

phrase), it refers not merely to the actual self of the author but also to its projection into the narrative, which can “ruin” the hoped-for luminosity. It is thus no accident that Lily Briscoe, the author surrogate in *To the Lighthouse*, does not have, statistically, the greatest number of lines in the novel (as Ferguson, citing Leaska’s analysis, rightly points out). My choice of the word “dominate” may not have been the most felicitous, but Lily certainly gives the novel its coherence and unity (as Leaska also notes)—and does so in a very different way from that of the more obtrusive surrogate selves of Joyce and Richardson.

I was surprised to find myself accused of not having defined my key term. “Intentionality”—a concept so important to modern thought it seemed superfluous to dwell on it at length—is defined in my essay as a view of perception that “emphasizes less the content of perception than the act itself as a reciprocal relationship between the perceiver and the thing perceived” (p. 861). In other words, consciousness not only acts as a function of the subject but also subsists in the object. I insist on this point throughout my paper.

Since I treated a “broad subject or theme” (in accordance with *PMLA*’s guidelines), I could hardly include much detailed analysis. I am puzzled, nonetheless, that Ferguson should have missed my explanation of how *The Waves* is “elementaristic” in the sense defined at the beginning of the essay. I point, for example, to the novel’s “intertwining of thought and feeling, impression and response” and to the way the characters “live in the very impressions they recite” (p. 866). It would have made little sense to analyze individual passages from Henry James, since the overlapping of observational fields is essentially a structural phenomenon, which I deal with in my discussion of *What Maisie Knew* and *The Golden Bowl*.

As for the contemporaries of Joyce whom I mention, apparently so enigmatically, in my introduction, these are, of course, the very authors I later treat: Broch, Musil, Döblin, and Woolf. I made no claim that the “minute detail” in which James gives his characters’ experience in any way resembles that of Joyce in “Penelope” or that *Ulysses* consists predominantly of interior monologues (any more than that *Manhattan Transfer*, which I mention in a parallel clause, is made up entirely of chapter pre-ludes). I regret the mechanical errors. Most of all, I regret that I appeared to Ferguson to be such a sobersides that she could not credit me with a facetious remark about “acceptable” modern novels.

JUDITH RYAN  
Smith College

## Pound the Historian

To the Editor:

I am not sure what purpose is served by turning the greatest poet of the twentieth century into a historian, but apparently Michael F. Harper has that aim in mind in “Truth and Calliope: Ezra Pound’s Malatesta” (*PMLA*, 96 [1981], 86–103). Harper quotes Pound’s sources at great length, shows clearly that Pound read them carefully, and concludes that “Pound, then, was trying to write history . . .” (p. 100). Harper goes even further: citing Hayden White’s ideas about the interpretive, constructive, and ideological aspects of all historians, he tells us that “In this respect . . . Pound’s history is no different from anyone else’s . . .” (p. 100). This conclusion can be negated by simply opening up the *Cantos* at almost any point and reading them.

Pound *used* history; he wrote history as a poet, taking from it materials that suited his poetic ends. He produced what we can call “a poetry of history,” a phrase that may reconcile the “conventional separation between ‘poetry’ and ‘history’” that Harper alludes to (p. 100). But I have argued this point at length in an essay Harper finds unconvincing (p. 102, n. 6), though he apparently was attracted to the same *poetic* sections of the Malatesta *Cantos* that I was, since we quote and discuss largely the same passages.

The differences between Harper’s view of the poem and mine are largely semantic, though they are a muddling of words characteristic of late twentieth-century academia. All writing contains elements of other kinds of writing, but we should still know the difference between reading a historian and reading a poet—between reading an Arnold Toynbee and reading an Ezra Pound. To blur these distinctions is to create a confusion of realms that Pound himself would have deplored.

FRED MORAMARCO  
San Diego State University

Mr. Harper replies:

I cannot share Fred Moramarco’s apparent faith that one can prove or disprove propositions concerning Pound’s purposes “by simply opening up the *Cantos* at almost any point and reading them.” The significance of Pound’s poem, as of any other linguistic utterance, depends on the assumptions and beliefs (in short, the *context*) that inform a reading; my essay suggests that the *Cantos* become more intelligible and more interesting if we read them in the context of Pound’s beliefs about, and ambitions