

“The eternal bride and
father—quid pro quo”:
William Carlos Williams, Marcia Nardi and *Paterson*

Erin E. Templeton
Converse College

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It is in the continual and violent refreshing of the idea
that love and good writing have their security.

—William Carlos Williams, “Prologue” to *Kora in Hell*

The Cress letters are perhaps the most provocative and polarizing elements of William Carlos Williams’s entire five-part epic poem, *Paterson*. Since the publication of Book II in 1948, critics and casual readers alike have puzzled over their inclusion in the poem. Initially, Williams’s readers wondered where the letters came from and who wrote them, and these questions led to more queries about why Williams had quoted the letters at such length in *Paterson* (one notable excerpt comprises several single-spaced pages). It was only much later that critics began to consider their content, their meaning and their relationship to the rest of the poem.¹ In Williams studies, the resulting critical debate surrounding the letters and their author Marcia Nardi seems can be broken down into a fairly standard “He Said, She Said” argument. In what follows, after briefly outlining this debate, I want to think more about Cress and her role in the poem both thematically and formally.

Ultimately, I want to suggest that current critical understandings of *Paterson* are based on an outdated and inaccurate model of authorship. In other words, thinking about Williams as the traditional "solitary genius" poet, to borrow a phrase coined by Jack Stillinger, simply doesn't work.² Instead of an individual process of introversion, for Williams authorship worked according to a different model: writing was a communal endeavor not an isolated, single-handed effort. It incorporated multiple voices and influences, and indeed he considered these external agents to be essential elements of the creative process. In fact, his critical writings reveal that Dr. Williams thought of this practice in much the same way that he thought about human conception and reproduction. This is to say that both instances involve intimate interactions between men and women, and the entity that is created, whether art or human life, then will take on a life of its own and become much more than just a sum of its parts. These ideas about the creative process will, I hope, allow us to account for previously irreconcilable differences posed by Nardi and her literary counterpart Cress.

For his part of the critical debate surrounding Cress and her role in the poem, Williams claimed to have incorporated excerpts from the lengthy and acerbic letter that Nardi wrote to him sometime during April 1943 into *Paterson* because:

It is, as you see, an attack, a personal attack upon me by a woman. It seemed a legitimate one. It had besides a certain literary quality which was authentic, that made it in itself a thing worth recording . . .

. . . In the first place it was a reply from the female side to many of my male pretensions. It was a strong reply, a reply which sought to destroy me. It was just that it should have its opportunity to destroy. If I hid the reply it would be a confession of weakness on my part.³

His position, at least rhetorically, was one of sportsmanship, even fair play: he claimed to want to give the woman (Nardi) the opportunity to have her say and air her grievances against him publicly. In addition to providing recognition for the letter's literary merit and *veritas* (its "certain literary quality," its "authentic" quality and its strength), he provided its author with a forum where she could speak her mind and take her best shot. That the poetic deck may have been stacked against her in such a scenario is something that Williams does not acknowledge.

Subsequent critics including Theodora Graham and Sandra Gilbert have rejected Williams's explanations, arguing that by incorporating her letters into *Paterson*, Williams intentionally usurped Nardi's voice and deployed it to serve his own ulterior motives. Graham has compared the drafts of the actual Williams-Nardi correspondence to the versions of the letters that appear in *Paterson* and has pointed out several subtle and interesting distinctions between the two. She claims that Williams made the changes himself in order to "make Cress sound wholly unreasonable" and to "weaken Cress's character, making her vacillation between protest and lament, independence and dependency, more marked."⁴ Yet despite Williams's alterations to the letters and his efforts at containing Cress's complaints, Graham reads Cress as a "feisty woman" whose "articulate attack" reveals the major flaw of Williams's poetic hero Dr. Paterson.⁵

For her part, Gilbert argues that the poem enacts Williams's ambivalence towards talented female writers:

Williams seems to have wanted to defuse anxiety about Nardi as a paradigmatic woman of letters by transforming her into a *character* and thus into a creation that he could control . . . Paradoxically, he could only do this by *letting* her have her say but forcing her to do it on his own terms.⁶

Gilbert discusses Williams's issues with other prominent female authors whom he both admired and felt threatened by such as Emily Dickinson, H. D., Gertrude Stein and Marianne Moore in an

attempt to illuminate the contradictory and problematic status of the Cress passages of *Paterson*. Cress, Gilbert argues, epitomizes the poet's ambivalence towards talented literary women:

Even a superficial glance at the structure of this epic of *Pater/ Son*—"father / son"—suggests the ways in which Williams's long narrative of the man / city and the woman / flower (s) struggles, despite its author's avowedly avant-garde aspirations, to reinforce traditional gender hierarchies.⁷

Despite what may have been good intentions and sincere admiration for female authors, Williams's anxiety and even hostility seem to have betrayed him in his treatment of the Cress letters. Moreover, it is telling that for Gilbert and Graham, there is something sinister in the way Williams may have tampered, if only subtly, with Nardi's language while maintaining control over their poetic context. Altering the letters and placing them in a foreign framework such as *Paterson* would be a terrible violation of the original writer's intentions and artistic integrity. In addition, these scholars seem to suggest that not only would such actions be a violation of Nardi's words and her text, but they would also be a violation of her *self*: a kind of literary molestation.

In one of the editorial appendices to the 1992 edition of *Paterson*, Christopher MacGowan has provided information that, I think, might contradict the allegations of textual tampering. MacGowan explains, "Williams's practice generally in *Paterson* is to cut and edit letters, but very rarely to make verbal changes, and even then only a word or two."⁸ There is evidence to suggest that the letter in question was revised by Nardi herself before she sent it to Williams: first, changes to the Cress passage in Book II (pages 87-91) "are consistent with the letter being composed and revised as it is being written"; second, "it does not have the character of a copy of a letter already written" but rather "indicates the process of composition," and finally the letter contains details about Nardi's life that Williams was unlikely to have known or to have invented himself.⁹ Taken all together, these facts seem to suggest that Nardi herself revised the letter in question before she

mailed it to Williams. Unfortunately, the original version of this late letter is lost (all that survives are the drafts of the letters as they appear in *Paterson* with traces of revision), so there is no way to know for certain which author made the changes.

More recently (1995), Elizabeth Gregory has used the Cress letters to argue that *Paterson* reveals Williams's ambivalence towards dehierarchization; she contends that Williams explicitly questions traditional hierarchies such as gender roles in *Paterson* as he implicitly, and perhaps subconsciously, reaffirms them in the poem. Gregory has interpreted Williams's use of a pseudonym (instead of Nardi's own name) as evidence of the poet's "turn against Marcia Nardi" because "of all of the other of Williams's correspondents quoted in *Paterson*, only Nardi's own name does not appear in some form (most of the others are referred to by their initials)."¹⁰ Again, as in previous critical controversies, the issue boils down to a question of authorship and textual status. In not recognizing Nardi's contribution to the poem, Williams not only deprives her of deserved recognition, but the action of substituting the "Cress" pseudonym for Nardi's name or her actual initials is, for Gregory, a deliberate snub.¹¹ These rebuffs suggest for Gregory that while Williams seems to be more comfortable with the female voice than some of his poetic peers (notably T. S. Eliot), *Paterson* remains a problematic and inconsistent text for feminist critics.

To summarize: for decades, critics have allowed themselves to be sidetracked by questions of who said what, why, and whether or not they received the proper recognition in the poem for their efforts. Whether Williams tried to make Cress seem more desperate and needy than she actually was (or not) is finally beside the point. While such a question may be an important *editorial* issue, it seems to have distracted many critics from the critical *literary* issues of the poem. Ultimately, no matter who made the final revisions to the letter, the version that appears in *Paterson* leaves a lasting impression of acute loneliness and anxiety, and such an impression is consistent with the rest of Nardi's correspondence. The larger problem with this debate is that at its foundation, it relies on a

conventional idea of single authorship that is fundamentally incompatible with Williams's compositional process and the text at hand, *Paterson*.

Instead of insisting upon a resolution to this quandary, perhaps we should just accept that the issue is not as black and white as it seems. By worrying about who altered the letters or why Williams failed to name Nardi in the poem, critics seem to have lost sight of the bigger picture that is concerned fundamentally with the texts themselves and how we are to understand them. Certainly, attention to writers' compositional processes, whatever they may be, can help us to appreciate the work that is produced, but this is not what has happened with Williams, Marcia Nardi, Cress and *Paterson*. Graham, Gilbert, Gregory and others have adopted various defensive postures, and they have all concluded that in *Paterson* man is set against woman, and more specifically Dr. Paterson is set against Cress. In what follows, I will argue that Williams's artistic aims in the poem were actually quite different. He was not trying to create oppositions in the poem at all; in fact, Williams regarded such antagonisms as the most serious problem of the modern age. Such rifts in *Paterson* are represented as "Divorce!" Marcia Nardi and her literary counterpart, Cress, are important to the poem precisely because they embody the force of disruption in the poem and challenge the value of such binaries and assumptions.

It is a rare tale that actually begins, "It was a dark and stormy night. . . ." The acquaintance of William Carlos Williams and Marcia Nardi, however, would seem to be one such curiosity. In a letter to Norman Holmes Pearson, Williams recalled his first encounter with Nardi: "She was literally blown into my office one night, soaked to the skin by a heavy rain and in frightened need, in desperate need."¹² That beginning, melodramatic as it might sound, would forecast the tempestuous nature of their relationship. Though epistolary evidence suggests that they only met in person once

more (16 June 1942), Williams and Nardi began a correspondence that would have profound effects on both writers.¹³ Williams would help Nardi to finally get some of her poetry published, and Nardi’s letters would be the impetus Williams needed to begin writing the poem he’s been struggling with for years, *Paterson*. Not only were the letters important to Williams himself, but ultimately, they would also become an important part of his poetic project.

For years before he met Nardi, Williams had complained to various friends about the lack of a supportive artistic community in the United States. In 1935, Williams lamented to Kenneth Burke:

We should really work, really sweat for each other. If we did that we’d damn soon get attention. But we haven’t the least sense of solidarity or loyalty. Every man for himself seems to be the stupid rule. I wish I knew how to get us together on even the most purely selfish front—barring theory or god damned economics which has Pound ball-tied and cock-trapped.¹⁴

If American writers and intellectuals could find common aesthetic principles or at least stick together and advocate each other’s work, then they could present a united front to the international art scene, a scene that Williams felt often neglected Americans because of their perceived lack of artistic heritage. He was not advocating so much a theory of safety in numbers as he was arguing that if enough American artists made enough noise, then eventually the rest of the world would have to sit up and take notice. Basically, Williams believed that American writers should join together as a community and look out for one another instead of maintaining the “every man for himself” mentality which seemed to be the status quo at the time and did not seem to be doing anyone any good.

The following year, he complained to Marianne Moore, “Being exiles might we not at least, as exiles, consort more easily together? We seem needlessly isolated and we suffer dully, supinely.”¹⁵ His tone here is markedly different than the earlier letter to Burke, but the message is the same:

there would be strength in numbers for American writers and artists, so why go at it alone? Perhaps such feelings of artistic isolation are responsible, in part, for the writer’s block that set in for Williams in the later 1930s. He had been theorizing his *Paterson* project and gathering various source materials for years by this time, and yet he had failed to produce anything. Instead, he had gotten bogged down in gathering primary sources for the poem, and the project had begun to overwhelm him. Just days before he met Nardi, he wrote to Harvey Breit: ‘I’m not writing any poetry now. I can’t. I hope I shall be able to surmount present difficulties.’”¹⁶

By most accounts, meeting Marcia Nardi is what broke Williams’s paralysis, and her subsequent letters are what turned his efforts back to his long-delayed epic. In the words of Paul Mariani, “As usual with Williams, the impetus that actually got him started again on *Paterson* was a woman”—specifically, Marcia Nardi, whom Mariani credits with “dynamit[ing]” the “blockage Williams had been experiencing.”¹⁷ There was something in her letters, a powerfully articulated pathos, that resonated with Williams and his work-in-progress. Moreover, it seems that Williams had found a fellow-poet who longed for a sense of community as much, if not more, than he did.¹⁸ Echoing Williams’s complaints to Burke and Moore, Nardi’s letters discussed at length the difficulties of being a single woman and an isolated writer. She was especially self-conscious about her work because she had no one to share it with, and like Williams, she believed that artistic production was more difficult in isolation.

Most critics agree that from fairly early on in their correspondence, Williams had decided that he wanted to incorporate Nardi’s letters into his poem somehow. Something about her writing had galvanized his imagination, and shortly after they began to exchange letters, Williams began to work on *Paterson* in earnest after quite a long stalemate. Critic Elizabeth O’Neil has framed the issue as a kind of *quid pro quo* exchange where Williams read Nardi’s poems and letters functioning as sometime critic, sometime “sounding board” for her complaints. In exchange, Nardi provided him

with the female perspective on “woman’s wretched position in society” for his poem (*Paterson*, 87).¹⁹ The problem with such a model of authorship is that it presumes a version of collaboration that is basically the textual equivalent of elementary school addition: one author takes the writing of another and simply adds it to the poem. According to this logic, authorship is basically a process of accumulation. It is clear from reading Williams’s reflections on creativity, however, that he imagined the process quite differently. Instead of a model of accretion and reciprocity, Williams’s version of creativity is based on a model of conception, as I hope will become clear later in the paper,

He seems to have originally planned on including excerpts from Nardi’s earliest letters (he received her consent for these) in a prose introduction to the work. He explained:

My long “Introduction” of which I spoke to you is moving along slowly, the material is so abundant I am having to go slow with its organization. It is in this material that I am incorporating your letters. I’ll see that you are properly informed of what I’m doing before printing anything.²⁰

Ultimately, this is not what happened. By the time Book I of *Paterson* was ready to go to press, Williams’s understanding of the poem and the role that Nardi’s letters would play in it had changed significantly. The prose introduction that Williams had initially envisioned was abandoned in favor of a poetic preface, and Nardi’s letters were relocated into the body of the poem. In fact, as O’Neil has pointed out, manuscript evidence suggests that at one point during the composition of *Paterson*, Williams considered sharing authorship of the poem with Marcia Nardi and another correspondent, a New Jersey engineer named David Lyle.²¹ Referring to Nardi in one of the early drafts of *Paterson* II, Williams noted, “Use *all* her letters. *She* has the last word.”²² Sadly, Williams’s generous impulses towards his collaborator did not last. When *Paterson* appeared in print, Williams had not used *all* of Nardi’s letters, but he did use significant excerpts from three of them, which appear in seven passages over the first two books of the poem. Despite his early willingness to share authorship

with Nardi and the ostensible importance of their correspondence to Williams’s ultimate conception of the poem, her name does not appear anywhere in the body of the poem, nor do her initials (as was Williams’s standard practice in *Paterson*). Instead, he chose to sign the Cress letters with the enigmatic “La votre / C.” (91).

But unlike his association with Nardi, not all of Williams’s creative partnerships went unacknowledged. In fact, one important counter-example can be found in *I Wanted to Write a Poem*. There Williams recalled, “Before meeting Ezra Pound is like B.C. and A.D.”²³ It is telling that Williams’s *Anno Domini* and the beginning of his life as a poet, for all practical purposes, began with this particular introduction. Williams met Ezra Pound in September 1902. Before then, Williams had written poems in private composition books, but he had never shared any of them. For Pound, however, poetry was political, it was performative, and most of all, it was public. With Williams preferring the role of peer to that of protégé, in Mariani’s words: “thus began a strange literary friendship that would last—with its violent ups and downs—for sixty years and literally alter the course of modern poetry itself.”²⁴ Together, Williams and Pound would constantly read poetry, both verses they wrote themselves and the works of other writers. By 1905, the literary pair had acquired a third, a young woman named Hilda Doolittle. This Philadelphia trio, the first literary community to which Williams would belong, would come to have a profound influence on modern poetry. More importantly, at least for my purposes, the sense of belonging and need for community would remain central to Williams’s artistic sensibilities, and to his literary values, for the rest of his life.

Without chronicling Williams’s membership in various artistic circles over the years, a feat which has already been done by Mariani and others, I want merely to observe that his lifelong participation in various artistic circles, first on the periphery and later in the center, suggests that for Williams, artistic production was a fundamentally communal project. Ultimately, he wanted to forge

an American scene: a group of local writers and artists working together to develop a uniquely American style and bring the United States into its own as a force to be reckoned with in the international art community. He got involved with the *Others* community and its little magazine; he even edited a few issues before the publication folded in 1919. Afterward, he remained committed to American artists and publications like *The Dial* and *The Little Review*. In addition, he joined friend and fellow countrymen Robert McAlmon in publishing their own little magazine titled *Contact*. Though the endeavor was relatively short-lived (1920-1924), it serves as another of Williams's collaborative attempts at creating an artistic community.

The eclectic volume *Kora in Hell* (1920) and, more specifically, its well-known "Prologue" might be regarded as yet another attempt by Williams to forge a post-collegiate poetic community. Critics have read the citations from letters by friends and fellow poets in the prologue as a way for Williams to set up his own aesthetic beliefs through a strategy of "critical juxtaposition" whereby he defined his own position by quoting letters from other writers.²⁵ I think, however, that in *Kora's* "Prologue," we see more than just Williams setting himself in opposition to other poets in order to outline his own critical perspective. Rather, we also see him trying to generate a conversation or, better yet, a debate about poetic principles through a rather complicated strategy. By including letters that Pound, H.D. and Wallace Stevens (among others) have written to him, Williams is, in effect, attempting to build a creative kinship in the very text itself by presenting readers not just with a dialogue between two artists, but by presenting many different voices and perspectives, including his own. *Kora's* "Prologue" is important not only because it reinforces and forecasts the lifelong importance of collaboration and community to Williams's creative process, but also because beyond establishing the fundamental link between writing and relationship, it begins to work out the complexities of this connection and illustrate his understanding of the creative process as one based on relationships.

The title of the book, an allusion to the mythical Kora (more familiarly Persephone or Proserpine), itself is an important component in this process. It gestures to a rather complicated series of relationships: that of Kora to her mother Demeter, goddess of the Earth, as well as to her “husband,” Hades, god of the underworld.²⁶ The story is one Williams that would return to again and again over the course of his career. The figure of Kora, it seems, embodied the essence of femininity for Williams. Audrey Rodgers explains, “[Kora] is always equated with violated innocence, transience, temptation for the gods themselves, and—most importantly—the manifestation of the return of springtime.”²⁷ As such, Kora embodies both maiden and wife, life and death. The connections that her story forges between love and death, creation and destruction, and beauty and violence are ones that recur in various works over the course of Williams’s career from *Spring and All* to *Paterson*, and understanding these connections is essential to understanding Williams’s work. And yet despite its assorted complexities and variations, the myth of Kora at its most basic level is a story of rape. What is worse is that the story is not about rape as a single, isolated event but rather as part of a seasonal cycle of violence that Kora must undergo each and every year because she was tricked into eating the fruit of the Underworld and thus forced to return to Hades annually.

In this light, Williams’s choice of cover art (pictured at left) for *Kora in Hell* serves as a rather outrageous introduction to some of the ideas found within its pages. The image that adorns *Kora’s* dust jacket, also termed the “medallion,” depicts an egg cell surrounded by sperm cells that all appear to be attempting penetration, with one at the top apparently succeeding. In Williams’s own words, “the cover medallion is the first man meeting the first woman or a spermatozoa being selected by the ovum.”²⁸ Much, much later, in *I Wanted to Write a Poem*, Williams further glossed the image, recalling that it

represents the ovum in the act of being impregnated, surrounded by spermatozoa, all trying to get in but only one successful. . . . The cell accepts one sperm—that is the beginning of life. . . . I thought it was a beautiful thing and I wanted the world to see it.²⁹

The visually striking image of the medallion as an illustration of conception serves to highlight the overlooked (at least under these particularly violent circumstances) process of fertilization. But in selecting such an image for the cover of his book, Williams was not just making an obscene joke at Kora’s expense or bearing witness to the miracle of reproduction. He was, I think, also making a statement about literary creativity—namely that it, like human reproduction, is a process of fertilization that requires male and female counterparts and thus must be necessarily the product of multiple parents. To rephrase, simply this: literary production is the result of the interaction of multiple authors, notably one male and one female.

And yet, it is important to note the tenor of Williams’s second description: instead of an ovum with at least some agency “select[ing]” the spermatozoa, this passage is dominated by passive language: the ovum “being impregnated,” “surrounded by spermatozoa,”—even the lone active verb of the passage, “accepts,” is passive in the sense that it doesn’t require any action on the part of the cellular subject. Thus, although multiple parties are involved in procreation, the roles of the male and the female participants, obviously, are not identical. Moreover, there are hints of aggression in the language: the ovum *surrounded by spermatozoa, all trying to get in*. Just as Kora is assaulted by Hades in the underworld, the ovum of the dust jacket is assailed by a multitude of sperm cells. Violence, it seems, is an inherent part of this process overlooked perhaps because it happens on a microscopic level, usually invisible to the naked eye.

In using the particular image of the medallion on the cover of his book, Williams forges an explicit link between two very different creative processes: conception on the one hand with all of its

inherent violence and artistic production on the other. Given Williams's medical training and background, the connection between reproduction and the imagination is hardly surprising, nor was he the only male modernist poet to suggest the correlation.³⁰ Like his poetic peer Ezra Pound, Williams configured the artistic mind as a female receptacle for male inspiration: "Man's desire to be woman has led him to create the spirit which sits in the imagination [.]"³¹ In this case, the poet/artist wants to assume the passive position shared by Kora and the ovum, perhaps because he views them both as inherently creative and productive entities that are fertilized from the outside. However, for Williams, unlike for Pound, the association was less about the eroticism of these encounters and more about biological fact. By focusing attention on the moment of conception at a cellular level, the cover of *Kora* emphasizes (and stylizes) this important distinction.³² Kora's rape then becomes a narrative extension of the creative process that sustains and nurtures itself in a state of constant and continuous crisis. The image of fertilization on the cover of the book leads readers into the literal realization of the imagination and the written word.

This vision of the creative process was not one of Williams's youthful flights of fancy, nor was it something that he abandoned later in his career. Many years after *Kora's* publication, Williams would return again to the same ideas. In a review of Anaïs Nin's *Winter of Artifice* a good twenty years later, explicitly connecting biological reproduction and the creative process, he asserted:

The male scatters his element recklessly as if there were to be no end to it. . . . That profusion you do not find in the female but the equal infinity of the single cell. This at her best she harbors, warms, and implants that it may proliferate.³³

The different creative approaches associated with men and women might easily be another description of human conception or a gloss of the medallion adorning the cover of Williams's earlier work. As if imagining the image from *Kora's* dust jacket, Williams compares the male artist with his haphazard dissemination to the female artist and her focused, singular effort. Though the review

was written two decades later, one can't help but recall the illustration of the lone ovum surrounded by countless spermatozoa. Beyond simple remembrance, Williams again explicates the image comparing the two genders and their specific biological and artistic roles. There is, in addition to the familiar conception metaphor, an aspect of waste and carelessness in male creativity as if it were somehow random or arbitrary while female creativity is singular, focused and nurturing.

Granted, these stereotypes about creativity do not apply equally to all artists, but for my purposes, what is important about the above passage is the emphasis on the necessary interaction between men and women, the essential balance of the sexes and the essential multiple parentage of any creative work. Further on in the review, Williams argues (and seems sincerely to believe), "Without a fully developed female approach neither male nor female can properly offset each other." Just as reproduction requires a male and a female, so too do the arts. In his review, Williams was speaking about the prognosis for the arts in a general sense, but his conviction that both male and female artists must be represented in order to offset each other properly might also help us to understand *Paterson*. Recognizing the importance of the female voice, Williams not only actively promoted the works of female writers like Nin (and Nardi), but he found a way to actually incorporate their voices into his work.

Given Williams's primary occupation as general practitioner and the multiple references to human reproduction over the course of his career, it seems clear that heterosexual procreation informed Williams's understanding of authorship and the artistic process. These ideas, obviously, are quite different from the solitary genius version of authorship and the standard accumulative version of collaboration that persists in Williams studies specifically and modernist studies more generally. For Williams, the imagination seems to have functioned as a metaphorical womb in which two distinct and essential entities would merge to form a new being that shares characteristics of both "parents" and yet is unmistakably unique.

But it is important to note that for Williams, as we have seen, procreation is not without its issues. It is the means by which both life and art are created, but just as essential to the imagination and the (pro)creative process is a cycle of conflict and even violence. In the previously quoted passages regarding the images of fertility, we've already noted that the language suggests siege and invasion, and there is a clear implication of force, even conquest, beneath the description of physical intimacy. Moreover, we've seen the brutality at heart of Williams's favorite creation myth, the story of Kora's abduction and rape. Detestable as it may seem, such violence is vital, mythologically speaking, for the renewal and redemption of spring. Similarly, in a portion of *Kora's* "Prologue" addressing his wife Floss, Williams explains:

The best we have enjoyed of love together has come after the most thorough destruction or harvesting of that which has gone before. Periods of barrenness have intervened It is at these times our formal relations have teetered on the edge of a debacle to be followed, as our imaginations have permitted, by a new growth of passionate attachment dissimilar in every member to that which has gone before.

It is the continual and violent refreshing of the idea that love and good writing have their security.³⁴

Catastrophe and disorder, it seems, have the power to revitalize a relationship simply by causing upheaval and disruption. That this is equally true for writing merits further consideration, for as we have seen, romantic and creative impulses are closely linked in Williams's mind. The forces of destruction and creation are simultaneous and mutually dependent just as fertility and "barrenness" too are interconnected in the passage above. Paradoxical as it may sound, both rely upon turmoil for sustenance.

An essay published in *The Little Review* (1918) titled, "The Ideal Quarrel" reinforces the notion that conflict is essential to both intimacy and creativity. "Anger will recreate a world,"

Williams writes, linking the mythological Furies to their creative counterparts, the Muses.³⁵ Wrath and conflict are, to Williams, useful tools that enable their wielders to cut through the vague and sentimental “mush of lumpy stuff” and get to what really matters.³⁶ Without them, people are doomed to become mired in the tedium of daily life and lose track of their essential desires; drastic measures are often necessary to break out of the rut of routine. The same can be said about aesthetic practices; that is, disruption is necessary for progress:

Action brings good. Action upon an old act brings a splitting from the end backward to the beginning so that the cleanliness resultant is a thing opposite to nature, and inversion of whiteness. . . .

But ac-shun! ac-shun! ac-shun! ac-shun! It is a steam-engine getting under way: the result is a lily opening upon a crowbar stem. Out of it the cleanliness of spring air! It is the roots of roots we desire! the flower of a flower! the man of a man! the white of white—From the beginning, again! . . . I have rebegun. Nothing of the old remains or will remain—after. Halleluiah!³⁷

Action (or ac-shun!) is necessary to strip away the unnecessary, the ugly, the outdated to reveal the pure, the beautiful, the new. The destructive power of antagonism, then, is not something to fear or avoid. Instead, Williams seems to suggest that it should be embraced, even harnessed, for its cleansing capacity in order to break away from old, tired patterns and reach something new, pure, pristine. While Williams’s remarks above concern relationships, they also apply to the artistic process and his own aesthetic ambitions. Progress, cleanliness, purity—these are creative values that he returns to again and again. Without struggle and tumult, he suggests, artists will grow lazy and complacent. To Williams, challenge, even violence, forces them to reinvent themselves and reaffirm their commitment to progress, shared standards and artistic principles.

This is likely one of the main reasons that the myth of Kora held a special lifelong resonance for Williams; she is not only associated with a complicated mythological matrix of desire and violence, but she is also linked to the imagination and to nature, especially the changing of the seasons. While her tragic fate literally bonded her to death and the underworld, to Williams, she also represented hope, life and renewal—spring. This cycle of mortality was one that Williams witnessed time and again in his medicinal career; it is also obviously something that informed his understanding of the imagination. As Rodgers has pointed out:

The central ritual in Williams’s experience, in life then in art, is one of death and birth in endless cycles. Expressed at times as immersion, as reversion, or as descent, the experience of “eternal return” is accompanied always by awareness, pain, and hope. The spirit, however, would be wholly American, but it would emanate from the myth of Demeter/Kore, the Greek paradigm of the myth of the return of spring.³⁸

The Kora myth, then, is something that Williams would explore and mine creatively over the course of his entire literary career. *Paterson* was no exception. This cycle of mortality was one that Williams would revisit again and again in his work, and the figure of Kora would become the prototype for many of the female characters in his *oeuvre*, Cress included.

Just as Nardi’s real-life relationship with Williams was conflicted and even downright unpleasant at times, so too are the elements of her letters that have been imported into *Paterson*. Art, in this case, did imitate life. The Cress letters are some of the most difficult sections of the poem because they speak some hard, ugly truths. These difficulties, however, are essential to the overall structure of the poem. As Mariani reads it, *Paterson* resolves into an “antagonistic harmony” anchored in the figure of Cress, whose “neuroses dominate the field at the close of the second book.”³⁹ Just as conflict is essential to achieving harmony in a relationship, it is essential to

achieving creative harmony too. That they are difficult, in other words, is exactly why these letters find their way into the poem, and their tone of harsh desperation and aggressive vulnerability, which threatens to overwhelm the rest of the volume, makes them impossible to ignore.

In addition, by naming Cress after one of the more scandalous women in literary history, Williams suggests that in the world of *Paterson*, she is no less a force of disruption than her notorious and legendary namesakes.⁴⁰ The pseudonym, an allusion to one of the western canon's more infamous literary harlots, also focuses readers' attention on issues of sex, gender and desire.⁴¹ Williams claimed that the letters appealed to him precisely because they articulated the difficulties of "woman's wretched position in society" in a clear and compelling voice, and for the sake of the poem's integrity, it is important that this voice is authentically female. Not unlike the earlier "Prologue" to *Kora in Hell*, the Cress letters establish a dialogue in the poem, but this time, the conversation is between Cress and Williams's poetic doppelganger, Dr. Paterson (Dr. P.) instead of between Williams and his literary peers.

Their "discussion" highlights not only the gender discrepancy in their social positions, but it also emphasizes the generic distinctions that are a hallmark of the poem. Ultimately, Cress not only serves as a prosaic counterpoint to Dr. P's lyric voice, but she also throws a wrench into all of the oppositions that Williams had established in Book I of the poem: life/art; poetry/prose; city/country, etc. By unleashing Cress in all of her fury upon *Paterson*, Williams, I think, starts a domino-like chain reaction that destabilizes all of the binaries he had established in the poem up until that point. Ultimately, the Cress letters serve to illustrate the poet's understanding of the creative process: from the turbulent union of two apparent opposites, in this case, Cress and Dr. P., something new and unique is born: *Paterson* itself.

To illustrate, take for example an oft-invoked passage from Book I: the passage which will set up and witness the first exchange between Cress and Dr. P. and what will become the first juxtaposition of the lyric and the prosaic in *Paterson*:

A man like a city and a woman like a flower
 —who are in love. Two women. Three women.
 Innumerable women, each like a flower.

But

only one man—like a city (7).

More than simply suggesting that Paterson himself is a regular Casanova, the passage above also once more recalls the *Kora in Hell* medallion. Here, however, Williams has reversed the gender dynamics of the passage. Whereas *Kora's* cover featured only one ovum and innumerable sperm cells, in contrast, it is the *female* population of *Paterson* who are countless and the male who is solitary. Such an exchange, the assumption of a traditionally feminine position by a male poet recalls Williams's earlier cross-gendered identification with Kora, and "man's desire to be woman." Moreover, not only is the *Patersonian* man singular, but by making him analogous to a city, Williams may also be emphasizing that the man in the passage occupies a site of growth and progress previously associated with the female. In other words, at least according Williams's earlier schema, by assuming the ovum's place, the man is not just a city, he's also an artist, even a poet. Of course, given that he is introduced in one of the verse sections of *Paterson*, such a claim is hardly surprising.

Whereas the medallion image on its cover gave birth to *Kora's* "Prologue," *Paterson's* poetic equivalent produces Cress, or at least one of her letters:

In regard to the poems I left with you; will you be so kind as to return them to me at my new address? And without bothering to comment on them if you should find

that embarrassing—for it was the human situation and not the literary one that motivated my phone call and visit.

Besides, I know myself to be more the woman than the poet; and to concern myself less with publishers of poetry than with . . . living . . . (7).

This passage was taken from the letter that initiated Nardi’s correspondence with Williams (dated 10 April 1942). Here, it serves as our introduction to the first Cress excerpt in *Paterson*, and incidentally, it is the first prose passage of the entire poem. Not only is the emphasis on the author’s gender at the expense of her artistic potential (“I know myself to be more the woman than the poet”), but it also establishes important generic differences and an important distinction between life and art, which Cress will return to later on in the poem in one of *Paterson’s* longest and most scathing passages.

In this later letter, presumably written after their relationship had soured, Cress accuses Dr. P. of turning a blind eye to her personal difficulties except for when they have suited his own self-serving literary needs:

My attitude towards woman’s wretched position in society and my ideas about all the changes necessary there, were interesting to you, weren’t they in so far as they made for *literature*? That my particular emotional orientation, in wrenching myself free from patterned standardized feminine feelings, enabled me to do some passably good work with *poetry*—all that was fine, wasn’t it—something for you to sit up and take notice of! And you saw in my first letter to you something (the one you wanted to make use of in the Introduction to your *Paterson* [sic]) an indication that my thoughts were to be taken seriously, because that too could be turned into literature, something disconnected from life.⁴²

But when my actual personal life crept in, stamped all over with the *very same* attitudes and sensibilities and preoccupations that you found quite admirable as *literature*—that was an entirely different matter, wasn't it? No longer admirable, but, on the contrary, deplorable, annoying, stupid, or in some other way unpardonable; because those very feelings and ideas which make one a writer with some kind of new vision, are often the *very same ones* which, in living itself make one clumsy, awkward, absurd, ungrateful . . . (87).

As we have noted, Cress herself distinguished between life and art in an earlier letter to Dr. P., but where Cress notes the distinction in her letter ("I know myself to be more the woman than the poet"), for her the two entities are still fundamentally inseparable. Railing against Dr. Paterson's double standards and the different values he has assigned to life and art, Cress insists that such differences are artificial and only constructed to insulate people like the good doctor from the unpleasant, messy facts of (her) life. With much anger and indignation, Cress is accusing Dr. P. of the worst kind of hypocrisy: he has exploited her vulnerability to serve his own sanitized artistic ends while ignoring her very real plight as both an artist and a human being. Dr. Paterson, in taking advantage of her pain for his work, whether because he is narcissistically self-absorbed or simply oblivious, perpetuates the problem of divorce that has plagued all of *Paterson*. He has failed to realize that life and art aren't so different in the end, and that their various components cannot be chosen like items on an *à la carte* menu. They share the same organic source and come from the same fountain of emotions and experiences. They both share the same generative process and are both characterized by violence and strife. The depth of this *connection* is what Williams, I would argue, wants to emphasize.

According to Paul Mariani, in Nardi's letters, Williams had "found . . . the exact monstrous female voice to complement his own monstrous hydrocephalic self."⁴³ The key to this statement,

which I think accurately describes Cress’s importance to the poem, is the word *complement*. That is to say Cress and Dr. P. should be read as complementary perspectives which balance each other and ultimately present a whole greater than the sum of its parts instead of oppositional, antagonistic positions which negate and annihilate each other. The mistake is an easy one to make, especially given the hostile, scathing tone of the Cress letters, but in the end, Williams wants us to see Cress and Dr. P. as different sides of the same “monstrous” coin. These apparent adversaries should actually be taken in concert; together they demonstrate an important structural and thematic constant. They are working to achieve the same poetic aim: unity and an end to “Divorce!” Through their disagreement and conflict, Cress and Dr. P. serve as vehicles in Williams’s attempt to generate enough upheaval to stir the imagination and jumpstart the creative process.

Williams himself acknowledges the dynamic power of such encounters later in the poem:

in all things an opposite
 that awakes
 the fury, conceiving
 knowledge
 by way of despair . . . (98).

The power to “conceive,” to create, in the passage is derived from a passionate turbulence which is roused by the challenging presence of an antithesis. Its violent energy duplicates the creative power of conception or the imagination. Such a process is not always pleasant or easy; here, after all, it comes “by way of despair,” but these difficulties have been constant over Williams’s career from *Kora in Hell* forward. Whether the pairs in question are a random sperm cell and ovum, Williams and Nardi themselves, their fictional doppelgangers Dr. Paterson and Cress or even the dissimilar genres of lyric poetry and journalistic prose, the point is that bringing together such disparate elements with all of their intensities will spawn something original and new.

Ultimately, Williams sets up binaries such as life and art, woman and man, prose and poetry in *Paterson* not as bitter antagonists but as complements instead. What Cress finally helps us to realize is that the poem consists of a series of symbiotic relationships wherein each side is necessarily dependent on the other for its existence and survival. To repeat what Williams wrote in his review of Anaïs Nin, "Without a fully developed female approach neither male nor female can properly offset each other."⁴⁴ Cress and Dr. Paterson, and their real life counterparts Nardi and Williams, are not adversaries in the traditional sense, as the current state of criticism would have us believe. Their voices are at odds, but the resulting tension and disruption have an important creative role to play in *Paterson*. They are significant generative forces in the poem.

Cress did not leave the pages of *Paterson* quietly. In fact, her last words comprise five single spaced pages of accusations, rationalizations and self-incriminations. These pages are sometimes angry, sometimes indignant and always emotionally wrenching. The silence of the end of Book II that follows is deafening. In the words of Vivienne Koch, "We are left with this irresolute paradox at the end of Book II. Against the expectant gesture of the last lyric passage stands the harsh agony of the accusing letter. Nothing has been consummated. Anything—or nothing—can happen . . ."⁴⁵ There is no response to Cress or to her various complaints. Presumably, her pleas have fallen on deaf ears, and she is not heard from again. What then are we to make of her disappearance? The answer, I think, can be found in the oft-invoked Kora myth: difficulty and distress are necessary parts of artistic production. Cress and Dr. Paterson work together to articulate a necessary and inevitable, if unpleasant, part of the creative cycle: they actualize the conflict that is needed to jumpstart the artistic process. Therefore, Koch is wrong, I think, when she claims, "nothing has been consummated." When taken together, the poem's lyric and prose passages themselves enact the very consummation Koch and other critics seem to have missed. Together Cress and Dr. Paterson are the sources of tumult and disorder that have both bombarded and fertilized Williams's

creative impulses. They are male and female, sperm and ovum, "bride and father." The "anything or nothing" that they bring forth, whether it is realized in a Poundian bang or an Eliotic whimper, is not failure at all. On the contrary, it is arguably Williams's greatest achievement: the poetic manifestation of the imagination in the poem itself. Such a prospect might not always be easy or enjoyable, but for Williams, it is possibility, it is life, and it is everything.

Endnotes

¹ For a thorough recollection of critical responses to Cress, see the introduction to Elizabeth Murrie O'Neil's, *The Last Word: Letters Between Marcia Nardi and William Carlos Williams* (Iowa City: University of Iowa Press, 1994).

² Jack Stillinger, *Multiple Authorship and the Myth of Solitary Genius* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1991). Stillinger argues that in many instances, authorship and textual production, often assumed to be the labors of a single individual, are in fact the result of a complicated network of interactions between multiple contributors.

³ William Carlos Williams to Robert D. Pepper, 21 August 1951, quoted in Mike Weaver, *William Carlos Williams: The American Background* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1971), 208-209. Because the original copy of this letter has been lost, MacGowan has dated the letter based on internal evidence. See the Notes to *Paterson*, 268 for further information.

⁴ Theodora Graham, "'Her Heigh Compleynte': The Cress Letters of William Carlos Williams's *Paterson*" in *Ezra Pound and William Carlos Williams: The University of Pennsylvania Conference Papers*, edited by Daniel Hoffman (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1983) 180, 181.

⁵ *Ibid.*, 187.

⁶ Sandra M. Gilbert, "Purloined Letters: William Carlos Williams and 'Cress,'" *William Carlos Williams Review*, v9: 2 (Fall 1985, 5-15) 8.

⁷ *Ibid.*, 11.

⁸ Christopher MacGowan, "A Note on the Text" *Paterson* (New York: New Directions, 1992) 244.

⁹ These observations are made in the note to the passage of *Paterson* on pp. 87-91. MacGowan's claims are elaborated on pp. 275-77.

¹⁰ Elizabeth Gregory, *Quotation and Modern American Poetry: "Imaginary Gardens with Real Toads."* (Houston: Rice University Press, 1995) 92.

¹¹ Gregory assumes that the pseudonym was an intentional affront to Nardi, and she fails to consider other possible explanations for the poet's use of a *nom de plume*. Given the very personal nature of the letters, the pseudonym might be Williams's attempt to preserve Nardi's privacy, or Williams may have been trying to shield himself from accusations of libel. The last explanation might seem incredible, akin to Eliot's famous rationalization of his footnotes to *The Waste Land* as an attempt at "spiking the guns of critics," were it not for the fact that Williams actually had been sued for libel in 1926. Letters Williams wrote to his friend and publisher James Laughlin after Nardi had reestablished contact with him in 1949 suggest that the decision not to name her in the poem was due at least in part to anxiety over the possibility of another lawsuit. He reasoned:

The woman gave me verbal permission (tho' it would be hard to prove it) to use anything I pleased of her letters in *Paterson*. That I can swear to with a clear conscience. Second, it was necessary in my composition to exhibit an attitude of mind which she represented for me. I wanted her to know about this but after trying in

every way to find her without success I was forced to go ahead with my plan. Third, I removed every trace of evidence which might in any way serve to identify her as the person who wrote the letter or letters. This I succeeded in doing. No one has mentioned her name.

I hesitated a long time, you remember, and then went ahead (Quoted in *Last Word*, 138).

According to his own account, after much deliberation Williams removed Nardi's name and didn't use her initials or any other identifying markers because he could not locate her to obtain consent before publishing the poem. He had made a similar mistake some twenty years earlier and was lucky not to have lost his medical practice as a result. It was a mistake he would not make again. The use of a pseudonym would have been the next best thing to using Nardi's own name or initials.

¹² William Carlos Williams to Norman Holmes Pearson, 31 August 1949, *Last Word*, xii.

¹³ While they only met in person twice and Williams terminated their correspondence in 1943, Nardi wrote to him again upon finding copies of *Paterson I and II*. The second phase of letters lasted from 1949 until October 1956. These letters are included in O'Neil's *Last Word*.

¹⁴ Williams to Burke, May 7, 1935, quoted from Paul Mariani, *William Carlos Williams: A New World Naked* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1981) 379.

¹⁵ Williams to Moore, December 23, 1936. *New World Naked*, 395.

¹⁶ *Last Word*, xi. It is worth noting that Harvey Breit, the recipient of this letter, is the one who referred Nardi to Williams for help with her son just days later.

¹⁷ *New World Naked*, 461.

¹⁸ Among her papers, is the following quotation that Nardi had copied out by hand from Henry James's book on Nathaniel Hawthorne:

The best things come, as a general thing, from the talents that are members of a group; every man works better when he has companions working in the same line, and yielding to the stimulus of suggestion, comparison, emulation. Great things of course have been done by solitary workers; but they usually have been done with double the pains they would have cost if they had been produced in more genial circumstances. The solitary worker loses the profit of example and discussion; he is apt to make awkward experiments; he is in the nature of the case, more or less an empiric. The empiric may, as I say, be treated by the world as an expert; but the drawbacks and discomforts of empiricism remain to him, and are in fact increased by the suspicion that is mingled with his gratitude, of a want in the public taste of a sense of the proportion of things. See James, *Hawthorne: A Critical Essay on the Man and His Times* (New York: Collier Books, 1966 [1879]). Quoted in *The Last Word*, xxii.

¹⁹ All citations from the poem are taken from the New Directions Revised Edition, edited by Christopher McGowan (New York, 1992). All additional page numbers for the poem will be given parenthetically.

²⁰ Williams to Nardi, July 13, 1942, Qtd. in *Last Word*, 36.

²¹ *Last Word*, xiv. Apparently, a handwritten title page among Williams's notes for *Paterson* at Yale read, "PATERSON or Any/Every Place. By W.C.W. D.J.L. M.N." Later this heading was crossed out and replaced with "By William Carlos Williams" and underneath, "with the assistance of D.J.L. and M.N."

²² Quoted in *Last Word*, ix (emphasis in original).

²³ William Carlos Williams, *I Wanted to Write a Poem* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1958) 5.

²⁴ The early friendship of Pound and Williams is detailed on pages 35-38 of Mariani. Apparently, Williams shared a dormitory room wall with a pianist. One day, hearing the sounds of the piano in his room, Williams broke out his violin and began to play along. The neighbor soon came over and introduced himself as Morrison Robb Van Cleve. When Van Cleve learned that Williams wrote poetry, he decided that Williams should meet "a crazy guy in [the] sophomore class who also wrote the stuff" and arranged an introduction (35).

²⁵ Joseph Evans Slate, "Introduction" *WCW and Others* (Austin, TX: Harry Ransom Research Center, 1985) 9.

²⁶ According to Bulfinch's mythology, Persephone, the daughter of Zeus and Demeter, possessed great beauty (as offspring of the gods often do). Apparently, Hades, the god of the underworld, was so taken by Persephone that, unbeknownst to all but Zeus, he abducted her one day as she gathered flowers and stole her back to Hades. Her mother Demeter was so distraught by Persephone's disappearance that she neglected her duty to the Earth so that no plants would grow, fields became fallow, and cattle all died. Finally, Zeus agreed to return Persephone to her mother, but because she has already eaten the fruit of the underworld, she was required to return to Hades for three months of the year.

²⁷ Audrey T. Rodgers, *Virgin and Whore: The Image of Women in the Poetry of William Carlos Williams* (Jefferson, NC: McFarland and Company, 1987) 27.

²⁸ Williams to Edmund R. Brown, 7 May 1919 cited in "Evolutions and Improvisations: William Carlos Williams and the Composition of *Kora in Hell*" by Eric White, 12. The paper was part of "Points of Contact: The Heritages of William

Carlos Williams" Inaugural Conference of the William Carlos Williams Society, 27-29 July 2005, Frankfurt am Main. I am grateful to both Eric White and Andrew Krivak for their help in tracing the origin of the medallion.

²⁹ *I Wanted to Write a Poem: The Autobiography of the Works of a Poet*. Edited by Edith Heal (Boston: Beacon Press, 1958) 28.

³⁰ Williams's close friend and fellow poet Ezra Pound also eroticized artistic creation, but he focused less on conception and birth and more upon on sexual intercourse. See Pound's "Postscript to *The Natural Philosophy of Love* by Remy De Gourmont" reprinted in *Pavannes and Divagations* (New York: New Directions, 1958), 203-14. Pound also shared his ideas with fellow poet T. S. Eliot in a now-famous exchange of letters discussing the composition of *The Waste Land*. For a reading of the homoerotics of the "Sage Homme" letters, see Wayne Koestenbaum's chapter in *Double Talk: The Erotics of Male Literary Collaboration* (New York: Routledge, 1989) 112-139.

³¹ Williams Addendum to H. K. Clarke, letter to William Carlos Williams, 24 November 1919. Cited in White, "Evolutions and Improvisations," 13.

³² Roy Miki, *The Prepoetics of William Carlos Williams: Kora in Hell* (Ann Arbor, MI: UMI Research Press, 1983) 174.

³³ William Carlos Williams, "'Men . . . Have No Tenderness': Anais Nin's 'Winter of Artifice'" *New Directions* 7 (1942), Ed. James Laughlin. 429-36, 432.

³⁴ William Carlos Williams, "Prologue" to *Kora in Hell* included in *Imaginations* (New York: New Directions, 1970) 22.

³⁵ William Carlos Williams, "The Ideal Quarrel," *The Little Review*, (December 1918, 39-40) 39.

³⁶ *Ibid.*, 39.

³⁷ *Ibid.*, 40. I have preserved Williams's idiosyncratic capitalizations and spellings.

³⁸ *Virgin and Whore*, 24.

³⁹ See Mariani's analysis of *Paterson* in *A Usable Past: Essays on Modern and Contemporary Poetry* (Amherst, MA: University of Massachusetts Press, 1984) 35-58.

⁴⁰ The name "Cress" is an allusion to the historical figure of Criseyde/Cressida, the Trojan counterpart to Helen of Troy. She's a literary archetype, whose story has been told and retold by various authors including Homer, Chaucer and Shakespeare. Briefly, after her father abandoned her and fled Troy, she fell in love with Trojan soldier Troilus, and then the Trojan government traded her to the Greeks where she was seduced by Diomedes. The details and sympathies vary from author to author but in all versions of her story, Cressida is roundly condemned as a whore for abandoning her Trojan lover Troilus and taking up with the Greek Diomedes.

⁴¹ Though feminist critics have done much in recent years to recuperate Criseyde/Cressida, during Williams's time, she was roundly despised as the epitome of female inconstancy. See for example, Hyder E. Rollins, "The Troilus-Cressida Story From Chaucer to Shakespeare," *PMLA* 32, n. 3 (1917). Rollins refers to Cressida in various places as "a wanton," "a woman of loose morals" and "a heartless coquette" (383, 386).

⁴² This "something" that Cress refers to is the prose excerpt that reads, "In regard to the poems I left with you. . ." on page 7 of *Paterson* Book I.

⁴³ *New World Naked*, 462-63.

⁴⁴ Williams, "'Men . . . Have No Tenderness,'" 432

⁴⁵ Vivienne Koch, *William Carlos Williams* (Norfolk, CT: New Directions, 1950) 143-44.