THE DEVELOPMENT OF P.K. PAGE'S IMAGERY:
THE SUBJECTIVE EYE--THE EYE OF THE CONJUROR

by

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ABSTRACT

In an attempt to develop a better perspective on P.K. Page's work, the thesis concentrates on the development of her imagery. The imagery illustrates the direction of Page's development and a close study of its nature will uncover the central concerns of Page's writing.

The first chapter of the thesis examines the field of critical analysis already undertaken on Page showing its good points and its weak points. The following three chapters trace the chronological development of Page's work. The second chapter covers up to the writing of The Sun And The Moon in 1944. Even her early work illustrates that as her images became complex, her concern with perspective grew. Her more complex work such as, "The Stenographers", "Panorama", and The Sun And The Moon in particular illustrate this concern.

The third chapter analyzes the poetry of her first collection As Ten As Twenty and looks at the period between 1944 and 1954. In this period Page's images become more complex and her work becomes overtly involved with perspective and vision. Images revolving around trains, photographs, snow and whiteness become recurring and a continuity develops between her subjects. Most significantly "Round Trip", "The Bands And The Beautiful Children", "Adolescence", "Them Ducks", "Stories Of Snow", "Subjective Eye", and "Photos Of A Salt Mine" illustrate how Page's concern with imagery and perspective
was melding together.

The fourth chapter deals with her second collection *The Metal And The Flower* and her third collection *Cry Ararat*. It also looks briefly at Page's shift to painting in the Sixties and examines some of her more recent poetry. In this period Page undergoes her most significant changes. Images recur from earlier periods, but now the images elicit a more complex view of the world. Page's poetry reflects her awareness of the bounds of vision. She realizes that one must become a conjuror in order to see different perspectives. Her poetry, painting, and articles reflect this shift as "Reflection In A Train Window", "Arras", "Cry Ararat!", "A Backwards Journey", "Questions And Images", and "Traveller, Conjuror, Journeyman" illustrate.

The study demonstrates that as Page's imagery developed, there was a parallel development in her concern with perspective and vision. Her imagery and her vision merge as perspective and vision become her primary concern. Her recent poetry indicates that any further development will be in the same vein as she attempts to discover more about the interrelationship between image, perspective and vision.
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CHAPTER ONE
CRITICAL PERSPECTIVES

Often critical views of a writer’s work are determined very early in the writer’s career and are not revised extensively as the writer develops. This is the case with P.K. Page. A major revaluation of Page’s achievement is necessary. Of course the old critical perspectives must be studied, but a fresh approach to her work from beginning to end must be undertaken.

Page’s writing must be examined in relation to its outstanding characteristic, its imagery. An analysis of the imagery, its development and the perspective which is foremost in the imagery will lead to an understanding of the nature of Page’s achievement. A close study of selected writing taken in chronological sequence will illustrate how her awareness of image, vision and perspective developed into the central issue of her work. Page’s development was gradual, although even in her early writing her fascination with viewpoint and perspective can be discerned.

In the past, however, critical analysis has failed to understand the full implications of Page’s concern with perspective. It would be hard to pick out one popular approach in the critical work already written on Page. Like her
poetry, the criticism encompasses a number of perspectives. In fact, the critics have tended to mime Page's ability to see peripheral viewpoints. Yet, they were unable to see the many facets of Page's work.

It is ironic that it is just this kind of single-minded, single perspective on things that Page herself is trying to avoid. The most important underlying factor in Page's development is her undying, constant awareness of the many possibilities which lie before the individual. She sees the many directions in the spectrum of thought that an infinite variety of views on a subject will create.

This is not to say that the critics have been totally blind to the underlying meaning of Page's work, for there are most certainly some good insights into the matrix of her vision. None of these insights, however, is fully developed. There has not been an attempt to follow through any of these insights to see how, where and why they apply to Page's work and development as a totality.

Early criticism written on Page looked at her work in a wide assortment of ways. Reviewers such as Alan Crawley commented on various features of Page's work including her imagery, her interest in "the strange aspects of life" and her progress "to an individual and completely contemporary thought and form of expression" while still noting "a strong, almost overbalancing, social consciousness." In contrast, other reviewers were inclined to take a more
singular view of Page's writing. E.K. Brown, for example, wrote in reviewing *Unit Of Five* that both Page and Souster were "relatively simple poets with a strong sense that the present social order is unendurable."⁴ A similar example of the lack of breadth and depth with which some of the reviewers regarded Page is found in a review of *As Ten As Twenty* by J.B. Martin. Martin simply wrote that he often found himself "at a loss to find the point of a poem."⁵ Statements like this could be attributed to a critical reaction against the changing style of modern poetry in the 1940's, but whatever their underlying cause, they portray very well the critical atmosphere in which Page's poetry was received. While on one hand it was received and analyzed with clarity, on the other hand it was misread and misunderstood.

Although Page's poetry had developed considerably in both style and content by the time she published her second volume of poetry *The Metal And The Flower* in 1954, she was criticized by more than one critic for not making any progress at all. Louis Dudek, for instance, criticized her for printing a book which he thought was "a painful imitation of her earlier mannerisms, without any sign of breaking new ground."⁶ Whether or not this criticism is based on fact, is something that Dudek did not set out to prove. He was willing to dismiss Page's work in the manner in which he attempted to dismiss all of the Preview group of poets in
the attacks on their poetry that he wrote fifteen years earlier in *First Statement*. Comments like "she was really a poet of the English Traditionalist group"\(^7\) show Dudek's unwillingness to reassess his critical evaluations or to attempt to deal with Page as an individual apart from the group that she was involved with ten years earlier.

At the same end of the critical field of judgement, V.B. Rhodenizer in 1954 summed up Page's poetry by stating that "her imagery is sometimes daring beyond the point of clarity."\(^8\) This is unjust as a capsule statement tacked onto bibliographic data on Page in a poetry anthology. It does not give the reader any insight into her work. Rhodenizer's and Dudek's negative opinions are not unique. Desmond Pacey stated that Page's poetic talent was "a talent that : [had] worked itself out,"\(^9\) and that some of the work in her second collection *The Metal And The Flower* was "ingenuity rather than . . . genuine skill."\(^10\) He saw her second volume as "a relatively spiritless imitation"\(^11\) of previous work. This he felt was confirmed by her "subsequent desertion of poetry for painting."\(^12\)

Although Pacey did note that there was a quality to Page's poetry in which a strange blending of the organic and the inorganic produced "a peculiar but often very apt effect,"\(^13\) he never synthesized this with the rest of his ideas on Page's work. Nor did he try to integrate these remarks with what he thought was the dominant theme of Page's best poetry:
"the quest for beauty, for innocence or for love." Pacey was too willing to pronounce the end of Page's career and too willing to find a simple tag to label Page's achievement with.

A helter-skelter approach is often found in the critical analysis of Page's work. Rather than being interested in an integrative or an in-depth study of her poetry, it has been more common that the critics single out individual cause-effect relationships and use them as the crux of their arguments.

A good example of this approach is demonstrated by R.E. Rashley in his book *Poetry In Canada: The First Three Steps*. Like most critics, Rashley noted that Page's first volume *As Ten As Twenty* was characterized by its social content. Of more consequence, however, was Rashley's observation that Page's "imagery . . . has a liquid, hallucinatory effect: it shifts and melts and never stands still." Rashley thought that these images were frequently connected to illness and horror. He did not attempt to see the wider implications of what he saw as an "hallucinatory effect." He was content to talk about the relationship between social content, alienation in modern society, and illness and horror in Page's poetry. This kind of criticism on Page was common. Often if the critic had taken a more extensive view of what he had observed, he would have discovered the vast area which Page's images really encompassed.

Rashley covered Page's second anthology *The Metal And*
The Flower with some quick judgements. He noted that "about a third of the poems show a movement away from the social theme toward an individual reading of experience." He suggested that "perhaps this poetry deals too little with ideas, or with individuals or with events, too much with the senses." Although Page does move through the senses in much of her poetry, the senses are the keys to her vision; the keys to the ideas and the insights in "the area behind the eyes."

Rashley was not the first to think that horror was a central theme in Page's poetry. It was first mentioned by A.R. Bevan in a review of The Metal And The Flower. Bevan noted Page's concern with the unknown, and correlated it with "nightmares and distorted reflections" of a "Freudian subconscious." Fred Cogswell in a review article of the same year took Bevan's view a little further and saw nihilism as the basis of Page's work. He saw that "her range of subjects and experiences is sadly limited, and . . . her wisdom is the wisdom of despair." Ideas like this cannot encompass such poems as "Bright Fish Once Swimming Where We Lie . . .", "Boy With A Sea Dream", or "Christmas Eve--Market Square". They are full of hope and far from narrow in outlook. Even if Page's vision in The Metal And The Flower more often shows the negative side of life, this should not be a reason for ignoring the other perspectives in her poetry. Her vision
is both horrible and beautiful, good and evil; her poetry is both simple and labyrinthine in nature.

Milton Wilson's analysis of Page exemplifies the problems which arise with narrow critical perspectives. In summarizing his critical position on Page, Wilson quoted Page's poem "The Age Of Ice". He noted that Page's weakness is centred around the problem that: "Between/ The Will and the Wish is glass." 21 He thought that Page's development would flourish with "the increasing transparency of this glass." 22 Ironically, however, he missed the full implication of her poem. It is not just about her inability to write what she desires to write, it also deals with the more general problem of the individual's failure to reach out far enough to find the essence which lies unperceived in the perceived. The poem calls for a visionary mind which dares to

reach outward through the glass
  take winter in . . . palm.

And feel this age of ice
  melt into spring
  with the quick sound about
  of water running. 23

Not all the critics have been as short-sighted as Wilson though. For instance, Earle Birney has made some acute remarks about Page's poetry. In a review of As Ten As Twenty Birney noted Page's "x-ray trick of penetrating beyond surfaces, either of substance or of manner, into the matrix of her theme." 24 and he observed that "it is perhaps significant that 'eyes' are a recurrent source of metaphor to the point
of an obsession." These are key insights into the area in which Page's talent found its prime concern. It is encouraging that Birney should see so clearly the key aspects which underlie Page's poetry at a time when most others were only willing to explore the social import of her poetry.

In an article printed shortly after Birney's review appeared, John Sutherland attacked the critics' narrow view of Page's poetry. He felt that they were over-zealous in their rush to see Page as a social critic. He observed that "the critics who have regarded her as a poet of ideas . . . have been too much impressed by surface appearance." Rather than seeing Page as using ideas to develop logic or rhetoric, Sutherland saw her as using ideas mainly to help her "to locate her poetry in space and time." 

By far the most interesting observation that Sutherland made on Page was his statement on the way in which she uses multi-edged perspectives on words and images. He saw her as having "a conjurer's trick with language" which "continually startles us by making one thing assume the identity of another." It is exactly this "conjurer's trick" and her sense of "penetrating beyond surfaces" which her poetry written in the 1960's and the early 1970's and her paintings of the same era have most often used as their underlying theme.

Sutherland, however, did not feel completely convinced of the value of Page's conjuring. He noted that this trick of perspectives was rather "a kind of game—a game that a child might play in a nursery, imagining each thing she sees to
to be something else and inventing a life history for it."
Sutherland perceived that Page's ability to notice different 
perspectives often became a tangent "which the theme [did] 
not suggest." The perspectives, he thought, led Page into 
"cul-de-sac images" and "self-contained stanzas." Sutherland 
felt that Page's imagination was naive. He felt that its 
independence from conscious ideas caused the lack of tension 
found in some of her poetry. He considered that this imagery 
created poetry which was "a compilation rather than a compos-
ition." Sutherland was of the opinion that Page's better 
poetry had a tension in its imagery where there was "never 
any truce between the opposing attitudes." These may be 
harsh criticisms, but nonetheless it may have been just this 
type of criticism that helped Page to find the weakness in 
her poetry. In retrospect, Page does think that Sutherland's 
criticisms were quite valid, although she feels that they 
were hard for her to accept at the time.

A.J.M. Smith's view of Page's work is also very interesting 
and an overview of the better criticism written on Page 
would not be complete without a reference to it. Smith 
was criticized quite heavily by the Montreal group of poets 
during the early Forties for not being aware of contemporary 
Canadian poetry, but he did develop some interesting ideas 
about Page's work. In an article written in 1947, he 
noted that "the constant shifting between the outer 
world of surfaces and the inner world of reverie gives
a sense of fluidity and impermanence" to P.K. Page's poetry. He saw that "metamorphoses occur here," even though he fell short of perceiving what the extent of the metamorphoses was. Similarly, his attempt to demark the opposite poles of an "outer world of surfaces" in contrast to an "inner world of reverie," was not completely thought out. Smith had already defined "the inner life of reverie" as the opposite of "the outer world of objective experience." Thus, a contradiction developed because Smith did not distinguish between "the outer world of objective experience" and "the outer world of surfaces." It seems that Smith was not quite sure of the extent of Page's metamorphoses, or of the extent to which "her most characteristic work [was] subjective."

John Sutherland's criticism of Smith aptly summed up the weakness of Smith's criticism:

The statement [objective experience] seems to be true as far as it goes (I say "seems" because a phrase like "objective experience" might mean anything or nothing). In a recent article in Canadian Literature Smith commented on the problem that he has with Page's writing:

There is no doubt that she is a difficult poet--at least I have found her so--and the difficulty is not intellectual. Her moons are not reason's, so that what the reader who is to get the maximum enjoyment needs--or the critic who is to get the maximum comprehension--is a sensibility and an intuition that have been nourished and educated by the poems themselves as he reads and re-reads them.

It is this line of thought that led Smith to realize that Page's poetry is no longer a multifold view of the world,
but "a poetry of vision" that "casts a spell which has made it possible to value it not as vision but as revelation." Nevertheless, Smith failed to draw out the meaning of Page's vision and revelation. Instead of examining the mechanics of the vision that he saw developing into revelation, he spent most of his time pointing out instances of the dominant themes which he espied; pleasure and terror, and innocence and experience. These he only vaguely connected with his conception of Page's vision. This is his main weakness. If he had connected them, he would have had an argument that had total unity.

If Page's poetry is not held properly in perspective, its beauty and meaning are lost. With this in mind, the critic should ask the "agonizing questions" which Smith felt were laced with terror:

Who am I or who am I become that waking here
I am observer, other Gemini.

It is in the narrowness of the critic's position that "the stillness points a bone at [him]."

Generally, the more recent views of Page's poetry have been more aware of the underlying intent of Page's work, even though this awareness is only noticeable by a higher frequency of incisive remarks and not necessarily by the tone of the overall comments of the critics. Reviews of Page's third volume of poetry Cry Ararat!: Poems New And Selected seem to exemplify this pattern: For example,
Hugh MacCallum in reviewing *Cry Ararat!* made two simple but worthwhile remarks. He observed that "the nature of perception is perhaps the overriding concern of P. K. Page's poetry" and he noted that Page "writes repeatedly of dreams and transformations." Similarly, Ralph Gustafson in reviewing *Cry Ararat!* made the interesting observation that Page's poetry is "communicative of what cannot be stated." Comments such as these show that the critics are beginning to see beyond the surfaces and into the visionary core of the poetry.

The field of critical vision has to widen considerably still in respect to the field of poetic vision in which it is operating. It is not enough to see Page's poetry as communicative of something beyond the logic patterns that we normally use. Nor is it enough to see that the nature of perception is a concern, and that dreams and transformations are common topics. It is within a synthesis of all these observations that the meaning of the complex totality of P. K. Page's work lies. It is in the realization that the many points of perception are related to the dream and the transformation, and that these in turn are related to the ability to be "communicative of what cannot be stated" that the keys to Page's work lie.
CHAPTER ONE

FOOTNOTES:

1. Alan Crawley, Review of As Ten As Twenty, Contemporary Verse, No. 19 (October 1946), p. 18.

2. Ibid., p. 17.

3. Ibid., p. 18.


7. Ibid., p. 409.


10. Ibid., p. 161.


12. Ibid., p. 200.

13. Pacey, Creative Writing In Canada, p. 161.


16. Ibid., p. 140.

17. Ibid., p. 140.


25. Ibid., p. 43.


27. Ibid., p. 13.


29. Ibid., p. 18.

30. Ibid., pp. 18-19.

31. Ibid., p. 18.

32. Ibid., p. 20.

33. Ibid., p. 20.


36. Ibid., p. 250.

37. Ibid., p. 250.

38. Ibid., p. 250.


40. Ibid., p. 17.

42. Ibid., p. 19.


45. Ibid., p. 63.


47. Ralph Gustafson, Review of Cry Ararat!: Poems New And Selected, Queens Quarterly, 75 (1968), 374.
CHAPTER TWO

PERSPECTIVES AND BEGINNINGS

The things which influence any artist are multifold. To say that a writer develops a style, a pattern of images and a set of values, on his own is a gross generalization. He is a product of his cultural environment. Even if he is not overtly aware of its effect on him, common patterns of subject matter, common local concerns and a common schooling develop the individual's understanding of his culture.

P.K. Page's ideas have similarities with other writers'. Her concern with images which centre around dreams and visions, for instance, is only a part of what seems to be a continuing phenomenon in Canadian poetry. As Sandra Djwa points out in her article "Canadian Poetry And The Computer":

"Dream", "sleep", "vision", and its variants occur 217 times in Roberts, 368 times in Lampman and 221 times in D. C. Scott. In each case it has the highest frequency of any thematic word occurring...

This is not to say that Page's vision or dream is the same as Roberts', Lampman's or Scott's, but only to note a similar concern with visionary subject matter in earlier poets. It would be misleading to say that Page's poetry is simply the continuation of Roberts' visionary romantic poetry any more than it would be to say that Scott's vision is the
same as Roberts'. Each poet's vision has its own characteristics and its own applications which make it unique.

Page's vision, with its intense concern for perspective, is much different from the Confederation group of poets'. It has much more in common with the vision of her contemporary, Margaret Avison. Avison's early poetry, as exemplified by "The Butterfly" and "Neverness, Or The One Ship Beached On One Far Distant Shore" contains images that are similar to images in Page's poetry. Avison's awareness of perspective is clearly visible in the "Neverness . . ."-"Micro/Macro" image of discovery, and the butterfly/moth image of "The Butterfly". More interesting though, is her probing question at the end of "The Butterfly":

  can't we stab that one angle into the curve of space
  that sweeps so unrelenting, far above, towards the subhuman swamp of under-dark? 2

Here Avison moves from the question of perspective, into a more complex probing question involving man's understanding of the unity of both primitive origins and the distant complexities of the universe.

A similar concept of transcendence lurks just below the surface of many of the perspectives of Page's early work. In "Reflection", one of the first poems Page published, the image of a woman and a tree in a stream illustrate the nuances of Page's insight. The tree looks as though it is "pre-
tending it [is] a woman" 3 and the woman bending and looking into the water conversely appears distorted into an image of a tree. The two reflected images as a result blend in with one another. The inanimate becomes animated and the animated becomes inanimate. The poet sees one image, "a tree and a woman bending, merged in the water". The unity and confusion of identity are not simply a visual, reflected, refracted image for Page, it is also momentary insight into the common bond which all images and all things possess beyond the natural order in which they are defined and categorized. The point, though more opaquely stated than Avison's, is concerned with breaking beyond the order we know and stabbing "that one angle into the curve of space" 4 in an attempt to see and understand new perspectives.

Whether or not the one poet learned from the other is beyond the scope of the topic in hand. Even though the two poets did start to publish poetry at approximately the same time, and Page was the more voluminous of the two, it would not be just to say that Page noticeably influenced Avison or vice versa without extensive investigation. The value of such an assertion is limited anyway, and only leads to weak comparisons and poor generalizations.

Of the early influences on Page's poetry, it is Patrick Anderson and Preview which require the most attention. Before Page met Patrick Anderson at a party in Montreal 5, however, she had already published thirteen poems in various periodicals.* Two of them in particular, "Reflection" and "For

* For a full listing of first publication dates, see Appendix 1, pp. 136-139.
G.E.R.**, show that Page's concern with perspective and the visionary mind was already developing before her initiation into **Preview**.

In "For G.E.R." Page was already trying to cope with the imaginative powers of memory. The consideration of a departed or dead person as an actual form becomes "as quicksilver clutched or the empty colour of wind." The image of the imagined person, although illusive, is somehow still there. It becomes

... sunlight only, or loveliness defined in a young rain over a sun-baked broken land or a visionary mind. 6

For Page, experience is not equivalent to physical reality. What is not seen in actuality by the eye, can be seen by the inner eye of "a visionary mind." Man is a combination of the outer physical senses and the inner imaginative senses. Page equates "the remembered voice, the remembered skin, the hand" with "sunlight," loveliness defined," or "a visionary mind." Anything that is a positive but transient experience is like the momentary brilliance of sunlight, or the feeling of loveliness.

A third poem "Festival Without Prayer" also elicits a response to past events. The image of departing guests takes on a dual meaning not only with the guests moving out of sight as they leave, but also as the event fades in the mind of the beholder and the guests appear to be
Lang departed; drag[ging] their cloaks 
down corridors of the mind. 7

Even at this early date Page's concern with perception, memory 
and imagination is an integral part of her poetic response. 
It is out of images such as these that Page's concern with 
perspective and the visionary radiates into the prime concern 
of her later work.

Throughout the important developments which Page generated 
as a result of her connection with Patrick Anderson and Preview, 
her sense of the importance of perspective continued to develop. 
The importance of Preview and Anderson should not be understated. 
Preview and its competitor, First Statement, proved to be 
vehicles of development and communication for a considerable 
number of Canadian writers. Formed as a result of a number 
of factors developed by the Second World War, the two little 
magazines in their combined 57 issues gave voice to 57 different 
writers. They proved to be somewhat typical of little mag-
azines. Their forthright social awareness and critical stance 
on established literary standards are evident in their editorial 
statements:

First, we have lived long enough in Montreal 
to realize the frustrating and inhibiting effects 
of isolation. All anti-fascists, we feel that 
the existence of a war between democratic culture 
and the paralysing forces of dictatorship only 
intensifies the writer's obligation to work. 
Now, more than ever, creative and experimental 
writing must be kept alive and there must be 
no retreat from the intellectual frontier . . 
.. Secondly, the poets amongst us look foreward, 
perhaps optimistically, to a possible fusion 
between the lyric and didactic elements in modern 
verse, a combination of vivid, arresting imagery 
and the capacity to "sing" with social content
and criticism.  

Someone will say that we will be talking in a vacuum, to ourselves alone, and be making gestures that have references to nothing. It does not seem to us an unreasonable criticism. At the present stage of Canadian literature, a gesture would appear important. A display of activity may symbolize a future, and plant a suggestion in someone's mind.  

The two magazines generated much of the enthusiasm for Canadian literature during the Forties. 

**Preview** did two things that enhanced Page's development. It exposed her to other writers' ideas and work, and it created an atmosphere somewhat akin to a workshop where criticism of work in progress would be readily available.  

**Preview** stated that the poems published in its pages were examples of the writers' work in progress and did not necessarily represent the writers' finished product: 

This is no magazine. It presents five Montreal writers who recently formed themselves into a group for the purpose of mutual discussion and criticism and who hope, through these selections, to try their work before a somewhat larger public. 

In her work in **Preview**, Page often expressed her socio-political views. This stance was somewhat awkward in some of her poetry, as Sutherland notes, but it served her well as a foreground on which she could experiment and develop her imagery, style, and even her thinking. Although about seventy-five percent of her work in **Preview** had implicit or explicit social connotations, much of that same work used images which were
related to her ideas on perspective and imagination. In overt socially conscious poems like "Bank Strike" and "Offices", Page reflects upon the condition of the office worker. This is a recurring theme in Page's early poetry, but it is brought alive by her use of imagery. The office workers' anxiety and concern with the passage of time is caught cleverly by an image which juxtaposes their "scrupulous care over calendars" with the uncertainty which is expressed by their "outward leaning eyes." This in turn is contrasted with the image of the bosses who look on from a position of prestige "behind glasses like jewels" and threaten the workers with the police-like presence of a squad car,"flashing their light and coming suddenly near."

Her best socially conscious poetry is enhanced by her imagery. This is illustrated by a comparison of a poem like "Bank Strike" which makes little use of the imaginative perspective or image, with a more successful poem like "The Stenographers", which still is concerned with social ills but which is highly charged with imagery.

The two poems were published in Preview within four months of each other, but the lasting popularity of "The Stenographers", as expressed by the number of times over the years that it has been anthologized, far outweighs the popularity of "Bank Strike". "Bank Strike" was only reprinted in Ronald Hambleton's 1944 collection Unit Of Five in which "The Stenographers" did not appear, and in Klinck and Watters' Canadian Anthology in which "The
Stenographers" did appear. The great popularity of the one poem in contrast with the other demonstrates the fact that although the two poems deal with similar social complaints, the imagery of "The Stenographers" enables it to transcend the period in which it was written and become more universal in its appeal.

"Bank Strike" deals with a specific social ailment and attempts to use its imagery to illustrate this particular concern. Instead of radiating out onto a more general aura, as Page's images most often do, her images in "Bank Strike" only attempt to portray a problem. Her imagery falls short of presenting a picture of naive exuberance pushing itself towards self-destruction when she notes that

> . . . from the cellar of certainty they came up the long escalator to defeat. 13

Instead of being a forceful yet believable image, the image breaks up with its stilted use of alliteration and imagery.

In contrast, "The Stenographers" integrates its imagery with the flow of thoughts and dreams which are intermingled with the actions of the stenographers as they move through their day. The images not only portray the activity which is occurring, but also the mood which prevails. Page plays upon the military awareness prevalent in the early Forties to set the tempo of the poem in motion. Besides depicting the frantic pace which a country at war sets, she also illustrates how this military tempo is foisted onto the civilian
side of life, regimenting and controlling the individual's life with a private war of survival:

After the brief bivouac of Sunday,
their eyes, in the forced march of Monday to Saturday;
hoist the white flag, flutter in the snow storm of paper. 14

Anger, confusion, surrender, dream and work are blended together in the image of the white sheets of office paper opening and uniting both a breadth and a depth for Page to explore within the bounds of the pattern which she has established in the first stanza.

The second stanza makes use of this multi-tiered image as it moves through from the level of surrender, to work and to the level of dream, by extending the image and moving from one level to another simply "in the pause between the first draft and the carbon." Not only is the image a spatial and a temporal measuring stick, it also echoes the ghostly qualities of the daydreams, for the daydreams follow reality in the same manner that carbon follows first copy. In a similar manner the whiteness of the paper weaves itself into a recurring pattern. The colour white shifts from its connection with paper and becomes a symbol of surrender and the key to dreams of ice and snow. Dream and reality become represented by the contrasting colours of black and white. The poem flows from the black foreground of typed and written production, into the white background of dreams and non-
activity, only to be brought back again to the flow of black progress:

. . . when its runners are frozen rope snaps and the voice then is pulling no burden but runs like a dog on the winter of paper.

Page's use of white-black imagery is not simple, for white does not follow one constant pattern. It not only represents dream, it also represents confusion. Her images present a double-edged pattern. On one hand they are benign and harmless, while on the other they represent an ugly malignity which threatens the tranquil secure world of dream.

Parallel to her pattern of black and white, Page develops an image pattern centred around water images. The white of the paper blends in with the white of the daydream ice-cart ice. This in turn conjures up peaceful memories of the sea

. . . where floats at high tide were sea marrows growing on the scatter-green vine or spools of grey toffee, or wasp's nests on water.

Yet the image is not totally peaceful, as the straws of their noon hour drinks "like icicles breaking their tongues are invaders." The imagery is threatening. The dream of salt water in the third stanza changes to the sad "salt water of weeping" in the seventh stanza. The only way that the stenographers can cope with their situation is by "fighting to drown" the harshness which surrounds them in the magic reversal which sleep and dream create. A metamorphosis
occurs in the snow-ice configuration of dream.

It is this imaginative use of imagery combined carefully with the social criticism implicit in her view of the stenographers that makes Page's poem the success that it is. Although this subject is broached in "Offices", "Shipbuilding Office", and the short prose piece "The Resignation", none of these attempts has the same imagistic vitality. All draw on similar experiences which Page had, and some show signs of the office that Page herself worked in as a filing clerk. The overbearing boss, the weeping in the filing vault and the cramped smoky washroom are all echoes of the office in which she worked, just as her short story "The Resignation" is an adapted recounting of an incident in her office, but it is only when Page's imagination touches and transforms her experience into vision that her social perspective successfully becomes more than the polemic poetry of protest.

It was not just the polemics of protest poetry that Page was introduced to in her association with Preview. Besides being involved with Preview's social concerns, Page was also exposed to different styles of writing and was in particular influenced by Patrick Anderson's pronounced style. Anderson's heavy use of alliteration and assonance, his somewhat striking use of unusual connections between words to build up images, and his strong personal viewpoint all in one way or another affected Page's writing. The use of allit-
eration in particular, absent for the main part in Page's poetry before she joined Preview, becomes quite a dominant characteristic in some of her Preview poetry. Like Anderson, she started to use consecutive word alliteration and assonance to build strange piled imagery. Phrases in Anderson's poetry like: "fell feathers in a weight,/was plump and plumage, coloured beyond caring" are echoed by similar sound patterns in the poetry that Page wrote about the same time:

In quick panorama, with parasol, parrot and panda;
saying perhaps or because,
eating pink end of match
... they dissolve upon chairs,
write ruin in pearls
... and famish in pairs.

Although this by itself did not necessarily produce good poetry, it is related to the piled imagery which she did put to good use in some of her better early poetry as exemplified by "The Stenographers".

In poems like "The Stenographers" Page successfully blends her use of alliteration and assonance with the recurring pattern of her imagery. Rather than being ornate poetic devices which the poem is built around, the assonance and alliteration become an integral part of the poem. The repeated alliteration of s and w helps to tie together the various aspects of the unity of the water-snow, summer-winter, waking-sleeping imagery. The key images to a large extent are composed of words which begin with one letter or the
or the other. Page's conscious awareness of sound helps her to create compact, powerful images and flow from one image to another. This pattern is developed in the opening four lines of the poem and continues with variations throughout the poem in a manner not unlike theme and variation in music.

A closer look at these first four lines shows the way in which the sound unites the components of the images and develops an onward flow between the different images in the poem:

After the brief bivouac of Sunday,
their eyes, in the forced march of Monday to Saturday,
hoist the white flag, flutter in the snow storm of paper,
haul it down and crack in the mid sun of temper.18

The ð and ð sounds of "after" and "brief" are played off against "bivouac" with the alliteration of the b's and the assonance of the long and short ð's is echoed in the second line with the "air" sound of "their" and the long ð of "eyes." Similarly, "the brief bivouac of Sunday" is balanced off against "the forced march of Monday to Saturday." The short ð and ð sounds of "forced" are followed by the short ð and ð sounds of "march" counterbalancing the ð sounds in the first line. This helps develop a further unity and contrast between the two army images and helps build an equipoise between the opposites of "Sunday", and "Monday"
to Saturday. The third line's alliteration and its imagery develop out of the alliterated image "forced march" in the second line. Now the f sound is picked up as a motif and used to join and build two notions of a new image: "hoist the white flag, flutter in the snow storm of paper". A flag of surrender is hoisted and a flutter of confusion is brought on by the pile of work that surrounds the stenographers who are trapped "in the forced march". The two alliterated images follow each other as a flag fluttering in the snow storm is played off against stenographers that flutter in the snow storm of paper. This ambiguity is made possible by the alliteration of f's which tend to join the two images so that the actions of the first image are imposed on the second image. The fourth line counters the third line in the same manner that the second counters. It contrasts with the third line and yet is united to it by the way in which its words play off of the third line. "Haul" takes the place of "hoist", "crack" is the harsh sound opposite of "flutter", and "temper" has a resonance which echoes the "er" ending of "paper". The parallel structuring of the adverbial phrases in the two lines reinforces this sound pattern also.

This elaborate use of sound configurations is quite dominant in Page's early poetry, dating from her connection with Preview. Its effect on her imagistic technique of connecting and relating objects which are not normally related
can be seen in her poetry to one extent or another up until her second poetry anthology *The Metal And The Flower*. After *The Metal And The Flower*, her use of this technique as a conscious device to connect images and bind them to one another drops as other developments take place.

The influences that one poet has on another are by no means always obvious. Although Page was influenced by Anderson, she still developed ideas of her own, and images and insights that were distinctly different from the mainstream of the poetry that was developing around her in *Preview* and in *First Statement*. Even her treatment of topical subject matter such as "The Stenographers" has a highly imaginative current running through it which is not evident in other poets' representations of similar situations. For example, *Preview Number Eleven*, which explores the different civilian viewpoints on the war effort and the social consciousness which accompanies this period, shows evidence of a more direct, more didactic approach to the subject matter that underlies the consciousness of the group of writers in general. 19

The dominance of Page's underlying imaginative, subjective touch in her early poetry is reflected in poems by Patrick Anderson and Floris Clark McLaren that are dedicated to Page. Both Anderson and McLaren dedicated poems to Page which are concerned with imagination, subjectivity and perspective. Anderson's poem, "Children (For P.K.P.)" concerns
itself with the imaginative, subjective world of children

These to whom everything happens but history
Continually wash with cold water of their eyes
the world, selecting its pebbles
And glass, which lie under them best.

It echoes a poem entitled "Children" by Page which appeared
in Preview two issues earlier and "The Band And The Beautiful
Children" which appeared in Preview six months before that.
The poem, unlike the bulk of Anderson's early poetry, does
not contain an overt social message. It seems to reflect
Anderson's thoughts on Page's ideas of childhood, innocence,
vision and dream.

Floris Clark McLaren's poem "Poem (For P. K. P.)" is also
interesting for the way it reflects Page's ideas. McLaren
realizes that it is Page's ideas that are central to the poem
and not her own. The subject matter of the poem stands out
as being quite a departure from McLaren's usual range of
subjects which have shown her primary concern with nature
and the outdoors. She notes that when she wrote the poem
she had been talking with Page and that when she fin-
ished writing the poem she realized that it was not her ideas
which the poem espoused, but Page's. It is for this reason
that she dedicated the poem to Page. The poem, because
of this, is quite interesting. It reflects the ideas which
McLaren was most taken by in her conversations with Page,
and in this way echoes what Page was most interested in talking about at that time. The poem constitutes the first real insight into Page's concern with perspective and presents images which almost foreshadow some of Page's later images:

Distorted figures gesture on the screen
Grotesquely lengthened, two-dimensional;
The pretty country scene is out of focus
From seats too near the front against the wall
The sound-track breaks with a grinding whirr,
the figures
Mouth silently at each other.

The scene reaches beyond the innocent vision of the fantasy of film into a harsh mis-shapen reality which suspends belief. It echoes thoughts which appear in "The Stenographers" and with its distorted images it foreshadows future Page poems like "Photos Of A Salt Mine". As Page notes in an earlier Preview poem, the deceptive forces of innocence

... attend us in dreams and in droves
like a filigree shade
fall[en] down between us and our time.

To counter this she feels that it is necessary to know all the things that surround us and to know all the influences that affect us.

Know the spectrum. . .
the colours of air and of death;
bruise the press with our sight;
are stripped with the sound of the world
and are steep with desire;
are not fancy for fools, haemophiliac men,
or physicians in love
but multiple one
become man
are moon for their tide.
It is this attitude which replaces Page's overt social consciousness in her early short stories in *Preview* and *First Statement* and develops into the main theme of her novel *The Sun And The Moon*. Although the novel is not one of Page's best works, and although it is something that she wishes she had not written,²⁵ it still is interesting for its imagery and its handling of the themes of animation and inanimation, and dream and reality. It is through these themes that Page is able to explore "the spectrum," and to look at objects and people from many points of view. Indeed, this aspect of the novel is its redemptive quality and Page still feels that the struggle between the animate and the inanimate forces of the world makes a worthy topic.²⁶

The novel encompasses more than the struggle between the animate and the inanimate, however. It also covers such things as the Dionysiac and the Apollonian vision, and the complexities of subjectivity and objectivity. Although on the surface it looks as though Kristin, the moon child, is the inanimate character of the novel, in actuality the converse is true. Kristin's inanimate appearance is only a key to a region beyond surfaces. Like a meditator she transcends:

> She had only to sit still long enough to know the static reality of inanimate things—the still, sweet ecstasy of change in kind. ²⁷

Kristin is not fully an Apollonian child, she is a marriage of the qualities of Dionysiac and Apollonian, "not child
nor yet woman." She is both the Apollonian child, and the Dionysian woman. Even though she dreams that "Carl Bridges [is] a name to conjure with," and a link which makes her "part of the world," she is also aware of the realities which surround this unity. While Carl is aware of vision, Kristin is aware of the dual quality of vision:

For a moment their minds united; they saw the foam and the wave, the cow parsley and the wind, the sun and the shade, . . . they saw the trees change, the leaves fall like gold wafers thick about them, the snow gather in the grey sky and drive to earth, bright as fireflies; they saw with one mind, their lives revolve like a merry-go-round, the dark horse, the white horse . . . . They saw--but Carl thought, I have seen a vision—and saw nothing more. And Kristin thought--I have seen a lie—and the shutter fell.

The vision is both dark and unknowable and light and fanciful, although light can also be "fear, bright as a sword blade in the sun" which causes a distortion of the vision:

The sun and a small wind broke the surface of the lake to glinting sword blades. On the far side, where the trees marched, unchecked, right down to the water's edge, there the lake was a shifting pattern, of scarlet, vermillion and burnt orange.

Light can make things "bright with unreality" as much as darkness can cause a fairy tale scene in which images of Hansel and Gretel cling to each other like two people in a fog lost from the world and the brightness of day:

Is it real? she thought. In the mist, like this, it seems like a dream. But it must
be real, it has to be. She reached out for Carl, touched his shoulder, afraid to find his flesh unresistant, but it was firm. "It is really true", she said.

The darkness, like the light, holds both beauty and terror. It is a combination of the two which makes up the total context. The world revolves repeatedly from day to night, as the pattern of knowledge moves between reality and illusion. Kristin's world is full of spinning, moving images which reflect the light-dark pattern and yet break the continuity of the images within the pattern. A reflection from a mirror becomes an abstract:

Reflections from the living-room passed in the mirror before her. Her eyes clung to its surface, watching the light and shade, the kaleidoscopic pattern that broke within its frame.

Shape is broken into its basic elements and a new sense of reality is obtained at the expense of conceptualized forms, but this too is only a partial reality and a partial illusion. One view is not perceptive to another view. Each, by appearing to be a totality, causes reality to become enhanced with illusions. Conflicts arise as two opposing perspectives meet:

Yes, hurry, hurry; sink thought into the whirlpool of speed, sink like a rock away from reality, disappear in the eddying light and darkness of motion. Allow the wings of your imagination to be bruised and broken by the actuality of things to be done. Forget, forget!
Although reality seems to be denied by "the eddying light and darkness of motion," imagination is denied also "by the actuality of things to be done." The two forces work against each other and blend into a perspective which contains both reality and illusion; a place where real and imaginary images both exist and do not exist.

This is a key insight into the matrix of Page's vision, for it is a concept that occurs again and again in Page's work in a multitude of images, and it reflects some of her own experiences and her awareness of the duality of vision. From her own experiences, for example, Page particularly remembers two incidents of this nature which happened on a train. The first occurred in Montreal when she looked out of a train window and remarked to a friend that there were chickens on the roof of a nearby building. The friend in contrast saw not chickens, but air vents. In the second incident Page says she saw men fishing from a rather high place beside a river, this she was informed was not men, but pilings. These two occurrences she finds particularly interesting because they show people's inability to see the many possibilities of vision. Page found her friend's denial and accompanying outraged sensibility rather distressing. It is the realization that there is a multiplicity of things present in one thing which haunts much of Page's imagery.

The imagery itself is recurrent too, as a glance at The Sun And The Moon shows. Images which occur elsewhere appear
in the novel. "The pin men of madness" of "The Stenographers" is transformed into the panic and fear that Carl shows in reaction to the strange power that Kristin holds: "he felt his mind break into hundreds of black pin men."  

Similarly, the "fading and forming" effect of the fog on Carl and Kristin at the beach reflects her poem "Panorama" and becomes a key image in the poem "Adolescence" which first appeared a year after The Sun And The Moon in 1945. In "Adolescence" the images of two youths "form and fade" before the eyes of the onlookers. The novel even foreshadows an image that does not become manifest in a poem until ten years later. The image "thought dissolved in motion and swam like a fish in the the current of a stream" reappears in a somewhat evolved form in a much later poem "Bright Fish Once Swimming Where We Lie." where it is converted into a much more complex image which not only counterbalances fluidity of motion, thought and dream, but also points to the complicated mirror image present in the reflected, refracted water, where the flow of time and its counterpart suggests that existence is not on a time continuum, but is suspended like two lovers locked in a love which is both physical and spiritual and which transcends time:

Rinsed now in parables of waves,  
by half sleep lapped and locked  
and wimpled in this shifting space,  
your face rocks in my water self  
avash as when fish slanted in  
the enclave of this briny cabin.
Page uses reflected, refracted imagery in *The Sun And The Moon* to draw together the themes of knowledge and obscurity. Fog, mirrors, water, and paintings are interfaced with the complexity of human relationships and human knowledge. Kristin and Carl are both known and unknown to each other. They are not simply alienated from each other. There is both a forming and a fading to their vision of each other. They experience insights, yet they realize that these insights are only partially illuminating. Momentary epiphanies of oneness where "for a moment their minds united," are coupled with the realization that the oneness which is obtained is only partial in that

> Nothing is secure . . . . Everywhere there is change. The hand stretched out to give is refused; the hand stretched out to receive finds ashes in its palm. 46

It is not simply a case of counterpoising a knowledge of momentary grace against harsh reality of change, though, for both grace and harsh reality work in and out of the dilemma of subjectivity:

> Now he could no longer see her objectively; when he looked he seemed to be seeing only a part of himself. 47

The individual even views people he is involved with only from his own perspective. It presents an "Arras"-like horror in which the vision is created by the viewer and is a trap where
nothing moves. The spinning world is struck upon its poles, the stillness points a bone at me. I fear the future on this arras. 48

The viewer can only say "I confess:/ It was my eye." The perspective is fixed, even though everything around it is a "spinning world." The subtlety of change is played off against the stasis of the individual's perspective. Ironically enough it is the inanimate Kristin at the end of the novel who by her ability to identify with different perspectives, has been able to see the full result of her actions in relationship to animation and stasis. She has become animated in her knowledge, although inanimate in her actions. Like a person meditating, she is intent on finding a universal constancy which is the key to both the outer and the inner world. She is bent on knowing how to abide by this power like the Taoist Lao Tsu:

Keep your mouth shut,
Guard the senses,
And Life is ever full.
Open your mouth,
Always be busy,
And life is beyond hope.

Seeing the small is insight;
Yielding to force is strength.
Using the outer light, return to insight,
And in this way be saved from harm.
This is learning constancy.
是後明學者護持其學
無強救其開
謂其閉
遂門没
道其小
遂光日
詩箋字
不開
其
其
其
其
Although there is action and change in the epilogue, there is also a constancy which overrides the ephemeral motions of the individuals and aligns itself with the slow wheeling which neither begins nor ends, but only draws through its cycles. The epilogue itself begins and ends with the same pattern:

The sun and a small wind broke the surface of the lake to glinting sword blades. On the far side, where the trees marched, unchecked, right down to the water's edge, there the lake was a shifting pattern of scarlet, vermilion and burnt orange. The whirling microcosm reflects and refracts a vision beyond itself of a macrocosm not seen but felt, a vision of a world of surfaces where a rock reflects the universe, and where the moon reflects literally and symbolically both stasis and change. The final scene is not an end in itself, and it suggests that stasis is not an end in itself. It is the microcosm from which a growth in knowledge is possible. With the unfolding of this scene, there is the possibility that the world will unfold and its meaning will transcend its actuality, although it does not happen here.

Generally Page's realization of the import of these ideas was not fully developed in *The Sun And The Moon* and it was only through a refinement of her ideas on perspective, that she could consciously move beyond the multi-edged giant of perspective into a fuller understanding of the vision.
which lay beyond it. "The area behind the eyes" was yet to be known for what it was.
CHAPTER TWO

FOOTNOTES:


5. Page, in interview.


15. Page, in conversation.


22. Ibid.


28. Ibid., p. 184.

29. Ibid., p. 11.

30. Ibid., p. 19.

31. Ibid., p. 131.

32. Ibid., p. 169.

33. Ibid., p. 179 and p. 200.

34. Ibid., p. 49.

35. Ibid., p. 23 and p. 168.

36. Ibid., p. 38.

37. Ibid., pp. 18-19.

38. Ibid., p. 153.


40. Page, *The Sun And The Moon*, p. 84.

41. Ibid., p. 38.


44. P.K. Page, "Bright Fish Once Swimming Where We Lie . . .," *The Metal And The Flower*, p. 62.


46. Ibid., p. 169.

47. Ibid., p. 197.


CHAPTER THREE
THE DEVELOPING SENSE OF PERSPECTIVE

After *The Sun And The Moon*, Page's writing became more involved with perspective and the complexity of vision which accompanied it. Although her work was not completely concerned with her ideas on perspective, her better writing reflected her growing concern with it. Even her socially conscious view of people began to wrap itself up closely with her thoughts on the multi-edged quality of viewpoint. Images which she had used previously became archetypes and with their recurrence, they brought a binding continuity which acted as a framework of reference for her ever-growing, interrelated list of subjects.

As such, a poem like "Landlady" fits into a complete scheme of things. The images of the poem bind it in with a series of works with similar images which are connected with trains and photographs. The steady changing flow of images which is viewed from a train's window are contrasted with the stilted, single framed glimpses which the landlady gets of her boarders as she views them with "her camera eye." Although the image of a rapidly changing landscape as seen from a train is new in "Landlady" it is the beginning of a series of images related to trains which include "Mag-
netic North", "Round Trip", and "Reflection In A Train Window". These images reflect Page's earlier experience with the subjectivity of vision from a train window."

The image of a camera in contrast, is not at all new to Page's work. It is a recurrent image. It has appeared in earlier poems such as "Summer Resort", "Snapshot", "Bed-sitting Room", and "Photograph", and it illustrates the problems connected with the static perspective of a photograph. As Page has already noted, the view that is afforded by a photograph or a single insight can only make the image viewed

\[\ldots\text{dime dead,}\]
\[\text{a silver thing passed as a token from hand to hand.}\]

It catches and distorts the image "in a yawn of movement" so that it is warped:

\[\text{starring with a flat stare}\]
\[\text{at a world of air}\]
\[\text{or caught like a bent pin}\]
\[\text{on her bedroom chair.}\]

The train imagery which is glimpsed in "Laudlady" comes into its own in "Magnetic North" and "Round Trip" which were both published within a year of "Laudlady". "Magnetic North", the first of these two poems, still reflects Page's photo images, for here the traveller

* See Chapter Two, p. 36.
The traveller is not static, he is whisked along a continuum in which both he and the landscape change:

he was forced to change his contours and his outlook and he range.

He does not change, he is forced to change by his surroundings. He becomes part of the moving, ever changing collage which intertwines his figure with the flow of figures in the landscape that intrude itself upon his reflected images and acts as a physical interface with his image:

Riding through the forest it was dark again
and the great coniferous branches brushed his face.

The intent of this imagery becomes clearer in her poem "Round Trip" where the other quality of perspective is overtly stated:

"Trains don't take you anywhere, nor cars—
they're just another standstill thing on wheels
screaming at full-speed stop through the moving landscape
and returning you to yourself—
it's a boomerang business
with a revolving set of old time movies." 4

The mixed pattern is not simply an outward projection of dreams, for not only is it a projection of self upon a passing
landscape, it is also a confusion of reality and dream, where the constant momentum of the train becomes normal and the constant shift of landscape is confused with the pattern of dreams which are interspersed with waking hours as a result of the ragged pattern of sleep brought on by a monotonous journey:

He dozes fitfully and dreams he wakes, waves, thinks he's dreaming, tries to break his dreams, feels feverish, attempts to take his pulse.

Similarly, the constant motion causes a mental confusion about what is distant and what is close by. Like a person flying through the night and waking up to a distant land, not really sure whether or not it is a reality, Page's traveller finds that on raising the blind the world is mist forever and focus has to shift and shift for far and near are now identical—colourless, shapeless—echoing ghosts of snow. Oh where is what he dreamed, forever where the landscape for his pattern? The desired and legendary country he had planned?

Reality and expectation meet, but the strange sense of closeness overpowers the sense of newness. "Forever, everywhere, for him is the same."

At the end of the poem a strange blending of past and present occurs. The train like a film going forwards and backwards, unwinds and rewinds time, and moves the traveller
back into the scene which he left. The scene is not exactly the same, however. Now a ghost-like shroud of fog covers everything. Although the traveller walks into a scene from his past, a recurring vision of events will always surround him no matter where he is. His memories of that time and that scene are fixed for him the way he left them:

And though he cannot see because of mist he knows it's true—that everything's the same.

An irony surrounds change. Although there is a flux in vision paralleled by a flux in exterior stimulus, and although there is a constant flow of dream and fantasy, there is still a constancy to the events within this flux and flow. Things may be far off in actuality even though they seem close in memory. In this way objects are constantly changing at the same time that they are static factors of experience. A field of unchangeable data on experience is surrounded with a field of variables which are "immediate as music, slick as silk." The eye of the beholder does not just experience one thing at a time, or one succession of thoughts, images, and ideas, but rather is struck by a multitude of input where

. . . everywhere he looked was bright. . . . diamonds had replaced his eyes.

The viewer is caught with many facets of experience in a very complex pattern. It is only his pattern of selectivity which
determines the variables that will become constant factors for him. At random he can make his mind draw

...its filmy shutter
invisibly across the dot of sight
turning the country into the negative, no country of faint or fit.

The traveller can only view the changing scene from his limited perspective. He cannot know the private history of each place any more than anyone can know the private history of his home and the events that make his home landscape come alive for him. The unknown escapes the traveller and

something is hidden in the scenery still--
the hero hovers just behind the curtain
articulating the perfect unheard words
and the changing country is only a view that swings the silent globes of the eyes but nothing more.

The countryside, however, still conforms to known patterns and still reflects a logical order. It is only with dreams and sleep that this pattern is broken. It is only in dreams that the traveller

...explores the place
where everything is foreign.

Here, new patterns can be built. Experience is not limited to a set of constant logical relationships. Anything is possible:

In such sweet rain his ears and armpits grew flowers and humming birds were part of him--
hanging jewels upon lapel and hat.
At night the oranges and lemons cut small amber caves from darkness where he sat and the mercurial found their seas at any spot he bathed when storms came up, fish glanced the thickened air.

The limitations of experience are only those which are dictated by the ordered selectivity of the mind. It is easier to view a problem as only having one possible outcome than as having many. To operate in a progressive pattern it is simpler to take on one perspective, rather than view the whole spectrum of possibilities. Objects can be related to known patterns much more easily than they can be related to guessed at complexities.

This attitude predominates in a considerable amount of Page's work at this time. She reflects again and again upon images of change, showing that the set pattern, the set norm, is only one particular view of a long continuum and, like a photograph, it is only illusory and misleading. "The Bands And The Beautiful Children", for example, is not solely based on a contrast between innocence and experience. The poem's theme has both unity and multiplicity. Although the title talks of "The Bands," in the body of the poem Page makes the point, to the degree of developing an irregular structure, of talking about "band." The single mystical whole "band" has an identity of its own, an identity in which there are no individual parts to the onlooking children, but only components which in themselves mean nothing, though their unity presents a mystical whole which has a transforming effect. As such,
the entity "band"

... makes a tunnel of the open street
... band becomes
High; brasses ascending on the strings of sun
build their own auditorium of light,
windows from cornets
and a dome of drums. 5

It is clearly not innocence as much as imagination which
Page is concerned with here; the characteristic which will
carry the onlookers beyond the visually obvious configuration
of individuals to view the magical entity "band." The old
are not just trapped by their lack of mobility, but by "the
quick yellow of imagination." Without imagination, the entity
"band" breaks down into its component parts.

"Band" is both a singular entity and a conglomerate whole
made up of individuals. The music which it plays is both
a complex unity, and a complex multiplicity of tonal variations
and integrations developed from the simultaneous progression
of the individual musicians. The musical result is not a
grouping of sounds, but rather "the trembling building of
sound." This unity, however, depicts only a partial truth.
The full beauty and imagination which are drawn from the
music that "band" plays can only be appreciated with the
realization that the image "band" is a complex with both
singular and plural characteristics. The innocent vision
of the children which denies the multiple image of the indivi-
duals is just as bad as the unimaginative image which the
older people have that denies the magical singular identity of the band. The children are led on by a Pied Piper, and their disillusion and lost sense of perspective is inevitable without any counterbalancing perspective:

And the children, lost, lost, in an open space, remember the certainty of the anchored home and cry on the unknown edge of their own city their lips stiff from an imaginary trumpet.

Not only does "band" produce music, it also produces an individual cacophony of gripes and complaints which is the end result of the long arduous march and the antithesis of the unified production developed during the parade:

... band breaks, and scatters, crumbles about them and is made of men tired and grumbling on the straggling grass.

The unity and beauty are gone. The field that the band crumbles on is a picture of disillusionment. There can be no mistaking "the straggling grass" for any vision of an elysian field or paradise. As Page points out, unity and simplicity are built on a complex which cannot be ignored. To miss the complexity with which the entity is formed is to miss the full impact and the full beauty of its unity, as much as to deny the magical qualities of this unity and only perceive the multiple factors upon which it is built is to deny the fullness of its beauty.

Page returned to a similar image in her poem "Adolescence", 
but here the mutability of perspective and the imaginative
vision is directly tied up with youth as the title suggests.
The poem is not about two distinct views of a subject, as
"The Bands And The Beautiful Children" is, it catches the
fluidity of the ever changing sense of reality that not only
surrounds, but also is youth. Innocence and reality are
mixed into a complex which reflects the adolescent's world.
Just as "white was mixed with all their colours," purity
and unfragmented vision are mixed with their semi-adult view
of the world. The image foreshadows Page's use of white
in "Stories Of Snow". The totally reflected spectrum of
light as represented by the colour white suggests innocence
and creates an aura of haziness that projects something
which is neither real nor unreal, but is like dreams where
"things are and aren't."

Similarly, the dream-like quality of white radiates into
other images and becomes an integral part of them. "A silken
rain falls" upon the adolescents and they are surrounded
by "the flowering trees" of spring. A shimmering white
fantasy seems to radiate off the image of the girl as
she comes to the boy "down the waterfall stairs." The images
are not constant. Everything is caught in a flux and flow.
The girl is caught in "an eddy" which turns "her round and
round/ lazily and slowly so her will/... [is] nowhere."
There is a mysterious aura which centres around the adolescents.
A magical unity seems to hold their world together. Mech-
Anistic explanations are not necessary. Though "street lamps sang like sopranos in their heads," there is no need for diagrams which explain how the lamps cause the buzzing noise. The lamp sings "with a violence they never understood" because they had no need to understand. As such, there are no derogatory undertones implicit in the fact that "all their movements when they were together/ had no conclusions."

Adolescence is very changeable. The adolescents' perspective is only locked when the two are together in their strange fantasy world. When their world is broken, when the two part, the perspective changes and then the questions begin:

Only leaning into the question had they motion; after they parted were savage and swift as gulls. Asking and asking the hostile emptiness.

Once parted, the adolescents share the problem of justifying to themselves the world that surrounds them. They are no longer able to rely on their very selective world. They have to try and develop order out of "the hostile emptiness?" Yet even this "asking and asking" is only a fluid state in which the adolescents are caught as they try to create order for themselves. They are not defined by their questions, only temporarily shaped like unkilned clay. They may take one stance one day, only to question and reject it the next. They are constantly changing their ideas and their projected images. It is in this way that adults, with their fixed perspective on things, may be fooled into
believing that the adolescents are one thing or another, only to be surprised "to see them form and fade before their eyes." Like Michelangelo's "Captives", they are still only half shaped. They still blend into the rock. Their form is only partially defined, as are their ideas. An undefinable mass of rock surrounds their shape, which is only "as sharp as partly sculptured stone." The creation is not fixed, the mass is not definite and the form is not totally defined. The viewer only views a working model which may be changed radically before it is completed. Possibly this is the irony of the human portrait which Page is aiming at, for an individual is always changing and even though he may not be as volatile as an adolescent, a single view of an individual may only represent a small insight into a vast continuum which is always changing. If we see an individual in circumstances which differ radically from those in which we normally see him we may change our estimate of the individual, and our feelings about him may truly "form and fade" before our eyes.

The theme of "Adolescence" is one that Page returns to again and again. In "Morning Noon And Night", a poem written a year later, she follows a similar pattern to the one she set in "Adolescence". Imaginative perspectives and children's views of the world fascinate Page. Most certainly children do not represent innocence as a contrast to adult experience for Page. More complex than that, children offer imaginative perspectives which adults too readily dismiss as fantasy.
In these imaginative perspectives, these somewhat bizarre worlds which children create to explain their surroundings, Page sees an incredible natural awareness and ability to explain the many things which adults so often take for granted and do not delve into. The strange paths of fantasy are often more rewarding than the mundane ones governed by scientific law and formulation.

It is this type of encounter, where an adult mind meets a child's vision of the world, that Page recounts in her short story "Them Ducks". Hero, the simple act of feeding ducks in a park is radically changed when the adult world collides with the fanciful world of a young boy. His view of the ducks mimes adult assuredness, yet his fanciful detail fascinates the adult listener:

"I been around here six years. I watch them ducks day and night I watch them. Everyone's against them ducks," them brown ones are wild, them other ones with the little short blue beaks is Japanese ducks and that one there," he said, pointing to an evidently quite different species, "That one there's a baby Japanese duck."

She was fascinated by the boy's assurance and what seemed to her an intense indifference, all his carefully careless gestures, the even authoritative tone of his voice.

A child's story does not have to be based on the reality of the situation. Reality is not the determining factor, only effect is important, and it is certainly not dependent on the accuracy of the story:
"That there duck got bit by a dog. I tell you, everyone's against them ducks, even dogs. And people come here with sling shots, too, to shoot them. I got fifty dollars off of a man one night. Caught him shooting and took him to the police. The police gave me fifty cents. Fifty cents for everybody I find. You see that there duck? He got hit with a sling shot."

"But you said a dog bit him."
"Maybe he did. D'you expect me to be able to tell them all apart? Some are shot; some are bit."  

The adult demand for sequential logic can only be met with "distant contempt," for it imposes itself on the child's imaginative world and destroys it. Almost in retaliation, the boy takes the story to further fanciful heights:

"And there's lots of tiny, tiny, little swordfish in them waters," he said. "Tiny." He made gestures with the bun and his free hand. "And they've got little tiny swords on them and they go straight for them ducks and stick their swords in. Spear them," he said, "right through."  

The only thing that the boy is willing to impose on himself is the limit of his imagination. When the woman tries to see if she can find fault with his premise that the ducks are smart, the boy extends his imagination further and justifies the ducks' actions:

"Stupid!" He was wonderfully scornful. "Stupid! D'you know what would happen if them dogs tried anything? Them ducks would peck their eyes right out. And if they was up in a tree they'd fly right down and bite their backs. Dogs know. Them ducks aren't stupid."
It is no wonder that Page ends the story with the woman thinking:

"Somewhere, at the back of her head, was an idea she wanted to work out, but however much she dug at it, attempted to free it, all she could think about was the boy." 12

The bounds of the imagination are only determined by the individual. To see beyond the normally accepted bounds of logic, to try to understand the imagination, is only to begin to unlock the many doors of perception. We feel safer when they are shut, yet opening them creates new vistas which at first only appear as questions "somewhere at the back of . . . [the] head." 13 Understanding the vistas takes time, and an imaginative artist like Page demonstrates how slowly an understanding of these new vistas comes to the individual.

Of all the poems that Page wrote in the 1940's, "Stories Of Snow" most clearly outlines the complexities of this problem. Here Page's complex perception points beyond the problem presented by the perceptions themselves back to the perceiver. Page does not just develop a multitude of images from a single image, she also attempts to understand the source from which these images spring. These discoveries, though nebulously and intuitively manifested, point to the imaginative exploratory operations of the mind, the basis from which all imagination and understanding radiate. The poem is suggestive and visionary. It refers to the boarder-line area of perception in which things are and are not, the
area in which things unknown begin to unveil their mysterious nature. Possibly the most interesting remark made on this poem is the one that Page made in her first *Canadian Literature* article:

My subconscious evidently knew something about the tyranny of subjectivity years ago when it desired to go "through to the area behind the eyes/ where silent, unrefractive whiteness lies". I didn't understand the image then but it arrived complete. 14

The poem is by no means just a simple presentation of this problem. Like all of Page's better poetry, it finds its depth and breadth in its complex image pattern. The poem centres itself on an image pattern that is not new to Page. Images of snow and whiteness appear in many of her more complex poems. "The Stenographers" and "Adolescence" develop patterns similar to "Stories Of Snow". "Stories Of Snow", however, is different from both "The Stenographers" and "Adolescence" in that snow or whiteness is not only a core image, but also the main subject. "Stories Of Snow" is, as the title notes, a poem about the mysterious stories which surround snow. Snow takes on a mystical significance and is intricately interwoven with the world of dream. As Page notes in her opening stanza:

Those in the vegetable rain retain
an area behind their sprouting eyes
held soft and rounded with the dream of snow
precious and reminiscent. . . . 15
Page is not content to let her image rest even in her opening stanza and she develops the image and begins at once to gradually widen her circle of imagistic ideas. "The dream of snow" suggests a snow storm as it moves into a second image:

...the dream of snow
precious and reminiscent as those globes--
souvenir of some never nether land--
which hold their snow storms circular, complete,
high in a tall and teakwood cabinet.

The swirl of the storm is caught and ensnared in a container, but even the container becomes a complex. It is as Page's punning suggests, a never never land of childhood fantasy and delight, a world of innocence and dreams, though it is also a foreshadowing of the fanciful Netherland which with its stories "hold[s] their snow storms circular, complete." 16 The pun is not that simple. In actuality, Page puns upon never never land when she says "never nether land:" It is easy to connect nether and land together and come up with Netherland, the setting for part of the poem, but separated, a second pun comes to light. "Nether land" plays upon the word Netherland in the same way that "never nether land" plays upon never never land. "Nether land" includes the implications of the word nether. Thus, a "nether land" can be a lower or low down land, a place not necessarily named for its elevation relative to sea level, but relative to a scale that is more easily discerned if nether is connected
with world. The "nether land" that Page talks about could be connected to the underworld, a hellish place in which the dreams of snow and pure imagination are kept in containers

which hold their snow storms circular, complete, high in a tall and teakwood cabinet

It is a place out of the reach of children, a world where the imagination is denied to children and only kept for childlike adult frivolities, which are far from innocent.

The complex grows as does the dual quality of snow and whiteness. Not only does the colour elicit innocent dreams where

... in the early morning one will waken to think the glowing linen of his pillow a northern drift ...

It also elicits the cold terror of hunters that

... go forth to the frozen lakes in search of swans--the snow light falling white along their guns, their breath in plumes.

Both creation and destruction are possible within the total perspective, and the elements of creation and destruction are, often as not, confusingly intermingled with each other. The hunters may "feel/ air in their mouths as terrible as ether," but air "as terrible as ether" is not a simple literal image, for it also conjures up feelings of terror, coldness and drugged sleep. Similarly, the image of woodsmen "who,
lost in the white circle, fall at last/ and dream their
way to death" conjoins an image of stark, harsh reality
with blissful innocence. A terrifying irony is latent in
Page's image of a "warm metamorphosis of snow." Death
evolves from the innocent vision. The white snow is the point
of confusion, which is neither hot nor cold and which with
its dreamlike confusion only leads to a metamorphosis in
which the snow itself does not change, but the person ensnared
in it does. The innocent, blissful dreams of a person freezing
to death and the soft warmth of feathers on a dead swan both
point toward a final innocence which cannot ever really be
reconciled with reality. The swan and the woodsman both
die. The elusive quality of snow and whiteness still pervades
all of the answers that can be brought up by the segmentation
which produces the many hues of the rainbow and creates a
defined reality.

There is a second pervading irony intrinsic in the fact
that it is not snow or whiteness that blocks the route to
the mysterious world of dreams and fantasy, but colours and
defined reality. It is "reds and blues which seal the route
to snow." Even though man has produced many classifications
in which he can categorize his knowledge, these classifications
are only a small part of the totality which he understands
and even they can slip back easily into the strange undivided
world of whiteness and wholeness. Even concepts and shapes
dissolve in a pure field of whiteness. The all encompassing
whiteness is a kind of primal awareness which

Those in the vegetable rain retain
. . . behind their sprouting eyes
held soft and rounded with the dream of snow.

It pervades the being even though the "vegetable rain" of
colours is in reality what the "sprouting eyes" visualize.

The poem points beyond perception and into the imagination,
the storehouse where images and concepts are only loosely
connected to the exterior world. In contrast to "the area
behind the eyes," are the perceptual stimuli which sprout
with colour:

In countries where the leaves are large as hands
. . . flowers protrude their fleshy chins
and call their colours.

Shapes and colours almost demand to be distinguished. It
only follows that "great flowers bar the roads/ with reds
and blues which seal the route to snow." The world demands
conscious attention and extracts it from the individual at
the expense of the subconscious world of dream and fantasy.
Even the stories become a key to the world of fantasy and
the world of snowy whiteness:

as if, in telling, raconteurs unlock
the colour with its complement and go
through to the area behind the eyes
where silent, unrefractive whiteness lies.

The stories are also constructs and it is only conjecture
as to whether or not these formulated constructs can break
the bonds and enable the reader to find the freedom of his own imagination. The story is only a stimulant. The individual still has to rely on his own imagination to create the image which the story suggests. People "retain/ an area behind their sprouting eyes" in which their imagination can generate fantasy. It is a matter of finding a key to open the door to this area.

"Stories Of Snow" not only develops this pattern of thought, it also completes it with a pattern of dream images that flow into one another. Page admits that she is fascinated with dreams. She feels that they are more significant than most people think they are. 17

By moving from an image of colourful flowers to an image of white lilies, Page starts her movement into whiteness and dream:

where flowers protrude their fleshy chins
and call their colours
an imaginary snow-storm sometimes falls
among the lilies.

The whitewashed flowers become further transformed and the image subtly shifts again from flowers to snowflakes, as the image of lilies spins into an image of a snowstorm, which is reminiscent of the snowstorm of the little globe full of artificial snow. The image does not settle long there either. It moves quickly from the image of snow falling "among the lilies" to an image of a snow drift seen upon awakening from being "held soft and rounded with the dream
of snow:"

And in the early morning one will waken
to think the glowing linen of his pillow
a northern drift.

The image moves quickly again "from head to head." The
white linen of a pillow suggests further bed images and
Page shifts to an image of hunters arising "from their
feather beds" who "part the flakes [of snow] and go/forth
to the frozen lakes in search of swans." Even the image
of the hunters falls into the pattern. The snow falls "white
along their guns" and their breath expires in white plumes
in the cold.

The image then shifts rapidly from the hunters to their
ice boats which also reflect the white imagery. Waiting
in the wind, the boats look "like sleeping gulls" that "wait
the raising of their wings." These boats are not ordinary
boats, for they do not float on top of the water. Instead,
they "skim" the white frozen water and "leap the jet strips
of the naked water." They do not really fly, yet they do
not really float. The hunters are "flying, sailing hunters,"
they are not one thing or the other. Speed and confusion
intermingle as the hunters move across "electric ice" and
are caught by air as cold and "as terrible as ether."
As Page notes "even drinks/ in that landscape dare to be no
colour." The intoxicant liquor, another beclouding influence,
appears to be disguised, "masked and water clear." It
appears "silver against the hunters' moving hips" like quicksilver, a liquor in the broad sense of the word which in colour mimes silver's colour.

Shifting from seagull-like boats and quicksilver-liquor, Page moves to the image "those dreamers tell" of "the swans in death." In contrast to the boat that skims and rises above the water, the shot swan ceases to fly and falls back to earth "a plummet,/ pierced by the freezing bullet." Again there is a confusion of hot and cold. The bullet is figuratively cold, as it kills and numbs, even though in actuality it has no connection with the cold. The image shifts slightly again and instead of focusing on the swan, its focus moves to "three feathers, loosened by the shot" that "descend like snow upon it." The feathers are similar to the flakes of falling snow. The swan blends in with the snow it has fallen into. It is covered with white feathers which look "deep as a drift" of snow.

The image radiates beyond the parallel with the snow as the image of falling feathers unites it with the earlier images of the dreamers lying in bed on feather pillows and the hunters arising "from their feather beds." The metamorphic warmth of the snow-like feathers similarly reflects the warmth of the feather beds of the dreamers. Thus, the image of the lost woodsmen not only illustrates the confusion between warmth and cold, it also illustrates the confusion between dream and reality. In effect, the woodsmen are immersed in a
"metamorphosis of snow" which reflects another of the many possible dream worlds filled with whiteness and confused senses. They are also dreamers, but their bed instead of being made of feathers, is made of snow, its antithesis. They too are caught in a circle which holds them in a contained world "circular, complete." Like the three feathers they make a spiral descent to where they will "fall at last/and dream their way to death."

The confusion of the senses is completed with death. The imaginative world has in a sense swallowed up the real world and, in its greediness, swallowed itself up too. Yet Page leaves us with an interesting thought which undermines these negative aspects of the imaginative world of snow and whiteness:

. . .stories of this kind are often told in countries where great flowers bar the roads with reds and blues which seal the route to snow--.

The question is, are these stories the distorted product of the jealous world of reality, that area which "bars the roads" to snow "with reds and blues?" Can the raconteurs trapped in the world of realities ever fully "go/through to the area behind the eyes/where silent unrefractive whiteness lies?" Page's statement is tentative. It is only "as if, in telling" that "raconteurs unlock/the colour." For Page, pure imaginative process demands more of the individual than that. The stories are an attempt, but they do not fully
encompass the imaginative world that they contemplate. Insight and understanding of the imaginative processes that operate beyond our ken of understanding are illusive. The area "where silent, unrefractive whiteness lies" is an area which demands much more contemplation or meditation than simple stories can ever offer. To comprehend or even glimpse a world of total unity or whiteness in a segmented world is far from an easy task.

The simple elements of vision often point the way to confusion. The problem of selectivity counters the imagination and the expansion of knowledge of the world and self at every turn. As Page notes in her appropriately named poem "Subjective Eye":

When the sleeping eye awakes--
tiger turned turtle
withdrawn within its shell.  

Instead of uniting imaginative focus and perspective, the eye ignores dream and imagination in an effort to create order:

. . .it sheds the personal attack
dreams made upon it, smudging with they symbols
its outward focus.

In doing so, it even ignores part of the beauty of the "real world" which it selectively looks at with "its outward focus"

while carrying in it still
barbs and barbituates
as yet unpearled.

This focus, with its simple laws of selectivity ignores reality and
. . . all the fat air and the greenish morning
with a perfect parliament of leaves
is not.

In its attempt to create a selective order, all that
the eye has done is create chaos. Vision is restricted and
meaning is diminished. The possibilities that were there
are destroyed. Instead of an outward grasp, all that is
left is inward blindness. By ignoring one world, the vision
of the other world is skewed completely. The imaginative
world holds the keys to the real world, just as the real
world holds the keys to the imaginative one. Separate one
from the other

And eye, poor, potentate,
its kingdom shrunk
from rolling round of earth to round of pupil
is smoked as though a cataract had formed
not over it, but over the green world.

In the shape of a prayer Page reiterates her plea for
this cause in another of her poems of this period:

Forgive us, who have not
Been whole, or rich as fruit;
Who, through the eyes' lock enter
A point beyond the centre
To find our balance shot;

Who have, if we confessed,
Observed, but never guessed
What lies behind the fact:
The quiet incipient act
That alters all the rest. 19

As Page says, it is necessary to "take another look." It
is necessary to see the give and take of the modes by which
we are educated:

That kindergarten ghost
Is suddenly our host
And once we’re wined and dined,
Wants to be paid in kind
And fast becomes our guest.

Just as there is the problem of interposing innocence and fantasy with reality, there is also the problem of interposing reality with fantasy:

It is the problem of the mask of innocence which Page attacks in "Photos Of A Salt Mine". In the poem, the onlooker’s perspective is skewed and he is left with the problem of interposing a reality on a fantasy. From a distance the salt mine looks like a sparkling wonderland:

How innocent their lives look
how like a child’s
dream of caves and winter, both combined
the steep descent to whiteness
and the slope
with its striated walls
their folds all leaning as if pointing to
the greater whiteness still,
the great white bank,
with its decisive front,
that seam upon a slope,
salt’s lovely ice. 20

The innocent vision is deceptive. Implicit in its beauty is a sinister force which hides under its innocent guise.

Reminiscent of some of the ugliness which is covered by the soft curtain of white in "Stories Of Snow", the innocence of "Photos Of A Salt Mine" is counterbalanced by different
perspectives. On one hand, the rock faces of salt look like

... an aladdin's cave:
rubies and opals glitter from its walls.

Yet on the other hand, when "hoses douse the brilliance of these jewels," the beauty disappears and is replaced by an ugliness which gives off a hellish luster. As the hoses

melt fire to brine,
Salt's bitter water trickles thin and forms slow fathoms down
a lake within a cave
lacquered with jet—
white's opposite.
There grey on black the boating miners float
to mend the stays and struts of that old slope
and deeply underground
their words resound,
are multiplied by echo, swell and grow
and make a climate of a miner's voice.

The single momentary glimpses that the camera exposes become easily distorted. The view is dependent upon the perspective. The cave can look "like children's wishes." Innocence can act "as a filter" selecting "only beauty from the mine."
Yet this vision can be seen as ironic when it is compared with another perspective which shows a completely different view of the complex:

... In a pit
figures the size of pins are strangely lit
and might be dancing but you know they're not.
Like Dante's vision of the nether hell
men struggle with the bright cold fires of salt
locked in the black inferno of the rock:
the filter here, not innocence but guilt.

The problems of vision are many. Vision and fantasy
must ironically enough spring form the logical constraints of reality. A person who envisions only good things and ignores bad things is a false visionary. It may be nice to hide ugly realities behind fantasy, but at that point, revelation becomes delusion and not vision. It is after all just as important to understand what the vision is as to see the vision. Without understanding, man can never broaden his knowledge, and without broadening his knowledge, he can never broaden his vision.
CHAPTER THREE
FOOTNOTES:


8. Ibid., p. 2.

9. Ibid., p. 2.

10. Ibid., p. 2.

11. Ibid., p. 3.

12. Ibid., p. 3.

13. Ibid., p. 3.


17. Page, in conversation.


CHAPTER FOUR
JOURNEYS IN THE SPECTRUM

The bounds of Page's vision changed quite considerably in the Fifties and Sixties as she moved from place to place. However, the changes were gradual. Shifts in perspective can even be discerned in the new poems in her 1954 publication *The Metal And The Flower*. *The Metal And The Flower* as a whole was not a dramatic departure from Page's other writing even though it won the Governor General's Medal for poetry and was called the most interesting book of the year by Northrop Frye. Some of the poems in the collection appeared as early as 1946, the year that *As Ten As Twenty* was published.

The fourteen new poems in the collection fit well into the general scheme of Page's poetic development. "Reflection In A Train Window" follows the pattern of Page's earlier train poems, "Round Trip" and "Magnetic North". The pattern elicited holds familiar imagery: "there is a woman floating in a window--/ transparent--." Unlike Page's earlier attempts, "Reflection In A Train Window" employs a very terse style. Instead of ambling through her subject, as she does in "Round Trip", Page concentrates on a small, compact vignette-like image. The landscape merges with the passenger, and the ever changing passage of landscape is poignantly connected to her:
Christmas wreaths in passing houses
shine now in eye and now in hair, in heart.
How like a saint with visions, the stigmata
marking her like a martyr.

Not only has Page captured the intricacy of this image
in these four lines, she has also introduced a second level
of meaning into the image. The visions are not innocent.
They conjure up a harsh reality. The woman is locked in
self-imposed isolation where

... between her and herself the sharp
frost crystals prick the pane with thorns.

Her mind is confused and she appears to be disturbed as "she
drifts/ through tenement transoms, independent stars." The
focus of her eye is not the focus of her mind. Her inner
world and her outer world are separated as if there were a
barrier between them which was much more imposing than the
frost crystal barrier that separates her from her reflection.
Yet, the shadowy imago of the reflection closely mirrors her
own state of mind. She is

... without substance, ectoplasmic, still,
is haloed with the reading lamps of strangers
while brass and brick pass through her.

The blur of the frost is further compounded by another blur
as "tears well/ in her unseeing eyes."

The vision is quite complex. It is not just visionary
in the sense that it transcends the actuality of the situation.
The reflection is also visionary in that it describes the woman's state of mind. Images pass through her floating figure just as images pass through her confused mind. The reflection is both literal and figurative. The woman is caught in a mosaic. The image reflects both her inner and her outer world.

The reflected image which suggests the martyr is the meeting place of the inner and the outer world. Her inner feelings become projected onto her image. She becomes a projected cinema of the mind in which all is told and all is known. Her righteous feelings, countered with her feelings of being wronged, are visualized in the image of her haloed head which appears to be stoned "with brass and brick." The objects shatter her reflected image as they pass through it. The final image of the woman is a truncated reflection that floats above the window sill:

... she stirs

to some soft soundless grieving and tears
well in her unseeing eyes and from the sill
her trembling bosom falls, rises and falls.

The two levels of the imagery are very effective. The image/metaphor carries the burden of the meaning of Page's poem. Without the image, the complexity of the situation would not be half as clear, or half as interesting. The figure, isolated and self indulgent, would be only a simple emotional insight. With the complexity of the imagery, the subtle nuances which surround this emotion become animated,
and the seemingly simple situation becomes a myriad complex of forces which moves in a giant pattern.

Just as Page developed a tightly knit unity in "Reflection In A Train Window" by reworking an earlier theme, she also developed complex "white" imagery in her poems "T-Bar", "Mystics Like Miners" and "Images Of Angels". Although all three poems mirror earlier poems such as "The Stenographers" and "Stories Of Snow", each adds another perspective to the total complex which the image encompasses.

"T-Bar" uses the image in the same way that "Stories Of Snow" used it. Like "Stories Of Snow", "T-Bar" is concerned with a dream complex and its interfaces with reality, but unlike "Stories Of Snow", "T-Bar" is centred on the movement between a dream vision and a vision of reality. The key is not the vision itself, but the harsh realization that the vision is only a vision. Indeed, the innocent vision is not wholly condoned, for it makes its captives "twin automatons." The poem is a comment upon the nature of innocence. Innocence that is fused with an understanding of reality is acceptable, but innocence that has not come to terms with the numerous perspectives which lie outside of its restrictive bounds is delusive and will only be the cause of a rude awakening. This constitutes the difference between the naive and the visionary for Page, for the true visionary must not only be able to see the vision, he must also be able to understand it and act upon it.
On the T-Bar the skiers are locked into a solitary perspective. They seem captive . . . now and innocent, wards of eternity, each pair alone.

Like Eden's Adam and Eve, they seem innocently married by their innocence. Their vision of experience is locked in a continuing repetitious cycle of arches and a continuum of whiteness:

They mount the easy vertical ascent, pass through successive arches, bride and groom, as through successive waves, are newly wed participants in some recurring dream.

Ironically, the fusion is only a temporary one, and like a sexual union, it only holds the couple in a brief union in time, space and vision until the summit breaks and they awaken images from the stricture of the tow.

Although there is harmony in the simple dream-like world of the two skiers on the T-Bar, this world cannot deny the problems which abound outside the protective sheath which its structure develops. Like Page's adolescents, the two must also answer to the world from their positions as individuals, as well as from their blissful unity. A rebirth of vision must occur, a new clarity must ensue, a new freedom must be understood:
Jerked from her chrysalis the sleeping bride suffers too sudden freedom like a pain. The dreaming bridegroom severed from her side singles her out, the old wound aches again. Uncertain, lost, upon a wintry height these two not separate yet no longer one.

Even though they are no longer united, the two are not completely separated, because their common vision, once shared, will always bind them to one another. Even though the vision that they shared had a limited scope, and made them captive innocents, its value cannot be denied. The sharing of precious strange insights into life, even ideal romantic insights, is the substance which makes life worthwhile for the visionary. If "we are such stuff/ as dreams are made on," then the consummation or sharing of one of these dreams is indeed one of the most valuable things that we can obtain in life.

The innocent vision has qualities which separate it from the normal measurement and motion of things. When the idyllic vision is broken and the unity is severed:

. . . clocks begin to peck and sing. The slow extended minute like a rubber band snaps back into nothing. The skiers go quickly articulate, while far behind etching the sky-line, obdurate and slow the spastic T-Bars pivot and descend.

Gone is the smooth flow and the sense of timelessness in which the two are "wards of eternity." Gone is the sense that . . . they move forever. Clocks are broken. In zones of silence they grow tall and slow.
Although the two have acquired a new grace, it is not the grace of moments which are suspended in time, but rather a grace which is "quickly articulate" and is molded into a contrasting reality filled with events and quick action where time's slow pace "snaps back" and moves quickly onward. Even the T-Bar's rhythm changes. It no longer glides slowly up the slope carrying its suspended cargo; instead it is transformed into being "obdurate and slow." The upward motion is countered as "the spastic T-Bars pivot and descend."

Although there was a unison between the T-Bar and its somnambulist occupants, now the two take on entirely different shapes and modes of expression. The T-Bar seems lost and uncommunicative as it becomes slow and graceless. Its beauty is gone, it has not made the transformation and as a result it has become somewhat archaic. It does not fit smoothly into the new flow of things.

The skiers may well be "twin automatons" on their ascent as they are enclosed within the stricture of the T-Bar, but their adaptability enables them to change. The T-Bar, however, becomes a metaphor for narrow-minded expression as it moves

Relentless black on white . . .
through metal arches up the mountain side.

It has a dual nature. Like the salt mine in "Photos Of A Salt Mine", it has sinister attributes which underlie its
surface innocence. Although it seems to support innocence, in reality it supports the tyranny of innocence. The skiers as "twin automatons" are in essence "supported by its handle" and shelved with neat balance "one on each side." There is an ironic ring to the fact that the skiers are enclosed by this machine:

    captive the skiers now and innocent,
    wards of eternity, each pair alone.

The poem is not concerned with alienation, but with vision, a much more complex problem. Vision becomes more complicated when groups of people approach it. It requires solitary as well as shared insight to move beyond the restricting planes of narrow perspectives. The shared insight is only the beginning, the quest for vision must go beyond this and search out all the possibilities before vision can be fully understood. If the insights are only partially understood, they can cause havoc.

This dual property of vision is clearly the theme of "Images Of Angels". Page is very quick to say 'of course there are angels' with a wry smile on her face, but what exactly angels are for Page is another question. The playful poem "Images Of Angels" explores part of this mystery, but it is important to remember that angels are not simply mythological or religious figures for Page. They are part of an intricate visionary pattern. To believe in angels is to
believe in visionary possibilities, to believe that there is a large complex of experience, and to believe that we have only become acquainted with a fraction of that experience. The visionary mind is the mind that is able to understand that there are different possibilities of truth present in every vision of reality. Beyond what we know, there lies much which we have yet to discover. A change in perspective, a change in how we look at things, may open our eyes to new ideas and cause us to know a different level of truth. Conversely, to ignore an insight, a perspective which we come upon, is to deny a different level of knowledge. The first approach opens the doors of possibility, the second denies that the doors are real.

Angels are an overt symbol for visionary experience. Yet, Page notes that people are afraid of imaginative things. Narrow conceptions of reality deny the individual the possibility of new perspectives.

The poem starts off with an imaginative pattern which sets the tone for the rest of the poem:

Imagine them as they were first conceived:
part musical instrument and part daisy
in a white manshape.
Imagine a crowd on the Elysian grass
playing ring-around-a-rosy,
mute except for their singing,
their golden smiles
gold sickle moons in the white sky of their faces.
sex, neither male nor female,
name and race, in each case, simply angel.

Page explores the interplay between this description of angels
and different reactions to angels. She poses the question 'taken that there are angels, how are they accepted?' she notes that they are "never to loved or petted, never to be friended." Even innocence cannot accept the angels for what they are. Children

. . .imagine them more simply,
see them more coloured and a deal more cosy,
yet somehow mixed with the father, fearful
and fully
realized when vanishing bed
floats in the darkness,
when the shifting point of focus, that
drifting star,
has settled in the head.

Awe, fear and bliss make an interesting complex, but not one which is acceptable to the conscious world. It is only in dreams when "the shifting point of focus... has settled in the head" that children can feel comfortable with angels. The double edged perspective of beauty and terror is unacceptable to children in any tangible form. They are hemmed in by the adult world of facts which denies any possibility of deviation. Facts determine a hard and fast view of the world. Even imaginative perception is ironically viewed in an objectified manner. The child is bullied by this narrow perspective:

But, say, the angelic word
and thus innocent
with his almost unicorn
would let it go
for even a child would know
that angels should be flying in the sky,
and, feeling implicated in a lie
his flesh would grow
cold
and snow
would cover the warm and sunny avenue.

If adults say the angels act only in a certain way, then any deviation from this seems to be a lie. The child is trapped by the adult habit of objectifying. Creative imaginative ideas become stagnant. The child's ability to imagine, create and attempt new things is countered by the adult presence which tries to nullify innocent insight. The innocent whiteness of angels dissolves into the cruel deadly white of snow and again Page points out the dual quality of perception. White can be connected with good positive thoughts or it can be connected with harsh negative thoughts. The "warm and sunny avenue" which the child and his white companion walked can easily become the purged sterile whiteness of winter snow. Either is possible. Imaginative perception can be a warm fertile field which is an integral part of life, or it can be ignored and life can become the desolate wasteland of denial, objectification, and close-ended vision.

Although the poem begins and ends with children's views of angels, the centre of the poem deals with adult perspectives. Page's notary "guiltily shut[s] it up" in a safe, and her anthropologist finds himself unable to explain an angel's properties rationally:

But how, despite his detailed observations could he face his learned society and explain?
"Gentlemen it is thought that they are born with harps and haloes as the unicorn with its horn. Study discloses them white and gold as daisies."

Page sees only three possible cases in which angels could be accepted for what they are:

Perhaps only a dog could accept them wholly, be happy to follow at their heels and bark and romp with them in the green fields.

Or take the nudes of Lawrence and impose asexuality upon them; those could meet with ease these gilded albinoes.

Or a child, not knowing they were angels could wander along an avenue hand in hand with his new milk-white playmates.

Complete bliss, a lack of objectivity, or ignorance seem ironically to be the only possibilities in which these creatures can be accepted. This is certainly a pessimistic view of man's regard for subjectivity and imagination.

However, Page is far from being totally negative. Even though "Images Of Angels" points to the negative side of man's ability to accept imaginative perceptions, Page is still basically very optimistic. Page sees that it is the individual who attempts to see beyond the framework which acts as an artificial barrier to the imagination:

I am a Traveller. I have a destination but no maps. Others perhaps have reached that destination already, still others are on their way. But none have had to go from here before—none will again. One's route is one's own. One journey unique. What I will find at the end I can barely guess.
What lies on the way is unknown. 7

This belief reaches beyond faith in the artist and artistic vision. It is central to poems like "Mystics Like Miners", where the metaphoric miner-mystic illumines the concept of vision:

Descending the familiar shaft
mystics like miners throw their lamps
full on the darkness daily. Probe
symbol for solid, solid for
its simplest symbol. 8

It is a solitary journey, for everyone has a unique perspective to follow. It is, in effect, an inward exploration as well as an outward exploration:

Each holds the shaft within him; it is light and easy for ascension yet, rising, he finds flowers too bright (What saint of painted gold and red, alive, could really wear those colours?) and sky so high, so baby blue a blue-eyed boy alone could bear it.

The mystic attempts to look at himself from a new perspective, but this kind of exploration demands self-knowledge as a prerequisite. To view the self from a new perspective, the self must first be known from the old, familiar perspective. This is why the knowledge that the mystic obtains is unknowable in part to others. The perspective is his own, his knowledge is an extension of himself. What is known or discovered by him can in effect only be partially passed on to others. They, in turn, have to come to their own
understanding of the knowledge. They first have to perceive his ideas as they are communicated, and then they have to interpret them for themselves. What is said and what is understood can often be two different things:

Voices disown their gentle mouth,
Come loud and crystalline as coal
but cold to shake an alien ear.

In writing about the relationship between her poetry and her audience she backs up this idea when she says:

I truly think I do not write or draw for you or you or you . . . whatever you may argue to the contrary. Attention excludes you. You do not exist. I am conscious only of being "hot" or "cold" in relation to some unseen centre. 9

Here again Page's ideas are developed within the framework of black and white imagery. Although the mystics are surrounded by "primitive darkness" which "holds their loins,"

their long extended wrists and hands are heavy with whiteness as a bone:
the wish El Greco's charcoal drew
the shape to fit a candled ghost. 10

The quest for the pure "white" insight continues. The mystic attempts to move into the light. He attempts to illumine the unknown, even though he may not fully be able to comprehend the collage of ideas and insights which he uncovers:
yet, rising, he finds flowers too bright
(What saint of painted gold and red,
alive could really wear those colours?)
and sky so high, so baby blue
a blue-eyed boy alone could bear it.

Even so, the mystics throw their light on darkness and attempt
even the smallest insight. They "probe/ symbol for solid,
solid for/ its simplest symbol." In this sense Page can
justly say that "they explore/ in wisdom never innocence."

Discovery is by no means easy. It takes imaginative
insight to understand the multiliterate symbols which confront
us. The essence is by no means simply plucked from the surface
of the image. The image conjures up ideas; the ideas, in turn,
point toward the meaning. The route to these areas "behind
the eyes" is devious. Even the primary image itself can
break down and cause confusion. Page illustrates the complexity
of this problem in her poem "Bright Fish Once Swimming Where
We Lie..." Here, the images are no longer simple concrete
objects which act as symbols. With the flux and flow of
their outline, they become a complex maze of objects and
images. A bed is not simply a bed; it is a conglomerate
image where

quicksilvered the fluid sheets
moved in a maze of mirrors.

Time is in a state of flux and the images pour forth into
a timeless now in which parameters past and present intermingle.
Images reflect and refract in succession and cause a stacked
image effect. The bed sheets become "quicksilvered", "fluid" sheets of water, and the cabin becomes inhabited by ghosts of fish which "swam in the curve your arm is making." The images break on "a maze of mirrors," reflect in mercury, are half seen in "pewter shadows," and are "rinsed now in parables of waves/ by half sleep . . . in this shifting space." The image pattern is a mental collage. The reflective-refractive process of the images parallels the reflective-refractive process of the mind. Images melt into one another and thoughts melt into one another. The complex interrelationship between perspective, idea and image is blended into a composite whole. Even the meanings of the words and their audible and visual characteristics are caught up in the complex pattern. The potentially reflective "parabolas" of the second stanza, become the verbal deviation "parable" in the third stanza. The reflection suddenly becomes the allegory. The union between the ideas is the fertile brine in which these images and perspectives grow. The visionary connection of the parts is an elaborate consummation. A sense of unity of all time and substance becomes knit with the union of the images of the "briny cabin." Even the "we" of the poem becomes entwined in the consummate union. Mind and body intermingle as

your face rocks in my water self
awash as when fish slanted in
the enclave of this briny cabin.

The hardest part for the visionary is understanding
how the many parts relate to one another. The consummate whole can overwhelm the viewer even if he realizes that all of the parts are interrelated and that the whole is more than the sum of the parts. At any point along the way the visionary can meet with a barrier that blocks his view of the totality. One individual perspective may overwhelm him, or one of the parts may not appear to be part of the whole. The mirrored perspectives may distort the multifold views, rather than aiding the viewer to capture the essence of the entirety. Fluidity can be just as much a problem as an aid to a solution. The visionary may be "rinsed now in parables of waves," but he may also be blocked "by half sleep lapped and locked/ and crumpled in this shifting space." The possibility is there, but whether or not a consummation is effected is questionable.

The complex relationship between object and viewer is further examined in the last poem in the collection "Arras". "Arras" is important for numerous reasons. It was one of the first poems published that was written while Page was abroad and it reflects some subtle shifts in vocabulary particular to Page's new environment.

The shift in the subject matter is more important, however. "Arras" has the inward reflective concentration that "Mystics Like Miners" talks about. The image, rather than being multiple like most if not all of Page's better early poetry, tends to focus on one solitary object, the
arras. The complex vision is directly built up from the relationship between the viewer and the object viewed. The perspective of the viewer moves inward as the viewer reacts to the object. The imaginative perspectives which radiate out of the object are the visionary essence of the poem, but the imaginative perspectives are directly connected to the images of the arras itself. As Page delves into the complex which this one pattern creates, question after question arises.

Even with the opening line the introspection begins. The puzzling opening line sets the tension for the rest of the poem. When Page says "consider a new habit—classical," she is setting up a paradox. How can a "new habit" be classical? It suggests something more than it seems to suggest at first glance. Realizing that Page has always been looking for the multiple perspectives which radiate out of the perceived object, how does Page's concept of multiplicity relate to the classical conceptions of order, balance and restraint? Searching for order, balance and restraint while at the same time being aware of subjectivity is a dire problem. Possibly coming to an understanding of how the two qualities are related is to affect the true sense of the visionary. Developing an integrated view out of divergent views, seeing the overview, or the interrelationship of all of the different qualities is the complex task which the visionary faces in searching out his vision. It is not a simple task.
Harmony can be found: "How still upon the lawn our sandalled feet." But, it is only temporal and it is soon destroyed by unseen qualities which disturb the balance that seems to have been created:

But a peacock rattling its rattan tail
and screaming
has found a point of entry.

The question that follows takes on several nuances:

Through whose eye
did it insinuate in furled disguise
...to shakes its jewels and silk upon that grass?

Not only does the question challenge the right of the peacock to be there, disrupting the order and harmony, it also challenges the right of the perceiver to take note of this new perceptual detail. If new details are always being discovered, how can there ever be stability? The order on the arras itself does not change:

The peaches hang like lanterns. No one joins those figures on the arras.

It is only the order that the viewer perceives on the arras which changes.

The viewer has to understand how he is related to what he perceives. If "no one joins/those figures on the arras," then the viewer has to ask himself what relationship he has...
to a vision that he can never become an integral part of:

Who am I
or who am I become that walking here
I am observer, other, Gemini,
starred for a green garden of cinema?

The irony of the situation unfolds further with the punning question. "I ask, what did they deal me in this pack?" The question radiates in three directions. It questions the nature of the situation, it asks what kind of evil game is being played with reality, and it examines the playing card like figures that are present on the arras. Even so, the literal level still reflects the other two levels:

The cards, all suits, are royal when I look.
My fingers slipping on a monarch's face
twitch and go slack.
I want a hand to clutch, a heart to crack.

The world of the arras with its enclosing effect on vision becomes a terrifyingly real dream-like world which threatens the viewer:

No one is moving now, the stillness is infinite. If I should make a break... take to my springly heels...? But nothing moves. The spinning world is stuck upon its poles, the stillness points a bone at me. I fear the future on this arras.

The problem of classicism, the problem of order, balance and restraint is also summed up by this passage. A defined world seems to leave no room for exploration. The stillness
holds everything in its place. The arras has a stifling effect. It is no wonder that Page says "I fear/the future on this arras."

Page escapes this dilemma however. Although the arras is a potential trap, she manages to move beyond its sterility. The answers to her questions begin to unfold as she begins to see the arras in its proper perspective. The visionary succeeds in breaking beyond the conventionalized framework. The import of a new imaginative perspective comes to light when she says:

I confess:
It was my eye.

She realizes that what is perceived is determined by the viewer. This insight enables the scene to unfold itself properly:

Voluptuous it came.
Its head the ferrule and its lovely tail
folded so sweetly; it was strangely slim
to fit the retina. And then it shook
and was a peacock--living patina,
eye-bright--maculate!

Out of the static scene floats the image of a peacock that unfurls its feathers to create a surreal fan of floating eyes. It is puzzling, for the image with its motion contrasts with the stasis of the rest of the scene. The image suggests two things. It suggests motion disrupting stasis, while at the same time it also suggests the eye discovering an unseen peacock with unfurled feathers. The unfurling is the dis-
covering or imaginative perception in either case, and not simply a literal unfurling of feathers, for Page asks:

Through whose eye
did it insinuate in furled disguise
to shake its jewels and silk upon that grass?

The peacock "insinuates" through someone's perception, their eyes, "in furled disguise." This does not necessarily mean that the peacock is literally, "in furled disguise." It is only furled because it is not seen. When it is first seen it seems

...strangely slim
to fit the retina.

But then, "it shook and was a peacock—living patina."

The realized image takes on its full glorious proportions. The eyes of the peacock feathers describe the process. Nothing is seen when the feathers are folded, but when they unfold, myriad eyes reflect the possibility of endless insights or visions.

Ironically, the visionary's perceptions are his own. What he sees may be entirely different from what someone else sees. The vision is just as much a part of the voyage into self as it is a part of the voyage out into the environment. The vision may only affect one viewer. It is this problem which causes the anguish cry "does no one care?"

Even though an insight is made, its total meaning is often obscured. It is only with constant effort that more
breakthroughs can be obtained and that a complete overview can be reached:

I thought their hands might hold me if I spoke. I dreamed the bite of fingers in my flesh, their poke smashed by an image, but they stand as if within a treacle, motionless, folding slow eyes on nothing. While they stare another line has trolled the encircling air, another bird assumes its furled disguise.

The artist cannot be satisfied with the little insights; he must strive for the larger visions. He must attempt many different means and move beyond narrow perspectives if he is to come to an understanding of anything of consequence. As Page notes, her painting is just one of the many "alternate roads to silence." Moreover, she realizes that drawing and writing were not only ends in themselves, as I had previously thought, but possibly the means to an end which I could barely imagine—a method perhaps, of tracing the 'small' design. And the very emergence of these ideas began to clear a way, remove the furniture and provide a new space.

"A new space" means a shift in perspective, but this new perspective is larger in scope and is aimed at more than "the small design."

By attacking with more than one set of tools more vistas are opened. Like the arras, reality fluctuates:

But when something one has thought opaque appears translucent, transparent even, one questions whether it might not ultimately become entirely invisible.
Solid walls dissolved disconcertingly into scrims. For the moment I was uncertain where to lean. 15

During the Fifties and the Sixties the changes in Page's environment seemed to induce a change in her attitude towards her work. Being divorced from the Canadian scene, she was not tempted to publish as much. However, her creative work did go on. It is important not to misinterpret this stage in Page's development. Page adamantly admits:

I did write in Australia. I wrote very little in Brazil and not at all in Mexico. It seems from here as if the whole business of language had something to do with it. 16

She backs up this latter statement with a penetrating insight into her predicament in Brazil and Mexico:

My first foreign language—to live in, that is—and the personality changes that accompany it. One is a toy at first, a doll. Then a child. Gradually, as vocabulary increases, an adult again. But a different adult. Who am I, then, that language can so change me? What is personality, identity? And the deeper change, the profounder understanding—partial, at least—of what man is, devoid of words. Shocks, insights, astounding and sudden dematerializations, points of view shifting and vanishing. Attitudes recognized for what they are: attitudes. The Word behind the word . . . but when there is no word. . . ? 17

"When there [was] no word" Page shifted to drawing and painting. It is essential to know that Page feels that "in all essential particulars, writing and painting are interchangeable. They are alternate roads to silence." 18
Page does not like the idea of segregating the arts into definite categories and ranks. She was perturbed by the reaction to her artistic shift:

I remember a friend wrote saying that everyone was so upset that I was drawing instead of writing. She added: "is it so beneathing to be an artist?" 19

The situation that Page was in required adaptibility. Why Page shifted from one art form to another is not easily answered as Page notes:

"Why did you stop writing?" "I didn't. It stopped." Nonsense, you're the master." "Am I?" "Who would not, after all, be a poet, a good poet, if one could choose? If one could choose. Most of one's life has the illusion of choice. And when that is removed, when clearly one cannot choose . . . Blank page after blank page, the thing I had feared most of all had happened at last. This time I never would write again. But by some combination of factors--co-incidence, serendipity--the pen that had written was now, most surprisingly, drawing. ("Why did you start drawing?" "I didn't. It started." But why start something you know nothing about and chuck up all the techniques and skills . . .?") Why, indeed, why?" 20

This shift illustrates another aspect of Page's concern with image and perspective:

What was that tiny fret, that wordless dizzying vibration, the whole molecular dance? . . . What was that golden shimmer, the bright pink shine on the anturias, the delicately and exactly drawn design of the macaw's feathers? Why did I suddenly see with the eye of an ant? Or a fly? 21
Rather than just writing about the images that struck her, she was now faced with the challenge of trying to draw them and trying to extract their essence:

But I drew as if my life depended on it—each tile of each house, each leaf of each tree, each blade of grass, each mote of sunlight—all things bright and beautiful. If I drew them all . . .?

And I did. Compelled, propelled by the point of my pen. And in drawing them all I seemed to make them mine, or make peace with them, or they with me. And then, having drawn everything—each drop of water and grain of sand—the pen began dreaming. It began a life of its own. 22

Her relationship with her art work is similar to her relationship with her poetry. The drawn image, like the poetic image, is a combination of perception and imagination. Page realizes that images are not simple, they have complex meanings as well as intricate shapes. The image is a blend of the photographic eye and the visionary I. Thus, she says about her poetry in Brazil:

[It] was more than ever now in the perceiving. My only access to it was through the dream and the drawing. 23

The dream and the drawing are the complex within which Page's painting works, just as the dream and the image are the complex within which her poetry operates.

The elements of Page's poetry and painting are actually extensions of the metaphoric imagery of her poetry:
I don't suppose before I began that drawing is the perfect medium for metaphor. But it is. For my kind of poet, my kind of drawing seems inevitable. It's the same pen.

Her painting and drawing are visual presentations of poetic imagery. The intricate imagery of her poetry is similar to her complex drawing in which hundreds of interesting, fine details add up to a composite whole.

Examples of this period in her work appeared in The Tamarack Review in 1960, and although the reproductions are far from perfect they give an indication of the intricacy of Page's earlier work. Similarly, the prints in her "book of retrospective poetry" Cry Ararat also reflect this quality. The prints "Labyrinth" and "And You, What Do You Seek?" reflect Page's careful consideration of detail in two totally different ways. The image in both cases has a mysterious quality about it. Each image contains fine designs which are worlds in themselves. The total image is made up of a conglomeration. One realm works out of another. Her paintings strive for

Another realm--interrelated--the high doh of a scale in which we are the low.

The fact that Page has drawn and painted with more than one technique demonstrates that she is quite actively exploring the painted image just as she is exploring her world via the
poetic image. She has done work in pen and ink, crayon, crayon and ink, oils, egg tempera, etching, ink eradicator, and collage effects with typewriter, punch paper and glass. Her more recent painting has become much more formalized and simple. The images are no longer as irregular or complex as they used to be. A similar type of concentrated simplicity can be seen in some of her recent poetry also.

In 1967 when Page finally did bring out a new volume of poetry, it only contained sixteen new poems, half of which were originally written in Australia between 1953 and 1956. Even the title poem "Cry Ararat!", the most complex new poem in the collection, was written in 1952, although it was revised in 1966 and 1967. For these reasons Cry Ararat! is not exemplary of Page's work circa 1967.

"Cry Ararat!" is the best new poem in the collection. It is set off in the final section of the collection by itself and is preceded by a print which complements it entitled "And You, What Do You Seek?" A close examination of the poem shows why Page decided to distinguish this particular poem. It sums up her ideas on perspective and the visionary. It is the pensive cry of the visionary who is caught between the reality of consciousness and the reality of vision. Forcing the two worlds together only causes chaos in which neither world is complete. The vision fails when the concrete qualities of the world are thrust upon it, just as the concrete world fails when the vision intrudes itself
upon concrete reality. A marriage of the two can only come about by mutual accord. Page realizes these problems when she says:

Do not reach to touch it
nor labour to hear,
Return to your hand
the sense of the hand;
return to your ear
the sense of the ear.
Remember the statue,
that space in the air
which with nothing to hold
what the minute is giving
is through each point
when its marble touches air.

Then will each leaf and flower
each bird and animal
become as perfect as
the thing its name evoked
when busy as a child
the world stopped at the Word
and Flowers more real than flowers
grew vivid and immense;
and Birds more beautiful
and Leaves more intricate
flew, blew and quilted all
the quick landscape. 28

Nevertheless, a harmony does radiate out of the poem:

So flies and blows the dream
embracing like a sea
all that in it swim
when dreaming, you desire
and ask for nothing more
than stillness to receive
the I-am animal,
the We-are leaf and flower,
the distant mountain near.

The problems of vision are not simple, as Page's binocular metaphor points out. Not only is the visionary
plagued with the concrete, he is also plagued with the whimsical quality of vision. So often the searched for object or idea can be close to being discovered and still be elusive:

Swiftly the fingers seek accurate focus
(the bird has vanished so often before the sharp lens could deliver it).

Yet, the vision can be glimpsed, and the object can appear as if it were "the faraway, here." "The faraway, here," however, will always lack some details. The image of leaves in the binoculars is incomplete for the leaves are

... moving, turning
in a far wind
no ear can hear.

As Page observes, the total vision requires not just the attention of the total eye, but the attention of the total I:

The bird in the thicket with his whistle
the crystal lizard in the grass
the star and shell
tassel and bell
of wild flowers blowing where we pass,
this flora-fauna flotsam pick and touch,
requires the focus of the total I.

Concentration on a specific image or idea is very difficult. Often "the unreality of bright day" and its
multitude of images breaks the viewer's concentration "and then the focus [is] lost, the mountain gone." Rising above these problems is not easy, for even "the dream of flying" is countered by a ceiling that "looms/ heavy as a tomb."

Substance and meaning are elusive as Page notes:

I am a two-dimensional being, I live in a sheet of paper. My home has length and breadth and very little thickness. The tines of a fork pushed vertically through the paper appear as four thin silver ellipses. I may, in a moment of insight, realize that it is more than coincidence that four identical but independent silver rings have entered my world. In a further breakthrough I may glimpse their unity, even sense the entire fork—large, glimmering, extraordinary. Just beyond my sight. Mystifying; marvellous. 29

It is a struggle "to fit the 'made' to the 'sensed'" and to lead to the

... threshold of something, some place; bellied by a membrane at times translucent, never yet transparent, through which I long to be absorbed. 30

Thus, the poet-artist becomes the conjurer. He strives to understand the interrelationships of the known and the half known, although he realizes that strange quirks of perception enable a little thing of no consequence to block a large thing:
A single leaf can block a mountainside; all Ararat be conjured by a leaf.

To be the true conjurer-seer the poet must understand not only how the forest is composed of trees, but also how trees and even parts of the trees make up the forest. This is the real key to the Ararat symbol. For ultimately Ararat is the symbol of regeneration, hope and the promise of a new world. Above all else the visionary must have faith in the world not seen, but sensed. Thus, the dove becomes the perfect archetype for Page:

The dove believed
in her sweet wings and in the rising peak
with such a washed and easy innocence
that she found rest on land for the sole of her foot
and, silver, circled back,
a green twig in her beak.

Innocence, whiteness, and hope unite in the image of the dove. The innocence of the dove is not simply childlike innocence, however, it is open-minded innocence which is not confined by a distinct pattern of knowledge. As such, all visionaries have an aura of innocence around them in that they are not ensnared by finite definitions of reality. The visionary-seer is always trying to look beyond the known horizon and discover the clue to the unknown, unseen world.

In a recent poem, "A Backwards Journey", Page finds expression for discovery which transcends the normal spectrum of experience. It is not simply a discovery of an object
or a perspective, but rather the exploration of an insight into a perspective. The backwards journey is not only a journey back in time to childhood, it is also a journey which surmounts vision, dimension and knowledge. It transcends the known and goes beyond the normal perspectives of thought and vision:

When I was a child of say, seven, I still had serious attention to give to everyday objects. The Dutch Cleanser which was the kind my mother bought in those days came in a round container of yellow cardboard around which ran the very busy Dutch Cleanser woman her face hidden behind her bonnet holding a yellow Dutch Cleanser can on which a smaller Dutch Cleanser woman was holding a smaller Dutch Cleanser can on which a minute Dutch Cleanser woman held an imagined Dutch Cleanser can . . ..

As Page notes: "This was not a game." Concentration on the image develops a transcendence of the normal spatial bounds of perception and knowledge. Not only does the image go on in an infinitesimal round getting smaller and smaller, the idea behind the image also goes on in an infinitesimal round which breaks the normal bounds of the perceived experience:

. . . The woman led me backwards through the eye of the mind until she was the smallest point my thought could hold to. And at that moment I think I knew that if no one called and nothing broke the delicate jet of my attention, that tiny image could smash the 'atom' of space and time.

Again Page returns to the image of "the eye of the mind."
The image is the core of the poem. In her earlier poems imagination was the place from which the image radiated, but here the image is the place from which the imagination radiates. The imagination actively works on the image and causes a transcendence of image and meaning. Page becomes the true visionary. She succeeds in developing a concentrated focus from which form develops new dimensions and subtlety. The Dutch Cleanser woman is no longer simply the Dutch Cleanser woman, she becomes a cosmic entity which represents the continuum of the universal scheme of things. The image slips from a finite scale to an infinite scale, and human perception and comprehension become simply a demarcated area along that scale.

The poem "Another Space", which Page published at the same time as "A Backwards Journey", develops these ideas even further. "Another Space" is quite a complex poem. The poem was inspired by a dream which Page felt meant something more than its confused events at first indicated. The dream took on strange nuances of reality:

Yet 'if' I dream
why in the name of heaven are fixed parts
within me set in motion
like a poem?

The strange 'reality' experienced within certain dreams could be related to the individual's psyche, but for Page some dreams can suggest things beyond our normal knowledge and perception:
I see them there in three dimensions yet
their height implies another space
their clothes
surprising chiaroscuro postulates
a different spectrum.
What kaleidoscope
does air construct
that all their movements make a compass move
surging and altering?
I speculate
on some dimension I can barely guess.

The vision spins out bright, complex images reminiscent of
her early painting and poetry:

Nearer I see them dark-skinned.
They are dark. And beautiful.
Great human sunflowers spinning in a ring
cosmics as any bumble-top
the vast
procession of the planets in their dance.
A nearer still I see them--'a Chagall'--
each fiddling on an instrument--its strings
and its bow--feathered--
an arrow almost.
Arrow is.

As the dream/vision takes shape, the complex sensory
pattern of the dream melds itself into the dreamer's mind with
epiphany-like force:

For now the headman--one step forward--shoots
(or does he bow or does he lift a kite
up and over the bright pale dunes of air?)
to strike the absolute centre of my skull
my absolute centre somehow
with such skill
such staggering lightness
that the blow is love.

The image collides with the dreamer's mind, and an insight
occurs. Barriers to the physical and mental borders of
And something in me melts,
It is as if a glass partition melts--
or something I had always thought was glass--
some pane that halved my heart
is proved, in its melting, ice.

The image recalls all of Page's earlier snow and ice
imagery and its dual qualities. As in "Stories Of Snow",
the whiteness of snow and ice can be deceptive. It can
cause the visionary to be trapped in a false world where
he will only "dream [his] way to death." Thus, the melting
illusion can clear the way to other perspectives. As Page
observes:

But when something one has thought
opaque appears translucent, transparent
even, one questions whether it might
not ultimately become entirely invisible.
Solid walls dissolved disconcertingly into
scrim. For the moment I was uncertain
where to lean. 35

Just as in "A Backwards Journey", the transformation seems
to change the entire structure around which the poet's vision
of reality is locked:

and to-fro all the atoms pass
in bright osmosis
hitherto
in stasis locked
where now a new
direction opens like an eye. 36

The transformation is an unlocking process. Reality becomes
a blend of interrelated views and impressions, rather than
a ranking of static ideas and designs. The new awareness is unfurled and, like the peacock's fan, it contains many eyes.

Designs per se are not negative to Page, they are only negative when they claim that their boundaries are the boundaries of possibility. For instance, she finds Mexican designs far from oppressive:

Coming as I do from a random or whim-oriented culture, this recurrence and interrelating of symbols into an ordered and significant pattern—prevalent too in the folk arts of pottery and weaving—was curiously illuminating. One did not feel restricted by the enclosed form of the 'design'; rather, one was liberated into something life-giving and larger. I could now begin to understand how the "little world is created according to the prototype of the great world." 37

Designs such as these may go on ad infinitum and not be restricting at all; they are not an end in themselves and they may suggest a complete new scale larger or smaller than themselves. Rather than this, Page is concerned with filters which block our ability to see beyond what we know. 38

Often we are so sure that we have discovered the pattern of things, that we are unwilling to expand our ideas one step further to see if we have really found the borders of the pattern. Page is just beginning to understand the pattern and the interconnections between objects within the pattern as her comments on the connections between poetry and painting illustrate:
CONNECTIONS AND CORRESPONDENCES
between writing and painting . . .

The idea diminishes to a dimensionless point in my absolute centre. If I can hold it steady long enough, the feeling which is associated with that point grows and fills a large area as perfume permeates a room. It is from here that I write--held within that luminous circle, that locus which is at the same time a focussing glass, the surface of a drum.

As long as the tension (at/tention?) is sustained the work continues . . . more or less acute. 39

Page realizes that there are connections between many things, and that it is only a matter of time before a breakthrough is made:

Remembering, re-membering, re-capturing, re-calling, re-collecting . . . words which lead to the very threshold of some thing, some place; veiled by a membrane at times translucent, never yet transparent, through which I long to be absorbed. 40

She realizes that it is the imaginative mind that is willing to conjure up connections that will be able to effect these breakthroughs, for it is:

Magic, that Great Divide,
where everything reverses.
Where all laws change. 41

To Page:

A good writer or painter understands these laws and practices conjuration. 42

One begins to realize the full import of Page's comment
that "writing and painting are interchangeable. They are alternate roads to silence." Taking into account Page's idea of the artist/writer as conjurer and remembering (re-membering?) Page's remarks about how things are interrelated, one can see that Page's attempt to find total unity and vision can only be paralleled by a similar feeling about a total unification of the arts. And, indeed, she says:

One longs for an art that would satisfy all the senses—not as in opera or ballet where the separate arts congregate—but a complex intermingling—a consummate More-Than. This is just perhaps just another way of saying one longs for the senses to merge in one supra-sense. 

Not only is Page striving for a visionary breakthrough in perception, she is also striving for a visionary breakthrough in artistic technique. This coincides with her comment that her painting and her writing are done with "the same pen." In fact, poems like "Yellow" or "Dream" attempt to unify writing and drawing, and "Dream" attempts to define elemental unity:
Here again Page is working towards a visionary transcendence in which the connections between all things become known.
As Page develops this feeling of unity, the images in her poetry become more specific and concentrated, and the images in her painting become more formalized. Her untitled print in *Canadian Literature* exemplifies Page's shift towards a formalized style:
Similarly, this formalization is in evidence in other recent works such as "Votive Tablet", "Nought" and "Ocreanum". The design becomes the point of contemplation for the bigger and the smaller worlds of experience. Page elaborates on these ideas in her article on Pat Martin Bates, which she admits reflects many of her own ideas on painting:

I am reminded of the hypothesis of two contemporary mathematicians, that you can slice an ordinary sphere such as an orange and then reassemble the slices to form spheres smaller than atoms, larger than suns. Looking at her circles I am persuaded of such a possibility. By some conjuring the same circumference increases and grows small.

This formalization and the concentrated contemplation which radiates out of it find verbal form in her poem "The Dome of Heaven". A geometric formality pervades the poem. The dominant image is the sphere or circle. The sphere or circle has been alluded to in other poems like "A Backwards Journey" and "Another Space", but there it was only the shape suggested by the images. Here, the shape is the image, and its simplicity lends itself to a further concentration of the vision—image complex. The circle unites the concept of the universe, "The Dome of Heaven", with the cycles of nature, the spin of the earth in its orbit, the cyclical motion of the moon around the earth, the motion of the tides.
and even the cyclical rhythm of air and blood in the body:

Near. Close. Here. Intrinsic to
my flesh
my pulse, my breath.
What is this rush of air
this lull, these tides
whose slow mercurial advances pull
all waters in their mesh?

All the systems seem to be copies of a giant prototype, which connects everything:

All waters--globe enclosing
rope of brine, unravelled blue
(eyes, veins, bracelets and chains
swirl in this watery swell).

The whole pattern seems to operate on the same ebb and flow cyclical system. Thus, the seen, known images are the keys to the system as a whole. And, for each individual, the centre of all of the systems, cosmic and microscopic, is the mind, the place of origin of the individual's world view, the place to and from which images, perspectives and ideas radiate. The "Dome Of Heaven" is the ultimate complex whole which circles the individual "enclosing six directions in [the]. . .eye."

But, still the ultimate is illusive. Just as it is the consummate totality, it is also the smallest possibility:

Huge.
Small.
The Dome of Heaven is a speck
a dot, the merest sphere
fading, invisible.
The artist, conjurer, seer is always left with the possibility closely accompanied by the question:

Somewhere the senses centre.
Is it here?

To be in full possession of the vision would be impossible, for each time a breakthrough is made, it only leaves the artist with the same interminable question: 'what lies beyond this?' Realizing the possibilities, realizing the problems and realizing the scheme is the eternal path of the visionary and it only ends when the vision itself is lost sight of. Page's writing and painting are more than anything else, the record of one person's struggle to obtain vision:

One's route is one's own.
One's journey unique. What
I will find at the end
I can barely guess. What
lies on the way is unknown.

The path that she has left behind her, her painting and writing, is filled with images of many of the keys and clues that she has found along the way. They are, in a sense, microcosmic clues to the total of P. K. Page. But the images are still ultimately her's, and no matter how much one studies them, they will still only reflect a fraction of their total meaning:
I truly think I do not write or draw for you or you or you... whatever you may argue to the contrary. Attention excludes you. You do not exist. I am conscious only of being "hot" or "cold" in relation to some unseen centre.

Page's output is small, but it is noteworthy. One thing is certain, she is still striving for further clues in the unending search to uncover more images, and more clues and connections to the mystery that surrounds her. She still feels that she has much to learn:

Leave me
lift me
out of this undreamed amorphous mound
where who knows who lies sleeping
my me I
hidden
unbidden still
undead unborn
utterly unimaged even

leaven me.

The freshness of this attitude is promising, for it is the ethos of artistic creativity.
CHAPTER FOUR

FOOTNOTES:


5. Page, in conversation.


15. Ibid., p. 20.


21. Ibid., p. 18.

22. Ibid., p. 18.
23. Ibid., p. 20.


26. Ibid., p. 21.


30. Ibid., p. 35.


32. Page, in conversation.


38. Ibid., p. 21.


40. Ibid., p. 35.

41. Ibid., p. 36.

42. Ibid., p. 36.

43. Ibid., p. 40.

44. Ibid., p. 38.

45. Page, "Four Drawings," p. 48A.


49. Page, in conversation.


52. Page, "Traveller, Conjuror, Journeyman," p. 36.

53. Ibid., p. 36.

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APPENDIX 1

A CHRONOLOGICAL LISTING OF POETRY AND PROSE FICTION BY FIRST PUBLISHING DATE.

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Year</th>
<th>Month</th>
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<th>Collection/Source</th>
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<td>June</td>
<td>&quot;The Moth&quot;</td>
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<td>June</td>
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42. Aug. "Divers"
43. "Shipbuilding Office" (Pre)
44. "The Clock Of Your Pulse" (Can Poetry)
45. "The Rat Hunt" [SS] (Pre)
46. Sept. "The Inarticulate" (Can Forum)
47. "Noon Hour"
48. Oct. "Fall Thoughts" (Can Forum)
49. "Love Poem"
50. "Offices" (Pre)
51. "Summer Resort"
52. Dec. "Under Cover Of Night" [SS] (Pre)
53. "Opportunist"
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59. "Average"
60. May "Miracles" [SS] (Pre)
61. "Landlady" (Can Forum)
62. Aug. "The Sick" (Poetry)
63. "The Dreamer"
64. "Quarrel"
65. "Element"
66. Sept. "Children" (Pre)
67. Nov. "Foreigner"
68. "The Sentimental Surgeon" (Unit Of Five)
69. Dec. "Draught Man" (Can Forum)
70. "Journey Home"
71. 1945 "Them Ducks" [SS] (Pre)
72. "Adolescence"
73. Apr. "Round Trip" (Contemp Verse)
74. June "Spring" (Can Forum)
75. Aug. "The Condemned"
76. "Contagion" (Poetry)
77. "Stories Of Snow"
78. Dec. "Old Man" (Can Forum)
79. 1946 Jan. "If It Were You" (Contemp Verse)
80. "Outcasts"
81. Feb. "Weekend--West Coast" [SS] (NR)
82. Sept. "Only Child" (ATAT)
83. Oct. "Morning, Noon And Night" (Contemp Verse)
84. "Sailor"
85. "Virgin"
86. "Piece For A Formal Garden"
87. "Squatters: 1946"
88. Oct. "Subjective Eye" (NR)
89. Dec. "Young Girls" (Poetry)
90. "Election Day"
91. "Freak"
92. "Blowing Boy"
93. "Sisters"
94. 1947 Su. "Puppets" (Contemp Verse)
95. June "Man With One Small Hand" (Can Forum)
96. "Mineral"
97. "Presentation"
98. "Poem ("Forgive us who. . . ")"
100. "Sleeper"
101. "Painter"
102. "Alice"
103. "Christmas Eve: Market Square"
104. 1948 May "Portrait" (Here And Now)
105. Su. "Vegetable Island" (O)
106. July "Parachutist" (Can Poetry)
107. "Romantic"
108. 1949 June "The Age Of Ice" (Here And Now)
109. 1950 Spr. "His Dream"
110. "The Map"
111. 1951 "Probationer" (Contemp Verse)
112. "Summer"
113. "The Verandah"
114. 1952 "Migration" (Contemp Verse)
115. Su. "The Photograph"
116. "Photographs Of A Salt Mine" (Contemp Verse)
117. Wint. "Poem ("Look, look. . . ")" (Contemp Verse)
118. 1954 Fall "Elegy"
119. "The Event" (Contemp Verse)
120. "Incubus"
121. 1955 "Green Little Corn"
122. "T-Bar"
123. "The Permanent Tourists"
124. "The Figures"
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127. "Images Of Angels"
128. "Reflection In A Train Window"
129. "Intractable Between Them Grows"
130. "Portrait Of Marina"
131. "Boy With A Sea Dream"
132. "Bright Fish Once Swimming Where We Lie. . . "."
133. "Arras"
134. "Nightmare"
135. 1956 Nov. "After Rain"
136. "Giovanni And The Indians" (Poetry)
137. 1967 "Cook's Mountain"
138. "Cry Ararat!"
139. "This Frieze Of Birds"
140. "On Educating The Natives"
141. "Blowing"
142. "Love Poem ("Remembering you. . . ")" (CA1)
143. "Little Girls"
144. "Poem In War Time"
145. "Now This Cold Man"
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<tr>
<td>1969</td>
<td>June</td>
<td>&quot;The Glass Air&quot; (PA)</td>
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<td>&quot;Bark Drawing&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Another Space&quot;</td>
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<td>Mar.</td>
<td>&quot;Waiting To Be Dreamed&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Corrective Lenses&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Three Gold Fish&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>1972</td>
<td>Jun.</td>
<td>&quot;Yellow&quot;</td>
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*Contemporary Poetry Of B.C.*
APPENDIX 2

A TITLE LIST OF POETRY AND PROSE FICTION, WITH CROSS REFERENCE TO APPENDIX 1, (INCLUDING ALL TITLES USED FOR POEMS).

1. "Adolescence" (72)
2. "After Rain" (125)
3. "The Age Of Ice" (98)
4. "Airport Arrival" (160)
5. "Alice" (92)
6. "Another Space" (145)
7. "The Apple" (107)
8. "Arras" (123)
9. "As Ten As Twenty" (49)
10. "Average" (59)
11. "A Backwards Journey" (148)
12. "The Bands And The Beautiful Children" (57)
13. "Band Strike" (31)
14. "Band Strike: Quebec-1942" (31)
15. "Bark Drawing" (141)
16. "Bedsitting Room" (16)
17. "Blackout" (11)
18. "Blowing" (131)
19. "Blowing Boy" (92)
20. "Boy With A Sea Dream" (121)
21. "Brazilian Fazenda" (142)
22. "Bright Fish Once Swimming Where We Lie..." (122)
23. "Candlelight" (8)
24. "The Chief Mourner" (41)
25. "Children" (66)
26. "The Chinese Rug" (2)
27. "Christmas Eve: Market Square" (93)
28. "The Clock Of Your Pulse" (44)
29. "The Condemned" (75)
30. "Contagion" (76)
31. "Cook's Mountain" (127)
32. "Corrective Lenses" (150)
33. "The Crow" (10)
34. "Cry Ararat!" (128)
35. "Cullen" (33)
36. "Cullen Revisited" (165)
37. "Dark Kingdom" (139)
38. "Design" (3)
39. "Desiring Only" (14)
40. "Divers" (42)
41. "Doll's House--New Model" (28)
42. "The Dome Of Heaven" (158)
43. "Draught Man" (69)
44. "Dream" (157)
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<td>&quot;Failure At Tea&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Festival Without Prayers&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;The Figures&quot;</td>
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<td>57</td>
<td>&quot;Fly: On Webs&quot;</td>
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<td>58</td>
<td>&quot;For G.E.R.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Foreigner&quot;</td>
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99. "Mystics Like Miners" (116)
100. "The Neighbour" (20)
101. "Nightmare" (124)
102. "No Flowers" (15)
103. "Noon Hour" (47)
104. "Now This Cold-Man" (135)
105. "Offices" (50)
106. "Old Man" (78)
107. "On Educating The Natives" (130)
108. "Only Child" (82)
109. "Opportunist" (53)
110. "Outcasts" (80)
111. "Painter" (91)
112. "Panorama" (40)
113. "Parachutist" (96)
114. "The Parade" (4)
115. "Paranoid" (115)
116. "The Perminent Tourists" (113)
117. "Personal Landscape" (24)
118. "Photograph" (54)
119. "The Photograph" (105)
120. "Photos Of A Salt Mine" (106)
121. "Photographs Of A Salt Mine" (106)
122. "Piece For A Formal Garden" (86)
123. "Poem ("Forgive us who have not been whole")" (98)
124. "Poem ("Let us by paradox")" (56)
125. "Poem ("Look, look...")" (107)
126. "Poem ("She was dime-dead")" (23)
127. "Poem In War Time" (134)
128. "Portrait" (94)
129. "Portrait Of Marina" (120)
130. "Predication Without Crystal" (30)
131. "Preparation" (164)
132. "Presentation" (97)
133. "Probationer" (101)
134. "Procession" (154)
135. "Puppets" (94)
136. "Quarrel" (64)
137. "Rage" (138)
138. "The Rat Hunt" (45)
139. "Reflection" (5)
140. "Reflection: In A Train Window" (118)
141. "Remember The Wood" (13)
142. "The Resignation" (34)
143. "Romantic" (97)
144. "Room And Board" (26)
145. "Round Trip" (73)
146. "Sailor" (84)
147. "Schizophrenic" (58)
148. "Self Portrait" (167)
149. "The Sentimental Surgeon" (68)
150. "Shipbuilding Office" (43)
151. "The Sick" (62)
152. "Sisters" (93)
153. "Skyline" (162)
154. "Sleeper" (90)
155. "The Sleeper" (32)
156. "Small World" (152)
157. "Snapshot" (23)
158. "The Snowman" (144)
159. "Snowshoes" (159)
160. "Some There Are Fearless" (18)
161. "Spring" (74)
162. "Squatters: 1946" (87)
163. "The Stenographers" (19)
164. "Stories Of Snow" (77)
165. "Subjective Eye" (88)
166. "Summer" (102)
167. "Summer Resort" (51)
168. "The Sun And The Moon" (55)
169. "The Tall Suns" (111)
170. "T-Bar" (112)
171. "Them Ducks" (71)
172. "This Frieze Of Birds" (129)
173. "This Is Another Spring" (25)
174. "Three Gold Fish" (151)
175. "To A Portrait Gallery" (137)
176. "The Traveller" (33)
177. "Traveller's Palm" (149)
178. "Under Cover Of Night" (52)
179. "The Understatement" (6)
180. "Vacationists" (51)
181. "Vegetable Island" (95)
182. "The Verandah" (103)
183. "Virgin" (85)
184. "Waiting To Be Dreamed" (155)
185. "Waking" (37)
186. "Weekend--West Coast" (81)
187. "The Wind" (153)
188. "The Woman" (99)
189. "Yellow" (166)
190. "Young Girls" (89)
APPENDIX 3

ABBREVIATIONS USED

ATAT  As Ten As Twenty
CAI  Cry Ararat!
Can Bookm Canadian Bookman
Can Forum Canadian Forum
Can L Canadian Literature
Can Poetry Canadian Poetry
Contemp Verse Contemporary Verse
FS  First Statement
NR Northern Review
O  Outposts
PA  Poetry Australia
Poetry  Poetry: A Magazine Of Verse
Pre  Preview
Sat N  Saturday Night
Tam R  Tamarack Review
TMATF  The Metal And The Flower
WP  White Pelican
APPENDIX 4

A LIST OF ANTHOLOGIES IN WHICH PAGE'S WRITING APPEARS.


Unit Of Five, ed. R. Hambleton. Toronto: Ryerson, 1944.
