

Paul Valéry: Literature as Such

Author(s): Gérard Genette

Source: *Style*, Vol. 33, No. 3, Postmodernism and Other Distractions: Situations and Directions for Critical Theory (Fall 1999), pp. 475-484

Published by: Penn State University Press

Stable URL: <https://www.jstor.org/stable/10.5325/style.33.3.475>

---

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of the Terms & Conditions of Use, available at <https://about.jstor.org/terms>



Penn State University Press is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *Style*

JSTOR

## Paul Valéry: Literature as Such

We read in Paul Valéry's *Tel Quel*: "Literature is thronged with people who don't really know what to say but feel a compelling urge to write" ("Odds and Ends" 130).

A sentence stating a rather harsh, but not exclusively negative, truth, since the "urge to write without knowing what" is presented for what it is: a power. An empty power, but one that, paradoxically, contributes to and perhaps suffices to "fill" literature. And Valéry will say about some of the most beautiful verses that they work on us without telling us very much, or that tell us, perhaps, that they have "nothing to tell us" ("Poetry and Abstract Thought" 74-75). Such is literature, "reduced to the essentials of its active principle" ("Odds and Ends" 97).

This need to write is not Valéry's. Writing inspired in him only one feeling, many times expressed by him, and that we might say, took the place for him of a goad or a compensation: boredom. A deep feeling, deeply connected with the practice and the truth of literature, although a taboo of propriety ordinarily forbids its recognition. Valéry had the power (since this too is a power) to experience it more intensely than anyone else, and took it as the point of departure for his reflections on Letters. This 'what's the use?', this disgust with writing that seizes Rimbaud after composing his *oeuvre*, happens to Valéry beforehand, so to speak, and never ceases to accompany him and in some sense to inspire him. If every modern work is somehow haunted by the possibility of its own silence, Valéry was, and apparently remains, the only writer who did not experience this possibility as a threat, a temptation weighing

\* \* \* \* \*

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: This essay originally appeared in *Tel Quel* 23 (1965), under the title "Valéry et l'axiomatique littéraire." It was included the next year in Genette's collection *Figures I* ("La littérature comme telle": 253-65), from which the present translation has been made.

Translations of all the cited passages from Valéry are (unless otherwise indicated) taken from the Bollingen edition of Valéry's *Collected Works*. Since neither Genette nor the Bollingen translators are consistent about following Valéry's use—or overuse—of italics, this translation follows Genette's use.

Figures 1 by Gérard Genette © Editions du Seuil, 1966.

on the future, but as an anterior, preliminary, perhaps propitiatory experience. With the exception of *Vers anciens*, the *Introduction   Leonard*, and *Monsieur Teste*, the major portion of his work follows, as if by a perpetual breach, from a very serious and definitive decision *not to write any more*. It is literally a *post-scriptum*, a long codicil, wholly enlightened by a feeling of its complete uselessness, and even its total nonexistence as anything other than a pure exercise. Val ry strongly suspected many pages of literature of having this for their whole significance: ‘I am a page of literature’; we often find in him, implicitly or insistently, this inverse affirmation: ‘I have nothing more to do with literature: here is proof of it.’

His literary destiny was therefore this rather rare experience, one perhaps rich in its apparent sterility: to live in literature as in a foreign country, to inhabit writing as if on a visit or in exile, and to fix upon it a gaze simultaneously interior and remote. It is easy to exalt literature, easier still to demolish it; each of these positions involves an element of truth. The truth that exists at their narrow and difficult junction it happened to Val ry to experience as the exact place of his residence, on the chance of arranging for himself a comfort, and a career in this difficulty, as others in revolt or despair.

“It is not a question of abusing literature,” writes Maurice Blanchot, “but rather of trying to understand it and to see why we can only understand it by disparaging it” (302). This salutary disparagement, or *devaluation* was one of Val ry’s constant theses, and it would be hard to measure all that the modern awareness and practice of literature owes to this reductive effort.

What repels him in literature is, as he often explains it, the feeling of *arbitrariness*: “what I can change easily offends me in myself, and bores me in others. Hence many antiliterary, and singularly antihistorical consequences” (*Oeuvres* 2: 1502). Or again:

As for history and novels, my interest is sometimes held, and I can admire them as stimulants, pastimes, and works of art; but if they lay claim to “truth” and hope to be taken seriously, their arbitrary quality and unconscious conventions at once become apparent, and I am seized with a perverse mania for trying possible substitutions.

(“Memoirs” 103)

It is obviously this mania, which he further qualifies as a “detestable practice” and that he confesses “spoils pleasure,” which makes the art of narrative, and the novelistic genre, entirely inconceivable to him. An utterance like ‘The Marquise went out at five o’clock’ *immediately* seems to him like a contingent aggregation of entirely substitutable units: ‘The Marquise (or any other subject) went out (or any other verb) at five o’clock (or any other complement).’<sup>1</sup> The narrator is unable to halt this vertigo of possibilities except by an arbitrary decision, that is, by a convention. But this convention is unconscious, or at least unconfessed: every literary imposture lies in this dissimulation. And Val ry dreams of a book that, in an exemplary way, would expose convention by exposing at each articulation the

## list of sacrificed virtualities:

Perhaps it would be interesting, *just once*, to write a work which at each juncture would show the diversity of solutions that can present themselves to the mind and from which it *chooses* the unique sequel to be found in the text. To do this would be to substitute for the illusion of a unique scheme which imitates reality that of the *possible-at-each-moment*, which I think more truthful. It has sometimes happened that I have published different versions of the same poem: some of them have been contradictory, and there has been no lack of criticism on this score. But no one has told me why I should refrain from such variations. (“Memoirs” 104)

It may not be excessive to find here the program of a certain kind of modern literature. What Valéry still reserved for the poem has, since then, been applied to narrative, and what, in a certain way, is a novel like Robbe-Grillet’s *Le Voyeur* or Philippe Sollers’s *Le Parc* if not a set of variations, sometimes contradictory, constructed around a small number of narrative cells that provide their theme, a narrative demonstrating at each of its nodes a diversity of possibilities among which it no longer cares to choose? Everything happens as if modern literature—in large part thanks to Valéry—has attained a definite awareness of that “shameful” arbitrariness he denounces in the traditional novel, to the point, at times, of making it the sole object of its discourse.

In this decision, it responds rather well, it seems, to the positive idea that Valéry developed of literature. Since, if nothing offended him more than an unconscious convention, nothing satisfied him so much as an explicit ordering. Here is to be found the whole merit of versification for him: “Rhyme has the great advantage of infuriating the simple people who naively think that there is something under the sun more important than a convention” (“Odds and Ends” 102); here also, the whole virtue of classicism: “as the sciences show us, we can only carry out rational work and build in orderly fashion by means of a system of *conventions*. Classical art is recognized by the existence, the clarity, the imperative character of these conventions” (“Place” 201).

We are sometimes amazed that Valéry judged Pascal “guilty” of this ready stylistic intervention, this care for the “effect” the systematic analysis and amplification of which constitutes in his eyes the greatness of Edgar Allan Poe; but this is because the *Pensées* fail to recognize themselves as, or admit themselves to be a literary enterprise, and attempt to be a sincere and painful inquiry into truth, while Poe’s work presents itself immediately as literary.<sup>2</sup> If I perceive the hand of Pascal too clearly, it is because it is concealed. That of Poe is revealed, and I no longer see it. ‘Literature,’ in the bad sense of the word, betrays itself by what it ignores or camouflages: it disappears in whatever displays it. Pascal is condemned for having used his artifices without saying so, Poe exalted for having shown and revealed them to the light of day.

The exemplary merit of mathematics, “which, after all, is essentially a language with exact rules” (“Leonardo” 142), is to have managed to lay out *a priori* the system of its postulates, axioms, and definitions. And its utility came from its

first having been accepted as a gratuitous game, in full awareness of this relation that it established between the arbitrary and the necessary. The physicist or the chemist do scientific work to the exact degree that they admit to being creators. The philosopher and historian are “creators in spite of themselves, creators who believed that they were merely substituting a more exact or complete notion of reality for a crude or superficial one, *when, on the contrary, they were inventing*” (“Leonardo” 126).

The case brought against History consists in essence in a critique of this illusion. History, Philosophy,

are literary genres ashamed to be what they are. That is all I have against them. [. . .] My plan of operation [in the essay<sup>3</sup>] consists in attempting to expose *all the implicit conventions* which the idea of History cannot do without, and which it projects into the minds of those interested in it. (“Extract” 526-27)

Lucien Febvre could have reproached Val ry with limited reading in history, and with a total lack of acquaintance with Henri Pirenne, [Camille Louis] Jullian, or Marc Bloch. He could not have done so for Val ry’s willingness to attack “historicizing” history so harshly, in its positivism, and its naive religion of the Fact, since this critique coincides almost word for word with Febvre’s own. This “different” history that the *Annales* school both demanded and founded could be defined fairly well as one that escapes Val ry’s criticisms by having admitted, precisely, this theory to be well founded and grasping its lesson. But is there anything being done in an analogous way with literature? Here as there, Val ry’s role would be to demand, and, to an extent, to establish something like an *axiomatics*. Literature—like any activity of the mind—is based upon conventions that, with some exceptions, it does not know. It is only a matter of “making this apparent.”

Before this project of a general theory of literature, Val ry sees two obstacles arising: two illusions, twins in fact, in which all literary “idols” are summed up and crystallized, illusions that the nineteenth century moreover gave the formidable shape of the supposedly natural. The first is what he calls the “realist illusion” (“Odds and Ends” 97). This error, which he finds in the Flaubert of *Madame Bovary* and *Salammb * and the effects of which he denounces in the productions of Naturalism, consists in believing that literature can reproduce the real and base itself upon “historical document[s]” or upon “the raw observation of the present” (“Temptation” 223). This realism is based upon a poor understanding of the conditions of scientific observation itself. The physicist knows that “Fact [*le vrai*] in the raw is more false than falsehood” (“Notes” 69), and that knowledge consists in “changing things into numbers, and numbers into laws” (“Temptation” 224). The realist writer denies himself this abstraction, but, wishing to constitute a raw reality in his work without giving up a concern for style through which he satisfies this “essential ambition of the writer” that is “necessarily to be distinguished,” he transposes this common reality into “a highly elaborate style composed of rare

terms and studied rhythms whose every word was carefully weighed, betraying its self-regard and its desire to be noticed” (“Temptation” 225): the “artistic style” (224). It is thus that realism ends “by giving an impression of deliberate artifice” (225). This failure of naturalism is not, for Valéry, a historical accident or the effect of a particular absence of talent: it is the inevitable upshot of a misunderstanding of the relations between art and reality. “The only thing that is real in art is the art” (223). It is for having desired to be totally exempt from conventions, or a transparent image of life, that naturalism fell into the falsest and most opaque kind of writing. It manifests by its fall this impossibility of “truth in literature” (226), of which Symbolism had the merit of taking account, and which should pervade all thought about Literature from the start.

The second obstacle is another illusion dear to the romantic, psychologicist nineteenth century: that which wants a work to express, as an effect does its cause, the personality of its author. Valéry’s well-known contempt for biography—and for literary history understood as an accumulation of biographical documents—is connected to the simple idea that “every work is the work of lots of other things besides an ‘author’” (“Rhumbs” 201); “the true maker of a fine work [. . .] is not positively *anyone*” (“Concerning *Adonis*” 20). Not that the writer is exactly absent from his work; but the work exists as such insofar as it is freed from this presence, and the author only becomes an author when he ceases to be a man in order to become this literary “machine,” this instrument of operations and transformations that alone interest Valéry. “[W]e should never draw conclusions from a man’s work to the man himself, but from the work to his ‘mask’—and from the mask to the machine” (“Odds and Ends” 138). The real conditions of literary work belong to a system of forces and constraints of which the creative mind is only the locus of interaction, a wholly accidental sum, of negligible, or accessory influence. Their true field is the “reality of a discourse,” that is, not its content, but “only the words and forms” (“Poet’s Notebook” 183). This fact is why biographers and historians are mistaken when they think that they can explain a work by its relationships with its author and the reality that he wanted to “translate.” These considerations should only arise once the modes of existence and conditions of functioning of the literary object are defined with precision—once the questions, impersonal and transhistorical, are elucidated that literature poses in its specific order, as an “extension and application of certain properties of language” (“On the Teaching” 85).<sup>4</sup> But these questions—to which Valéry proposes to devote his study of Poetics at the Collège de France—he finds before him, almost intact.

[\*]

Only “almost”: first, because the efforts of traditional rhetoric—and, in its wake, of emerging linguistics<sup>5</sup>—are not unknown to him, and he indicates clearly the filiation or analogy between this pathway and his: Poetics will, in a certain sense, be simply a new Rhetoric; second, because he recognizes, on this path, a precursor (or

even more) in the person of Edgar Allan Poe. The author of “The Poetic Principle” is the first to have foreseen this axiomatics of literature the constitution of which will be the most urgent task of critical reflection.

Before Poe the problem of literature had never been examined in its premises, reduced to a psychological problem,<sup>6</sup> and approached by means of an analysis that deliberately used logic and the mechanics of effect. For the first time the relationship between the work and the reader was made clear and proposed as the actual foundation of art. (“Place” 203)

What gives an incomparable value to this analysis is its very high degree of generality: Poe understood how to derive laws and principles that “can be adapted with equal success to works meant to act powerfully and crudely on the sensibility and win an audience that likes strong emotions or strange adventures, as to the most refined types of literature and the delicate organization of the products of the poet’s mind.” The most precious consequence of such a large aim—since it simultaneously encompasses what Val ry will call “works *which are in a way created by their audience*” (whose expectations they fulfill, so that they might almost be said to be determined by an awareness of this expectation) and those which, on the contrary, *tend to create their audience*” (“On the Teaching” 87):<sup>7</sup> what we would call today popular works and avant-garde works—is its fecundity: “What distinguishes a truly general law is its fertility” (“Place” 203). To discover the most universal laws of literary *effect* is, practically, to dominate real, already written literature and, at the same time, all possible and still unrealized literature: “unexplored domains, roads to be traced, land to be exploited, cities to be built, relations to be established, processes to be extended.” Hence the prodigious inventiveness of Poe, who created several modern genres, such as the science-fiction story and the mystery tale: having established once and for all the general table of forms of the literary imagination, as Mendeliev would establish those of the chemical elements, it only remained for Poe to fill, himself, by transformations, the compartments left empty by the accidents of history.

This rather fantastic description of Poe’s role illustrates splendidly the idea that Val ry had of literary invention. Personal creation, in the strong sense, does not exist, firstly because literary practice is reduced to a vast “combinatory” play in the interior of a pre-existing system that is nothing else than language:

Indeed, if we look at things at a sufficient remove, may we not consider language itself as the masterpiece of literary masterpieces, since all creation in this field amounts to a combination of potentialities of a given vocabulary in accordance with forms established once and for all? (“On the Teaching” 86)

secondly because “all pure fantasy [. . .] takes its course through the hidden propensities of the diverse modes of sensibility of which we are made up. We invent only what can and wants to be invented” (“Temptation” 225). A new creation is ordinarily just the fortuitous encountering of an empty compartment (if any remain) in the table of forms, and consequently the constant desire to innovate in order to set oneself apart from one’s predecessors, this avant-gardism, this “reflex” of

“*counter-imitation*” (“Memoirs” 127) that Valéry perceived as one of the weaknesses of modern literature, is based upon a naïve illusion. What seems new is most often only a return to a form long abandoned—ultimately, always abandoned—but the virtuality of which, at least, is inscribed in the nontemporal system of the language. To put it another way, the succession of forms is not a history (cumulative and progressive), but simply a series of accidental modifications, a rotation similar to that of fashion: “Everything comes back into fashion, like women’s skirts and hats” (“Odds and Ends” 112). This recurrence does not depend upon a cyclic disposition of Time, but simply upon the limited number of possibilities of expression:

the number of combinations is not infinite; if one were to amuse oneself by compiling a history of all the surprises invented in the course of a century [. . .] one could easily draw up a table of complete or partial aberrations which would reveal a curiously symmetrical distribution of the means of being original. (“Memoirs” 128)

His appreciation of this is in no way pejorative, moreover, since for Valéry as for Borges the creator is not he who invents, but he who discovers (that is, who invents what “wants to be invented”), and the criterion of a creation’s value lies not in its novelty, but, inversely, in its profound antiquity: “What’s best in the *new* is what answers to an *old* desire” (“Odds and Ends” 113). The true surprise, the “inexhaustible surprise” that is the art object is not born from an encounter with the unexpected; it is linked to “a process that is perpetually renewed and defeats all possible expectation” (113).

There is then in Valéry an *idea* of literature that is, likewise, simultaneously quite modern and quite ancient, and that brings it close not only to contemporary formalism (that of the American New Criticism and even more, we have seen, to the Russian school of the twenties whose slogan could have been this sentence from *Tel Quel*: “Fine works are daughters of their form; *it was born before them*” [“Odds and Ends” 10], or this one, from *Variété*: “what they regard as matter is only an impure [. . .] form” [“I Would Sometimes” 289]<sup>8</sup>), but also to current Structuralist research. We know that he himself denounced, and not without irony, his structuralist *parti pris* in writing:

There was a time when I could see.

I saw or wished to see schemata [*figures*] of relations between things, and not things themselves.<sup>9</sup>

*Things* made me smile with pity. Those who were attached to things were idolaters in my eyes. I *knew* that the essential was *schema* [*figure*]. (“Remarks” 327-28)

He was reproached, as Claude Lévi-Strauss is today in anthropology, for wanting to mathematize literature,<sup>10</sup> and we cannot fail to see some analogy between the method that he ascribes to Poe and that of *The Elementary Structures of Kinship*. Valéry proposes to call—hypothetically—pure poetry a limit case, “*in which the transmutation of thoughts into each other appeared more important than any*



*thought*, in which the play of figures contained the reality of the subject” (“Pure Poetry” 192) (which can still stand as an anticipation—in 1927—of some tendencies in contemporary literature), and he confesses that “Literature [. . .] interests me *profoundly* only to the extent to which it urges the mind to certain transformations—those in which the stimulating properties of language play the chief part” (“Concerning *Cimiti re marin*” 144). Modern research on the schemata [*figures*] of transformation at work in myths, folklore, and the general forms of narrative, obviously stand in a direct line of descent from the Val ryan program. This great, anonymous History of Literature, this “history of the mind insofar as it produces or consumes ‘literature’” that he foresaw in beginning his course on Poetics (“On the Teaching” 84), this history remains to be created, and few tasks, in this domain, would seem to respond better to the current needs and means of our critical intelligence. In the order of research as in the order of creation, the time has perhaps come for this exploration, desired by Val ry, “*of that whole domain of sensibility which is governed by language*. This exploration,” he added, “can be made gropingly. That is how it is generally done. But it is not impossible that it may one day be carried out systematically” (“Pure Poetry” 186).

Translated by David Gorman

### Notes

<sup>1</sup> [Translator’s note:] Val ry’s use of the sentence “*La marquise sortit   cinq heures*” as an example is quoted by Andr  Breton in the (first) “Manifesto of Surrealism” (7).

<sup>2</sup> [Translator’s note:] The allusion here is to “Variations on a *Pens e*,” specifically the passage (92-95) culminating with: “I see Pascal’s hand all too clearly.”

<sup>3</sup> [Translator’s note:] In this letter, Val ry is outlining his plan for a short book—never written—to be entitled *The Real Value of History*.

<sup>4</sup> This attention to the specific features of literature *as such*, or the “literariness” of literature, is one of the ways in which Val ry converges with the Russian Formalists. Thus, Roman Jakobson and Jurij Tynianov put it that each cultural “series [. . .] is characterized [. . .] by a complex network of specific structural laws. Without an elucidation of these laws, it is impossible to establish in a scientific manner the correlation between the literary series and other historical series” (47). Structural or (as Vladimir Propp says) “morphological” analysis should *precede* all genetic research. This is indeed the preliminary laid down by Val ry, for whom Poetics gives literary History “an introduction, a direction, and a purpose” (“On the Teaching” 88).

<sup>5</sup> We know, among other things, a review that he wrote, in the *Mercure de France* for January 1898, of Michel Br al’s *La S mantique*, where he finds that language is “introduced as a difficulty; shorn of the familiarity in which it hides; it is forced to speak of itself, to name itself, and equipped, to this end, with new

signs”—which also makes him hope for a generalization of semantic studies to “all symbolic systems” (“Semantics” 249, 253).

<sup>6</sup>This involves, contrary to the premisses of “biographical” criticism, and as the remainder of this text shows, a psychology of the reader rather than of the author: a psychology of the *effect*, not the cause.

<sup>7</sup>The joint predilection for (and association made between) popular literature and avant-garde literature, as forms wherein the “device” is found (although for inverse reasons) most clearly “laid bare,” is another characteristic feature of Russian Formalism, upon which the direct influence of Poe is otherwise perceptible.

<sup>8</sup>Cf. Shklovsky, *A Sentimental Journey*: “The [F]ormal method [. . .] treats the so-called content as one of the manifestations of form” (232). More precisely, the Formalists distinguished the “story” [in Russian, *fabula*], which is the raw material of the narrative (“the substance of the content,” in the vocabulary of Louis Hjelmslev) and the “subject” [*syuzhet*], or “plot,” which is its composition (“the form of the content”): it is this which Shklovsky annexes to “form,” somewhat as modern linguistics separates the ‘signified’ from the ‘referent’ to keep the former within the linguistic order.

<sup>9</sup>Braque, quoted by Roman Jakobson: “I do not believe in things, I believe only in their relationship” (632). This is the Structuralist credo.

<sup>10</sup>“It all comes down to mathematics. A logarithm table for writers ought to be devised” (Jules Renard).

## Works Cited

- Blanchot, Maurice. “Literature and the Right to Death.” Trans. Lydia Davis. In *The Work of Fire*. Trans. Charlotte Mandell. 1949. Stanford: Stanford UP, 1995. 300-44.
- Breton, André. *Manifestoes of Surrealism*. Trans. Richard Seaver and Helen R. Lane. Ann Arbor: U of Michigan P, 1969.
- Jakobson, Roman. “Retrospect.” *Selected Writings*. Vol. 1: *Phonological Studies*. ‘S-Gravenhage: Mouton, 1962. 629-58.
- \_\_\_\_\_, and Jurij Tynianov. “Problems in the Study of Language and Literature.” 1928. Trans. Herbert Eagle. *Language in Literature*. Ed. Krystyna Pomorska and Stephen Rudy. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1987. 47-49.
- Lévi-Strauss, Claude. *The Elementary Structures of Kinship*. 1949. Ed. Rodney Needham. Trans. James Harle Bell, John Richard von Sturmer, and Needham. Boston: Beacon, 1969.
- Shklovsky, Victor. *A Sentimental Journey: Memoirs, 1917-1922*. 1923. Trans. Richard Sheldon. Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1970; rpt. 1984.
- Valéry, Paul. *Oeuvres*. Ed. Jean Hytier. 2 vols. Bibliothèque de la Pléiade. Paris:

Gallimard, 1960.

- \_\_\_\_\_. [English trans.:] *The Collected Works of Paul Val ry*. Ed. Jackson Mathews. 15 vols. Bollingen Series 40. Princeton: Princeton UP.
- Vol. 7. *The Art of Poetry*. Trans. Denise Folliot. 1958.
  - Vol. 8. *Leonardo Poe Mallarm *. Trans. Malcolm Cowley and James R. Lawler. 1972.
  - Vol. 9. *Masters and Friends*. Trans. Martin Turnell. 1968.
  - Vol. 10. *History and Politics*. Trans. Denise Folliot and Jackson Mathews. 1962.
  - Vol. 13. *Aesthetics*. Trans. Ralph Manheim. 1964.
  - Vol. 14. *Analects*. Trans. Stuart Gilbert. 1970.
  - Vol. 15. *Moi*. Trans. Marthiel and Jackson Mathews. 1975.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "Concerning *Adonis*." 1921. *Works* 7: 8-34.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "Concerning *Le Cimiti re marin*." 1933. *Works* 7: 140-52.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "Extract from a Letter to Anatole de Monzie." 1942. *Works* 10: 526-27.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "I Would Sometimes Say to St phane Mallarm . . . ." 1931. *Works* 8: 272-93.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "Notes and Digression." 1919. *Works* 8: 64-109.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "Leonardo and the Philosophers." 1928. *Works* 8: 110-57.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "Memoirs of a Poem" 1937. *Works* 7: 100-32.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "Odds and Ends" [various dates]. *Works* 14: 1-156.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "On the Teaching of *Poetics* at the Coll ge de France." 1937. *Works* 13: 83-88
- \_\_\_\_\_. "The Place of Baudelaire." 1924. *Works* 8: 193-211.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "A Poet's Notebook." 1928. *Works* 7: 173-83.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "Poetry and Abstract Thought." 1939. *Works* 7: 52-81.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "Pure Poetry." 1928. *Works* 7: 184-92.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "Remarks about Myself." 1944. *Works* 15: 287-334.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "Rhumbs" [various dates]. *Works* 14: 157-261.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "Semantics." 1898. *Works* 13: 236-57.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "The Temptation of (St.) Flaubert." 1942. *Works* 9: 223-31.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "Variations on a *Pens e*." 1923, 1930. *Works* 9: 86-107.