disappeared, only the symbol of their relationship remained. Relationships are alive, they multiply and create logic. Series of shapes are the secondary icons of longing. Because the end of mankind has come. Let us scream this out. The error of the equation that ‘there would be no sky had there been no stars’ stems from the confusion of inner qualities with outer qualities. It turns out that all our knowledge is flawed, they had us fooled, because the classifications were incorrect...we can only understand our own finds. And this means independence and solitude. Words inside a whole could keep on changing till eternity. It is worth trying. Classification has exhausted me. And I have come to hate renewal. What misled us was the renewal of days, months, years. But there is no such thing as rebirth. I know this.⁹²

⁹² Ibid, p63-4

The sculpture could never attain its original state; not only because it was far removed from that state but because there was no original state to return to. In both the poem and prose poem, Anday insists that there is no such thing as rebirth because once a thing is altered, it can never return to its original state. Once we name an object, it is branded and its essence can never be reached. But this severance is not important because the grand picture is what counts: the table and the chair together, the logic of what they create. By saying that “the reality of objects is the romanticism of epic science,” Anday is not rejecting reality but a certain kind of reality. Movement is the main deity here; with movement, change.

Shapes suffer the fate of being iconized because of our weakness to classify and understand-- this is precisely the romanticism of epic science. For Anday, as for Stevens, words are like the objects they represent; they are unique and indivisible, though they may be subject to change. They are “things in themselves,” as Stevens points out. But things in themselves, whether it be words or objects, do not suffice: “The eye’s plain version is a thing apart,/ The vulgate of experience. Of this,/ A few words, an and yet, and yet, and yet –” (“An Ordinary Evening in New Haven”).⁹³ Hence the “and yet, and yet, and yet.” Wallace Stevens always stresses the importance of imagination in creating “a new resemblance of the sun.” With Anday, this is logos, and logos, he argues, is born from the relationship between image (object) and thought (words). It is not the “symbol of their relationship” but the relationship itself that is alive. With the merging of the two individual ingredients, the individuality of the object or word is destroyed, resulting in the creation of some vital thing, wholesome, unlike words “[that cannot know] the objects they refer to” or the vice versa.

The mode of celebrating the moment and consequently making an icon of the object in question is seen in the art criticism of Baudelaire. It can be said that Baudelaire’s approach to painting is modified for poetry and expanded by the Imagists, as is evidenced in their

⁹³ Stevens, Palm at the End of the Mind, p 331

manifesto. Imagism has become a problematic term in that the theory and literature that goes under the caption of “Imagism” oftentimes contradict each other. This inconsistency becomes all the more problematic with the shifts in the theory itself, that is to say, with Pound’s modifications, Amy Lowell’s later anthologies that brought in new theories, and Hulme’s assimilation of philosophic materials in buttressing his understanding of Imagism. However, we will take a moment to overview the movement that came to be known as Imagism if only because it brings into question many of the concerns and techniques pertaining to “the image,” that could be encountered in works of literature from Dante’s De Vulgari Eloquentia to the Japanese haikus and Modernist works.

The preface to Some Imagist Poets 1915 states that principles of Imagism were not novel.⁹⁴ The adherents of the movement kept pointing out that the style of writing that constituted “the essentials of great poetry”⁹⁵ was not their invention: they aspired to create a system of writing wherein “the field of verbiage” would be cleansed and no superfluous word or adjective would be used that did not reveal something. One of their main objects was the treatment of “the thing.” The Imagist credo of 1913 calls for direct treatment of the ‘thing’ whether subjective or objective, to use absolutely no word that does not contribute to presentation and as regarding rhythm, to *compose* in sequence of the musical phrase not in sequence of a metronome. The emphasis on “the thing” recalls Schopenhauer’s declaration that “if a man ceases to consider the where, the when, the why, and the whither of things and looks simply and solely at the *what* ... whether a landscape, a tree, a mountain, a building, or whatever it may be; inasmuch as he *loses* himself in this object...then that which is so known is no longer the particular thing as such; but is the Idea, the eternal form...”⁹⁶ Although some Imagists did strive to reach eternal forms through writing, their “idealistic” endeavor differed from that of their predecessors’ in form and language, having stripped their verse from

⁹⁴ Jones, Peter (ed.), Imagist Poetry, p134

⁹⁵ Ibid, p36

⁹⁶ Ibid, p28, quoted by Jones from The Philosophy of Schopenhauer, p146

unnecessary ornamentation or sentimentality. Ezra Pound noted that “a Turkish war correspondent was recently caught red-handed babbling in his dispatches of “dove-grey” hills, or else it was “pearl-pale”, I cannot remember. Use either no ornament or good ornament.”⁹⁷

Of course philosophically speaking, Schopenhauer’s ideal modified to befit Imagist standards is closer to Symbolism. On the surface, their usage of Mallarmé’s *vers libre* may differentiate the “Modern” Imagist works from their Symbolist forefathers. In contrasting Imagism and Symbolism, Pound claims that, “The symbolists dealt in ‘association’, that is, in a sort of allegorical allusion. They degraded the symbol to the status of a word, they made it a form of metronomy...The symbolist’s *symbols* have a fixed value, like numbers in arithmetic, like 1, 2 and 7. The imagist’s images have a variable significance like the signs a, b, and x in algebra...the author must use his *image* because he sees it or feels it, *not* because he thinks he can use it to back up some creed or some system of ethics or economics...”⁹⁸ It is questionable whether the symbolists actually dealt in association, that their symbols took on fixed values or whether they did not see into or “feel” the objects as did the Imagists. It is another question whether the Imagists used their images like the algebraic signs as Pound had desired. There is obviously a great discrepancy between the theory and literature of Imagism.

What stands out in Imagist theory is their reaction against the literary styles of the immediate past. Pound reacts against the kind of Victoriana that is tarnished with the rhetoric and adornments of high ideals. His attack on Symbolism seems to be an attack on its mysticism and idealism. And their models are far removed in history; “Ibycus and Liu Ch’e presented the ‘Image’. Dante is a great poet by reason of this faculty, and Milton is a wind-bag because of his lack of it.”⁹⁹ In the same article, he holds that “the ‘Image’ is the furthest possible remove from rhetoric.” Rhetoric being the “art of dressing up some unimportant matter so as to fool the audience for the time being.” It is ironic that Hoffmanstall had written

⁹⁷ Pound, Ezra, from *Poetry* March 1913

⁹⁸ Pound, *Fortnightly Review*, September 1914, p463-4

⁹⁹ *Ibid*, p 463

along these lines in his essay Poetry and Life (1896): “Both rhetoric, which views life as raw material, and meditations in solemn speech have no right to the name of poetry.”¹⁰⁰ Hofmannstal even goes on to criticize the “thoughtless use” of the adjective, just as Pound did in the Imagist manifesto. The difference between Symbolism and Imagism cannot merely be boiled down to differing styles or philosophies however. The way the Symbolists viewed their symbols or Imagists their images do have great similarities- the main difference is in the style in which the poetry was written, the “hard light, clear edges” of imagism against the closed language of the symbolists (Pound warned his then-fellow Imagists: “Go in fear of abstraction”). But even then we cannot generalize. It is certain that the idealism (and abstraction) that these moderns reacted against can be found in their works.

If Stevens or Anday were to be subjected to a test of Imagism they would certainly not fulfill the criteria, but neither did most of the alleged group members of Imagism for that matter.¹⁰¹ However, although the movement may have failed or contradicted itself, Imagism highlights an obsession that can be seen in many a modern artist with the objects around him/her. In “Poem with Rhythms” Stevens constructs a world of images that are at first likened to shadows. “The hand between the candle and the wall/ Grows large on the wall.”¹⁰² It is not a trick of light that enlarges this hand but the mind.

The mind between this light or that and space,
 (This man in a room with an image of the world,
 That woman waiting for the man she loves,
 Grows large against space:

*There the man sees the image clearly at last.
 There the woman receives her lover into her heart
 And weeps on his breast, though he never comes.*

¹⁰⁰ Hofmannstal, Hugo Von., “Poetry and Life.” Symbolism: An Antology., p65

¹⁰¹ In his *Adagia*, Stevens states in his whimsical fashion that, “Not all objects are equal. The vice of Imagism was that it did not recognize this.” Further, he points out that, “The bare image and the image as a symbol are the contrast: the image without meaning and the image as meaning. When the image is used to suggest something else, it is secondary. Poetry as an imaginative thing consists of more than lies on the surface.” OP, p188

¹⁰² Stevens, Palm at the End of the Mind, p189

Like the hand between the candle and the wall, the mind grows large against space. The mind is the man with an image of the world or the woman waiting for her lover. It is in this in-between place (between light and space) that the image is seen clearly at last. The mind invents; for though her lover has not come, she is holding on to him. The man is said to see the image clearly at long last but images are not to be trusted either, not when they grow large upon walls, and not in a world where a woman can weep on the breast of a man who has not come. This, it seems, is poetry with rhythms. It is composed of body and feeling combined, or image and mind. Stevens often presents a dualism and leaves it unresolved but not when it comes to the subject of poetry. With poetry, the blue of the imagination and the red of the material (Stevens' usual colour symbolism) blend into the purple that is the perfect combination of the two, the purple Phoebus of abstraction. In the last stanza of the poem, the image and love; the man and the woman, red and blue, call it what you may, are fused into a oneness in the mind. Hence the hand may grow large on the wall: physical boundaries are eliminated. But pure imagination, a bright-blue resembling air, will not suffice either. The powerful mirror of the wish and will create the image and the poem. At the end, it is always the poet that is the creator, or all-powerful "stronger than/ The wall;" Image and thought come together in the poem.

It must be that the hand
Has a will to grow larger on the wall,
To grow larger and heavier and stronger than
The wall; and that the mind
Turns to its own figurations and declares,
*"This image, this love, I compose myself
Of these. In these, I come forth outwardly.
In these, I wear a vital cleanliness,
Not as in air, bright-blue-resembling air,
But as in the powerful mirror of my wish and will."*¹⁰³

As Stevens notes in his "Notes Towards a Supreme Fiction" both the imagination and the image are essential, and must not be taken apart: "Not to be realized because not to/ Be seen,

¹⁰³ Ibid, p189

not to be loved nor hated because/ Not to be realized. Weather by Frans Hals”¹⁰⁴ is his way of saying that it is imperative that imagination is necessary so as to see the image and images are necessary so that imagination has something it can work upon. Thought makes reality fuller, Frans Hals’ weather is enriched with thought, “An abstraction blooded, as a man by thought.”¹⁰⁵ Imagists such as H.D. used their images not only to transcribe feelings or thoughts in fact their images replaced these sensations. “The point of Imagisme is that it does not use images as ornaments. The image itself is the speech”¹⁰⁶ writes Pound. The Imagists aimed for an organic fusion of the real, which they labeled as images, with thought; the subject of most of Stevens’ work. Although Hulme held that “thought is prior to language and consists in the simultaneous presentation of two different images...,”¹⁰⁷ thought itself could not do without the images, just as Stevens’ metaphysicals could not do without the physical. Images had to exist a priori so that thought could sum up the “simultaneous presentation of two different images.” This aspect of Imagism is highly relevant to Stevens’ poetry wherein the inevitable balance is frequently underlined. In his *Adagia*, Stevens states that, “Poetry has to be something more than a conception of the mind. It has to be a revelation of nature. Conceptions are artificial. Perceptions are essential.”¹⁰⁸ As with Anday’s table and chair, the interdependence of the two, as pertaining to image and thought, could lead to an idealism of see(k)ing “the whole.”

Plato presents us with a world consisting of two dimensions: “1. that of limited and measured things, of fixed qualities, permanent or temporary which always presuppose pauses and rests, the fixing of presents, and the assignation of subjects (for example, a particular subject having a particular largeness or a particular smallness at a particular moment) and 2. a

¹⁰⁴ Ibid, *Notes (It Must be Abstract)*, p211

¹⁰⁵ Ibid, 212

¹⁰⁶ Jones, p32-33

¹⁰⁷ Ibid, p32

¹⁰⁸ Stevens, “Adagia.” *Opus Posthumous.*, p164

pure becoming without measure, a veritable becoming-mad, which never rests.”¹⁰⁹ In a like manner, the Stoics distinguish between two kinds of things: bodies with their tensions, physical qualities and things or incorporeal entities that are not physical but are products of logical and dialectical attributes, results of passion, verbs not adjectives. Deleuze recognizes this dualism but seeks to highlight another sort of dualism, “a more profound and secret dualism” hidden in things/bodies themselves. “Limited things lie beneath the Idea; but even beneath things, is there not still this mad element which subsists and occurs on the other side of the order that Ideas impose and things receive?”¹¹⁰

Anday seems to attribute a like “force” to things, clearly building a dualism between objects and ideas that they are supposed to represent. Although pure understanding can never be achieved, objects and their images have to coexist on the plane of language so that we can understand them, but things and images always retain a secret that we will never be able to unearth, akin to the mad element outside the order of Ideas and things. Anday likens this relationship to the magic that is poetry, a mad element surely; closed enough so as not to reveal but open to the point allowing a grasp of meaning.

In his prose-poem “Sozler ve Isler” (“Words and Deeds”) Anday explores the relationship of the elements of this duality. Starting from the first line of the poem, we are immediately presented with the dichotomy of image and concept, wherein Anday states that, “It is a miracle, and all miracles are synonymous with poetry, to catch and understand the phonetic image of any word before it meets its particular concept in memory.”¹¹¹ (Herhangi bir sozcugun isitimsel imgesini, anlikta ona karsilik dusen kavramla bulusmadan yakalamak ve anlamak bir tansiktir, butun tansiklar gibi de siirle esdegerlidir.) It is interesting that Anday uses the term “phonetic,” buttressing sight (image) with sound, but he doesn’t want us to forget that we are in the domain of language, and concepts, it seems, cannot be disclosed

¹⁰⁹ Deleuze, Gilles., The Logic of Sense, p1-2

¹¹⁰ Ibid, p2

¹¹¹ Anday, Guneste, p67

without words. According to Deleuze, language sets limits but it also liberates. Anday focuses on the inevitable interdependence of language and meaning, emphasizing the weakness of words with respect to things:

No word carries a thing from the object it symbolizes. Objects and words are undoubtedly separated from one another, and therefore have to live alongside each other. There is no way to understand objects. Pull out any weed from the earth and look, you are going to throw it away, there's nothing else you can do; this is because the weed does not know its concept, and language is not for utterance, it is something to be heard. It all happened in the ear. Rimbaud had heard stars fru-fruing lightly: If so, he must have understood what they said. Understanding comes through the denial of objects.¹¹²

The weed is apparently worthless because it cannot *think* (so as to know its concept). Language is the method of reaching those thoughts although there is “no way to understand objects.” But there is another kind of language that is related to the *verb* of the Stoics and that is poetry. By speaking, we produce words, but it is during the stage of hearing that we infuse them with meaning. The poet finds meaning in a world where “the world of meaning is empty, there, the eye has no place.” Rimbaud *hears* stars and thus understands them. Anday says, “we lost this emptiness right when we were about to learn it. Now we are trying to probe it with poetry.”

On reworking the Stoic dualism of states of being, Emile Brehier utilizes the example of the body on an operating table: “When the scalpel cuts through the flesh, the first body produces upon the second not a new property but a new attribute, that of being cut. The *attribute* does not designate any real *quality*..., it is, to the contrary, always expressed by the verb, which means that it is not a being, but a way of being, the nature of which it is not able to change...it is purely and simply a result, or an effect which is not to be classified among beings.”¹¹³ Anday's objects are as this body while language is analogous to the act of cutting: we call them, cut them up and change them. “They could all be renamed.” Writes Anday, “If

¹¹² Ibid, p67

¹¹³ Deleuze, p5

we tried calling them, a fork would raise its head instead of the napkin.”¹¹⁴ Music or poetry in turn is the indivisible, incorporeal element that is both the body and the action, noun and the verb. Anday says music can surpass the limitation that is language. “A line is not palpable, it pierces through the skin.”¹¹⁵ With poetry, Brehier’s autopsy table is flung aside, the body is replaced by the poem, a way of being, but is subject to change, unlike Brehier’s ways of being or essences. In the last line of the poem, Anday promises that the world we see is as it is, (gordugumuz dunya, yemin ederim, aslina benziyor), hinting at the fact that there are two worlds, something that is and something that we make it to be. We change things with our gaze upon them.¹¹⁶ At the end, that the world looks very much as it seems, or as it is, is too vague an affirmation where words and their respective objects are so detached, and conceptions vague. Here, the abstraction that Pound reacted against is hailed. It is this abstraction which enables stars to fall when a tree shakes; the relationship between images and their relevant objects can never be fully discovered, as is the case with things and the words used to represent them, but what is important after all is the relationship between them, the abstraction that remains.

Wallace Stevens’ understanding of the poem as an abstraction resembles Anday’s point of view. Stevens’ supreme fiction, or life, life being a supreme fiction, “Must Be Abstract” because abstraction is “more fecund as principle than partial.” (“Notes,” I, X) Supreme fiction need be abstract because this is the best way that one can create. Thought is important, and with it, imagination, and not gods; “It is of him, ephebe, to make, to confect/ The final elegance, not to console/ Nor sanctify, but plainly to propound.” Stevens is not looking for comfort from heroes or deities; he calls for the dismissal of classical prophets, or apotheosis. “They differ from reason’s click-clack, its applied/ Enflashings. But apotheosis is

¹¹⁴ Anday, p68

¹¹⁵ Ibid, p69

¹¹⁶ In another poem of his, Anday stretches the insinuation of a solipsistic universe further when he says, “Only that which I look upon exists./ Whatever I look at, I create.” “Diyorsun ki” (“You Say”). Guneste, p22

not/ The origin of major man.”¹¹⁷ If supreme fiction must be abstract, its writer, the new major man, must be the poet, a sort of anti-hero, a Chaplinesque man “in that old coat, those sagging pantaloons,” who, “swaddled in revery, the object of/ The hum of thoughts evaded in the mind,” is as light, abstract, changing, and pleasing. Like Anday, Stevens shuns our habit of categorization: “Give him/ No names. Dismiss him from your images.”¹¹⁸

The demystification of the hero is important when read in the context of the abstraction between objects and will. In the climax of “Examination of the Hero in a Time of War” Stevens does away with the individual ingredients of object/subject and our perception of this very object to highlight the compound that arises from the combination. That compound is feeling. In doing so, he is not only deflating the hero but the images that have come to represent things:

It is not an image. It is a feeling.
There is no image of the hero.
There is a feeling as definition.
How could there be an image, an outline,
A design, a marble soiled by pigeons?
The hero is a feeling, a man seen
As if the eye was an emotion,
As if in seeing we saw our feeling
In the object seen and saved that mystic
Against the sight, the penetrating
Pure eye. Instead of allegory,
We have and are the man, capable
Of his brave quickenings, the human
Accelerations that seem inhuman.¹¹⁹

Freeing themselves from the shackles of objectivism, Stevens and Anday question the reliability of perception, therein acknowledging the importance of the mutual dependence of image and observation in the creation (or decreation) of understanding. Images and our perception of them are weighed against each other so as to celebrate the union that is born from these two principles. In turn, they point to the fact that it is abstraction that produces a

¹¹⁷ Stevens, “Notes.” *Palm at the End of the Mind*, p214

¹¹⁸ Ibid, p214-215

¹¹⁹ Ibid, p205

set of resemblances that enables us to see x as y with the *as*. The *as* of abstraction is not only a basic principle of metaphor bestowing us with the power of substitution between object and object, and object and subject, but the *as* allows the poet to move “beyond the differences that perspectivism insists upon, yet allows him to show how the various attitudes might be available to everyone.”¹²⁰ Reflecting on the abstractionism of Stevens, Altieri points out how Stevens follows the likes of Modrian in “apprehending a world not simply as facts, but as values.” This is Stevens’ supreme fiction, Altieri continues to say, “the supreme consort of fact in its real unreality.”¹²¹ Anday says that he always looked for “errors in objects” so that we can come to the conclusion that “the mind is a trace of a shapely conception.”¹²² Shapes that are sculpted with the mind, bringing about conceptions that actually amount to a set values or feelings, are similar to Stevens’ real unrealities.¹²³

Picasso’s definition of painting as being “ a hoard of destructions” characterizes Stevens’ and Anday’s rearrangements of reality. Pertaining to presentation, Helen Vendler holds that Stevens “is always ‘showing,’ though not by images. Rather, he does his showing through his curious words and syntax.”¹²⁴ Painting abstract poems, both poets display stylistic similarities pertaining to the distance they draw between the images they represent and language. Thus, the abstraction of their supreme fictions, (view them as a conglomerate of curious words or syntaxes if you will), leads the reader to question the nature of “seeing,” just as he/she is fed a series of images (i.e. words) that produce an altogether different picture as a whole. Stevens’ “Study of Two Pears” for example, is an attempt to paint with words a Cezannesque still-life and in so doing probe at the nature of the relationship between the

¹²⁰ Altieri, Charles, “Why Stevens Must be Abstract.” Wallace Stevens: The Poetics of Modernism., p106

¹²¹ Ibid., p107

¹²² Anday, “Diyorsun ki” (“You Say”). Guneste, p22

¹²³ Anday is keen on pointing out that conceptions are false while Stevens, although often questioning truths, always underlines the interdependence of the real and unreal, i.e. that which brings about a conception.

¹²⁴ Vendler, Helen., The Music of What Happens., p90

object in isolation from reality and the reader/observer who reads/looks into the work, in turn doing his share of creating.

I
Opusculum paedagogum.
The pears are not viols,
Nudes of bottles.
They resemble nothing else.

II
They are yellow forms
Composed of curves
Bulging toward the base.
They are touched red.

III
They are not flat surfaces
Having curved outlines.
They are round
Tapering toward the top.

IV
In the way they are modeled
There are bits of blue.
A hard leaf hangs
From the stem.

V
The yellow glistens.
It glistens with various yellows,
Citrons, oranges and greens
Flowering over the skin.

VI
The shadows of the pears
Are blobs on the green cloth.
The pears are not seen
As the observer wills.¹²⁵

It is no surprise that the poem starts with a negation; the superior, scientific sound of Latin “pears” or other objects such as viols or nudes are that which pears are not, so that consequently, the painting starts to crystallize stanza by stanza as the pears first take form, then surface, outlines and shape upon which colour is applied. Having created this picture however, Stevens decides to include their shadows described very palpably as “green blobs.” Up to this point, the reader is presented with the image of pears that are seen in isolation. Pack proposes that, “in setting to paint a still-life of pears, Stevens begins with the assumption that

¹²⁵ Stevens, Palm at the End of the Mind, p159

the pears can be absolutely defined,”¹²⁶ but at the end of the poem, we are presented with another negation. It is at this point that the pears fall from our reach into an abstraction, out of their pre-formed isolation or still-life. In so doing, the observer himself comes into existence, just as the pears have declared their independence. The will of the observer seems to be of no import because of its imposition on the real. But then we stumble upon Stevens’ and Anday’s the usual question of about reality. At the end, however, what we are left with is the poem, as tangible as the shadows of the pears and it is in this poem that “the reality of poetry realize[s] an *as* that captures a necessary interconnection between observing and willing.”¹²⁷

Shadows take on an important role in the world of things with Anday too. In “Gunduzun Geceyarisi” (“The Midnight of Day”) Anday declares that he is “to plant shadows again/so that trees may be founded once more.” (...golgeleri yeniden dikiyorum kurmak için yeniden agacları).¹²⁸ Anday constructs trees by starting to paint their shadows. The world becomes a nightmare when symbols come to designate everything for us, subjecting all to an absolute light where shadows and secondary meanings are erased. “Oh meaning, do not remember us unless you are a nightmare.”¹²⁹ The reversal of inferences or the salutation of shadows over their “reverent” objects is akin to Stevens’ search for the middle term or grey zone. The approach or choice of “repetition over revelation, life’s nonsense over evangel- is reflected in the tendency, more visibly present in “Notes” than ever before, to close his poems on a mitigation, a minor key rather than on declaration or outright dismissal”¹³⁰ is evidenced in the works of both the poets where polarities are abandoned for the sake of reaching a wholeness. Or, in the pursuit of an ideal equilibrium. (It was not a choice / Between excluding

¹²⁶ Pack, Robert., Wallace Stevens: An Approach to his Poetry and Thought. p176

¹²⁷ Altieri, p100

¹²⁸ Anday, Guneste, p16

¹²⁹ Ibid, p17

¹³⁰ Vendler, On Extended Wings p171

things. It was not a choice/ Between, but of.”) (“Notes,” III, vi). Hailing the minor key in celebrating the major, the concerto is balanced: “A fish sleeps, to create the sea”¹³¹

The supreme fiction then can be equated to the closure of totalization. In its abstractness, images and perception are intertwined, so much so that starting points or a prioris need not even be questioned. “The Supreme Fiction, in its abstraction, is ‘not to be spoken to,’” posits Vendler, with all the changes that occur with our ever-shifting perceptions in a world of invisible objects: “The supreme fiction, nor yet embodied, is ‘not to be seen’ - its first condition- and is therefore invisible...In this conclusion, the human enters only as illustration, a function suitable to this poem in which the perceiver is repeatedly eliminated.”¹³² The poet, or “priest of the invisible” as Stevens calls him, can therefore become his poem that is in turn subjected to change. Turning into the objects about him, Anday foregoes a series of transformations in his poem “Agac Oldum” (“I Became a Tree”). “I was walking under a tree/ It all happened in an instant/ I was departed from myself/...I was walking under a tree/ I became a tree that moved/ Saw someone in the soil.” In this case, change bears certain resemblances (the tree walks) to his previous state. But he never puts a period to the process of change, recalling Stevens’ “Well Dressed Man with a Beard” that says, “After the final no there comes a yes.”

When Pound declared in his “Hugh Selwyn Mauberley” that “The age demanded an image/Of its accelerated grimace,/ Something for the Modern stage,/ Not, at any rate, an Attic grace”¹³³ he was pinpointing the modern desire to nominate and accordingly encapsulate thoughts with their respective objects. In Modernity: An Incomplete Project, Habermas has cited Octavio Paz’s observation on the transformation of these objects into aesthetic entities.¹³⁴ To take this a step further, Anday’s tree becomes a tree only through poetry. The

¹³¹ Anday, “Yanyana Hersey.” Gocebe Deniz in Ustunde, p29

¹³² Vendler, On Extended Wings, p191-2

¹³³ Norton Anthology of Poetry, p576

¹³⁴ Habermas, J., “Modernity: An Incomplete Project.” The Norton Anthology of Theory and Criticism, p1751

role of the poet then, becomes pivotal, forming a connection and hopefully a balance between the two mediums, the real and unreal, the grey and the coloured. Gray recapitulates the role of this poet not as a creator or nominator of images, but as the founder of equilibrium: “The poet, according to Stevens, strives for a ‘precise equilibrium’ between the mind and its environment at any given moment in time; and then creates a fiction which is at once true to our experience of the world and true to his and our need for value and meaning.”¹³⁵ Here, grimaces meet attic graces.

“I believe in the image,” writes Stevens in his Adagia. At the same time, he points out that, “It is the belief and not the god that counts.” It is his belief in imperfection that is ultimate; that which creates change brings movement, and movement is one of the most important conditions of pleasure for Stevens. It is the belief in the powers of abstraction that brings about multiplicity in Stevens, whilst Anday proclaims, “Disappear, timeless ideals” (“You Say”), thereby creating new ideals.

¹³⁵ Gray, Richard., American Poetry of the Twentieth Century, p90

CHAPTER THREE

IT MUST CHANGE

“The truth: What a perfect idol of the rationalistic mind.”¹³⁶

William James

“Modern thought is distinguished from ancient by its cultivation
of the ‘relative spirit’ in place of the absolute.”¹³⁷

Walter Pater

The painter sits between the buildings and the sea, a white canvas before him, waiting to paint the portrait of the sea. In the silence, he hopes that the sea will rush to his canvas making itself manifest in all its grandeur and majesty. But the canvas remains white, and the people in the near-by buildings urge him to use his brushes and paint. Eventually, they toss the portrait from the tallest of the buildings. The sea devours the canvas and the brush as though “his subject had decided to remain a prayer.”¹³⁸ This is the ‘story’ of John Ashbery’s painter, whose vast subject matter plagues him, but more so his spectators/readers. The people in the buildings seem to be more distraught by the blankness of the painting than its creator. The white canvas could be considered a faithful portrait of an immense sea after all, but they need their figures and explanations. The painter is merely overwhelmed by the nature before him. From the world of images, we are now to enter the world of ideas. The preoccupation with images and objects brought into focus in the previous chapter leads to the question of reality and perception, wherein appearances are probed in relation to the self. The existence of the self is in turn questioned in regard to man’s surroundings, the reality that is outside. Both Stevens and Anday have written extensively on the nature of reality, alternately using nature as its source, adversary, beginning and end. Bergson’s *duree* and the changing conception of

¹³⁶ James, William., *Psychology.*, p157

¹³⁷ Spears, “Essay on Coleridge.” p22

¹³⁸ Ashbery, John., “The Painter.” *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*, p784

time seems to have been an important influence for the poets who were, like Ashbery's painter, overwhelmed by a magnificent nature with all its transience.

The changing seasons may have become a hackneyed symbol for the inexorable dominion of Time posing with his silvery sickle in great silence. The overpowering notion of death has intrigued Stevens and Anday. Despite all the promised terrors of non-existence, Stevens declares that "It must change," supreme fiction like life needs to flow, and Anday's horns need be sounded when darkness falls echoing the horns of resurrection day,¹³⁹ because change is the very dynamic of life. Supreme fiction must change so that sad horns can make music. In their gay celebration of life, Stevens and Anday frequently write of a lush nature flowering with beautiful fruits, but as Keats has said, Autumn has its music too.¹⁴⁰ Sleeping in the sun, an eternity is promised, eclipsed only by the thought of mortality but Stevens and Anday repeatedly remind us that it is the mind that creates realities, and although reality is often portrayed as being "physical," the metaphysics can be just as real.

In "Description without Place" Stevens describes our world as being made up of appearances, a world where it is impossible to identify things except in reference to their seeming. "It is possible that to seem-it is to be,/As the sun is something seeming and it is." However, as we progress through the poem, it becomes evident that seeming cannot be equated to "things as they are." Stevens goes on to point out that "Description is revelation. It is not/ The thing described, nor false facsimile./ It is an artificial thing that exists,/ In its own seeming, plainly visible."¹⁴¹ At this point, perception becomes conception as Robert Pack argues.¹⁴² Things and appearances may be inextricably intertwined, and that is often what

¹³⁹ Anday, "Huzunlu bir Aksam Borusunun Ezgisi için Söz" ("A Few Words on the Sad Tune of an Evening Horn"). *Teknenin Olumu*, p9-12

¹⁴⁰ "Where are the songs of Spring? Aye, where are they?/ Think not of them, thou hast thy music too-" Keats, John, "To Autumn." *Selected Poems*, p267

¹⁴¹ All the above lines from: Stevens, "Description without Place." *Palm at the End of the Mind*, p270

¹⁴² Pack, Robert., *Wallace Stevens: An Approach to his Poetry and Thought*, p81

Stevens refers to as reality but then what of those “things as they are”? It will become evident that Stevens tends to waver on the subject.

In a like manner Anday has conflicting views about reality and death. While constantly reacting against absolutes and underlining relativity, he creates his own realities which we are bound to distrust if only because he constantly deconstructs his own system of belief. At the same time, he has an underlying conviction of an “absolute reality” that he often attempts to destroy although he cannot always do so. Anday quotes an ancient Chinese poet of the sixth century B.C. who is known to have said “the colour of water is that of its container.” Anday proceeds to explain how colour, like time, is a suspicious concept: “Colour, like time, fools us. What we discover when we study the poets who write on colour is that they all write without dwelling in nature. By that I mean they act with a belief in colour. They do not take into account the transience and falsity of these things...Colours are senses. They appeal to our senses. Don’t mistake me for a metaphysician, but I believe that only poets and philosophers can seek that which is beyond the senses. Colours belie, they are like time.”¹⁴³ Anday’s colours simulate Stevens’ impressionistic view of colour in “Large Red Man Reading” where “eternal men’s” colours (i.e. Emerson, Bacchus) take on the colour of their surroundings. “Which in those ears and in those thin, those splendid hearts,/ Took on color, took on shape and the size of things as they are/ And spoke the feeling for them, which was what they had lacked.”¹⁴⁴ Like Stevens’ world of appearances, we come to distinguish between seeming and essence in Anday’s poems. Our senses could fool us but Anday and Stevens allow for a niche, hinting at the possibility of absolutes; that which is beyond the senses which poets and philosophers can espy.

Both poets often start with the premise that there is no such thing as truth. In Stevens’ “On the Road Home” the protagonist expresses an almost childlike delight with the

¹⁴³ Anday, *Olumsuzluk Ardında M.C.Anday*, p62

¹⁴⁴ Stevens, *The Palm at the End of the Mind*, p321

obliteration of truth: “It was when I said, “There is no such thing as truth,”/ That the grapes seemed fatter. The fox ran out of his hole.”¹⁴⁵ Although a universe where absolutes are destroyed may certainly seem liberating and fecund like fat grapes, Stevens’ glee is nonetheless short-lived. The dangerous world where foxes run out of their holes may be exhilarating with the promise of endless possibilities but this does not mean that the existence of an absolute truth, though inaccessible, is not promising.

You... You said,
“There are many truths,
But they are not parts of *a* truth.” [italics mine]
Then the tree, at night, began to change,
Smoking through green and smoking blue.
We were two figures in a wood.
We said we stood alone.

It was when I said,
“Words are not forms of a single word.
In the sum of the parts, there are only the parts.
The world must be measured by eye.”;

It was when you said,
“The idols have seen lots of poverty,
Snakes and gold and lice,
But not the truth.”;

It was at that time, that the silence was largest
And longest,
The night was roundest,
The fragrance of the autumn warmest,
Closest and strongest.

Stevens expresses here his yearning for an absolute, what he calls “the the” in “Man on the Dump.”¹⁴⁶ The Dantesque setting where Stevens’ Virgil promises “a truth” is rather sad for it expresses Stevens’ desire for something more wholesome and absolute, rather than reaffirming his belief in “a truth.” Therefore, though the hyperreality with many truths may seem to make things look fuller, the night is roundest and the fragrance of autumn warmest with the belief in an absolute. The world is measured by the eye/I, and idols may not have

¹⁴⁵ Ibid, p164

¹⁴⁶ Stevens, Palm at the End of the Mind, p163

seen the truth but there is nonetheless the prospect of a truth that enhances life or provides a hope against the existential fears of death and silence that Stevens often writes about.

In a like vein, in his poem “Kardelenler” (“Snowdrops”) Anday embarks upon describing the construct that is reality by saying that it is the mind that creates it. Anday insinuates that we are the ones who create reality, its trees, skies and seas: “Ah Ben olmadan gormek isterdim agaci. Ben olmadan koparmak isterdim gogu. Ben olmadan opmek denizi. Hicbir nesne titremeden cikan ses gibi. Ciglik aramaktir olmayani.”¹⁴⁷ The scream of desperation that is sounded with the search for an unknown is the very scream the poem has become with its longing for an absolute reality outside the poet’s self. Although Anday starts the verse with the assumption that there is no reality, by the end of the poem, he hails that unreachable source that he (or the flower that is the narrator of the poem), will never be able to see. “Taslarin yerini degistiriyorum, ya da yagan kari opuyorum diz cokup. Ruhumu teslim ediyorum anlamayi asan erince.”¹⁴⁸ With this new-gained belief in an absolute, the discomfort that was felt in the beginning of the poem is somewhat relieved. The poem ends as an elegy, a farewell, a resignation of the self to a transcendent state which is beyond: the poet/flower has accomplished what he had wished for in the first stanza except, instead of kissing the sea, he kisses the snow that Ashbury’s sea has become. And now he has the power to move stones.

As with the initial “I” in Anday’s “Snowdrops” the self of Stevens’ “Description Without Place” was like a receptacle. There is another self that is close to Santayana’s skeptic “I” that appears in Stevens’ and Anday’s works, a self that disappears like the snowdrop in the snow. In positing his theory of flux, Santayana declares that “any being exists that may be called ‘I’ so that I am not a mere essence, is a thousand times more doubtful, and is often

¹⁴⁷ Anday, *Guneste* (In the Sun), p13, (I wish I could see the tree without the “I”. To break the sky without “I”. To kiss the sea without “I.” Like the sound that is heard without the vibration of an object. A scream is the search for the inexistent.)

¹⁴⁸ (I move the stones, or kneel down to kiss the falling snow. I surrender my soul to the peace which transcends understanding.) Trans: Cevza Sevgen

denied by keenest wits.”¹⁴⁹ In the state of transience, the self is ever-changing. Though Stevens and Anday may yearn for some higher state, they constantly return to the subject of this flux, as if they are trying to turn that which they believe (the inevitability of passing time) into a fiction by writing about it.

The Second Law of Thermodynamics states that heat flows from a warmer body to a colder one. Bergson uses this law to buttress his theory of flux. Taking the law a step further, he states that “the vision we have of the material world is that of a weight which falls.”¹⁵⁰ In this state of flux, the self, like Heraclitus’ river, is in a constant state of transformation. Thus, one man becomes milleman, as Doggett rightly points out, and like the wind that Whitehead mentions, “man is still himself and yet another at each passing moment.”¹⁵¹ For Bergson, reality lies in immediate experience as a flux wherein there is a continuous process of becoming.¹⁵² In “The Glass of Water” Stevens describes the glass of water as being a state. “That the glass would melt in heat,/ That the water would freeze in cold,/ Shows that this object is merely a state/One of many, between two poles. So/ In the metaphysical, there are these poles.”¹⁵³ Here, the object that is the glass of water and man are in constant movement in their physical and metaphysical states, and are therefore subject to change. However, the seeming defiance of absolutes always carries with it a secret desire for stasis and unification.

Although Stevens writes that the “final belief/Must be in a fiction” in “Asides on the Oboe” he also presents a vision of stability, the world of Plato’s philosopher/poet king: “In the end, however naked, tall, there is still/ The impossible possible philosophers’ man,/ The man who has had the time to think enough/ The central man, the human globe, responsive/ As a mirror with a voice, the man of glass,/ Who in a million diamonds sums us up.”¹⁵⁴ In the

¹⁴⁹ fr. Santayana’s Skepticism quoted by Frank Doggett, Stevens’ Poetry of Thought, p75

¹⁵⁰ Ibid, p71 (fr. Bergson’s Creative Evolution, p267)

¹⁵¹ Ibid, p79

¹⁵² Bergson, Henri., Time and Free Will, intro. vi

¹⁵³ Stevens, The Palm at the End of the Mind, p160

¹⁵⁴ Ibid, p187

grounded world of this collective self, the center that reflects everything is likened to Schopenhauer's glass man, the self of all selves.¹⁵⁵ One could compare this desire to piece together time's insignificant splinters to make up a whole, to the want of belief in a center with its central man, echoing Bergson's recommendation to look at things as a whole. Bergson calls for his readers to put broken fragments of reality behind them so as to immerse themselves in the living stream of things.¹⁵⁶ This aspiration is a repeated theme in Stevens.

A like pattern will be seen in Anday. Having wrecked the prospect of a reality outside the self, he had prayed to a higher conscience that was akin to Stevens' or Schopenhauer's glass man in Anday's "Snowdrops". With time and in that connection death, he defies all standards with his usual anachronistic approach while seeking a *duree*, the living stream of time as a whole that Bergson described. Firstly, the concept of time needs to be wiped out, as Bergson posits and Einstein after him. "Time, as dealt with by the astronomer and the physicist, does indeed *seem* to be measurable and therefore homogeneous," writes Bergson. "It is nothing of the sort however and a close examination will dispel this last illusion."¹⁵⁷ In his prose poem "Oyle Ukusundan Uyanirken" ("Upon Waking from a Siesta") Anday does just that when he says: "It cannot be done without the defeat of time. Know that there is no such thing as Time."¹⁵⁸ Anday had attacked truth and science in other poems, here he does away with time. Up to this point he is in accordance with Bergson and modern physicists who hold that "time is what a clock says, and anything could be a clock such as a drift of a continent, one's own stomach, a chronometer, schedule of production or calendar for religious ceremonies."¹⁵⁹ But in some of his poems, Anday hints that there could be something supreme beyond measurements or memorized beliefs.

¹⁵⁵ Doggett, p92

¹⁵⁶ Bergson, vii

¹⁵⁷ Ibid, p99

¹⁵⁸ Anday, *Olumsuzluk Ardında Gilgamiş*, p51

¹⁵⁹ Hall, Edward T, *The Dance of Life*, p15. This is a summary of Einstein's theory of time who, doing away with Newtonian 'time' proves that time is not an absolute-

The fleeting state of the world is a subject matter that occupies Stevens as well as Anday. A yearning for permanence usually comes after a disillusionment or mortification in the face of transience. In Stevens' "Solitude of Cataracts" one can sense a great longing to stop time amidst all the movement and change. "There was so much that was real that was not real at all./ He wanted to feel the same way over and over./ He wanted the river to go on flowing the same way,/ To keep on flowing. He wanted to walk beside it/ Under the buttonwoods, beneath a moon nailed fast."¹⁶⁰ The praise of the here and now with its fervently flowing rivers becomes a cry against mortality. Stevens' narrator wants the river to go on flowing while he goes on walking beside it under a "nailed moon," so there would be no change: the desire "Just to know how it would feel, released from destruction/ To be a bronze man breathing under archaic lapis," is the desire for stasis, where man is "stable" as bronze, but breathing, alive.

In Anday's case, there is a consistent reminder of time passing, of that which is fleeting. Anday shares Steven's sadness. By repeatedly doing away with the usual chronologies and histories, Anday not only demolishes the system of time but creates his own fluid histories of timelessness, a space where all the ancients, fictive and "real" coexist with Anday the poet. In a Shakespearean way, this is a promise of immortality, a place where mere dates (or fragments in Bergsonian terms) do not matter within the big picture.

Saclioglu argues that time is a major preoccupation of Anday's: "Time may be Melih Cevdet Anday's fundamental subject matter. A large proportion of his poetry, articles, plays and novels are directly and indirectly concerned with the subject. In him, we see the mind's and time's hope of taking part and grasping a part of eternity in the short-lived existence of the body, like a flame in eternity."¹⁶¹ In "Zaman Su Gibi" ("Time Runs Like Water") "Anday underlines his view on the speed with which time passes:

¹⁶⁰ Stevens, *Palm at the End of the Mind*, p321

¹⁶¹ Saclioglu, *A' dan Z'ye Melih Cevdet Anday*, p76

“His beloved had died, he had cried upon her,
He had worn mourning clothes, his voice was muted,
I cannot bedeck myself with paints ever again, he had said.”

Beardless Xintas goes on to say:
“Time runs like water, what is
Pain of death! One day I saw her
She didn’t see me.”¹⁶²

In his own way, Anday mocks the heroics of mourning and the disappointment of Xintas who is himself insignificant in the face of Time. Although it is Xintas who “wisely” informs us of time’s triumph over his love and over life, one cannot help but read his deep regret and resignation. By dying, his beloved has been transformed into some other form, a ghost that fails to notice him, something like death itself. The living are therefore all the same to her, be it Xintas or not. Anday’s title stresses the inevitable race of time, its winged chariot that does not distinguish between pauper and ruler. Despite his rather nonchalant, almost comic story of loss where time is portrayed as being triumphant, there is an inherent sadness. This terrible realization is repeated throughout his work.

Stevens’ oeuvre bears many like examples as to the relationship of time and death. Pertaining to the subject of reality, we saw that there was a yearning for a belief in an absolute that could imbue life with sense or meaning. Or, at least provide comfort. A similar yearning occasionally comes to the forefront with the subject of time and death. It is as if Stevens’ mind “is never satisfied to resign itself to nothingness.”¹⁶³ Doggett holds that Stevens creates forms and personifications (both for life and death) to humanize reality. In poems such as “A Postcard from the Volcano” the picture of death is presented in a very matter of fact way. Verging on the grotesque, we encounter a picture of unknowing children playing with the bones of the dead. This picture is frightening except that amidst all the tatters and decay,

¹⁶² Anday, *Teknenin Olumu* (Death of the Boat), p52

¹⁶³ Doggett, p10

Stevens sets up an assuaging golden sun which reminds us of the beauty of change, the material and immaterial coexisting in the stream of time at the end:

Children picking up our bones
Will never know that these were once
As quick as foxes on the hill;

And that in autumn, when the grapes
Made sharp air sharper by their smell
These had a being, breathing frost;

And least will guess that with our bones
We left much more, left what still is
The look of things, left what we felt

At what we saw. The spring clouds blow
Above the shuttered mansion-house,
Beyond our gate and the windy sky

Cries out a literate despair.
We knew for long the mansion's look
And what we said of it became

A part of what it is...Children,
Still weaving budded aureoles,
Will speak our speech and never know,

Will say of the mansion that it seems
As if he had lived there left behind
A spirit storming in blank walls,

A dirty house in a gutted world,
A tatter of shadows peaked to white,
Smeared with the gold of the opulent sun.¹⁶⁴

The postcard comes from a volcano implying that at any moment, there could be an eruption, bringing destruction, yet from the fertilizing earth of this rich volcanic matter will spring forth new life, new children. We enter the poem in a setting of children, standing atop this volcano. Stevens begins his poem from a materialist perspective, stressing on the inevitable decay to which we are doomed. Here, the grapes in "On the Road Home" that "seemed fatter" with the knowledge that there is no truth, are set in a natural, autumnal habitat where the dead breathe

¹⁶⁴Stevens, The Palm at the End of the Mind, p127

frost under cold mounds of earth. But then Stevens moves to the sphere of the immaterial: here, men who were once alive are still an integral part of a whole, and though they may not be heard, they are felt. They have left behind “much more” than mere bones, even if these may just be “feelings” or recollections of spring clouds.¹⁶⁵ The dead take part in the lives of the living and are just as important as that which is material, being a part of this collective existence.

Though Perloff claims that Stevens rejects a transcendent realm “above and beyond what man can see,”¹⁶⁶ I believe Stevens sets up a transcendental world amidst all this reality in the land of the volcano. The children hold the bones but the impalpable dead become an integral part of their existence: “What we said of it became/ A part of what it is...” It is futile to discuss whether Stevens only retains Baudelaire’s “soif insatiable” for transcendence without believing in it: what is underlined here is the coexistence of “the dirty house” and the “tatter of shadows” under an opulent sun. The pact of the living and the dead radiates a sense of completion, conveying Stevens’ sense of transcendence.

The subject of death in the work of Anday too is oftentimes portrayed in connection with life. Anday has pointed out that death is the most universal theme, and therefore a prominent subject matter in literature. Like Stevens, Anday’s preoccupation with death has to do with fear; it is therefore not surprising that he suggests death is a mere rumor, a fiction: “If a poet wants to reach out to men, he ought to tackle the subject of death because fear of death is what all men have shared throughout history. Even love is not like death, for there have been times when love did not dominate. But life has never been lived without fear of death. Do not mistake my words as a justification for choosing death as my subject matter. It does not matter whether one writes on life or death for both leave behind the same flavor...I tried to look at the subject of death in its relation to life. As if it were a part of life. It is linked to

¹⁶⁵ A great airy contrast to the sharp, heavy landscape of autumn where the first two stanzas are set.

¹⁶⁶ Perloff, Marjorie, The Poetics of Indeterminacy, p18

the theme of “Time.” Come to think of it, time for the dead has really stopped, there is no need for change. But we run across them in the stream of flowing time. The strange thing is that they flow with us, we pause with them. Death is a rumor. We should find a few words from this rumor.”¹⁶⁷

Perhaps, death is fictionalized because we, the living, create the concepts of time and death. Although Anday remarks that the dead are timeless and therefore not subject to change, they are ironically the ones that keep on moving (or flowing) while we pause. The dead here are immortal and unchangeable only through us: by remembering them, we carry them through our lives, so they do indeed flow with us. We may measure time, but we are not in control of Time, therefore when we pause, the flow stops. Like Stevens’ volcano apparitions that partake in life, the dead move as long as we move, children play only to become phantoms in their turn. Our pause is our death and the remembrances and fictions that follow will continue to flow with a new generation of the living, turning the dead into Stevens’ bronze men “without the oscillations of planetary pass-pass,/ Breathing his bronzen breath at the azury center of time.”¹⁶⁸ Remembrance or history makes death a rumor and words of this rumor become literature. On paper then “writing is life, carrying death...”¹⁶⁹

Each passing moment makes that which is lived dead, each piece of writing becoming a history. If death is created by (s)he who lives, the writer of death is also the writer of life as Anday claims. By saying that death leaves the same flavor behind as life, Anday has underlined the interconnectedness of the two, as Stevens did with his merging of the physical with the metaphysical. Once again the “now” or present comes to the foreground, as it is the only time when everything seems “real.” In “The Rock” Stevens’ points out how memory or history could seem unreal as opposed to the present when he writes: “It is an illusion that we were ever alive,/ Lived in the houses of mothers/...The houses still stand,/ Though they are

¹⁶⁷ Anday, *Olumsuzluk Ardında M.C.A.*, p67

¹⁶⁸ Stevens, “This Solitude of Cataracts.” *Palm at the End of the Mind*, p322

¹⁶⁹ Soysal, Ahmet., *Olum Yazı Vucut.*, (Death Writing Body), p11

rigid in rigid emptiness./ Even our shadows, their shadows, no longer remain./...In a birth of sight. The blooming and the musk/ Were being alive, an incessant being alive,/ A particular of being, that gross universe.”¹⁷⁰ Stevens has frequently expressed his belief in the present as being all we have.¹⁷¹ We can breathe the present in the perfumes of lilacs and musk but in the world of shadows, in our mother’s houses damp with old memories and the past, there is a “rigid emptiness.”

In “Yagmurun Altinda” (“Under the Rain”) Anday keeps on repeating how he has not been able to live the 20th century. The present with all its timelessness is all we have, he says, likening it to the sky: “There is no age except the sky/ There is so much past, so much time,/ so much future, so little time...”¹⁷² With Anday, the present is unreachable as the sky while Stevens’ present, manifest with summery vegetation and swallow’s wings, is oftentimes our only paradise, the only thing there is.

Stevens reveals still other views on the subject of life and death however. In poems such as “The Emperor of Ice-Cream” he presents us with a picture of physical death personified by a cold and dumb woman with horny feet. The comic tone of the poem serves to exaggerate the grossness of the picture we are made to see- a poem that expresses an almost childish anger at the face of extinction. The fleshy imagery of a muscular man whipping concupiscent curds is contrasted with boys carrying flowers wrapped in “last month’s newspapers.”¹⁷³ That which is alive and sexual (roller of big cigars) is set against a scene of death only to end in the refrain of “the only emperor is the emperor of ice-cream.” In the world of the transient, the only emperor can be that of ice-cream. Here, where death is symbolized by the protruding feet of a corpse, the refrain becomes a bitter reminder of the present moment.

¹⁷⁰ Stevens, Palm at the End of the Mind, p362

¹⁷¹ Doggett, p10

¹⁷² Anday, Yagmurun Altinda (Under The Rain), p30-31

¹⁷³ Stevens, Palm at the End of the Mind, p79

Stevens can also portray death as being the mother of beauty. In “Sunday Morning” Stevens declares that “Death is the mother of beauty; hence from her,/ Alone, shall come fulfillment to our dreams/ And our desires.”¹⁷⁴ Here death is a woman again, but she personifies change in nature, and unlike the cold figure of ice-creamdom, she is “mystical/ Within whose burning bosom we devise/ Our earthly mothers waiting, sleeplessly.” “Sunday Morning” is a comforting answer to the question, “Why should she give her bounty to the dead?” that was initially posed in the poem. The very idea of ripeness is inseparable from the idea of change, therefore, while the world is ephemeral, it is always renewed. From this point of view, death brings about movement, and life. Life, like Stevens’ “Supreme Fiction,” must change. While debunking the prospect of divinity or immortality, Stevens presents us with a vision of earthly paradise where death rules, where fruits ripen to decay to sprout again, and where there can be constant movement “on extended wings.”¹⁷⁵

The picture of this cyclical nature bears a close affinity to that which is considered divine by of Emerson and Thoreau. In describing movement, Vendler draws on Stevens’ bird of “Esthetique du Mal”: “If something ascends, then it falls...as the bird rises, the fruit drops; as the fruit ripens, the bird downwardly revolves, and so on to the end.”¹⁷⁶ In its flight, this bird expresses a mixed view of the sun, says Vendler, as does Stevens’ on death, life and divinity. It can be said that behind Stevens’ demystifications, there lies a longing for that which is transcendent; just as he hails the physical or reality, there is a celebration of mother earth’s mystical qualities. Vendler takes this a step further: “Everything is tempered and insatiable at once, in this willing accommodation both to gross appetite and to intimations of unattainable immortality. The Wordsworthian desire for celestial light is seen as a relapse into an appetite too gross, more gross than the appetite for reality, but this desire for the heavenly

¹⁷⁴ Ibid, p6

¹⁷⁵ Ibid, p8

¹⁷⁶ Vendler, Helen, On Extended Wings, p214

is finally acceptable because it is stimulated, after all, by reality.”¹⁷⁷ What I would object to here is Vendler’s “acceptance” of Stevens’ desire/designs for divinity, deemed acceptable by the fact that it is stimulated by reality. I need not remind the reader of Stevens’ constantly changing view of this “reality.” Stevens’ reality cannot be easily differentiated from his “unreality,” and his understanding of death divorced from life or fluidity.

In Anday’s work, the view of nature alternates between celebration and condemnation. In “Yalniz Kalan Tanrı” (“Solitary God”) he echoes Stevens’ depiction of death as being the mother of beauty, although Anday’s personification of death is beautiful in her cruelty.

A branch of pomegranate in her teeth at the crack of dawn,
the beauty of dew shines in her hair. Tea soiled
with sky. With warm bread in her hand, dove-eyed
day that comes to sit between us. Joy that buzzes
like a bee in wild flowers, pumping faster than blood.
Breeze touching the wings of mad birds. Hoisted
sails of ships swimming in meadows. God alone amidst
men. Death is the most beautiful of cruelties, but
kisses that carry on to morning have no memory.
Horses of peace going to streams.¹⁷⁸

Anday draws a contrast between a solitary deity set against a jubilant, thriving nature with its bees and swooning birds. It is not a coincidence that Anday chooses the pomegranate with its endless jewels of fruit or bees symbolizing the speed of our hearts as symbols of rich and fertile nature.¹⁷⁹ The reader is overwhelmed with such images of nature until we “hit upon” the concept of death. The poem could be read in a “chronological” way up to this point: Anday opens the poem at dawn when everything is fresh and dewy. Morning is “tea soiled with sky,” with its connotation of breakfast and warm, earth coloured morning lights. We progress onto midday when the day is said to come and sit between us. This is the time of day

¹⁷⁷ Vendler, p215

¹⁷⁸ Anday, *Yagmurun Altında* (Under Rain), p60

¹⁷⁹ This picture of nature resembles Stevens’ in the first canto of *It Must Change* in “Notes Towards a Supreme Fiction.” Anday’s streams are Stevens’ cyclic nature: “The bees came booming as if they had never gone./ As if hyacinths had never gone. We say/ This changes and that changes. Thus the constant/ Violets, doves, girls, bees and hyacinths/ Are inconstant objects of inconstant cause/ In a universe of inconstancy. This means/ Night-blue is an inconstant thing. The seraph/ Is satyr in Saturn, according to his thoughts./ It means the distaste we feel for this withered scene/ Is that it has not changed enough. It remains,/ It is a repetition. The bees come booming As if-The pigeons clatter in the air...”

when our shadows disappear; all is joy and warmth. There is no doubt when there are no shadows. Life buzzes on at full speed, and existence is “bee to bee to bee,” it cannot dwell on endless questions of “to be.” The mad birds remind us of Stevens’ birds with their “gross appetite for life,” as Vendler pointed out. Then comes the startling line of the solitary god. Time disappears in the poem with the mention of god and death, only to reappear again with kisses that continue all night into the wee hours of the morning. Anday completes the full cycle. Horses or equine, the Latin signifiers of time, the bringers of equinox, appear in the last line of the poem. A state of calm reigns, in contrast to the frenzied movement of day where nature forgets god. We are back in dawn.

It seems as if Anday cannot divorce the idea of god from man since there is no reference to god up to the point where man makes his appearance. There are no indications of god’s loneliness amidst the budding movement and tintinnabulation of nature; his solitude materializes only in relation to man. Perhaps Anday insinuates that there can be no prospect of solitude in nature, and despite the title, not even god can be solitary in nature. Only man can make god feel lonely, death cruel. Keeping in mind Anday’s previous work where he refers to man as being the creator of the world and of god (or logos, the mind that is akin to Stevens’ philosopher-man in “Asides on the Oboe”)¹⁸⁰ it can be said here that god is lonely because we make him lonely. To take it a step further, in our abstraction of nature and our distance from it, we as individuals are lonely and hence god is lonely amidst us.

On the other hand, Orhan Kocak holds that among the Turkish poets, Cansever and Anday regard nature as an autonomous “entity” and not as a stage whereupon man’s acts are played out.¹⁸¹ He distinguishes between an Emersonian nature that is God’s dwelling place, a reminder of the divine after the fall of man, and a shackled nature that is made into a symbol, an object constructed by man. I believe that these two natures parallel Stevens’ dilemma as to

¹⁸⁰ Refer to Anday’s “Bolumlemeler” (*Güneste*) for example.

¹⁸¹ Kocak, Orhan., “İssiz Koylar” (Isolated Bays), *Kitaplık*, (Jan-Feb 2000), p108

the subject of transcendent vs. transient nature. While he sometimes hints at the existence of an independent nature as Kocak claims, Anday also does what Stevens does, portraying nature as a construct, a facade. “A little belief is enough for me/ And I could have believed in the fall,¹⁸²/Nature is not pure, I digressed/ But was not fooled.”¹⁸³ Anday, not unlike Gilgamesh, often reacts against grand promises of eternity.

A sense of temporal disorientation is evident in the works of Anday. In “İstasyon” (“Train Station”) he describes a decrepit place at an unknown evening hour that accentuates his sense of loss: “Here I am in clocks,/ Hours are nowhere, not/ in this direction, or that direction,/ I left you up there, in the sky.”¹⁸⁴ Here is a narrator who does not understand time when faced with loss. In “Solitary God” we encountered a cruel yet beautiful death, but its cruelty was soon forgotten in life with its kisses that lasted all night, just like it was forgotten in Stevens’ “Notes” (why/ should there be a question of returning or/ Of death in memory’s dream? Is spring a sleep?/ This warmth is for lovers at last accomplishing/ Their love, this beginning, not resuming, this/ Booming and booming of the new-come bee.”)¹⁸⁵ In Anday’s train station, death makes life a solitary old station where everyone is alienated and where one “loses one’s sense of direction.” In “Immortal” Anday translates his own incapability of providing answers. The poem recalls beardless Xintas’ lament where death once again is depicted as a mysterious force that may or may not promise an eternity.

“I saw my father in my dream,” he said,
 “I cried and begged but
 he wouldn’t understand, perhaps he didn’t even recognize me.”

“Of course son,” said master Krishna,
 “If the soul is immortal,
 How can it understand mortal feelings?”¹⁸⁶

¹⁸² I.e. Autumn, but ironically, it is a fall too.

¹⁸³ Kocak, p109 from Anday’s *Olumsuzluk Ardında Gilgames* (Gilgames Beyond Immortality)

¹⁸⁴ Anday, *Teknenin Olumu* (Death of the Boat), p70

¹⁸⁵ Stevens, “Notes Towards a Supreme Fiction.” *Palm at the End of the Mind*, p217

¹⁸⁶ Anday, *Teknenin Olumu*, p56

It can be said that by questioning death, Anday distances himself from nature. “By going to and fro on the pendulum of fate and will, knowing and bewitchment, worshipping and smashing idols, man has acquired a “second nature” in Hegelian terms.”¹⁸⁷ This second nature sometimes sways towards the transcendent, picking fate over free-will. Krishna’s teaching may then be read as a promise of eternity. It can also be seen as the ultimate agnostic statement. For Anday’s speaker, dwelling in clocks and not knowing time is like living in nature and yet being distanced from it. Anday’s pendulum, like Stevens’, swings in all directions.

We have seen that Stevens’ and Anday’s outlook on nature and death alternate as in Whitehead’s processes or in Bergson’s state of flux and that the self is “evasive and metamorphid,” like Lady Lowzen of Stevens’ “Oak Leaves Are Hands” where “Flora she was once. She was florid/...Mac Mort she had been, ago,.../ Even now, the center of something else,/ Merely by putting hand to brow,/ Brooding on centuries like shells./As the acorn broods on former oaks/ In memorials of Northern sound,/ Skims the real for its unreal,/ So she in Hydaspia created/ Out of the movement of few words,/ Flora Lowzen invigorate/ Archaic and future happenings/ In glittering seven-colored changes...”¹⁸⁸ In the state of flux, everything circulates and resolves into each other, Aristotle’s acorn becomes a tree, Flora turns into shells, the real and the unreal seep into each other. Anday’s Odysseus, like Stevens’ Lady Lowzen, is transformative. His journey is like her passage through the centuries, through the real and the unreal. “Anday’s Odysseus finds his own voice while he is searching for secrecies, sorceries, the “other” in nature. Matter’s soul is actually man’s soul; it is different and yet it is identical. It is a becoming of plural into singular, the other into I...”¹⁸⁹ The journey goes both ways: writing about nature, Stevens and Anday shift back and forth from

¹⁸⁷ Temizyurek, Mahmut, “Symbol and Void in M.C.A.” *Guneste Ayiklanmis*, p272

¹⁸⁸ Stevens, *Palm at the End of the Mind*, p197

¹⁸⁹ Kocak, Orhan., “Melih Cevdet Anday Siirinde Ten ve Tin.” (Body and Soul in the Poetry of M.C.A), *Guneste Ayiklanmis*, p165

the sphere of the ego to the universal, akin to the Emerson's passage in *Nature* where the self is cast "on the party and interest of the universe against all and sundry; against ourselves as much as others."¹⁹⁰

Two voices are sounded by our poets, call it their plural/singular selves, or their pessimistically skeptic/optimistically transcendent aspects. Harold Bloom distinguishes between two Stevenses: an early Stevens of Ideas of Order who "mocks the first Emerson" and the later Stevens of Auroras of Autumn who attains the "late Emersonian balance (or rather oscillation) between fate and freedom."¹⁹¹ We could translate this to the cynical or transcendent voices that come through in his work. As to Anday, Kocak comments on a passage in Anday's "Huzunlu Bir Aksam Borusunun Ezgisi icin Soz" ("A Few Words on the Sad Tune of an Evening Horn") when pharaoh Amenofis IV bans pantheism for monotheism under the sun-god Ra. Kocak points out that the king is unhappy because by establishing a duality, he has in fact created binary oppositions: "Religion and magic; rationality and irrationality; nurture and nature."¹⁹² But in the world of binary oppositions, the movement of the pendulum is made possible, its swing bringing about movement, consequently new viewpoints. By attacking death Anday signals a world of possibilities wherein mysteries brew. As his Krishna says, that which is unknown promises many worlds.

Stevens has also summarized the relationship of opposites that to him is the parent of change: "Two things of opposite natures seem to depend. On one another, as a man depends/ On a woman, day on night, the imagined/ On the real. This is the origin of change. Winter and spring, cold copulars, embrace/ And forth the particulars of rapture come."¹⁹³ In his work, we have seen that change can be regarded as dismal, that which is fleeting being a reminder of extinction, befitting the spirit of the Romantic tradition. However change, for Stevens, is also

¹⁹⁰ Bloom, Harold., American Poetry Through 1914., p7

¹⁹¹ Ibid, p7

¹⁹² Kocak, Guneste Ayiklanmis, p147

¹⁹³ Stevens, "Notes Towards a Supreme Fiction." Palm at the End of the Mind, p218

the mother of beauty, giving to reality endless possibilities. "...The freshness of transformation is/ the freshness of a world..." writes Stevens in the final stanza of "It Must Change" in "Notes Towards a Supreme Fiction." Change is a condition for supreme fiction because it promises movement in the physical, and rebirth in the metaphysical sense.

In his Speculations, Hulme points out that "one of the main achievements of the 19th century was the elaboration and universal application of the principle of *continuity*. The destruction of this conception is, on the contrary, an urgent necessity of the present."¹⁹⁴ The preoccupation with discontinuity seems to come to the forefront in the twentieth century. In the 1900s, biologists become interested in discontinuous variation or mutation, Planck's quantum theory reveals a fundamental discontinuity in the nature of matter and motion, Heisenberg's indeterminacy principle and Einstein's relativity (1905) follow. Einstein's continuum signals a new conception of continuity. It also means the rejection of physical absolutes. In turn, Bergson emphasizes the importance of immediate experience in opposition to "congealed" experience. Even cinema has been immensely influential, drawing attention to the illusion of continuity: static photographs produce the illusion of movement, pointing to the fact that continuity is an illusion.

Stevens' and Anday's preoccupation with time and existence can be read against such an intellectual and cultural backdrop. "What you don't allow for is the fact that one moves in many directions at once,"¹⁹⁵ declared Stevens in a letter to Latimer. Indeed, in Stevens' universe, one can espy relativity and ultimate belief in discontinuity above all else. Of course his continuity also becomes a promise/hope of discontinuity. Anday's conception of time and change is not very different. Having asserted that "Tomorrow is yesterday, yesterday has not yet occurred"¹⁹⁶ Anday does away with usual measurements, drawing us into the sphere of Einstein's continuum or Bergson's *duree*. Here, death and change appear as continual

¹⁹⁴ Spears, p20

¹⁹⁵ Rotella, Guy., Reading and Writing Nature: Poetry of Frost, Stevens, Moore and Bishop, p102

¹⁹⁶ Anday, "Troia Onunde Atlar." ("Horses Before Troy"). Teknenin Olumu, p87

processes. Both poets destroy absolutes thereby creating new dualities like Amenofis IV, consequently giving rise to new “religions.” In the next chapter, we will explore the realm of this new religion, seas gurgling with poetry.

CHAPTER FOUR

IT MUST GIVE PLEASURE

“The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold
That is, the madman; the lover all as frantic,
Sees Helen’s beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet’s pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos’d a bear!

A Midsummer Night’s Dream, V.i.7

Shakespeare’s Theseus distrusts men who are “of imagination all compact,” giving to “airy nothing/ A local habitation and a name.” Stevens’ “creators”, the lover, believer and poet, that is to say those who can turn forms unknown to shapes or bushes into bears, are the fixtures that hold the whole together. “That’s it,” says Stevens in “Primitive like an Orb,” “The lover writes, the believer hears,/ The poet mumbles and the painter sees,/ Each one, his fated eccentricity,/ As a part, but part, but tenacious particle,/ Of the skeleton of the ether, the total/ Of letters, prophecies, perceptions, clods/ Or color, the giant of nothingness, each one/ And the giant everchanging, living in change.”¹⁹⁷ These poets/lunatics are likened to the sun, giant “joiners” of things, and bringers of light and change. Vendler holds that for Stevens, all who firmly desire or believe are the creators of fiction: “Anyone who singles out, by desire, some one man or woman as a singular valued object, creates by that act a fiction, an idealized image in which desire finds, or thinks to find, its satisfaction. Anyone who has ever believed in a cause or in a God creates in the same way an idealized image- the perfect state, the

¹⁹⁷ Stevens, Palm at the End of the Mind, p320

Messiah, Paradise- which is also one of those supreme fictions, a Platonic form.”¹⁹⁸ Be that as it may, the creators of supreme fictions in Stevens’ world are the poets. His is a realm where desire and/or belief, carnal or intellectual, gives birth to ideals. Anday has expressed a similar view as was noted in the previous chapter. He had said, “Don’t mistake me for a metaphysician, but I believe that only poets and philosophers can seek that which is beyond the senses.”¹⁹⁹ His poet/philosopher, like Stevens’ giants of nothingness, can hunt for colour and create worlds out of shades and light. In this chapter, we shall dwell in the sphere of the lunatics, believers and poets wherein the world becomes their “central poem.”²⁰⁰ The pleasure principle becomes an important factor in Stevens’ and Anday’s oeuvres which overflow with defenses of poetry; it is poetry after all that enhances life, supplies it with meaning or provides an escape. Supreme fiction need be abstract, it needs to change and it needs to give pleasure because amidst all the abstractions and in the fleeting state of the world, poetry not only replaces religion but it makes life “easier” with the beauty it provides, even if for a moment.

“Happy are those ages when the starry sky is the map of all possible paths- ages whose paths are illuminated by the light of the stars. Everything in such ages is new and yet familiar, full of adventure and yet their own. The world is wide and yet it is like a home, for the fire that burns in the soul is of the same essential nature as the stars; the world and the self, the light and the fire, are sharply distinct yet they never become permanent strangers to one another, for fire is the soul of all light and all fire clothes itself in light. Thus each action of the soul becomes meaningful and rounded in this duality: complete in meaning- in *sense*- and complete for the sense; rounded because the soul rests within itself even while it acts; rounded because its action separates itself, finds a center of its own and draws a closed circumference round itself. ‘Philosophy is really homesickness,’ says Novalis: ‘it is the urge to be at home everywhere. That is why philosophy, as a form of life or as that which determines the form and supplies the content of literary creation, is always a symptom of the rift between ‘inside’ and ‘outside’, a sign of the essential difference between the self and the world, the incongruence of soul and deed, that is why the happy ages have no philosophy, or why (it comes to the same thing) all men in such ages are philosophers, sharing the utopian aim of every philosophy. For what is the task of true philosophy if not to draw that archetypal map?”²⁰¹

¹⁹⁸ Vendler, Wallace Stevens: Words Chosen Out of Desire, p29

¹⁹⁹ Olumsuzluk Ardinda M.C.Anday, p62

²⁰⁰ Stevens, “Primitive like an Orb.” Palm at the End of the Mind, p318

²⁰¹ Lukacs, Georg., “The Theory of the Novel.” Modernism: An Anthology of Sources and Documents, p226

There may have been an age when nebulae and supernovas, horoscopes and shooting stars provided a comfort to the un-resting minds of men, as Lukacs believes there was. I have always doubted whether man has ever been able to fill in the emptiness or homesickness he felt in this world with comforting maps of gods, graves and scholars. Stones have been thrown to bridge these gaps, religion and philosophy being important rocks that have frequently sealed the way for a safe passage across. It can be said that poetry has served the purpose of a bridge or archetypal map in the work of Stevens and Anday. Not all poets defend poetry as they do: the poetry they write and their writings on poetry can even be read as hymns, for poetry is much more than an escape route, it is the main map with which one can be illuminated as with the light of starry skies.

In tracking the etymological source of the words poet and poetry in Greek, Sir Philip Sidney “carefully” equates the poet to the *maker*, as the Greeks deemed it so, placing poetry above all the arts and sciences. “Only the poet...lifted up with the vigour of his own invention doth grow in effect another nature, in making things either better than Nature bringeth forth, or, quite anew, forms such as never were in Nature, as the heroes, demi-gods, Cyclops, Chimeras, Furies, and such like...Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done...Her world is brazen the poets only deliver a golden.”²⁰² In Sidney’s apology, poetry is a force that beautifies the world we live in, enriching it with the inventions of heroes, monsters, and ceaseless novelties. This poetic reverberation is made up of familiar notes; we will hear tunes hailing poetry with the likes of Shelley who, in his Defense of Poesy, declares that “poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man. Poetry turns all things to loveliness.”²⁰³ Poetry has been the subject of poetry for many a poet. It has been saluted for numerous reasons and castigated for many others, but being cast

²⁰² Sidney, Apology for Poetry, p8

²⁰³ Shelley, Defense of Poetry, p104

out of a republic is in itself great praise or recognition of its power. Whether it be for its enriching qualities or the trap doors it provides, poetry has been defended by poets even at times when such defenses seemed unnecessary. Stevens' defenses (collected under The Necessary Angel) and Anday's articles on poetry, most of which can be found in his work Yeni Tanrılar (New Gods) can be cited as great examples that carry on the legacy of Sidney and Shelley.

Nature has frightened and disappointed man with its wild winds and knowledge of death. The solace of the promise of eternity as promised by paper, *so long lives this, and this gives life to thee*, and other such "assurances" were not extinguished when a philosopher announced the death of God, but the death of god was a cause of homesickness that needed to be replaced with something. For Stevens that something was poetry. "After one has abandoned the belief in god, poetry is that essence which takes its place as life's redemption"²⁰⁴ Stevens declared. The prayer/poem's redemptive status has been reinforced by Anday who believed that "the poet creates goodness by writing a poem."²⁰⁵ Consequently, Anday, like Stevens, likened poets to prophets in that they were the [sooth]sayers of words, bringing light and lightness onto this world.

The reaction against the celestial and ecclesiastical turns into a search for pleasure and light in Stevens' "Notes Towards a Supreme Fiction" where the bird/poet asks to replace god when it says "bethou me," attempting an escape from the bloodless episcopus' that are endowed with minds without dreams: "One voice repeating, one tireless chorister,/ The phrases of a single phrase, ke-ke,/ A single text, granite monotony/ One sole face, like a photograph of fate,/ Glass-blower's destiny, bloodless episcopus,/ Eye without lid, mind without any dream-"²⁰⁶ As Vendler rightly points out, having sipped from the sparrow's/Stevens' exhaustion with religious myth, it is no surprise that the next poem begins

²⁰⁴ Stevens, Opus Posthumous, p158

²⁰⁵ "Ozan Olmak İçin." (To be a Poet). Cumhuriyet, 3.9.1977 (Yasak 1996, p331)

²⁰⁶ Stevens, Palm at the End of the Mind, p220

with the lines, “After the luster of the moon, we say/ We have not the need of any paradise,/ We have not the need of any seducing hymn.”²⁰⁷ Ironically, the poem becomes a seducing hymn in the following section that appropriately goes under the title, “It must Give Pleasure.” As with Keats’ melancholy nightingale that is “not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,/ But on the viewless wings of Poesy,”²⁰⁸ Stevens’ poetry takes on a life of his own. The wings of his poesy however are far more tangible than Keats’. His imagery is imbued with the perfumes and tastes of summer, night, earth and twilight alit with a passion for life, with that which is palpable, carnal, alive. “We drank Meursault, ate lobster Bombay with mango/ Chutney...”²⁰⁹ One must not forget the preceding conditions of supreme fiction however: the “fat girl, terrestrial, my summer, my night” can only be imagined through abstraction, as noted by Pack.²¹⁰ Both abstraction and change are preconditions that lead to the final goal of “it must give pleasure.” And the poem, studded with exotic fruits, “Virgilian cadences,” and “soft-footed phantoms” itself becomes the main source of pleasure, stealing us from the reality of war and life, which is where the poem ends. In that reality, poetry becomes the main treatise that makes life beautiful and livable. “Soldier, there is a war between the mind/ And sky, between thought and day and night. It is/ For that the poet is always in the sun,/...But your war ends. And after it you return/ With six meats and twelve wines or else without/ To walk another room...Monsieur and comrade/ The soldier is poor without the poet’s lines.”²¹¹

The lunatic/lover/poet figure comes to the forefront in the work of Anday too, enriching life and making it less frightening. In describing a poet, Anday points out that the poet is a “conscious lunatic and a conscious child.” The poet “speaks nonsense and jokes, he thus makes nature less frightening and turns it into a fairytale. A thing has two appearances;

²⁰⁷ Vendler, *On Extended Wings*, p179

²⁰⁸ Keats, “Ode to a Nightingale,” p255

²⁰⁹ Stevens, *Palm at the End of the Mind*, p228

²¹⁰ Pack, p113

²¹¹ Stevens, p233

one is a face everyone can see, the other is one that can only be shown by the artist.”²¹² The fairytales sung by poet-lunatics are worlds to escape to, they are landscapes where our biggest fears are eliminated: “One of the greatest purposes of poetry is that it assuages our fear of time; in short, it stops the passage of time. Thus, the poet and the reader unite, in the object and that which is described, and reject death.”²¹³ Having witnessed his anachronistic approach and his take on death, it can be said that time is not an easy subject for Anday. Even in his one of his most romantic of poems, “Yildiz” (“Star”), the reminders of time manage to create a distance between the lover and the beloved. As with Stevens’ pleasing nights and summers, the poem builds a world that is at once cosmic and carnal, near and far.

May the universe get drunk in your body
 I weaved a world with your hand in my hand
 I hung the silver-embroidered moon upon your ankle

Look, a lemon flower from the shores of Summer
 A heavy crimson night arises
 In our garden of sleeping dogs

Our pillows of moments,
 Rises the aniseed star, almost
 From the balcony of a broken mount.

Let us lie, do you hear the hour-glasses
 Of the willow and my mind
 Mixing with skin, with your exiles.

Cactus sing me a lament.²¹⁴

Ripe with images of summer from its lemon flowers to its pillows, balconies and cacti, “Star” is sensual and warm and yet Anday creates a feeling of distance, which may be inevitable, in that we are talking of a star. We note that the star has not yet risen. Nothing is full here, not even the moon that can be hung like an anklet. Anday’s staged worship of his star, as Sidney’s *Astrophel* with his *Stella*, is filled with longing and this “exile” makes the beloved

²¹² Anday, “Siir Yasantisi.” (Poetic Life). *Gecmisin Gelecegi* (The Future of the Past), p84

²¹³ Anday, “Siirin Surekliligi.” (Continuity of Poetry), *Akan Zaman Duran Zaman* (Flowing Time Halting Time), p131

²¹⁴ Anday, *Teknenin Olumu* (Death of the Boat), p63

more precious. It is once again the reminder of time as signified by hour-glasses that the narrator attempts to avoid or break away from by lying down, losing himself in sleep and silence. The poem that had started off as a celebration ends with a lament. In the first stanza, we have them hold hands, Anday's Astrophel and Stella, she with her ankles clad in silvery ornaments. All is very physical and closely knit. It can be said that the poem itself becomes the lament: first we have before us a picture of the beloved and consequently the surroundings shared with the star. With the entry of the concept of time and distance, that which seemed to be palpable (the skin) is diluted with the thought of exile. Nothing is clearly pronounced in Anday's work, there is always a movement back and forth between the tangible and intangible, nature and culture.

Vendler remarks that Stevens' "words chosen out of desire" arise from the need to create, recreate, be reborn with each new invention: "Stevens, however, shifts the locus of attention away from the transcendent to the actual, from the object of desire to desire of inventing its object."²¹⁵ The need of the artist to construct another plane wherein a new reality is formulated; this continual game between the so-called reality and fiction, between the inside and the outside can be seen in most of Stevens' and Anday's works. The object behind such a preoccupation may be the desire to invent or reinvent, as Vendler clearly deduces. The poet is reborn with each poem, and the ties with his/her predecessors can thus be severed, replenishing the creator with a sense of freedom or *askesis*. Bloom's use of the term *askesis*, "a movement of self-purgation which intends the attainment of a state of solitude..." may apply to most poets who wish to stand alone, not only amidst their peers and in respect to their particular cultures/traditions but alone in their own worlds, as if the poems they create become new lands that only they are at home in. As to the other aspect of *askesis*, that is to say, "The poet...yields a part of his human and imaginative endowment, so as to separate

²¹⁵Vendler, Words Chosen Out of Desire, p29

himself from others, including the precursor, and he does this in his poem by stationing it in regard to the parent-poem as to make that poem undergo and *askesis* too; the precursor's endowment is also truncated."²¹⁶ It can be said that there is such a bent in Anday's work from the outset, as has been pointed out by Orhan Kocak in his article on the birth of Modern Turkish poetry.²¹⁷ As to Stevens, his mockery of tradition oftentimes turns into an extravaganza of comedic explosions, but of course such bravado bears traces of doubt that even leads to self-ridicule.

Stevens' play "Bowl, Cat and Broomstick" can be read as "a delightful essay in dramatic criticism."²¹⁸ Stevens introduces to us Claire Dupray whose dark tresses and bold portrait alongside her imagistic and symbolist works befuddle the literary critics within the play, that is to say, the bowl, cat and broomstick. "My portrait is not a failure," declares Bowl, the idealist: "A poetess should be of her day. But he [Broomstick, the cynic] is thinking of the poetess of forty-two: the sophisticated poetess. If she happens to look like one of the dark-haired and dark-eyed Peloponnesians, that is not a rococo pose. It is an unaffected disclosure of her relationship."²¹⁹ It is no surprise that the characters are so preoccupied with the appearance of the poet; has not the image and stature of a poet been the preoccupation of Stevens' forefathers? In his criticism however, Stevens also attacks himself, he is after all a part of the tradition.²²⁰ "The wide range of allusive targets for Stevens' parody, which include La Pleiade, the Romantics, the Symbolists, the Imagists, and himself, locates Stevens' criticism in a historical tradition that dates back at least to the sixteenth century. Ultimately I

²¹⁶ Bloom, Harold., "The Anxiety of Influence." Norton Anthology of Theory and Criticism, p1795

²¹⁷ Kocak, Orhan., Our Master, the Novice: On the Catastrophic Births of Modern Turkish Poetry., p7

²¹⁸ Kravec, Maureen, "Bowl, Cat and Broomstick: Sweeping the Stage of Souvenirs." Twentieth Century Literature: A Scholarly and Critical Journal 37:3 (Fall 1991), p319

²¹⁹ Stevens, Palm at the End of the Mind, p29

²²⁰ Both A. Walton Litz (Introspective Voyager: The Poetic Development of Wallace Stevens) and Kravec have pointed out that Stevens has used the poetic techniques that he parodies in Claire Dupray. The dahlia poem (Les Dahlias) seem to be reminiscent of Stevens' own "Poems of Our Climate" for example, with its lush description of pink and white carnations. Bowl declares, "What an extraordinary effect one gets from seeing things as they are, that is to say: from looking at ordinary things intensely" (p30). Stevens has attempted to do throughout his career as a poet.

would argue, Stevens' play comments on both the motives behind and failures of modernist experimentation."²²¹

Stevens, like Anday, is renowned not only as a poet but as a poet who wrote on poetry. The play is a mischievous example of his commentary on critics and poetry. A similar attitude can be found in his poems, although there, he can be far more covert. Like Claire, Mrs. Alfred Uruguay is a victim of aestheticisms. The poem starts off in a comedic tone: "So what said the others and the sun went down/ And in the brown blues of evening, the lady said,/ In the donkey's ear, "I fear that elegance/ Must struggle like the rest." The elevated imagery of the chic evening is accentuated against the droll image of the donkey.

She climbed until
The moonlight in her lap, mewing her velvet,
And her dress were one and she said, "I have said no
To everything, in order to get at myself.
I have wiped away moonlight like mud. Your innocent ear
And I, if I rode naked, are what remain.

Mrs. Uruguay's statement is not convincing. In a Lady Godiva-like manner, she speaks of renouncement when she has not given up anything of her old ways, not even the velvet dress. Not that she has to, but then wiping away "moonlight with mud" does not seem believable. Her attitude is similar to the aristocratic friends of Madame de Pompadour role-playing the part of peasants in their summer mansions. That is why the moonlight crumbles to "degenerate forms" in the next line. "While she approached the real, upon her mountain,/ With lofty darkness. The donkey was there to ride,/ To hold by the ear, even though it wished for a bell,/ Wished faithfully for a falsifying bell./ Neither the moonlight could change it. And for her,/ To be, regardless of velvet, could never be more/ Than to be, she could never differently be,/ Her no and no made yes impossible. " Stevens goes on to contrast Mrs.

²²¹ Poetic Drama and the Art of Parodic Allusion: Wallace Stevens' Bowl, Cat, and Broomstick,
<http://majorweather.com/projects/000038.html>

Uruguay's artificial ways with a rider who is "dressed poorly, arrogant of his streaming forces." This is Stevens' noble rider or poet whose words "help us live our lives."²²²

Who was it passed her there on a horse all will
What figure of capable imagination?
Whose horse clattered on the road on which she rose,
As it descended, blind to her velvet and
The moonlight? Was it a rider intent on the sun,
A youth, a lover with phosphorescent hair,
Dressed poorly, arrogant of his streaming forces,
Lost in an integration of the martyrs' bones,
Rushing from what was real; and capable?

The villages slept as the capable man went down,
Time swished on the village clocks and dreams were alive,
The enormous gongs gave edges to their sounds
As the rider, no chevalere and poorly dressed,
Impatient of the bells and midnight forms,
Rode over the picket rocks, rode down the road,
And, capable, created in his mind,
Eventual victor, out of the martyrs' bones,
The ultimate elegance: the imagined land.²²³

This figure of the poet as depicted by Theseus reappears in many of Stevens' works. Stevens repeats the word 'capable' several times in stark contrast with the negations, the impossibilities that surround Mrs. Uruguay. A yes is impossible for her, but the poet/rider is victorious because he is capable of creating in his mind an imagined land. In comparing philosophy to poetry in The Figure of the Youth as a Virile Poet, Stevens notes that poetry is "metamorphosis and we come to see in a few lines descriptive of an eye, a hand, a stick, the essence of matter, and we see it so definitely that we say that if the philosopher comes to nothing because he fails, the poet may come to nothing because he succeeds."²²⁴ The ultimate elegance is the poem, written out of the very surroundings, the picket rocks and roads: "He must create his unreal from what is real."²²⁵ And that is the main difference between the lady on her donkey having such a difficult time climbing and the lover on his lithe horse.

²²² Stevens, "The Noble Rider and the Sound of Words." The Necessary Angel, p36

²²³ Stevens, Palm at the End of the Mind, p186-7

²²⁴ Stevens, The Necessary Angel, p45

²²⁵ Ibid, p58

Cezanne's *nature-mortes* do not stimulate the appetite, says Orhan Kocak. They should not because these apples are a rejection of real apples.²²⁶ From Kant's aesthetics to Baudelaire's *Correspondances*, we have seen the transmutation of objects from the real onto the sphere of the unreal through the idea, call it imagination if you will. Stevens describes this poetic experience through the etchings of Piranesi: "Twenty years later Piranesi returned to these etchings and on taking them up again, he poured into them shadow after shadow, until one might say that he excavated this astonishing darkness not from the brazen plates, but from the living rock of some subterranean world." [M.Focillion] The way a poet feels when he is writing, or after he has written, a poem that completely accomplishes his purpose is evidence of the personal nature of his activity. To describe it by exaggerating it, he shares the transformation, not to say apotheosis, accomplished by the poem. It must be this experience that makes him think of poetry as possibly a phase of metaphysics."²²⁷ The poet's release is his poem then, a spell that enables transformation, eternity.

Like Stevens, Anday compares philosophy with poetry. He quotes Alain in saying that "poetry is a miracle,"²²⁸ and elaborates on how poetry can sometimes make the complex temperament of nature ring clear in our ears: "We live within this magic but cannot comprehend it. I mean to say that man is immersed in this secret sphere. There is one thing that philosophy and science are incapable of approaching, let alone solving, which is sometimes what poetry can achieve."²²⁹ As Enis Batur suggests, Anday's prose ought to be read with his poetry just like Montale's, Stevens' and Benn's essays need be elucidated with their poetry.²³⁰ Pertaining to the aforementioned subject of unraveling the secrets of nature through poetry, Anday's Odysseus is an appropriate model who questions his relationship to

²²⁶ Kocak, Orhan., "Melih Cevdet Anday Siirinde Ten ve Tin." *Guneste Ayiklanmis*, p156

²²⁷ Stevens, *The Necessary Angel*, p48-9

²²⁸ Anday, *Olumsuzluk Yolunda MCA*, p36

²²⁹ Anday, *Milliyet Sanat*, January 1979, p7

²³⁰ Batur, Enis. "Bir Dorugun Oncesinde Sonrasinda Melih Cevdet Anday Denemeleri." (M.C.A' s Articles Before a Summit), *Milliyet Sanat*, Jan. 1979

that which is around him, only to hear his own voice instead. The poem prepares us for the dreadful song of the sirens but ends with the solipsistic realization that all is a creation of Odysseus: his Ithaca, Penelope and Telemachus are all fabrications of his mind.

The barren sea of rowers
Was foamed with their rows,
At the close of day the rapid ship
Reached the island of the Sirens
My heart was about to burst, but
There was no trace of the sirens there.
Only a tune, from way deep
A tune from the very depths
Came to rise slowly;
I sang those wild, magical songs
I sang them to the deaf seamen
Only I heard the Sirens.
Circe, wise goddess, I salute you!
I have safely surpassed myself.²³¹

In the last poem of the book, Anday internalizes that which is on the outside, turning the monsters into Odysseus, the Siren's song into his song. In the search for his home, Odysseus has come to the realization that it was all a figment of his imagination; due to the curiosity of the Sirens' songs he realizes that he is alone, the singer of those songs. Indeed Anday's poetry tends to wreck the duality of the intrinsic and extrinsic, his macrocosm is always a microcosm as Kocak has pointed out.²³² I believe that his microcosms are also macrocosms. Like Odysseus, the poem surpasses the boundaries of the original tale, the whole journey becomes an inner journey of the character's mind and that which is (super)/natural, be it the sirens or his homeland, loses significance. The world of the poem is centered about the ego of Odysseus, just as the world is centered on and therefore recreated each time by the poet himself. The mind of the poet replaces god, and in doing so attempts to defy that which he fears most, death and time.

The cloud is no longer a shape, a
Construct, an entr'acte, a wish;
The sky is a negating description

²³¹ Anday, *Odysseus Bound*, p47

²³² Kocak, p163

Wholly primitive, without mathematics
 Bullying gods for no good reason...
 For we are not in our old gardens
 It was in the past that the apple fell from a tree
 Now only $\frac{1}{2}gt^2$
 Validates shooting stars
 One should weed out the appearance of the universe
 Place it accordingly for the mind.²³³

In this “scientific” section of the poem, physics formulae stand in opposition to the primitive, lawless skies and clouds. The sky happens to lack a specific description because it defies description. But once the poet embarks on writing about the cloud, it becomes “a construct, entr’acte, a wish.” On this plane too the sky can remain wholly primitive and without mathematics, because poetry is primitive and without mathematics. That is why the poet calls for a cleansing of the *appearance* of the universe, because being the creator of wor(l)ds, he is to re-name and recreate those appearances to his liking. In the all too scientifically oriented world, an equation explains the movement of a star. Anday’s poem, on the other hand, erects a world of resemblances where the old and new, the primitive and modern, the physical and non-physical coexist. “Names? Because now I am an/ in-between colour/ First-summer, what is it but the reality/ of first-summer? The usual shapes/ renewed by here/ their extraordinary strangeness.”²³⁴ The grey-zone is the zone of poetry where the ordinary is ornamented to be renewed, unfamiliarized, like the beginning of the most fecund of seasons.

The relationship between the newly perceived object and other remembered objects form a correspondence and it can be said that poetry is the organization of resemblances and correspondences. The poet then, forms correspondences and according to Pack, usually creates with the pleasure of improvement.²³⁵ In *Odysseus Bound*, Anday has directly referred to Baudelaire’s *Correspondances* where man and nature are linked by the poet through a

²³³ Anday, *Odysseus Bound*, p32

²³⁴ Ibid, p33

²³⁵ Pack, p54

series of symbols.²³⁶ In turn, Stevens rephrases Coleridge's and Baudelaire's description of this exchange, the resemblances that bind together reality and fiction, in his Three Academic Pieces: "Thus, if we desire to formulate an accurate theory of poetry, we find it necessary to examine the structure of reality, because reality is the central reference for poetry. By way of accomplishing this, suppose we examine one of the significant components of the structure of reality- that is to say, the resemblance between things...Poetry is a satisfying of the desire for resemblance."²³⁷ Taking this a step further, we can say that through his imagination, the poet changes reality to a higher or fuller reality. Doggett has pointed out that Stevens was most probably familiar with William James' Pragmatism where James talks about lines of continuity that bind the world together.²³⁸ In his poems, recurring colours and movements create a sense of familiarity and repetitions form a sense of reality within themselves.²³⁹

Although Stevens frequently underlines how resemblances help piece everything up and thus make life easier and more fluid, there is also a Stevens who writes on the relativity of this created reality, admitting failure and asserting that the world is inaccessible to us all. "Thought is a false happiness:" Stevens declares in "Crude Foyer," "the idea/ That merely by thinking one can,/ Or may, penetrate, not may,/ But can, that one is sure to be able/...An innocence of an absolute,/ False happiness, since we know that we use/ Only the eye as faculty, that the mind/ Is the eye, and that this landscape of the mind/ Is a landscape only of the eye; and that/ We are ignorant men incapable/ Of the least, minor vital metaphor, content,/ At last, there, when it turns out to be here."²⁴⁰ Constricted with the limited faculty of the eye in a landscape where we can hardly comprehend any absolutes, if indeed there is such a thing,

²³⁶ Anday, Odysseus Bound, p8

²³⁷ Stevens, The Necessary Angel, p71, 77

²³⁸ Doggett, p19

²³⁹ The recurrence of the colour blue for imagination, or the theme of the ephebe/poet/hero for instance form a sense of unity in Stevens' oeuvre. If we are to regard the individual poems, we will see that there is ample usage of resemblances there too. Doggett's citation of "Domination of Black" is a befitting example. Here the colours of bushes and leaves recur in the colour of fire, the movement of leaves is repeated in the turning of shadows and flames, the colour and movement of the leaves is suggestive of the peacock tails etc., p18

²⁴⁰ Stevens, The Collected Poems, p305

Stevens denies his ability to create vital metaphors (or resemblances) which he had claimed poetry could accomplish in “Notes Towards a Supreme Fiction.”²⁴¹ In Stevens’ “Rabbit as King of Ghosts” a shifting perspective and mobile sense of reality deconstruct the idea of resemblances:

The difficulty to think at the end of day,
When the shapeless shadow covers the sun
And nothing is left except light on your fur-

There was the cat slopping its milk all day
Fat cat, red tongue green mind, white milk
And August the most peaceful month.

To be, in the grass, in the peacefulest time,
Without that monument of cat,
The cat forgotten in the moon;

And to feel that the light is a rabbit-light,
In which everything is meant for you
And nothing need be explained;

Then there is nothing to think of. It comes of itself;
And east rushes and west rushes down,
No matter. The grass is full

And full of yourself. The trees around are for you
The whole of the wideness of night is for you
A self that touches all edges,

You become a self that fills the four corners of night.
The red cat hides away in the fur-light
And there you are humped high, humped up

You are humped higher and higher, black as stone-
You sit with your head like a carving in space
And the little green cat is a bug in the grass.²⁴²

In this poem, we see the world through the eyes of a rabbit in whose reality the cat is central. But we are at once outside the poem, witnessing the transformations of the rabbit and the cat. The impressionistic changes of colour, (“fat cat, red tongue, green mind, white milk” and “red cat,” “green cat”), the changing perspective and Alice in Wonderland-esque alterations of size

²⁴¹ Whiting, Anthony., *The Never-Resting Mind: Wallace Stevens’ Romantic Irony*, p113

²⁴² Stevens, *Palm at the End of the Mind*, p150-1

(the “monument of a cat” turning to the little cat as small as a “bug in the grass”) confound the reader’s sense of reality. There is yet another shift when the rabbit realizes itself, becoming aware that he is the center of his world under the rabbit-light, thus the big cat stops being a threat. Pack suggests that it is the “greater imagination” of the rabbit that dwarfs the limited reality of the cat.²⁴³ The moon, a frequent symbol of imagination for Stevens, enables the rabbit to forget the cat and confidently become one with its surroundings. As the rabbit grows to fill the four corners of the night, the cat becomes insignificant, it hides like a bug, and most likely is not to be seen, being green in the green grass. Here, a new set of resemblances are created, centered about the rabbit whose self has “grown” to touch all edges.

The rabbit becoming a centerpiece recalls Hegel’s description of the “capricious godlike ego” or Kierkegaard’s ironic ego: Hegel declares that, “whatever is, is only by instrumentality of the *ego*.” Kierkegaard has expressed a similar view, when, writing on Fichte, he has said, “subjectivity, the ego, has constitutive validity, that it alone is the almighty.”²⁴⁴ All the “you’s” that the rabbit has become, surrounded by night and space, replacing the monument of the cat by becoming a carving itself recall the case of Anday’s Odysseus whose self replaces the world around him and thus helps him escape his reality. In a world where “everything is meant for you,” the rabbit comes to recognize itself and thus replace the reality around him. “When the world stops being “genuinely and independently real” and only exists for the self, then the self negatively escapes from reality...Like Kierkegaard’s ironist, the rabbit here seems to “hover” over the real.”²⁴⁵ Although the sense of reality is in a state of surreal mutation, Stevens patches it up and makes it complete for the rabbit, who is evidently confident and secure in its newfound sense of self.

²⁴³ Pack, p73

²⁴⁴ Whiting, Anthony., p95

²⁴⁵ Ibid, p99, Whiting has pointed out that for Hegel and Kierkegaard, irony helps to free the self from the world. Stevens’ irony, according to Whiting, does not isolate the self from the world, as does Eliot in his early works or in “The Wasteland.” “Fictions imposed by the mind on experience, the mind also “marries” the world through these concepts. In addition Stevens’ irony affirms a world of “patches and pitches.” (p93)

The mind creates forms and personifications to humanize reality, as Dogget claims,²⁴⁶ and poetry is one of the most powerful outlets through which both the poet and the reader finds or seeks release. Naturally, poetry is the perfect manifestation of the ego of the poet. We see many such manifestations in Stevens' characters, from his Chieftain Iffucan in "Bantams in Pine-Woods" ("Fat! Fat! Fat! Fat! I am the personal./ Your world is you. I am my world. You ten-foot poet among inchlings")²⁴⁷ to Hoon and Canon Aspirin in "Notes Towards a Supreme Fiction." The "major men" of the poet are consequently fictive men, the poet being a creator and savior. In "Paisant Chronical" for instance, they are knit by the poet from the very throes of reality, its cheeses and pineapples, but are "major men" precisely because they are created by the poet: "The major man-/ That is different. They are characters beyond/ Reality, composed thereof. They are/ The fictive men created out of men...The baroque poet may seem his as still a man/ As Virgil, abstract. But see him for yourself,/ The fictive man. He may be seated in/ A café. There may be a dish of country cheese/ And a pineapple on the table. It must be so."²⁴⁸

The story of Anday's central "egotistical" character Narcissos is telling as to the relationship between the self and world. Mesmerized by his reflection, the soon to be conglomeration of saffron petals and leaves forgets that which is around him, centering the whole world around this very image. "Tell me why you persist,/ In catching a fleeting glance/ that whom you love will disappear once you turn your back,/ It will come and go with you, that which you see,/ You are what you seek,/ Tell me why you persist!"²⁴⁹ asks the poet. Kocak holds that seeing is the source of alienation from nature; by drawing attention to this estrangement, he indirectly underlines the important dichotomy which is born with the

²⁴⁶ Dogget, p11

²⁴⁷ Stevens, *Palm at the End of the Mind*, p75

²⁴⁸ Ibid, p269

²⁴⁹ Anday, *Rahati Kacan Agac* (The Tree that Lost its Quietude), p132

realization of the self in relation to the world, I and the other, I and the world, I and not I.²⁵⁰

In building a world around himself, Narcissos acts as the central poet, creating a lover out of his reflection, like the liquifaction of Julia's clothes in Herrick's poem, the object of desire, the beloved to be worshipped. And who other than Echo is there to adore him, the poem/flower that he is?

Some painters constantly paint themselves- some, like Rembrandt, are concerned with change. Others such as Frida Kahlo have declared that they are their best subjects because that is what they know best. Stevens uses a quote from Focillon in trying to explain the poet's relationship with himself: "The chief characteristic of the mind is to be constantly describing itself." Stevens goes on to write that "this activity is indirect egotism. The mind of the poet describes itself as constantly in his poems as the mind of the sculptor describes itself in his forms or as the mind of Cezanne described itself in his 'psychological landscapes.'" ²⁵¹ In the case of Anday, he dwells on the subject of poetic creation extensively, but as in his poem "Kapi" ("Door") the act of creation is equivalent to destruction. He once again stresses the difference between nature and man, drawing the conclusion that through the faculties of the mind, you find and create the world around you- the first step to solitude:

I pass by a tree
The tree stands where it should
What if I suddenly turn to look at it?

...I take the sun to my side
I open the sea before me
Tree stone sun sea
All so very hungry.

I am one of you I am
I stand stable stand like a tree
Cold as stone
Warm as the sun
Content as the sea.

One day I said to myself

²⁵⁰ Kocak, Melih Cevdet Anday Siirinde Ten ve Tin (Spirit and Skin in the poetry of M.C.A), p156

²⁵¹ Stevens, The Necessary Angel, p46

That I have eyes
As I have hands and feet.
I reached this realization with my mind.
First my hands and feet got smart
Then my mind developed hands and feet.

...I broke this door open
like a deranged person, like an animal
there it was before me, suddenly
that happy, secure, natural
that lie-less, clean first
lost universe.²⁵²

The lunatic makes his appearance again. It is through sight that insight is begotten, through the mind that the world is realized, in the poem that the doors of perception are broken. As with Stevens' poet-model who constantly describes himself in his poems, here, Anday forms himself piece by piece, his eyes, hands and feet come into being with his *thinking* of them. As the mind grows hands and feet, it is no longer as static as the tree, but perhaps just as happy, secure and natural. In an earlier poem, Anday was trying to disrupt a tree's quiet existence: "I am going to give a book to it/ So that it loses its peace of mind/ Let it learn love/ Then watch that tree."²⁵³ Not surprisingly perhaps, it is a book that teaches love. Twice removed, literature is the tool of the poet that serves to awaken that which may not even exist up to that point. This goes along with Anday's belief that man has created the world around him. "Man has created nature, has endowed it with its beauty, has given nature its calming effect, its loving."²⁵⁴ Once again, we enter the sphere of the poet's solipsistic universe, clean yet lost. Once again, the "dreaded" action of creation takes place "as imagination bodies forth/The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen/ Turns them to shapes,/ and gives to airy nothing/A local habitation and a name."

G/god(s) abound in the land where their death is announced. Creation and destruction are intertwined in a fruitful cycle where rebirth is constantly announced by poets, if not by

²⁵² Anday, *Rahati Kacan Agac* (The Tree that Lost its Quietude), p104

²⁵³ Ibid, p33

²⁵⁴ Anday, "My Poetic Experience." *Adam Sanat*, Issue: 207, April 2003

prophets. Death, as we saw, is not to be trusted for even death is not permanent. And so, when Baudelaire's youth announces that "Pan is not dead, he has never died,"²⁵⁵ despite the belittling tone of Baudelaire and his friends who pass off the pagan as a lunatic, there is a doubt in their voices. Calasso holds that Baudelaire's vindictive essay on the Ecole Païenne is itself a game wherein he practices his enemy's voice. It can be said of Stevens and Anday that they too kill to resurrect their own deities, forming oppositions to create a synthesis.

In his letters, Stevens had spoken of his deities. "Two different deities presented themselves...the priest in me worshipped one God at one shrine...in the shadows of the trees nothing human mingled with Divinity. As I sat dreaming with the Congregation I felt how the glittering altar worked on my senses stimulating and consoling them; and as I went tramping through the fields and woods I beheld every leaf and blade of grass revealing or rather betokening the Invisible."²⁵⁶ In the later years, he was to mingle all these lofty gods, the singular and plural into one, as his pastoral nun had done. Poetry became the book with which to read nature, help us see the whole: "Finally, in the last year of her age,/ Having attained a present blessedness,/ She said poetry and apotheosis are one./ This is the illustration that she used: If I live according to this law I live/ In an immense activity, in which/ Everything becomes morning, summer, the hero,/ The enraptured woman, the sequestered night.../There was another illustration, in which/ The two things compared their tight resemblance: Each matters only in that which it conceives."²⁵⁷ The mind creates worlds and the poet knits resemblances so that everything does become "morning, summer, hero."

Roland Barthes has stated that for there to be pleasure, law and chaos, language and muteness need to come together without destroying each other.²⁵⁸ Binary oppositions feed each other and in doing so provide us with a sense of completion. Fiction is a story that helps

²⁵⁵ Calasso, Roberto., Literature and the Gods, p9

²⁵⁶ Rotella, p96-7

²⁵⁷ Stevens, "A Pastoral Nun." The Palm at the End of the Mind, p293

²⁵⁸ Kocak, p158

us live our lives, comforting us, stealing us from our fears, making the writer feel he is to be immortal, a part of the invisible, and to the reader it brings pleasure, the promise of other worlds, deities, dreams. Supreme fiction bestows pleasure not only with its beauty but with the dynamics it brings about. It needs to change, and with this change, it brings about change. Anday's Matias knows when it is time to leave. Abandoning his city and his poetry, he will move onto other cities, invisible cities where new worlds will be created to be churned again and again.

Hear the learned Matias then,
He had burnt all his clothes and poems.
He had apparently screamed that he was burning the city.

"I saw that the sun's colour is murky in water,
stone grinding stone, light grinding light,
wind breaking water in melting water.
I saw that leaves are like the whitest teeth
I saw that I was covered in dust and dirt.
I realized I had stayed there too long."²⁵⁹

²⁵⁹ Anday, "Havuz" ("Pool"). Death of the Boat, p42

CONCLUSION: HYMN TO POSSIBILITY

Stravinsky's The Rite of Spring was performed for the first time in Paris on the 29th of May, 1913. The stunned audience and critics rioted. One critic complained that the music produced "the sensation of acute and almost cruel dissonance" and that "from the first measure to the last, whatever note one expects is never the one that comes."²⁶⁰ This dissonance came to reign over the plastic arts, poetry, and music. The unexpected turn of the score echoed in other Modernist works, where subject matters constantly shifted and self-negations cancelled out that which was aforesaid. An absence of totality as pointed out by Perloff in The Poetics of Indeterminacy comes to the forefront in the work of Stevens and Anday. Despite the need and desire for supreme fictions and absolutes, we always find ourselves in the fragmented, liquid state of Ashbery's lacustrine cities where we are constantly defamiliarized from our surroundings, opening the door to endless possibilities. The poem thus becomes a "hymn to possibility,"²⁶¹ a bridge, a wish.

Hailing the tabula rasa, Anday called for the destruction of absolutes. "Disappear, Timeless ideals," he declared, whereby he took on the role of the creator; "I create all that I look upon."²⁶² Stevens and Anday posited the role of the poet as prophet and creator of "things." Stevens too attacked ideals in his Adagia: "The ideal is the actual become anaemic. The romantic is often pretty much the same thing."²⁶³ Despite their attacks on the ideal, we have seen Stevens' and Anday's endeavor of creating their own ideals, "a supreme fiction" that enables us to live our lives better- now this is a high ideal that has been attacked frequently, even by Stevens and Anday themselves.

²⁶⁰ Kamien, Roger., Music: An Appreciation, p250

²⁶¹ Perloff, p37

²⁶² Anday, Guneste, p22

²⁶³ Stevens, Opus Posthumous, p190

In the previous chapters, we saw that the conditions of abstraction, change, and pleasure that were set forth to create “a supreme fiction” were in turn debunked. The contradictions in Stevens’ and Anday’s work can be read in the light of the supreme fiction they create. The constant back and forth movement inevitably brings about an abstract portrait where there is constant change due to the shifts of thought and theory. The pleasure principle is subjective of course, but I do find that the realization of the previous conditions bring about the awaited pleasure if only because of its richness and versatility. The hymn of possibilities is resounded with each new poem, promising a brave new world each time the poem is read.

In his desire for a sense of completion or closure, Stevens had intended to call his first book of poetry “The Grand Poem,” as Mallarme had done before him.²⁶⁴ In this grand poem called Harmonium, the individual poems are like the paintings of Hieronymus Bosch decked with the minutest details but where an overall abstraction is superimposed, where change allows for the freedom of movement and pleasure the power enjoy the work over and over again each time with a sense of novelty. This sense of novelty can be read in one of Anday last poems “Bulutun Rengi” (“Colour of the Cloud”) where he describes the colour of a cloud, of change. The poem is like a prayer to the abstraction that is the cloud.

My youth, my weekly holiday
 Enclosed in the bosom of old afternoon prayers
 The goddesses of sorrow and memory
 This sea resembles itself
 Allali, allalu, allaluia.

Raindrops of winter, goodbye, to river-beds
 I checked them both out my lord
 Under the rain like gods
 Both sigh
 Allali allalu, alleluia.

Juniper older than water
 I checked them both out my lord
 The goddesses of sorrow and memory
 The colour of the cloud changes

²⁶⁴ Riddel, Joseph N., The Clairvoyant Eye, p7

Allali, allalu, allaluia.²⁶⁵

We have seen Stevens' and Anday's treatment of the subject of death. Here, we are once again presented with a sense of renewal that is born from depictions of decadence and age. The reminder of the passage of time, lost youth, the old juniper tree, and goddesses of memory inhabit the world of the cloud. The colour of the cloud changes because it reflects that which changes underneath it. So the ageless cloud is subjected to change and a prayer is resounded. The repeated lines create a sense of familiarity, the hallelujahs a finality, while novelty is once again achieved with death.

As to Stevens' clouds, intangible and changing in the world of gloomy grammarians, they are likened to the speeches of philosophers and ponderers:

Gloomy grammarians in golden gowns
Meekly you keep the mortal rendezvous
Eliciting the still sustaining pomps
Of speech which are like music so profound
They seem an exaltation without sound.
Funest philosophers and ponderers,
Their evocations are the speech of clouds.
So speech of your processions returns
In the casual evocations of your tread
Across a stale, mysterious seasons. These
Are the music of meet resignation; these
The responsive, still sustaining pomps for you
To magnify, if in that drifting waste
You are to be accompanied by more
That mute bare splendors of the sun and moon.²⁶⁶

Once again we are in the world of the emperors of ice cream or Canons of Aspirin. Stevens hails the simplicity of the sun and moon, silent thus splendid, while the pompous statements of melancholy thinkers are ridiculed. The attack against the lofty is common to Stevens and Anday. While evocations are uttered and speeches proclaimed, the ways of simple life, of

²⁶⁵ Anday, Under the Rain, p58

²⁶⁶ Stevens, "On the Manner of Addressing Clouds." The Palm at the End of the Mind, p56

“reality” is always brought to the forefront. “It is life that we are trying to get at in poetry,”²⁶⁷ says Stevens. The stories of the mortal and the immortal are always intertwined. Dualities and dilemmas bring about the necessary angels of abstraction, change and pleasure.

“In the 19th century painters discovered the need of always having a model in front of them, in the 20th century they discovered that they must never look at a model... The truth that the things seen with the eyes are the only things, had lost its significance.”²⁶⁸ The picture of the cloud that cannot be held is a metaphor for the works of Stevens and Anday. Smashing idols and models to replace them with new ones, and in turn destroying their very models with new ones, Stevens and Anday set to create a destructive force that is poetry. “A poem is a meteor”²⁶⁹ precisely because it disrupts that which existed before it, bringing about change.

Layers and layers of cloud... tradition is a starry sea, a *sea surface full of clouds* that needs be truncated each and every time. Stevens and Anday do just that. In their Nietzschean world of un-truths, new truths are always bound to surface. “What is truth. A mobile army of metaphors, metonyms, anthropomorphisms, in short, a sum of human relations which were poetically and rhetorically heightened, transferred and adorned, and after long use seem solid, canonical and binding to a nation. Truth are illusions about which it has been forgotten that they are illusions... coins which have lost their image and now can be used only as metal, and no longer as coins.”²⁷⁰ Making new coins with old metal creates a world of new images and deities. It is time now for new poetry.

²⁶⁷ Stevens, *Opus Posthumous*, p185

²⁶⁸ Stein, Gertrude., *A Profile of 20th Century American Poetry*, ed. Myers and Wojahn., p47

²⁶⁹ Stevens, *Opus Posthumous*, p185

²⁷⁰ Nietzsche, Frederich., “On Truth and Lying in an Extra-Moral Sense.” H.B.Kahraman, *Türk Siiri, Modernizm, Siir.*, p17

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