that this is not so is provided in the experience which now occurs, and which, presumably, is to be taken as a paradigm of his past experience. The snow, to which his attention now returns, seems to be part of an important, or "major," reality because he suddenly appreciates it as a part of reality, and since he does so appreciate it, since he discovers something meaningful in it, he undergoes an exaltation of mood, "an elevation." (The snow has also become an addition to reality, as Roy Harvey Pearce points out in his reading of the word "appreciation.") The relation thus formed with reality is an intensely sensuous one, so that it is as if he left this experience (or, perhaps, as if he were leaving life itself) not merely with something to be formulated in words, but with something he could "touch, touch every way." This relation is formed through the kind of modification of mind and feeling of which his poems consist, which occurs not in the realm of the real but in that of the unreal, the ego. Nothing has altered in reality, but this modification of unreality, far from being divorced from reality, is a way of reaching the latter, of getting a sense of reality.

"Of Mere Being" (OP, p. 117)

"Of Mere Being" sets up existence itself as the goal of desire. One senses existence beyond thought as a palm "In the bronze distance," as though it were a goal sought for in an ideal, hence brazen, atmosphere. It is, perhaps, present "at the end of the mind" not only because it is beyond thought, but also because it is what the mind desires. But, the point of existence, the song of the golden bird in the palm, is alien to humanity and, since it is without human meaning or feeling, is not available to thought or desire. Therefore, fulfillment of desire or its frustration, happiness or unhappiness, does not depend on the reason; it makes no difference what we think, or what we want. The bird goes on singing, its feathers shining, without regard to us. The palm does not exist for us and is as remote from us as it can be, "on the edge of space." Yet to us and, no doubt, especially to an old man close to death, existence itself seems as dazzling as the bird and as tantalizing as the palm's slowly moving branches and the bird's dangling feathers. The bird does not sing for us, and will continue singing without us, but it is its song that we above all want to hear, the sense of mere existence that we most want to sustain.

NOTES

1 Samuel French Morse finds that "echoes of Pope's rhetoric and tone and even prosody abound in 'The Comedian as the Letter C' and 'Le Monocle de Mon Oncle,' and in Harmonium as a whole." "Wallace Stevens: Some Ideas About the Thing Itself," Boston University Studies in English, II (Spring 1950), 59-50.

2 Frank Kermode, Wallace Stevens (New York, 1961), p. 44. See also for the "interior paramour"—see Eugene Paul Nassar, Wallace Stevens: An Anatomy of Fiction (Philadelphia, 1957), p. 115. If one must resort to mythology here, the imagery seems to suggest Hera or Juno at least as much as Aphrodite or Venus. However, any such search for an allusion is probably superfluous. Stevens writes: "My recollection is that the Mother of Heaven was merely somebody to swear by, and that the reference was not symbolic" (LWS, p. 251).

3 Compare Kermode, p. 44: the apple "was also the cause of unreasonable passion, and comes to be moralized only when the moralist is too old to be passionate."

4 Stevens' comment (in LWS, p. 251), identifying the "rose rabbit" with youth—which he apparently made without a text at hand—has no meaning in context, except possibly, the tenuous one that the "rose rabbit" represents a stage of youth preceding the "dark rabbit" stage, and which carried over into the present of middle age.


9 See, for example, R. P. Blackmur, "Examples of Wallace Stevens," Form and Value in Modern Poetry (Garden City, New York, 1957), pp. 207-18; "Moonlight is imagination, a reflection or interpretation of the sun, which is the source of life," Simons' interpretation, p. 453, in which the moonlight stands for the "romantic" imagination and the sun for matter-of-fact realism, is more satisfactory—though the realism is more likely that of Yucatan than matter-of-fact.