

CAPE ANN Museum

Library & Archives

1+ 978-283-0455 x19

library@capeannmuseum.org

MARSDEN HARTLEY : THE PAINTER AS POET LECTURE FINDING AID & TRANSCRIPT

Speaker: Peter Anastas
Date: 8/11/2012
Runtime: 0:38:52
Camera Operator: Bob Quinn
Identification: VL45 ; Video Lecture #45
Citation: Anastas, Peter. "Marsden Hartley: The Painter as Poet". CAM Video Lecture Series, 8/11/2012. VL45, Cape Ann Museum Library & Archives, Gloucester, MA.
Copyright: Requests for permission to publish material from this collection should be addressed to the Librarian/Archivist.
Language: English
Finding Aid: Description: 2012 Press Release.
Subject List: Trudi Olivetti, 6/24/2020.
Transcript: Paul Romary, 8/29/2020.

Video Description

From 2012 Press Release: Peter Anastas, Gloucester writer and president of the Charles Olson Society, will discuss how painter and poet Marsden Hartley and poet Charles Olson were inspired by their encounters with the wild center of Cape Ann. This lecture is offered in conjunction with the special exhibition Marsden Hartley: Soliloquy in Dogtown, on display at the Cape Ann Museum until October

27 Pleasant Street, Gloucester, Massachusetts 01930 USA

+1 978-283-0455

capeannmuseum.org

14, 2012. Peter Anastas wrote the essay Marsden Hartley: Painter as Poet for the exhibition catalogue. In it, he declares that Marsden Hartley is the only significant twentieth-century American painter who can claim equally to be a writer of poetry. In his illustrated talk on August 11th, he will compare Hartley to Gloucester poet Charles Olson, who was also inspired by Dogtown.

Peter Anastas was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts in 1937 and attended local schools. He holds degrees in English from Bowdoin College and Tufts University. Among his publications are *Glooskap's Children: Encounters with the Penobscot Indians of Maine* (Beacon Press), *Landscape with Boy*, a novella in the Boston University Fiction Series, *At the Cut*, a memoir of growing up in Gloucester in the 1940s (Dogtown Books), *Broken Trip*, a novel of Gloucester in the 1990s (Glad Day Books), and *No Fortunes*, a novel set at Bowdoin in the 1950s (Back Shore Press), along with fiction and non-fiction in *Niobe*, *The Falmouth Review*, *Stations*, *America One*, *The Larcom Review*, *Polis*, *Split Shift*, *Cafe Review*, *Sulfur*, *Art New England*, *Architecture Boston*, and *Process*. Anastas is also the editor of *Maximus to Gloucester: The Letters and Poems of Charles Olson to the Editor of the Gloucester Daily Times, 1962-1969* (Ten Pound Island Books). He also writes frequently on his blog "A Walker in the City."

Funding for this program was made possible through a grant from the Massachusetts Cultural Council, which promotes excellence, access, education and diversity in the arts, humanities and interpretive sciences, in order to improve the quality of life for all Massachusetts residents and to contribute to the e

Subject list

Charles Olson, <i>Maximus Poems</i>	Museum of Modern Art
Hart Crane	Lionel Feininger
<i>Soliloquy in Dogtown</i>	<i>Eight Bells Folly: Memorial to Hart Crane</i>
Townsend Ludington, <i>Marsden Hartley: The Biography of an American Artist</i>	
Gail Scott, <i>Collected Poems of Marsden Hartley</i>	

Transcription

Courtney Richardson

Welcome to the Cape Ann Museum. My name is Courtney Richardson. I'm Director of Education and Public Programs here. I just want to say a few things about this weekend. We're so pleased the city of Gloucester has officially launched the Harbor Walk. I don't know if anyone has been on it yet. Anybody? Okay, excellent. So, whether you have a smartphone or not, I think it's worth it. The digital content linked to the walk contains rich material that reference both Hartley and Olson. These aren't the only literary icons mentioned. Murray, Kipling, Connolly, Longfellow, Eliot, Phelps, as well as more contemporary writers are all referenced. Thank you for that reminder. Please turn off your cell phones.

Today's lecture is offered in conjunction with the special exhibition "Marsden Hartley: Soliloquy in Dogtown" on display through October 14. We're inviting everyone to join us upstairs after the talk to continue our discussion. Just if you haven't seen it yet, hopefully you will come upstairs. Peter wrote the essay, "Marsden Hartley: Painter as Poet" for our exhibition catalog. In it he declares that Hartley is the only significant 20th century American painter who can claim equally to be a writer of poetry. In his illustrated talk today, he will compare Hartley to Gloucester poet, Charles Olson, who was also inspired by Dogtown.

Peter was born in Gloucester and attended local schools. He holds degrees in English from Bowdoin College and Tufts University. Among his publications are *At the Cut: A Memoir of Growing Up in Gloucester in the 1940s* and *Broken Trip*, a novel of Gloucester in the 1990s. He's also written in numerous publications and reviews and was the editor of *Maximus to Gloucester: The Letters and Poems of Charles Olson to the Editor of the Gloucester Daily Times*. He also writes frequently for his blog: *A Walker in the City*. Please join me in welcoming Peter Anastas.

Peter Anastas 2:34

Thank you very much. Please, at any time if you can't hear me, let me know. On December 22, 1962, *The Gloucester Times* published a letter to the editor by Charles Olson, titled "A beef about Homer stamp". It was the first of many such communications the Gloucester poet would send to the editor of the newspaper he read each day as soon as it was delivered to his door at 28 Fort Square. Let's take a look at the letter. First image. While ostensibly about Homer, Olson's allusion to 20th century American modernist painter Marsden Hartley in the same letter is of primary significance. Olson's objection, he called it, "A beef. for sure. Delivered. yrs." in the idiosyncratic style that would characterize many of the letters that followed until his death in 1970, was that Homer, though internationally recognized, was not local enough, as a painter, as Fitz Henry Lane had been and Hartley, to have been celebrated in and by the city. In fact, Olson was surprised that a painter of Lane's "specificity and place," as he wrote in a

subsequent letter, had been bypassed for a sentimentalist, he believed, like Homer, whom Olson described in a clear criticism of the Gilded Age in which Homer had lived and painted as, quote, “living off the fat of that fat-headed America anyway, of the 19th century.” By contrast, he offered Hartley, suggesting what would be more interesting “is the story of a painter like Marsden Hartley and Gloucester, in whom (if anyone who has the Feininger–Hartley catalogue of the Museum of Modern Art can see) that Hartley changed by going to places on Cape Ann alone, and that his Maine thing, replacing the international style, dates at this time”.

One of the places. Let's take a look for just a second at the Homer stamp, just a second. There's the stamp that Olson writes about. One of the places on Cape Ann that Olson was referring to in his letter was Dogtown, site of the city's original colonists located in the island's wild interior. If one follows Olson's advice, and looks up the catalogue of the MOMA show devoted to the work of the American abstractionists by Feininger about Hartley, you will discover that among the 106 drawings and paintings by Hartley that were chosen for this groundbreaking 1944 retrospective, several of the settlement's first wood lots and pasture lands are prevalent, including a delicate 1936 pen and ink drawing of Dogtown, a powerful 1931 oil of Whale's Jaw, and a 1936 painting, “Old-Bars, Dogtown” that is featured in the present exhibit. Let's take a look at “Old-Bars, Dogtown”. And that you will find it's very interesting. These were some of the first Hartley's that Olson would see. Olson's letter to the editor is not the first time that the poet alludes to Hartley. In the first two books of his Gloucester epic the *Maximus* poems, published between 1953 and 1956, Hartley also figures, prompting one to ask how Olson came initially to Marsden Hartley and what Hartley meant to Olson.

But first, let me sketch in some background necessary for an understanding of Hartley as a poet and the nature of his attraction to Dogtown. Hartley deeply desired to be known both as a painter and a poet in his lifetime, and to be remembered as such for posterity. By 1922, he had already established a pattern of reading and writing in the morning and painting in the afternoon, which he would follow for the rest of his life. At his death, he left the manuscripts of over 600 poems, which were collected first by Henry Wells in 1945 and then by Gail Scott whose edition of *The Collected Poems of Marsden Hartley* was published by Black Sparrow press in 1987.

Hartley was a friend of some of the major poets of his age: Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, Hart Crane, Marianne Moore. His work was respected by those contemporaries, who encouraged him both to write and to publish, not only poetry, but highly esteemed essays and art criticism. During his lifetime Hartley published three collections of poetry, three books, and appeared in six important anthologies of American verse. He also published in *Poetry* magazine, *The Dial* and *The Little Review*, along with T.S. Eliot, Pound, H. Dean and Robert McCallum. These were seminal publications and Hartley was in the thick of the literary and artistic vanguard. In fact, as Monroe Wheeler writes in his foreword to the Feininger-Hartley catalog, quote, “At first, while his painting still ventured experimentally this way and that, some of his friends thought he might find his ultimate self-expression in literature.” He corresponded with Gertrude Stein, who called Hartley's paintings, quote, “the most refreshing thing” she had seen

in a long time, declaring that Hartley had, quote, “restored color to its original meaning” and that he had, quote, “surpassed Matisse and Picasso in making every part of the picture live.” That's Gertrude Stein.

If you were to turn the pages of the magazines and journals that I mentioned, you will have a sense of the excitement that one experiences upon discovering Hartley's name in poetry in this company, and in publications that literally create the modernist consciousness we now take for granted. Let's look at a photograph. Next image. Hartley on the left with Ezra Pound in the center with the French painter Léger, and they are sitting in a cafe in Paris in 1924.

9:19

Since my subject today, and that of the present exhibition is Dogtown, I had thought it fitting to let one poem of Dogtown describe Hartley. Marsden Hartley and Charles Olson met only once, not in the moraine of Dogtown, unfortunately, or even in Gloucester but in New York City in 1941. I'm going to let Olson tell the story. “Hartley had made it his business to find out my address on Christopher Street”, Olson writes in a letter to poet Robert Creeley on June 23 1950, “and to my horror and surprise, had come to see me in a new beautiful sea-green suit he bought where I used to buy mine by Harris's at Macy's made to major measure. 35 bucks. There he was at my door. It was his peak. The first or second Walker show after his extraordinary second birth. Then he turned to me. I was so nervous I made tea, but it was only orange slices in hot water. I forgot to add the tea. The cups were red Mexican clay, cheap. It went alright until I pulled out in my green enthusiasm the Hart poem.” Olson had written about Hartley's friend, Hart Crane, who was thought to have committed suicide by jumping from a steamer on the way back from Mexico in 1932. “Hartley read the poem slowly. Said no word, got up, took his hat and walked out. It has bothered me since that day,” Olson continued. “Damn, if I know what went on. I still suffer over it.”

Neither can we know it. We can feel for the younger poet, Olson was 31, fresh out of Harvard, Harvard's graduate programs in American civilization. Hartley, 64, he died two years later in 1943 in Ellsworth, Maine. The young poet who must somehow have offended the older artist and poet by presuming to write about another poet whose death Hartley always felt guilty about. Hartley once admitted to William Carlos Williams, a friend to all three poets, that he felt he might have been able to help Crane with the personal agonies that might have contributed to his suicide if only they had been able to establish a closer relationship. Hartley's biographer, Townsend Ludington, suggested Hartley may have come to terms with his own sexuality in ways that Crane had not been able to, noting, “that by the end of his life, perhaps it was the mark of his finally having made peace that he could blend the fine and the true with open gestures of love and concluding, by 1936, he had accepted, if not completely laid to rest, a number of his personal demons from whose attacks he fashioned some of his most important art,” Ludington says.

Perhaps too, as a poet himself, he resented that a beginner like Olson, who didn't know Crane as Hartley did, having met him first in Paris, would encroach upon his territory. For Hartley

himself had not only written about Crane in his long 1932 poem “Un Recuerdo – Hermano Hart Crane R.I.P.” but had painted one of his most enigmatic canvases -- you can take a look at it – “Eight Bells”, as a memorial to Crane a year later. It's an extraordinary painting, one of Hartley's most powerful and most mysterious paintings. (Pardon me, a little louder. Is this working okay? Step Closer. Can you hear me?)

13:22

So Marsden Hartley went on his way. Winters in gloomy New York residence hotels. Portland and Bangor, Maine rooming houses. Summers first in Nova Scotia then living with a family in Corea, Maine, taking meals apart in their restaurant. Painting upstairs in a deconsecrated church or in a chicken coop. Worrying, always worrying, about money, his failing health. Reading, writing in the morning, poetry, essays, long letters to people he hardly knew, work on his unpublished autobiography, *Somehow A Past*. It was later published, most recently by MIT Press, a beautiful bit of work. Painting in the afternoon, keeping apart from other artists, rejecting those who sought him out.

Olson left New York, went to Washington, where he joined fellow Harvard students and their professors working first in the war effort, then later by himself and the Democratic Party. Let's take a look, that's Olson in Washington. After the war, he traveled to Yucatan to study the Mayan culture, returning to teach at the experimental Black Mountain College, Asheville, North Carolina. Here's a picture of Olson, at Black Mountain, that famous shawl that he brought back from Yucatan that he wore. And at Black Mountain, during April of 1953, two years after he described his meeting with Hartley in his letter to Creeley, he sat down and wrote a poem that began, “Marsden Hartley's eyes Stein's as Stein's eyes”. Olson had clearly not forgotten that signal encounter with Hartley. If you will glance at the portrait of Hartley by his friend Helen Stein, you will see what Olson meant about the eyes, that were, according to those who knew Hartley, were an incredible shade of blue. “He saw more with his blazing blue eyes than anyone I ever knew,” his friend Adelaide Koontz wrote.

That portrait's creator, Helen Stein, no relation to Gertrude, who lived on Marble Road in East Gloucester until her death in 1964, had been a good friend of Hartley after he arrived for his first extended stay in Gloucester during the summer of 1931, meeting him briefly in 1920, introducing him to her circle of friends, though Hartley, an inveterate loner, often kept his distance, ridiculing the incestuousness of the local art colony and the town itself, which he dubbed “the cesspool of American vulgarity and cheapness.” Compare Hartley's description to Olson's characterization of Gloucester 35 years later, as “a city of mediocrity and cheap ambition.” Stein remained a friend of Olson after Olson's eventual return to Gloucester from Black Mountain in July 1957, but he might well be said to have experienced a renewal of his own poetic energies, having come home to take up his *Maximus* poems at their source. The ground and spring of that source would prove to be Dogtown, as it had been for Hartley himself some 26 years before.

The poem that Olson wrote in 1953, letter VII of the *Maximus* poems, pay tribute to those who like Hartley and fellow painter Helen Stein, had eyes, vision, and knew how to use them in much the same way that the mystical British poet, painter and engraver William Blake, once, one of Hartley's heroes and a model of his dual career, advised that one should look not with, but through the eyes. Hartley himself wrote, "The real visionaries beyond any help that nature, nature can offer him, what he sees is superior to what is seen above and beyond what nature presents," adding, quote, "Things come into my world which is the world of the eyes." And Olson in a letter to Creeley writes, "It is painters who throw most light on myself. So far as it shows in their work," insisting to Creeley, "that a writer must see as sharply as a painter."

18:10

Olson wrote in letter VII,

"Hartley had so many courages,
and such defeats,
who used to stay too long at Dogtown
getting that rock in paint,
he who was so afraid of night, and loons
But what he did with that bald jaw of stone."

This poem, along with Olson's later *Maximus* from Dogtown sequence, reveals one of the many parallels between Olson's and Hartley's responses to Dogtown. What Hartley referred to as "speechless progress of geologic structures of earth on Dogtown" and what Olson described as the "beetles of nature in this park of eternal events", both poets clearly saw in this barren, juniper-dotted and boulder strewn landscape something of the quality of the Earth in prehistoric times and ages when it seemed the Earth had just begun to cool after its creation, and ancient phonic deities made it their own. Such was the appeal of this still primitive, indeed, magical presence of Dogtown as it remains for us today. And on Dogtown, each poet through an intense absorption in the signatures of its terrain, its sphagnum bogs, its Cambrian granite course capped with the terminal moraine of the last ice sheet that covered North America, its erratic glacial moves and scratches, each poet underwent an important experience of spiritual and personal transformation of creative regeneration.

19:57

Let's look at...this is the Dogtown that Hartley would have encountered and that Olson would have known from growing up in his childhood in Gloucester. And this regeneration emerged in their work. It allowed Olson to ground himself again in Gloucester after a long absence, and his Paulinine Gaia, the earth, as he put it, with a city entangled in her hair. It afforded Hartley with the native's return about which James O'Gorman and I have written in our catalog essays, and which Hartley expressed in his poem, "Return of the Native", reproduced at the beginning of the catalogue. But nowhere is this sense of communion with a place of transubstantiation more deeply articulated, even in liturgical terms, than in the poem from which this exhibition takes its name, "Soliloquy in Dogtown".

"...I hear the fugues and recitative swell out,

then die out
in whispers of emaciated wind, suppressing shout
or cry or what suppressed emotions answer by
and nothing seems to tell of high impress
or infidel redress. It is a place up here
where, confess, converse, sphere and sphere,
detect, rehearse, delete, and in the last complete
their everlasting trend, world without end..."

That's Hartley. Compare this with some stanzas from Olson's *Maximus* from Dogtown.

"Dogtown is soft
in every season
high up on her granite
horst, light growth
of all trees and bushes
strong like a puddle's ice
the bios
of nature in this
park of eternal
events is a sidewalk
to slide on, this
terminal moraine:

the rocks the glacier tossed
toys
Merry played by
with his bull."

The reference is to sailor James Merry who was said to have attempted to wrestle a young bull while drunk in Dogtown and was killed, thus becoming a mythical figure to Olson. In each case, the poet has not only responded to the actual presence of Dogtown, but has also described the symbolic and mythic dimensions of the place, just as Hartley did in such extraordinary paintings as "Wind-Bitten Moors, Dogtown", "Rock Doxology", "Blueberry Highway" and "Summer Outward Bound" writing that, "a rock such as I have here in Dogtown delivers sermons of integrity, piety, wholesome continuity and so you see, one can go to church anywhere and pray standing up at all times. Because simple true desire is profound prayer."

We can look at a couple pictures. These are some of them. "Blueberry Highway" and "Rock Doxology" really extraordinary paintings. For each in his own way, Dogtown was in Olson's phrase "a park of eternal events", a place both of geological dimension and historical depth, a place where as today one can go not only to renew oneself to experience nature in its raw immediacy. There is however, a crucial difference between the two poets with respect to their encounters with Dogtown. For Hartley, Dogtown was the subject of transformative paintings

that celebrated visually his profound experience of a quintessential American place, an experience that ultimately sent him back to his roots in Maine. I couldn't find poems that attempted linguistically to render the painter's emotional state while in Dogtown.

For Olson, Dogtown provided not simply the occasion for a series of related poems about the wild part of Cape Ann, but more fundamentally, the core myths and symbols, the deep structure of a major American long poem, in which Gloucester, her found in history, reflected the nation's, the nation's rewards. Even after Olson believed that the city had sold itself out, betraying its own history and destroying its built environment through urban renewal, "The city, turn your back on the sea", he wrote in *Maximus in Dogtown II*, "go inland to Dogtown, the holler, the shore, the city are now shade as the nation is." There was still Dogtown to remind us of where we came from, and what we have not yet and possibly could not ever destroy, what Olson called an "actual earth of value."

24:51

And here's a wonderful photograph of Charles Olson in Dogtown with that very great American poet, Diane di Prima. "Dogtown is the cosmos", as Don Byrd writes in Charles Olson's *Maximus* poems, "Dogtown is the cosmos in which Maximus, Olson, defines himself. He merges with the landscape, which appears as the motive force for both his biological processes and his poem." Of Olson's stature in poetry we can be assured. Beginning in 1960 when editor Don Allen placed him first in his groundbreaking anthology *The New American Poetry*, although earlier, when the first *Maximus* poems began to appear in magazines like *Origin* in the early 1950s, William Carlos Williams describes Olson as quote, "A major poet with the sweep of understanding of the world. A feeling for other men staggers me." Olson's poetry and prose are included in the authoritative anthologies and textbooks, and are taught in both undergraduate survey courses and in specialized graduate courses in colleges and universities. His works have been translated into several Eastern and Western languages, and there have been dozens of books and many more doctoral dissertations devoted to his poetry and his thought. In addition, the *Maximus* poems was designated by the American Poetry Review as one of the 10 finest long poems of the 20th century. Olson can thus be said to have entered the canon.

Hartley's reputation, as Robert Creeley points out in his discerning forward to Gale Scott's superb edition of *Collected Poems of Marsden Hartley*, Hartley's reputation did not proceed apace for those of the poets he first encountered in print: Pound, Marianne Moore, Hart Crane, yet Creeley, warns that to judge Hartley by those terms would be quote, "deceptive". As Creeley writes, "Hartley's poetry is specifically personal, an expression of feeling, a various response to the world 'out there' he feels he can afford. It is also in Emily Dickinson's phrase, his "letter to the World/ that never wrote to Me--..." Creeley goes on, "The prosody of Hartley's poems is also 'personal', which is to say, it is primarily his own invention, the heightening of a prose line so that it can move with the flexibility of music, (which Hartley loved indeed). The way he turns in (*plows under, I want to say!*), rhyming is fascinating in its effects, and his ear for cadence, especially in the late poems is very articulate." That's Creeley.

This praise coming from a poet who was close to Olson should help us to understand that Hartley was not considered an amateur, either by his contemporaries or by poets like Creeley who understood both the roots of his poetry and Hartley's painterly aesthetic and in his way of being in the world. Editor Gale Scott who has also brought together a selection of Hartley's essays and reviews on art has this to say about the quality and texture of Hartley's poems. "Like his paintings, Hartley's poetry is rough-edged and spiky. This toughness is not, however, due to the lack of skill in either poetry or painting. Rather it would seem that the rough-hewn quality of both poetry and painted image results from his desire to make an art with all the immediacy, the very texture of life itself." That's Gale Scott.

Hartley himself acknowledged that he was unschooled and largely self-taught in both arts. As he wrote to his first editor, Henry Wells, four months before his death, quote, "I have no culture in academic forms," Hartley said. "I have never found it necessary to acquire all that baggage. I have let the Divine Mother of poetry itself show me the way and if the real forms are there, it is only because I must have absorbed them like a sponge." How then can we assess Hartley's poetry? How does it compare to that of his contemporaries? Surprisingly Hartley's biographer, Townsend Ludington, a literary scholar who had written a major biography of John dos Passos before turning to Hartley, does not devote much space to Hartley's poetry in an otherwise capacious study of the painter, his life and artistic influences. He notes dryly that quote, "Hartley's own poetry like his painting tended toward intellectualism." Though he speaks appropriately of, quote, "the depth and genuineness of Hartley's later poetry." While Creeley suspends judgment, preferring to underscore Hartley's originality as a poet, and Scott writes that, quote, "given their due place in the public ear, these poems will I feel certain not only prove their worth as literature, rare intensity into light, but also enhance our estimate of Hartley's overall achievement." Poet and Chaucer translator, Peter Tuttle, in comparing the poems and paintings of Harper's Dogtown period suggests that, "While the subject matter Hartley was trying to get at was original to him and his observations, what he saw and the emotions that lay behind the poetry were equally original, the language isn't up to the strength and complexity of the emotion, the way the paintings are."

As one reads through Hartley's collected poems and the essays of criticism compiled separately by Gail Scott, there is no question that Hartley had a distinct literary vocation. Hartley's verse has a special quality, which many of Hartley's contemporaries like Williams, Robert McCallum and Marianne Moore recognized and encouraged him to publish, and which we would do well to consider given what we know about its context, how it came into being, and what it meant to Hartley. It must have been difficult for him to pursue two separate but related forms of expression, the verbal and the visual, yet both seemed essential to him, each feeding the other one while sustaining the form of expression that was the most important to him, the painting and drawing through which he became an American master.

Compared to contemporaries like Williams, Pound or Marianne Moore or postmodern poets like Olson, Hartley may not be seen to have achieved a consistently distinctive personal voice or form, a syntax that might encounter a reader to say 'Yes, this is Hartley, not Williams or Pound',

yet such an achievement was probably not what Hartley was after as a poet. “In the Business of Poetry”, an essay written in 1919 as Hartley was traveling through Arizona on a Pullman car, he writes, “The fierce or fiery spaciousness is the quality we look for in a real poem, coupled with that requisite iron work, according to the personal tastes of the poet. The more, the mere gliding of musical sequence is not sufficient. Poetry is not essentially or necessarily vocalism. We are most original when we are most like life. Life is the natural thing. Interpretation is factitious. Nature is always variable. To have an eye with a brain in it, that is or would be a poetic millennium.” That’s Hartley. I really think in conclusion that in this early statement Hartley has not only described the poetry he wished to write and did, but the extraordinary painting that would emerge from his lifetime pursuing both eyes in tandem. Thank you.

You are invited upstairs to the show to look at the paintings if you haven't already, or look at them again, and also to continue any discussion that you might like to have about Hartley or the poetry. And I'll take any question here from anybody.

Audience Member 34:18

That picture, painting that was in memory of Crane. Could you say something about it? I mean, I just couldn't make much out of it.

Peter Anastas and Audience Members

Well, I think it is a way of looking at Crane’s death in the ocean. And I think and it's, it's also a poem, that I think, it's a painting that needs to be understood in relation to the poem that, that Hartley also wrote about Crane. It's a very enigmatic thing, but there are numbers, there are numbers in the poem that are symbolic, the apparent time of Crane’s drowning is, is in the poem. And so I think, if one looks a little hard, there’s eight bells. (Is that a shark at the bottom?) That’s a shark. Yes. (And that’s a clock up in that corner.) It looks, it looks, yes, it looks like that. I think it's a poem that, a painting, it’s interesting I said that because it can almost be looked at as a poem. Anyway, that's, that's basically all I can say. (What’s the title of it?) It's called, yes, it's called “Eight Bells”, it’s called “Eight Bells Falling: It's that time of day.

Audience Member 36:15

Would you mind reading again the poem Soliloquy to Dogtown, slowly but loudly. I don't, I couldn't get all of it.

Peter Anastas 36:45

Yes, I just have a brief excerpt here which I'll be very happy to read. There is a, there is a, I think, is there not a section from it in the show upstairs?

...I hear the fugues and recitative swell out,
then die out
in whispers of emaciated wind, suppressing shout
or cry or what suppressed emotions answer by
and nothing seems to tell of high impress
or infidel redress. It is a place up here

where, confess, converse, sphere and sphere,
detect, rehearse, delete, and in the last complete
their everlasting trend, world without end...

It's a very amazing. Yes.

Audience Member 37:23

I feel it would be wonderful if this were posted, available, in some way, your lecture. So I put that out for whoever.

Peter Anastas

Thank you. Thank you. I think we have it recorded. Yes.

Audience Member

Do you have any anything you'd like to share with us about your thoughts on Beethoven in Dogtown?

Peter Anastas

This is a scrap of poetry that was, that Hartley wrote on the back of a painting. It's very interesting because Gail Scott does not include it in the collected, the collected poems. Hartley was tremendously interested in music. And I think one of the things he's getting at in that piece of poetry is wind, is wind in Dogtown. I think there's, I think it's quoted in the catalog, I think I think the poem's quoted in the catalog and we can take a look at it when we go upstairs. Well you're invited to come upstairs.