Celebrating the Centennial
Of William Carlos Williams’s
*Al Que Quiere!*
A BOOK OF POEMS

AL QUE QUIERE!

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS
I want to call my book:

A Book of Poems:
AL QUE QUIERE!

- which means: To him who wants it - but I like the Spanish just as I like a Chinese image cut out of stone: it is decorative and has a certain integral charm. But such a title is not democratic, - does not truly represent the contents of the book so I have added:

A Book of Poems:
AL QUE QUIERE!

or

THE PLEASURES OF DEMOCRACY.

Now I like this conglomerate title! It is nearly a perfect image of my own grinning mug (seen from the inside) - but my publisher objects - and I shake and wobble. Help me O leading light of the Sex of the Future.

Yours

[Signature]

WCW to Marianne Moore (Feb. 21, 1917)
Había sido un arbusto desmedrado que prolonga sus filamentos hasta encontrar el humus necesario en una tierra nueva. ¡Y cómo me nutría! Me nutría con la beatitud con que las hojas trémulas de clorofila se extienden al sol; con la beatitud con que una raíz encuentra un cadáver en descomposición; con la beatitud con que los convalecientes dan sus pasos vacilantes en las mañanas de primavera, bañadas de luz;…

RAFAEL ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ

Epigraph of AL QUE QUIERE!
EL HOMBRE OVE: PARECÍA-V' CABALLO
RAFAEL AREVALO MARTÍNEZ

OVEZÁLTEMÁNCO
MCMXV
THE MAN WHO RESEMBLED A HORSE

Rafael Arevalo Martinez

(translated from the Spanish by William Carlos Williams)

At the time we were presented he was at one end of the apartment, his head on one side, as horses are accustomed to stand, with an air as if unconscious of all going on round him. He had long, stiff and dried out limbs, strangely put together, like those of one of the characters in an English illustration to Gulliver’s Travels. But my impression that the man in some mysterious way resembled a horse was not obtained then, except in a subconscious manner, which might come to be realized much later.
Colombian poet Porfirio Barba Jacob
I received the knowledge of the soul of senor de Aretal. Thus I became aware of many things unknown before. Through aerial routes — what else are the fingers, or velvety leaves, for what else but aerial routes are the leaves—I received something from that man which had been lacking me till that time. I had been an adventurous shrub which prolongs its filaments until it finds the necessary humus in new earth. And how I fed! I fed with the joy of tremulous leaves of chlorafile that spread themselves to the sun; with the joy with which a root encounters a decomposing corpse; with the joy with which convalescents take their vascillating steps in the light-flooded mornings of spring; with the joy with which a child clings to the nutritious breast and afterward, being full, smiles in his dreams at the vision of a snowy udder. Bah! all things which complete themselves have had that joy. God, some day, will be nothing more than a food for us: something needed for our life. Thus smile children and the young when they feel themselves gratified by nutrition.
"Nude Descending a Staircase"
DIVULGACIÓN LITERARIA
III
LOPE DE VEGA CARPIO

EL NUEVO MUNDO
DESCubierto por
CRISTÓBAL COLÓN

(PAMOSA COMEDIA)

FELIX LOPE DE VEGA CARPIO
(1562-1635)

MADRID
1921
“[Spanish] has a strong appeal to me, temperamentally, as a relief from the classic mood of both French and Italian. Spanish is not, in the sense to which I refer, a literary language. It has a place of its own, an independent place very sympathetic to the New World. This independence, this lack of integration with our British past gives us an opportunity, facing Spanish literature, to make new appraisals, especially in attempting translations, which should permit us to use our language with unlimited freshness. In such attempts we will not have to follow precedent but can branch off into a new diction, adapting new forms, even discovering new forms. . . .”—The Autobiography of William Carlos Williams
“I had been an adventurous shrub which prolongs its filaments until it finds the necessary humus in new earth. And how I fed! . . .”