Poetry, Hunger, and Electric Lights: Lessons from Iceland on Poetry and its Audience

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The Mission Statements Of Many Cultural Organisations make a revealing distinction between the production of art and its distribution, between creation and enjoyment. Arts Council England endeavours first to 'support and enable artistic excellence' and then to ensure that 'everyone has access' to it; the US National Endowment for the Arts aims to 'create art that meets the highest standards of excellence' and then to 'engage the public'.[1] While the pursuit of these twin goals is often shaped by an emphasis on cultural rights and diversity, the dominant model is centralised production: UNESCO's Creative Cities Network aims to 'strengthen the creation, production, distribution, and enjoyment of cultural goods and services'.[2]

Thus the Poetry Foundation (Chicago, USA) aims to 'discover and celebrate the best poetry and place it before the largest possible audience'.[3] The notion that one can 'place' poetry 'before' an audience assumes that poetry can be physically delivered. And indeed, though poetry depends on the ethereal converse of thought to thought and we might wish the Bard could speak his sonnets for us in person, we most often now read poems in books or listen to them on recordings, as consumers of media. In recent decades poets, editors, and cultural organisations have tried to broaden the audience

[1] Arts Council England, The Arts Council Plan 2011–2015, artscouncil.org.uk, p. 5; National Endowment for the Arts Strategic Plan Framework for FY 2012–2016, http://arts.gov, p. 2.

[2] UNESCO, September 2013 Creative Cities Network Mission Statement, unesco.org.

[3] The Poetry Foundation, poetryfoundation.org/foundation/about.

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for poetry by building spaces for poetry in new media. But suppose the success of the ethereal converse of poetry ultimately depends on the type of paid work that people do, or on the ambient noises in their homes?

In 1981 as a Thomas J. Watson Fellow in Iceland I conducted 76 Icelandic-language interviews with common readers and six interviews with published writers (including Halldór Laxness) about how literary activity in the home had changed since World War II. My not-so-ulterior motive was to discover what it had meant to be a poet in a country where poetry remained the premier art form: Could young poets like me who wrote in a contemporary style hope to enjoy scope and appreciation? I expected that the answer would be no, for aesthetic reasons having to do with a preference for clarity, rhyme, and rhythm. Instead I was told that the life of poetry, even unto matters of style, depended on rural electrification.

For 800 years poetry was the only fine art that thrived in Iceland. Until its fisheries blossomed after World War II Iceland was plagued by chronic hunger. Houses were built of turf. In metre-thick walls windows were dim portholes admitting little of the subarctic midnight sun or, in winter, daytime moonlight. Interiors were smoky, as the cooking fuel was peat or dung and the light-source fish oil or kerosene on bog-cotton wicks. Extended families, hired hands, and parish paupers worked, ate, and slept together through six months of winter on adjoining bedsteads in dark louse-ridden lofts.

There were no gourds or wood to make instruments from, no room to dance and no currency to trade for sheet music—or for books. Iceland the 'land of the Sagas' is famed for books; its capital was the first non-English-speaking place to be designated a UNESCO City of Literature on the strength of both its Saga legacy and its remarkable current publishing statistics (a title per 200 persons annually).[4] Yet literacy was maintained primarily by legal requirements for Lutheran confirmation; a tattered lectionary was often the only book that households possessed. Reykjavik had no public library until 1923. So in what had Iceland's literary legacy resided? Or was it nationalist myth or a cultural-political construct?

My respondents were quick to point out that whether you had actually turned the pages of *Egil's Saga* might matter less than whether you knew the main events, sentiments, and speeches by heart. Moreover, if complex prose did not always live on the page poetry scarcely lived in books at all—at least not until recently.[5]

[4] *Reykjavík: UNESCO Literary City*, compiled by Auður Rán Þorgeirsdóttir and Kristín Viðarsdóttir (Reykjavik: City of Reykjavik, 2011), p. 106.

[5] On the relation of the Sagas to oral-poetic traditions see Guðrún Nordal, *Tools of Literacy: The Role of Skaldic Verse in the Icelandic Textual Culture of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2001).

Elderly respondents gave me crash courses on *mousikē*, teaching me the proper verbs for poetic activities. One 'sang' lyrics, 'chanted' epic poems, 'crooned' informal ballads, 'tossed forth' occasional verse, 'duelled' with doggerel, and 'delivered' early-modern poetry (1890–1950).[6] The only poetry that existed primarily as printed matter was contemporary verse.

Poetry required no materials but thought; its medium was the voice. This meant it was the most democratic art form, durable in the face of poverty. Even so not everyone could afford it. Male and female respondents alike pointed out that men had more opportunity to compose, learn, and practice presenting verse because their outdoor tasks such as shepherding and fishing both allowed for contemplation and diminished in winter. Women by contrast were distracted year-round by round-the-clock care of children and the infirm, the noise of household industries (such as the whir of the spinning wheel), and the need to concentrate while handling meagre supplies of food.

In the absence of paper and digital media, honing one's memory was, however, crucial to all. At one farm during lambing time I watched a family choose and add new names to a sheep-breeding record still maintained in alliterative verse. Alliteration and rhyme not only aid memory but curb inadvertent changes; most ears can hear a glitch. Verse in rigid forms travelled as a kind of newsletter in Iceland incorporating announcements and public debate along with jokes, gossip, and new poetry.

Even today verse insult thrives in the Icelandic parliament, salty limericks fly between contractors' scaffolds, and commemorative poems are prized as gifts, in obituaries, and in tribute to common experience—a choir's trip abroad, for example. Yet though newspapers and websites still publish alliterative verse on everything from the weather to foreign policy, my respondents insisted that the verse culture they had grown up with was dead.

Books arrived with heavy machinery. As roads got ploughed through the lava fields, districts banded together to mail-order books for loan between farms. By World War II not only had foreign styles challenged tradition but more poets were using paper, eyeing their poems instead of consulting aural motifs. Icelanders dubbed free verse 'atom poetry' and hotly argued its merits in the 1950s and 60s.

Yet the option of paper and the influence of foreign forms were minor among the changes that modernisation brought to poetry. Once you had a Massey-Ferguson tractor you did not need so many hired hands nor so many offspring. As the populace moved to town in search of jobs in fisheries, commerce, and construction, households had fewer people to sing, recite,

[6] Að syngja, að kveða, að raula, að kasta fram, að kveðast á, að fara með.

or read aloud while doing handiwork in the evenings. Even if you still had an epic singer and an audience in your home, your new concrete walls sent back dissonant reverberations that the 'variable intervals' of the old tunes had never struck from turf.[7]

Above all, you literally saw your household in a new light. Once you had more than one lamp you no longer had to sit together; you could go off by yourselves and choose your own entertainments. This must have been bliss for many people but one man described his mother roaming the house trying to gather the household to read aloud, only to give up and read silently in her chair.

Then there was the radio. 'Home entertainment' is a misnomer in that it comes from outside the home and displaces homemade entertainment. One woman asked: 'Once we had heard great singers sing with the orchestras of the world, why would we want to sing ourselves?' The arrival of mass media meant more than a new option for leisure hours. The arrival of the outside world, or one's arrival in it, seemed to lessen the relevance of individual experience. My youngest respondent who had grown up with epic song was from the last farm in my study to get electricity, in 1975. His childhood in rural darkness had teemed with ghosts and Saga heroes; he knew hours of poetry by heart and had composed poems himself. By 1981 he had moved to a village and left off literary work. 'On the farm you tinkered at it', he said, 'but here in town you don't feel like what happens to you is important.'

Meanwhile, centralised production itself changed types and patterns of work and leisure. Most people chose to abandon the farm tasks that had allowed for poetic composition and learning in favour of mechanised and salaried work. Simultaneously, the production of ethereal converse became a specialised sector that generated books.

During and after World War II Guðmundur Böðvarsson, a farmer poet in a district of farmer poets, had his work solicited by fellow left-wing radicals who had access to printing presses in the nascent city of Reykjavik. Guðmundur wrote wistfully to his brother:

> About me becoming a 'poet', as they call it, I'm at a loss … For sure I'm one of that common breed of Icelanders that our cousin HKL's [Halldór Laxness's] character Ólafur in *World Light* calls 'verse-a-minute smut mouths'. You mention Steini's comment that I only turned to poetry in the service of profit. Let me tell you, that is not true

[7] S. L. Mosko, in Hreinn Steingrímsson, *Kvæðaskapur: Icelandic Epic Song*, ed. D. Stone and S. L. Mosko (Reykjavik: Mál og mynd, 2000), p. 21.

> … yet I'll admit, I'm kind of proud to be offered a price for my manuscript, while many other poets can't circulate their poems, or go into debt to self-publish.[8]

If its existence as a slim volume set your poetry apart from your neighbours', adopting new styles proved that you were doing something new, requiring new credentials. Yet the move to print was not a power play by elite poets. Poets' live local audience, the ancient audience of the large household, had bodily departed the scene of shared entertainments, now lived by a different clock and calendar, and could only be reached through print.

While the availability of foreign and domestic prose was warmly welcomed—two women confided how glad they had been to be free of the 'horrible' and 'unpleasant' violence of Saga themes—the audience for poetry felt as uneasy as Guðmundur Böðvarsson about the new arrangement. Although in 1981 the Icelandic Writers' Union was distributing monies from a hefty book tax to avant-garde poets who published books as fast as they could write them, 35% of my respondents seized the occasion of our interview to attack contemporary verse: It wasn't 'masterful', lacked 'form' and 'clear feeling', didn't 'wrestle with reality enough', was 'insufficiently thought-out', 'just talk', 'half-composed and poorly-worded', didn't 'develop young people's language', was 'impossible to sing', left 'nothing behind in your head', was 'bull', 'meaningless', 'not as much fun', 'not worth buying or keeping', you needed 'to be on dope to enjoy it', and 'it should be over by now'. But the most common complaint was that contemporary poetry was 'cheap', as in flimsy and shoddy.

'Cheap' might suggest that the problem was a glut supply. This certainly is a burning question, as it were, for every poet. Joseph Bednarik, marketing director of Copper Canyon Press (Colorado, USA), reckoned that if each Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing in America wrote one good poem a year that made 24,750 good poems to read per decade.[9]

Abundance per se is not an artistic problem. If, as was the case in my 1981 study of Icelandic readers, nearly half your population composed verse and three-quarters of you could recite it, you would be much more likely to have someone speak sonnets for you. I watched one farmer coax a small girl from tears into fascinated attention, verse by verse, with a traditional ode to a woman of the same name as the girl. It was a moment of such understanding, the intimacy fairly shimmered in the air. We were

[8] Quoted in Silja Aðalsteinsdóttir, *Skáldið sem sólin kissti* (Reykjavik: Oddi, 1994), p. 200, translation mine.

[9] Joseph Bednarik, 'The Law of Diminishing Readership', *Poets and Writers Magazine*, May/June 2006, 34, 3.

enjoying a *luxury*: a customised performance. Mass media cannot sense its audience's mood. Just as centralised production in other fields can relieve want but may involve a loss of quality, in poetry too home-cooking is sometimes best.

Abundance need not lower standards. In a memoir of her hungry rural childhood, novelist and poet Jakobína Sigurðardóttir describes her mother criticising bombast, melodrama, and 'cheapness' in verse while demurring that she has 'no ear for poetry'. The farm children were drilled in mnemonic skill until the apt among them could learn poems on one hearing but they were also taught to discriminate. The young Sigurðardóttir sniffles over a maudlin poem in a book from the reading club but after her mother gets to it the only line Sigurðardóttir can remember is the line her mother has skewered.[10]

Common failed attempts to reach beyond mediocrity can foster the recognition of excellence, as sports fans admire professional skill all the more if they themselves have played. My respondents were clear on the rarity of talent. They deprecated their own poetic efforts with the stock phrase 'it was never much and now it's over' but generously praised neighbours' as well as published poets' superior work. My respondents named several poets from their childhoods who were fed and housed in return for epic song. Even in Iceland's dismal eighteenth century of natural disasters, illness, and famine, two Icelandic naturalists reported to Danish colleagues that 'poets whose business it is to compose songs from stories' could support themselves by performing at fishing camps.[11] Some Icelandic poets received, like Demodocus in Ithaca, a seat and food.

What then is so daunting about Bednarik's 24,750 good poems over a decade? Most of us could run our eyes over those six or seven new poems daily without undue disruption of our work. If gifted Icelandic versifiers can still on an interesting day produce dozens of verses, all entertaining, a few memorable, would not Bednarik's 6.8 good poems be better, carefully selected and vetted by highly skilled editors as well as their authors before they reach print?

While one might wish that more poets today would take James Fenton's point in his wise essay 'Some Mistakes People Make About Poetry' that one truly good poem is an excellent lifetime output, what Fenton deplores is not abundance per se but a false equation of professional and artistic

[10] Jakobína Sigurðardóttir, *Í barndómi* (Reykjavik: Mál og menning, 1994), pp. 54–55.

[11] From the travel diaries of Eggert Ólafsson and Bjarni Pálsson, 1752–1757, quoted in Vésteinn Ólason, 'Bóksögur', in *Íslensk þjóðmenning* VI, ed. Frosti F. Jóhannsson (Reykjavík: Bókaútgáfan Þjóðsaga, 1989), pp. 161–227, p. 202.

achievement, by which one earns time to compose through an academic post or public grant by publishing one's work until 'my CV implies that I'm just about to become Goethe, and yet I have to admit that not even my cat believes this'.[12] To succeed in a complex competition for the floor, poets must present their work as part of the cultural record, a status conferred by the existence of print copies of their poems.

Alienation between poet and audience *is* an artistic problem. The farmer poet Guðmundur Böðvarsson understood that the gap between poetic speech as a communally-enjoyed aspect of human sentience and his books printed by his comrades in the city was the result of recent and provisional economic arrangements. His print texts were not an end in themselves but a practical means of representing his voice in a general choir of popular song, oratory, ritual, education, and play. Yet the website of the Poetry Foundation, poetryfoundation.org, proclaims itself 'a place where the poetry world and mainstream culture intersect', as if something intrinsic held 'the poetry world' apart from mainstream culture.

In part, the measures of achievement by material yield that James Fenton laments but which are key to receiving support in both capitalist America's academia and socialist Europe's kulturpolitik are, like print itself, an artefact of separation. Poets submit manuscripts, or files, to editors and judges instead of speaking their poems in person. But in an oral-poetic culture aspiring poets and amateurs could perform for informal audiences directly, without cultural arbiters or physical media. Audience approval could precede written text. *Númarímur*, an epic song composed by Sigurður Breiðfjörð in the early 19th century after J. P. Florian's *Numa Pompilius*,[13] survives in many copies, both print and handwritten. The copies exist because the poem was well-received, not vice versa.

Another key difference is that in an oral-poetic culture poets spent most of their time performing other people's work. Even original work was, like Shakespeare's or Sigurður Breiðfjörð's, unabashedly derivative. A great original work was a brilliant rendering of extant material. As James Fenton points out in 'Some Mistakes People Make About Poetry', most poets simply do not produce great volumes of valuable original material. Their best work is seldom sufficient to eke out battles of attrition for tenure or advantage in the competition for artists' subsidies, let alone to sustain them with sales did the market exist.

[12] *New York Review*, March 25 1993, pp. 19–21, at 20.

[13] The Florian source is cited by Stefán Einarsson in *Íslensk bókmenntasaga 870–1960* (Reykjavik: Snæbjörn Jónsson & Co., 1961), p. 287. *Númarímur* was last printed in its entirety in 1963 (Reykjavik: Ísafold).

A prominent American professor of creative writing advised his students to read at least one book of contemporary poetry each day. If this meant monetary purchase we would each need to scare up some £3,000 annually toward the purchase of slender volumes. Even if we acquired only Mr. Bednarik's exceptional poems and received them *gratis* via electronic media, libraries, or performances under the auspices of cultural organisations, an oral-poetic perspective tells us that in practice to acquire 6.8 worthy poems daily would involve excessive expense of another sort.

In Icelandic an 'expensive' poem as opposed to a 'cheap' poem is highly crafted and complex and requires time and thought from the reader as well as the poet. While reading, listening, and even memorising were quick, to 'have' a poem as one 'had' Latin meant repetition. If my respondents relied on print for converse with a poet, they kept the book 'on the night table' for months or years and were 'always peeking in its windows'. Excellent poems were not perishable goods. They were incorporated into thought for life.

My respondents said that most contemporary poems 'left nothing behind'. Either the poems were 'cheap', 'like informal conversation', belonging to that part of the abundance of oral composition that was not properly written down but vanished along with the day and its smiles; or they gave the reader no purchase, dispensing with music or roaming beyond the bounds of meaning.

To think of poetry as text product creates not only an incentive to overproduce but an incentive to distinguish that product. How many mannerisms have arisen as an unconscious way to mark one's verse as the product of the most elite school, state-of-the-art, a form which the amateur cannot reproduce or perhaps even understand without being party by way of tuition fees to an exclusive dialogue? Challenge and specialised language have always been part of poetry; poems from oral traditions are allusive and compressed. But the modern poet, wrote Albert Bates Lord, 'seeks to create an individual, even individualistic, language of his own with his own diction and poetics'.[14]

It is writing itself that allows writers and audiences to dispense with the nuts and bolts of mnemonics, not only musical forms and stock phrases but clear logic and linear narrative. Without writing there would be no digressive novels nor delicious collections to discover them in. Neuroscientist Merlin Donald exults that 'new physical media of symbolic technology have enormous advantages over brain-based memory media'.[15] We conceive of

[14] Albert Bates Lord, ed. Mary Louise Lord, *The Singer Resumes the Tale*, (Ithaca and London: Cornell University Press, 1995), p. 74.

[15] Merlin Donald, *A Mind So Rare: The Evolution of Human Consciousness* (New York: Norton, 2001), p. 305.

'symbolic technology' as an external hard drive for our minds, vastly extending our scope.

Yet even today the only canon we consult in composition is the one in our heads. If we stop to refer to media, memory prompts us to do so. Walter Ong noted that Shakespeare's semantic richness reflects a happy convergence of textual and oral traditions.[16] How much did Shakespeare's mnemonic skill as an actor contribute? While he clearly lifts his description of Cleopatra's barge from Plutarch we also hear him compose by ear: 'That wear this world out to the ending doom'/ 'But bears it out even to the edge of doom'.

Nobel laureate Halldór Laxness told me that 'it was the readers' problem' to adapt to literary change; the audience had to make the leap. Yet his masterpiece *Independent People* portrays class struggle in part through a clash of traditional verse forms, the epics and odes of the irascible farmer Bjartur of Summerhouses versus the romantic-nationalist, publicly declaimed lyrics of the Bailiff's wife. Laxness's best-loved works in Iceland are ballads: a working mother's love song to her absent child, from the play *The Silver Moon*, and 'The May Star', from the mouth of the hero of the novel *World Light*, about a starving young radical waiting for his lover during a sleet storm on 30 April. Laxness's twentieth century tomes brim with oral-poetic skill. One man told me: 'The fellow can sing.'

To define poetry as text cuts it away from the rest of *mousikē*. In 2005 the Poetry Foundation hired the National Opinion Research Center to assess the audience for poetry in America. The researchers defined 'poems' as verse by 'professional published poets' that was 'intended to be understood as poems, not as part of something else such as rap, song lyrics, Bible verses, or greeting card messages'.[17] Thus Yeats's 'Song of Wandering Aengus' is a poem because Yeats wrote it; if Anonymous had written it, it would be a ballad.

If the oral-poetic past enriches Laxness's prose it also partly explains Iceland's noted contributions to multimedia performance. Visual artist Ragnar Kjartansson sings lyrics in his video works, the pop star Björk works with poet and novelist Sjón, and the band Sigurrós has recorded with epic singer Steindór Andersen. Domestic favourites include the twenty-some-woman repertory rap troupe Reykjavik's Daughters and the duo Missing

[16] Walter Ong, 'Typographic Rhapsody: Ravisius Textor, Zwinger, and Shakespeare', in T. J. Farrell and P. A. Soukup, eds., *An Ong Reader: Challenges for Further Inquiry* (New York: Hampton Press, 2002), pp. 456–460.

[17] The Poetry Foundation and The National Opinion Research Center, *Poetry in America* (Chicago: The Poetry Foundation, 2006), prepared by Lisa K. Schwartz et al., p. 1.

Dog, whose analyses of Icelandic history feature recitals of new and classic poems to accompaniments such as state radio identification tones and an aluminium crutch played as a flute.

The 2011–2014 Work Plan for the European Union Agenda for Culture urges cultural institutions to build new 'spaces' for 'participative and creative encounters'. This reflects the ethical goals of providing all social groups fair access to the arts and of promoting social cohesion.[18] Yet the present effort by grassroots artists' groups as well as cultural organisations to find 'alternative spaces' for genre-bending performances may also reflect a need to regather both dispersed informal audiences and the dispersed Muses, relegated by technology and professional pressures to separate offices or studios.

Gregory Nagy has traced how Homer was lifted out of a broad ritual tradition including music and movement and became 'a mythologized culture hero', an individual who 'can speak only through his text'. This meant that the rhapsode who performed Homeric epic no longer embodied Homer; now he merely recited Homer's work.[19] In light of the present discussion it is worth asking whether that demotion was brought about by evolving ideas or by technological change. Before written texts poetry resided solely in the minds of those who knew it cold: rhapsodes literally 'had' Homer. As writing spread, Homer came to belong to those owning texts. Then poetry was made of, and purchased by, something else besides thought and the human voice. Yet one who can conjure up a poem in memory and speech is still, physically, the bearer of the poem no matter who composed it. This is the actual ethereal converse, Shakespeare's 'living record' on which the value of the whole process, including the value of 'black ink', depends.

'Symbolic technology' is an adaptation to problems of distance and time. While it confers enormous advantages and pleasures it is not manna from an abstract heaven of ingenuity. Writing extends, confirms, perpetuates, and helps our articulations but to value text as an end in itself is one instance of our tendency to confuse means and ends.

The end of supporting the production and delivery of cultural goods is not to increase a market but to facilitate human understanding. Poetry is ultimately made from thought and voice and therefore the cheapest art form. No wonder we can't live on it. On the other hand, our moments of

[18] European Agenda for Culture, Work Plan for Culture 2011–2014, Open Method of Coordination (OMC), Working Group of EU Member States Experts, 'Report on the Role of Public Arts and Cultural Institutions in the Promotion of Cultural Diversity and Intercultural Dialogue' (European Union, January 2014), p. 5.

[19] Gregory Nagy, 'Epic', in Richard Thomas Eldridge, ed., *The Oxford Handbook of Philosophy and Literature* (Oxford University Press, 2009), p. 36. See also Nagy, *Poetry as performance: Homer and beyond* (Cambridge University Press, 1996), ch. 5–6.

understanding are rare and the skill of grasping those moments in words much rarer still; thus great poems are 'expensive'. History shows that the compression that makes poems quick to learn but slow to absorb makes them all the more valuable: that poetry thrived during Iceland's centuries of dismal want proves the wisdom of the Arab proverb that knowledge should be light enough to carry across the desert.

The Icelandic experience of poetry's changes during modernisation suggests that to support poetry we must face the ways in which new media and social arrangements fail to quite solve problems of time and distance. The slender volume is not the right vehicle for all poetry. When the currency of print is devalued for the sake of professional advancement it is only natural for the audience to reject the coin. What distortions do other new media introduce? If you send a poem to a reader's inbox have you delivered it? What is the value of hits on a poet's website? We must also weigh technological ease against the atrophy of mental muscle. By teaching and translating, some modern poets like oral poets of the past gain their expertise and living, such as it is, by promulgating others' work; yet few of these poets can recite even their own poetry off the cuff. What might it do for poetry if poets 'had' their own and others' poems, allowing their learning to freely inform composition and ensuring that their own poems were memorable? What would it do for the audience of poetry if poets presented others' masterworks in performance along with their own?

Yet my Icelandic respondents' main message was that poetry changed because of electric lights, smaller households, and centralised production. Epic poetry was communal; the audience sang the tonic note while the singer paused for breath. But oral poets composed out of all human earshot, free of the interactive demands that hampered many housewives' chances to learn. Performance occurred while the household worked at rote tasks such as knitting, making rope, mending nets, or cleaning eiderdown.

Icelanders who had experienced the arrival of radio—one public station, amidst a vast quiet—lamented what they called 'a perpetual natter'. Mass media gave everyone a touch of what women running large households had faced. Poetry is democratic and durable only so long as the thought from which it is made is not co-opted by external cues. Simone Weil wrote that 'the worst outrage' is 'violation of the workers' attention'.[20] For poetry to thrive poets and audiences need to assert their right to silent respite and seek out the kinds of tasks in which we retain sovereignty over our thought and give 'perpetual natter' the slip.

[20] 'Prerequisite to Dignity of Labour', transl. S. Miles, in S. Miles, ed., *Simone Weil: An Anthology* (New York: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1986), p. 255.