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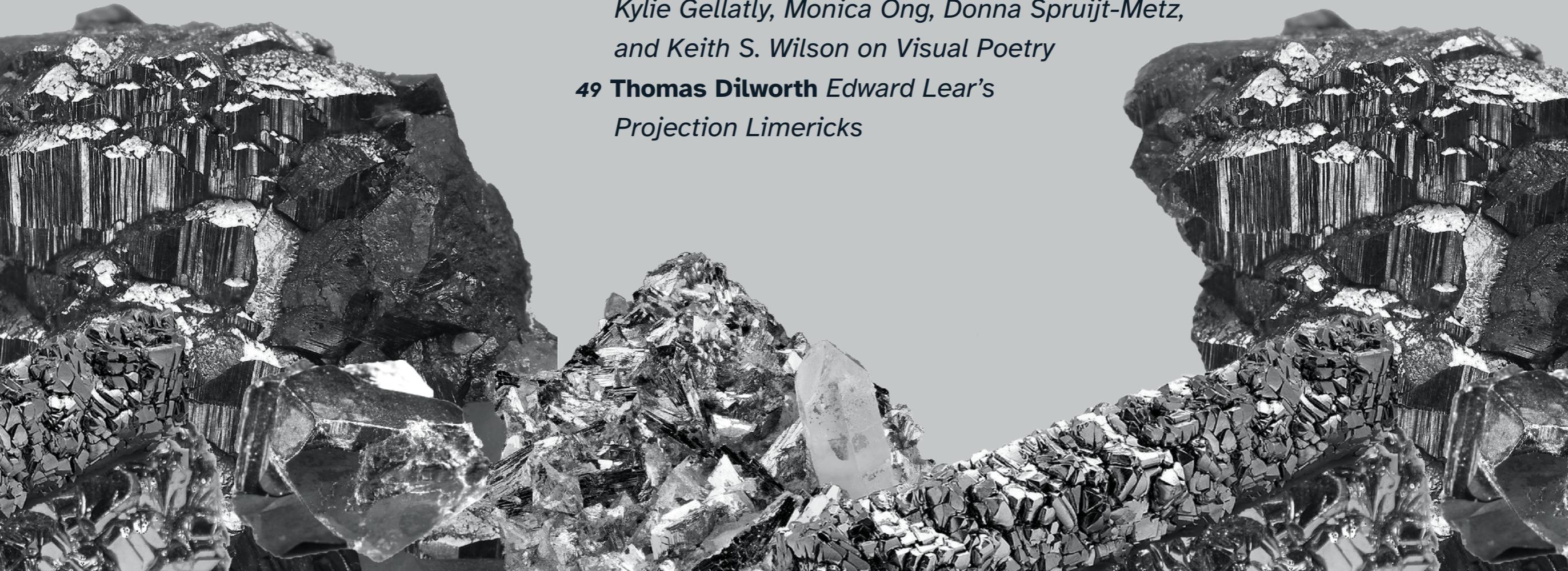
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THE CENTER FOR POETRY AT CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY



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Design Statement

The annual, distinctive print issue of *TAB: The Journal of Poetry & Poetics* engages the reader with poetry as a material object and asks the reader to negotiate between image and text. The design does not assume a traditional role of quietly framing content; instead, design actively shapes the reading experience and continues to experiment with and explore the intersections between form and content, object and space, and reader and reading.

The 2019 print issue was *Tab Journal's* first issue driven by inclusive design and low-vision principles. With this new print issue, we extend our effort to create an engaging and increasingly equitable experience for all abilities based on inclusive design.

This 2022 volume is our tenth issue. It is no coincidence that this volume, in both the print and online issues, echoes the durability and usefulness of aluminum and tin, the traditional tenth anniversary gifts. This volume, launched with a large-format print issue, reflects and shines and is our gift—from the staff and the contributors—to literary culture.

The design for this year's *Tab Journal* emerges from a year of recognizing the complexities of choice, drawing boundaries, and acknowledging multidimensional anxieties of being between a rock and a hard place. As we continue to experience the compromises that go hand in hand with the pandemic, as we continue to face the relentless considerations of safe and dangerous spaces, this volume surveys concepts of shared corners and shelters, of physical and metaphorical places and spaces where individuals, pods, and communities take refuge.

The visual language in this volume draws on the mining of minerals—Arsenopyrite, Aluminum, Platinum, Tin, Tennantite, Titanium, Silver, Volcanic Rock—and a back-and-front scientific identification system to connect author and poem. The January print issue was digitally printed with two colors of ink (metallic and black), then scored, die-cut, and folded to achieve a

poster booklet. It is, then, two forms in one, poster and booklet, each of which offers a different visual and tactile experience of scale and perspective. The online issues extend the visual design and transform it—rather than replicate it—for the screen.

To request one or more copies of the print issue, please use the Contact form on the *Tab Journal* website.



Patricia Clark

Patricia Clark (she/her) is the author of six books of poetry, most recently *Self-Portrait with a Million Dollars*. Her work has appeared in *The Atlantic*, *Poetry*, *Slate*, *Gettysburg Review*, *The New Criterion*, *North American Review*, *Seattle Review*, and many other journals. See more at <https://www.patriciafclark.com>.

Poem Beginning with a Line from Adam Zagajewski

But the kingdom of the dead may be right here,
And unrecognized. By *here* she must mean
Both garden and house, clothes closet, pantry,
Circle of mulch around the Japanese maple,
Coconut mat laid at the ginkgo's feet.
That's what she believed after they left,
Her parents, the day she used the word
Orphan with a friend who scolded her,
"No, you can't be one—that's for kids
Without parents." Then why the persistent
Ache, and a blank space on her mind's horizon
Where'd they'd stood like poplars? She couldn't
Say *oaks*, their figures were more slender, flexible
In stiff wind. Look it up: bereaved is the root.



**Kai
Coggin**

Kai Coggin (she/her) is the author of four collections, most recently *Mining for Stardust* from FlowerSong Press. She is a teaching artist and host of the longest running consecutive weekly open mic series in the country—Wednesday Night Poetry. She lives with her wife in Hot Springs National Park. See more at <https://www.kaicoggin.com>.

Into Wildflower Into Field

it's dusk and I watch you
water our newly-planted garden,
the radish and arugula
are first to push up through the soil,
green hands in prayer
unfolding toward sun and sky
and I sit on the side and write
as you coax them
toward you

it's like you're singing
invisibly to the sleeping bed of seeds
like I can see the vibration of
your gentle harvest hope

my own fingers
begin searching the earth
my body bends toward the light
of you
I green into a personal spring
my seeds

break open again
and again
searching for sun and sky (*your eyes*)

constant gardener—
you water the drought of me
into wildflower
into royal meadow
into fields and fields and fields

did you ever think our lives
would bloom into this?

on the ridge-line
the setting day paints
us in an impermanent gold
but even now in the darkest dark of night
everything around us is aglow



Hilary King

Hilary King (she/her) is originally from Virginia and now lives in the San Francisco Bay Area. Her poems have appeared in *Minerva Rising*, *Belletrist*, *Fourth River*, *PANK*, *The Cortland Review*, *SWIMM*, and other publications. She is the author of the poetry collection *The Maid's Car*. See more at: <https://hilarykingwriter.com>.

Icebreaker with Neruda

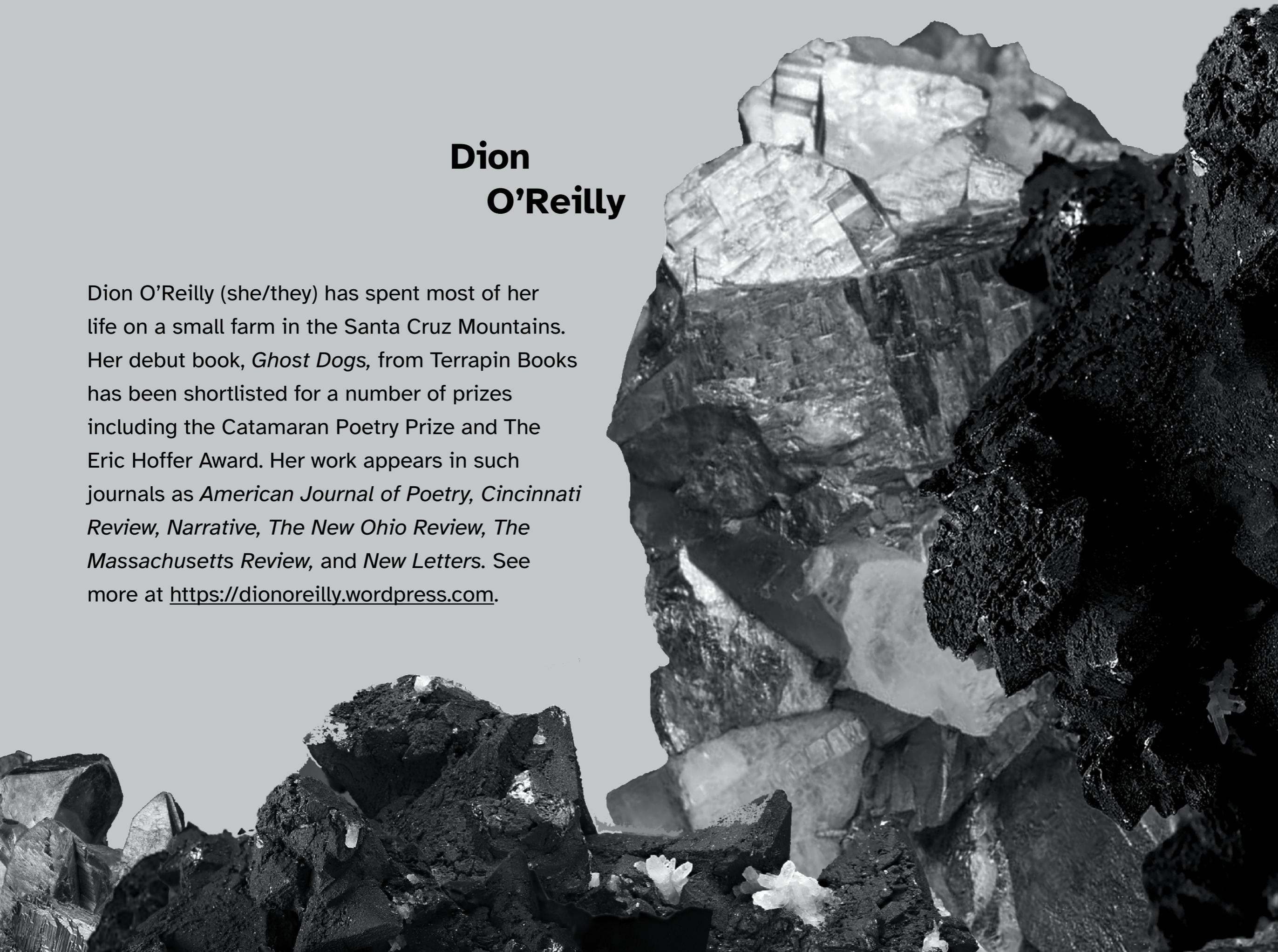
Tuesday, 9 am. All-staff meeting. The big boss, starts by saying, “I want everyone to stand up. Form a circle and look at each other. Find someone who helped you reach your goals this year. Go across the room to that person and tell them what Neruda said:

*I love you without knowing how, or when, or from where.
I love you simply, without problems or pride: I love you in
this way because I do not know any other way of loving
but this, in which there is no I or you, so intimate that
your hand upon my chest is my hand, so intimate that
when I fall asleep your eyes close.*

Only one employee shouts and rips his shirt. Two run off to fuck in the copy room. Rick from Facilities begins to weep. What, the big boss wants to know, keeps us coming back here every day? Money in some economies can be found anywhere. Not the anarchy of love, but its industry. As well, Neruda’s long career as a bureaucrat.

Dion O'Reilly

Dion O'Reilly (she/they) has spent most of her life on a small farm in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Her debut book, *Ghost Dogs*, from Terrapin Books has been shortlisted for a number of prizes including the Catamaran Poetry Prize and The Eric Hoffer Award. Her work appears in such journals as *American Journal of Poetry*, *Cincinnati Review*, *Narrative*, *The New Ohio Review*, *The Massachusetts Review*, and *New Letters*. See more at <https://dionoreilly.wordpress.com>.



Past Lives

If I say when I met you, I saw atoms
that were once part of someone else
whom I'd loved in the way a beaten child
loves a small white rat,

I do not mean to suggest that you
were not possessed of an attractive scent.
Hint of burnt leaves. Tomato sweat.
Reek of a car crash.

What is it about accidents
that rushes the blood
into the chambers of the heart?
The way every neighbor gathers
to watch a mansion flame.
The urge to witness
a jet, aloof and unreachable,
plunge like a comet.

I rubbernecked my own demise,
watched myself walk with rocks
in my pocket along your tideline.

Your eyes,
flat as that concrete cast
of slick sand, an unperturbed sheen
that swallowed itself. By which I mean,
 I loved the look of you,

vaporous in the way of a mirage
that wanted to be water.
Did you love me
 for my thirst?

Even now, I cup the air,
lift nothing to my lips.

My Father's Death Room

Gone the old ogre jaw,
the wide churn of brow. His face,
smooth. Petal-like, helpless
as a newborn.

I straighten the fallen
head, wipe a trace
of leprous spittle from his cheek.

My mother hoots, *The dead don't
need straightening*. Yanks
the pillow, so his teeth smash
the cot's metal bars.

Then she rips the sheet from under him
like some kind of professional.
He pops and seizes
as if taken by a devil.

She shoves my shoulders
out the door. Flips the switch
like a whip. But I stay,
stare at the dark.

My father loved me,
but he failed at loving me.
I want to feel him, finally,
as he escapes

And for a moment,
there he is—a gluey thickness,
a fermented tang in the air.



Jenny Qi

Jenny Qi (she/her) is the author of the poetry collection *Focal Point*, winner of the 2020 Steel Toe Books Poetry Award. Her essays and poems have been published in *The New York Times*, *The Atlantic*, *Tin House*, *ZYZZYVA*, and elsewhere, and she has received fellowships and support from Tin House, Omnidawn, Kearny Street Workshop, and the San Francisco Writers Grotto. Born to Chinese immigrants, she lives in San Francisco, where she completed her PhD in Cancer Biology. See more at <https://jqiwriter.com>.

Still Life

Last night I dreamt a sister I never
knew. I found her in a painting,

cigarette dangling haphazard from her lips,
dress slipping off a sharp freckled shoulder,

drunk-sleeping like Modigliani
off a life of bohemian excess.

I kissed her shoulder with an eyelash,
and she awakened, stretched luxuriously

like a cat. She sketched a portrait of me
excavating a tomb—dusting stray jewels,

shards of clay, a sarcophagus lacquered
in her image. She curled into a smile,

closed her eyes. Her canvas came away in strips
that became a sail. I reached out, woke grasping



Sherre Vernon

Sherre Vernon (she/her) is the author two award-winning chapbooks: *Green Ink Wings* (fiction) and *The Name is Perilous* (poetry). Her work has nominated for Best of the Net and anthologized in several collections, including *Bending Genres*, *Fat & Queer* and *Best Small Fictions*. In 2019, she was a Parent-Writer Fellow at MVICW. To read more of her work visit www.sherrevernon.com/publications.

Transition & Translation

*opened across a wooden frame
our bodies are holy, like canvas*

she says as she starts the car
in California—my friend who believes
in the rituals of parting
in the divinity of an open road
& for all that she loves me
that she is entangled somehow
with a man who used to be
the boy she loved at seventeen—
I can tell she's calling from the night
highway in its gemstone silence
the long stretch of Kansas
weather makes her forget us, here
at the Downtown Y, in Syracuse

she talks about becoming
herself, the measured and careful
act of folding into a vast menagerie
& opens abruptly when I get up
to greet someone at the door—

she slips a while between Friday's
yesterday & Monday's *tomorrow*
my friend, who can talk forever
about linguistics, the long change
from *thou* to *you*—this *them-ing*
knotting itself new right in front of us—
she can take a while to get to the point

when she talks about becoming
a writer, she remembers Tennessee
Williams, what it was like to sit
with a queer man's words
in the kind of staging built
mostly of shadow work & broken
scaffolds, driving home
before all the gas stations
would let us pay uncontested,
and some did, she'd take
the unprotected left turn, the u-turn
at the median, to find
the one spot with no one
to ask her about the name
on her ID, she believes

in the rituals of healing
in the divinity of knowing
that death, though inescapable,
bares nothing that we
ourselves have not written—
that the body, this body
is a canvas—holy and made.



María DeGuzmán

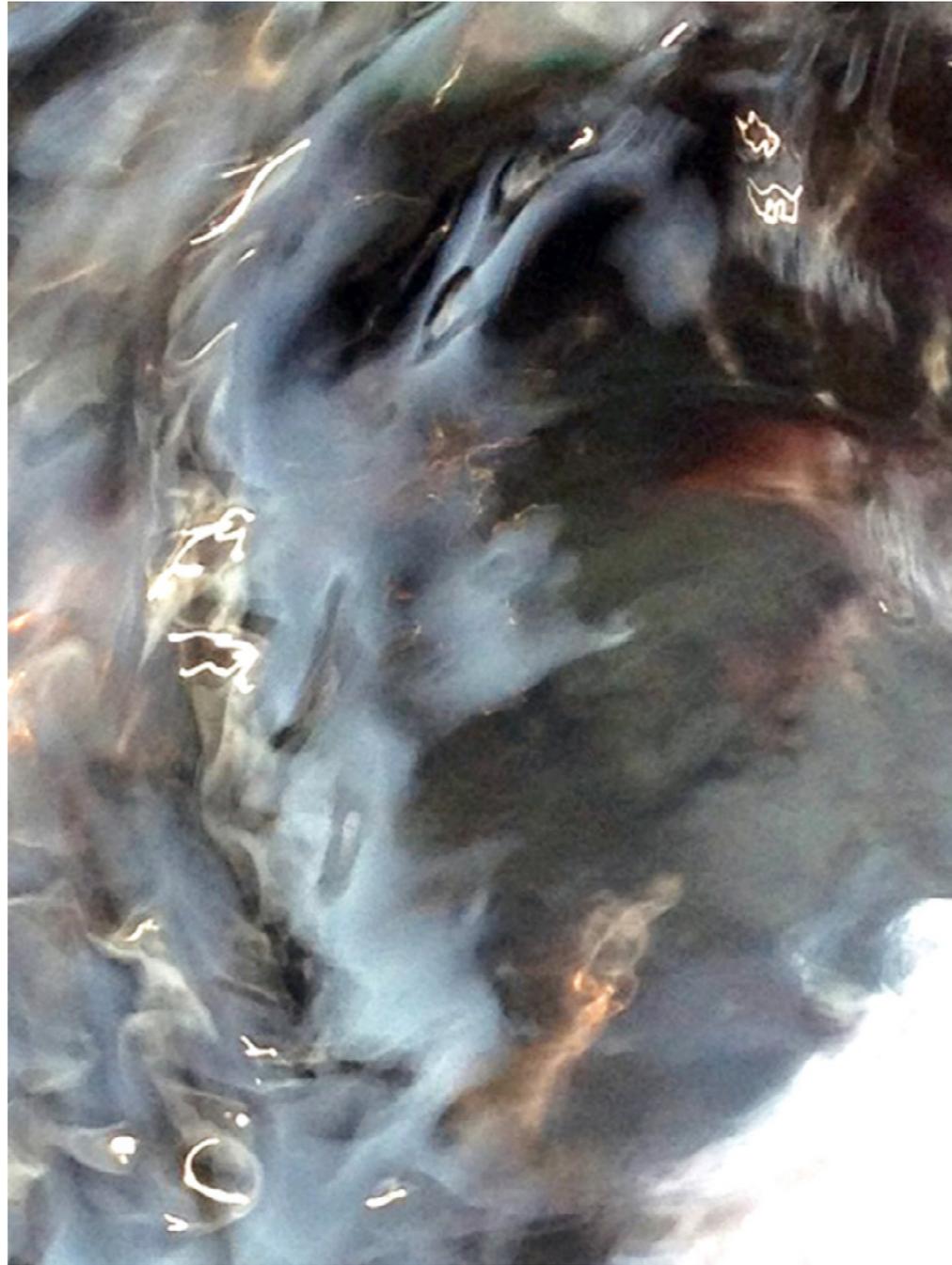
María DeGuzmán (she/her) is a scholar, conceptual photographer, and music composer. Her photographic work has been exhibited at The Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston; Watershed Media Centre in Bristol, UK; and Golden Belt Studios in Durham, NC. In addition to three scholarly books, she has published photo-texts in numerous literary journals.

Artist Statement

“Trauerspiel of Water” takes its initial inspiration from Walter Benjamin’s 1928 published work *The Origin of German Tragic Drama (Ursprung des deutschen Trauerspiels)*. In it, he writes about German Baroque drama, focusing not on major dramatists but, instead, on minor ones, which may have been part of the reason that his 1925 dissertation, on which the published 1928 work is based, was rejected by the academy: for not being canonical enough in addition to being difficult to read or not readily legible. Benjamin explored the way in which the German “trauerspiel” or “mourning play” staged a tremendous tension between a sacred or eschatological understanding of history, with its emphasis on a redemptive conclusion, and human history characterized by violence, terror, and a profane struggle for political power. My photographic images were obtained by agitating water with a spoon in a small bowl and photographing the water while stirring it. The naked eye cannot see what is happening at the time. The camera captures intriguingly dramatic relations between chaos and order, formlessness and form, what eludes the naked eye and visionary optics. This photo-text sequence unfolds a view of history that, rather than resolving the tension between the sacred and the profane, restages the eschatological. It does so through placing at the center of the action those generally disempowered and/or discounted by society: the sick and the dying, the dead, ruins, the environment, other life forms besides humans, women, women artists, the maternal, what’s queer, and what’s transcorporeal in relation to philosophy and wisdom.

Trauerspiel of Water

Dying Sleeper

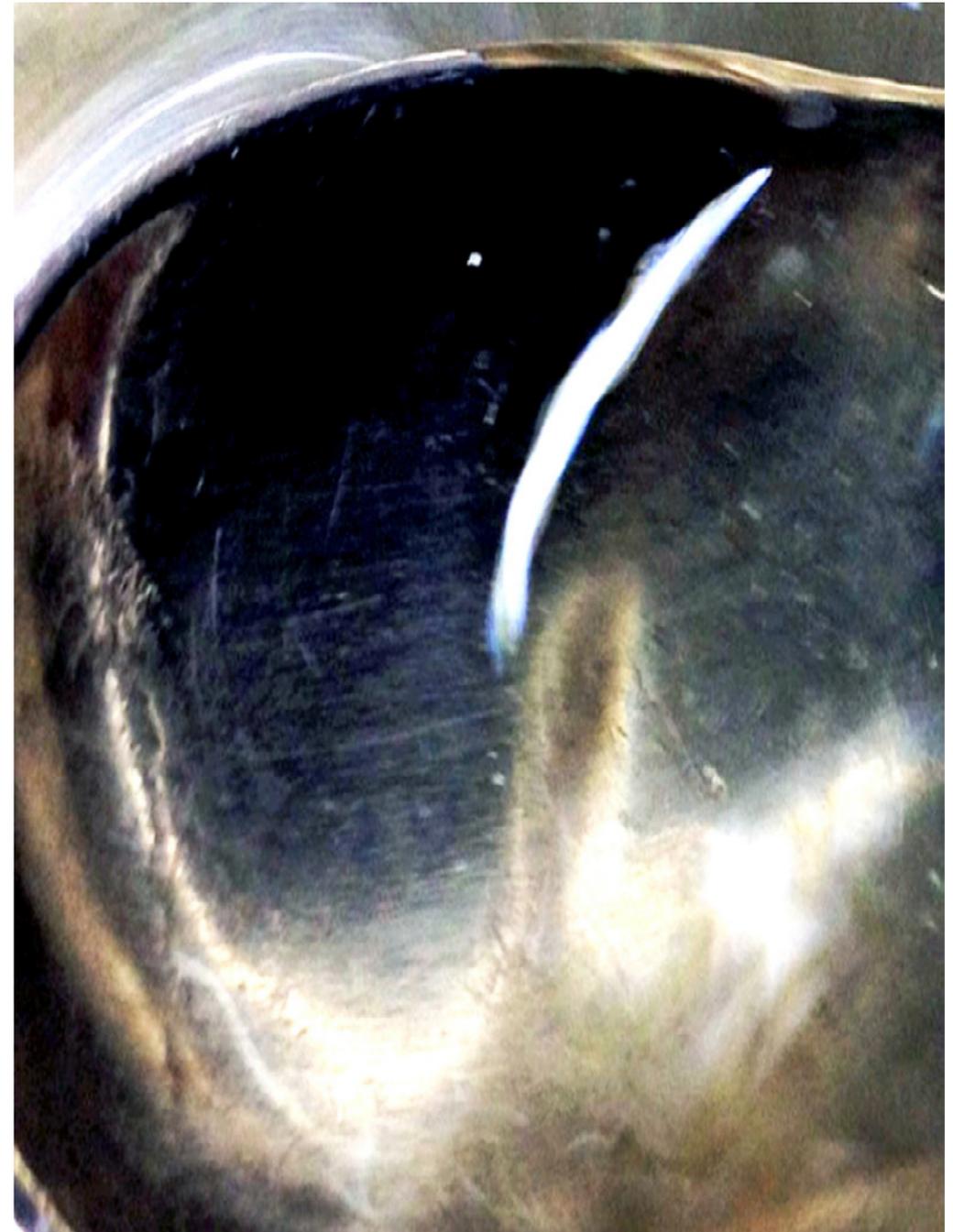


A dying sleeper dreams of an opera singer walking on stage in shimmering fabric.

Alarm Clock on the Plutonian Shore

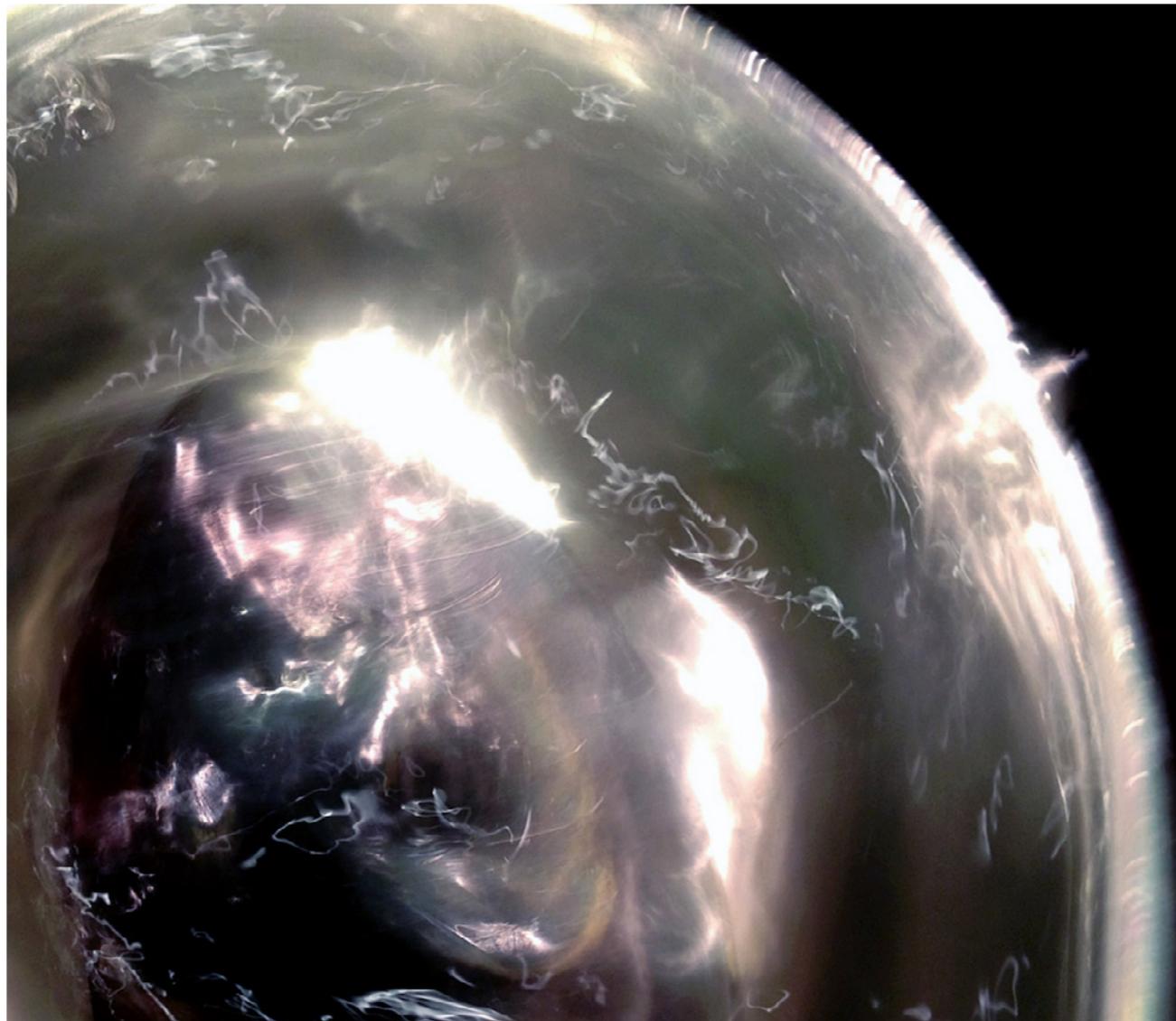


A Warning Comet



The aria that follows—is it of doomsday clocks and comets?

The Lady & Dr. Strangelove



Like Orpheus, the opera singer tries to distract Dr. Strangelove from his death drive.

The Ruins of Alexandria

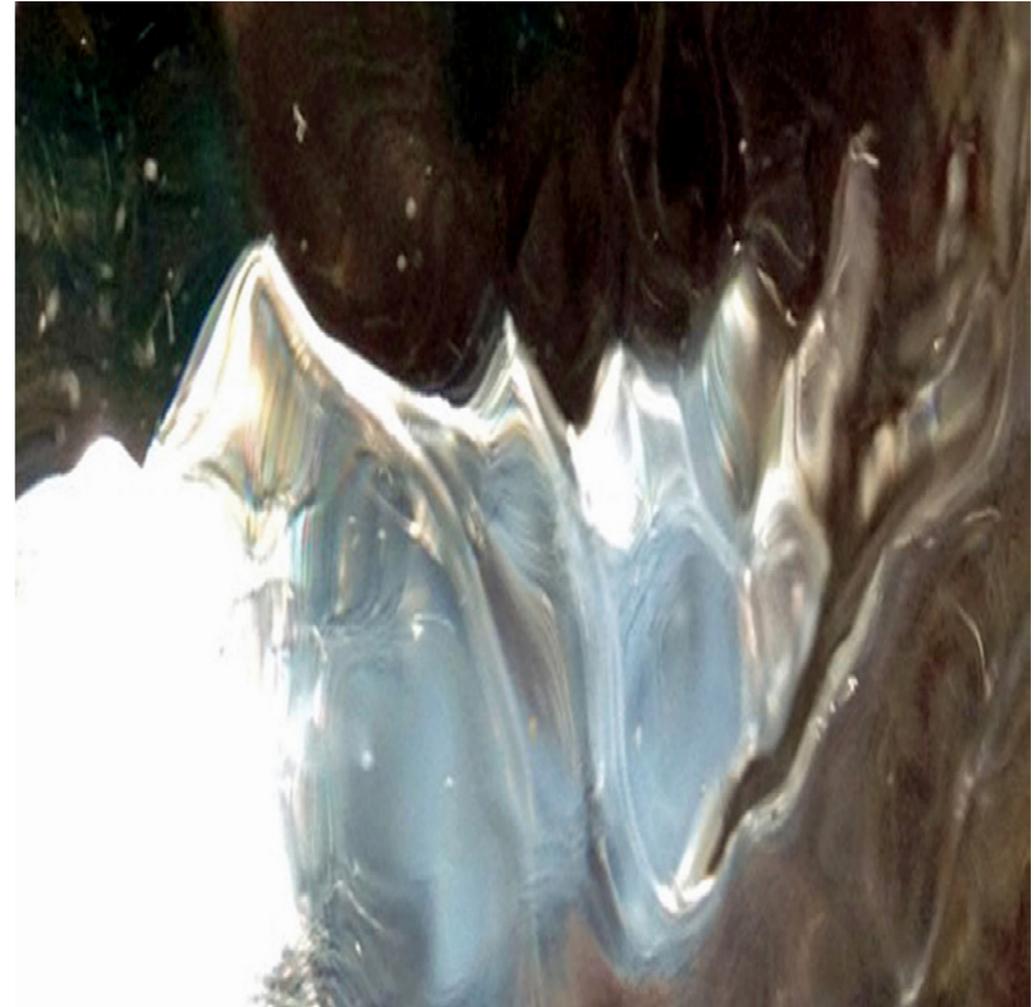


The dreamer glimpses the ruins of Alexandria.

The Last Racehorse Before the Sphinx



Seal in a Melting Arctic



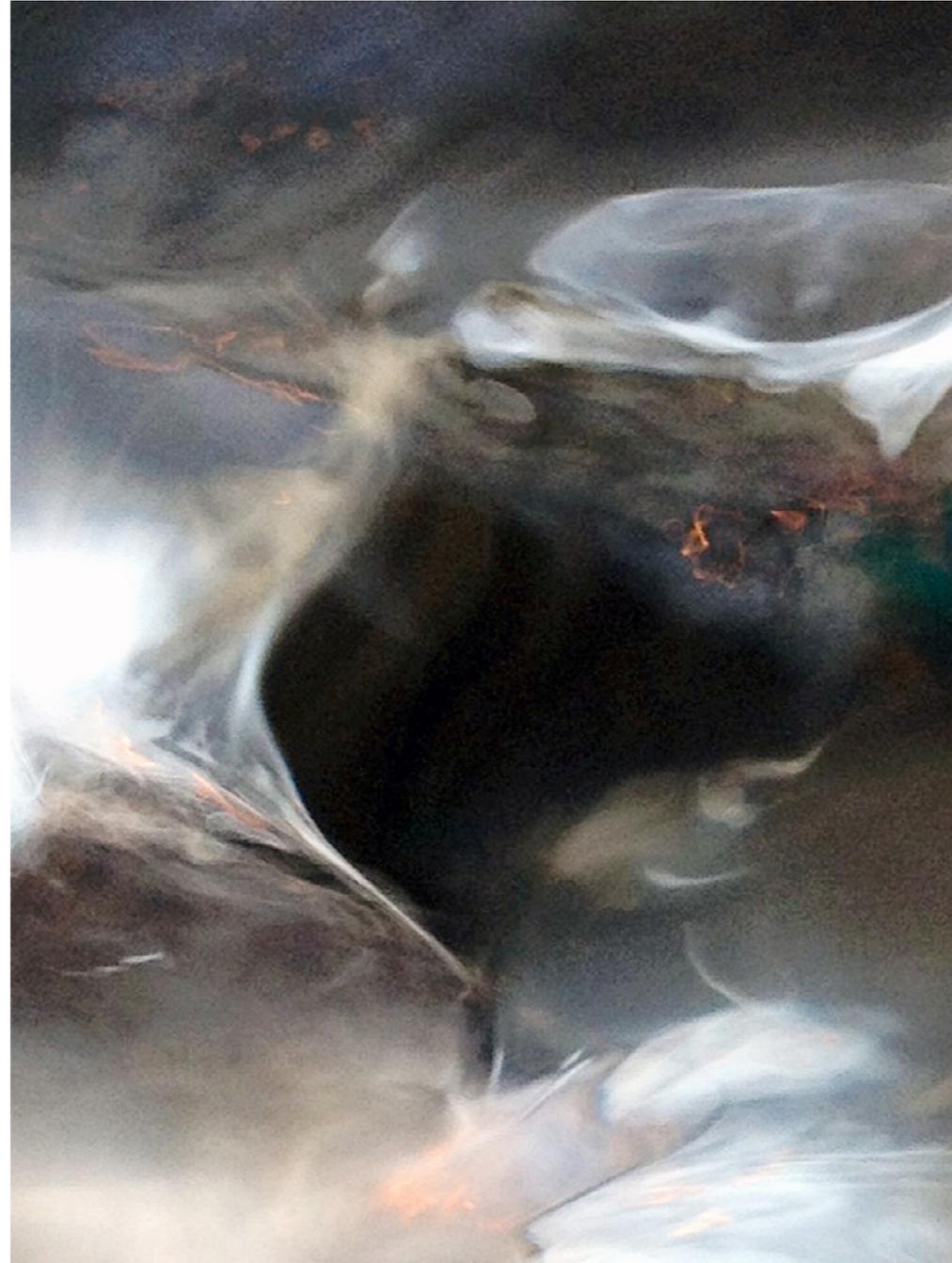
Other scenes appear, too. A racehorse before a monstrous Sphinx, and a seal on a melting iceberg.

Vanishing Bird as Phantom Limb



And a bird whose species has been eclipsed.

Ozone Hole & the Black Sails of Nationalism



And an angel blown backwards by an expanding sinkhole and the black sails of nationalism.

Politician Orchestrating a Circus



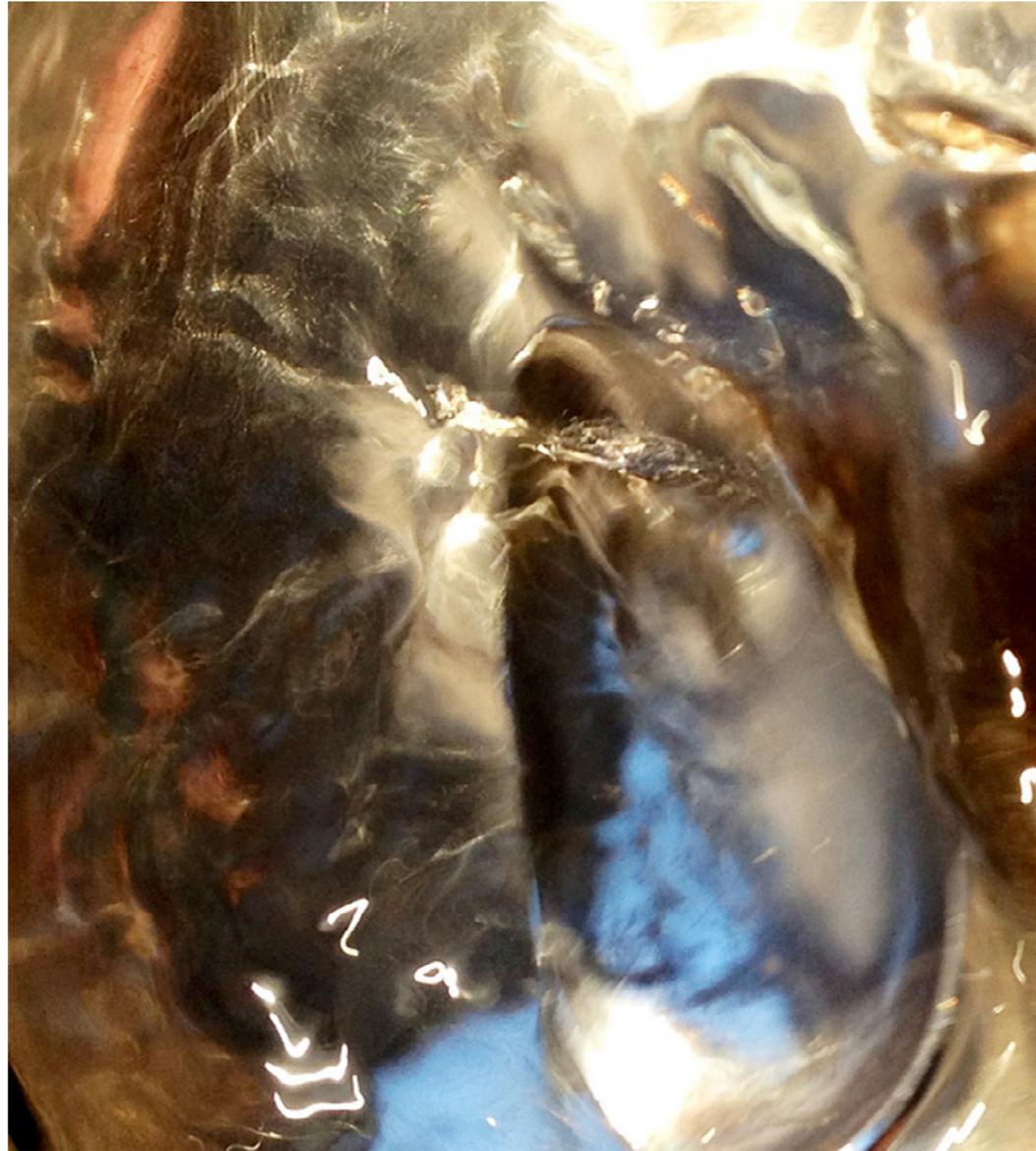
And a politician orchestrating a circus of unaccountability.

Geophysics of War



The sleeper tosses and turns, restlessly sensing something approaching.

Woman Bearing a Scroll

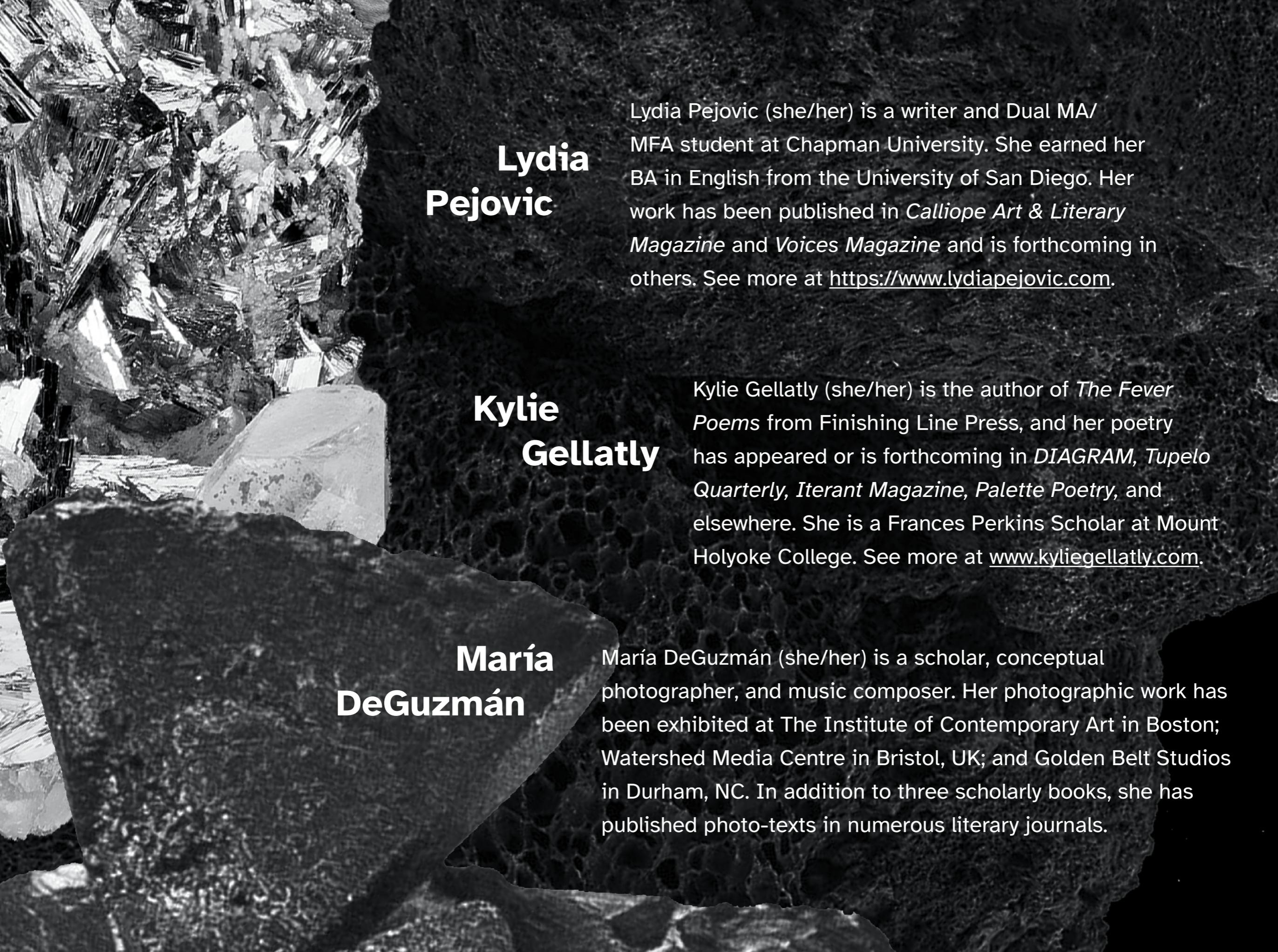


Behind the sleeper's shuddering eyelids, someone is drawing near from a great distance.

Memory for the Future



This is the face that will take the sleeper into the next moment.



**Lydia
Pejovic**

Lydia Pejovic (she/her) is a writer and Dual MA/MFA student at Chapman University. She earned her BA in English from the University of San Diego. Her work has been published in *Calliope Art & Literary Magazine* and *Voices Magazine* and is forthcoming in others. See more at <https://www.lydiapejovic.com>.

**Kylie
Gellatly**

Kylie Gellatly (she/her) is the author of *The Fever Poems* from Finishing Line Press, and her poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *DIAGRAM*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, *Iterant Magazine*, *Palette Poetry*, and elsewhere. She is a Frances Perkins Scholar at Mount Holyoke College. See more at www.kyliegellatly.com.

**María
DeGuzmán**

María DeGuzmán (she/her) is a scholar, conceptual photographer, and music composer. Her photographic work has been exhibited at The Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston; Watershed Media Centre in Bristol, UK; and Golden Belt Studios in Durham, NC. In addition to three scholarly books, she has published photo-texts in numerous literary journals.

Monica Ong

Monica Ong (she/her) is the author of *Silent Anatomies*, winner of the Kore Press First Book Award in poetry. Her visual poetry has been exhibited at New York's Center for Book Arts and as part of the Collection of American Literature at the Yale Beinecke Rare Book & Manuscript Library. See more at <https://www.monicaong.com>.

Donna Spruijt-Metz

Donna Spruijt-Metz (she/her) is a professor of psychology, was a professional flutist, was a rabbinical school candidate, and is always a poet. Her poetry appears in places like *RHINO* and *Tahoma Literary Review*. Her chapbooks are *Slippery Surfaces* from Finishing Line Press and *And Haunt the World (with Flower Conroy)* from Ghost City Press. See more at <https://www.donnasmetz.com>.

Keith S. Wilson

Keith S. Wilson (he/him) is an Affrilachian Poet and a Cave Canem fellow. He is a recipient of an NEA Fellowship and an Elizabeth George Foundation Grant and has received both a *Kenyon Review* Fellowship and a Stegner Fellowship. His book, *Fieldnotes on Ordinary Love*, is available from Copper Canyon Press. See more at <https://keithswilson.com>.

In Conversation: María DeGuzmán, Kylie Gellatly, Monica Ong, Donna Spruijt-Metz, and Keith S. Wilson on Visual Poetry

The following interview was conducted via email with five poets who work with design and visual elements in their poems that have appeared in *Tab Journal*.

Lydia Pejovic (*Tab Journal* Communications Coordinator): *Tab Journal* has always been intrigued by poetry on the page as visual, and we're now publishing more of what might be called visual poetry. How do you define visual poetry? At its core, what is a visual poem?

Monica Ong (*Tab Journal*, Vol. 9, Issue 6): A visual poem is a work where both the lyrical composition and visual elements play syntactical roles in the making of meaning. They do not echo one other as a caption or illustration might, but contribute distinctly to a poem's structure, content, and experience. My creative process requires engagement in the composition of language as well as a rigorous set of design decisions that shape the context of reading and cognitive understanding of the way the text and images relate to the page or space, each other, and the reader.

Kylie Gellatly (*Tab Journal*, Vol. 10, Issue 1): Visual poetry defies definition by nature in that it's a term that encompasses so many different methods and productions. The term itself even blurs at the edges into non-visual poetry. I heard someone argue once that all poetry is visual poetry in the way that it uses the blank space of the page, the line break, enjambment, the form, etc. There are also some forms of visual poetry that pair a poem with an image and work with the intersection of the two, while other forms, like mine, are an interweaving of the poem becoming

and the image becoming—the poetry and the image are on the whole journey together.

Keith S. Wilson (*Tab Journal*, Vol. 9, Issue 1): Definitions are most interesting when they challenge or guide our way of reading and least interesting when they restrain our way of thinking or creating, and unfortunately, I think we tend to settle into the latter very quickly. What I'm working with lately is that visual poetry is poetry, or a visual element of poetry is one that primarily requires visualization to operate. So under this definition, line breaks are often an element of visual poetry, since when we read a poem aloud, we often lose them (that is, if you read most poems aloud and ask someone to transcribe it, they will have no true sense of where the lines end).

Donna Spruijt-Metz (*Tab Journal*, Vol. 10, Issue 1): That is a really difficult question. Can visual poetry be a poem that calls a strong image to mind? I think maybe not, but one that is nearly hallucinatory certainly borders on it. So does the picture have to be *out there* and not just *in here*? Or is visual poetry poems that make spectacular use of the page, like some of Keith Wilson's work? That include images in the work, as in the poems he published in *Tab Journal* or in *The Georgia Review*? I would say that is visual poetry. Are erasures visual poems, as outlined by Erin Dorney? I would again say, yes. But this begs the question, what if the poem just has a really cunning layout—is that visual? Answer: I'm not sure! And then there is ekphrastic poetry—I think these are definitely visual poetry. Visual poetry takes on many *forms*! But for the sake of this discussion, the fewer the journals interested in it because of layout or image, the more a visual poem is a visual poem!

María DeGuzmán (*Tab Journal*, Vol. 10, Issue 2): A great deal of poetry could be classified as visual poetry to the extent that it appeals to the sense of sight as a means to grasp its full effect, whether through the arrangement of lines on a page, idiosyncratic deployment of typographical elements to create the significations of the poem, the use of non-letter typographical elements on the page, the integration of visual images into the text of the poem, and so forth. Because of the range of possibilities, arriving at a single definition of visual poetry by which to separate it out from poetry taken in by eyes viewing and reading only words on a page or screen becomes tricky. For one thing, the very phrase *visual poetry* raises questions about what counts as visual. What, then, is the difference between a printed text-based poem and a printed or displayed visual poem? If a visual poem contains other elements besides printed words or text, and these other elements are what makes it visual, at what point does the engagement with those other elements present a challenge to both orality and visuality? Perhaps what interests me the most about visual poetry are image-text experiments, specifically photo-text experiments where the visuality of the visual poem presents readers/viewers with a *mute image* that indexes some aspect of *reality* (what was there) in a way that circumvents, even defies, word-based language. When this happens, the visual poem is doing something rather subversive at multiple levels that throws us more deeply into questions about the nature of reality, perception, cognition, consciousness, the inescapable dilemma of being “participant-observers” (physicist philosopher John Archibald Wheeler’s concept), of participating in the making or unmaking of what we observe.

Pejovic: Despite the lack of consensus on a definition, or even whether visual poetry is the appropriate term, I’m going to continue using it here in the context of how you’ve described the concepts, approaches, and end results the term suggests. What sparked your interest in visual

poetry? Why do you create visual poems?

Spruijt-Metz: I was stuck on some hard material. And then my dear friend Allison Albino sent me a poem she was working on using old snapshots. She said I should try it—I had just shared some old family snapshots with her because I was going through *decades* of my mother’s stuff, finally, after *decades* of avoiding it, and it was bringing up a lot. So I tried it. It is incredibly freeing and at the same time absolutely demanding. It is a way in when there isn’t another way in.

Wilson: I was brainstorming a potential collaboration with the visual artist and poet Krista Franklin and created something that was meant to visualize something I was having trouble describing. We ended up not collaborating and when I went back later and looked at what I had created I realized I thought it stood on its own (it became my poem “Uncanny Emmett Till”). But I had been working in Photoshop and designing games since I was very young, so maybe I’d always been working in this space.

DeGuzmán: For one thing, in this era, we humans tend to live relentlessly within the regime of the visual, often in quite unreflecting ways, being influenced and even *controlled* by everything that appeals to the sense of sight. So utterly pervasive and permeating is this situation that it can be easy to believe that what cannot be rendered in visual terms does not exist. My visual poetry does not eschew visuality. It merely plunges a bit beneath the surface into the strangeness of matter itself, in the case of my work in this issue of *Tab Journal*, of water, a compound substance that is taken for granted, though perhaps not for much longer. Water—fresh, salty, and briny—is history. It makes our existence possible. My visual poetry repurposes materialism’s scopic regime to imply questions about the invisible, the nonvisual, and the ideologically *overlooked* and undervalued—

forbidden, discouraged, or discounted by this regime. I am drawn to visual poetry because it is a bit like “fighting fire with fire,” only I deliberately use water and light and, out of that seeming minimalism, create a baroque storm of rebellious, melancholic contemplations involving what has been obscured, even eclipsed, from view.

Gellatly: I’ve always been interested in image and text. I’ve practiced a lot in other disciplines and would implement the interdisciplinary as a way of compensating for skill. I added text to paintings and experimented with long titles when the image wasn’t doing it for me. After that, in writing songs, the music would step in where the words couldn’t say more, and vice versa. I made a conscious decision to start writing poetry after that so that I could focus acutely on using language. The interdisciplinary no longer functions as compensation. What found poetry does for me is force a way to make meaning of an existing collection of words; it is when writing feels more like reading and I can actually move the pieces around, as they are physically cut out and loose. The meaning derived from it is always so much more surprising than when writing by hand. It also speaks to where I am as a writer right now, but when writing by hand, I often lose meaning and arrive at a place where there is less and, in a way, that is neither conclusive nor open ended, but I’ve wrestled something down until it’s liquefied and, sometimes, conceals more from me. Cutting words from a book and shuffling them around until I am surrounded by thousands of tiny scraps of papers distracts me from the urge to wrestle the poetry and becomes a kind of automatic writing. With my first book, I wrote one found poem every day and, because of the time-constraint (one of the great limitations!), I assumed the role of observer and watched the poems come together. What I need sometimes in my writing is a way to get out of my own way, and visual poetry has allowed for that and has helped me identify my poetic voice, to know what

it sounds like when it is not muffled, and to insist on it regardless of the source text it is working inside of.

Ong: I came to poetry from art school with a design thinking process that has evolved over many years working in graphic design and user experience design. Visual poetry allows me to indulge in a creative process that yields more than aesthetically designed products, yet allows me to structure language in visually immersive and interactive experiences. Really I'm just making poems that I'd like to see more of, poems where the experiment is its own reward, poems I find inviting, playful, able to open up new possibilities on and off the page.

Pejovic: That design thinking process drives *Tab Journal* as well from its very inception as a collaboration between a poet and a graphic designer. The mention of types of poems you'd like to see more of, as well as reference to tools like Photoshop, photography, and erasure methods, has me thinking about the contexts in which visual poetry is likely to happen and the skills needed to create visual poems and sustain this as a practice. Where do you find inspiration or influences for your own work?

Gellatly: I was not wholly cognizant of the incredible work being done or the trend towards experimenting with image and text when I started. These methods came out of circumstance and developed further as I gave in to it as a form that was very generative. Only when I put my work out there did I find the breadth of innovative visual poetry that's out there! I have to say that all of it influences my work in the respect that everyone's approach and execution of their visual poetry is different from the next, which encourages me to trust what I'm doing even more. Anne Carson and Susan Howe have been fundamental for me in learning just how much language can be

adapted by the space around it. Some visual poets whose work has inspired me to further develop and investigate my own and who are also incredibly valuable to the visual poetry world at large include Bianca Stone, Keith S. Wilson, Diana Khoi Nguyen, Naoko Fujimoto, Anthony Cody, Monica Ong, Sarah J. Sloat, Jen Sperry Steinorth, and Mary Ruefle. The impetus for this new project is my personal experience working in the restaurant industry as a line cook and a butcher. I've tried to write about it for years but found I could never come at it straight on. Once I discovered this way of working with found poetry, I recognized it exciting to further explore both the process and the subject and the whole thing has since blown open into a very exciting, extensive, and boundless endeavor. I expect to learn a lot about visual poetry in the process, as the limits keep pushing and the subject matter continues to inform and illustrate the final product.

Wilson: From prose and from video games (lately, *Disco Elysium* and *Kentucky Route Zero*) and from visual art. Really from everything. From things people say aloud and don't mean to be poetry.

DeGuzmán: Myriad influences and affinities inform my visual poetry work. Chief among them are Leonardo da Vinci's observations on and experiments with water, atmosphere, optics, and light & shadow; Spanish, Latin American, & LatinX baroque and neo-baroque aesthetics; Romanticism, American Luminism, Symbolism, and Surrealism; the work of Remedios Varo and Salvador Dalí; conceptual photography; a postmodern return to the historical and the allegorical; intermedia arts and performance art as an extension of intermedia or, perhaps better yet, transmedia.

Ong: I don't think I would have stayed true to this path without Theresa Hak Kyung Cha. It was during my graduate studies at RISD when my professor at the time, poet Wendy S. Walters, introduced me to Cha's *Dictee*. Rather than feeling scattered or torn between art and poetry,

I realized that I could embrace my process as is—Cha helped me reframe what I do as an extension of this multi-modal lineage that's always been a robust part of contemporary BIPOC literature. You can see echoes of Cha in "Her Gaze" in *Tab Journal*, particularly in the detail of "It Is Almost That," which is the title of an important compendium of female image+text artists that was published by Siglio Press in 2011.

Spruijt-Metz: I am driven, more than inspired, to interrogate my difficult family life, rippling out to child/parent/sibling relationships on this troubled earth. I am deeply inspired by my daughter. Sometimes I find inspiration in the science that I do in my *other* life. I would say my deepest inspiration is a combination of the quotidian and the holy. I am deeply inspired by Torah and Psalms and Jewish ritual. The conversations I have with *holiness* or God or whatever one calls it. I am deeply inspired by the weekly conversations I have with my Psalms study group. Every week, for years, we have been meeting to study Torah and Psalms. And surely the great epic tales and religious writings from many other cultures inform my work. As does witchcraft, tarot, the rituals of magic that are dear to me. At the same time, everyday life can sometimes stop me in my tracks—the joy of the dogs—the quiet of my studio—the terrible losses of people—conversations overheard, other poets. Art, art, art and music, music, music—And nature, when I am in it. And when I can bear to regard it, the destruction of our earth.

Pejovic: The destruction of our planet suggests a dire future in a broad sense, which makes me think about "future" as a concept. What about the future of visual poetry? *Tab Journal* is in its tenth design-driven year, but we've opened up more fully to visual poetry in the last couple of years and see this as a growing area going forward. But, we don't see this happening in many

other literary journals, perhaps because it requires staff with strong visual literacy and design skills and, we would argue, attention to readers with low vision. How do you see the future of visual poetry in general?

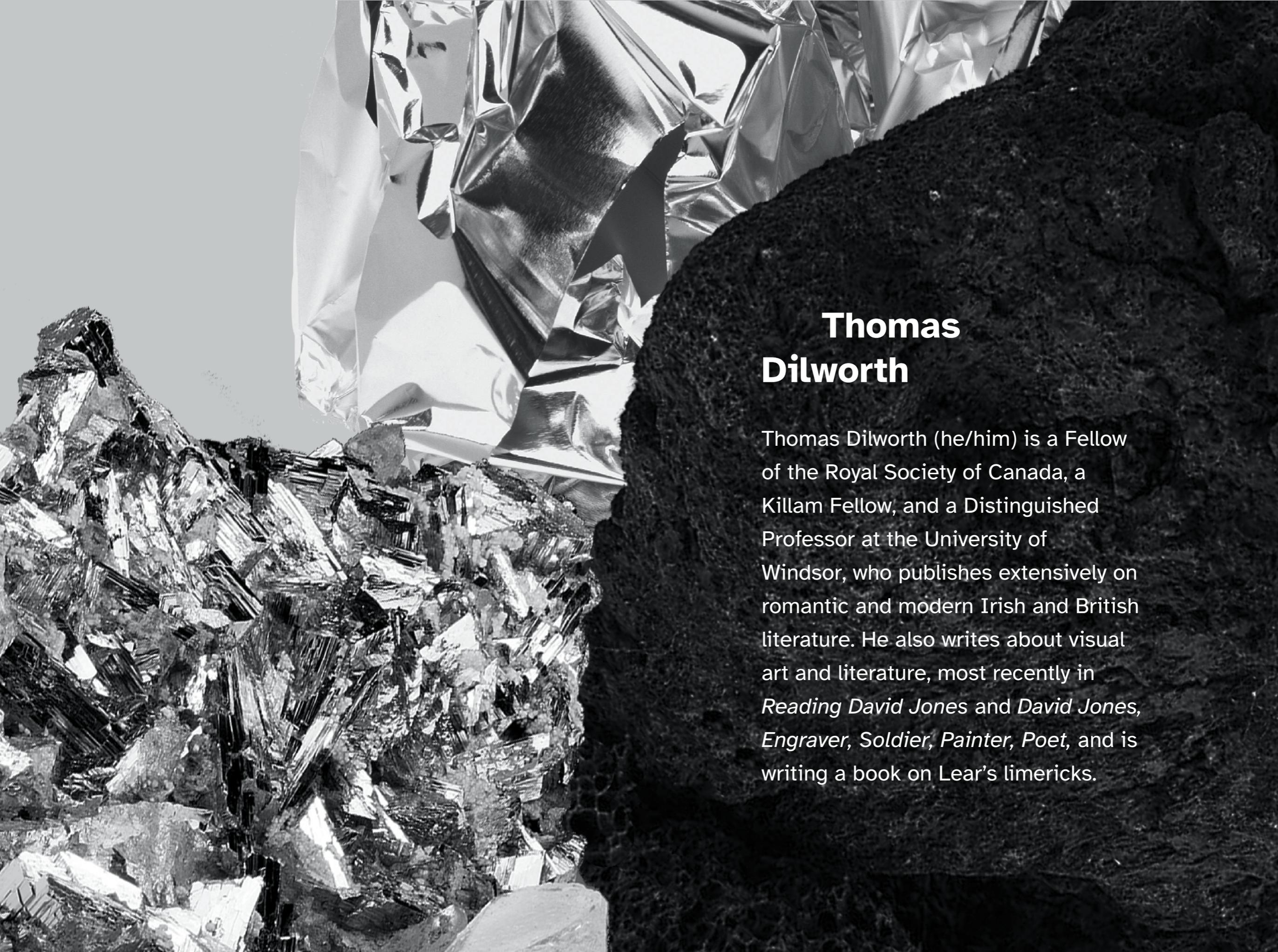
Spruijt-Metz: Burgeoning. I think as printing gets cheaper and more advanced, there will be less of a barrier for editors. That is why I am so grateful for the few magazines, like *Tab Journal*, that are making room for this sort of work. When I was submitting my book manuscript (which was just taken by Free Verse Editions, an imprint of Parlor Press), they were one of the relatively few publishers that seriously consider visual poetry, but we are on our way to incorporating it into mainstream literary culture. But I want to say something here about the readers with low vision, like my dear friend and amazing poet Roy White. But I am not sure what I want to say. We need to find a way to bring them in. When Roy and Keith and I were exchanging poems in a daily group, Keith would describe his poems for Roy. We need to find a way to do that.

Wilson: There are generations of children growing up as comfortable engaging with their computers and phones as they are with reading and writing. We've seen the way film has changed as the barriers of entry have changed, and we even see how video games have matured as an art form, so I think visual poetry, and poetry in general, will become more and more interactive.

Ong: I see information and data design as interesting angles for considering the relationships of text & image, which also present opportunities to engage with the problems of cultural identity and truth(s) that are brokered in data-driven spaces. I hope to see more poetry that is experienced off the page, be it in the form of site-specific installations, literary objects, or interactive web-based poetry. Our audiences are now reading within natively multi-modal spaces

and from these new literacies, we can invite them *in* to poetry in exciting new ways. I look forward to seeing how graphic design and experience design become more common toolsets for conceiving and creating new kinds of poems and formats for poetry readings.

DeGuzmán: Given that visual poetry thrives on juxtapositions, conjunctions, montages, and fusions of text and visual image and that it is an activity that lends itself to sensory, ontological, and epistemological questioning and paradigm implosion, our rapidly changing, instantaneous and super precarious, electronic, digital, internet-mediated everyday experience is likely to generate all kinds of visual poetry glowing in ghostly ways not only on computer, tablet, and cellphone screens as online art, but also as part of our lived-in space-time environments. The dissemination of holography and newer quantum-physics-informed technologies of photonic manipulation and telecommunications will probably accelerate this trend. The real challenge is and will continue to be how to use these intermedia and transmedia pyrotechnics to bring us closer to all animate things in ways that, instead of overwhelming us with simulations while the planet and our own wellbeing are being exploited and destroyed, inspire us to preserve biodiversity and study and practice environmental justice in our communities. I hope that visual poetry can play a consequential role in expanding sentience, conscience, and action. May it stir us to do the vital work before us.



Thomas Dilworth

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Edward Lear's Projection Limericks

*We are nothing but lies, duplicity, contradiction, and we hide
and disguise ourselves from ourselves —Blaise Pascal, Pensées 655*

Collectively, the picture-limericks of Edward Lear (1812-1888) comprise a taxonomy of humanity, the classifications of which are largely psychological.¹ Consisting of 215 limericks in print by 1872, Lear's taxonomy resembles its biological prototypes in presenting individual specimens—he called them “queer ‘persons’ of nonsense”²—each of whom represents an entire subspecies of humanity. They are distinguished as eccentric or idiosyncratic often by psychological fixations or what we would call neuroses, though paradoxically these make Lear's “persons” broadly representational. Like other important creators of imaginative works, Lear was a proto psychologist, his knowledge of humanity arising partly from his vast acquaintanceship. When of no other interest to him, a person might be “interesting,” he said, “only ... psychologically” (16 Aug. 1863). His knowledge of humanity arose also from self-awareness. His limericks present versions of his own suffering. And he tells grim truths about the life of feelings. But a degree of satiric objectivity keeps these works from being solely autobiographical or confessional. And aesthetic subtlety—involving interrelating allusions, evocations, and an often-metaphorical relationship between verse and drawing—precludes their being mere case studies. Among the many limericks exemplifying neurosis are a number that chiefly exemplify psychological projection, which is important to maintaining neurosis. Projection consists of conscious denial of a fault subconsciously felt (correctly or not) to be one's own, which one consciously dislikes or hates in another. Lear records experiencing a striking instance of this in his objecting to

the violent abuse of a horse by his carriage-driver only to be admonished by the driver in these words: "Patience is always necessary; the best of all things is patience" (*Journals* 280). A widespread defense mechanism, projection is probably always operative in any negative emotional reaction to another person. It results in subconscious guilt continuing unabated and even increasing. Guilt is foundational to the life of the neurotic ego, which is an endless circling through guilt (which generates) fear (which generates) anger (which generates) more guilt, etc. Subconscious feelings of guilt are universal if only because children have monstrous egos. Without exception, children irrationally regard themselves as determining whatever happens to them and others. The effect is, paradoxically, self-deprecating. (*If Mummy or Daddy does not love me enough or are unhappy or die, I am the cause—something is wrong with me.*) The survival of such irrational belief past childhood constitutes neurosis, of which projection is a major symptom.

We will consider five picture-limericks that concern psychological projection. Interpreting them with projection in mind may seem anachronistic, since the concept was promulgated in the early twentieth century by Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung. But the notion was introduced to Western thought two centuries earlier by Giambattista Vico and had been employed in 1841 by Ludwig Feuerbach (Harvey 4, Mackey 41-2). Moreover, Lear was sensitive enough to have noticed the phenomenon in himself. In his diaries, he often recorded a person's being "a bore" but then confessed to being irritable, himself taking the blame. He quoted a friend as saying, "We suffer fools gladly, being wise ourselves," and added, "I am sure I do not suffer them gladly so I can't be wise" (15 Feb. 1862).

In the following limerick, scape-goating is scape-loading.

There was an Old Person of Rhodes,
Who strongly objected to toads:
He paid several cousins, to catch them by dozens
That futile Old Person of Rhodes. (Lear, *Complete* 28)



“Catch” in the verse becomes *kill* in the drawing, the toads being skewered on forks—thoroughly in the foremost visible instances, the base of the prongs having passed right through the toads. Antipathy in the verse is shown in the drawing to be fear, the objecting Person cowering on a chair on a raised surface (to which steps rise), removed as far as possible from the toady ground. He also displaces himself as protagonist, by employing his cousins, who differ from him in gender. In proto-Art Deco alignment, the cousins are the means of his scapetoading. Paradoxically, he adopts the posture of a toad: his arms short like a toad’s forelegs, and his legs, like a toad’s hindlegs, long and bent as if ready to hop. The similarity to what he fears and loathes suggests psychological projection. Confirming this are the toadish faces of the killing cousins, assuming that the foremost represents them all. The picture seems to catch the crouching anti-toadite at the commencement of a leap (physical self-projection), which would be self-harming if,

as seems likely, he were to land on the raised forks. A psychological projector never escapes the consequences to himself of his projection in subconsciously sustaining consciously denied self-loathing. So this Person's attacks on others are indeed futile. Too bad for the self-deluding anti-toadite. Much worse for the toads.

With respect to all this, Rhodes is a significant place because very recently the site of a blood libel against its Jews. In February 1840, the Orthodox Christians there accused them of ritually murdering a Christian boy. Able to act only by proxy, the Christians persuaded the ruling Ottoman Turks to arrest and torture Jews and blockade the Jewish quarter for twelve days. The libel was a sensation throughout Europe, many nations, including Britain, supporting action against the Jews. (Notoriously xenophobic, most British were at least mildly anti-Semitic,³ but not Lear. Never in the writing he published or his published correspondence or his unpublished diaries does he express the least antipathy to Jews.⁴) When the Ottoman governor could no longer control the fanatical Christians, the central government at Istanbul was brought in and an investigation conducted. In July 1840, the Sultan decreed the Jews innocent. In a virulent instance of communal psychological projection, attackers had attacked an image of themselves in feared and hated others.

In the following work (1861), the drawing chiefly suggests projection by those whose complaint seems mild and temporary before becoming jarringly harsh and permanent.

There was an Old Man of Melrose
Who walked on the tips of his toes:
But they said, 'It ain't pleasant, to see you at present,

You stupid Old Man of Melrose.' (Lear, *Complete* 29)



The complaint seems to be projection, since the Man insulted is silent and not unpleasant to see, while the complainants are verbally and visually repugnant. The one on the far left is angry. The one immediately to the right of the tiptoeing Man has no hands or hides them in his sleeves and leers wickedly back to his angry, gesticulating companion as if saying, “Now we’ve got him.” The Man they object to “rose” on tiptoes, enacting the second syllable in “Melrose.” (Is his first name Mel?) The complainants stand flatfooted and, so, may not be “of Melrose.” Walking on tiptoe is metaphorically what people do when taking care not to offend others, but here that doesn’t work. Maybe this tiptoeing is a metaphor for socially elevating himself above the others, thereby irritating the envious. Any offense would be aggravated by his nonchalance—he shrugs off their complaint and insult. Worse than that, in the drawing he is happy, “blissful” according to Thomas Byrom (139). Whatever his offence, it is probably compounded by his rising above (being impervious to) their objection. He is like a student who dares to get top grades and is indifferent to others hating her for it, or, worse, pleased that they do. (If the vertical line near his right shoulder suggests that he is a marionette, the image is of lack of agency and, therefore,

innocence.)

Aspects of the following work (1872) that challenge analysis are: 1) the named place Bude, the only Cornish setting in Lear's limericks; 2) the large cartwheel ruff, like all ruffs, out of fashion since the mid-Seventeenth Century; 3) the person's eyes, shut or else open and irisless and therefore blind; 4) the ruff resembling a large iris,⁵ with face as pupil; 5) the person's fancy striped pants and, probably, spats; 6) his inoffensive, performative posture; and 7) the people of Bude being merely "perplexed" while the speaker calls him "vicious and crude."

There was an old person of Bude,
Whose deportment was vicious and crude;
He wore a large ruff, of pale straw-coloured stuff,
Which perplexed all the people of Bude. (Lear, *Complete* 193)



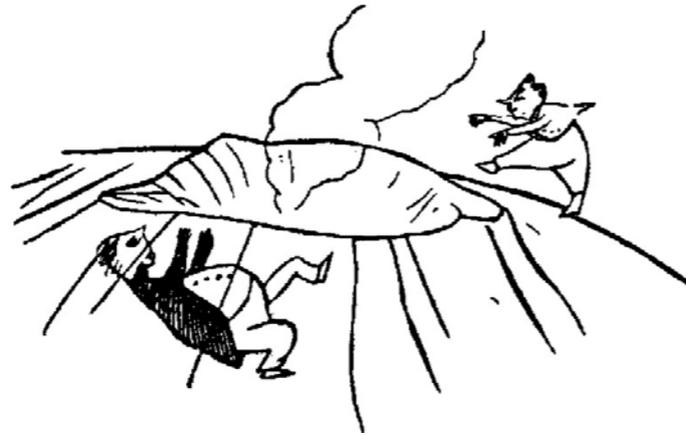
In judging so harshly, the narrator suggests that really the Bude-ists are not merely "perplexed," this adjective being a euphemism to shield them from blame for harshness. The offending person resembles a frill-necked lizard displaying when afraid. That would be a sensible response to the

narrator's harsh judgement, which seems unjustified. The person's clothing may suggest vanity, a vice that is hardly "vicious" (except etymologically) and not "crude." The judgment is probably, therefore, a projected response to something about the judger or the people of Bude.

The key to analysis seems the eye-associations. The face in the gigantic iris replaces the pupils in the man's hidden or absent irises. What is being looked at? What blindness is being performed and therefore revealed—in the present but maybe about the past? The exaggerated anachronistic ruff evokes the past. "Ruff" is nearly homonymous with "reef." In the sea near village of Bude are dangerous reefs, on which many ships have foundered,⁶ not all accidentally. In the Eighteenth Century, residents of the coasts of Cornwall lit fires to misdirect ships onto reefs and rocks in order to loot their cargo. (Might the ruff be "straw-coloured" to evoke straw as highly flammable?) Does the ruff evoke the lenses of the new lighthouse lights, which, in warning ships away, contrast with (and render obsolete) the setting of fires to draw them to their doom? Are "all the people of Bude" "perplexed" at being seen, i.e., being known as historically having been "vicious and crude," qualities which they, or the narrator speaking for them, project onto the ruff-wearer? And doesn't what was true of the people of Bude remain so? And would it be true of them but not of us? If we feel that, wouldn't that be a form of projection?

Duality and mirroring of figures complicate the following picture-limerick (1846). Its Person of Gretna is "mendacious" because he lies, possibly to lure the other, or the others in the verse, into the volcano—like someone already swimming who, when another asks, "Is it cold?" replies, "No, it's fine," so that the questioner dives in only to find it screamingly frigid. Though here the surprise would be extreme heat. Or the Person in the limerick lies sarcastically in response to the silliness of the question, the smoke-emitting crater obviously being hot. In that case he is facetiously, not actually, "mendacious."

There was an Old Person of Gretna,
Who rushed down the crater of Etna;
When they said, 'Is it hot?' He replied, 'No, it's not!'
That mendacious Old Person of Gretna. (Lear, *Complete* 52)



The person of Gretna is falling backwards into the transparent crater. Another, possibly one of his questioners, is running to help or else has pushed him. These possibilities correspond to what the First Century BC Sicilian philosopher Empedocles discerned as the two fundamental cosmic forces: Love and Strife. (Why bring in Empedocles? Wait.) If one person has pushed the other, the question by the pusher is sarcastic, and the answer is meant to deprive the questioner of satisfaction. The mouth of the volcano part-punningly *ate* or *et* (as sometimes pronounced, as in Et-na) the Person of Gretna.

The man falling “rushed down the crater.” But here the drawing is at odds with the verse: a person does not colloquially “rush down” backwards. Moreover, it is unidiomatic to say of someone falling that he rushes down, which implies purpose. If seeing is believing and the

picture takes precedence over the verse, then the verse is misleading, even “mendacious.” His rushing down is less unidiomatic if he jumps into the crater suicidally—possibly after the example of Empedocles who, according to legend, committed suicide by throwing himself into the mouth of this volcano, an event soon to be culturally foregrounded by Matthew Arnold’s *Empedocles on Etna* (1852). Lear had toured Sicily in 1842, when he first saw and may have visited Etna. He knew about its association with Empedocles. He would later note a dinner conversation about the philosopher’s suicide-by-volcano in which a companion, ludicrously Lear thought, remembers Empedocles as Socrates (10 April 1861).

Except for difference in hue of hair and coats, the men in the drawing mirror each other, with arms outstretched and legs in running position. Are they the same man—as, in suicidal jumping, the pusher is the faller? Then their partial mirroring is a metaphor for inner duality. If, instead, the two are separate people, the mirroring suggests 1) sympathy in one rushing to aid the other or 2) projection of guilt or self-loathing by the pusher. Nothing indicates whether the two figures are one person or two, and if two whether they are victim and aider or pusher. So the reader-viewer experiences interpretive irresolution, a conflict that aesthetically corresponds to the thematic possibilities of Strife between two halves of one man or the two separate men. Or else the ambiguities resolve in multiply focusing on the basic opposing Empedoclean cosmic impulses of Love and Strife, though love seems possible only between two men (not two halves of one man). Association with Empedocles makes suicide likely. But, owing to projection, isn’t every homicide psychologically suicidal?

Symbolically, Mount Etna is a place for Strife, situated in Sicily, notorious for vendettas. In mythology, Etna is where the monster Typhon nearly defeated Zeus, who buried him under the volcano. Typhon and Zeus are local mythological archetypes of any two men in conflict, the

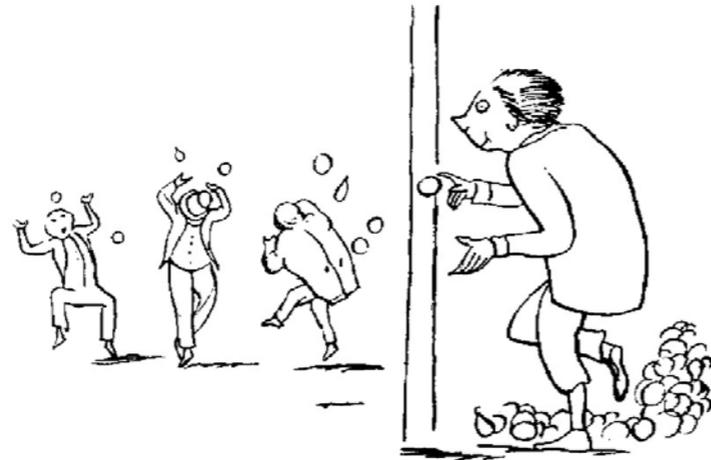
corresponding archetypes in scripture being Cain and Abel.

Gretna is less important to this work than Etna, which in an early draft replaces Gretna in the final line. But Lear corrected this, and the two places resonate significantly. If Etna is a place of Strife, Gretna, in Scotland, is a place for Love. English Law required minors (under twenty-one) to have parental consent to marry. English couples consisting of one or more minors eloped to Gretna, where marriage was legal without parental consent for males as young as fourteen and females as young as twelve.⁷ *Etna* is Greek for *I burn*. St. Paul famously said, “It is better to marry than burn” (I Col. 7:9)—in which case, marriage equates with Love and unquenched lust with Strife. Moreover, lust can be hot, though, for most, marrying so early is probably a relational equivalent to rushing down the mouth of a volcano.

The interpretation involving projection would be validated by Lear’s subsequent experience. In June 1847, climbing the upper reaches of Etna was, for him, a matter of “climbing and falling alternately” (Noakes, *Life* 67). His climbing companion was John Proby. Soon after their descent they quarreled, and Lear wrote to his sister Ann, “I am sorry my companion, as his health improves *does not* in temper He is sadly impervious and contradictory at times” (Chitty 87). They then reconciled, and, after separating in Rome, Lear wrote to Ann, “He is a most excellent creature, and if ever he was cross, as unluckily I told you, I am sure it was more than half my own fault” (Chitty 96).⁸ Such sensitivity to the psychology of human relationships seems to have informed this limerick.

In the following limerick, published in 1872, projection (Latin for *throwing forward*) literally occurs, and there is a hint at its antidote.

There was an old person of Minety
Who purchased five hundred and ninety
Large apples and pears, which he threw unawares,
At the heads of the people of Minety. (Lear, *Complete* 200)



What can “unawares” mean here? Grammatically it must modify “he threw” and not “the people,” who are certainly well aware of being pelted with fruit, though probably not by whom, since he hides behind a wall—or, ridiculously, a pole. Lear may have meant that the victims are unaware of who throws, but the words do not mean that. This fruit-thrower acts without conscious premeditation, like Coleridge’s Ancient Mariner, who spontaneously blesses the water snakes “unaware” (line 285). That is the most famous “unaware” act in literature, one corresponding to and largely nullifying the evil of the Mariner’s equally spontaneous shooting of the albatross. Does this fruit-throwing verbally correspond to the Mariner’s offense, as the opposite of blessing? But the throwing must be premeditated and deliberate since the thrower “purchased” and accumulated “five hundred and ninety / Large apples and pears” to throw at people. (Since “apples and pears” is Cockney rhyming slang for *stairs*,⁹ there is a suggestion of throwing

at people entire stairways, which, like *the kitchen sink*, seems a metonym for *everything*— and Lear regarded stairs as especially perilous.) Even if the thrower initially accumulated the fruit for another purpose, throwing so many pieces of fruit would take a while, during which initial spontaneity would become deliberation. The suggestion is of purpose and unawareness combined. But unawareness of what?

Why this precise number of fruit: “five hundred and ninety”? Not to cleverly rhyme with “Minety,” a place name that seems of no significance here and merely eye-rhymes. “Five hundred and ninety” may allude to Peter asking whether we should forgive someone “seven times” and Jesus answering, “seventy times seven” (Matthew 18:21), which equals 490. Lear’s person throws a hundred times more than Jesus says we ought to forgive. If Lear is evoking this famously numerical scriptural passage, the fruit-throwing is the antithesis of forgiveness (as it is of Coleridgean blessing) and, therefore, possibly an act of vengeance. Retaliative throwing would evoke Jesus saying, “Let him who is without sin cast the first stone” (John 8:7)—i.e., don’t throw anything. Jesus’s implicitly forbidding fruit-throwing may recall the forbidden fruit of Genesis. Even without the conceptual association with forbidding, the fruit thrown is resonant with the Fall from Grace, precipitated by Adam and Eve eating fruit. Unspecified in Genesis, the fruit eaten is conventionally depicted as an apple, one of the two kinds here thrown. The sin of our foreparents is theologically the origin of all subsequent offenses, including any by “the people of Minety” and certainly this (vindictive? vengeful?) fruit-throwing. If so, and the injunction of Jesus always to forgive is alluded to, isn’t criticism also implied of the (fictional) divine protagonist of the Old Testament for unforgivingly, continually punishing humanity for Adam and Eve’s eating forbidden fruit? This fruit-thrower’s unawareness may encompass all of these biblical associations and their moral implications. And he is certainly ‘unaware’ that motivating such throwing is psychological

projection, which is why he can do it with such a smile.

The five limericks discussed here implicitly consider projection as broadly social (anti-Semitic), as motivated by guilt about the past, as accompanied by unawareness in the impulsive present, and as innately suicidal. Negative in its effects on human interaction, projection involves lack of self-awareness. The possibility—Lear implies likelihood—of projection occurring whenever feelings are fraught imposes on everyone an obligation to be skeptical about anger, irritation, and self-righteousness. In the last of these limericks, the projector's evocation of Jesus's admonition to forgive implies an indirect way—but perhaps the only effective way—of undoing the psychological projection by which we perpetuate unconscious guilt and self-hatred. Forgiveness reverses projection. It short-circuits the neurotic cycle. Anger, even slight irritation, is an opportunity to forgive and thereby to increase psychological and spiritual health. It is a response with which the Man of Melrose may align himself by refusing to take offense. Jesus's advice to forgive freely, implicitly without limit, has no relevance for anyone already obeying his command, "Judge not" (Matthew 7:1). Part of what makes Lear psychologically so prescient is his morally thoughtful Christianity—or is it his psychological prescience that makes his Christianity morally so thoughtful? One of Lear's favorite scriptural quotations was Jesus's warning against projection, as Freud would call it:

And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye. (Matthew 7:3-5).¹⁰

For those unsure about the reality of projection, let me finish with a personal anecdote. When

I was a young assistant professor, I audited a psychology seminar in which students were asked to write on a piece of paper, *I really dislike people who*, followed by the characteristic the student most disliked in others. We were then asked to speak that sentence aloud after altering it to *I am a person who is* and finishing with the disliked characteristic. One student said, “I am a person who is arrogant,” then sputtered her denial while those who knew her gazed at one another in amazement—it was like a parlor trick. For my part I had written, “I really dislike people who are intellectual frauds”—revealing that I considered myself to be precisely such a person. A reader feeling even the tiniest malicious glee in agreeing with my then self ought to pause to consider the possibility of projection.

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Footnotes

1. The first to conceive of Lear's limericks as a taxonomy was Jean-Jacques Lecerle (204). The Victorian period was the Golden Age of taxonomies, and as an ornithological illustrator and close friend of zoologists, Lear was familiar with the form. In the early 1830s, he learned Linnaean taxonomy, dividing specimens by families, genus, and species. (Uglow, *Life* 71). His illustrated books of birds are visual taxonomies, and his nonsense books contain absurd botanical taxonomies.

2. Diary 4 June 1870, words used while he was tracing the 1872 limerick-drawings for wood-engraving. Hereafter diary entries are cited solely by date.

3. See Tony Judt, "Edge People," *New York Review of Books*, 25 March 2010—although Judt writes of his experience immediately prior to World War II.

4. In his diaries, Lear records anti-Jewish remarks by fellow Brits usually without comment, an exception being: "Wonderful asinine Tory!—spoke of the downfall of Austria—& their reward & consolation being their never having admitted Jews in their society" (25 Nov. 1861). A

sometime reader of the *Jewish Chronicle* (6 Jan. 1861), Lear had close Jewish friends and thought that attempts should not be made to convert Jews to Christianity (Lodge 100). For a further indication of his ecumenical sympathy for Jews, see my footnote to the discussion of limerick 7 in Chapter 10.

5. The insight of Karen Guercin, University of Windsor student.

6. The insight of Amanda McFadden, University of Windsor student.

7. The insight of Keith Allen, University of Windsor student.

8. Ten years later, Lear learned of his death from Proby's sister, who wrote, "I know you loved him." Lear wrote to Fortescue, "I did love him very much," adding, "I myself was never kind to John Proby as I should have been, for which I suffer now, and some day shall perhaps suffer more" (*Letters to ... Fortescue* 119, 120).

9. Sara Lodge, notes to author, 18 August 2020.

10. Lear seems to allude to these verses in his limericks about the "Man of th' Abruzzi" and "the man of Hong Kong" (Lear, *Complete* 27, 159).