A. G. BAILEY

Desmond Pacey

A. G. BAILEY'S poetry has been published in four volumes,[1] in many leading periodicals, and in most major anthologies of Canadian poetry since A. J. M. Smith's *Book of Canadian Poetry* (1943), yet his reputation is restricted to a relatively small group, the *cognoscenti*. Northrop Frye has declared him in the first rank of Canadian poets; A. J. M. Smith has put him in the forefront of the intellectual tradition in our poetry. But he has no large popular following, and a literary historian might easily omit his name. Yet Bailey's poetry is difficult and at first glance almost forbidding, yet it is among the most distinctive verse published in this country in the last forty years.

This is not the occasion for a detailed account of Dr. Bailey's life, but we notice the biographical influences that have had the most effect on his verse. The first such influence was his heredity, of which he is obviously proud and makes considerable use in his later verse. He came of a family with strong intellectual and literary leanings. His father's maternal grandfather was Marshall d'Avray, first principal of the Provincial Normal School in Fredericton and for many years Professor of Modern Languages in the University of New Brunswick. D'Avray was a man of broad culture; among his pupils in Fredericton were George R. Parkin and Canon George Roberts. His paternal grandfather was Loring Woart Bailey, for fifty years Professor of Natural Sciences at U.N.B. and a teacher of Bliss Carman and Charles G. D. Roberts. The Bailey family had connections with the New England family of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and numbered among its members poets and men of letters as well as scientists and divines. Bailey's father was a pupil of Bliss Carman at the Fredericton Collegiate School and of Professor W. F. Stockley[2] at U.N.B. and developed a love of literature and the arts that persisted throughout his life. Bailey says that he often heard his father quote *Marmion, The Lady of the Lake* and other poems by Walter Scott, as well as Byron, and contemporary Canadian poets like Carman and Theodore Goodridge Roberts.

The second major influence was that of the environment in which Bailey grew up. His boyhood and youth were divided between Fredericton and Quebec

City, to which he moved with his father and mother in 1913; he was then nine. The Fredericton of his early boyhood was a small university city which had maintained a continuous tradition of literary and intellectual activity since its foundation in the late eighteenth century by United Empire Loyalists. Its chief literary luminaries in Bailey's boyhood were Bliss Carman, the two Roberts brothers and Francis Sherman: none of them was still permanently resident in the city, but they all returned as visitors and their accomplishments were eagerly followed by the citizens of their native town. Still a small college, the University of New Brunswick had a succession of distinguished young scholars of literature, philosophy, and the natural sciences, and for its size, Fredericton provided a lively intellectual milieu; it also had a superbly beautiful setting and a graceful achitectural heritage which made it an ideal home for a potential poet.

In Quebec City, Bailey attended the private High School of Quebec, where F. R. Scott was his contemporary and there he came to love the poetry of Keats and Coleridge, Tennyson and Browning. His English teacher, the Oxford graduate Claude Thompson, strongly encouraged Bailey to develop his literary inclinations, and Bailey's first poems were published in the High School magazine, of which he became editor-in-chief in 1922-23. The first published poem was "Out of the Fog", a Coleridgean narrative of forty lines which begins:

> A great junk's stern post rose and fell
> On an oily eastern sea;
> The water dripped from off her sides,
> Her sails flapped noiselessly.

Bailey now describes "Out of the Fog" as a "juvenile amalgam of gleanings from 'The Ancient Mariner', a Kipling ballad, and memories of pirate stories in the *Boy's Own Annual, Chums* and *Chatter Box*."[3]

In September 1923 Bailey returned to Fredericton and entered the University as a freshman. At the same time, his first commercially published poem, "Mogodore", appeared in *The Canadian Magazine*: it was a product of his reading of a book on Morocco and filled with vivid images of the North African desert. Bailey soon became a frequent contributor to the student magazine, *The Brunswickan*, yet he found that the once proud literary tradition of the University had sunk to a low ebb. He was determined to revive the days of Carman, Roberts and Sherman, and dreamed of founding a literary magazine to be the instrument of revival. Already he had *The Fiddlehead* in mind as the probable name of such a magazine, but the scheme did not come to reality until twenty years later. The nearest approximation Bailey could achieve in undergraduate days was to establish a poetry department in *The Brunswickan*, in which his own poems and those of Dorothy Roberts, among others, appeared. In his fourth year, in 1927, Bailey published his first book, *Songs of the Saguenay*. He was still under the spell of

the British and Canadian Romantics: the poems are descriptive, atmospheric, melancholy in mood, conventional in prosody. Significantly, Bailey chose none of them for inclusion in his selected poems, *Thanks for a Drowned Island.*

After graduating from U.N.B. in 1927, Bailey became a graduate student in history at the University of Toronto. Little happened in his first two or three years there to change the romantic bent of his poetry. The new poets he read were late Romantics like Edna St. Vincent Millay, Marjorie Pickthall and Wilson Macdonald, and his literary acquaintances were mainly traditionalists — Charles G. D. Roberts, Constance Davies Woodrow, Nathaniel Benson, Virna Sheard and Lorne Pierce (the last of whom published Bailey's second little book of verse, *Tâo*, as a Ryerson Poetry Chap-Book in 1930). In these early Toronto years, his only link with something less traditional and romantic came through his membership in E. J. Pratt's graduate seminar in Modern Poetry.

THE FUNDAMENTAL CHANGE in Bailey's poetic outlook and practice occurred between 1930 and 1934 as a result of three major influences. The first was his experience as a reporter for the Toronto *Mail and Empire*: he witnessed poverty, violence, police brutality, drunkenness, and corruption, and came to recognize the world as no perfumed garden. The second was his membership in a literary club which included such lively, modern-minded figures as E. K. Brown, Dorothy Livesay, Stanley Ryerson, and Henry Noyes. The third climactic influence was his encounter, in 1931, with the poetry of T. S. Eliot. I quote Bailey's own description of the event, in his yet unpublished memoirs:

> One evening Roy Daniells called on me and my fiancée Jean Craig Hamilton at her place and said, "Listen to this!" He read "The Hollow Man", "Prufrock" and *The Waste Land.* I experienced the greatest excitement such as I had never experienced before and have never since experienced. All sorts of inchoate and previously ill-defined feelings and experiences suddenly came into focus. One felt transfigured, and one could only think that the old symbols and intonations and meanings had become completely dead, that a great spiritual void had been created by a sense of the bankruptcy of nineteenth century beliefs and standards, that the economic system under which we lived was in a state of distintegration, that the great urban wilderness of the modern world marked the sterility and death of our society. Eliot supplied the catharsis. He had pronounced the epitaph on the past. We felt that there was nothing more to be said, that nothing more truly meaningful could be said in prose or rhyme. We came to know all his work by heart, and soon we could think and speak and write only in terms of his images, cadences and meanings.

As a result of this encounter with Eliot's verse, Bailey began to write in a new way. Soon appeared in *The Canadian Forum* his modernist poems: "Best Seller,"

"Hochelaga", "From Day to Day", "Guide", "Seed", and "Rapprochment". Borrowing from Eliot colloquial diction and rhythms and the allusive and ironic method, Bailey gradually developed his own distinctive style by using Canadian idioms and alluding to his own spheres of knowledge and experience. With Robert Finch and Roy Daniells he established a small group that met weekly over lunch to read their poems and engage in mutual criticism and emulation. Shortly afterwards, he formed a friendship with Malcolm Ross, another student from U.N.B. who had come to Toronto for graduate work: Ross too was writing poems, although he was subsequently to establish his reputation as scholar, critic and editor of the New Canadian Library. Another friend of this period was Earle Birney, like Daniells a graduate of U.B.C., who had come to Toronto to do graduate work in English.

In 1934-5, Bailey and Birney were both in London as holders of Royal Society overseas fellowships. Birney was deeply engaged in Trotskyite politics and through him, Bailey came into contact with leftist groups, and confirmed a political outlook which he had begun to develop in Toronto. But he never became deeply immersed in politics and the most enduring influences of this period were intellectual ones. He was a student of the sociologist, Morris Ginsberg, by whom he was introduced to Arnold Toynbee. With Toynbee, the first volume of whose monumental *Study of History* has just been published, Bailey had long discussions on the philosophy of history. Looking forward to a career in the New Brunswick Provincial Museum in Saint John, Bailey also studied the Chinese and other collections in the Victoria and Albert and the British Museums. For his poetry the chief significance of this year was to augment his erudition. He is perhaps the most learned of Canadian poets, and in his poetry draws freely on his knowledge of history, sociology, anthropology, art, archaeology, and political science.

The only purely literary discovery that Bailey recalls from his London period was his reading, in a copy of *New Verse*, of a poem by Dylan Thomas. In the unpublished memoirs, he says of this experience:

> The poem was so unlike anything I had read before, that I undoubtedly recognized, as anyone would have recognized, that here was a new turning point in English literature, the first since Eliot. While it did not have the profound effect on me that Eliot's work had had, it stimulated me to write in a way that I had not done before. I did not imitate his style, but it touched a spring which led me ... to invent a new verse form in inchoate images, syncopated, galloping, and offbeat, as exemplified in my poems "The Winter Mill, and "The Feat Flame" which I wrote during that winter in London. On returning to Canada I found that none of my literary friends knew anything of Dylan Thomas, and as a matter of fact it was only after several years had gone by that I heard of him again, and by then he was famous everywhere.

Dylan Thomas did not become a major influence upon Bailey's own work, but a

diffused influence is sometimes apparent in the piled-up explosive rhythms and in the rapidly shifting, frequent and audacious metaphors.

The London year was followed by three years as an official of the Provincial Museum in Saint John, years so filled with onerous duties that Bailey's literary activities came to a virtual standstill. It was only after he became Professor of History at U.N.B. in Fredericton in 1938 that another influential experience occurred. Bailey revived his dream of establishing a literary magazine, and the first step was the founding of the Bliss Carman Society in 1940. This was a group of young persons, mainly students, who met once a week or so to read their poems and criticize each other's efforts. It was in this connection that I first knew Bailey, since soon after my arrival at the University in 1944 he invited me to join the group. Other early members of the group were Elizabeth Brewster, Fred Cogswell and Robert Gibbs. We launched *The Fiddlehead* in 1945; it is still alive and well thirty years later.

His association with *The Fiddlehead* had a strong influence on Bailey's own career as a poet: it stimulated him to write more and better work than he had previously accomplished, and many of his finest poems appeared in its pages. The late Forties and early Fifties was a period of intense productivity, culminating in the publication of *Border River* in 1952.

As the years passed, Bailey took on so many chores at the University that his poetic production slowed almost to a halt. Teaching a full load of courses in history, Bailey was Head of the Department of History, Dean of Arts, and Honorary Librarian, all at the same time. Later, shedding the other posts, he became Vice-President (Academic). It was only in his late Sixties, when he gave up administrative duties, that Bailey was able to resume systematically the writing of verse. At the age of seventy, he is still at work; and since he comes of a long-lived family he may continue for a good many years. It would certainly be premature to essay a definitive assessment of his verse, but in the pages that follow a preliminary appraisal is attempted.

To all intents and purposes, Bailey's poems worthy of appraisal are those found in *Border River* and *Thanks for a Drowned Island*. The poems contained in *Songs of the Saguenay* and *Tâo* are undergraduate verse typical of nature descriptions, especially descriptions of the sea, melancholy love songs, vague evocations of romantic scenes and exotic places. The chief influences at work are those of English Romantics and Victorians, particularly Keats, Coleridge and Tennyson, and of the Canadian poet Bliss Carman, whose effect can be seen in lines such as these:

There was a smile you gave me
That was native to the land
Of wide and tossing oceans
And of silver sifted sand. . . .

("Micheline on the Saguenay")

Tâo reprinted in unrevised form a number of poems from the previous volume, but in the new poems the chief fresh influence discernible is that of Swinburne:

Give me, Kathleen, one glance of langour and longing
That I may sleep at peace with the golden dawning.

("Fredericton Revisited in the Autumn")

In this second volume the only real hint of new directions is contained in the final poem, "Astromathematic", which has a kind of imagist sparseness and clarity:

Some god took compasses;
With centre moon, and radius infinite,
Described an arc of mist upon the sky.
Near by
Three points of light
Burned bright,
A triangle isosceles and tall.
They all
Patterned upon the night —
The moon, the mist, the stars —
Gold bars
And silver schemes of light.

Anyone who had failed to read Bailey's poems in periodicals of the Thirties and Forties and knew only his first two volumes, must have been flabbergasted by *Border River*. The vague melancholy and regular verse forms of the early books had been replaced by powerful emotions and a creative use of free verse. What a contrast there was between, say, "Micheline on the Saguenay" and this new poem of another river, "Miramichi Lightning":

The sachem voices cloven out of the hills
spat teeth in the sea like nails
before the spruce were combed to soughing peace.

They said a goliath alphabet at once
and stopped to listen to their drumming ears
repeat the chorus round a funeral mountain.

Hurdling a hump of whales they juddered east,
and there were horse-faced leaders whipped the breath
from bodies panting on the intervales.

The lights were planets going out for good
as the rancour of a cloud broke off and fell
into the back of town and foundered there.

The regular rocking-horse rhythms of the early verse have given way to irregular rhythms which match and augment the meaning, as in the third line of the first stanza where the idea of the temporary subsidence of the wind is enhanced by the extended length and retarded pace. Stock romantic epithets have gone, and either old words have been used in a new way or new words have been invented. "Voices" when "cloven out of the hills" become tongues and lips and can spit; wind passing over spruce trees combs them, so that they not merely sigh but sough, an unusual but precise word meaning to make a soft murmuring sound; to shout is not merely to speak loudly but rather to say "a goliath alphabet", so that one sees giant-sized letters being hurled into the air; voices "judder", a word which I assume Bailey to have invented to suggest both the forward thrust of jut and the lateral shaking suggested by the word shudder;[4] "rancour", an abstract noun, is transfigured into a concrete one, into something sulphurous and solid which can break off and fall, presumably by thinking of the similar word "rancid" with all its connotations of unpleasant taste, smell and texture, and of "anchor" with its connotations of solidity, weight and the sea ("foundered").

The creative technique of this poem is matched by its freshness and originality of content. Without thrusting it upon us, Bailey has obviously drawn upon his extensive knowledge of the Indians of the eastern sea-board so that his imagination is able to transmogrify a violent thunderstorm in some such town as Newcastle or Chatham, N.B., into an angry lament of Algonquin chiefs for the destruction of their culture. The force of their anger is conveyed to us not by abstract descriptions nor by vague laments but by the active verbs which serve as the straining sinews of the poem — verbs such as cloven, spat, combed, drumming, hurdling, juddered, whipped, panting, going out, broke off, fell and foundered.

"The Winter Mill" may be chosen as another example of the new freedom and originality of both style and content found in *Border River*. The opening lines will perhaps be sufficient to indicate the quality:

The winter mill will not return this
often
a granary for months of ill at
ease
Nor will the thaw engage to round and
soften
the burden of its coffin; from the
knee
to thigh and upwards cold as any fish
hook

will it look to sweep a mist from sunken
eyes,
nor gather to its heart its cherished
april.

That echoes of Bliss Carman still linger in Bailey's imagination is clear from the final phrase, but what a differance is here from the unassimilated Carmanesque influences of *Songs of the Saguenay*! Instead of the lingering, self-indulgent Carman rhythm, the lines have been deliberately decapitated and bent back upon themselves to suggest the destructive force which the poet sees in the natural world. The meaning is conveyed almost in a subliminal fashion: one grasps it without being quite aware of what and how. That one is being warned that the warm spring weather which has intervened to break the grip of winter cannot be expected to last or often to return is clear, but there is no firm progression of logic nor any easily discernible pattern of images The images in particular seem to follow one another arbitrarily, and it is almost impossible to see their connection. The image of the winter mill works in itself, suggesting by its imagined turning sails the cycle of the seasons, but one associates a windmill with water rather than with grain, so that when one comes to "this granary" one has to assume that the mill was not a windmill after all but rather a fanning mill, used in granaries in winter and therefore, on this second guess, acceptable as a "winter mill". Similar ambiguities surround the images of the corpse and coffin, the fish-hook and the sunken eyes: one is being tortured to follow the sudden twists and turns of the poet's imagination, but since the poem is about the agonies of living the very difficulties are a positive feature of the poem's success.

As this poem would suggest, the predominant mood of *Border River* is a sad one. The title poem alludes to the Saint Croix River, which flows along the border between New Brunswick and Maine. Bailey sees it as a symbol of man's failure to band together in brotherhood:

Yet if a cairn were put upon his bosom's sward
it could teach the mummers something for a day of international
mourning,
marking the count of time, to point a finger
at the sign-manual of the common dream,
lost by men whose counsels failed, who wrecked
the common structure of their Father's house.

The mourning for man's failure to realize his human potentialities, together with a wistful, almost forlorn quest for a tranquility glimpsed or dreamed of but apparently never to be re-found or found, is the dominant theme of the book.

To suggest this increasing but apparently never-ending quest for peace or vision, Bailey frequently uses the image of a sea voyage — see, for example, "The Unreturning", "Regression of the Pelasgians", "North West Passage" and "Thanks

for a Drowned Island". This in itself, of course, is not particularly original; what is striking is the detailed knowledge of seamanship and navigation which Bailey displays. His ships and voyages are not merely symbols: they are actual crafts and journeys, described in the technical vocabulary of the sailor's trade. This further illustrates the surprising reach of Bailey's erudition, and results from family tradition and personal experience. His family had extensive marine connections and Bailey says that he "more conscious of ships and the sea than anything else in my early life". As a youth he spent his summers at Tadoussac, on the Saguenay, which he describes as "a place of lightships, lighthouses, fog horns, shoals, wild tides and currents in which we rowed, sailed, swam . . . " All this background of knowledge and experience explains the easy authority of such lines as these, from the opening of "North West Passage":

> He clambered aboard the rocking boat while the waves
> like the bright fins of fabulous fish kept slapping
> the planks of the dock.
> The rich water rewarded him as he climbed in the sail,
> and away in the cloak of the gale he wrapped his thanks
> as trim as a clock
> geared, and unhampered as halyards, by the trim hand
> held and felt.

But if the voyages are, or are cleverly made to seem, actual journeys, they are also symbolic quests. So also are the journeys over mountains or through woods and wilderness which occur in such poems as "The Frank and Gentle Hand", "Shrouds and Away", "His Age was On" and "Megalopolis". What is being sought for, and what hope is there of its being found? At certain times it appears that what is being sought is human brotherhood and concord, and that there is indeed some hope, however remote, of achieving it. At other times the phraseology — for example, in "The Unreturning", "the lone hand / at the wheel / whose face is caught in a tanned and wrinkled dream" — suggests a Christian pilgrimage, a search for the divine, and here the hope, although not entirely absent, is very muted indeed and, as Northrop Frye has noted, it is certainly hope rather than faith.

One comes away from reading Bailey's poems, however, convinced that he is a deeply religious man, and not merely a humanist, though his religion is not orthodox nor institutional. Bailey confirms this in a personal note to me, in which he describes his early orthodoxy as a member of the Church of England but says that in later years "it was as though God became a beneficent force, a Platonic idea, real but almost impersonal and perhaps unreachable. I continued to feel religious and to have reverence, but I had no precise dogma any longer."

Serious poems of spiritual questing dominate *Border River*, but there are lighter

poems, chiefly satires, to act as leaven — poems such as "Rococo Game", "From Day to Day", "Best Seller", "Isobel" and "The Fruit of Now". It is a significant mark of Bailey's versatility that he can bring off playful poems as successfully as serious ones. These lines from "Isobel" will serve to illustrate this aspect of his talent:

> She grew more love than he could
> bear.
> She went to trim his morning
> heart.
> She quickened all his little
> leaves.
> His railings fell and left him
> bare.

THERE WAS a twenty-one year interval between the publication of *Border River* and *Thanks for a Drowned Island*, and the latest book reprints thirty poems from its predecessor and offers only forty-seven new poems. The new poems, however, were very much worth waiting for. Some of them are variants on Bailey's old major theme of quest, but others break new ground. There are several very moving poems which explore or re-create the history of his family — "Angel Gabriel", for example, and "A Chronicle of Other English" — and others in which Bailey goes back to memories of his own childhood.

"A Chronicle of Other English" commemorates some of Bailey's colonial ancestors, the Slaughters, and describes most powerfully the death of his grandfather in Fredericton in 1925. The bulk of the poem is almost too drily factual, packed with names and dates although rescued from tedium by striking images and turns of phrase, but it culminates in a magnificent line which by its very eloquence and power lifts the whole poem to a plane of universality:

> When times grow small may men take heart from these.

Perhaps the best of the poems which recollect Bailey's childhood is "Mr. McGinty's Claw", which manages to combine a sense of childish innocence with a sense of the macabre:

> Mr. McGinty's claw
> was the only one I ever saw.
> The hand on which it was affixed
> was holding an apple tart,
> I was holding a five-cent piece
> with which to buy a bun
> at the age of six

beneath the elms of Charlotte Street.
It was scary
to one so young.
But as no choice presented itself
I handed Mr. McGinty the money
and remember to this day
the point of his claw catching it up
and a bit of skin from the palm of my hand along with it.

This poem further illustrates Bailey's versatility, for it has few of his usual characteristics such as distorted or strained syntax and erudite allusions: it has an almost imagist directness, clarity, and simplicity, and achieves its effects by understatement and severe emotional restraint.

Another group of new poems are social, political or historical commentaries, such as "Canadian Flag Debate", "Here in the East", "Confederation Debate", "La Route Jackman", "The Shadow of Mr. McGee", and "Seventeen Seventy-six". Generally speaking, this group is less successful, for the complex allusiveness and metaphorical elaboration which Bailey employs in most of them seem alien to the genre. One of them, however, "Here in the East", is one of the best poems in the book. Simply and straightforwardly, by choosing and starkly presenting a series of images of the contemporary Maritime scene Bailey evokes a deeply tragic sense of the decay of a once-proud culture:

Here in the east the barns are empty of grass
and commerce has moved to the focal canals
and freight yards
of the smoking west.
From the muddy rims of the tidal estuaries
the wrecks of tugs stick out, a tourist's emblem,
graphs of decay and a kind of awakening.
Framed through the posts of a once-fenced field
our glaucous vision rests on rusted trash
thrown long ago.
The tons of timber buoyed on the bend of the teeming
river
are nothing now but a yellowed notation
in an archivist's scrapbook.
Last week a class of grade-eight pupils
were told by their teacher
of Champlain, La Tour, Chandler and Mitchell,
and the tribe of the Glasiers.
When they grow up they will forget all that and
go to live in Toronto.

Perhaps the most interesting new note sounded in the more recent poems is that of ironic acceptance of the poet's own limitations, found in at least two of the

finest poems in the book, "I Could Not Reach the Star" and "The Muskrat and the Whale". The final lines of the latter poem, with their air of ease and assurance combined with due modesty, may be quoted to illustrate Bailey's work in its most recent phase:

> Let whales wake and sleep in their
> own water,
> the muskrat in his.
> His bliss, like an emulsion, injects
> his veins and arteries, a whale's
> capillaries accommodate a liquor
> immense and sedate.
> Dignity and industry lend size to the muskrat.
> His size is his own, and mete.
> The whale may think his dignity is greater.
> The muskrat would be able, if the
> thought struck him,
> to prove his own title to this quality
> sooner or later.

In this poem the best of Bailey's qualities come together: colloquial ease of diction and rhythm, the functional use of line divisions, playfulness overlying a deep seriousness of purpose, empathy, and a kind of humane dignity and tolerance of outlook.

In the opening paragraph of this paper I suggested that Alfred G. Bailey's poetry is difficult, distinctive and distinguished. It is a difficult poetry not because Bailey seeks deliberately to obscure his meaning, but rather because he is trying to convey to us the products of a complex sensibility and of an erudite and sensitive mind. And he is trying to convey those things to us not in stereotyped phrases and rhythms, but in original and organic words, images, and music. His own mind hesitates, pounces, gallops off after a glimpsed target, leaps to its goal, or falls back to prepare a new start — and in his poetry he tries to re-create the actual sense of these movements of his mind. This necessarily poses problems for those with slower, more orthodox, or less erudite minds, but the effort to follow him is a rewarding one. Again, his poetry is distinctive because he has a uniquely rich mind which he freely opens up to us. The early poetry was not distinctive, because it made use of conventional material and displayed it in traditional forms. In his later poetry we witness an independent wrestle with language to make it communicate that which is peculiar and indeed unique to his sensibility. Finally, it is a distinguished poetry because that wrestle with language is ultimately successful, so that in his best poems we hear the assured accents of a man who is saying exactly what he wishes to say as only he can say it: "His size is his own, and mete."

NOTES

[1] *Songs of the Saguenay* (1927), *Tâo* (1930), *Border River* (1952), and *Thanks for a Drowned Island* (1973).

[2] A friend of the leader of the Irish literary Renaissance, Douglas Hyde (who replaced him for one year at U.N.B.)

[3] This, and most of the other quotations attributed to Dr. Bailey, are from a transcript of his tape recorded memoirs which he made available to me. In a few cases, so identified, the quotations come from notes written directly to me.

[4] Dr. Bailey modestly disclaims the invention of "judder". He believes that he encountered it in an early poem by W. H. Auden.

A STRECTCHABLE WORLD

Alden Nowlan

Put your thoughts on the grocer's
scale, apply the tailor's tape
to your emotions, you
who depend on maps
to measure the distances
between people.

Sylvia's voice
so close to my ear
that no one else
in this room could hear it
— that was on the telephone
and I was drunk.

When I send her a letter
there are the spaces
that divide
my mind from my fingers,
my fingers from the page,
the page from what I wish it
to be, and that is only
the start —
it is a very long way
from here to Connecticut.