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DREAMS IN CHAUCER

By Govind Narayan Sharma

In the Proem to the *House of Fame*, Chaucer, after directly raising the question of dreams, their kinds, origins and significance, concludes by avowing his complete ignorance about all these details and only expresses the pious wish that God may turn every dream to good. This charming ignorance does not indicate the actual state of Chaucer's knowledge of the subject. In the Proem itself, he distinguishes six different varieties of dreams and suggests about twelve different causes that might give rise to them. The frequent mention of dreams in his work shows his deep interest in them and his great familiarity with the existing literature on the subject.

Macrobius's *Commentary on the Dream of Scipio* was one of the most popular texts on the subject of dreams in the Middle Ages. About Chaucer's acquaintance with it, there is no doubt. This was his 'olde book to-torn' which had sent him to dream of the Parliament of Fowls. The name of Macrobius is, as a matter of fact, mentioned by him in one of his earliest compositions, the *Book of the Duchess*, as also several times again in his other works. Taking the views of Macrobius as the basis, Chaucer enriched his knowledge from various other sources like the medieval sciences of medicine and astronomy. Macrobius[1] had confined himself only to visions that come to men in sleep, of which he named five principal species—first, the enigmatic vision, in Greek *oneiros*, in Latin *somnium*; second, the prophetic vision, in Greek *horama*, in Latin *visio*; third, the oracular vision, in Greek *chrematismos*, in Latin *oraculum*; fourth, the nightmare, in Greek *enypnion*, in Latin *insomnium*; and last, the apparition, in Greek *phantasma*, which Cicero had called *visum*. Of these five, the first three were regarded as significant because they foretell coming events; the last two were dismissed as idle and devoid of any meaning. We call a dream *oracular* in which 'a parent, or a pious or revered man, or a priest or even a god really reveals what will or will not transpire and what action to take or to avoid.'[2] We call a dream 'a prophetic vision if it actually comes true.'[3]

An *enigmatic dream, somnium*, is 'one that conceals with strange shapes and veils with ambiguity the true meaning of the information being offered, and requires an interpretation for its understanding.'[4] There are five varieties of the *somnium*, personal, alien, social, public and universal, to which Chaucer probably refers when he speaks of the 'genres' (*House of Fame*, 1.18).

The last two, the nightmare (*insomnium*) and apparition (the *phantasma* or *visum*), are not worth interpreting, since they have no prophetic significance. 'Nightmares may be caused by mental or physical distress, or anxiety about the future; the patient experiences in dreams vexations similar to those that disturb him during the day. . . . Since these dreams and others like them arise from some condition or circumstance that irritates a man during the day and consequently disturbs him when he falls asleep, they flee when he awakes and vanish into thin air.'[5] This type is called *insomnium* not because it is experienced in sleep—all the species have that in common—'but because only in sleep is the dream-content believed to be as it seems; upon waking one recognizes that it has neither value nor significance.'[6] 'The *phantasma* or *visum*, in truth, comes to a man when he is in a certain, as it were, first mist of sleep, somewhat between waking and complete quiet, and when, on the point of beginning to slumber, he considers himself up to this time fully awake. In his state, he seems to see crowding in upon him strangely moving or swimming forms distorted in appearance and out of all natural proportions in size or he may experience the rushing in of tumultuously whirling, kaleidoscopically changing things, either delightful or disturbing. In this class is the *ephialtes* (or *incubus*), which, according to popular belief, takes possession of worried and exceedingly sensitive men in moments of passivity or quiescence and burdens them with its weight. Admitting that these two species of dreams are valueless as aids in acquiring a knowledge of the future, we are still provided with instructions concerning the character and possibilities of divination by the other three.'[7]

Chaucer's classification of dreams has been seen by some critics to be on the Macrobean model. For instance, Ten Brink considers that Chaucer has given in the *House of Fame*

a kind of recapitulation of this whole chapter, translating *visio* into 'avision', 'phantasma' into 'fantom', *oraculum* once into 'revelation' and again into 'oracle', and possibly *somnium* into 'dreme' and *insomnium* into 'sweven', though the last two terms are not sharply differentiated.[8] The Chaucerian terminology, as Curry has pointed out, is not exactly equivalent to the Latin in the manner indicated by Ten Brink. But it is not true, as he says, that 'we find nothing in Macrobius corresponding to dreams having their source in complexions of the body, or in natural melancholy... nothing to indicate that he is acquainted with dreams called "infernal illusions" caused by demons or with "revelaciouns" proceeding from the influence of good spirits...'[9] While Macrobius does not describe in detail the dreams which are caused by the imbalance of complexions or humours, he admits that they may be caused by 'physical distress'. Similarly 'mental distress' and 'anxiety about the future' are very comprehensive terms and might well include dreams due to natural and love melancholy. 'Infernal illusions' are clearly mentioned by Macrobius in his description of the *phantasma* or *visum*. 'Revelaciouns', I think, constitute the main topic of discussion in Macrobius's *Commentary*. The dream which was granted to the younger Scipio was a 'revelacioun' in the sense that it was vouchsafed to him through the grace of his ancestor as one of its chief objects was to acquaint him with his great destiny. Of course, Curry is right in saying that in Macrobius, there is no mention of dreams depending upon seasons of the year or the power of the moon, or the type of waking vision which comes sometimes to saints or with the direct revelation of God called prophecy.[10] The possibility of these was widely recognized in the Middle Ages and it should not matter very much if Macrobius did not make any mention of them. Generally, Chaucer was constantly drawing upon his intimate acquaintance with Macrobius's work, though he supplemented his knowledge by a study of the medieval sciences of medicine and astronomy.

Dreams were given an important place in medieval medicine. No physician could afford to be completely ignorant of the nature of dreams, because 'a dream', as Galen says, 'indicates to us the condition of the body.'[11] 'It is quite apparent that any disturbance in the normal balance existing in a

healthy person among the bodily humours, blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy, is straightway registered in the mind in the form of dreams. . . .'[12] They were, thus, a valuable aid to diagnosis, and this was how Dame Pertelote was using them.

Medieval physicians classified dreams or somnia according to their causes into three general types, namely, the *somnium naturale, somnium animale* and *somnium coeleste* or *divina*.[13] Petrus de Abano calls the first a *somnium naturale* because 'it originates in the dominion of bodily complexions and humours'; the second a *somnium animale* because it 'springs from the great anxiety and perturbation of waking mind'; the third a *somnium coeleste* because 'it is brought to pass through impressions made by those celestial minds or intelligences which are said to direct the heavenly bodies in their courses, since they are able to stamp their figures or influences upon the Imagination in accordance with their natures and in proportion to the aptitude or fitness of our minds to receive them; for the human mind is, in its essence and action, far more nearly akin to angelic substances than to bodily sensations.' Thus, if the cause of a dream was determined it would be fairly easy to arrive at some definite conclusion regarding its validity as an indicator of future events. The *somnium naturale* in what it seems to presage is always and utterly false; the *somnium coeleste*, on the other hand, is never without some significance. It is even more credible in the mornings, because at that time the mind, being calm and unoppressed by humours or by repletions of the body, is in its fittest condition to receive a clear image of the divine impression. The *somnium animale* 'seems to have very little significance, or none at all; it is for the most part an illusion.' The value of dreams as a help to diagnosis was, however, diminished by the difficulty of classifying them. Still, the clever physician could see in them significant clues to the nature of a particular disease.

Dreams figure mainly in about eight of Chaucer's poems. Four of them—the *Book of the Duchess*, the *Parliament of Fowls*, the *House of Fame* and the *Legend of Good Women*—are cast in the form of the traditional love-vision; in the other four—*The Knight's Tale*, *The Man of Law's Tale*, *Troilus and Cressida* and the *Nun's Priest's Tale*, they are fitted into the framework

of the story. Taking the latter first, the dreams of Arcite and Troilus can be characterized as due to love-melancholy. When the 'wynged god Mercurie' appears to him in sleep and exhorts him to wend to Athens because there he would find an end of his woe, Arcite is in an enfeebled state of mind as well as of body. Because of his love for the bright Emelye,

> His slepe, his mete, his drynke, is hym biraft,
> That lene he wexe and drye as a shaft;
> His eyen holwe, and grisly to biholde,
> His hewe falow, and pale as asshen colde...

Not only is he suffering from 'the lover's maladye of Hereos',

> ...but rather lyk manye,
> Engendred of humour malencolik,
> Biforn, in his ownene celle fantastik.

It is not surprising that in view of all these facts, Arcite's dream should be undependable and following it should not bring him much luck.

Troilus's dream is capable of being interpreted almost in the same terms and this is how Pandarus actually explains it away. But Pandarus would not place any reliance on dreams whatsoever. There is such a confusion of opinion about them. 'For while the priests of temples tell us that they are the revelations of gods, they also say, I know, that they are infernal illusions. And the physicians say that they proceed from complexions or fasting or gluttony. Under such circumstances, who can say what they signify? Also others say that such visions come out of a person's having a thing firmly impressed on his mind. And others say, as the books tell them, that they depend upon seasons of the year and their effect goes by the moon (V. 11. 365-71)' In these thirteen lines, Chaucer has given a succinct epitome of the entire critical opinion about dreams. There is the simplest and common sense explanation of dreams being due to an association of ideas which Chaucer beautifully sums up in this stanza in the *Parliament of Fowls:*

The wery hunter, slepying in his bed,
To wode ayein his mynde goth anoon;
The juge dremeth how his plees been sped;
The carter dremeth how his carte is goon;
The riche of gold; the knyght fight with his foon;
The syke met he drynketh of the tonne;
The lover met he hath his lady wonne. (11. 99-105)

In the rich man's dreaming of gold, the lover's of his lady and particularly the sick man's drinking by the ton, there is an anticipation of the Freudian theory of dreams being the fulfilment of suppressed desires. There is also the reference to dreams being divine revelations foretelling the future. Troilus's dream, as Pandarus points out, is devoid of any significance. It is more likely, as he says, that it is a *somnium naturale* proceeding from melancholia (V. 1. 360). Sometimes it seems to Troilus asleep that he is alone in some horrible place; sometimes he is fighting with enemies and falls into their hands; and again he seems to be pitching from some high place into the depths below. Starting out of his slumber, he feels a quaking dread about his heart and his body trembles with fear (V. 11. 246-66). All this may be due to fumes arising from too much melancholy in the blood. In Macrobian terms, he is experiencing partly an *insomnium* or nightmare which is supposed to be due to mental or physical distress or anxiety about the future. It is partly a *phantasma* or apparition too because Troilus is dreaming of dreadful things, something like the 'incubus' which tortures people in sleep. This kind of dream was sometimes popularly interpreted in the Middle Ages as the appearance of demons in sleep. Perhaps Chaucer is referring to it when in the *House of Fame* he prays to be delivered 'Fro fantom and illusion' (1.493).[14]

That dreams could be caused by the influence of the planets was a widely accepted belief in medieval astrology. Sol and Luna were the chief planets exercising this influence, Sol being influential in producing waking visions and Luna in causing dreams in sleep.[15] It is to this power of Luna that Pandarus doubtless refers when he informs Troilus that of some dreams 'th' effect goth by the mone' (*T.C.*, V.1.377). Similarly, dreams could be caused by reactions of the body

to its environment and by its adaptation to climatic conditions and the seasons of the year, to the mild temperature of spring and autumn, the heat of summer, and the cold of winter. Such dreams were of no relevance in presaging the future. Thus Pandarus seems to be correct when he informs Troilus that 'after tymes of the yeer by kynde, men dreme' (*T.C.*, V. 376) maintaining that all such are meaningless.

Chaucer's knowledge of medieval dream lore is, however, seen to the best advantage in the *Nun's Priest's Tale*. It so befell that as Chauntecleer the cock, at dawn, was sitting on the perch with his seven wives, the fair Pertelote being next to him, he started groaning in the throat like a man who is sorely harassed in his dream. When Pertelote heard him rumbling like that, she made anxious enquiries. Chauntecleer answered her saying that he dreamt a horrible dream: 'May God keep my body out of foul prison. I dreamt that as I was roaming up and down in our yard, I saw a beast like a hound; he would have pounced upon my body and have struck me dead. His colour was between yellow and red, and both his ears and his tail were small and he had two glowing eyes. Because of his aspect, I am still almost dead with fright. And this, doubtless, was the cause of my groaning.'[16] Madame Pertelote has no sympathy with these fears of Chauntecleer. She calls him a faint-hearted coward, a person who, though having a beard, does not have the heart of a man. In her opinion, dreams are nothing more than illusions. They are born of 'repleccciouns', often of 'fumes' and of 'complecciouns'. The particular dream he had had last night, she proceeds to diagnose with supreme self-confidence, was due to the 'superfluytee of rede colera'. It makes people have dreadful dreams. They see arrows, fires, red beasts with red limbs who bite them, just as an excess of the humour of melancholy causes many a man to cry out of fear of black bears or bulls or of black devils. She could thus describe the effects of other humours too, but the more urgent problem was to treat her husband for the malady from which he was suffering, because it could take a more serious turn. The remedy she suggests is to purge him of these excess humours of choler and melancholy by giving him some laxatives; otherwise there was danger of his coming down with a tertian fever.

Pertelote's diagnosis of Chauntecleer's case has been pronounced to be quite correct according to the best medical opinion of the day. Her presentation of the effects of red and black choler upon the dreaming mind is without fault. She is very clever in seizing upon the cock's intense fear as a sign of the superabundance of humours in the blood. Avicenna, for example, remarks upon the infallible symptoms of melancholia: 'The principal signs of melancholia in the blood are these: fear without cause, swiftness to anger, and trembling; when the humour is strongly established, dread, defective judgement, uneasiness of mind, a kind of apprehension on account of things which are or are not, and for the most part anxiety over that which is not ordinarily feared. Some live in apprehension of robbers, some fear that the earth will open and swallow them, and others that wolves may break in upon them.'[17] A sign of too much choler, according to Avicenna, is a 'dream in which one sees fires, and yellow banners, many other things yellow which are not naturally so, the fervent heat of the bath or of the sun, and such like,'[18] and of *cholera nigra*, 'dreams in which terror is produced from the darkness, by tortures, and by the appearance of black things.'[19] Similar is the opinion of other authorities.[20]

Pertelote's proposed method of treatment does her even more credit. The first thing to be done immediately, is to purge the choler and melancholy of Chauntecleer, because if the sun in his ascension found him still full of hot humours—he was very choleric of complexion—he was sure to be afflicted with a tertian fever or an ague, which might prove his undoing. For a day or two at first, he would have digestives of worms before he passed on to laxatives of *laurus*, *centauria*, *fumaria*, *elleborus*, *euphorbium*, *rhamus*, and *hedera heliz*. All this is in the manner of the most experienced and learned physicians. It was the digestives of worms that for a time had puzzled scholars like Walter Clyde Curry. Most probably, it was Chaucer's ingenious device to make the remedy fit the fowl. 'But Chaucer was far too consummate an artist,' John Livingston Lowes argues, 'to invent when *facts* played into his hand. And the sublimated humour of Madame Pertelote's prescription,' he continues, 'with its blended congruity and incongruity, rests on the fact (which Chaucer knew, if we do

not) that in the standard treatise *De Medica Materia* of Dioscorides, in the chapter (II. LIX) "*De Vermibus Terrae*", worms are prescribed as a remedy for tertian fevers.'[21]

This tremendous knowledge of medieval dream-lore is not used by Chaucer just to display his learning. Dreams are not just thrust into his work as an occasional embellishment because of his extraordinary interest in the subject. They are integrated into the main body of his work and have a definite place in his artistic economy. Nowhere else can this be better demonstrated than in his use of the traditional dream-vision, the stock-in-trade of medieval literature. In his predecessors, dreams are a mere device to get the reader into a sort of fairyland, peopled by personified abstractions like Hope, Mercy, Desire, Jealousy, Despair or by typical lovers scarcely more concrete than the abstractions themselves. At times, the dream machinery is handled with considerable skill, but their main object was to transport the reader into an imaginary world, delightful and free from the storms and stresses of this matter-of-fact one. There is hardly any attempt to reproduce the actual phenomena of dreams. Nor does the fact that it is a dream-vision have any effect in determining the character of the poem. The author goes to sleep at the beginning of the poem and wakes up at the end. 'In the interim,' as Kittredge says, 'he may be in a strange country, perhaps, but he is not in any dreamland that mortals know.'[22]

Chaucer's love-visions, on the other hand, have the real character of a dream. He produces this effect first, by establishing a close connection between the waking experience, the dreamer's character and the substance of the dream itself, and secondly, by a number of delicate touches, almost too elusive to isolate but undeniably significant in their total impression. For instance, this connection between the waking experience, the dreamer and the dream is quite vital in the *Book of the Duchess*. The dreamer sees the bereaved husband because he has just been reading of a similar bereavement, the story of Ceyx and Alcyone. The other details follow. He hears a hunting horn and promptly takes horse and joins the hunt and asks a retainer leading a hound, 'Say, fellow, who shall hunt here?' And with the utter irrelevance of a dream the answer is, 'Sir, the Emperor Octavian'. The dreamer never

bothers to enquire who is Emperor Octavian and how does he come into the picture. It is because he knows. For Chaucer, as dreamer, had fallen asleep over Guillaume de Machaut and the tale of Medea and Jason was also fresh in his mind, and in both, there is a casual mention of Octavian. 'Good enough,' is the dreamer's only comment, 'let us make haste.' Similarly, though he started on a horse, we find him walking on foot. Then there is the little puppy that has followed the hounds in its helpless fashion and is now astray in the woods. It comes up to the dreamer and fawns upon him as if it knew him, but runs away when he would take it in his arms and leads him down a grassy ride into the depths of the forest. Like the horse, the puppy drops out of the dreamer's vision as other objects appear. This is how dreams behave. But the masterly ending is still more true to experience. Things grow clearer and clearer until there is the shock of perfect revelation: 'She is dead, I tell you! Can't you see what I mean?' 'Is that your loss? By God, I am sorry for you.' The intrusion of reality marks the moment of waking. 'A bell strikes twelve! Do I hear it in my dream, or is it the clock in the tower? Ah, I am awake, and here is my book of Ceyx and Alcyone still in my hand!'

The Parliament of Fowls begins with a clear reference to Macrobius's *Commentary on the Dream of Scipio*. The poet gives in eight compact and lucid stanzas the gist of what Scipio saw in his dream, from a starry place above the spheres and the galaxy. Then night falls. Then, weary after his strenuous day, he falls asleep and dreams that Scipio Africanus stands before him exactly as his grandson had seen him in his dream. And then, recalling the beautifully apposite passage, already quoted, on dream association in Claudian, Chaucer wonders with sound psychological insight whether the cause of his dreaming of Africanus is not the very fact that all day long he had been reading about him in the old torn volume of Macrobius in which Scipio's dream was told. Then the dream is vouchsafed to him by Africanus, a sort of reward for his assiduous reading of Macrobius's book, in which a tribute had been paid to the elder Africanus's prophetic power. Here the connection between the waking experience and the dream, though formally exact, is imaginatively less close than in the *Book of the Duchess;* but it is still quite satisfactory. As Africanus once

took his grandson out of this world and revealed to him the future dwellings of the righteous and the wicked, so now he conducts Chaucer to a park-gate with two inscriptions, one indicating 'the blisful place of hertes hele and dedly woundes cure', the other the realm of Danger and Disdain. They enter the park, which proves to be a lover's paradise with the regular landscape, and the usual conventions follow. The end, however, is of a piece with the beginning. The vision had all been through the inspiration of a book; when he is awake, he takes up another book and starts reading again in the hope of seeing better visions in the future.

The House of Fame opens with the magnificent discourse upon dreams whose effect is straightway to plunge us into the subject. The impressive catalogue of dreams and their causes convinces us at once that the poet is no ordinary dreamer. He is a serious and knowledgeable student of the philosophy of dreams and following his dream must be an exhilarating and edifying experience. Psychologically, the most charming trait is the poet's modesty; he does not set himself up as an authority on the subject. 'I do not know,' he constantly reminds us, 'but let us try to find out. Here is my dream which I think was a most wonderful one and a perusal of which is definitely going to be a rewarding experience.' The dream is then described; the eagle carries the poet away to the House of Fame. Almost throughout the poem, as late as the 400 lines or so of Book III, his mind is playing as in a dream, with the recollections of his reading in the romances, weaving from them a unique fabric. The amazing structure of the House of Rumour is one such fabric of reminiscences which have coalesced as in a dream. Like the castle of Fame, it is a creation built with something of a dream's combined inconsequence and logic, from mixed reminiscences of reading and experience.

The Legend of Good Women is a typical love-vision of medieval literature and yet how cleverly has Chaucer lent credence to the entire fiction! The topic of books is continued from the *Parliament of Fowls*, as Morpheus had been implanted from the *Book of the Duchess* to the *House of Fame*. But this time the vision does not come through a book, because as soon as the season of flowers comes, the poet bids good-bye to books. And

this time it is the flowers which establish the connection between the dream and the waking experience. He has been going round the meadow admiring the white and red flowers, the white most of all. When night comes and the flowers go to sleep, the poet too turns back home and gets ready to go to bed. The bed is made in an arbour and is covered with flowers. What could be more natural for such an ardent lover of flowers than that in dreams too he should see them. The white daisy stands supreme among them, a symbol of chastity and purity. It is St. Valentine's day, the God of Love is holding court, 'Apropos this God of Love, who says he is blind? I think he can see well enough; for he cast such a stern look at me that my heart sank.' How then did he watch the entire assembly? By hiding himself under a grassy slope, remaining still as a stone, till the God of Love espied him and began chiding him for his misdeeds. The periodic mention of his works—the translation of the *Roman de la Rose*, the tale of Cressida's faithlessness, have the subtle effect of giving a shock of recognition and of constantly bringing us back to reality to the poet's own self, who is also the dreamer in this case. The entire thing about his past sins against the saints of Love and his regrets on that score is so ingeniously contrived as to give it the character almost of a mental debate.

Chaucer's use of dreams is still more artistic where they are introduced in the body of his stories, e.g. in *The Knight's Tale*, *Troilus and Cressida* and the *Nun's Priest's Tale*. At the simplest level, they are used as a means of character delineation. The dreams of Arcite and Troilus tell us much more about them in a few lines than could be done by pages of description. They reveal the unsettled state of their minds, the intensity of their love, the sensitiveness of their natures. Ardent natures like Troilus's do not love with their hearts only; they love with their whole soul. Consequently, if they fail in their love, it unhinges their entire personality. Chaucer has very well brought out this point by comparing the attitudes of Troilus and Pandarus. Pandarus, the typical man of the world that he is, first tries to divert Troilus by telling him that Cressida was not the only woman in the world; there are hundreds of them for a brave and handsome man like Troilus. It is only when he does not find any response

from Troilus that he realizes his mistake. Life has meaning for Troilus only so long as he can live on the hope of Cressida's love. When that hope is gone, like Romeo, he strikes his sea-sick barge against the mountain by recklessly plunging into the war and heroically embracing death at the hands of Achilles.

Dreams are used with the same delicate and subtle artistry in the characterization of Chauntecleer. One of the questions which constantly exercises our minds is, why Chauntecleer, in spite of the warning in the dream, could not remain a bit more careful and at least for some time abstain from going about in a self-important way? The philosophical explanations of necessity, fate and destiny are there, of course; but Chaucer in his art never entirely depends upon them. The simplest explanation lies in the relationship between Chauntecleer and his esteemed lady Dame Pertelote. We know what was Madame Pertelote's view of Chauntecleer's dream; how, without mincing matters, she had plainly told him that, irrespective of what some ladies might say, we all desire to have, 'if it myghte bee', husbands who are hardy, wise and brave, not misers, fools or cowards who are afraid of anything and everything. Needless to say, the opinion of his favourite lady is a thing of considerable weight in the eyes of Chauntecleer. For whatever else he is, he is first and foremost a typical courtly lover of the Middle Ages. He argues the point about dreams with her for a long time and sticks to his guns, as every man should, but after all this argument, he is careful enough not to behave in a manner which might lower him in the estimation of his lady. How shrewdly Chaucer brings out all these traits through the instrumentality of a mere dream!

Dreams are also used by Chaucer as a device for dramatic irony. By careful manipulation, he uses them as a means of dramatic suggestion, giving a brief inkling of the shape of things to come, while still retaining the mystery which envelops the future. They are a powerful instrument in the repertoire of Chaucer the story-teller. Our curiosity is aroused, perhaps a slight indication is given of the course events are going to take. We follow the narrative, our appetite having been given a double edge, viz. our interest in the course of the narrative

as well as our curiosity whether the dream would turn out to be true. The traditional dramatic irony tells the audience only about the course of events; through Chaucer's use of the dream, the protagonist himself is acquainted with it, howsoever dimly it might be.'[23]

But in Chaucer we also find a situation where a living creature with human intelligence falls into the trap, even while putting a correct interpretation on the dream. It raises problems more fundamental than those of a simple interpretation of dreams. Chauntecleer stands in this unique category. Here the problem of dreams becomes a part of a larger philosophical problem—of fate and free will, of necessity and freedom. Chaucer had posed it in all its earnestness in *Troilus and Cressida*. Without definitely committing himself, the trend of his argument there had been towards a deterministic attitude. If it was so, the *Nun's Priest's Tale* points the way in a different direction, or perhaps in the same direction but with a difference. The story, as Chaucer himself has hinted, has obvious parallels with that of Adam in Paradise. Adam acted by free choice; so does Chauntecleer. Destiny has even cautioned them in its own way—Adam through the commandment, Chauntecleer through the dream. She might be determining the course of events, but human freedom is not sacrificed. Chauntecleer is here shown as having complete freedom of action. If he is deceived, he has to blame not destiny but his own vanity. He has an opportunity of talking to his enemy on equal terms. But the fox hits him in the most vulnerable spot in his personality: his self-conscious egotism and pride which make him an easy prey to flattery. Dreams thus become a vital link in the larger philosophical pattern that Chaucer is striving to build up.

The final and the most difficult question still remains to be answered: what is Chaucer's own attitude towards dreams? The first noteworthy thing is that Chaucer's attitude is highly tentative and experimental, without the slightest touch of dogmatism. He appears before us as a deeply interested student of the philosophy of dreams with the temper of a scientific investigator. This unusually keen interest has led even highly judicious critics to make some interesting guesses. 'Dreams play as large a rôle in Chaucer,' says Kittredge, 'as

presentiments do in Shakespeare. We may guess, if we like,' he continues, 'that Shakespeare was in his own person susceptible to presentiments and that Chaucer, for his part, had uncommonly vivid dreams.'[24] Whether this is true or not, it is too tempting to make certain observations even at the risk of appearing indiscreet.

For instance, it can be said with some certainty that Chaucer is not completely on the side of Dame Pertelote or Pandarus. It is remarkable that of all the dreams introduced by Chaucer in his stories, there is hardly a single one which turns out to be entirely false or meaningless. Every one of them—whether it is the dream of Constance, Arcite, Cressida, Troilus or Chauntecleer—is proved true by the subsequent course of events. Arcite does not entirely prosper; but the dream had promised him no such thing. It had only advised him to go to Athens where he might possibly find an end of his woe. And it does bring him a better future. Though he dies, he wins in the combat and is the first object of Emily's love. This remark applies even to those dreams which could be explained in terms of physical or mental distress, including love-melancholy. As a matter of fact, most of them fall in this category, the only possible exceptions being the dreams of Constance and Chauntecleer. This brings us to the second point. Whatever might have been Chaucer's attitude towards the science of medieval medicine, he does not seem to be in great sympathy with people who would explain every dream in terms of the humours or complexions. All exercise of scientific knowledge involves human judgement and who can say that this judgement would be absolutely infallible? For example, Madame Pertelote's diagnosis of Chauntecleer's disease, through his dream, has won her eloquent testimonials from the pundits of medieval medicine.[25] But, I think, there is a serious error of judgement involved in her diagnosis. She completely ignores the basic factor of Chauntecleer's natural temperament. He had dreamt of yellow and black things and had been struck with intense fear; therefore he must be suffering from an excess of red and black choler. But what about his natural complexion; does he show any other signs of choler and melancholy? This natural complexion of Chauntecleer, as Chaucer has told us in unmistakable terms, is a 'sanguine' one like

that of the Friar. 'The man of sanguine complexion will be free-handed, a lover, cheerful, given to laughter, ruddy of face; fond of singing, fleshy, bold, but not too bold, and kind-hearted.'[26] This description fits Chauntecleer like a glove. He is a stately, handsome fowl, whose

> ...coomb was redder than the fyn coral,
> And batailled as it were a castel wal;
> His byle was black, and as the jeet it shoon;
> Lyk asure were his legges and his toon;
> His nayles whiter than the lylye flour,
> And lyk the burned gold was his colour.

Like the man of the sanguine complexion, he is cheerful and kind-hearted—'This gentle cok'; a lusty lover, fond of enjoyment, who had 'Seven hennes for to doon all his plesaunce....' He is a fine singer with a matchless voice:

> In al the land of crowying nas his peer.
> His voys was murier than the murie orgon
> On messe dayes that in the chirche gon;

Nothing delighted him so much as singing:

> ...swiche a joye was it to here hym synge,
> Whan that the brighte sonne bigan to sprynge,
> In sweete accord, 'My lief is faren in londe';

When all these details are put together with the significant one of colour, which in his case was 'lyk the burned gold', we are left in little doubt about what Chaucer was striving to indicate. This, in itself, should not be decisive, however. It is quite possible for a man of sanguine complexion to suffer from an attack of choler and melancholy. But does Chauntecleer show any other signs of this attack, apart from the evidence of the dream? And the answer has to be a definite 'no'. He is in perfect control of his mental faculties and without showing any signs of irritableness, dread or depression, argues out his case with Pertelote, drawing upon the rich storehouse of his learning. Furthermore, immediately after his

having been engaged in all this argument, we see him indulging in the most healthy kind of love talk with his favourite lady. In the face of all this evidence, could it be sensible for a person to jump to firm conclusions about the physical ailments of another person relying on the mere evidence of a dream? And conversely, was it very wise to dismiss a dream as a mere physical aberration when there was no other proof to confirm this conclusion? Through the example of Pertelote, I cannot help feeling, Chaucer was, in his usual sly manner, having a dig at people who stick to their opinions with the cocksureness of the hen. There is particular reason for feeling on these lines because Pertelote's attitude is quite alien to Chaucer's own.

Chaucer's attitude to dreams is much more modest, at times even respectful. To him they are a mystery. And the mystery of dreams is a part of the mystery of creation. God reveals his purposes to men in various ways. Who knows dreams might be one of His instruments? It is amazing how mystics, philosophers and psychologists from the earliest times to our own have been more or less unanimous in recognizing the mysterious nature of dreams. The contemporary philosopher-psychologist Jung, after clearly stating his view that the danger of prejudice about dreams is exaggerated, goes on to say: 'The objective psyche, as experience shows us, is independent in the highest degree. If it were not, it could not exercise the function which is peculiar to it, the compensation of consciousness. Consciousness may allow itself to be trained like a parrot, but not the unconscious. That is why St. Augustine thanked God for not making him responsible for his dreams. The unconscious is a psychic element that can only in appearance, and much to the disadvantage of consciousness, be put in training. It is and remains out of reach of all subjective caprice, a realm of nature that cannot be improved upon or perverted. It is part of nature's secret, which we can listen to but cannot handle.'[27] Chaucer's words —'I do not know; I cannot tell'—concede this mysterious nature of the unconscious and of dreams. Bold is the man, Chaucer would say, who, with a wave of his hand, brushes them aside as mere physical or mental aberrations. By confessing his inability to unravel their mystery, and by refusing

to commit himself, he has only tried to emphasize the eternal human dilemma.

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THE DRAMATIC IN DONNE

BY V. K. CHARI

NEARLY all recent critics who have had anything to say about Donne have called him 'dramatic'—Eliot,[1] Pierre Legouis,[2] Leavis,[3] Helen Gardner,[4] Leishman,[5] Crutwell.[6] Eliot compares Donne with Browning, Laforgue and Corbière, and observes that the verse method in all these four men is similar; either dramatic monologue or dramatic dialogue. Helen Gardner has remarked on Donne's 'strong dramatic imagination'. F. R. Leavis thinks that in Donne's use of the speaking voice and in 'the presentment of situations, the liveliness of enactment' there is 'something fairly to be called dramatic.' While all these, and also Leishman, have generally remarked on Donne's dramatic qualities, it is chiefly Patrick Crutwell who has built a consistent and elaborate theory connecting Donne to the 'Shakespearean Moment'—the poetry of the dramatic tradition. The Shakespearean moment was the point at which a shift in sensibility occurred, changing the poetry of the earlier Elizabethan lyric into the poetry of an authentic dramatic mode. Donne's 'new-found methods' were the complex methods of Shakespeare's later dramatic poetry derived from Donne's 'deep and lively experience of the theatre' during the heyday of English drama. This latter claim of Donne's connections with the theatre has been disputed by Victor Harris in an article 'John Donne and the Theatre'.[7] The description of Donne's poetry as dramatic might, of course, help to distinguish Donne's own mode from other modes (the purely lyrical, for instance). But it is also liable to the danger of exaggeration. At any rate, the problem is challenging enough to warrant a closer look. In attempting a re-examination it might also be appropriate (in view of the already perceived kinship)[8] to compare Donne with Browning, who by deliberate intention cultivated the 'dramatic principle', and made signal contributions to dramatic poetry outside of the theatre.[9]

Some of the dramatic qualities observed in Donne are: *in medias res*, dramatic situation, dramatic characterization,

the speaking voice, portrayal of moods, and psychological analysis. *In medias res,* the starting of a narrative in the middle of things and at a critical point in the action, though it is a device usually employed by the narrative and dramatic forms may be used with spectacular results in certain forms of poetry, especially the form adopting the speaking voice. Many of Donne's poems have this kind of opening. The abrupt openings in

> For Godsake hold your tongue, and let me love

or

> Come, Madam, come, all rest my powers defie

or

> Sir; though (I thanke God for it) I do hate
> Perfectly all this towne,...

or

> I wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
> Did, till we love'd?

at once proclaim the utterance to be dramatic. The very abruptness effects the necessary break with reality and plunges us into a speaker-in-context, implying a set of antecedents leading up to the present point. But, in spite of the startling openings, Donne's poems do not create the sense of a developing action, but they usually peter out into an argument. Eliot's monologues, too ('Prufrock,' 'Gerontion') have these dramatic openings.

> Let us go then, you and I...

or

> Here I am, an old man in a dry month...

But the initial promise of an action in these lines proves to be a false promise, as the poems expand into a series of meditations. Even more arresting are the openings of Browning's monologues like 'My Last Duchess', 'The Laboratory', 'The Last Ride Together', and 'Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister'. But some of them ('My Last Duchess', 'The Laboratory') develop a narrative movement (context or occasion) and arouse and sustain a curiosity as to what has happened.

This is to say that Donne's poems do not establish a fully developed dramatic occasion except that of a lover pleading with his mistress or Man pleading with his God. The presentment of the situation that has been claimed for Donne turns out on closer examination to be of an elementary nature, something that is basic to any method that employs the form of an address. It is the very *general* situation of a speaker-audience (implied audience), in other words, the kind of situation that occasions a speech, but not a *specific* dramatic situation. For example, all of Donne's love poems are alike in that they are addresses of the lover to his beloved, in terms of general arguments rhetorically stated. The argument of one theme, say, persuasion, is applicable to situations of all other peoms with that theme, and there is no situation in a poem that may not as well serve as a situation in many such other poems. For instance, the situation of 'The Flea' could as well be the situation of 'Going to Bed', or the situation in Marvell's 'Coy Mistress', though with interesting variation of the theme, each poem presenting a surprising new set of reasons why the mistress should go to bed with him (the lover). In contrast, Browning's monologues develop a specific dramatic situation, each poem presenting its own occasion. The situation in 'My Last Duchess' is not the situation in 'The Laboratory' and so on. The conception of a dramatic context in the sense of an Actor-Scene-Engagement does not clearly emerge in Donne's poems. What really renders a poem fully dramatic in form is a specific actor-scene-engagement or a character-in-context. The character should be shown engaged in a specific set of circumstances. The result of this engagement may manifest itself in outward action or may simply set the mind in motion: 'Character in Action' or 'Action in Character' (Browning). Judged by this requirement nearly all of Donne's poems, as most lyrics of the seventeenth century, which are usually taken to be dramatic, present only the generic features of the speaker, the address, and the occasion for the speech; the situations are the general situations of the lover and his mistress, or Man and his God. The occasion of Donne's love lyrics is the indefinite occasion of a lover persuading his mistress, a lover's protest against his mistress's inconstancy, the ecstasy

of a union, or a valediction. The 'character' of these poems does not act in circumstances peculiar to himself; he has no personal problem, nor is he a sharply outlined character with a peculiar mode of behaviour, or a set of personal motivations. (Contrast Porphyria's Lover or the Duke of Ferrara). The Lover in Donne's 'Extasy' could be the lover in his 'Canonization' or 'Valediction'; he could be the lover in Marvell's 'Coy Mistress' or Thomas Stanley's 'The Repulse'.

Thus in Donne's poems a very general context of a speaker gives rise to a very general characterization. In other words, the speaker of Donne's poems is not a dramatic character understood as a particular invididual engaged in a given action.[10] Donne does not offer us characterization in the sense of the creation of human types that have individual and distinct traits. But that is what Chaucer offers us in the 'Prologue': his characters, though they are not shown in an action-context, at least within the limits of the 'Prologue', are vivid and memorable. Shakespeare's Jaques, to cite just one instance, is another such type. Browning achieves this characterization, if not in all, in some at least of his monologues. The Duke of Ferrara, Porphyria's Lover, the Woman in 'The Laboratory', are all *dramatis personae.* We form a certain image of them, but we do not form any image of the speaker in Donne's poems. If we do, it is the image of A Lover—any lover to any mistress. Nor is the 'She' of Donne's love lyrics a clearly conceived dramatic character, but simply the *theme* of a love poem. It is a general 'she' who is the object of all love poetry. The 'She' of 'Extasy' is also the 'she' of 'The Canonization'. Donne's conception of womanhood, no doubt, develops from the more frivolous to the more serious and divine, as Crutwell has pointed out, from the 'she' of, say, 'The Apparition' or 'The Flea' to the 'she' of the 'Second Anniversary'. But it would be inaccurate to hold with Crutwell that the 'she' of these poems is in any sense comparable to the heroine of a drama. The 'she' does not emerge as a character at all, not even as much as the speaker of the poems, with any identifiable attitudes, gestures, or tone of voice.

What really interests us in a Donne poem is neither the character nor the action, but the argument, the amorous casuistry and hyperbole. True that the love lyrics taken

together present a dynamic pattern of relationships between the lovers, and a surprising variety of moods. True also, in his Divine Poems Donne speaks out of an intensely personal predicament. But to consider them as 'the dialectical expression of a personal drama' (Leishman), you have to consider the entire poetry of Donne as a body, with its changing moods, tensions and resolutions. But no single poem would in itself seem to develop a specifically dramatic form and movement.

However, some of Donne's poems ('A Nocturnall upon S. Lucies Day', 'The Extasy') present a vivid sense of a setting, against which the speaker is projected.

> Where, like a pillow on a bed,
> A pregnant bank swell'd up, to rest
> The violets reclining head,
> Sat we two...

The opening here has a striking similarity to that of Browning's 'Porphyria's Lover':

> The rain set early in to-night,
> The sullen wind was soon awake,
> It tore the elm-tops down for spite,
> ... ...
> When glided in Porphyria...

But Browning's poem proceeds to narrate an incident, whereas the setting and scene in the 'Extasy' only provide an occasion for musing. 'The Sunne Rising' creates a vivid sense of scene—the sun peering through the curtains into the lovers' bedroom, which serves as an occasion for the dramatic address. 'The Flea' draws from the incident of a flea 'that suck'd me first, and now sucks thee' an ingenious conceit about the flea being their marriage bed and marriage temple. 'The Apparition' devises a vividly imagined dramatic scene of the mistress finding herself in the arms of the ghost of her rejected lover, and she stirring from sleep pinching to wake him 'whose thou art then', and he thinking that she is calling for more in false sleep shrinking from her, etc. The whole

poem is a most lively enactment of an imagined scene; it is a most interesting case of a persuasive argument that is dramatically presented in terms of a scene, in which the argument *is* the scene.

The most striking of all dramatic elements in Donne's poems is, of course, the speaking voice which Donne employs with many variations. That Donne should assume a speaking voice is a natural consequence of the fact that most of his poems are addresses to an implied audience in homely social circumstances. The speaking voice or the conversational tone is the basic element of any 'social' dialogue in the sense that it tries to reproduce the rhythms and tones of human conversation. The conception of poetry as a speaking voice is essentially a dramatic one, because such poetry springs from a 'dialogue' situation as distinct from song, invocation, or incantation. Donne's Divine Poems, though still in the form of addresses, do not employ the colloquial voice and idiom, but their language acquires an elevation and dignity appropriate to their theme. The speaking voice, that is, the conversational voice, is of course something that is generic to most poetry, except perhaps to the purely descriptive and narrative forms in which the voice of the speaker is not felt so strongly. Frost's 'Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening' is a striking case of the speaking voice, though it does not assume an audience—a case in which the dramatic speaker and his posture are conspicuously presented. While, generally, Donne's love sonnets and elegies adopt the speaking voice, in some there is an unmistakable tone of voice that the speaker adopts for the occasion. The rhythms, inflections, and the tonal colour vary according to the occasion, the mood, and the attitude of the speaker. Thus, there is the subdued meditative tone of 'Extasy' or 'Canonization', the chiding tone of 'Sunne Rising', the outrageously playful voice of 'The Indifferent' and 'Going to Bed', and the generally playful argumentative voice of many other poems. In all these poems, the speaker adopts an attitude towards his listener—which is a dramatic posture adopted for the occasion. Thus, the posture adopted in

> Busy old foole, unruly Sunne...

is different from the posture in

> When by thy scorn, O murdresse, I am dead.

or that in

> I wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
> Did, till we lov'd?

The inflections of

> For Godsake hold your tongue, and let me love...

or

> Sawcy pedantique wretch, go chide
> Late schoole boys, and sowre prentices...

are the unmistakable inflections of a dramatic voice, and create the effect of a theatrical gesture. Even more striking are the gestures of some of Browning's characters:

> Gr-R-R—there go, my heart's abhorrence!
> . . .
> *plena gratia*
> *Ave, Virgo*! Gr-r-r—you swine!
> ('Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister')

> Again the Cousin's whistle! Go, my Love.
> ('Andrea Del Sarto')

> (She) Fixed me a breathing-while or two
> With life or death in the balance: right!

Browning's use of the speaking voice, too, is even more excitingly dramatic; it explores a greater range of inflections and subtleties of tone than Donne's. Whereas in Donne, the speaking voice generally serves as a prelude to an ingenious argument, the real focus of the poem being the argument, in Browning, the speaking voice is itself the drama. Browning's language, besides being the conversational idiom, faithfully follows the complex involutions of the thinking mind and is a perfect medium of a drama of thought-process. It fully exploits all the elements of human conversation—breaks,

half-formulations, parentheses, ellipses, and postponements.

> It is a lie—their priests, their Pope,
> Their Saints, their. . .all they fear or hope
> Are lies, and lies—there! through my door
> And ceiling, there! and walls and floor,
> There, lies, they lie—shall still be hurled
> Till spite of them I reach the world!
>
> ('The Confessional')

The break from the earlier song-tradition and the adoption of the conversational metrics and idiom was the revolution that the school of Donne effected. The conversational voice was specially appropriate to the poetic kinds that Donne and others practised—the amorous, eulogistic, elegiac, satirical, and epistolary verse. They imitated the eroticism and the verbal conceits of Ovid's 'Amores', and the familiar talkative manner of Horace's 'Satires' and 'Epistles', The same idiom was continued by Dryden and Pope whenever they practised these kinds. Pope's satires and epistles resemble Donne's in some formal features like the speaking voice, the colloquial tone, striking openings etc., and some of them contain regular dialogues. But this should not be mistaken for a dramatic voice. A specifically dramatic voice emerges only from a dramatic context.

The speaking voice and the address alone do not make a poem a drama; these are generic qualities which most poetry shares with any mode of human utterance. What distinguishes the dramatic form is its dynamism; the dramatic is essentially concerned with motion—either outward action or inward action (a motion of the mind)—either with actions arising from certain outward circumstances or with certain crises of decision, feeling, reaction, or inner reversals. The dramatic monologue is more particularly concerned with rendering the sense of a mind in continually changing action, or what Browning called 'action in character' as distinct from 'character in action'. It has been claimed for Donne that his lyrics are dramatic monologues, and that they enact the subtle interplay of mental events. Thus, Eliot[11] thought that Donne's excellence was in 'following delicately the movements of

the human mind or the comedy or tragedy of human behaviour and feeling.' Crutwell[12] and Leishman[13] too have made similar claims for him. It has also been suggested that Donne dramatizes in his poems some complex emotional tension, and that he is essentially a psychological poet interested in the exploration of experience.[14] Affinities between Donne and Shakespeare have been pointed out: Donne reveals a multiple personality like Shakespeare's; he is like Hamlet in his alternation between intense activity and deep depression. However true an image of Donne this may be, it is questionable whether all or most of Donne's poetry portrays this kind of conflict or emotional tension. Of course, the sense of acute emotional tension, 'agony and exercise of sense and spirit' (Donne), is nowhere more conspicuous than in the devout sonnets.

> Oh, to vex me, contraries meet in one, (Sonet, XIX)

The sense of remorse and utter self-castigation is most powerfully expressed in these poems.

> Batter my heart, three-person'd God...
> (Holy Sonets, XIV)

> Spit in my face you Jewes, and pierce my side,
> Buffet, and scoffe, scourge, and crucifie mee,
> For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd... (XI)

The eloquence, the power and sincerity of these lines are unmistakable. But his profane poems register varying degrees of seriousness, and most of his love poems and elegies are manifestly unserious in tone, and it is to be doubted whether they are portrayals of dramatic conflict of any kind. It must, no doubt, be admitted to Donne's credit that sometimes he shows a sensitive awareness of the delicate motions of the mind, and captures them in some of his lines.

> Her pure, and eloquent blood
> Spoke in her cheekes, and so distinctly wrought,
> That one might almost say, her body thought...
> ('The Second Anniversary')

The meditations in 'Extasy' arise from the poet's (speaker's) engagement with experience:

> Sat we two, one another's best
> Our hands were firmly cemented
> With a fast balm, which thence did spring
> Our eye-beames twisted, and did thred
> Our eyes, upon one double spring;

But very few of Donne's poems are meditations of this kind; the mind in them tends outward; its movement is centrifugal. This is so naturally because they are essentially arguments and persuasive addresses and ingenious elaborations of ideas. Even the Divine Poems which seem to present a sense of personal predicament lack the pure inwardness or centripetence of the first two soliloquies of Hamlet with their inner engagement with existence. Eliot's remark that Donne, like Laforgue, 'begins with his own feeling',[15] attributes to Donne more inwardness than he actually reveals. This is to say that the primary concern of Donne's poetry is not with the theatre of the mind. His poems do not present the involutions of the mind in a dramatic way. Dramatization of this kind (of motions of the mind) is more clearly the achievement of Eliot himself or of Browning (though Eliot finds Browning 'too objective'). Eliot's own 'Prufrock' or 'Gerontion' are better examples of this inwardness, and far more perfect examples of dramatic (that is, interior) monologues—both in form and spirit—than any of Donne's poems. Contrary to what Eliot has observed, it is not so much in Donne as in Browning that the subject (that is, the 'I', the speaker of the poems) is the centre and the starting point. Browning's characters are constantly inspecting and criticizing experience and show remarkable self-awareness in the midst of it:

> And thus we sit together now,
> And all night long we have not stirr'd
> And yet God has not said a word.
>
> ('Porphyria's Lover')

> Then we began to ride. My soul
> Smoothed itself out—a long-cramped scroll
> Freshening and fluttering in the wind.
>
> ('The Last Ride Together')

Not only are they self-aware, but they reveal the keenest and most sensitive awareness of their audience's mind.

> Let us but love each other. Must you go?
> That Cousin here again? he waits ouside?
> Must see you—you, and not with me?
> Those loans?
> More gaming debts to pay? you smile for that?
>
> ('Andrea Del Sarto')

Crutwell claims that Donne's poems, unlike the 'flowing Romantic love lyrics' of Burns and Shelley, have an action 'constructed' on the Aristotelian principle of a beginning, middle, and an end, with clearly divided sections like the acts of a play. But a close examination of any Donne poem will not bear this out. Some of the poems no doubt present a logical progression of the idea in a somewhat 'deductive' manner, as in 'The Flea'. A clearer example of the logical expansion of an idea is perhaps 'A Valediction Forbidding Mourning'. The poem presents something like a triple structure or expands in three stages: (*i*) Let us make no noise, shed no tear floods ('it were profanation of our joys.') (*ii*) Dull sublunary lovers cannot endure physical absence, but we will not miss each other, being 'interassured of the mind.' (*iii*) Though we are parted there will not be a breach, but an expansion of our souls—this last idea further supported by the compasses figure. But this kind of progression is by no means conspicuous in all the poems. The argument in Donne's poems expands in physical bulk, as it were, by reinforcement of logic and figure, and the 'constructed' quality that Crutwell sees in them is only the neatness and finish of the argument (as, of course, an argument must begin somewhere and end somewhere), and not a case of dramatistic progression. Movement in the dramatic sense is a transformation, in the sense that events grow out of one another. Kenneth Burke's idea

that the conceit in the Donne poem is the equivalent of the plot of a drama[16] is far-fetched and entirely unconvincing. If any kind of movement can be claimed for these poems, it is only movement in the sense of a logical expansion of an idea. Crutwell further argues that some of Donne's poems offer us cases of *coup de théâtre* (sudden reversals, carefully prepared moments of shock)—he cites 'Love's Deitie' and 'Aire and Angels'.[17] But we must question whether these are not more precisely instances of a reversal in an argument (the kind of circuitous argument that Elizabethan clowns indulge in) than of a dramatic reversal. George Herbert's 'The Collar' offers a better example of a reversal at the end of the poem.

> But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde
> At every word,
> Methoughts I heard one calling, *Child*:
> And I reply'd, *Me Lord.*

More genuine examples can be met with in Browning's monologues like the conclusion of 'Andrea Del Sarto,' in which the speaker's visions and hopes are suddenly reversed by the Cousin's whistle:

> Go, my Love.

It would seem on the whole, that Crutwell and all those who call Donne dramatic are mistaking a certain style of writing—logical, argumentative, hyperbolic—for a dramatic style. Notwithstanding the affinities that Crutwell has observed between Donne and the 'Shakespearean Moment', and also notwithstanding certain 'generic' dramatic features that Donne's poems may exhibit, the poems are dramatic only in a rudimentary way (like the 'Dialogues' of Plato). The most striking of all such dramatic features is, of course, the speaking voice and the colloquial tone. But even here it should not be forgotten that Donne and other Metaphysicals were practising certain well-established genres whose models were Ovid and Horace—poetic kinds which were in the form of addresses in a social context, and which therefore naturally adopted the conversational tone of voice. Another quality of Donne's

poems which is apt to be mistaken for a regular dramatic feature is the startling nature of Donne's wit itself. The conceit is, of course, a startling stylistic device—all wit is like this, dramatic in the sense of being surprising—but wit is not drama. The 'dramatic' theory may be effective no doubt in countering the belief that Donne's poems were autobiographical (Edmund Gosse), and that they purported to express actual personal experiences.

The motive in Donne might not have been a personal one, but might simply have been a desire for vivid and dramatic expression. But this theory has its dangers of the dramatic quality being exaggerated. Donne's poetry is dramatic in the sense that all great poetry is dramatic. We may say with Eliot:

> What great poetry is not dramatic? Even the minor writers of the Greek Anthology...are dramatic. Who is more dramatic than Homer or Dante? We are human beings, and in what are we more interested than in human action and human attitudes? Even when he assaults, and with supreme mastery, the divine mystery, does not Dante engage us in the question of the human attitude towards this mystery—which is dramatic?[18]

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DRAMATIC TECHNIQUE IN *TRISTRAM SHANDY*

By AMBARNATH CHATTERJEE

LAURENCE STERNE wrote no plays; but there is ample evidence of his keen interest in dramatic production. In London, he made friends with David Garrick, and was a frequenter of the theatre. Garrick gave him 'an order for the liberty of his Boxes, and of every part of his House for the whole season.'[1] From London Sterne writes to Lord Fauconberg about the theatrical atmosphere of the great city.[2] At Paris he goes to see the performance of the well-known French actress, Mademoiselle Clairon, and declares her 'extremely great',[3] wishing that Garrick had 'one or two like her' in England.[4] At Toulouse, with his English friends, he rehearses a play 'we are to act here this Christmas holidays.'[5] He says also of his own acting in some English plays;—'(we) are now busy in making dresses and preparing some of our best comedies.... The next week, with a grand orchestra—we play the Busy Body—and the Journey to London the week after....'[6] We do not know whether Sterne took part in plays; but we notice ample affinity between dramatic production and Sterne's work.

(i) *Sterne's art and dramatic technique*

Sterne calls his novel 'this drama',[7]—and elsewhere—'a work of...dramatic cast.'[8] A drama vivifies a situation and ideas by presenting the characters in articulate body movements before the spectators. Its distinguishing feature is visual representation. The dramatic method, instead of reporting a scene, renders it, by bringing to life the actual moment. Thus the Shandy brothers, coming down the stairs, are presented in every minute detail of physical movement; their conversation, or the fact of their coming down, is not just reported. We see Walter Shandy's 'turning himself about upon the first landing',[9] his 'setting his foot upon the first step from the landing',[10] and 'drawing his leg back and turning to my uncle Toby';[11] we see him 'taking the same step over again from the landing, and calling to Susannah, whom

he saw passing by the foot of the stairs with a huge pin-cushion in her hand';[11] we see him 'looking over the ballusters'[12] down to Susannah who was 'out of hearing',[12] and then 'crossing the landing in order to set his back against the wall'[12] while saying a word to brother Toby. This detailed presentation of posture has no thematic significance, but is of capital importance in a work of 'dramatic cast'.[13]

Sterne equates his art of writing to dramatic or stage representation. He thinks of Garrick's acting for stressing his own artistic freedom and the imaginative quality of his art.[14] He also uses terms of stage technique to explain his own technique of writing. Thus, as he proposes to shift his Uncle Toby from the scene of the bowling-green to a new one, namely, that of amours with the widow Wadman, the author says—'we'll snuff the candles bright,—sweep the stage with a new broom,—draw up the curtain, and exhibit my uncle Toby dressed in a new character.'[15] The image of the curtain on the stage is often used in connection with his device of digressiveness. Thus, as he breaks the Shandean discourse on the new obstetrical science, to digress on the character of Walter Shandy (so that he could better explain Walter's preference for the new scientific instrument of Dr. Slop), the narrator says—'I have dropped the curtain over this scene (i.e. the scene of the conversation) for a minute,—to remind you of one thing,—and to inform you of another.... When these two things are done,—the curtain shall be drawn up again, and my uncle Toby, my father, and Dr. Slop shall go on with their discourse, without any more interruptions.'[16] The same metaphor of dropping the curtain is used for introducing the digression on the Shandy brothers' talks during their descent down the steps ('drop the curtain, Shandy'—the narrator tells himself);[17] after five chapters of the digression, the author repeats his image of the curtain—'And how did you manage it?—You dropped a curtain at the stair-foot.'[18] Similarly, just after introducing the bowling-green early in the novel,[19] the author drops the curtain on it ('At present the scene must drop')[20] to lift it later in the story.[21]

Sterne sets his scenes, too, in terms of stage representation. He presents the scene of Maria (in *S. J.*) as a stage scene.

He builds up the physical situation of the sad Maria in detail, instead of directly analyzing her mental state. Maria is sitting under a poplar, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket; her elbow is in her lap, and her head leans on one side within her hand; there is a small brook running at the foot of the tree (poplar). Maria is in white; a 'pale green ribband'[22] falls across her shoulder to the waist, tying her pipe at the end; and her hair hangs loose. Her only companion, dog Sylvio, is tied by a string to her girdle; and, as Maria talks to her dog in sorrow, tears trickle down her cheeks.[23] Maria has become a stage character. In *T. S.* the scene of Tristram's journey from London in a postchaise driven by 'those two mettlesome tits, and that madcap of a postilion'[23] recalls the vividness of actuality. The Shandy brothers standing side by side, reconciled after a little misunderstanding, remind the author of the Brutus-Cassius scene.[24] The dramatic quality of Sterne's art is very finely revealed in the interesting scene of the Queen's court at Navarre, where the ladies' sense of delicacy is hurt at the utterance of the word 'Whiskers', while they, in their hearts, hugely enjoy the sensation of a forbidden feeling:

> 'Ha, ha! he, hee! cried La Guyol and La Sabatiere, looking close at each other's prints (i.e. the impress of feelings on their countenances)—Ho, ho! cried La Battarelli, and Maronette, doing the same:—Whist! cried one—st, st,—said a second—hush, quoth a third—poo, poo, replied a fourth—gramercy! cried the Lady Carnavallette;—...La Foscusse drew her bodkin from the knot of her hair, and having traced the outline of a small whisker, with the blunt end of it, upon one side of her upper lip, put it into La Rebours' hand—La Rebours shook her head. The Lady Baussiere coughed thrice into the inside of her muff—La Guyol smiled—Fy, said the Lady Baussiere. The Queen of Navarre touched her eye with the tip of her forefinger—as much as to say, I understand you all.'[25]

It is a veritable scene on the stage. We appear to see the characters with their appropriate gestures; we are attuned to

their moods; we seem to hear their half-uttered words, and participate in their secret joy of an 'unholy' sensation.

Sterne has something of a theatrical producer's 'finesse' in stage-setting. As the Notary (of The Fragment in *S. J.*) enters the room of the bed-ridden man, the room is presented before us with the scenic precision of a stage production; it was 'a large chamber dismantled of everything but a long military pike, a breast-plate, a rusty old sword, and bandoleer, *hung up equidistant in four different places against the wall.*'[26] The Notary sits down upon the chair by 'a little table with a taper burning'[27] by the side of the bed, on which—we are told—the poor man lay supporting his head upon his hand. The Notary pulls out his 'inkhorn' and some papers from his pocket, and 'dipping his pen in his ink, and leaning his breast over the table,[27] prepares to record the poor gentleman's 'last will and testament'.[27] As the poor man finishes his brief introduction and is about to tell his sad story, the Notary is shown as holding up 'the point of his pen betwixt the taper and his eye.'[27] Sterne had a wonderful eye for detail. The stray beggar whom the 'sentimental traveller' sees on the road is 'a tall figure of a philosophic, serious, adust look';[28] he passes and repasses 'sedately along the street' with 'a dark drab-coloured coat, waistcoat, and breeches' and 'a small cane under his arm.'[28] Our traveller notices also that the beggar is 'making a turn of about sixty paces on each side of the gate of the hotel,'[28] and that in half an hour 'he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards.'[28] These minute details of physical position are not of much significance for the story, but they are vital to the dramatic imagination of the author.

One device of dramatic art consists in creating sudden and unexpected turns in a situation. Sterne exploits this device very skilfully in the scene where the tragic news of her son's (Bobby's) death breaks upon the unfortunate Mrs. Shandy. She enters the parlour to protest to her husband, that he has one more child than she knows of. (From outside the room she has overheard him saying—'I have three desolate children,' and does not know that he is only quoting from Socrates).[29] And then, by a cruel irony of fate, the comic situation is suddenly turned into a tragic one for her; for she is told immediately (in reply to her protest) that he has but one less.[29]

Sterne imparts to this scene a psychological intensity by a subtle application of the dramatic device of reversal.

(ii) *Dramatic presentation of ideas and feelings*

An important aspect of Sterne's dramatic technique is revealed in his presentation of ideas and feelings. His own speeding through his volumes (of *T. S.*) he describes in the comic image of reckless riding:

> 'What a rate have I gone on at, curvetting and frisking it away, two up and two down for four volumes together, without looking once behind, or even on one side of me, to see whom I trod upon!—I'll tread upon no one—quoth I to myself when I mounted—I'll take a good rattling gallop; but I'll not hurt the poorest jack-ass upon the road.—So off I set—up one lane—down another, through this turnpike—over that, as if the arch-jockey of jockeys had got behind me.'[30]

His disregard of the set rules of writing is his full gallop 'among the scaffolding of the undertaking critics'.[30] The idea of the damage to his reputation is represented by the knocking of his brains—'he'll knock his brains out against some of their posts.'[30] Sterne's genius thus frequently concretizes an idea. The damage caused to the new-born's brain by the pressure of the scientific instrument is conceived in terms of 'the fine network of the intellectual web...rent and torn to a thousand tatters.'[31] Mental derangement is the wearing out of the traces of the brain ('...could the traces be ever worn out of her brain...')[32] The idea of health and vigour is expressed by the simple Trim's striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, and that of the transitoriness of existence by the sudden dropping of his hat upon the ground. There are thousands of ways of dropping a hat—the author tells us—but Trim dropped it in such a manner as would exactly express 'the sentiment of mortality';[33] 'his hand seemed to vanish from under it,—it fell dead,—the corporal's eye fixed upon it, as upon a corpse,—.'[34] The 'sentimental traveller' visualizes the miseries of confinement, by taking 'a single captive';[35] then having 'shut him up in his dungeon,'[35] he looks 'through

the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.'[35] He lets us see the wasted appearance of the captive, his (captive's) straw bed 'with a little calendar of small sticks...at the head,'[36] the chains of his legs (the author refers to the sound of the chains too)[36] and his little movements. The idea of captivity has been presented in concrete terms, in visual images, as on the stage. The fast-perishing moment is visualized for us by the lock of 'my dear Jenny',[37] which grows grey even as she twists it for toilet:

> 'Time wastes too fast...everything presses on—whilst thou art twisting that lock,—see! it grows grey.'[37]

Even his mode of thinking is conceived by Sterne in concrete terms. To Locke, ideas are the objects of thinking.[38] Sterne likewise conceives of ideas as objects distinct from the consciousness which apprehends them. In his humorous vein he says of his 'half starting out of my chair...(and) catching the idea, even sometimes before it half way reaches me.'[39] It is interesting to note that Coleridge, too, referred to images in his mind rising up before him as substances.[40]

In Sterne, the feelings of the heart too, like ideas, are presented in concrete terms. The 'sentimental traveller's' compassion for poor Maria is 'the oil and wine' poured into her wounds.[41] In *T. S.*, Sterne dramatizes this feeling of compassion in a most beautiful manner in the Le Fever scene. During an animated conversation with Corporal Trim, the ever-benign Toby cannot bring himself to believe that Le Fever would die:

> '...—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die:—He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.'[42]

And then come the significant lines:

> 'The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in;—and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.'[43]

Sir Leslie Stephen criticized the scene as impious and inartistic. The Recording Angel, according to him,

> 'seems to introduce an unpleasant air, as of 18th century politeness; we fancy that he would have welcomed a Lord Chesterfield to the celestial mansions with a faultless bow and a dexterous compliment; and somehow he appears to my imagination, at least, apparelled in theatrical gauze and spangles, rather than in the genuine angelic costume.'[44]

The criticism is not fair to Sterne. Leslie Stephen has here failed to notice the real artistic quality of the scene. By a visible symbol, Sterne has driven home to us the intensity and the sacredness of Toby's humanistic feeling. Uncle Toby's overwhelming passion of love and sympathy has not been described to us in the so-called sentimental manner, but has been presented before us dramatically.

(iii) *Physical gestures*

Sterne's dramatic quality is revealed very clearly in the physical gestures of his characters. Such gestures have both dramatic and psychological significance, as Watkins has pointed out.[45] Watkins observes that, while in the latter they portray mental states, in the former they exist more or less as instinctive gesticulation.[45] But these two aspects cannot be mutually exclusive; in other words, gesticulation may be an automatic reflection of an inner idea. In any case, the characters of Sterne are distinguished by their stance and gesture, as much as by their ideas or action.

These 'dramatic' gestures exist in a wide variety; and their distinctiveness lies in their presentation in minute detail. This is how Walter Shandy prepares to come downstairs on receipt of the news of his son's accident by the window-sash:

> 'My father put on his spectacles—looked,—took them off,—put them into the case—all in less than a statutable minute; and without opening his lips, turned about and walked precipitately down stairs.'[46]

Dramatic posturing is seen in frequent clapping of hands for joy. We find traveller Tristram, the 'sentimental traveller' and his valet La Fleur—both doing it on various occasions.[47] Trim, while reading the sermon on Conscience, must set himself to the appropriate posture, which is presented in all its minutiae by the author.[48] Even such a minor matter as shutting a book assumes a dramatic significance for Sterne:

> 'my father shut the book,—not as if he resolved to read no more of it, for he kept his forefinger in the chapter:—nor pettishly,—for he shut the book slowly; his thumb resting, when he had done it, upon the upper side of the cover, as his three fingers supported the lower side of it, without the least compressive violence.'[49]

Sterne is no less skilled in recording the details of facial expression. The eyes of the begging monk, in *S.J.*, had 'that sort of fire...in them, which seemed more temper'd by courtesy than years.'[50] The French Chevalier, hawking his 'pates', had 'a sedate look, something approaching to gravity.'[51] Even an animal's face assumes a dramatic significance to Sterne. During his communion with the ass at Lyons, Tristram frames the latter's responses 'from the etchings of his countenance.'[52] We cannot, thus, agree with J. M. S. Tompkins's dismissal of Sterne's presentation of the physical minutiae of his characters as a mere 'cult of the trifle', an 'elaboration of the unimportant'.[53]

Our understanding of this 'dramatic' technique of Sterne may save us from many misdirected criticisms of the author. Thackeray indicts Sterne for the Dead Ass scene in *S.J.*[53A] The fact of a man's mourning (and shedding tears) for his dead donkey, who had been unto him a faithful friend and companion, might repel the Victorian satirist; but it was not at odds with Sterne's sense of life. We should remember that Sterne was a 'sentimental traveller' who was 'altogether of a different cast'[54] from others, and who addressed himself to the sentiments of love and pity. We should remember also, that Sterne's humanity embraced all creation, and that tears, which—as Thackeray has said elsewhere—'are the alms of gentle spirits, and may be counted, as sure they may,

among the sweetest of life's charities,'[55] had a more serious meaning in Sterne's age of sensibility. Sentiment apart, the Dead Ass scene is also distinguished by its artistic quality. The scene is an apt illustration of Sterne's dramatic technique of writing. The scene of mourning, as its chief figure sits on the stone bench at the door of the Nampont hotel, is remarkable for the delineation of little details of his physical movements and of stage-setting. On one side of the mourner are placed 'the ass's panel and its bridle'.[56] He takes up the bridle and the panel from time to time, then lays them down, looks at them and shakes his head. He then takes the crumb of bread (his ass's share) out of his bag, 'as if to eat it'.[56] He

> 'held it for some time in his hand, then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle, looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made, and then gave a sigh.'[57]

A number of people collect close round him, drawn by the 'simplicity of his grief'.[57] The mourner exists for us not merely in his sentiment of humanity, but in another very important sense, that is, as a 'dramatic' character with his appropriate stance and gesture.

The physical gestures in Sterne are instinctive, and not brought about by any deliberate will of the characters. They are determined by Nature:

> 'She, dear Goddess, by an instantaneous impulse in all provoking cases, determines us to a sally of this or that member—or else she thrusts us into this or that place, posture of body, we know not why.'[58]

This gesturing, being instinctive and brought about by Nature, cannot always be explained rationally. It is one of the 'riddles and mysteries',[59] amongst which we live.

Sometimes, as it happens with stage acting, the tone of utterances of Sterne's *dramatis personae* becomes meaningful. As Trim tells the story of his poor brother Tom to his master Toby, he finds his energy and voice failing him after a time. His attempt to recapture his full voice and vigour is indicated

in his 'giving a stout hem to rally back the retreating spirits, and aiding nature at the same time with his left arm akimbo on one side, and with his right a little extended....'[60] Elsewhere, as Trim prepares to tell the story of the King of Bohemia, we are told, he 'hemmed twice, to find in what key his story would best go.'[61]

By thus adroitly exploiting some of the devices of dramatic technique, Sterne brings to his scenes the vividness of actuality, invests his ideas with the effect of the spoken word, and thus succeeds in drawing his readers more intimately into the world of his creation.

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THE REALITY WITHIN

By B. Rajan

The Two Trees, a poem in the second collection that Yeats published, begins as follows:

> Beloved, gaze in thine own heart,
> The holy tree is growing there;
> From joy the holy branches start,
> And all the trembling flowers they bear.
>
> (*C P.*, p. 54)

Nearly fifty years later, Yeats ends a very different poem, *The Circus Animals' Desertion*, as follows:

> I must lie down where all the ladders start,
> In the foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart.
>
> (*C P.*, p. 392)

The lines, with their characteristic mixture of self-respect and self-contempt, define both the dramatic difference between Yeats's earlier and later poetry and the deep continuity which underlies the difference. The reader of Yeats must keep firmly in mind these two aspects of his achievement. He must decline to see the later poetry as a disowning of the earlier and he must also be reluctant to see it as the mere reformation of what has already been said, the throwing away of an embroidered cloak. Thus, in *The Countess Cathleen*, the tree grows like the 'holy tree' from one's heart, but it is fundamentally not a tree of joy but of protest, imagined in terms that approach the hyperbolical:

> I have sworn,
> By her whose heart the seven sorrows have pierced,
> To pray before this altar until my heart
> Has grown to Heaven like a tree and there
> Rustled its leaves till Heaven has saved my people
>
> (*C P.*, p. 27)

In *A Prayer for my Daughter* the tree is again seen in the interior landscape.

> May she become a flourishing hidden tree
> That all her thoughts may like the linnet be,
> And have no business but dispensing round,
> Their magnanimities of sound (*C P.*, p. 213)

This particular tree, however, has also exterior and social roots:

> How out in custom and in ceremony
> Are innocence and beauty born?
> Ceremony's a name for the rich born,
> And custom for the spreading laurel tree.
> (*C P.*, p. 214)

In *Vacillation*, written when Yeats's mind had grown closer to its complete poetic definition, the tree of the heart embodies the heart's complexity, the organic interdependence of both life-giving and destructive elements:

> A tree there is that from its topmost bough
> Is half all glittering flame and half all green
> Abounding foliage moistened with the dew;
> And half is half and yet is all the scene;
> And half and half consume what they renew.
> (*C P.*, pp. 282-3)

In *Among School Children* the tree remains the holy tree but it grows differently in a different landscape:

> O chestnut-tree, great-rooted blossomer,
> Are you the leaf, the blossom or the bole?
> O body swayed to music, O brightening glance,
> How can we know the dancer from the dance?
> (*C P.*, p. 245)

Kermode is of course right in suggesting that 'this image summarizes the traditional Romantic critical analogy of art

as organism' and in tracing the two trees back (like so many of Yeats's poetic possessions) to an antithesis of Blake: 'Art is the tree of life—Science is the tree of Death.' Nevertheless, the image is obviously more than the embodiment of a theory of the artistic process. The massive stresses of 'chestnut-tree, great-rooted' (where even the hyphenation assists the poetic effect) set against the scintillating movement of 'Are you the leaf, the blossom or the bole?' create an equilibrium of energy and rootedness that continues to be meaningful outside the immediate situation or the traditional symbol. One is tempted to point to the conclusion of Hindu philosophy that the roots both of reality and of creative power, of stillness and motion lie within the self; but it is better to recognize simply that we are dealing with poetry written at the full extent of Yeats's powers. Both the immediacy and the range of validity are part of the poem's way of life and the fusion is of a kind that no other poet has achieved in our time. These qualities of Yeats's writing will undergo further exploration later; at the moment it is sufficient to say that the tree, even if it was Blake's tree in the first place, need no longer be framed in Blake's antithesis. It is also not quite the tree of 'trembling flowers'; its branches 'start' not from straightforward 'joy', but from 'Beauty born out of its own despair' and in one of Yeats's daring and characteristic juxtapositions, from the 'blear eyed wisdom' of the labouring scholar. The imagery is not simply more complex; its ability to live through its own irony makes it more confident and robust and the product of a different imaginative climate. Finally, the tree is not talked about but presented; it represents, in other words, the difference between gesture and experience.

Yeats was a poet who seldom cast anything away, but by exploring the same symbols in different contexts he not only reconsidered but to some extent transformed them. 'Hammer your thoughts into unity' was a principle that came into his head without his willing it, before he had published his first volume, and the exhortation ought to remind us that the totality of his work is shaped as carefully as any individual poem. It is true that Yeats's account of his development reveals, among other things, his talents as a myth-maker; the evolution on which he looks back is slightly too inexorable

to be real—but the invitation to locate his work within the larger legend of his life is both irresistible and, if done with judgement, rewarding. How basic the continuity of his work is, is shown by the unexpected forms in which it is revealed. Thus, when Yeats wrote *To Ireland in the Coming Times*, the concluding poem of *The Rose*, he presented his work as taking shape in the lamplight of eternity:

> For round about my table go
> The magical powers to and fro
> In flood and fire and clay and wind,
> They huddle from man's pondering mind:
> (Revised text, *C P.*, p. 57)

This is the earlier text in which the emphasis is on Yeats's war with the abstract. In the version familiar to most of us, the last two lines in particular, have been altered to express the doctrine of the great mind and the great memory. This is, however, a point of incidental importance. The real purpose of the quotation is to connect the picture with that of the same poet, some forty years later, sitting at a strikingly different table:

> Two heavy trestles, and a board
> Where Sato's gift, a changeless sword,
> By pen and paper lies,
> That it may moralise,
> My days out of their aimlessness. (*C P.*, p. 227)

Here, it is the contrasts, the matter-of-fact tone and the specificity of the second poem which hold one's attention. It becomes necessary to remember that Sato's sword is 'emblematical of love and war' and a crucial symbol in the *Dialogue between Self and Soul*. The elemental questions are still present, still engaged in the immediate reality which lies no further away than the width of one's table. The furniture of Yeats's mind may have changed; but the preoccupations, if not constant, remain at least vitally connected.

In the same vein, one may recall an occasion (noted by Ure) when Yeats attended a spiritualist séance organized by

MacGregor Mathers. He was given a cardboard symbol and closed his eyes: 'there rose before me mental images that I could not control; a desert and black Titan raising himself by his two hands from the middle of a heap of ancient ruins.' Mathers explained that Yeats had seen a Being of the Order of Salamanders but the explanation fortunately did not exorcise the image. In *Wheels and Butterflies*, Yeats tells us that about the time he began *On Baile's Strand* he began to imagine 'as always at my left side, just out of the range of the sight, a brazen winged beast that I associated with laughing ecstatic destruction.' The wild beast with iron teeth and brazen claws in *Where There is Nothing* which stands for 'Laughter, the mightiest of the enemies of God' is descended from this animal, as are 'The uncontrollable mystery on the bestial floor' in *The Magi* and the 'rough beast' in *The Second Coming*. Melchiori, among others, has traced the evolution of this image but has failed to bring out the fact that the apocalyptic monster of *The Second Coming* has little to do with either laughter or ecstasy. Indeed, its grim impressiveness arises at least partially from the stony indifference it brings to its historical function. Most readers will also feel that their response to the poem is unduly restricted by the knowledge that they are contemplating a Being of the Order of Salamanders. Once again, both the sense of continuity and the awareness of difference have to be present in the attention the reader gives the poem.

The sharp division between the earlier and later Yeats, with its assumption that we are really dealing with two poets connected by little more than the same name, is now decidedly out of fashion. Instead, we have the proposition that the later Yeats is inherent in the earlier and critics have been busy hammering his thoughts into unity with even more assiduity than the poet himself. These swings of the pendulum remind one of a saying that Yeats took over from Blake and made his own: Without Contraries is no Progression. The reader, if he is to advance in his understanding of Yeats's poetry, must take an intelligent position between contraries. Extreme advocates of the unity of Yeats sometimes argue that he spent his whole life writing the same poem (which if it were true would make his poetry unreadable) or that

all his poems are part of the same metaphor (the metaphor, of course, is never defined). But continuity and difference, the re-definition and transformation of the past, are part of the process of organic growth and to concentrate only on the change or the sameness, is to ignore both the complexity and vitality of the process. In any case, the difference between the earlier and later Yeats is at least the difference between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and could not very well be less without diminishing his achievement as a poet. Even statements that Yeats was first, last and foremost a symbolist poet have to be accepted with some degree of caution. Yeats did say 'I have no speech but symbol' but he also said some years later

> Players and painted stage took all my love
> And not those things that they were emblems of.
>
> (*C P.*, p. 392)

It is true that this remark is made in self-reproach but the fact remains that without its engrossment in a physical world Yeats's later poetry would lack its characteristic solidity. Yeats may declare that

> the abstract joy
> The half-read wisdom of daemonic images
> Suffice the aged man as once the growing boy.
>
> (*C P.*, p. 232)

but he also did not forget Blake's maxim that 'it is in particulars that wisdom consists,' or his own sense of a mythology married 'to rock and hill' and of 'familiar woods and rivers' fading into symbol. The best of his poetry rests on a firm reconciliation of the immediate and the ultimate. To call such a marriage symbolist may be convenient but not necessarily profitable. Yeats's rhymes may 'more than their rhyming tell' but so does any poetry worth the writing and the use of a common label can only confuse the quite dramatic differences between such poems as *Sailing to Byzantium* and *He Bids His Beloved be at Peace.*

To go back to the quotations which begin this essay,

there is of course a special inclusiveness in poetry which can accommodate at its centre, both the holy tree and the foul rag-and-bone shop. Apart from this, it can be argued that Yeats is not saying anything particularly original, however Yeatsian the manner of his saying it. Dryden made it Shakespeare's special merit that he looked inwards in order to see nature. 'Fool, said my muse to me, look in thy heart and write' carries the doctrine back as far as Sidney and a slight investigation would certainly carry it back much further. In our own times Mr. Eliot, though warning us that poetry is designed as an escape from personality, has advised us to look not only into the heart but into the cerebral cortex and digestive system. Yeats incidentally has made more effective use of this counsel than Mr. Eliot and that is perhaps because in telling us that the holy tree grows in one's heart he is not recommending anything as simple as sincerity. The essential self, the noumenal as against the phenomenal personality, is for him the core of reality and of creative power; it stands in opposition to the abstract impersonal, external, scientific world (the terms of reprobation are more or less interchangeable) which is normally taken as the basis of reality. The position is clearly stated in his essay on 'First Principles':

> ...in the end the creative energy of men depends on their believing that they have, within themselves, something immortal and imperishable, and that all else is but an image in a looking glass. So long as that belief is not a formal thing a man will create out of a joyful energy, seeking little for any external test of an impulse that may be sacred and looking for no foundation outside life itself. (*The Irish Dramatic Movement*)

Life is evidently the inner, creative life, as is made clearer later in the essay.

> We who are believers, cannot see reality anywhere but in the soul itself, and seeing it there we cannot do other than rejoice in every energy, whether of gesture, or of action, or of speech, coming out of the personality the soul's image.

The mannered prose suggests a mannered argument, but that the conclusion is fundamental to Yeats is apparent from the solidity it gives to his other comments. Remarks such as the following gain in purposefulness and weight if we see them as rooted in the personal principle:

> We lose our freedom more and more as we get away from ourselves—because we have turned the table of value upside down and believe that the root of reality is not in the centre but somewhere in that whirling circumference. (*The Irish Dramatic Movement*)

> The death of language, the substitution of phrases as nearly impersonal as algebra for words and rhythms saying from man to man, is but a part of the tyranny of impersonal things. (*The Well of the Saints*)

> I know that revelation is from the self, but from that age-long memoried self, that shapes the elaborate shell of the mollusc and the child in the womb, that teaches the birds to make their nest; and that genius is a crisis that joins that buried self for certain moments to our trivial daily mind. (*Hodos Chameliontos*)

> Synge, like all of the great kin, sought for the race, not through the eyes, or in history, or even in the future, but where those monks found God, in the depths of the mind. (*J. M. Synge and the Ireland of His Time*)

> I am orthodox and pray for a resurrection of the body, and am certain that a man should find his holy land where he first crept on the floor, and that familiar woods and rivers should fade into symbol. (*Discoveries*)

Even Yeats's favourite concept of the right aesthetic distance is put in terms of his theory of personality.

> An art may become impersonal because it has too much circumstance or too little, because the world is too little or too much with it, because it is too near the ground or too far up among the branches.

In the same way, the distinction which Yeats took over from his father—'We make out of the quarrel with others, rhetoric, but of the quarrel with ourselves, poetry'—provides a contrast which is basic as well as striking. Conflict, to Yeats, is always the condition of life and the quarrel with one's self is the most fundamental conflict that is possible. The 'anti-self or the antithetical self' which is, so to speak, one's antagonist in this deepest of conflicts therefore comes only 'to those who are no longer deceived, whose passion is reality.' So when Yeats asks elsewhere—'Why should we honour only those who die upon the field of battle? A man may show as desperate courage in venturing into the abyss of himself'—the slightly 'posed' quality of the declaration underlines the element of truth in it. One's mind is a battlefield also, and to face and define the 'desolation of reality' one needs an honesty that is not more frequent than courage.

In 1937, Yeats wrote a 'General Introduction' to his works. The first section is entitled 'The First Principle' and the opening sentence is as follows:

> A poet writes always of his personal life, in his finest work out of his tragedy, whatever it be, remorse, lost love, or mere loneliness.

In keeping with Yeats's newly-kindled interest in Indian philosophy, the remark is buttressed with quotations from the *Prashna* and *Chhandogya* Upanishads, the aim of which is to suggest that personality is fundamentally identical with the Upanishadic self.

Some blurring of distinctions is involved here. Yeats does not always firmly separate the personality or self which lives and suffers in the world from the ultimate self which is reality manifested; and even when he makes the separation, he is inclined to treat the former as a way of approaching the latter. In Indian philosophy, on the other hand, the phenomenal self is a configuration of attachment which must be abandoned for the ultimate self to be reached. The ego is *shed* in the process of attaining selfhood; it is not retrieved or even regenerated. Yeats's position is sometimes close to this; at other times it seems closer to the Jungian conceptions of the

Collective Unconscious. These complications, however, exist mainly to harass the critic and philosopher; they do not hinder Yeats, with his tireless capacity for unification, from proceeding to what is both a declaration of faith and his most comprehensive synthesis.

> I was born into his faith, have lived in it, and shall die in it; My Christ, a legitimate deduction from the Creed of St. Patrick as I think, is that Unity of Being Dante compared to a perfectly proportioned human body, 'Self'; nor is this unity distant and therefore from man to man and age to age, taking upon itself pain and ugliness, 'eye of newt and toe of frog'.

A scholar might hesitantly ask whether Dante, Blake and the Upanishads say quite the same thing and whether what they say can be so confidently identified with legitimate deductions from the Creed of St. Patrick. It is perhaps more fruitful to remember Vico's comment (which Yeats quotes with approval) that one should reject all philosophy that does not emanate in myth. What matters in this passage is not its factual accuracy: the identifications in any case may be less forced than one supposes) but the deep creative importance which Yeats attaches to self and the firm linking of the individual to the ultimate, so that unities which are personal and therefore creative (the two requirements are bound together for Yeats) become in an important sense impersonal, in that they reflect the unity of reality. Any such unity should be inclusive enough to take in pain and ugliness (Eternal Beauty is significantly absent from this synthesis) and it should be apparent that Yeats's poetic development is basically a movement towards this openness and honesty. The views he enunciates may be open to question as aesthetic theories but for Yeats they are true and are also far more than aesthetic truth. In the end the poetry is the test. It is unquestionable that Yeats's poetry is nearly all of it, about himself; it is also unquestionable that it is about a great deal more. The best of his work bears most strongly his individual stamp but it is also impersonal ('Objective' would be a better though not an ideal word), because it is a whole, creating its own *raison*

d'être and logic. Yet the poems, while complete in themselves, are also parts of a world and gain in significance by being located in this world. Eliot, as early as 1932, had carried his flight from personality sufficiently far to enable him to suggest that a great poet acquires his additional significance because one feels his work to be united 'by one significant, consistent and developing personality'. Though one would rather speak of a world than a personality, there need be no doubt that the total work of any major writer forms a whole which is greater than the sum of its parts and that Eliot is right in making this test a specific measure of Yeats's achievement. More recently, Kenner and Unterecker have persuasively demonstrated that Yeats's *Collected Poems* ought to be read as an entity and that each poem gains in richness and significance by being set among the poems that surround it. The *Collected Poems* form a consciously shaped universe in which every poem has its place and is illuminated by the place it occupies. Each work contributes to the whole work; but the converse of this recognition is surely that each work has to be seen in its own individuality, its own achieved and largely sufficient life, if we are to see it correctly as part of the community which it helps to create.

To say this is not unconditionally to endorse Yeats's theories; one must remember that Mr. Eliot has reached a comparable objectivity and built up a world of comparable cohesiveness from a critical position which is radically dissimilar. Whether one reaches significance by escaping from personality or by sinking through personality to the essential self below are choices of creative procedure which it is obviously unreasonable to prescribe. One's primary concern should be with the achievement. If the manner in which it is reached has been described in some detail that is because a knowledge of the method enables us to assess the product more responsibly. For example, D. S. Savage's thesis that Yeats's poetic development was essentially a betrayal of the personal principle, flies, despite its incidental perceptiveness, in the face of both theory and fact. Yeats's growth on the contrary, is basically the record of his discovery of himself, the stripping away of distractions, the withering (which is ironically blossoming) into the truth, the resolute determina-

tion to speak only with his own voice. His poetry moves in an area which is deliberately restricted; but it moves in it with a power that is only possible because of the fundamental forces which are made to choose that area as their battle-ground.

THE WORLD OF MAUD GONNE

BY A. G. STOCK

I

For she had fiery blood
When I was young,
And trod so sweetly proud
As 'twere upon a cloud,
A woman Homer sung.
('A Woman Homer Sung', *The Green Helmet*)

Maud Gonne's beauty and the stormy spirit that inhabited it are in the fibre of Yeats's poetry, outlasting his bodily life and hers. The beauty is further attested in photographs and portraits of her, but it is the poetry that animates them so that she seems all of a piece with her image and her impact on the poet is wholly credible.

As yet there is no full life of Maud Gonne McBride, but she has put her own view of herself on record in her autobiography.[1] Turning to it from Yeats's poetry is like watching a character from a tragedy step out of the cast to act on another stage of her own choice. It is authentically a portrait of the same original, but drawn by another hand in the light of a different temperament; it supplements without contradicting the Yeatsian masterpiece.

Maud Gonne's father was an Irish officer in the British army; her mother, who was English, died when she was four years old. The earliest memory she records is of her father's words to her at the funeral, that were to come back to memory again and again as a rule to live by: 'Never be afraid of anything, not even of death.' By her mother's wish she and her younger sister were not sent to school, but were educated, rather anarchically, by governesses and by mixing with upper-class circles all over Europe as their father moved from place to place. At fifteen, Maud was taken up by an aunt of her father's who specialized in training beauties for the conquest of society. She was evidently a most promising

pupil, but seeing what an impression she made on the Prince of Wales (the future Edward VII) her father thought it wise to take her out of the heady environment. By that time he had decided to leave the army and enter politics as a liberal, and Maud, very young for the office, became hostess and manager of his home in Ireland until his death a few years later. After that there was an abrupt change. She and her sister, both still minors, were sent to live with her father's brother in what struck them as an impossibly staid and conservative household in London. Her sister, gentler and more submissive, might have endured it, but Maud by that time was a rebel by conviction, with her father's injunction to fearlessness to fortify her spirit. With the help of other members of the family she escaped to take a stage training, and would probably have earned her living as an actress, to Uncle William's horror, if it had not turned out that her father had left both his daughters just enough money to make them independent. From that time on she was free to create her own world, as in fact she had already begun to do, out of a chaos of impressions, experiences and sympathies, worked over by a temperament that demanded something unequivocal to fight for.

In France, before she came of age, she had met Millevoye, a journalist and a brilliant orator, fanatically dedicated to the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine from Germany. The moment she met him, she says, she was convinced that they had met before. Such recognitions are known to happen: it could equally well be interpreted as a memory of some past life, as she was inclined to think, or an intuition of sympathy between them, or a disguised presentiment that they were to meet again, for Millevoye takes up more of her story than W. B. Yeats. He, not surprisingly, began by mistaking the point of her interest in him, but when she put him right he was able to recognize the passionate seriousness behind the beauty. He said:

> Let us make an alliance. I will help you to free Ireland. You will help me to regain Alsace-Lorraine.
>
> (*A Servant of the Queen*, p. 65)

And he sent her to Russia on a secret mission that gave her confidence in her power to work alone. It was the first stepping-stone to a lifetime's free-lance service to Irish liberation. In later years Millevoye was to disapprove of the romantic violence of her methods. He had common sense on his side, and if he had lived to see how much more surely her mission was fulfilled than his own, the irresponsibility of history might well have astonished him.

She then asked Michael Davitt how she could work for Ireland, but antagonized him at their first meeting by defending physical force. The Fenians had believed in force, but the Land League, which Michael Davitt had started and had persuaded Parnell to support, was committed to tactics of non-violent civil disobedience. With her beauty and her style, her upper-class, half-English connections, her cosmopolitanism and her impetuous talk, Maud Gonne could be and sometimes was mistaken for a spy or an *agent provocateur*.

Next, through a friend in Dublin, she met the magnanimous old Fenian John O'Leary and became his disciple along with Yeats and J. P. Taylor. It seems that Yeats, absorbed in dreams of his own work, never noticed her till a year or so later (1889), when she called on him in London to praise his newly published book *The Wanderings of Oisin*. Then he fell headlong in love with her.

She moved like a whirlwind wherever she could find Irish wrongs to redress. She worked with the Land League building houses for evicted tenants in Donegal, and with the Amnesty Association for the release of Irish prisoners arrested for treason, and in Donegal again when famine broke out there. She went to France, to stir up anti-British feeling by lecturing on her famine experiences, and to Scotland on behalf of Irish political prisoners. Nothing but sheer exhaustion of body and nerves could keep her still.

Work, not leadership, was what she craved, but she could never have been a disciplined party member working to a formulated rule, and she knew it. Once a project had absorbed her or somebody's wrongs had roused her indignation she would put her whole strength into a fight, equally reckless of the consequence to herself and the value of victory, and work till her strength was exhausted and the victory won.

Her beauty and energy and air of authority were at their best in a lone campaign.

> 'They are saying you are a woman of the Sidhe,' a priest of Letterkenny told her in her first Donegal exploit, 'who rode into Donegal on a white horse surrounded by birds to bring victory. No one can resist this woman; she confabbed with the Bishop, she releases prisoners, even the police can't stand against her.'
>
> (*A Servant of the Queen*, p. 134)

It was at this time that Yeats, profoundly troubled by her activities, wrote *The Countess Cathleen.* What troubled him was not the starvation of the peasants but the expenditure of Maud Gonne's beauty and health and the wild passion of indignation the experience roused in her, so unlike everything he would have liked her to be. 'May a soul sacrifice itself for a good end?'[2] was the way he put the question to himself. But he was suspicious of the end—although the play did not betray this—and in his last years, after seeing where it had led her, found more embittered words for the problem:

> I thought my dear must her own soul destroy
> So did fanaticism and hate enslave it.
>
> ('The Circus Animals' Desertion', *Last Poems*)

At any rate, it was her soul he was fighting for, the soul that should be 'self-appeasing, self-delighting' and instead was expending itself on the wrongs and rights of others.

She went on from enterprise to enterprise, working alone or with allies, always spending herself without reserve and then withdrawing from action till she had regained energy for a fresh outburst. She stopped another famine in Mayo in 1897, by dynamizing the half-starved peasants till they rallied behind her, and threatening the local authorities with arson and pillage unless they made immediate provision for adequate relief. They did. She broke with Millevoye not long afterwards, because he was committed to constitutional action and she was growing more and more convinced of the necessity for violence.

In the Boer War she devised a plan to blow up British troop-ships with bombs disguised as lumps of coal. The British, she reasoned, had trouble in recruiting men, and nothing would damp the ardour of volunteers more than a few such mysterious accidents on the voyage to South Africa. And it could be done: there were enough patriotic Irish dockers and seamen to make it possible, at very little expense. Authorized by the Irish Republican Brotherhood, an underground nationalist movement to which both she and Yeats belonged (though Yeats was not in the plot), she approached Boer agency in France for £2000 for the work. They were shocked at such unorthodox warfare, but on second thoughts, and unofficially, agreed to abet her. But before the plan was put into action it was frustrated by a spy, working inside the I.R.B., who posed as an agent and intercepted the money. This brought home to Maud Gonne the ineffectiveness of an underground organization for acts of violence; betrayal from within was too easy. She left the I.R.B. and threw herself into organizing Cumann na Gael, which aimed at uniting every kind of Irish organization, cultural, economic or political, into an open national movement with separation as its avowed aim. Yeats approved: he too had resigned from the I.R.B. and this new line of action harmonized much better with his own notions.

Then came the coronation of Edward VII. He was to visit Dublin soon afterwards, and the British authorities at Dublin Castle were planning a civic reception for him to demonstrate the Irish people's loyalty to the Crown. Tim Harrington, the Mayor of Dublin, was a committed nationalist: he could not be expected to participate, but he could be persuaded to go on holiday, leaving a more pliable deputy to act for him. Maud Gonne got wind of the plan, and with the help of Cumann na Gael raised such a spectacular riot at a public meeting that there was no more hope of carrying it out. 'You certainly have succeeded,' Yeats wrote to her in reluctant acknowledgement; for cat-calls and chair-slinging, however effective, were not his idea of action befitting the dignity of a noble cause.

It was in Paris, towards the end of the Boer War, that she first met Sean McBride. He was returning from volunteer

service in arms against the British—conduct that she must have admired, disillusioned as she was with underground warfare—and could not re-enter Ireland without facing trial for treason. He went to America, persuaded her to join him there on a lecture tour, and asked her to marry him; but she said she was not interested in marriage while there were battles to be fought for Ireland. Then he returned to France, without money but with some unspecified plan for work in Spain to promote an armed revolt in Ireland, and asked her again. This time she consented. Her book ends here, with the marriage that seems to be so impersonally motivated, and with preparations for a journey to Spain.

In the years she writes about, Yeats was writing his 'Rose' poems and the intricate symbolic patterns of *The Wind Among the Reeds*; nevertheless, he too belonged to the national movement that had one of its edges in her dangerous world. John O'Leary was one of his heroes, and though he was a man of peace himself, his imagination gloried in proud and violent men. Maud Gonne's exploits tormented him. He might bid his beloved be at peace, but it was clear in the poise of her head and the glance of her eye that peace was not her element. As surely as his poetry was the creation of his individual genius, Maud Gonne's life, with its deepening commitment to violence, was the creation of hers.

II

The two were divided by an equal but divergent strength of purpose, but they had much in common. When Yeats wrote that he 'loved the pilgrim soul' in her and not only her beauty, it was more than a lover's delusion—even though in later years he called her 'a proud woman not kindred of his soul'. It is true that they grew in different surroundings. Yeats was always poor but had always lived among artists to whom poverty was unimportant, whereas Maud Gonne had been brought up in fashionable society and could afford to live as she chose; her waywardness and unconscious extravagance often shocked him. But they were brought together first of all by the passion for liberating Ireland, in days when success was a far-off dream. Anyone who has worked with

a small band of enthusiasts for something that does not yet exist knows the power of that passion to transcend differences of background and social context. A comradeship of the mind grows up, that pushes the world of circumstance into unreality and yet is also a comradeship of action and shared experience and common terms of thought.

The Ireland they both served was neither present reality nor intellectual abstraction, but a patriot's vision. At the beginning of her book Maud Gonne tells us how she once saw the vision with her eyes from a train window: a tall beautiful woman springing across the bog on little stones that shone white and then faded in the dusk of evening. She knew the woman for Cathleen ni Houlihan and herself for one of the little white stones, and—for she was returning nervously exhausted from one of her famine-relief campaigns—wept for the loneliness of being no more than that. But she adds:

> Being old now and not triumphant, I know the blessedness of being 'one of those little stones' on the path to freedom.
>
> (*A Servant of the Queen*, Preliminary note.)

She dedicated the whole of her physical and mental and emotional being to that vision. Beyond it she did not think, and there was a kind of wisdom in this for one who lived in action as she did. To anatomize it, to argue that the Ireland to be freed was this and not that, could only breed ideological quarrels that turned action against itself. There is a long stage in revolutionary movements when it is better to be generous than clear-headed; the image of Cathleen ni Houlihan was a focus to draw together the energies of widely different groups and temperaments up to the very eve of victory. Inevitably in politics, a moment comes when the manœuvres for ascendancy of this group and that begin to swamp the simple idealism of the fighters, and often it is not the most generous who emerge supreme. But in her youth victory was so far away that she could be dynamic without being factious. Each according to his temperament, was her maxim.

> I never willingly discouraged either a dynamiter or a constitutionalist, a realist or a lyrical writer. My chief preoccupation was how their work could forward the Irish separatist movement.
>
> (Ibid. p. 178)

What kind of Ireland emerged was Cathleen ni Houlihan's business, not hers. Perhaps this confident inclusiveness was learnt from John O'Leary, who could inspire such different personalities as Yeats and J. P. Taylor and herself to work together for a common end.

Of all Yeats's poems the one she liked best was *Red Hanrahan's Song About Ireland*, where the power of the vision to reconcile factions is acknowledged:

> Angers that are like noisy clouds have set our hearts abeat,
> But we have all bent low and low and kissed the quiet feet
> Of Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan.

She had no patience with his exhortations to her to withdraw from the noisy angers of the world and find serenity by gazing in her own heart.

> I never indulged in self-analysis and often used to get impatient with Willie Yeats, who, like all writers, was terribly introspective and tried to make me so. 'I have no time to think of myself,' I told him which was literally true, for, unconsciously perhaps, I had redoubled work in order to avoid thought.
>
> (Ibid. p. 308)

She could only integrate her many-sided personality by using all she had for a single purpose.

Yeats shared the vision, but because he was a creative artist his line of work had to be different; he had to shape and define. 'You can no more have the greater poetry without a nation than religion without symbols,'[3] he said, and 'Neither religion nor politics can of itself create minds with enough receptivity to become wise, or just and generous enough to make a nation.'[4] Such thoughts took him in another

direction from Maud Gonne and from the men who made Easter Week. He spent much of his time quarrelling with other Irishmen, and yet he never ceased to value reckless daring above the politician's caution, and to glorify 'the high wasteful virtues' that were essentially hers.

'Each according to his temperament', and Maud Gonne's temperament took naturally to violence. Yeats saw it as an obsessive, indiscriminating cult of violence for itself, or—in a more forgiving mood—as a chronic imbalance between herself and the age that denied her an appropriate context.

> Why, what could she have done, being what she is?
> Was there another Troy for her to burn?
> ('No Second Troy', *The Green Helmet*)

He wrote of her with so much insight and such finality of phrase that it is hard not to see her through his eyes; and yet, reflected in his own very different temperament, the seriousness of her standpoint is diminished. She did not want to burn Troy but to serve Ireland; indeed, it is one of his grievances that she would not live, or let others live, for the cult of her own beauty, but treated it as a gift to be flung recklessly on the altar of the goddess.

Her belief in violence was no incoherent fury but a considered judgment that refused to shirk its own consequences. Subject peoples win their freedom only when they are ready to die for it. This is not to say that constitutional action has no value, but a parliamentary party must recognize itself as merely the surface of a great upheaval drawing its strength from the people's active will, and to lead them it must both trust and be trusted. It must never disown their instincts.

> Once a constitutional party turns its back on physical force because, not being able to direct it, it finds it embarrassing, its days of usefulness are over. It may linger on but, being unable to deliver the goods, it falls shamelessly into the corruption of its environment.
> (*A Servant of the Queen*, p. 174)

And of Parnell she says:

> He had failed when he repudiated acts of violence. He was never a physical force man himself, but he had worked hand in hand with physical force in the early days when luck and the spiritual forces of Ireland were with him, so that even ordinary words from his lips became charged with great significance and power. Luck deserted him when he deserted the force which had made his movement great.
>
> (Ibid. pp. 174-5)

The civil disobedience tactics of the Land League were more efficient and less wasteful of human life than the Fenian violence; but Maud Gonne, judging from her own adventures with the Land League, believed that only the possibility of violence in the background disposed the government to listen to argument. (Diplomats say as much, when they speak of 'negotiating from strength.') If this was true, then leaders who repudiated the people's force broke away from the ground of their authority; they had nothing left of their own and could be useful only to the enemy. They opened the way for less scrupulous men to exploit politics for private advantage, as they certainly would if they were sure it was safe; and then the true idealist who disdained to manœuvre for position had to suffer for his loyalty to the party without being able to keep up its morale.

Besides, to the unsophisticated people who were the strength of a national uprising, physical violence was essentially a moral gesture, the obvious expression of the will to fight. It carried weight less for its immediate success than because it committed a man irretrievably against the government. A politician might be wise to avoid it if he could, but if he disowned those who used it he was either a coward or on the wrong side. You don't disown your friend, however wrong-headed, to placate a powerful enemy. This seemed to be Maud Gonne's line of thought.

She was not the woman to incite others to dangerous action and stay behind the lines herself: if it was right to advocate violence it was right to be in the thick of it. The fiasco of her ship-sinking enterprise set her thinking further. It taught her, not that physical force was a mistake, but that

in the hands of an underground movement it is doomed to failure because betrayal from within is too easy. For an underground movement the only safeguard against treachery is the assassination of the traitor. Some of the I.R.B. wanted to enforce the penalty against the man who had foiled her: Maud Gonne objected, not out of humanitarian clemency but because it would serve no purpose for Ireland. She agreed that the man deserved a bullet; but since the whole affair had been secret and three governments were interested in preventing it from coming to light, there was no way to make the Irish people understand the reason for his death. The case was different when a man who had turned approver against comrades charged with sedition was murdered for his treachery. There, the crime was public and the whole people could judge the righteousness of the punishment, so that it brought home to them the import of the fight for freedom. The logical inference was that violence must be preached and practised as openly as possible, to confront the people with an absolute choice between freedom and the peace of submission. She accepted the inference, and acted on it.

There was, however, a secondary reason of personal honour for her objection to the murder.

> I had made it a rule of life never to ask any man to do a thing I was not ready to do myself or to take a risk I was not ready to share. I was not ready to shoot this man.
> (Ibid. p. 308)

The human gallantry of this admission is as characteristic of Maud Gonne as the cold weighing-up of the pros and cons of murder.

There is no need to agree with her reasoning on physical force to recognize its lucidity. The world she thought in was in some ways very unlike that of today. Violence, massive and mechanized, was still unimportant, violence was an instrument of personal courage; there was no such thing as total war, nations and their armies, if they fought, could be expected to abide by agreed rules; but there were no rules governing an insurrection of the unarmed against an armed government.

There was no international science of revolution, no working models to be accepted or improved on, nor was 'ideology' a word in the ordinary man's vocabulary. In such a world, the individual who dared to translate his own principles of thought into action mattered more than he does nowadays.

For all her upper-class origins Maud Gonne was instinctively with the people. She could see that parliamentary politics offered a temptation to the wrong kind of politician to make himself comfortable on its back while the will to freedom evaporated in speeches. She could see, too, as Pearse and Connolly saw in 1916, that open force, even if defeated, would commit the nation to fight till independence was won. Was this the only or the best way to win it? The question is not answerable, for history, which cannot be unmade, was made in Ireland by men and women who thought as she did. She could not foresee, there was little either in the world or in her own nature to warn her, how a few years of licensed violence could change human values; how easily, from taking on themselves the responsibility of killing, men learn to kill irresponsibly. This was something the whole world had still to discover.

> Now days are dragon-ridden, the nightmare
> Rides upon sleep, a drunken soldiery
> Can leave the mother, murdered at her door,
> To crawl in her own blood, and go scot-free.
> ('Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen', *The Tower*)

—could not have been imagined at the time when Yeats wrote his *Cathleen ni Houlihan*.

At that time Yeats had no need to face the question of violence so realistically, since he was not promoting it himself and armed revolt was not an immediate practical issue. The renaissance of the imagination he was labouring for needed peace, or at least security of life, for its growth, and though Parnell had been one of his heroes, he had seen that after Parnell's death the energy of Irish minds might be swung over to the imaginative arts. He never had Maud Gonne's active sympathy for the down-trodden, but already his way of thinking showed that feeling for the whole personality

which is at the core of his mature poetry, and which her fiery political passion made impossible to her. And yet the heroic virtues, as he saw them in Ireland's fighting past, stirred his imagination, whereas constitutional politics only repelled it. The gallantry of her standpoint, considered as the dramatic expression of some legendary personality, might well have evoked his admiration: it was another matter when it governed the ways of the beautiful woman who preferred her own work to his love.

III

There was, however, much besides political passion to bring them together. There was the theatre, for one thing. Yeats's imagination had always clothed itself in drama: Maud Gonne who had turned first to the stage as an escape from the conventional life she abhorred, had it in her to be an actress, perhaps a great one, if she had given herself to the art. She confesses that when Yeats brought her *The Countess Cathleen*, saying that the name part was written for her and she must play it, she was fascinated. But if he hoped to work through her dramatic imagination, till she understood and submitted to his ideal of her, he underestimated her will; she refused to act because the lure was altogether too strong.

> I knew my own weakness, and how, when I got interested in anything, I was capable of forgetting everything else—house-building, evicted tenants, political prisoners, even the fight against the British Empire, might all disappear in the glamour of the stage; it was the only form of self-discipline I consciously practised.
>
> (*A Servant of the Queen*, p. 176)

Once only she relaxed her rule, and that was for *Cathleen ni Houlihan*, because Yeats refused to allow it to be produced without her and she believed it was important to the national movement. It is interesting that this is the only one of his plays where Maud Gonne's imagination seems for the moment to dominate Yeats's own, for Cathleen ni Houlihan is more like her vision of Ireland than his. In later years he had

reason to wonder whether it had not been only too important:

> Did that play of mine send out
> Certain men the English shot?
> ('The Man and the Echo', *Last Poems*)

If it did, Maud Gonne would hardly have regretted her share in it. In her feeling about Easter Week there was none of the ambivalence of Yeats's *Easter, 1916*; her first reaction, recorded in a letter from Yeats to Lady Gregory,[5] was that tragic dignity had returned to Ireland. And yet, if a single Donegal peasant had died of hunger for want of an ounce of her energy that might have saved him, she would have blamed herself for ever.

They had too an even closer bond in the pervasive belief in the supernatural world, which both of them carried into action. Maud Gonne is speaking Yeats's own language when she says:

> I had never doubted the existence of spiritual forces surrounding us, some friendly, some hostile, more completely blind to human needs, pursuing their own existence with the same disregard of us as birds or insects. I knew it was possible to break the dividing barrier which separates us from their world.
> (*A Servant of the Queen*, p. 287)

She tried some experiments with the barrier, for she had psychic gifts, perhaps more authentically than Yeats himself. But the spirit world, even more than the theatre, is a dangerous distraction; it is either a disinterested and overmastering passion or a fraud, but certainly not an instrument to be handled lightly in the service of other interests, and a true instinct made her aware of this.

She tells a strange story of a phantom woman, dark and sorrowful, who haunted her from childhood and seemed to her to come with friendly intent. Yeats and his Rosicrucian friends diagnosed this phantom as a part of her own personality that had somehow got loose, perhaps because of a crime committed in a past life. Hearing this, Maud Gonne's first thought

was to try to make use of her, to send her abroad to influence people, and the phantom seemed eager and able to be used. But activity in the human world increased her strength, and Maud Gonne began to be unsure whose will was to be dominant in the partnership, her own or her *alter ego*'s. The doubt was enough; she 'put on blinkers' in her own phrase, and resolutely ignored her, even when others in the same room were aware of an unseen presence; till at last the phantom seemed to lose heart and came no more.

Once, under the influence of hashish, she had the sensation of travelling out of her body, visiting her sister, and returning to herself in bed. Characteristically, she determined to perform the feat without a drug, by the power of will alone, and found that it was a dormant faculty that she could develop.

> But I found these experiments very exhausting, and they took me away from the work I had undertaken, so I resolutely put on blinkers as I had done about the acting and renounced the experiments after a time.
>
> (Ibid. p. 251)

She joined the Order of the Golden Dawn, where Yeats gained so much of his knowledge of magic, and passed the first four initiations. Then she discovered that it shared some passwords with the Free Masons, and although Yeats, who was a much more advanced initiate, denied that it was in any way Masonic, she promptly sent in her resignation because

> Free Masonry as we Irish know it is a British institution and has always been used to support the British Empire.
>
> (Ibid. p. 259)

It was not, I think, that she had any doubts of the validity of the Order's rituals and the spiritual powers they conferred on initiates who passed the tests; but if such powers could be acquired only by entangling oneself, however remotely, with the forces of imperialism, that was the strongest of reasons for renouncing them.

It would be useless, and quite irrelevant to this study, to

theorize about the nature of the psychic experiences she describes; let psycho-analysts, parapsychologists, occultists and others explain them according to their different terms of thought. Maud Gonne herself, who had become a Catholic before she wrote her book, is guarded in her explanations and frankly uncertain of the precise boundary between objective happenings and fantasy, but there is nothing of the charlatan in her account. She was writing of experience as it came to her, and the interpretations put on it by Yeats and his fellow occultists spoke so clearly to a kindred understanding in her own mind that she could make practical use of them. Yeats too was at home among apparitions and supersensory communicators, but perhaps more through faith, imaginative and reasoned, than experience of his own. It was necessary for the self-created image that made his poetry visionary, and for that very reason no one, perhaps not himself, could be sure how much authentic visionary experience belonged to the man behind the image. Maud Gonne, intellectually much less sophisticated, accepted what came to her as people do who are not introspective and have never been required to be sceptical. There was thus a region of shared beliefs for them to inhabit together.

But here as elsewhere they were held apart by an equal inflexibility of purpose. Though Maud Gonne never doubted that there was another world, her commitment was to the liberation of Ireland in this one. Eternity could look after itself, and the supernatural, if it would not serve her purposes, could go about its own; it was too dangerous a distraction to flirt with. She lived by her single-mindedness, and could respect the same quality in others even when its aim was different. In the Dublin Theosophical Society, the only personality who interested her was George Russell (A.E.), of whom she writes:

> He told me he would not become an artist and preferred the dull drudgery of figures because it did not take him away from the spiritual life as Art might have done. Like me, he had put on blinkers. (Ibid. p. 256)

Yeats was no less resolute, but since a poet's business is

the transmutation of experience he can only put on blinkers at the peril of his eternal art. His was a more complex purpose than either hers or Russell's, and where their task was to renounce, his was to synthesize.

> Nor may I less be counted one
> With Davis, Mangan, Ferguson,
> Because, to him who ponders well
> My rhymes more than their rhyming tell
> Of the dim wisdoms old and deep
> That God gives unto man in sleep.
> ('To Ireland in the Coming Times', *The Rose*)

IV

Though presumably Maud Gonne sometimes fell in love, there is little in her book to suggest it. Ordinary reticence, more ordinary then than now, may account partly but not altogether for the silence: if love had mattered greatly to her she would have said so. She presents herself and her life faithfully in the light of her own ideal, which is not at all that of the women 'bred to be a hero's wage' in Yeats's words, or the world-troubling heroine he thought her capable of being. She wanted to fight, not to be fought over like a challenge cup, and to fight for a cause worthy of her valour. She saw herself as a lone ranger sworn to the service of the Queen, Cathleen ni Houlihan, at whose call the bridegroom leaves the marriage bed: after taking the oath, to allow any private and personal feeling to govern her actions would have been the conduct of a base deserter.

The book is full of this sense of commitment, which though it included no vow of chastity and prescribed no rule of life was as absolute as a monk's or a nun's. As long as she worked only for Ireland the gods would favour her, and would desert her the moment she took thought for herself. How literally she believed this is shown in her account of an episode in the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, when money was needed for the defence of political prisoners. She followed the advice of a fortune-teller at Aix-les-Bains, and won spectacularly at the gambling-tables. But—

> A couple of years later I returned for another cure at Aix. Of course I sent for the fortune-teller. She again told me to go and play at certain hours; which I did—and lost! But I was merely playing for myself that time, and I never have luck when I try to do anything for myself. (*A Servant of the Queen*, p. 279)

And on one of her last successful exploits, the prevention of the staged demonstration of loyalty to the new King Edward VII, she comments:

> Luck and the will of the gods had not deserted me in public affairs, though I had begun to doubt them, and as for my private affairs, why should the gods look after them? I had long ago chosen to devote my life to the one objective of freeing Ireland, and since then I had invariably found that anything I undertook for myself personally never succeeded, and so had given up trying. So long as I was working for Ireland I felt safe and protected. (Ibid. p. 339)

This confession comes a few pages before the account of her marriage. It does not suggest a frame of mind propitious for marriage, nor on the whole does the account itself. McBride, she says, had asked her to meet him in Paris.

> He had asked me to marry him in America, and I had replied that marriage was not in my thoughts while there was a war on and there was always an Irish war on. I feared it might be that personal reason that was bringing him to France, but I hoped there might be a more interesting reason. (Ibid. p. 342)

There hardly was, for his plans seem to have been vague. But McBride was penniless, a political exile, and so ignorant of French that he was almost helpless in France. And they were both desperate for the same reason: both were convinced that nothing but armed strength could liberate Ireland, and there were no men, no arms, no money to buy them, no friendly powers ready to back Ireland against England. And

the marriage, as many of their friends saw and told them plainly, was most unlikely to be happy; since she could not accuse herself of seeking anything from it for herself personally, her compact with the gods was unbroken.... To this destination she was carried by her ruthless logic of self-disregard.

Years later, Yeats wrote of it:

> Have I not seen the loveliest woman born
> Out of the mouth of Plenty's horn,
> Because of her opinionated mind
> Barter that horn and every good
> By quiet natures understood
> For an old bellows full of angry wind?
> ('A Prayer for My Daughter', *Michael Robartes*)

But Maud Gonne's book, completed in 1938, breaks off at this point in the year 1903. Having made the decision with open eyes she had too much gallantry to complain of its consequences, and says nothing at all of the troubles between herself and McBride that led to separation not very long afterwards.

It is possible that she loved Yeats, as he certainly believed when he wrote of

> that monstrous thing
> Returned and yet unrequited love
> ('Presences', *The Wild Swans at Coole*)

—but any positive grounds for thinking so are in his poetry, not in her book. If she loved him, that would have been by her own reasoning the best of grounds for not marrying him. If the lure of the stage, or of power in the spirit world, might have distracted her from her self-chosen purpose, love fulfilled on a foundation of so much affinity would have been the greatest distraction of all. And he certainly could not have made her happy, as he believed he could, since happiness was no part of her design for herself.

V

It is interesting to set Maud Gonne's rather naïve self-

portrait beside the Yeatsian image with its subtle interweaving of insight and resentment. They are the same and different, but neither can be called more truthful or more self-deceptive than the other. In any portrait, whether the sitter's own, or a poet-lover's, or a psychologist's entries in his casebook, the background and the lighting belong to the artist's selective sense of values, and these will always change the look of the figure.

The Yeatsian image is a creation that needs no support from the original. It is more alive than any of his purely dramatic creations such as Deirdre or Cuchulain, or any of those emanations of himself, the voices of his poetry, named Red Hanrahan, Robartes and the rest. It lives and moves as Lady Macbeth and Cleopatra live in Shakespeare's plays and as the Dark Lady of the sonnets does not. And when one sees from the book how closely his dramatic imagination keeps to fact, this in itself is a statement about art. It was at its most powerful when he was wrestling with his own direct experience, of which she, at once so close to him and so remote, was a vital extension.

As a young man, perhaps for a longer time than most young writers, Yeats experienced literature more vividly than life. He was serious in asserting that all great art and literature depended 'upon conviction and upon heroic life,'[6] which is as much as to say that Achilles must exist for Homer to celebrate him rightly; but at the time when he first said it, his poetry gives the impression that he pictured the heroic life rather like a Burne-Jones tapestry walking about the countryside. Maud Gonne was actually living it, in a contemporary environment, so that in a way he was forced by her existence to come to terms with the age. She must have been the last person he would have chosen to see demonstrating its consequences—it was as if the actor cast for Helen had insisted on playing Achilles—but she was authentically heroic. They both inhabited the same world of Irish nationalism; her region of it was a turbulent underworld where police spies were part of the day's normal encumbrances and threats of murder, even suspected attempts at it, politically or personally motivated, were calculable chances. It was not congenial to him with his need of serenity, but she

chose it for herself by a kind of natural attraction. But then, so did his heroes of romance; for

> they were of a different kind,
> The names that stilled your childish play,
> They have gone about the world like wind
> But little time had they to pray
> For whom the hangman's rope was spun.
> ('September 1913', *Responsibilities*)

His poetic image of her bears witness to the way she educated him; it is not static, but grows and changes as he matures. At first, when he still hoped to win her, it was no more than a projection of his own longing. In *The Rose of Peace* he shows her what she might be; in *The Countess Cathleen* he transfigures her to a serene saint; in *The Two Trees* he tries to change her; in one poem of *The Wind Among the Reeds* he pleads with the elemental powers to make her peaceful; in another he wishes her dead. In all this she is the cause of poetry but she is not in the poems themselves, except so far as the turbulence that baffles him is seen gradually breaking through. Not until *In the Seven Woods*, when hope is lost, do his words begin to make her objectively visible.

Thereafter, using his poetry to master his experience, he sets out to capture in words the quality not only of his passion, but of the woman herself who evoked and rejected it. In 'A Woman Homer Sung' (*The Green Helmet*), he says:

> I wrote and wrought,
> And now, being grey,
> I dream that I have brought
> To such a pitch my thought
> That coming time can say
> 'He shadowed in a glass
> What thing her body was.'

And indeed, though he had not yet realized that dream, her individual image was taking form in his lines, and was to grow more and more distinct, from the airy grace of

Tall and noble but with face and bosom
Delicate in colour as apple-blossom
('The Arrow', *In the Seven Woods*)

to

Maud Gonne at Howth station waiting a train,
Pallas Athene in that straight back and arrogant head;
All the Olympians; a thing never seen again.
('Beautiful Lofty Things', *Last Poems*)

Not only the bodily image but the personality animating it becomes clearer as his art advances in the conquest of reality. She compels him to acknowledge qualities he does not share. In *No Second Troy* he is outraged by the turbulence that

would of late
Have taught to ignorant men most barbarous ways,
Or hurled the little streets upon the great,
Had they but courage equal to desire

—and in seeking to excuse it discovers that she has

a mind
That nobleness made simple as a fire
With beauty like a tight-strung bow, a kind
That is not natural in an age like this.

Fine as this apology is, it is full of Yeats's contempt for the commonplace, and the final question—

Was there another Troy for her to burn?

—is, as I have already said, a little less than just to her motives. But in the same volume, in another poem, he becomes aware of something in her that is more generous and even, underneath the turbulence, more serene than his own need for the applause of a world he despises.

—what her dreaming gave
Earned slander, ingratitude,
From self-same dolt and knave;
Ay, and worse wrongs than these.

Yet she, singing upon her road,
Half lion, half child, is at peace.
('Against Unworthy Praise,' *The Green Helmet*)

Again, in a conversation-piece written many years later, he recalls that her forgiving tolerance of the common people could make his own resentment of them look petty:

All I could reply
Was: 'You, that have not lived in thought but deed,
Can have the purity of a natural force,
But I, whose virtues are the definitions
Of the analytic mind, can neither close
The eye of the mind, nor keep my tongue from speech.'
And yet, because my heart leapt at her words,
I was abashed, and now they come to mind
After nine years, I sink my head abashed.
('The People', *The Wild Swans at Coole*)

This poem was first published in February 1916, at the same time as *The Fisherman* and *Her Praise*. Taken together, they suggest that Yeats was rethinking with some intensity the quarrels with the Irish public that dogged his work, and that the recollection of Maud Gonne played an active part in the inner debate, tending rather to allay his anger than to increase it. Without this preliminary thinking, I wonder whether he could have achieved the concentration and the fine balance between salutation and critical assessment of *Easter 1916*.

He could never wholly forgive the world of politics for taking her from him. That single-minded devotion of hers to Cathleen ni Houlihan was not, as he saw it, at all like the 'Unity of Being' that was his own ideal. It was attained by ruthlessly eliminating all that did not serve the one purpose, and that purpose something other than the whole soul of man; it was the too long sacrifice that can make a stone of the heart. His Unity of Being was to be won, on the contrary, by accepting and integrating every vital impulse till the whole being became like Wordsworth's cloud that moveth altogether if it move at all. All the same, he knew her too well to look

at her through the glass of a theory. Those harsh words, already quoted, about 'her opinionated mind' do not sum up the whole tenor of his thoughts about her, and must, I think, be seen in the context of his prayer for a quieter, more fulfilled life for his own daughter. 'You, that have not lived in thought but deed' is nearer to his normal feeling and shows deeper insight; for the word that occurs to a reader of her book is not so much 'opinionated' as 'headstrong'. In *A Bronze Head*, his last meditation on her, there is no reproach of her for being what she was. She is old and withered too, but he remembers her with all the regality, still present in the eyes, that he once thought

> supernatural;
> As though a sterner eye looked through her eye
> On this foul world in its decline and fall;

and behind that glance he sees another, less forbidding aspect of her:

> her form all full
> As though with magnanimity of light,
> Yet a most gentle woman.

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YEATS'S INDIAN EXPERIENCE

BY V. Y. KANTAK

THERE is some reason to suppose that Yeats's affinity with Indian thought and Indian outlook on life has somehow been closer than that of any other comparable Western poet who came under that spell some time or other. In poets like Emerson and Whitman, Indian thought has undoubtedly been an important influence; but strongly as it coloured their reflection, it remained one of the elements of the philosophical synthesis which they built. The Indian experience was still largely a curious, exotic interest. It hardly became a way of feeling, a modified power of perception. In recent years, several have written on the theme with enthusiasm, as Huxley has done for instance, but there is little in the way of participation —I mean the way a writer might make the Indian standpoint a fact of his personal experience and not merely give it the approval of an intellectual. Even T. S. Eliot's references to Sanskrit scriptures are rather incidental in a total situation which is basically un-Indian. Some critics like Helen Gardner have thought that such references as those in *The Waste Land* and *The Dry Salvages* project a little, not being quite integrated with the stuff of the poem as a whole. One may not entirely agree with these critics but one can realize that there is some justice in that charge. Eliot's, strictly speaking, is the observer's comment, not warm participation as one feels it is in Yeats. Yeats's own compatriot George Russell (A. E.) did, indeed, walk as it were the entire road in the Indian direction and probably had those experiences the Indian mystics described. But that is something that eludes articulation in words.

On this side of the 'threshold', on the middle ground where poetic articulation is possible, and is indeed the only measure of success, Yeats more than any other seems to me to convey the authentic Indian feeling. Yeats's Indian connection has deeper roots because it is also partly his Irish connection. For he had come to see primitive Ireland and India as complementary to each other, a relationship which is emphasized by the part the 'symbolic' has played in their expression. To

turn to the East is like turning to the ancient West or North. 'The one fragment of pagan Irish philosophy, The Song of Amergin,' says Yeats, 'seems Asiatic'.

Yeats's interest in Indian thought was sustained through many contacts—Mohini Chatterjee, Madam Blavatsky, Rabindranath Tagore and Purohit Swami with whom he translated the ten principal Upanishads and Patanjali's Yoga Sutras. Nor was this a question of personal encounters; it is clear that his Indian interest was a persistent bent of mind and lasted till the very end. One of his last plays, *The Herne's Egg*, was written in the year before his death when Purohit Swami was staying with him as his guest. The play has an extremely complex web of symbolism and is, in many ways, the clearest embodiment of distinctively Indian conceptions about the idea of Godhead, the attitude to sex, the theme of re-incarnation and Samadhi. Indeed the entire theme is as redolent of Indian sentiment as is the very name with its symbolical emphasis on the 'Swan archetype' and the primal egg or ब्रह्माण्ड (Brahmanda).

All the same, the earliest contact seems to have proved the most enduring. Those are the impressions that have sunk the deepest. The Brahmin, Mohini Chatterjee, had advised him, he says:

> 'Pray for nothing, say
> Every night in bed,
> "I have been a king,
> I have been a slave
> Nor is there anything,
> Fool, rascal, knave,
> That I have not been,
> And yet upon my breast
> A myriad heads have lain."'

This remains, though, now, Yeats adds a commentary: 'Yes, I have been all.' But saying this is not to reject the all that I have been; but to accept it gladly and enthusiastically. And so old lovers still shall be satisfied, 'birth-hour and death-hour, shall meet' for, after all, as the sages say, 'Men dance on deathless feet.' The deviation itself is so very Indian be-

cause it is merely the poet's modulation of the ancient wisdom. And the essence of the Indian tradition was that poetry and religion are the same thing as Yeats himself had said commenting on Tagore's poetry. Nevertheless, to the otherworldly suggestion in the Brahmin's words Yeats opposes a return to the sensual scene. But it is a kind of 'enhanced return', inclusive, not exclusive. The Brahmin's meaning is not contradicted exactly, but modulated anew in the poet's mind. This early response remained characteristic of his Indian experience throughout.

Yeats's confrontation with Indian thought through Madam Blavatsky, Theosophy, The Golden Dawn Society and so on, is perhaps not as material as has been made out. At any rate, it might illustrate the fact that Yeats's sources are not always what one would call respectable. But whether his sources were reliable or not, Yeats had long nourished his mind on this Indian diet till some of its essentials grew into the grain. One feels this in his deep sense of the immanence of the spirit and his resolute denial of the Christian barrier that separates God from His creation. His is a vision that looks upon all the elements of the temporal world of sense and passion equally as parts of a whole. Nothing is taboo, nothing sinful *per se*. Even when the desire to escape the mire of veins and blood is strong he can look back on the trumpery, flawed, figures who make the sensual music, without arrogance, without contempt and, what is more, without any sense of shame or guilt. His mind is at home in a dimension of time which is a kind of recurrence rather than a flat linear movement between fixed points. It naturally looks forward to a continuation after death and to incarnation into other forms. And it experiences no strain in accepting such presumably 'alien' ideas and attitudes.

No wonder that Yeats's Christianity is of the kind critics must find ambiguous and even dubious. There can be no doubt that in Yeats the strictly Christian point of view is totally discarded. And the dubiety springs from the fact that Yeats's mind, like the Indian, accepts Christianity as one of the forms in which the Divine makes its impact on humanity. He could not accept the dogmas of one religion as uniquely revealed by God. All the diverse forms which religious dogmas

have taken are in a sense God-given. They are part of the Divine intent for man. It is the same substance underlying all religious systems that evolves into greater clarity and relevance to life. The insufficiency of Christianity and of Christian love as Ribh, the Irish hermit, is made to see it or as Yeats dramatizes it in the play *Calvary*, derives from Yeats's inability to accept the Christian tendency to regard God-head as something external to humanity and thus to Self. In this respect Yeats's roots have been in the broader pagan tradition in which Christian mystics have a significant place—whether early Christian, Byzantine or Neo-Platonist. In all things he seems to prefer at first the Greek to the Christian and finally the Indian to the Greek.

This would also explain his enthusiastic sponsoring of Rabindranath Tagore whom he, in a manner of speaking, helped to discover for the Western world. Yeats found him interesting firstly because, as he himself said, Tagore represented a tradition where poetry and religion have been the same thing—and this in a sense entirely different from what Matthew Arnold meant when he proposed poetry as a substitute for religion. In that way of thinking, the life poetical is also the path to self-realization. It is the recognition of the Divine in us and in all things. And poetry itself, as Tagore would put it, is something like the soul in the process of culture, the little man responding to the Supreme Person. To respond to Him with the fullness of our energies, to express that response through all the myriad channels of life's activity but chiefly through the art-forms, through song and music, is to live the good life and the poetic life both at the same time. Tagore himself has conveyed this intimate relation between religion and poetry in passage after passage. Thus for instance:

'In India the greater part of our literature is religious, because God with us is not a distant God; He belongs to our homes as well as to our temples. We feel His nearness to us in all the human relationship of love and affection, and in our festivities He is the chief Guest we honour. In seasons of flower and fruit, in the coming of rain, in the fulness of autumn, we see the hem of His mantle and hear His footsteps. We worship Him in all the true objects of our worship and love Him wherever our love is true. In the woman who is good we

feel Him; in the man who is true we know Him; in our children He is born again and again, the Eternal Child. Therefore our religious songs are our love songs, and our domestic occurrences, such as the birth of a son or the coming of the daughter from her husband's house to her parents and her departure again, are woven in our literature as a drama whose counterpart is in the Divine.'

This is what Rilke would call 'the transformation of the Earth' which Western Christianity made difficult. In India this pervasive sense of the mingling of the secular and the divine became the special business of the poet. It came, of course, from the peculiarly non-doctrinaire character of the Indian religion, from its vivid pantheism and from its living sense of the unity of man with Nature and with God. Tagore's own poetry seemed to be different from that of the West because of this hidden leaven which informs it. It is as if our daily activity were suddenly to be touched by some sanctifying power revealing the holiness of our heart's affections in our dealings with men and in our encounters with Nature. What is important is that from the point of view of the poet's craft this meant giving all poetry a pronounced 'symbolic' slant *ab initio*.

To Tagore, as to Yeats, all poetry must necessarily possess this symbolic quality. One recalls how earthly love becomes symbolic of the divine in the Gitanjali lyric. Everything is impressed with an inner force, the infinite peeping through the finite. This is of the essence of the tradition of Vaishnavite poetry and that of the Bāul singers of Bengal which were the formative influences on Tagore's development. What drew Yeats to Tagore was, in other words, the integration he was himself seeking between the insistent life of the body and that of religion and art. That sexual imagery could so embody the sense of our relation to God was of the utmost importance for Yeats. In the later Yeats, particularly, there seems to be a special need for the poet to see spirit become incarnate in sex. Western critics are apt to find Yeats's return to the theme of sex in old age grotesque and even somewhat pathological. It has even been suggested that the glandular surgery he underwent may have been responsible for it. One remembers how that fine poem *Leda and the Swan* was kept out of antho-

logies for years because of what seemed its brash portrayal of the act of sex. Ironically enough, what looked crude and was objected to as irrelevant was all the time an important part of Yeats's meaning. In fact, the greater frankness of the later Yeats as in the *Crazy Jane* poems or *The Three Bushes* and the six lyrics that follow it, which are all openly sexual in theme and imagery—this denotes the strength of Yeats's spiritual impulse. There is a courage finely expressed in the total confrontation of things.

I will not presume to say this with certainty, but it seems to me that Yeats's later dissatisfaction with Tagore's verse arose from a lack of this strength in Tagore. Tagore's verse seemed too often to slide off into the weakly sentimental or the elegantly euphemistic where we should have expected a concrete grasp of things. And this sort of weakness is made all the more striking by Tagore's English translation which must appear to an English poet to betray a sense of English style.

Perhaps, the most lucid expression of Yeats's Indian experience is to be found in such things as those lyrics Yeats calls 'supernatural songs' woven round a hermetic called Ribh who has had mystic experiences. Ribh is an Irish hermit but the philosophy he is afforded is distinctively Indian. His songs—*Ribh in Ecstasy*, *Ribh at the Tomb of Bailie and Aillin*, *Ribh Considers Christian Love Insufficient* and so on—are amazingly Indian in feeling and tone of voice. The simple little lyric called *There*, for instance, has this indefinable Indian ring about it. It could easily pass for an expert translation of an Indian religious text or a poet-saint's lyric:

> There, all the barrel-hoops are knit.
> There, all the serpent-tails are bit.
> There, all the gyres converge in one.
> There all the planets drop in the Sun.

It is like an incantation in which poetry and mystic experience support each other, become indistinguishable. In this extended vision man's civilization is looked upon as an episode held together by manifold illusion; hence his raging and ravening as a necessary avenue to 'the desolation of reality':

Meru

Civilization is hooped together, brought
Under a rule, under the semblance of peace
By manifold illusion; but man's life is thought,
And he, despite his terror, cannot cease
Ravening through century after century,
Ravening, raging, and uprooting that he may come
Into the desolation of reality:
Egypt and Greece, good-bye, and good-bye, Rome!
Hermits upon Mount Meru or Everest,
Caverned in night under the drifted snow,
Or where that snow and winter's dreadful blast
Beat down upon their naked bodies, know
That day brings round the night, that before dawn
His glory and his monuments are gone.

There is a joyous note audible in these Hermetic songs which is recognizably Indian or Eastern. It is a note of peace that must come from a quiet conviction of Divine participation in everything. Nothing is alien except illusion. These lyrics also convey the sense of the drama of existence, of our being actors in a play in which forces greater than we know move us:

Whence had they come?
Eternity is passion, girl or boy
Cry at the onset of their sexual joy
'For ever and for ever'; then awake
Ignorant what Dramatis Personae spake;
. . . .

Whence had they come,
The hand and lash that beat down frigid Rome?
What sacred drama through her body heaved
When world-transforming Charlemagne was conceived?

It is like the union of Leda and the Swan which heralded the great Western civilization beginning with the Greek. Everywhere, the personal drama of the sexual joy sows the seeds of cosmic change. And the 'force that beat down frigid Rome' and the sacred drama that heaved through her body when

Charlemagne was conceived bring to mind the East-West confrontation which forms one of the recurring themes in Yeats.

At some point, Yeats's acceptance of the Indian experience becomes involved in such a vast East-West confrontation. The clearest statement of it is perhaps to be found in the poem *The Statues*—Pythagoras gave to the West his numbers, measurement, calculation. And the statues that were made, those plummet-measured faces, put down all 'Asiatic vague immensities'. They gave direction to sexual instincts so that live lips may be pressed on the plummet-measured face. But for Ireland and the Irish, those born into that ancient sect, the way lies Eastward. Let them, says the poem, first 'climb' to their proper dark; in other words, regain those Asiatic vague immensities, before they could trace the lineaments of the plummet-measured face. This is not to say that the poem poses a straight opposition of the West's abstract intellect to the chaotic passion of the East. The poem belies such a simplification. The Western 'measurement and numbers' are not rejected nor is the Eastern chaos of the dark glorified. The Irish should *climb* back to their proper dark—and it is an ascent—only in order that they may benefit by their European heritage which in itself is a positive value. On the other hand, when we approach the Buddha at the ceremonial hour for a blessing we might only find 'Grimalkin crawling to Buddha's emptiness.'

The opposition is not between two abstracted formulae, but rather it is like a struggle between rival urges within the same mind which comprehends both. The clash in such a case is not exactly softened but grows various, multiform, because of the complex feeling. Opposing loyalties strain each other; there is ambiguity, even vacillation. And yet the heart's adoption is unmistakable. If the poem lacks clarity that is so because the poet's effort is not aimed at mere statement; the effort is to live what the words embody. The poem describes a felt need, not by itself, but conditioned by other needs and pressures. Yeats thinks in antithetical terms; he is not interested in a partisan account. What is presented is always a whole complex of feelings and ideas—a state of mind. And yet the bent of his mind, its inner affinity is clearly revealed.

This is true also of what Yeats might have thought of the spirituality of the Indians. Yeats had thought Purohit Swami typically Indian in his 'care for the spontaneity of the soul'. But those Indians who knew Purohit Swami knew that he was no such thing and, indeed, many would go much farther than that. And again the East is not exactly spiritual and other-worldly either. (And in any case, spirituality is hardly the East's monopoly.) The truth of the matter is, as Louis Macneice put it, 'An inner necessity made Yeats think of Indians as essentially spiritual just as an inner necessity made him think of the Irish peasantry as in touch with the ancient Gods.' We should also remember that a poet like Yeats has to have something of the original Adam in him, something of the innocence before the Fall. Secondly, in poetry, we do not deal with easily measurable quantities nor with qualities which announce their nature in their public signatures. It is even more important to see that Yeats was concerned most of all with a tradition, not individuals. This is true of his interest in Irish tradition as well as the Indian. In either case, it is the climate in which individuals may come to a wholeness and growth, the possibility of it rather than what particular individuals might have made of the opportunity. was his sole concern.

He saw that the Indian tradition holds out a possibility for the individual to realize that wholeness and harmony which was once possible for men who lived in the age of Byzantine Christianity. The Indian, he said, displays 'care for the spontaneity of soul' because his belief in many lives frees him from the 'moral indignation' of the Western man. His great need for this spontaneity drove him to fierce experimentation with all kinds of recipes. The one desire was to try out an idea by subjecting it to the test of his own experience. If this led him to queer Quixotic ventures—all sorts of occult practices which the modern man is inclined to dismiss as 'mumbo jumbo'—it at least slanted all his philosophic effort towards what may be called 'realization' with the peculiar nuance the word has to the Indian mind. That is to say, when you actually go through the experience, reach a certain condition or state of being, what before had presented itself to thought as a paradox or incongruity is seen in a different

light. That is why Yeats seems to have been drawn to the Upanishad translations and translations of Patanjali's Yoga Sutras. Both stress the inadequacy of the purely conceptual effort and the need to convert the concepts into the stuff of one's being.

Yeats's view of the Indian tradition, in this respect, is refreshingly different from that of many Western thinkers who have seen great contradictions and weaknesses in the system of Hindu thought. This is true particularly of those with a missionary commitment to Christianity. To take an example or two: The Yale Professor, Egerton, saw two irreconcilable norms at work in Hinduism—the ordinary norm and the extraordinary norm. The second of these is for the higher few who are exempt from observance of the moral law; and the other, the ordinary norm, prescribed by Dharma for the common man. Western savants like Sweitzer have found the thought of India wanting in the principle of life affirmation and scope for positive ethical action which is the very foundation of Christinity. Others like Nicholas Berdyaev point out how:

> The Hindu consciousness and destiny are the most unhistorical in the world. Indians had no conception of history or of historical process. Their spiritual life appeared to be above all an individual one. The Hindu mind establishes an antithesis between the historical and the metaphysical. The inability to bring about a union of the two led them to think of history as a phenomenon devoid of purpose or meaning.

And Jacques Maritain criticizes the pharisaical purism of the Indian standpoint:

> The fear of soiling ourselves by entering the context of history is not virtue but a way of escaping virtue. Some seem to think that to put our hands to the real, to this concrete universe of human things and human relations where sin exists and circulates, is in itself to contract sin as if sin were contracted from without, not from within. This is pharisaical purism.

Now it happens that Yeats at least had no inhibitions about entering the context of history. His devotion to the Irish cause and to political activity (much modified by his later experience with men of action though it was), is sufficient refutation of any taint of purism that Yeats's mind might be supposed to show. Yet his attachment to the Indian experience did not come in the way of his participation in public issues. It is possible that he saw nothing in the Indian thought that was inherently opposed to a harmonious blending of the ethical and the metaphysical. He remained to the end vigorously committed to the life of this world as much as to that of the next and sought the 'spontaneity of soul' which cultures other than his own had to offer. Yeats retains the sense of the tragic, the most characteristic and the most vital feature of the Western tradition and yet again and again, his Muse has a voice which seems to speak from beyond tragedy, as if from an achieved unity of being in which tragedy is subsumed. It is not a resolving of conflict but a containing of it, and the last word is 'Rejoice.' as in 'The Gyres':

> What matter? Out of cavern comes a voice,
> And all it knows is that one word 'Rejoice'.

Yeats has not won his appreciation of the East at the cost of having to reject the West. In the mature vision of his later years he sees both as parts of an ordered harmony, the dominant note of which is what is heard in the ancient tombs and caverns of the Gyres, namely 'Rejoice'. The tragic sense which distinguishes the Western experience is very much there, but you now see that at the heart of the tragic there is a gaiety; so is there also at the heart of the Easterner's mournful music, his reflection and his tendency to look at the beyond. This essence of both the Western and the Eastern cultures is beautifully brought out in that late poem *Lapis Lazuli*:

> All perform their tragic play,
> There struts Hamlet, there is Lear.
> That's Ophelia, that Cordelia;
> Yet they, should the last scene be there,

The great stage curtain about to drop,
If worthy their lines to weep.
They know that Hamlet and Lear are gay;
Gaiety transfiguring all that dread.

So is the Easterner's contemplation too tinged with inner gaiety: while they stare upon the tragic scene and listen to mournful melody. 'Their eyes, their ancient glittering eyes, are gay.' The West derives its gaiety through tragedy and heroism; the East, through withdrawn contemplation. There is an affirmation in both. Yeats comes to it from the enlarged perspective which he has gained of the great cyclic recurrence of man's history, of civilizations rising and falling and the dialectics of that change which he set out in his *Vision*. One tune runs through all that tumult:

All things fall apart and are built again.
And those that build them again are gay.

Yeats's real point of departure from the Indian position is his refusal to consider release from the eternal cycle of birth and death as the *summum bonum*. He prefers the profane perfection of mankind which is what we are here to realize:

I am content to live it all again
And yet again, if it be life to pitch
Into the frog-spawn of a blind man's ditch...
I am content to follow to its source
Every event in action or in thought;
Measure the lot; forgive myself the lot;
When such as I cast out remorse
So great a sweetness flows into the breast
We must laugh and we must sing,
We are blest by everything,
Everything we look upon is blest.

(*Dialogue of Self and Soul*)

It is a joyous acceptance of the bodily life. The only other great poet of modern times who has expressed a similar sentiment is Rilke, though Rilke by comparison is inclined

too often to talk the language of the mystic. And Rilke permeates the world with feeling, thus giving rise to new vibrations, creating, as it were, new matter in the universe. We are the great transformers of the Earth, of the transitory into the profound. That is our mission. There is the same joyous acceptance in both. Both belong to the subjective tradition:

> 'Nowhere, beloved, can world exist but within.'...
> 'Earth is not this that you want; to arise
> Invisible in us? Earth invisible!
> What is your urgent command if not transformation?...
> Supernumerous existence
> Wells up in my heart.' (*Duino Elegies*)

Both believe that the bodily life must embody the eternal, and for both, the process of embodiment is something akin to that of art. Comparison with Rilke will bring out the European and the more universal character of Yeats's thought while, on the other hand, it retains a certain indefinable closeness to the Indian ethos.

More material than any evidence relating to belief or philosophic concept, is the evidence of expression itself. To a Hindu brought up in the tradition long enough for him to recognize its subtle tone and expression, there is something in Yeats's use of imagery that awakens recognition.... 'All mere complexities, The fury and the mire of human veins,' for instance, is the same as the 'mire' of *Samsara* (संसार) or the bewildering maze of Prapancha (प्रपञ्च) and Yeats uses these images with the same attitude of a resigned understanding which one knows so well at home. The phrases have a familiar ring for those who have heard them issuing from the mouth of wizened matrons or men who have learnt detachment through experience. This has something to do with the complete lack of the Christian sense of guilt or taint of original sin. The speaker does not assume a position of puritanical aloofness of one who is assured of God's grace and is saved, over those who wallow in the mire. On the contrary, there is a sympathy, a wise tolerance towards all that lives and struggles, saints as well as sinners.

Those who are left behind are not looked upon with revulsion. All are in the same situation. The imagery which expresses the soul's aspirations and its urge for purification has the same quality. It expresses not the ascetic's self-assurance but simply the desire to rise above all clash of contraries. It is a mind that accepts, is inclusive, rather than one that rejects, is haughty and exclusive.

The most significant fact about Yeats's Indian connection then is this: He accepts the Eastern philosophic standpoint as regards time's recurrence, pre-destination and re-incarnation of the soul but deviates radically from the Eastern preference for release from the cycle of birth and death, wishing to re-enter the stream for its sensual music. This return to the temporal is what I would call an 'enhanced return'. In all the great poems where the soul's purification is the theme there is such an enhanced return. He brings to his contemplation of the nearer, familiar scene that larger perspective which his Indian experience has given him. The vivid, insistent life of the body is thus brought into harmony with the austere progress of the soul—an integration which only the ampler freedom of the Indian approach made it possible for him.

Both the Byzantine poems achieve this by preserving the essential humanity of the scene on which we focus our gaze. In both, Yeats never loses sight of the sensual scene even when the yearning for purification bears hard on him. In the 'Sailing'—as has been pointed out by Alvarez—the logic goes one way, the feeling another. The young come off better than the old:

> That is no country for old men. The young
> In one another's arms, birds in the trees
> —those dying generations—at their song,
> The salmon-falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,
> Fish, flesh, or fowl, commend all summer long
> Whatever is begotten, born and dies.
> Caught in that sensual music all neglect
> Monuments of unageing intellect.

The old man moves away from that country. But his deter-

mination of the opening stanza is flatly contradicted by the end, for it ends where it began. The golden bird to which the poet wishes his soul to be incarnated is to be set upon a golden bough only to sing to lords and ladies of Byzantium 'Of what is past or passing or to come'. You come back to the sensual music because this is only another way of saying: 'The young in one another's arms, birds in trees'. . . and so on. The whole poetic effort, the purgation, which will gather him into the artifice of eternity is made solely that he may celebrate better the world of love and creation and fecundity that he has left behind. The power of the poem comes from this ambiguous attitude; the poet's ironic tenderness and pity for mortality considered against eternity, and for the vanity of his strivings for impersonality set against the immediate beauty and warmth of the created world.' That is how Alvarez brings out the rich ambiguity of Yeats's attitude to the sensual music. I would not perhaps put it exactly that way. Here particularly, I would not think, for instance, that it was in any sense an ironical pity for mortality that Yeats expresses, or that his strivings for impersonality could be called mere vanity. After all, the golden bird is not one of the dying generations; 'birds in trees at their song' and its song is not the same as the sensual music the others make. Singing of what is past or passing or to come is not to be immersed in it but to take a contemplative attitude to it. There is, in other words, a return to the sensual music but it is a return that has been profoundly modified by the spiritual promptings to move away.

Both the urges are sincere and strong. It is simply the simultaneous awareness of both or rather the one standing in the presence of the other, unblenched and unashamed. The poet looks back wistfully without any feeling of personal abasement. The backward glance is that of a man still in the grip of his sensual nature and is not able to abjure it though the desire to abjure it is equally real. This is not the weak sentimental humanism of modern times heralded as some have thought by Matthew Arnold's 'Since the sea of faith has receded' and the world 'hath really neither joy, nor love nor light', 'Ah, love, let us be true to one another!'

Similarly in Byzantium where the gaze is squarely fixed

on the prospect beyond, we cannot help noticing in passing that the Emperor's soldiery that are abed are 'drunken'. And it is significant that this vision of the purgatorial fires of purification should close on the scene of common life as we know it: 'That dolphin-tossed gong-tormented sea' and not on the landscape beyond. 'The sea is torn by dolphins and reverberates with the echoes of St. Sophia's gong; the surface of man's life is split asunder by the passion of love and the desire for perfection, and it is endlessly tormented by the idea of death.' That is what the poet's mind loves to dwell on.

This effect and the peculiar stance of the poet's mind which it implies would not have been possible had Yeats not cut himself free from the rigid Christian view of sin. He sets his vision of the soul's purification in a wider and more relaxed perspective which his oriental experience has given him. The vision of purification is not exactly opposed to the Christian—Byzantium is itself an embodiment of Eastern Christianity. But Yeats could not bring himself to believe in the possiblity of eternal damantion. Hence his Christian purgatory had to look beyond Christianity and absorb a great deal of the Platonist, the Buddhist and the Hindu ideas of purification of the soul. That strange play *Purgatory* which Yeats wrote in the year of his death, basing it firmly on the Nōh technique, is so utterly unlike a picture of the Christian purgatory because of the difference in the approach to Evil. Yeats never really seems to have believed in absolute evil though he did believe in the imperfection of the soul; the purpose of expiation is to enable it to shake off that imperfection. What is implicit in his attitude is the acceptance of a higher morality beyond good and evil as in the Platonist conception:

'When the soul has overcome pleasure and pain and all the evil consequences arising from a reliance on "a common wrong and right", it attains to what Plotinus called "the impassivity of the unembodied" and needs only to be purified of complexity, to be perfected and to be able to enter upon the beatitude of union with God.' (F. A. C. Wilson, *W. B. Yeats and Tradition*)

That accounts for the vastly relaxed atmosphere of Yeats's play. We have in view not the Christian possibility of eternal

damnation but the Buddhist Hell which is an illusion created by the unpurged imagination of the sufferer like that of Unai in the Nōh play, *Motomezuka*. In fact, the flames that flit on the Emperor's dancing floor in Byzantium and the 'agony of flame that cannot singe a sleeve' are those that belong to Unai. So is the Emperor's dancing floor—the floor on which Unai danced her dance of agony. The entire conception is more Buddhist than Christian and the Byzantine purgatory is modelled on the Nōh play. And *Motomezuka* describes how a young girl's sins during life are punished by torment through flame in the Buddhist purgatory and the play ends with the dance of her agony:

'She had but to put her hand on the pillar to make it burst into flame . . . The priest tells her that if she can but cease to believe in her punishments they will cease. She listens in gratitude, but she cannot cease to believe, and while she is speaking they (her guilty scruples) come upon her and she rushes away enfolded in flames.' (*A Vision*). Yeats points how it was but a slight sin, 'if indeed it was a sin, which seems great because of her exaggerated conscience.' And the agony is self-imposed, self-generated. The whole situation is in complete consonance with the subjective tradition of the East which Yeats shared. Even one's punishment has no reality unless it arises from the self. Hell and even Heaven cannot be imposed from outside.

Yeats's interest in the mysticism of India and the East, far from being superficial, seems to me to have given his poetry its peculiar strength. Because of it his poetry can concretely express the urge of the sensual life undiminished and triumphant and at the same time poise against it the counter-urge of the soul's aspiration which leads him beyond the world. This is also not unconnected with the fact that he seems to develop an increasing sense of detachment to which his constant effort to see cosmic history as a cyclic progression might have disposed his mind. So in the poem '*Whence had they come*'? men and women in the grip of great passion act like *Dramatis Personae* and their bodies become vehicles for the enactment of a world-transforming drama. His idea of the Mask and the Anti-Self induce a mood in which he constantly looks upon life as a staged play. We are roughly tossed about

by its turbulent forces and face crises like that of the Easter 1916 Rebellion when:

> All, all, is changed and
> A terrible beauty is born.

While we must make our commitments with all the energies of our minds and bodies there is a point of rest within which, if it does not allay the tumult, makes possible a tragic synthesis such as is seen in the mature Yeats.

In this respect, a comparison of the Byzantium poems with T. S. Eliot's *Ash Wednesday* seems to me to reveal Yeats's strength. Both poets write about the urge for and the process of renunciation. But while in Eliot all is formal-perfect, Yeats's world throbs with the immediate and living response of the moment. 'If Eliot lacks the dimension of human error,' as Alvarez has finely put it, 'Yeats's strength lies in the magnificent way in which he accepts fallibility.' His values emerge from his writing only as things happen to him. It is this quality that makes Yeats a poet of the great tradition of Shakespeare and Donne. It is poetry which is direct, concrete and spontaneous. It seems so congruous with the act of living at all points that one might call it 'the poetry of action' or 'action as poetry'. Yeats's poetry preserves the essential wholeness of his spiritual experience. His Indian experience has directly and indirectly contributed to that result.

One must finally come to rest on the phrase 'Unity of Being' which assumes an almost sacramental importance in any consideration of Yeats's poetry. Whether Yeats's search for a unity of being is related to his Indian experience or not—and I do believe it is so related—it is central to his thought and art. His is a constant struggle to harmonize disparate elements in numerous ways and on various levels. In the sphere of action, for instance, he pondered the problem, in his elegy *In Memory of Major Robert Gregory*. Robert Gregory was able to achieve in the life of action a unity of being which is the ideal of the personal life. Yeats saw him primarily as the artist who had escaped into action. It was a delighted escape which other more divided men could not make. It was as if Robert Gregory had said:

7

Nor law, nor duty bade me fight,
Nor public men, nor cheering crowds;
A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the skies.

But Yeats's political enthusiasms and his experience of Maud Gonne's political career must have convinced him that the problem is different for different people.

The question in *Leda and the Swan* was: Did Jupiter's intellectual splendour descend into the earthly union? Was Leda impregnated with both? The unity that is sought is between one great age and its antithetical aftermath. How is the old absorbed in the new? The problem was the seeing of the great changes on the world-stage as the linked pulsings of the same heart.

Then there is always, of course, the question of achieving unity of being in the face of the divergent pulls and the irreconcilable claims of the body and the spirit. The question is one of understanding 'the mystery on the bestial floor'. Here, Crazy Jane, that device to see things plainly without the obscuring gloss of social euphemism, has some home-truths to utter:

A woman can be proud and stiff
When on love intent;
But Love has pitched his mansion in
The place of excrement;
For nothing can be sole or whole
That has not been rent.

There is a whole philosophy of the unity of being in her words. Sexual imagery indeed assumes an insistent form in that search. Yeats seems increasingly to see that the mystic life is the 'sexual' life, that the spirit must be incarnate in sex. It is true that 'sexual energy was the source, the subject and the theme of the major poems of the last decade'. Was it the glandular operation of 1934 or his sexual frustrations in youth through which he arrived at the desperate over-emphasis on the sexual good in his old age? It can only be a conjecture. What is

pertinent is that he made it as he made all his other themes revelations of something more than personal agony. 'All my poetry,' he said, 'comes from rage or lust.' It is not a pathological preoccupation. It is the final symbolist statement of the creative conflict Yeats had come to see as the inescapable dynamic of the universe.

There is again the great central image of Byzantium itself—an emblem of a unity of being where art, religion and daily activity are brought into a spontaneous, unlaboured harmony. Religion is not distanced and made alien by sanctity but as in the Indian context joyfully mingles with the fury of blood and veins; for Yeats the reality of the spirit always lay in the body and in man's own self:

And I declare my faith
I mock Plotinus' thought
And cry in Plato's teeth,
Death and life were not
Till man made up the whole
Lock stock and barrel
Out of his bitter soul,
Aye, sun and moon and star, all,
And further add to that
That, being dead, we rise,
Dream and so create
Translunar Paradise.

And finally there is that magical unity which is implicit in art itself. At the close of his life Yeats had said: 'It seems to me that I have found what I wanted. When I try to put all into a phrase I say, "Man can embody truth but he cannot know it. 'I must embody it in the completion of life.' The symbol is the truth's embodiment in art. The entire theme of the poem *Among School Children* seems to be the unity of being that we seek and its embodiment in art and in life. And that miracle of the concluding stanza holds in it more than at first appears to view:

Labour is blossoming or dancing where
The body is not bruised to pleasure soul,

> Nor beauty born out of its own despair,
> Nor blear-eyed wisdom out of midnight oil.
> O chestnut-tree, great-rooted blossomer,
> Are you the leaf, the blossom or the bole?
> O body swayed to music, O brightening glance,
> How can we know the dancer from the dance?

The blossom (flower) and the dance have a peculiar signifiance in the traditional art of the Nōh plays of Japan. And it was an impulse to seek unity of being that drew Yeats to the subtle art of the Nōh. He found there an art-form he needed, one which totally rejects the Western mimetic tradition of drama to the exclusion of even character. The Nōh seeks to reveal the primary meanings of objects, the inner beauty which lies in the mysterious depth of things. It presumes, as in one of its important exponents, Zeami, a great collective mind running through all things in the cosmos, something which Yeats himself had believed all along. The Nōh aims at the 'flower' or Yugen—'the untranslatable symbol of joy that comes with a perfectly achieved "beauty". Similarly, the dance, the body swayed to music and the brightening glance, is the joyous expression of a unity of being achieved—Nōh plays were dance plays—but at the same time it was also Unai's self-purificatory dance of agony in the play *Motomezuka*.

Yeats's great-rooted blossomer and the dancer have thus associations which link them to an Eastern art. The poem itself is perhaps Yeats's most complete and most felicitous statement of the theme of the unity of being in life and in art. It is so intricately wrought that there are a number of scarcely suspected correspondences. The tree and the dancer themselves balance each other; the tree is the universal emblem of the unity of organic life as the dancer is that of the unity of art. And this correspondence is reflected in that between the marble or bronze images the nuns worship and those other shapes that the mothers bear and which animate their reveries.

Yeats's triumph is the poet's triumph, not the saint's, nor the ascetic's nor the Yogi's. The act of poetic creation itself is the triumph of integration achieved, not in anything that it may do to influence thought and action. It is a sort of a 'ritual' of the greater unity of being to be achieved in life, a ritual

from which, it is possible, many may come empty-spirited. But it is so moving that few remain unaffected. Thus the most vital of his images in the great poems could easily be taken to refer to the poetic activity itself. For instance, that image of 'the dolphin-tossed, gong-tormented sea' is a vision of life doubly rent from sensual urges below and religious promptings above, both of which are held in a fearful balance. It is also at the same time a picture of the poet's mind that holds them together in the act of creation. When one of the commentators of Yeats, Ellman, said that the theme of Byzantium was the awsome drama of the poetic act (*Yeats, the Man and the Mask*), he was mistaken, of course; but he had some excuse.

As Yeats had said, the poet who chooses the perfection of the work to the perfection of the life, has to 'rage in the dark', and there is the possibility that when all that story is finished, it is merely the toil that leaves its mark behind:

> When all that story's finished, what's the news?
> In luck or out, the toil has left its mark:
> That old perplexity, an empty purse,
> Or the day's vanity, the night's remorse.

But the fulfilment of art Yeats always thought worth the price you have to pay. Auden put it clearly in his *In Memory of W. B. Yeats:*

> The words of the dead man
> Are modified in the guts of the living...
>
> For poetry makes nothing happen: it survives
> In the valley of its saying where executives
> Would never want to tamper: it flows south
> From ranches of isolation and the busy griefs,
> Raw towns that we believe and die in; it survives,
> A way of happening, a mouth.

THE TEXT OF GREENE'S *ORLANDO FURIOSO*

By Sujit Kumar Mukherjee

A good case for literary whodunit is presented by Robert Greene's play, *Orlando Furioso*. Almost nothing is known for certain about this play, and the four preliminary areas of inquiry about any Elizabethan play—namely, authorship, date of composition, date of first production, and text—all lead in this case to a single statement made by a pseudonymous 'Cuthbert Conny-catcher' who wrote quite incidentally in a tract entitled *A Defence of Conny-catching* (published 1592): 'But now Sir by your leave a little, what if I should prove you a Conny-catcher, Maister R. G., would it not make you blush at the matter?... Aske the Queen's Players, if you sold them not "Orlando Furioso" for twenty Nobles, and when they were in the country, sold the same Play to the Lord Admiral's men for as much more. Was not this plaine Conny-catching Maister R. G.?'

The title-pages of the two extant quartos of *Orlando Furioso* do not contain the author's name, nor does the relevant entry dated 7 December 1592 in the Stationers' Register mention Greene. Thus the above-quoted statement is the only printed evidence we have of Greene's ownership—and by implication, authorship—of the play. *A Defence of Conny-catching*, entered in the Stationers' Register on 21 April 1592, was a reply to Greene's two tracts on conny-catching published in 1591 and 1592; the initials tally with Greene's; and the play is known to have been performed by both companies mentioned in the charge. These have been considered satisfactory external evidence for Greene's authorship.

The date of composition of the play has never been firmly established, but an approximate period can be deduced from internal evidence. For example, it could not have been written earlier than 30 July 1588 because of the following lines in it: 'And Spaniard tell, who, mann'd with mighty fleets / Came to subdue my islands to their king, / Filling our seas with stately argosies.' This has been accepted as a reference to

that contemporary sensation, the destruction of the Spanish Armada, thus setting an upper limit to the date of writing.

Two more lines in the play—'Yet for I see my Princesse is abusde, / By new-come straglers from a forren coast'—seem to be in direct reference to Queen Elizabeth, while the idealized character of Angelica in the play has also been interpreted as a tribute to the queen. Such flattery indicates that the play was probably written for a court performance, and bears out the claim made on the title-page when it was printed in 1594, 'plaide before the Queen's Majestie'. Further, there is an allusion in George Peele's poem *Farewell* (printed in 1589) which seems to look back to *Orlando Furioso*, while several passages in Peele's own play, *The Old Wives' Tale* (acted c. 1591, published 1595), bear some resemblance to passages in Greene's play. From all this it would appear that the play was written some time between 1588 and 1591.

The other notable approach to the date of writing of this play is through its source, Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. This mid-sixteenth century Italian classic became available to Elizabethan England in Sir John Harington's translation which was entered in the Stationers' Register on 26 February 1590-91 and printed with the date 1 August 1591 under the medallion portrait of Harington on the title-page. The main outlines of Greene's play are based on an episode from Ariosto's poem which he presumably did not read in the original because there is no evidence of his knowledge of the language. That he used Harington's translation is suggested by Greene's retaining the name of one of the characters as 'Sacrapant' as in Harington's version, while in the original the name is 'Sacripant'. If Greene had used only Harington for his material, then the play must have been written after August 1591. Its only recorded public performance was on 21 February 1592. Hence the general agreement that the play was written in the autumn of 1591.

The diary of Philip Henslowe mentions the only recorded performance of the play, the one by Lord Strange's men at the Rose Theatre on 21 February 1592. By now it was an old play, because the entry does not bear the mark Henslowe used to make to denote plays produced for the first time. Nor was it a very successful performance because it fetched

only sixteen shillings and six pence for the evening, and was not put on again.

The only other evidence of the play's production is the claim in the phrase 'as plaied before the Queen's Majestie' on the title-page of the 1594 Quarto. It is unlikely that after its conspicuous failure in February 1592 it would be presented again before the Queen at a subsequent date. On the presumption that the play originally belonged to the Queen's company by whom Greene was employed and on the basis of internal evidence pointing to post-Armada excitements referred to in the play, 26 December 1588 has been suggested as the date of its first production. This was the only date on which the Queen's players performed at court between July 1588 and December 1591. If, on the other hand, Greene wrote the play only after Harington's translation had become available, then it was presented before the Queen during Christmas of 1591 in its first production.

The fact that in February 1592 it belonged to Lord Strange's men provides the clue to the charge of 'conny-catching' against Greene. Greene joined the Queen's men in 1587 and sold them the play which was owned by them at least until December 1591. Thereafter the Queen's men were absent from London until 1593 and, if the charge against Greene be valid, he sold the same play in January/February 1592 to the Admiral's men. If the charge be untrue, then the Queen's men sold the play probably near about this time to Lord Strange's men, whose performance of it has been recorded in Henslowe's diary. Yet the play was the property of the Admiral's men in 1594 and there is indirect evidence of their having performed it. This change of ownership can be explained—without the suspicion of any shady deal by Greene—by the coming over of the celebrated actor, Edward Alleyn, from the Admiral's to Lord Strange's men in 1592. Possibly the play was in Alleyn's custody and it passed into the keeping of the Admiral's men when Alleyn rejoined them in 1594.

Edward Alleyn's possessing a copy of the play becomes a matter of significance when we consider the text of *Orlando Furioso*. The play was first printed in quarto by John Danter for Cuthbert Burby in 1594; copies of this edition are in the

British Museum and the Dyce Library. A second edition appeared in 1599, printed for the same Cuthbert Burby by Danter's successor, Simon Stafford; both libraries mentioned above, as well as the Bodleian and the Huth libraries possess copies of the 1599 edition. This latter edition has been judged to be merely a printer's reprint and, in the opinion of some scholars, its readings are wholly devoid of authority because the printer is deemed to have made an honest but misguided attempt to edit the text.

These two are the only known editions of the play. But by far the most interesting version of the text is an imperfect manuscript preserved among Edward Alleyn's papers at Dulwich College. This purports to be a player's copy, with Orlando's part marked, omitted parts supplied in Alleyn's handwriting, and stage directions given in much detail. This manuscript is unique as a stage document because it is the only player's part of Shakespeare's time that is extant today.

Textually, this version is important because of the variations between this and the 1594 Quarto. Apart from actual variations in the lines, there are differences in names of characters, in classical allusions, and in geographical locations. Even as it stands, the 1594 Quarto seems a cut and mutilated version of some much fuller play, because there are several unaccountable gaps as well as unrelated sequences in the action. The Dulwich manuscript, on the other hand, appears to be the most correct version, probably at only one remove from the author's copy.

All this naturally invites speculation regarding the nature of the manuscript from which the 1594 Quarto was printed. One theory is that the text was printed from a shortened version used by the Queen's men when playing in the provinces; but this does not explain the differences in names, places and allusions. Another theory is that the play was originally written jointly by Greene and Peele for the Queen's men, then sold to the Admiral's men. Later, the Queen's men required a version for performing away from London and called upon Greene to recompose the play. Greene reproduced his own portions well enough, but was less successful in recalling Peele's portions; hence the variations. This script was

further modified in presentation by the players, and later printed as the 1594 text. A third theory suggests that the play was recomposed not by Greene but by the collective memory effort of the Queen's players for provincial performance. When the company returned to London, they sold this reconstructed text to John Danter who had it revised and corrected by a paid scholar before printing it in 1594. Whatever be the process by which the text of the first edition evolved, it is generally agreed that this text does not represent the original play faithfully.

In the absence of a more authentic and complete version, the 1594 Quarto was used in the first collection of Greene's plays ('to which are added his poems') in two volumes by Alexander Dyce in 1831, and it was reprinted in the combined dramatic and poetical works of Greene and Peele published in 1861. But in the eighteen-volume complete works of Greene edited by A. B. Grosart for the Huth Library and published during 1881-1886, *Orlando Furioso* (which appears in the thirteenth volume) follows the 1599 Quarto. The next edition of Greene's plays and poems was edited by J. Churton Collins in two volumes published in 1905 and here the 1594 text is used. Finally, the Malone Society Reprint of 1907 reproduces the 1594 Quarto in facsimile.

As for the Dulwich manuscript, J. Payne Collier included it in an appendix to his memoirs of Edward Alleyn published in 1841. Both Dyce and Grosart used Collier's text in the notes of their editions of Greene. Churton Collins printed it in an appendix of his edition of Greene, this being the only occasion when Alleyn's part has appeared along with the rest of the play. Subsequently, W. W. Greg published it in his edition of Henslowe's papers in 1904 as well as in his study of *The Battle of Alcazar* and *Orlando Furioso* in 1923.

The play, therefore, is more interesting as a subject of literary scholarship than as an object of literary appreciation. Greene himself is more important as a writer of prose than as a playwright. He offered little competition as a dramatist to Shakespeare, nor did he, as is sometimes asserted, exert much influence on Shakespeare's art, though it must be granted that Shakespeare borrowed from Greene—the basic plot of *The Winter's Tale* from Greene's *Pandosto;* perhaps

the idea of 'mad' heroes like Hamlet and Lear was derived from *Orlando;* perhaps even the fairy world of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* recalls Greene's *James IV*. But to the students of Elizabethan literature, Greene is known best for the wildly mixed metaphors of his references in *A Groat's Worth of Wit* to the tyger's heart and player's hide of the upstart crow, an absolute Johannes factotum, the only Shake-scene in the country.

THE DATE OF THE *WELSH EMBASSADOR*

By Tirthankar Bose

The *Welsh Embassador* is a manuscript play now at the Cardiff Public Library. Professor H. Littledale of Cardiff made the first transcript of the play which was edited for the Malone Society by Littledale and Greg in 1920. The MS. bears no date nor does it mention the playwright's name. Greg and Littledale have, with good reason, refrained from making a definite attribution while its general appearance places the MS. in the seventeenth century but goes no closer to the date than that. No evidence relating to the date of the play has been found in contemporary records, for a search among the diaries and letters of the period has failed to yield any reference to it. The marginal instructions in the MS. show that it was prepared for the stage, but it does not seem to have been performed, for there is no mention of it in the books of the Revels Office. It was almost certainly never published, as no copy has turned up so far, nor was it even registered with a view to publication since it was never entered in the Stationers' Register. In the absence of historical evidence it seems that a critical examination of the text, coupled with a study of the physical appearance of the MS. is the only way to attach a date to the play.

The MS. has been described by Greg in *Dramatic Documents from the Elizabethan Playhouses* (vol. ii, pp. 279-81), where he has also compared it with the MS. of Philip Massinger's *Parliament of Love* (vol. ii, p. 282), which is now a part of the Dyce collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. Greg's description is adequate as an introduction, but it is possible to add a few notes; indeed it is necessary to do so, for Greg's comparison of the two MSS. may give rise to a confusion as the date of the *Embassador*. It has been noticed that the MSS. of the *Embassador* and the *Parliament of Love* were prepared by the same scribe. The *Love* was licensed as a new play for the Lady Elizabeth's dramatic company on 3 November, 1624 (Adams, J. Q., ed. *The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, New Haven, 1917, p. 30). This makes it

possible that the *Embassador* should be placed near the *Love* and that the year 1624 should serve as a date for both plays. Greg notes that the damp has caused such identical destruction to the MSS., that they must once have reposed together in a damp box, presumably one on top of the other. Greg's observation that the damage is more extensive in the *Love*, may suggest that the *Embassador* was put into the box after the *Love*, and is therefore likely to have been written after that play. As the *Love* is known to have been written before November 1624 (Adams, ibid.), Greg's findings may tempt us to put the date of the *Embassador* after 1624, although he has not done so himself.

The MS. of the *Embassador* is now in a worse state than it seems to have been in when Greg saw it. In the past forty years the decay has advanced over nearly a quarter of an inch in some places, and although an effort has been made to preserve the edges of the leaves with a border of gummed paper, the state of the MS. is such that the lacunae in Fredson Bowers's transcript, (Bowers believes that the play is by Thomas Dekker and gives it a place in *The Dramatic Works of Thomas Dekker*, Cambridge, vol. 4) made within the last five years or so, are very often wider by at least one letter in some cases, than those in the transcript used in the Malone Society edition.

Without seeking to question the value of Greg's account, I may present some additional facts. The leaves of the MS. of the *Embassador* have suffered most, like those of the *Love*, at the outer corner at the bottom, but a striking feature of the first is that in it, patches have been eaten out of the feet of the first five leaves towards the inner margin, producing a line of decay at the feet, to which there is no correspondence in the *Love*. This feature of the decay becomes less marked in the leaves that follow until it disappears in the ninth, but it is symptomatic of the nature of the rot, which seems to have taken small bites at the feet of the leaves, leaving an extremely jagged fringe. Nothing like this has happened to the other MS. to which the decay came in a more uniform manner. The other interesting feature of the injury to the *Embassador* is that a large, almost square piece has disappeared from the top right-hand corner of the first leaf. This has not happened to any other leaf, but a discoloration at a similar spot in the

second leaf shows the influence of the damp in a similar way. No mutilation of this kind is to be found in the MS. of the *Love*.

With these facts in view we may reconsider the implications of Greg's statement that the damage is more extensive in the MS. of the *Love*. We have no reason to believe that it was placed in the box before the MS. of the *Embassador*. Admitting that, generally speaking, the *Love* seems to have lost more than the *Embassador* has done, we need not assume that it was the older sufferer, for the difference in the composition of the papers of the two MSS. might have retarded or assisted the spread of the decay. Though each MS. is made up of sheets that came from different manufacturers, as the presence of different water-marks shows, (evidences can be found in K. M. Lea, ed. the *Love*, a Malone Society Reprint, 1928, p. xiii; and Greg and Littledale, eds. the *Embassador*, also a Malone Society Reprint, 1920, p. vi) it can be said that on the whole the paper of the *Embassador* is thicker than that of the *Love*, and seems to be tougher. This impression grows stronger upon placing the paper under a lens. The paper of the *Embassador* reveals long, well-bonded fibres, while that of the *Love* does not. The present extent of the damage is thus an unreliable guide. The order in which the MSS. went into the box, as implied in Greg's observations, is further called into doubt by the mutilation of the top right-hand corner of the first leaf of the *Embassador*. The only way in which such a mutilation as this could have come about is direct contact between the leaf and a very damp surface, and it seems that when at last the MS. was lifted out of the box the outer corners of the first leaf stuck to the damp bottom. There is no evidence that the *Love* was ever placed similarly.

There is also reason to believe that Greg, while comparing the MSS. was not in a position to judge properly the true nature of the mutilation in the *Love*. The MS. was examined by Gifford long before Greg came across it, and Gifford, on his own admission, was responsible for some of the damage. He says that he found the MS. in such a condition that 'it crumbled under the inspection', and that 'many lines... will be found in it no more.' (*The Plays of Philip Massinger*, London, 1813, ii, 237). Some of the mutilation that Greg

saw in the MS. is then not due to the damp at all, and therefore the present extent of the damage in the MS. of the *Love* does not prove that it suffered longer from the damp than the MS. of the *Embassador* did.

What seems more likely is that the *Embassador* was first put in the box, face downward, and later the *Love* was placed, also face downward, on top. This is the only arrangement that accounts both for the similarity of the injury to the MSS. and the nature of the damage in each case. Whether this is what did happen or not, there is no reason to believe that the *Embassador* was a later addition to the contents of the box; the evidence points rather to its having been the earlier. This may suggest that the *Embassador* is of a date earlier than that of the *Love*. But here we are on treacherous ground for even if it was placed earlier in the box than the *Love*, it need not have been transcribed earlier as well. The handwriting may, however, help us here.

Adult handwriting cannot be expected to change very greatly in a short time, but it is likely to become more streamlined, as it were, and there is usually a tendency to employ one continuous stroke in the place of two, which results in an elimination of sharp angles. In the specimens that we have before us these marks of time are not very noticeable, and we may take it that they fall within a short period. But on examining the forms of individual letters, I find that the 'g' is less well-formed in the *Love* than it is in the *Embassador*, its right-hand part being executed in one flowing stroke, while in the *Embassador* this portion of the letter has two distinct strokes which are at an angle to each other. Much more striking is the 'h' in the *Love*. In the *Embassador* this letter has in most cases, a loop at the top, at the lower end of which the pen pauses and curves down and away at an angle to form the lower limb. The angle at the middle is prominent. In the *Love* the 'h' usually begins with a loop above the line, and then the loop is simply extended down in an almost straight line and brought up again in a narrow curve. This form occurs seldom in the *Embassador* while in the *Love* it is the normal form. Quite often in the *Love*, the top loop of the letter is less than half formed and the main body nothing more than a clean straight stroke. This form

is never found in the *Embassador* while even the most elaborate form in the *Love* fails to show the sharp angle at the middle that characterizes the letter so often in the *Embassador*.

We cannot explain away these points of difference by attributing them to haste. There is no such sign of hurry as the melting of the 'm', 'n', or 'u' into indistinct waves, or the omission or shortening of the top horizontal stroke of the 'g'. The use of different quills might have been the cause of the difference, but the scribe seemes to have used very similar quills on both occasions. The quill with which the *Embassador* was written was very slightly broader at the point than that used in the *Love* but the points of both quills seem to have been cut straight across and not at an angle. This is seen best in the oblique top stroke of the small 'd' and in the crescent of the italic capital '*C*'. It was therefore not the quills but the passage of time that caused the difference in the handwriting. The only conclusion to be drawn is that in the *Embassador* we have an earlier version of the handwriting. But the variations are so slight that we can also say that the writing of the *Embassador* could have preceded that of the *Love* by only a very short period, perhaps only a few months.

Though the evidence of the mutilation and the handwriting strongly suggests that the *Embassador* is the older MS., yet once more I hasten to add the cautionary remark that we cannot as yet state as a deduced fact that the *Embassador* is the older play. But purely as a matter of probability we may think that it is.

The arguments given here are designed to provide support for the theory that the *Embassador* was of approximately the same date as the *Love*, a theory that has been advanced by Bentley (*The Jacobean and Caroline Stage*, 5 vols., Oxford, 1941-56, iii, 267.) and accepted by Bowers (*The Dramatic Works of Thomas Dekker*, 4 vols, Cambridge, 1953-61, iv, 304.) It is based on the Clown's utterance at V. iii. 95-97, 'But now in the raigne of this kinge heere in the yeares 1621:22 and 23 such a wooden fashion will come vpp that hee whoe walkes not with a *Battoone* shalbee held noe gallant.' The play is placed in pre-Roman Britain, and to a Jacobean audience the point of the Clown's joke is that he is 'fore tellinge' (cf.

V. iii. 49) what they know to be past events. As he stops in the year 1623 the play could not have been written earlier. Since this play is related to the *Love*, Bentley thinks that they were written at about the same time. It is however possible to be a little more definite. If, as I have tried to show, the *Embassador* was transcribed by the scribe before the *Love* then it had been composed before 1624, and this, used with the textual evidence mentioned above makes it reasonably certain that it had been composed either in late 1623 or early 1624.

It is readily conceded that we are far from dating the *Embassador* to the exact day. But as our present purpose is rather to find a place for it in the chronology of Jacobean drama than investigate the relation between the genesis of the play and the life of its author, to settle the year of origin is, I hope, enough. Fortunately, the latest possible date of the *Love* is exact and beyond doubt and this is a constant landmark in a shifting scenery. This is why the relation between the *Love* and the *Embassador* has had to be studied in this essay in such detail.

GEORGE HERBERT'S 'THE COLLAR'

BY HARENDRA PRASAD MOHANTY

THE poem presents a metaphysical ambivalence, the opposition between renunciation and enjoyment, submission to collar and revolt from the commitment. This metaphysical duality arises from a simple theological premise. The conflict in Herbert is not between loyalty to one church and that to another as in Donne. That conflict was solved for him by the family tradition. His was rather a fundamental conflict between God and the World, the ontological conflict between the One and the Many. And because the conflict is fundamental, the tension between the world and the spirit in the poem is so dramatic. Herbert's poems are supposed to be simple. Simple in a sense the poems are. They have not the load of erudite intellectuality as the poems of Donne have. But in tone, in dramatic variation of moods, in sudden twists and turns of emotion and introspection, the poems offer complexity, breath-taking surprise and suspense.

The conflict in this poem passes three distinctive stages. First, it is a rebellious, humanistic impulse for freedom: 'my lines and life are free'. Herbert gives vent to the characteristic Renaissance passion for total natural freedom, 'free as the rode, loose as the winde' and the desire for plenty, 'as large as store.' This last idea leads up to an Epicurean gusto, the appetite for the good things of life, 'rich harvest, cordial fruit, wine and corn'. From this gastronomic zest we pass on to the aesthetic, the love of flowers, garlands, bays etc. The triumph of the rebellious will comes to its climax in 'recover all thy sign-blown age on double pleasures'. This is clearly hedonistic. The movement from humanism to hedonism is a movement of the emotion from the fine to the vulgar, from defiance of discipline to recklessness. And the quality of this recklessness is best indicated in the undertone of the Fall in 'but there is fruit, And thou hast hands'.

The conflict, as a whole, is a reaction against sterility and aridity, 'no harvest but a thorn'; 'there was wine before my sighs did dry it', 'there was corn before my tears did drown it'.

This aridity becomes more and more desolate and desperate as we proceed through the first half of the poem. 'Blasted', 'wasted' have more powerful association than 'dry' and 'drown'. And just because this sense of sterility becomes more and more acute the rebellious instinct becomes thumpingly wilful; 'recover all thy sigh-blown age on double pleasure.'

In the second half of the poem, at line 20, i.e. 'leave thy cold dispute of what is fit, and not', the conflict is a reaction against illusion, the illusion of the divine life; 'thy rope of sands which petty thoughts have made'. The heart has been cheated, the heart would not see.

This double aspect of the conflict, one positive, the other negative, one the attraction of the senses, the other the illusory nature of the divine, lends to it an impressive energy, directness and drive. But there is more to this conflict than a dramatic presentation of revolt. The revolt in the poem has a tragic burden about it, the anguish of the soul in church bondage that has not yet acquired any enlightenment, has not yet seen and tasted the light. George Herbert is sometimes haunted by this mood: the agonized condition of the soul in the dark night of its nescience, that stretch of aridity or sterility that confronts the spirit in between its first aspiration and first fulfilment. Hence the mounting intensity of agonized revolt, the childishly regressive tendency of mind to grab the tangible fruits of temptation. Such a tendency is bound to snap and it does snap in the last two lines:

> Methought I heard one calling, Child:
> And I replied, My Lord.

In that one address 'Child' God is at once visualized as God the mentor and God the father. Herbert's rebellion in the final analysis is childlike; that one word 'Child' at once chides the poet and tenderly stretches out to him and the rebellious spirit immediately responds with humility and resignation. The One triumphs over the Many, the One that is love and holds all the promise of love.

This unique experience is presented in a technique that builds up the drive and the drama of the poem. Nowhere

else does Herbert heap up so many images in such swift succession—the tempo of lines in most of his poems is more quiet and contemplative—as he does in this poem. The metaphors of the journey, of harvest, the cage, rope of sands, death's head etc, are remarkable for their effect of immediacy and concreteness which are further enhanced by the colloquial speech-rhythm and the dramatically rhetorical periods. What is more, the conflict in the mind finds its representation in the dramatic balance of the lines, the most admirable example of which is in the following lines:

> Sure there was wine
> Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn
> Before my tears did drown it.

There is a juxtaposition of opposites at every turn e.g. sighing and pining in a fixed place as opposed to going abroad, the freedom of the road as opposed to bondage of the suit, the cordial fruit of the harvest as opposed to the blood of the thorn. This kind of tension, a tension complete and composite in character, is consistently presented in the poem. For the experience of the poem is essentially the experience of rebellion, recklessness and hence disorder. But this sense of disorder is expressed in a technique that is firmly controlled. Only the mood is turbulent but everything else is controlled, bound in the tight organization of balances, rhythmic stresses, half-rhymes, internal rhymes, alliterations, and onomatopoeia.

SCOTT'S PROPOSED EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE

BY BALAKRISHNA RAO

THIS note aims at bringing to light the little known fact of Sir Walter Scott's abortive edition of the works of Shakespeare. It is interesting to note that there is no reference to Scott at all in A. Ralli's two-volume chronicle of Shakespeare criticism, while F. E. Halliday merely mentions Scott's journal of early 1828 on Charlecote and Fulbrook. To any one who reads Scott carefully the ubiquitous impress of Shakespeare is quite evident. There are constant allusions to and quotations from Shakespeare in his journals, letters and creative works. Scott is more truly a Shakespearean than most English writers, and the master's significance can be observed in his characterization and treatment of action. Since Wilmon Brewes's work (*Shakespeare's Influence on Sir Walter Scott*, 1925) limits itself to indicating mechanical parallels between Shakespeare and Scott in respect of character and scene, there is room yet for an examination of Shakespeare's impact on the more important matter of Scott's narrative art. Leaving that task for another occasion, I propose now to recount the facts concerning Scott's edition of Shakespeare.

It is a well-known fact of literary history that the eighteenth century was a period of numerous editions of Shakespeare's works. At the fag-end of the period came E. Malone's ten-volume edition (1790) and George Steevens's fifteen-volume edition (1793). In the beginning of the nineteenth century came I. Reed's twenty-one-volume edition (1803) and James Boswell, the younger, re-edited Malone's Shakespeare in twenty-one volumes (1821). The next important landmark in the history of Shakespeare editing is Clarke & Wright's Cambridge edition of Shakespeare (1863-66).

During this interregnum of seventy years, there was a good deal of interpretative criticism of Shakespeare in England by Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, DeQuincey and Carlyle. And there were Shakespeare editions with various readings and texts, extending from ten to twenty-one volumes, —but the admirers

of Shakespeare hardly thought it worth their while to examine the question of the Shakespeare text. It is interesting therefore to find Sir Walter Scott contemplating an 'entertaining and popular' edition of Shakespeare.

Scott's interest in editorial work was already proved by his labours on editions of Dryden and Swift. About the year 1818, he began to think of an edition of Shakespeare (*Letters*, VII, 79.). In a letter dated 1822, A. Constable suggested to Scott a plan for issuing 'Shakespeare—in twelve or fourteen volumes, with a set of readable and amusing notes' (Constable, *Literary Correspondence*, pp. 182-3.). Scott accepted the proposal and assured Constable of bringing out such a work with Lockhart's assistance (*Letters*, VII, p. 79). After further correspondence it was decided to publish it in ten volumes, the first to contain a general introduction and life of the dramatist by Scott, while the editing and notes were to be done by Lockhart (*Literary Correspondence*, pp. 243-5). Constable was prepared to offer generous terms as an inducement; Scott was to receive £2500. But Cadell, Constable's business partner, did not wish that the other projects of Scott should be retarded by the Shakespeare project; he wrote that Scott should manage to bring out the edition in the winter of 1824-25 (*Literary Correspondence*, p. 247). In spite of Cadell's pressure, the work was in progress, and in January 1825 Constable wrote to a London book-seller: 'It gives me great pleasure to tell you that the first sheaf of Sir Walter Scott's Shakespeare is now in type. . . . It will make ten volumes. . . . This I repeat will be a first rate property' (*Literary Correspondence*, p. 325). In 1826 the project was laid aside under the pressure of bankruptcy and other demands. In 1827 the question of carrying on with the work came again under Cadell's pressure. Scott and Lockhart were certain to resume the work but they could not find out any solution to the already printed Shakespeare volumes with Constable & Co. This uncertainty, after the completion of the *Shakespeare* as to whom the work should belong, to Constable or to Cadell, was possibly the reason why the work was not completed. The sequel to the project is found in a letter from Constable's son, who wrote: 'Three volumes of the edition were completed before the sad crisis in 1826 and then laid aside, and ultimately, I have

been told, the sheets were sold in London as waste paper. It is even doubted whether one copy be now in existence.' (*Literary Correspondence*, p. 241).

Fortunately, one set did survive in the Barton Collections of Boston Public Library. It was bought by the book-seller, Thomas Rodd, at an Edinburgh sale, who wrote on the fly-leaf of vol. 2: 'I purchased these three volumes of Shakespeare's work from a sale at Edinburgh. They were entered in the Stationers' Catalogue as Shakespeare's works edited by Sir Walter Scott and Lockhart.' They are Volumes II, III and IV, which include twelve of the comedies, and they have the imprint 'Edinburgh, printed by John Ballantyne & Co.' There are no title pages. Each play has a brief introduction and footnotes.

Scott, with his Dryden (1808), and Swift (1814) was an experienced editor. His plan for the Shakespeare edition, however, does not indicate any serious understanding of the problems relating to the task. He did not have the scholarship or the time to devote to the task of men like Theobald, Johnson and Malone. His aim was rather the more modest one of preparing an edition which would enable the common reader to read his Shakespeare without losing his way in the thorny byways of emendations and differences between folios and quartos. Had not Scott's plan been upset by his estrangement from Constable & Co, his edition would perhaps have the distinction of being the first modern popular edition of Shakespeare, an edition in which the enjoyment of the text would be aimed at rather than an assemblage of learned apparatus criticus. The abortive edition therefore is significant equally for a study of Scott and an account of Shakespeare editions.

THE DATE OF MEREDITH'S *ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS*

BY AMITABHA SINHA

One of Our Conquerors was published in three volumes on 15 April 1891 between *Diana of the Crossways* (1885) and *Lord Ormont and His Aminta* (1894). Meredith is reported by Lionel Stevenson (*The Ordeal of George Meredith*, p. 284) to have said in November 1889 that he was 'hard at work' on the novel; it is not clear how much and how long he had been 'at work', which might mean merely some initial spade-work. Nevertheless, he was presumably writing it at this time. The picture of Meredith engaged in writing the novel in 1889 becomes clearer through an internal evidence. The imaginary mock-epic 'The Rajah in London' summarized in the novel is dated, lightly but not arbitrarily, by the narrator as of 1889 (Memorial Edition, p. 36); if we remember that this dating contributes to the intensely contemporaneous action in the novel and also that it occurs in an early part of it (Ch. V), it becomes plausible to hold that the novel was being written some time in 1889. There is important testimony also in Lady Butcher's *Memories of George Meredith*; on p. 80, she reports that one afternoon of 1889 Meredith told her the whole story of *One of Our Conquerors* 'which he then had hardly begun to write'. On p. 82, she has a statement that suggests that these story-telling sessions took place in summer, 1889. It may be concluded, therefore, that the novel was begun by the summer of that year.

The process of composition is referred to in several letters, chronologically arranged. On 4 January 1889, his letter to Mrs. George Stevenson refers to 'my work...groans under a labouring system' (*Letters*, p. 419); on 1 July 1889, a letter to Mrs Jessopp also mentions 'my work holds me to it with rigour...I can rarely get away for shortest excursions' (Ibid. p. 430); to Frederick Greenwood he writes on 1 January 1890, 'my work has hold of me, and a day lost is a dropping of blood' (Ibid. p. 433); in a letter to Dr Jessopp written on 30 May 1890 (unpublished letter quoted by Forman in

Bibliography of George Meredith, p. 98) he declares, 'I am just finishing a novel and am a bit strained'; finally, he writes in a letter to Mrs Edith Clarke on 21 January 1891, 'I have so much writing to do that letters are postponed' (*Letters*, p. 436). What could have been this prolonged and preoccupying work of writing? It must have been a single, continuous work of composition that kept him engaged during these two years. The output of this period consists of (apart from letters—themselves scanty—and the four pages on 'The Art of Authorship' in a compilation of 1890) three poems, 'Jump-to-Glory Jane' (October 1889), the sonnet on Browning's death 'On Hearing the News from Venice' (December 1889), 'The Riddle for Men' (November 1890), and perhaps some of the 'Fragments of the Iliad' (11 April 1891). None of these compositions, not even the moderately long verse-narrative of 'Jump-to-Glory Jane' can be presumed by virtue of its subject, form and style, to have been a time-consuming performance. The references then clearly are to the novel in question. Indeed, one would rather consider these poems as casual overflows of the more compelling experience of writing the novel. The sense, for instance, of death and tragedy very much pervades the novel, and ideas and images of death consistently run through these poems. The subject of 'Jump-to-Glory Jane' reflects Meredith's growing concern with late-Victorian nonconformist ideas of individual salvation, vegetarianism, teetotalism, all connected with the greater question of national salvation, which are fictionalized in *One of Our Conquerors*; the theme of 'The Riddle for Men' is an apt commentary on Victor in *One of Our Conquerors*. The statements, images, and epithets in these poems have a terse, suggestive, charged quality about them that more powerfully characterizes the narrative style of the novel. In view of all this, and judging from the fact that a novel is a long-drawn-out affair, we may reasonably conclude that *One of Our Conquerors* happens to be the main work which so powerfully engrossed Meredith for the period when these letters were written. The fourth of these letters (the one to Dr Jessopp) specially strengthens this impression. Both Forman and Lindsay (*George Meredith*, p. 290) refer to this letter in connection with *One of Our Conquerors*, there is no record showing

Meredith at work at the time of writing this letter on any other novel, and the description of the novel in it fairly fits in with its subject-matter.

When did he actually complete the composition? From the date of the letter to Dr Jessopp (30 May 1890) when Meredith was 'just finishing' it, the novel can be presumed to have been completed in June 1890, perhaps a little earlier. A certain Luther S. Livingston recorded on 10 July 1890, the agreement between Chapman & Hall for the publication of the novel in three volumes which, among other things, gave the author the right to reduce the novel in order to serialize it in seven instalments in *The Fortnightly*. The novel then was completed before July that year, which agrees with the date I have suggested above in the first paragraph. While the first edition comprises forty-two chapters (its present form), thirty-two chapters were serialized in *The Fortnightly* from October 1890 to May 1891, and thirty-eight appeared in the other contemporary serialization in *The Australasian*. There was also an early unpublished version—*A Conqueror in Our Time*, sold later at Sotheby's which was extensively revised before publication. It is quite possible that while Meredith wrote the letter to Dr Jessopp and entered into the agreement with his publishers, the novel was still in the shape of the text of *A Conqueror in Our Time* and not that of *One of Our Conquerors* as it was finally published. We have no information as to when the novel actually went to the press, and it may be that Meredith went on improving on the text of *A Conqueror in Our Time*, revising those chapters which corresponded with those in *One of Our Conquerors* ultimately, and simultaneously carved out the chapters for serialization (of this latter fact, there can be no doubt)—a complicated job that kept him busy till the beginning of 1891, and the time tallies well with the date of the last of the letters mentioned above.

There are two possibilities, therefore, of the duration of composition of the novel. It was begun in the early part of 1889 (maybe in January), and went up to either the third quarter of 1890 or the first quarter of 1891, consuming either one and a half years, or a little more than two years. It is curious to note in either case the approximation of the novelist's time to the novel's time, which happens to be about two years.

BOOK REVIEWS

1\. *Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida in Its Setting*, by Robert Kimbrough, Harvard University Press, 1964, pp. xiii and 208, $ 4.95.

In 1916, the eminent American scholar, J. S. P. Tatlock wrote an essay on *Troilus and Cressida*, and entitled it 'The Chief Problem in Shakespeare'. Since then there has been some illuminating criticism and scholarship concerning the play, but it must be ruefully confessed that the truth of Tatlock's description is still valid in the main. Any one who can genuinely contribute to our understanding of this play may therefore be sure of our gratitude in generous measure. The purpose of the book under review is 'to subject *Troilus and Cressida* to aesthetic and historical examination in order to come as close as possible to solving the problems which the play presents when read as a piece of dramatic literature. (The author's) assumptions are that we can establish at least a working agreement concerning the nature of the play and that by examining its environment we can come to a reasonable explanation of why the play is as it is.' (p. 2)

The jacket description of the book provides a fair summary (and hence it is not a blurb) of the author's aims and methods, and therefore, deserves to be quoted. 'Postulating that Shakespearean drama arises in part from the pressures Shakespeare felt as a writer for and shareholder in a highly competitive commercial venture, he subjects the play to an intensive aesthetic and historical examination in order to solve the problems which it presents when read as a piece of dramatic literature written at a particular time, for a particular audience and for a particular purpose. After a brief discussion of earlier criticism and interpretations of the play, and an outline of his own aims and critical method, Mr. Kimbrough re-creates the particular theatrical atmosphere within which *Troilus and Cressida* was written. He examines the nature of the Trojan literature emphasizing how it would appear to an Elizabethan artist, then moves to the play itself, analyzing its structure and the major critical

problems which evolved with Shakespeare's interweaving of three plot-lines (the love plot, the Trojan plot and the Greek plot). In order to derive a critical perspective on these problems from the playwright's personal and commercial points of view, Mr. Kimbrough measures his findings against analogous aspects of the preceding Shakespearean canon and the extant plays presented in London from 1598 to 1603. He concludes that Shakespeare in an attempt to stem the tide of customers being drawn away from the public theatres by the newly re-established chorister companies presented continually popular material both in the traditional way of the old public theatre and in the latest manner of the new private companies. As a result *Troilus* is not, he contends, effective drama, but holds a crucial place in the development of Shakespeare's art and has a special genius which justifies the epithet great.' Mr. Kimbrough himself clarifies that the bias of his study is 'frankly historical'. But, he assures us, he has, like all students of Shakespeare today, 'danced attendance' (p. vii) on the critics as well as the scholars, and has tried 'to counter-balance the deadening effects of "scientific" scholarship with the invigorating effects of "pure" criticism, and to check by means of the available and ever-growing mass of scholarly fact the tendency to refine criticism to airy nothing.' (ibid) He claims that he has also suggested a new method for the study of Shakespeare's plays through the measuring of puzzling aspects of a given play against its sources and against analogous aspects of plays in the canon and in the competing public and private repertories. It remains now to see how far these aims have been fulfilled and whether the thesis has been sustained.

First, there is his admirable aim of combining scholarship and criticism to mutual advantage. In the third chapter he goes through most of the material canvassed by earlier scholars on the literary origins of the matter of Troy. He confesses that some of the aspects of the Troy heritage that he has discussed may not have been realized by Shakespeare himself. He has nevertheless discussed them to show how pervasive this matter was in Shakespeare's days. Since this is a fact that has been known and appreciated for some time, the author could have enhanced our gratitude to him either by

adding some new significant facts or by reinterpreting our present knowledge. In the fourth chapter he discusses 'the plot of the play and the problem of structure'. Here we may reasonably expect a sample of the author's critical powers. What we find is comment of the following quality: 'The actual design of the plot within this general pattern of movement is more complicated and carefully considered; for example, Aeneas early visits the Greek camp, Troilus joins the council at Ilium, Diomedes visits both Ilium and Pandarus's house, and most scenes in given locales are framed with references to other locales. As a result, the thematic motifs are developed not in strict isolation, but in mutual support of each other; and the action does not suddenly come from three isolated areas to be resolved in the final battle, but is gradually funneled toward the field by a narrowing of the over-all battle.' (pp. 49-50) We may take another example at random, from the sixth chapter: 'Lest this voice of unreason be too persuasive, Shakespeare introduced a voice of reason in Cassandra who is believed to be mad. The beauty of such irony is truly classical and befitting tragedy; her words are clear and all-embracing: "Our firebrand brother Paris burns us all."' (pp. 116-17) These comments are not untrue, but they cannot be called 'invigorating'. The author could have without undue risk trusted the intelligence and the imagination of his readers a little more generously. It would have made his own book livelier and shorter.

✓A final example may be given of how the author's aim of combining scholarship and criticism has been carried out in fact. He has diligently gone through the references to the myth of the lovers in Shakespeare's work prior to this play, and has concluded correctly that the dramatist did not have any narrowly defined attitude towards the matter of Troy. He has duly noted that tradition also permitted Shakespeare to make a free approach to the theme. 'In general, whatever attitude Shakespeare may have wished to assume in *Troilus*, the story and its literary, traditional, and theatrical heritage afforded God's plenty from which he could choose.' (p. 45) The task of the historical critic of the play then is to help the reader to acquire the virtue of some 'negative capability' in appreciating the play. Though he is aware of the need,

it cannot be said that our author himself possesses this quality in any notable measure. For instance, in his commentary on the scene in which Pandarus brings the lovers together, he says: 'The way that they pledge their love demonstrates how well the audience knew the story of the lovers because the ironic mode of presentation rests on the assumption that everyone believed that Troilus was going to be true, that Cressida was going to be false, and that "Pandar" was another name for a procurer.' (p. 53) The comment assumes that the attitude of the dramatist and the audience had become fixed.

Now for the thesis of the study. In view of the fact that the fundamental idea which forms its basis has been sumptuously treated by Professor Alfred Harbage in his brilliant *Shakespeare and the Rival Traditions*, our author could perhaps have given us a couple of learned articles on his thesis instead of a whole book. However, some of the evidence adduced remains unconvincing in spite of the generous space at the author's disposal. *Troilus and Cressida* is said to be inconclusive rather in the manner of the plays written for the private playhouses. The play's inconclusiveness can be easily exaggerated. We begin with a Troilus who is in love and who does not see much point in fighting. We end with a Troilus who has loved and lost and who is determined to fight to the finish. We begin with an Agamemnon who is puzzled why Troy shows no signs of falling, and we end with an Agamemnon who declares that the city is at last within their grasp. We begin with a Hector who decides against his better judgement that Helen should be retained, and we end with the disastrous consequences of this decision. Therefore it is not altogether true, as our author says, that the play opens in confusion and merely moves through more confusion to less confusion. The sense of confusion is there no doubt, but it arises not from the imcompleteness of the action, but because there is no countervailing sense of order in the poetry of the play. The play of *Macbeth* also opens on a world in confusion, and for a long while, that world travails in confusion. But the poetry of the play constantly renews in us the sense of the order which is under assault. This submarine stillness under the tossing waves is what one chiefly misses in *Troilus*.

Nor is it altogether true to say that the play lacks 'thematic reverberations', by which our author seems to mean 'some kind of ethical or moral observation'. Without subscribing to the demand for an overt moral from works of art, one may still maintain that the play contains, among other things, a powerful critique of war. Surely the fact that the play became popular soon after the first world war is not without some significance.

Our author argues that the satiric observer was a popular figure in the plays of the private theatre, and *Troilus* has such an observer *par excellence* in Thersites. But our author also impartially informs us that the deformed appearance and the rude behaviour of Thersites, who appears thus briefly even in Homer, were vivid enough to make him a type character of the rôle even in Latin rhetoric books of Shakespeare's day. Professor O. J. Campbell's view is also cited that Shakespeare's Thersites is a powerful piece of characterization because Shakespeare is a powerful dramatist. The total effect of this information is to weaken the argument that when Shakespeare wrote the play, he was 'fully and alertly aware of prevailing theatrical fashions.' (p. 171) The conclusion is not wrong; nobody has ever suggested that Shakespeare was ever otherwise in the course of his working life. It is only this piece of evidence that is specious.

Another argument of the author is that the love of Troilus and Cressida is all lust, and it is not openly condemned. Such tolerance is a characteristic of the drama of the private playhouses. The suspicion does not occur to our author that the Trojan Cressida is not damned perhaps because Shakespeare does not find her damnable. And Shakespeare can be pretty blunt in the play when he wants to condemn lust. Witness the withering lines of Diomedes on Helen. (It is necessary to point out that in the references to the myth in Tudor literature, exhaustively collected by Hyder Rollins, a clear distinction seems to exist between the 'Trojan' Cressida, who is generally praised, and the 'Greek' Cressida who is generally condemned.) 'Helen and Cressida,' says our author, 'are condemned as unworthy persons, but their mutual (sic) weakness is never called lust, except by Thersites whose indignation is anything other than righteous and who is

certainly not Shakespeare.' But then what about Ulysses? He is explicit enough, and though he may not be Shakespeare's spokesman, he should carry greater weight as a witness. Our author also refuses to believe or sympathize with Cressida's grief when she is parted from Troilus because she is not legally married to Troilus. It is rather disturbing that the legality of the relationship and not the poetry of the sorrow before him should control our author's responses to the text.

In his final chapter, the author handsomely admits that parallels do not prove intentions. So he produces his trump card. The last lines of the Prologue read: 'Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are:/Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.' In these lines, we are told confidently, Shakespeare 'betrays some uneasiness in offering a play based on traditionally popular material but which uses some of the aesthetic novelties being developed and emphasized by the poets' war which took place within the larger commercial war for audiences.' (p. 175) In accouching this mountain of interpretation from a mere mouse of two lines, our author painfully reminds us that he has been 'dancing attendance' on the 'pure' critics. The phrase itself reveals that he did not sincerely try to learn anything from either the scholars or the critics.

The author who is perhaps not unaware of the abstractness of his critical analysis and the flattening nature of his prose (p. 47) has stated that 'the most that any critic of the printed drama can ultimately hope to do is to help a reader to respond to a text as if it were being presented before him, letting it fill the vistas of the mind.' The author of the study reviewed here can 'ultimately' hope to do this only if he will give the priority of his attention to the text itself.

S. NAGARAJAN

Shakespeare's Historical Plays, by S. C. Sen Gupta, Oxford University Press, 1964, pp. 172, Rs. 20.

It is a great pleasure to find a new book on Shakespeare which is neither journalistic nor unreadable. There is obvious, though unostentatious, evidence of the author's erudition on every page of the book and yet the author does not salvage (deservedly) obscure or unfamiliar or unknown books in the hope of being one up on the writers of earlier books on the subject.

What strikes the reader of this book chiefly is the essential sanity of the author. Dr Sen Gupta justly takes the great Shakespearean scholars to task for going wildly wrong in their treatment of Shakespeare's 'Histories'. These plays have been subjected to a good deal of censure by the modern critics. Nor have they suffered from depreciation alone. Over-estimate can be just as inapt. The redoubtable Wilson Knight, for example, regards *Henry VIII* as the culminating point in Shakespeare's work:

> *Henry VIII* binds and clasps this massive life-work into a single whole expanding the habitual design of Shakespearean tragedy: from normality, through a violent conflict to a spiritualized music, and thence to the concluding ritual. (p. 165)

Such unbalanced judgments are easy to dispose of. But there are other views of the 'Histories' current which are more influential because they have been expounded by abler scholars. One of them, perhaps the most dominant, is thus summarized by Dr Sen Gupta:

> It is often thought that Shakespeare's historical plays are. . .essentially homiletic, that they are an elaborate discourse on the duties of kingship and the dangers of civil dissension. (p. 7)

One of the distinguished representatives of this school is Mr Dover Wilson who is quoted as saying, '*Henry IV* was certainly intended to convey a moral. It is in fact Shakespeare's

greatest morality play.' (p. 8) Dr Sen Gupta's summary, however, does not do justice to the work of Dr Tillyard and others who see political or symbolical significance in these plays.

For his part Dr Sen Gupta looks upon these plays primarily as plays, not as exempla of any moral or political maxim. After rejecting the interpretation of *2 Henry VI* offered by Messrs Tillyard, Brockbank, Wilson Knight and Reese, Dr Sen Gupta observes:

> If we confine our attention to the play itself, it will be seen that there is little justification for reading it as a morality, for not one of the above theories emerges out of the interaction between plot and character, in which lies the substance of Shakespearian drama. (p. 74)

This thesis is partly borne out by the fact that in *King John*, for example, Shakespeare ignored the greatest political event of the reign, viz. the Magna Carta. Similarly there is no mention of the Peasants' Revolt or of Wyclif and the Lollards in *Richard II* (p. 119). But does it follow from these omissions that even the events which have been included were a matter of indifference to Shakespeare?

According to the author, Shakespeare 'interpreted history aesthetically rather than philosophically' (p. 18). It is when Dr Sen Gupta expounds his aesthetic purism that doubts begin to arise in the reader's mind. It turns out that Shakespeare's 'aesthetic' vision is 'amoral' (pp. 35-36). Further it appears that 'dramatic significance' lies in the creation of individual characters, chiefly the hero:

> The present study proceeds on the assumption that the greatness of Shakespeare consists chiefly in his ability to create men and women, who, if not imitations of reality, have the vividness of living characters. (p. 7)

Had he based his interpretation on the wider definition quoted above, viz. 'the interaction of plot and character', he would not have regarded the political content of the plays as unimportant, considering that the plots of these plays consist largely of a succession of political events.

The limitation of this approach was convincingly demonstrated by L. C. Knights with reference to the tragedies in his famous essay, 'How Many Children Had Lady Macbeth?' Presumably Dr Sen Gupta actually considers these arguments as applicable to the 'Histories'. It is outside the scope of this review to recount the history of modern Shakespeare criticism. What is apparent is that *Richard III* alone of all the plays discussed in this book yields itself to this approach. All other plays resist this treatment. Dr Sen Gupta's preoccupation with characterization makes him look for the third dimension in flat characters. The result is that either he complains about Shakespeare's failure to reconcile contradictory traits or attempts unconvincingly to resolve contradictions.

In the first part of *Henry VI* the author finds that 'Shakespeare's Joan of Arc is at the same time a holy virgin and a strumpet.' (p. 63) His quest of 'inner motives and impulses' (p. 71) makes him say that in *2 Henry VI* 'Jack Cade...wants to establish a commonwealth in which the most uncompromising despotism is compatible with the most broad based democracy.' (p. 76) About the third part of the trilogy he complains, 'We seldom see behind the surface into those instincts and elementary inhibitions in which lies the essence of personality.' (p. 79)

In his discussion of *King John* he abandons for a while his preoccupation with the inner motives and impulses and concludes very aptly that for Shakespeare, 'John is a bad king, but John's personal deficiencies only help him (i.e. Shakespeare) to develop his idea that the kingdom is more important than the king.' (p. 100) But this insight is not sustained. He decides quite arbitrarily to ignore the political overtones in *Richard II* (p. 118). He focusses all his attention on the character of Richard II and concludes, 'How this poetical fantast lay concealed behind the arrogant wastrel of the first two acts has not been represented in the course of action.' (p. 120)

The two parts of *Henry IV* have been examined more often and more acutely by Shakespeare's critics than any other of the 'Histories'. Dr Sen Gupta disposes of all criticism of the plays with the assertion that, 'the central figure is neither the old King nor the lean Prince but the fat knight,' (p. 127)

thereby pushing the political content of the play to the periphery. But a few pages later, anticipating the problem of Falstaff's rejection, he claims that 'Prince Henry...is the most dominating figure in the second tetralogy.' Dr Sen Gupta's analysis of Prince Hal is reminiscent of Bradley's attempt to discover motives for the motiveless malignity of Iago:

> Although the Prince is deficient both in emotion and imagination, he has a strong will and a cold, calculating intellect, which combine to give him exceptional practical ability. (p. 138)

As Henry V, this hero, says the author, 'seldom analyses the basis of his claims or the subtler implications of his conduct' (p. 141). In other words he does not behave like a University Professor. Coleridge would have approved of this remark.

In *Henry VIII*, Dr Sen Gupta finds a lack of centre. He quotes Dowden's remark that, 'The tragedy of Buckingham is succeeded by the tragedy of Wolsey and this by the tragedy of Katherine...' (p. 161). The portrayal of Wolsey is unsatisfactory because Shakespeare cannot in the words of Lamb delve into 'the inner structure of mind' (p. 157). The author appears to think, like Lamb, that the subject-matter of our examination is the historical Wolsey and not Shakespeare's character whose inner mind Shakespeare has chosen not to reveal at all. Dr Sen Gupta fortunately falls short of inventing the subconscious mind of Wolsey.

Much of this review has been devoted to a discussion of characterization because Dr Sen Gupta accords to it a disproportionate importance. The author's handling of some of the other topics also deserves mention. His knowledge of Shakespeare's sources, for example, is masterly. He is generous in acknowledging his debt to Prof. Bullough's edition of *The Narrative and Dramatic Sources of Shakespeare.*

R. K. Kaul

Poetry and Religion as Drama, by P. C. Ghosh, The World Press Private Ltd., Calcutta, 1965, pp. 211, Rs. 9.50.

In a facetious letter to Ezra Pound on poetic drama, T. S. Eliot once wrote, 'If you can keep the bloody audiences's attention engaged, then you can perform any monkey-tricks you like.' Many would consider the verse-medium for drama as 'monkey-tricks', something unsuitable, slightly self-conscious, a dangerous source of sententious utterance. To the theatre-goer the verse-medium would be tolerated only if it were compensated by the vigour of drama. Ben Jonson urges on dramatists to stick to the language that men do use. Ibsen does not want his characters to speak poetry, the language of gods. Eliot allows that 'if the audience gets its strip-tease it will swallow the poetry.' I believe the best 'poetic' drama of the present century has been written in prose. Synge's and O'Casey's plays and Yeats's *Words upon the Window Pane* are better even poetically than Yeats's and Eliot's verse-plays. An exciting new dramatist like John Arden with a taste for verse writes poetic plays in prose because he believes that drama depends on an audience's response and audiences are now embarrassed by verse. Eliot recognized this by trying to conceal the fact that his later plays are in verse.

To this oft-discussed problem, Mr P. C. Ghosh addresses himself in his first chapter of the book. Basing his arguments on a plethora of quotations, he suggests that poetic drama 'does not lie in one element or part of the play but in the totality of its conception.' Even Yeats who turned to the Nōh play of Japan as he wanted to penetrate into the 'deep of the mind' with the help of 'noble imagination', aimed at gradual purging of poetical ornament in his *Purgatory*. The cultivation of the Nōh theory left its impression on the verse-drama of the Yeats generation. Although Yeats took to Nōh as a convenient medium to restore the sovereignty of verse on the stage he felt pessimistic about its continued use. It turned out to be merely an academic exercise in England. Mr Ghosh's remarks on Yeats and the Nōh are interesting and one wishes that he had said something about the techniques of the Japanese theatre, in which the British dramatists were interested.

Religion has always inspired all arts, more so drama and many dramatists in the twentieth century have sought to revive interest in verse-drama by using the theme of religion. Not all religious expression in plays is poetic, much of it is flatly unimaginative. However, the revival of interest in the Mystery plays of York and Chester about ten years ago is a testimony to the perennial interest of the audience in this theme. Charles Williams, Ronald Duncan, Christopher Fry, T. S. Eliot and many others have sought to revive poetic drama based on accepted religious belief. From the festival houses, religious drama has emerged and won considerable success in the commercial theatre. Mr Ghosh devotes a chapter to a detailed examination of the relation between religion and drama. He considers religious drama religious because its spirit is religious, the total impression is religious and its ritual provides basis for religious experience. It is not an unassailable definition because in the case of T. S. Eliot, as John Crowe Ramsom puts it, 'literary evidence is that Eliot is religious more by conviction than by grace.' Discussing Martin Browne's W. D. Thomas Memorial lecture, *Verse in the Modern English Theatre* (the University of Wales Press, 1963), the Editor of T. L. S. raised the question 'Is there any?'. One is aware that Mr Ghosh is not talking only of very 'modern' dramatists but also of the Elizabethans. The movement for verse-drama based on religious themes has been significant.

Mr Ghosh's canvas is very wide: from *Everyman* to *Christopher Fry*. This makes rather disturbing reading and gives the book the impression of a broken back. *Everyman* and *Doctor Faustus* are discussed as morality plays. Marlowe has no conception of the Christian doctrine of grace, which is the core of *Everyman*. But as plays, one agrees with Mr Ghosh's judgment that '*Everyman* is sounder, *Doctor Faustus* is more poetic' and one violently disagrees with him when he asserts that *Samson Agonistes* is 'the only perfect poetic drama in English.' Milton did not have much dramatic sense and his *Samson Agonistes*, close to a Sophoclean tragedy, can at best be described as a lyrical poem.

In the last chapter, Mr Ghosh discusses Isherwood and Fry. Fry has more resemblances to Eliot than to Auden and

Isherwood. Eliot and Fry have written Christian plays for production in Canterbury Cathedral; both write secular plays on a basically religious foundation which by no means precludes comedy. There are also contrasts: Fry is mainly a man of the theatre, relies more on the sheer joy of the word. Compared with Eliot's, Fry's plots, except that in his recent play, *Curtmantle* (1961), are wildly fantastic. Mr Ghosh has analyzed *The Ascent of F6* and all the plays of Fry except *Curtmantle*.

In *Poetry and Religion as Drama*, the author's knowledge of dramatic works is as competent as his knowledge of the criticism of such works.

H. H. Anniah Gowda

Bernard Shaw's Philosophy of Life, by R. N. Roy, Firma K. L. Mukhopadhaya, Calcutta, 1965, Rs. 14/-.

Frank Harris once said that fifty years hence Bernard Shaw would become completely obsolete, and in the Encyclopaedia he would be described as a bust by Rodin. But as the book under review shows, books on Shaw are still being published, Harris is a false prophet and Shaw is yet a dynamic force. Shaw's philosophy has been dealt with, sometimes quite admirably, in many standard works. While St John Ervine, Frank Harris, Archibald Henderson and Hesketh Pearson are more interested in the biography of Shaw, G. K. Chesterton, C. E. M. Joad, Colbourne and Eric Bentley are more critical and have dwelt at length on Shavian doctrines. Dr R. N. Roy's *Bernard Shaw's Philosophy of Life*, treading a familiar ground, is not a mere repetition of what his predecessors have said from time to time. For instance, Dr Roy, more than most critics, has worked out the thesis that the philosophy enunciated in Shaw's plays is essentially the application and amplification of the seminal ideas of the novels. In the first chapter the author has sought to trace the formative influences on Shaw. This is a cursory treatment in which Dr Roy has over-simplified some of the basic problems; the discussion of sex, marriage and family is scrappy, and the author would have done well

if he had pointed out the inadequacy of Shaw's fabian socialism and in that connexion, more fully inter-related Shaw's ideas with those of the Webbs, Sidney and Beatrice.

The essence of Shaw's views on Life Force and Creative Evolution is to be found in *Man and Superman* and *Back to Methuselah*. Darwin and Lamarck have both influenced Shaw, but at a stage there was a parting of ways. Dr Roy has analyzed Creative Evolution with admirable thoroughness. In his preface he has complained that Joad's conclusions are not supported by the latest researches in biology but Dr Roy's own conclusions, though plausible, do not also seem to be based on the latest researches in biology. Lamarck himself has become an antediluvian. Moreover, Colbourne in his *Real Bernard Shaw* has so much to say about the Neo-Darwinians and the Neo-Lamarckians that one should not complain of any dearth of material on the subject. Yet when all this is said, Dr Roy's work on Shaw should be welcome for the careful and methodical manner in which it brings the different strands of Shavian thinking into a coherent whole.

S. P. Sen Gupta

Arnold the Poet, by Henry Charles Duffin, p. 158, O. U. P., first published in India, 1964.

Duffin's critical approach is refreshing. He does not attempt to extract from Arnold what he has not. Duffin quotes Chesterton's enunciation of the modern approach to criticism. The function of criticism can only be one—that of dealing with the subconscious part of the author's mind which the author himself can express. While most critics follow this method, Duffin is refreshingly unconventional. Amidst the vagaries and crotchets of modern criticism, Duffin, with an unerring insight, has recognized the poet's conception and has read the poems in the light of this conception. Duffin has been eminently successful in his attempt.

In the first chapter Duffin has sought to trace Arnold the man in his poetry. In the second chapter the art of Arnold's

poetry has been discussed with sympathy and precision. Nowhere has he niggled or beaten about the bush. With almost Arnoldian lucidity and straightforwardness Duffin has given a sketch of Arnold's poetic theory and its application. Duffin's treatment of Arnold's love-poems is praiseworthy. Most critics only casually refer to 'Marguerite', *Calais Sands* and *Faded Leaves*. His elegies become paramount and transcendent, and the warm and passionate heart-beats are drowned amidst the deafening cries of a lacerated soul. One will entirely agree with Duffin's statement: 'Browning's (love-poetry) excels in varied psychological interest, Meredith's in huge intellectual power and imagery. *Maud* tells a melodramatic story with matchless technical brilliance, but only rises to beauty in the supreme lyric, "Come into the garden, Maud". For consistent poetical charm the Arnold poems hold their own. It is not a pleading for a wrong cause. Duffin rightly vindicates the love-poems, so long treated almost as Cinderella.

In Chapter IV Duffin has selected a few important poems of Arnold for special treatment. The analysis of the 'free verse' poems, though interesting, is not original. Saintsbury in his *History of English Prosody* dwelt at length on the free verse of Arnold. The two dramatic poems—*Empedocles* and *Merope* have been rightly reclaimed from the limbo. The Oxford-poems, though much explored and written about by eminent critics, have been analyzed from a new angle. We compliment Duffin on his excellent performance. Short but illuminating, the book will be a distinct contribution to the critiques of Arnold as a poet.

S. P. Sen Gupta

Technique in the Tales of Henry James, by Krishna Baldev Vaid, Harvard University Press, 1964, pp. 285, $ 5.75.

Henry James's Tales have been the relatively neglected half of his fiction. Although a few of them like 'The Turn of the Screw' have been subjected to overinterpretation, sometimes to misinterpretation, in the main the tendency has been to

regard them as a mere tributary to the mainstream of James's novels. Yet for James himself the writing of tales was a continuing and life-long concern. Dr K. B. Vaid attempts in this study to bestow on what James called the 'masterly brevities' the kind of serious and sustained attention that they deserve. James wrote one hundred and twelve tales in all, but the present writer examines a few carefully chosen specimens by a close textual analysis of the kind that, as the writer observes, has hitherto been the domain of poetic criticism.

Vaid's overriding concern is, however, with James's narrative modes and the larger elements of structure, rather than with the elements of language and image. But this, perhaps, is as it should be; and his method enables him to consider the various technical elements of each tale in their interrelationship, and present the tale in its proper focus. Vaid explores in all their intricacy James's two main narrative methods: the first-person ('The Author's Deputy') and the omniscient narrator ('The Author Himself'), and his analyses are governed by a balanced consideration of the structure, content, style, tone, and, of course, the total effect of each tale.

In his analyses the writer is guided not only by an unerring discernment, but by an unswerving fidelity to the text of the tales. His study of 'The Turn of the Screw' (which he treats in a complete chapter) is a case in point. The tale has received the largest critical attention, but most of the readings, both Freudian and anti-Freudian, have missed its real focus. F. R. Leavis had helped to clear some of the misconceptions on the question of whether the children in the tale are innocent or have been corrupted, though for him the tale is a mere thriller with no 'ponderable significance'. But there has been a persistent misunderstanding of the rôle of the governess in the tale. Hence, Vaid rightly points out that 'The fundamental care in any analysis of "The Turn of the Screw" would seem to be a correct understanding of its narrator's rôle.' He sets aside the various ingenuities of interpretation as violating the 'intention' of the tale, and clearly establishes that the governess is a typical Jamesian narrator—a reliable witness whose account the reader must trust implicitly—and not employed as an 'ironic center of revelation.' Vaid's analyses of 'Four Meetings', 'The Beast in the Jungle', and

'The Jolly Corner too', to name but a few, reveal great imaginative grasp and critical competence. Throughout the study the writer keeps an open mind without committing himself to any particular line of interpretation, and he is quick to perceive both faults and excellences. His sensitiveness of perception and infallible taste for the genuinely artistic are in evidence throughout. He finds 'The Middle Years' an unsatisfactory tale as it fails to achieve its desired effect—to render in satisfactory terms the transformation in the character of the hero. Again, he puts his finger on a weak spot when he observes that the presence of Miss Vernhan and the Countess causes structural disproportion in the tale, and so they could easily have been eliminated. Vaid is sensitive enough to perceive that 'The Madonna' is rounded off a bi, too neatly, whereas 'Le Chef-d'oeuvre inconnu' of Balzact a similar instance, is definitely a better tale in the matter of the ending.

Vaid joins issue with Leavis on a point of interpretation that concerns the determination of the 'tone' of 'The Pupil'. While Leavis observes that in 'The Pupil' 'we no longer have the note of horror,' Vaid is interested in showing that there is a note of irony in the tale that borders on the tragic. He finds that 'the Moreens' irresponsibility reveals its sinister side—because of its tragic effect on their son, it becomes highly culpable. Thus, in spite of its surface smoothness, the tale comes close to being a powerful condemnation of the parents.' That James intended a condemnation of the moral slovenliness and the utter meanness of values of the Moreens would seem to be a fair conclusion from the evidence of the story itself. It is also clear that this condemnation is reflected in the 'troubled vision' of the two friends. But we wonder whether the condemnation is well-deserved, whether these faults of the parents, however culpable in their effects, are grave enough to produce those effects. After all, the Moreens with all their meanness are pathetic creatures, pathetic not only in the abjectness of their condition, but in their anxiety to save their child from the shock of a recognition. We cannot help the feeling that James has put too much into the mouth of Morgan, even allowing for his morbid precocity, that he has made him his mouthpiece without convincing us of the

gravity of the sins that he sets out to castigate. Here Leavis seems to be right in his perception that 'the squalor the story deals in is not of a kind to evoke any sense of "portentous evil", and it is not sexual.' But when he suggests further that the Moreens are a type of Micawbers 'presented with a warmly sympathetic humour' he seems to miss the note of tragic irony that Vaid rightly calls attention to. In between these two views there seems to lie somewhere an inherent 'something'—a failure of realization perhaps—that both Leavis and Vaid have not noticed.

But this perhaps is the only case of my disagreement with Vaid; on the whole, Vaid's insights seem to me beyond reproach. Vaid has rendered valuable service by giving us a full account of the Jamesian narrator. He has untangled many critical confusions by bringing into clear focus the 'point of view' of each tale that he discusses (though he would not himself prefer the use of so 'opaque' a formula). James's handling of the 'operative irony' is also revealed in its interesting variations. Above all, the chief merit of Vaid's study seems to me to consist in its fundamental critical sanity. As Vaid himself observes, the best course for a critic of fiction is 'to examine the given piece of fiction and to evaluate its success or failure on its own terms.' The method of the tale in each case is determined by its artistic intention—by the kind of effect that the author is trying to achieve in it. James remarked: 'We must grant the artist his subject, his idea, his donnée: our criticism is applied only to what he makes of it.' Vaid's investigation of the technique of James's Tales comes closest to being a fulfilment of James's own tenets. The study is valuable not only as James criticism, but as a method of analysis that may be applied with profit to any study of the craft of fiction.

V. K. Chari

Kipling and India, by S. Sajjad Husain, University of Dacca, 1963.

DR SAJJAD HUSAIN'S *Kipling and India*, a doctoral thesis written for the University of Nottingham (1952), is a welcome addition to recent studies on Kipling. The purpose of the book, as stated by the author, is 'to ascertain the extent and nature of Kipling's knowledge of India, as far as it is possible to ascertain this from his writings, to find out what he knew about the geography, people, history and culture of the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent; and to examine in the light of the facts discovered Kipling's attitude towards India.'

Dr Sajjad has performed a most valuable service to Anglo-Indian literature by his thorough investigation of Kipling's sources of knowledge and by examining the impacts of his studies and travels in India. He has rightly maintained that Kipling presents a sketchy and 'train-window view' of India coloured by prejudices and presuppositions. To a man of Kipling's sensibilities, born and bred in the barrack atmosphere of the Anglo-Indian community, practising journalism of the jute press, meeting the loyal half-castes and scorning the educated Indian, his writings do not seem quite inconsistent. This peculiar attitude to India and the natives arises also from the fact that he was writing for a certain section of credulous folk in England who longed to hear exotic stories of the British Raj in the Far East.

Kipling's official admirers were the 'service' middle class, the people who read *Blackwoods*. Already in 1890 Henry James was writing to Stevenson that Kipling 'the star of the hour', was Stevenson's nearest rival and Stevenson was writing to Henry James that Kipling was 'too clever to live'. It appears as though they were both a trifle taken aback by the appearance of this 'infant monster' as James called him. Kipling took great advantage of his reading public. Incapable of any profound thought, he specialized in writing stories with Indian settings strictly for home consumption.

Few readers would dispute Dr Sajjad's view that Kipling did not avail himself of the opportunities in India. He had inherited the passions and prejudices, assumptions and presuppositions of his father. Evidently he had not come to India

with an open mind and so he failed to understand a cross-section of the Indian population. As Dr Sajjad has very competently shown, Kipling delights in ancient ways of the Himalayan tribes and appreciates their obedience to the 'Sahib'; he records the blood-feuds of the savage Afridi but he displays utter contempt for the educated Indians. He, however, reserves his admiration for the 'real native' who constitutes the lower, uneducated stratum of society and is loyal to the British. Kipling visualizes peace and progress in the country on the assumption that he would always be loyal. The central idea behind Kipling's imperialism is beautifully traced by the critic in the last chapter of his book 'The Political Background in India and Kipling's Imperialism' where he has shown how the Mutiny and the Ilbert Bill instilled in Kipling the doctrine of racial superiority and the use of force to curb 'lawlessness'. The writer maintains that without offering any consistent theory of imperialism, Kipling became a spokesman of the British Raj in India and blissfully shutting his eyes to the social and political ferment, prophesied a bleak future for India's independence.

Although Dr Sajjad deals with a controversial period in Indian history, he has taken a fairly objective view of his subject. If Kipling deserves no bouquets, he need not unnecessarily be cornered with brickbats—the critic seems to imply in his assessment of Kipling's writings. But few Indians would forgive Kipling for his notorious sketch of Baboo Huree Chunder Mookerjee. One wishes that Dr Sajjad could give another aspect of Anglo-Indian life as depicted by Thackeray in the person of the Magistrate of Boggley-wallah in *Vanity Fair*. Hurree Baboo and the Magistrate, though grotesque caricatures, show both sides of the picture. There is hardly anything to choose between the then Indian ruler and his subject. One is as good or as bad as the other. Dr Sajjad could also have correlated Kipling's basic attitude in *Kim* with that of E.M. Forster in *A Passage to India* in order to place him in the proper perspective.

MUHAMMAD YASEEN

Eugene O'Neill: A Study by D. V. K. Raghavacharyulu, Popular Prakashan, Bombay, 1965, pp. 232, Rs. 20.

Eugene O'Neill: A Study is an evaluation of O'Neill's work and personality by an Indian scholar. It is heartening to note that American literature which was neglected in India before Independence is now attracting the serious attention of Indian scholars. Some of their books have shown penetrative analysis, intelligent interpretation and scholarly detachment. This book under review is the 'product of an extensive revision of a doctoral dissertation presented at an American University.' In the first six chapters of his book, Dr Raghavacharyulu presents the story of the playwright's 'Inner growth, change and conflict as a cyclical progression of the artistic consciousness.' He feels that throughout O'Neill's work 'there is a bi-polar continuity of demi-urge.' He adds further that as a writer of tragedy, O'Neill's imagination inevitably reflected his vision of human torment. In the final chapter he refers to O'Neill's apologists and also to his detractors. He ascribes the tendency to denigration to a shift in values in America (What are these?) and concludes sententiously that 'O'Neill's dramatic career gave a colossal life-force to the living theatre in America.'

The work is a competent survey but there are a few points which, I am afraid, Dr Raghavacharyulu chose to ignore. One is—why no play by O'Neill was a commercial success and the other is why most of his plays are, by and large, disappointing to read. O'Neill's genius was of a tragic cast and he specialized in depicting tormented, twisted characters searching for peace within themselves and with their surroundings—and this perhaps may answer the pertinent question why O'Neill wrote only a solitary comedy.

O'Neill established the manners of the modern theatre in the United States and Dr Raghavacharyulu writes perceptively about him. The careless proof-reading, however, spoils much of the pleasure of reading the book and the picture on the dust jacket looks purposelessly awkward. On page 35, Carl Capek should be Karel Capek.

DILIP KUMAR SEN

On Four Quartets of T. S. Eliot, by Krishna Nandan Sinha, Arthur H. Stockwell Ltd., Ilfracombe, 1963, pp. 127. 9s. 6d.

THIS is, according to the publisher's blurb, a fragment of Dr Sinha's Ph.D. dissertation presented to the University of Arkansas. That the author should choose to publish a fragment instead of the whole dissertation is perhaps a concession to the lay readers of poetry who find *Four Quartets* a baffling poem. Eliot himself said that he should like an audience 'which could neither read nor write.' Indeed *Four Quartets*—the crown of Eliot's poetic achievement—is a difficult poem is spite of Helen Gardner's illuminating elucidations and Preston's *Four Quartets Rehearsed*. And the difficulty of this poem is hardly solved by a knowledge of the sources.

Dr Sinha has wisely eschewed a close attack on the 'meaning' of the poem. His method is discursive. In nine closely packed chapters he ranges from the central experience of the poem, its thematic material, its imagery and diction to the poet's aesthetic preoccupations running into the pattern of the poem and meditations on time. He is, not seldom, repetitive which is perhaps inevitable in any discursive analysis of this peom.

The first chapter on 'Feeling' illustrates the inadequacy of our critical terms in fixing what happens in the poem. He says: 'Let us start with the assumption that *Four Quartets* is a poem of feeling.' Is the assumption or the phrase 'a poem of feeling' helpful? The paragraphs on *Burnt Norton* are a perceptive analysis of the 'rose garden' image, but one misses the exact relevance of the prefatory remark: 'The feelings tend to become continually incommunicable and there is nothing in the power of words to hold them together. Hence there is the rose garden.'

Dr Sinha has intelligently used what other critics and expositors have said about *Four Quartets*, testing them, of course, with his sensitive critical faculties. The chapter on 'Fire and the Rose' reveals his extensive range of reading. But I felt unhappy about the ordering of the chapters which seems to lack coherence. For instance, why should 'Esthetic Flashes' and 'Music' be separated by three chapters ranging from the poet's meditations on time to the symbolism of the

fire and the rose? Eliot's 'Wrestle with words and meaning' and the musical structure of *Four Quartets* are both relevant to the meaning of the elusive dialectic of his experience. The two chapters, one would think, are about the same problem of communication.

The final chapter is a note on the obscurity of *Four Quartets*. Dr Sinha says rightly that different readers find this poem difficult for different reasons. But he makes an astounding statement when he says that 'once the *traps* on the path are cleared, the central experience reveals itself as daylight.' (By 'traps' he means 'the images, the metaphors, and the various patterns of thought and technique.') Dr Sinha has not only mixed his metaphors, but has almost undone what he tried to do in the earlier chapters.

SUNIL KANTI SEN

The Teaching of English Literature Overseas, Edited by John Press, Methuen, 1964.

SEVENTY-ONE representatives from twenty-five countries met on 16-18 July 1962 at King's College, Cambridge, around a conference table presided over by Prof. Bullough to discuss the teaching of English literature overseas. With typical British thoroughness the Conference was divided into several 'commissions' (so as not to be guilty of any sins of omission) to deliberate on specific topics, such as the study of English literature in universities; English literature in adult education, inclusive of Institute courses and Summer school for teachers; English literature in schools and in the training of teachers of English; the provision of texts, periodicals, recordings of literature and visual media.

What emerged from the deliberations by way of general agreement is now presented as a report, on which has been conferred the dignity of a glossy hard cover. We are told by way of a Preface that although English literature has been taught overseas for more than a hundred years, no book has been published on the problems inherent in such teaching

and that the British Council Conference on this theme is the first of its kind.

The Conference recommended that among the major functions of Departments of English in universities overseas were: (a) to help students to understand and enjoy individual novels, plays, poems etc., (b) to introduce students to the world culture inherited by the twentieth century, an inheritance finely expressed through the medium of the English language; (c) to encourage through contact with one of the world's richest literatures the development of creative literary work. The Conference also recommended that post-graduate students, rather than producing the usual dissertation on aspects of English literature, should be encouraged to engage themselves in textual criticism, with a view to the future production of edited texts for use in the students' own country, or in translation of important texts from and into English, or in studies in the use made by English writers of the life and literature of the students' own country, or finally in indigenous literature written in English.

The Conference admitted that the scope for teaching English literature in schools overseas was limited. Yet, suitable annotated texts could be used for literary studies along with those suitable for language teaching. At all levels, however, the study of English literature overseas required texts prepared specially for the purpose.

By its very terms of reference and raison d'être the Conference did what was expected of it—namely, to assert that literature which in one sense is simply the best use of language, is also a subject central to education, providing insight into the nature of man. Hence, at whatever levels teachers of English are to work, their training should include at least some introduction to what literature can offer. It is, however, important to relate the literary study overseas to the learners' linguistic competence. The interests and previous experience of students in overseas countries, arising as they do out of local, historical and social circumstances including the local use of English, are the teacher's springboard, and his choice of texts should be based on them. At the same time, the aim of the syllabus should be to extend the students' resources by expanding their experience and developing their imaginative

capacity. The report suggests that the range of English literature studied overseas should include not only imaginative works, but also good writing in science, history, philosophy, art and a variety of other fields. In countries where English is a second language, good English is needed in many spheres of life, and the study of English literature should help to open up the whole of Western culture. Since it is generally agreed that the study of literature can improve language performance and that a certain achievement in language is a prerequisite for any literary study, teachers and scholars in the two fields should collaborate to produce a unified English course, in which each form of English study would help the other. An examination of the examinations is also something to be devoutly wished for.

These conclusions are unexceptionable as far as generalizations (inevitable in the circumstances) go, but their validity could be tested for practical purposes only when they are given a local habitation. However zealously one may try to project the image of English as the common wealth of the 'Commonwealth', there is no running away from the fact that there are varying degrees of wealth or poverty in the Commonwealth in this regard. It is, however, gratifying to note that England for a variety of reasons is keen on helping the teaching of English language and literature almost everywhere in the world in general, and in her former colonies in particular. 'The major exportation of English educational standards', says G. E. Perrin, 'first took place at a time when there was little standard practice in England, and indeed no highly organized public educational system to provide a model. To India, ideals were exported rather more freely than practical methods of implementing them.' (P. 14)

Now this is being rectified to a very large extent not only with the continued export of ideals but also with the increasing export of books on the methods of teaching English language and literature—to say nothing of the export of books of literature itself. A newsletter dated 27-10-1965 from the British Information Services says that 'nearly half the books produced by British publishers last year were exported. Last year's turnover totalled £98,489,000 (Rs. 131.32 Crores), with

exports accounting for £43,220,000 (Rs. 57.63 Crores) or 43.9 per cent—India and Pakistan together accounting for £3,000,000. The Publishers' Association says that figures for the first quarter of this year show a still more pronounced demand for British books overseas.'

One knows that the study of English language and literature is rewarding, but who could have thought that it was so paying?

U. M. MANIAR

Daniel Defoe, by James Joyce, ed. from Italian manuscripts and translated by Joseph Prescott, Buffalo Studies, State University of New York at Buffalo, 1964, pp. 27.

THIS is a characteristic example of the careful editorial labour in which a number of American scholars are usefully engaged, a labour without which critical assessment can never be confident. I have in mind, as a case in point, the slim publication that I received in 1960, *Treaty Trip*, an abridgement of Dr Claude Lewis's journal of an expedition made by himself and his brother Sinclair Lewis, to northern Saskatchewan and Manitoba in 1924; the work has been edited for the University of Minnesota Press by Donald Greene and George Knox. It is a biographical record that has deepened and widened my long-standing (though, I fear, unfashionable today) admiration for the mind and art of Sinclair Lewis. Professor Prescott's resuscitation and English rendering of Joyce's Defoe lecture (in Italian) will certainly be of great interest to Joyce admirers, particularly in India where, I am sure, the existence of such an essay is not exactly common knowledge. In 1912, Joyce (described as Prof. J. Joyce in the formal announcement of the university) delivered two lectures in Italian, one on Blake, another on Defoe, at the Università Popolare Triestina; the Blake lecture in English translation was published by Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellmann in 1959. Professor Prescott's translation of the Defoe lecture (translated impeccably as far as I can compare the

two languages), should from now on serve as an essential material for all Joyce students.

A. Bose

Fowler's *A Dictionary of Modern English Usage*, 2nd ed. revised by Sir Ernest Gowers (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1065. 21 sh.)

Rather than a review, this is a glad and grateful welcome to one of the classics of our century. My generation of students of the use of English—one of the trickiest of jobs given unto man—grew on Fowler as on Bovril and Bournvita and found it more nourishing than the tonic food. I have not unoften seen 'specialists' (their tribe increaseth!) in Language Institutes at home and abroad raise their eyebrows at the mention of Fowler but I find Fowler a source of joy and profit any day and now that Sir Ernest Gowers has revised the dictionary, I find the work just irresistible. [Incidentally, Gowers's *Plain Words* should be distributed free of cost by the Union Government at New Delhi to all its officers and by all the Universities of India to their Registrars and their deputies who revel in inditing tenuouser and tenuouser (my apologies to Alice!) despatches and 'Instructions' in an English that is impressively and awesomely esoteric but which, I am afraid, is a miserable means of communication between man and man.] This revised edition of Fowler is a book on the full merits of which one can make up one's mind only after years of constant use and leisurely dips, but I doubt if there are many persons (I certainly am not one of them) capable of accurately comparing the Fowler original with the Fowler-Gowers version. For the present then, I shall rest content with drawing the reader's attention (presuming that he has not yet delved into this mine) to a very few items.

Americanisms. Gowers refers to H. L. Mencken's well-known argument that the United States have displaced Britain as an English-speaking country; his comment on the situation is: 'We are still far from admitting this claim, but in fact are showing signs of yielding to it in spite of ourselves.' Again:

'In vocabulary we accept Americanisms if they have the appeal of novelty or aptness or fill a gap for us; thus, we have recently admitted *baby-sitter*, *teenager*, *know-how*, and *gimmick*.' To an Indian learning English as a second language and worried about R. P., B. B. C. accent, Queen's English, the Oxford drawl and so on, and who has, in spite of Hollywood, got the notion that American English is only a dialect that the 'cultured' speaker had best avoid, the wise words of Gowers should be cause of second thoughts about the matter, second thoughts for the learner as well as for our Teachers' Training Colleges and Institutes of English. Incidentally, the word 'line' which Gowers says is Americanism for the British 'queue', has been easily absorbed in most Indian languages; the Hindi for 'Keep to the queue' is 'Line lāgāo'—an evidence that the colloquial verve of American has an easy affinity with the Indian speech idiom.

Literary Critics' words. A very interesting item. Thanks to the New Critics, certain words and phrases are put to a use in literary criticism that is disconcertingly different from their common non-literary use; a smoke-screen of profundity covers such words as (taking some examples from the dictionary): actuality, ambivalent, awareness, creative, dichotomy, evocative, immediacy, perceptive, seminal etc. A word that is not in this dictionary but which I have recently heard being used in a serious seminar on literary criticism is 'meta-aesthetics'. I do not quite understand what is meant but perhaps this too will be current coin in no time.

Officialese. This is Gowers's special ground and the two-and-a-half column description in this dictionary of that variety of circumlocution that has its happy hunting grounds in the Whitehalls and Writers' Buildings all the world over should entice the reader to *Plain Words*. Officialese has grown into an intolerable disease, even worse than 'Literary Critics' Words', leading to a sort of linguistic bulbousness. An impressive example of vapid Officialese occurs in *The Tribal World of Verrier Elwin* (p. 244):

> The...trouble is that I often just cannot understand what they [the people in the New Delhi Office of the Community Development Project] are talking about.

And, what is even more disconcerting, they cannot understand me.

For example, where I would say, 'How do you do it?' they say 'What is your methodological approach?'

In one note I remarked that 'when tribal girls go to the towns, they sometimes become tarts.' This caused a lot of trouble. I was hauled over the coals at a very high level for using the word 'tart' in an official document. The sentence was then revised for my instruction to show me how one ought to write. 'When females belonging to the Scheduled Tribes become acculturated to the socio-economic conditions of urban society, they become psychologically maladjusted and adopt anti-social practices.'

Altogether, this is the book to which, more than to most books, the Baconian reading-process of chewing and digesting eminently applies. Even the briefest article is likely to offer the reader an opportunity for a chuckle or a smile or a guffaw or a reverie and to pay a guinea for the book is to have it for a song.

A. Bose

The English Verb in Context, by J. G. Bruton, Cambridge University Press, 1964, pp. 58.

Essentials of English Grammar, by Alan S. C. Ross, (Kenneth Mason Publication in the Essential Series, London), 1964, pp. 49.

Word Function and Dictionary Use, by Neile Osman, O. U. P., 1965, pp. 187

The aim of Mr Bruton's book, as the title too indicates, is to provide the learner with sufficient and apt examples of the use of the English Verb. The learner has to learn the use of the Verb not by mugging up a number of theoretical rules

(the kind of thing that old grammar books used to revel in) but by observing the modes of actual use. And since acutal use has to be the same thing as living use, Mr Bruton has chosen his examples from very recent or quite recent books rather than from the eighteenth century or the nineteenth. There is fine wisdom in Mr Bruton's statement in the Introduction that 'Context not only illuminates, it also gives meaning.' The way to control a vocabulary is to learn the relation of the word to its context. The examples chosen are indeed apt and interesting though to the friends of Mr Bruton in India (and after some seven years' stay in India he has certainly left a number of friends, including the present reviewer) the examples also testify to the catholic taste of his reading: Muriel Spark, Mary Fitt, R. J. McGregor, H. E. Bates, Agatha Christie, Margery Sharp and Michael Innes are among the authors from whom Mr Bruton has culled instances of the Verb in Context. The 'Verb-Scheme' at the end of the book, the work of Mr H. V. George, illustrating the four fundamental forms of the English Verb (the plain stem; to stem; the -ed form; and the -ing form), is a valuable schematic presentation for the foreign learner.

Mr Alan Ross, Professor of Linguistics in the University of Birmingham, has prepared an excellent little book presenting the essential features of pronunciation and spelling in English (pp. 7-17) and English grammar (pp. 17-46) so that a foreigner who is trying to learn the language (such persons as business-men, tourists, and adults wishing to acquire a quick working knowledge of the language) can do so speedily. In many respects I find Professor Ross's little book (especially the grammar portion) far more attractive than an older book of similar length, *Elements of English Grammar*, published by the University of Chicago in 1951. The Chicago book was based on the usual terminology of traditional grammar (parts of speech, phrases and clauses, full and minor sentences, analysis of the sentence, and so forth). But as Coleridge said: 'Rules of grammar...are in essence no other than the laws of universal logic, applied to psychological materials' (*Biographica Literaria*, ch. xvii). There need not be any special sanctity in yesterday's terms and method of approach if the psychological materials on which these terms and methods were based have now been

superseded by other psychological materials. It is of new psychological materials that Professor Ross has thought and therefore his grammatical pattern too takes new directions. It is not of 'parts of speech' that he speaks; he says: 'English consists of *words* and *particles*.' By words, we are to understand *things* ('thing' is the term that Mr Ross uses on p. 18, para. 1) such as *London*, *come*, *book*, *finish* etc; by particles, we are to understand things such as *for*, *about*, *to*, *must* etc. In the English language, particles are few, words are very numerous. Since the use of particles is rather difficult, Professor Ross devotes virtually his whole chapter on grammar to the various forms and uses of particles. Professor Ross says in the preface that he plans to convert his book to the use of boys and girls in India, Indonesia, China and Africa who too are learning the language without the aid of a native speaker of English. We look forward to the conversion.

The 'practicalness' that marks the little books of Mr Bruton and Professor Ross also marks Mr Neile Osman's book which has its reference particularly to such Asian and foreign students who take the correspondence course in English organized by the Western Australian Department of Education. The Correspondence Course section of the Delhi University (and such other universities as may be thinking of instituting the course) should look carefully into Mr Osman's book especially because this book, written with an awareness equally of modern linguistics and traditional grammar-patterns, should be attractive to the Indian teacher.

A. Bose

The following books will be reviewed in the next Number of the *I.J.E.S.*:

Commonwealth Literature, ed. John Press (Heinemann, 1965)

Whitman in the Light of Vedantic Mysticism, by V. K. Chari (Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1964)

Metaphysical Tradition and T. S. Eliot, by Sunil Kanti Sen (Firma K. L. Mukhopadhyaya, 1965)

Arrows of Intellect, by Asloob Ahmad Ansari (Naya Kitabghar, Aligarh, 1965)

Essays on Shakespearean Tragedy, by Ram Bilas Sharma (Shiva Lal Agarwala, Agra, 1965)

The Theory of Drama in the Restoration Period, by Sarup Singh (Orient Longmans, 1963)

Themes and Conventions in the Comedy of Manners, by R. C. Sharma (Asia Publishing House, 1965)

A Window to Criticism: Shakespeare's *Sonnets* and Modern Poetics, by Murray Krieger, (Princeton Univ. Press, 1964)

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

GOVIND NARAYAN SHARMA, PH.D. (Toronto): teaches in the Delhi University.

V. K. CHARI, PH.D. (B.H.U.): has been to the States; is a Reader in the Banaras Hindu University; his book on Whitman has been recently published.

AMBARNATH CHATTERJEE: is a lecturer in the University of Saugor.

B. RAJAN, M.A., PH.D. (Cantab.): was the Professor of English in the University of Delhi; is now a Professor at the Victoria University in Canada.

A. G. STOCK: see remarks on her in the Editorial.

V. Y. KANTAK: is the Professor of English in the M.S. University of Baroda.

SUJIT KUMAR MUKHERJEE, PH.D. (Pennsylvania): teaches in the Patna University and will shortly join the University of Poona.

TIRTHANKAR BOSE, B.LITT. (Oxon.): teaches in the University of Burdwan.

HARENDRA PRASAD MOHANTY: teaches in Ravenshaw College, Cuttack, Utkal University.

Y. BALAKRISHNA RAO: is a research scholar in the University of Calcutta.

AMITABHA SINHA: teaches in St. Paul's College, Calcutta; is a research student in the University of Calcutta.

S. NAGARAJAN, PH.D. (Harvard): is Professor of English at the University of Poona.

RAJ KUMAR KAUL, M.A. (Panjab et Oxon.): PH.D. (London), is a Reader in the department of English, Rajasthan University, Jaipur.

SUNIL KANTI SEN, M.A., D.PHIL. (Cal.): is Associate Professor in the Humanities at the I.I.T., Kharagpur; his book on *The Metaphysical Tradition and Eliot* has been recently published.

H. H. ANNIAH GOWDA, M.LITT. (Durham): is a Professor of English at Mysore University; is the editor of *The Literary Half-Yearly* and author of *The Revival of English Poetic Drama.*

S. P. SEN GUPTA, PH.D. (London): is a Reader in English at the North Bengal University; his doctoral dissertation is on Matthew Arnold.

DILIP KUMAR SEN, M.A. (London): is a Reader in English at the Kalyani University, West Bengal.

MUHAMMAD YASEEN, PH.D. (Aligarh): teaches in Aligarh University; has spent a year at the University of Reading studying modern fiction; his book on Conrad will shortly be published.

U. M. MANIAR, PH.D. (Bombay): is Professor in the S.N.D.T. College of the Women's College, Bombay.

A. BOSE: teaches in the department of English, University of Calcutta.

EDITORIAL

In May 1965, Miss Amy Geraldine Stock left India, leaving behind her a sense of vacuum in her countless friends and admirers in India, within as well as outside the Indian Association for English Studies. I have the privilege of being one of her oldest colleagues—we were colleagues in Dacca in 1947 when she came out to India—but all colleagues of Miss Stock in the four universities that she has served in this part of the world—Dacca, Panjab, Calcutta, Rajasthan—have respected and admired her scholarship and critical intelligence, her utter candour and undeterred independence of spirit, her unremitting capacity for conscientious and methodical work, her generous appreciation of the efforts of younger scholars and students, and her fundamental though unsentimental sympathy for Indo-Pakistani students. A life-member of our Association, Professor Stock was president of the annual conference held in Mysore in 1961, and a member of the editorial committee of the I.J.E.S. since its inception. Professor Stock now works in the Makerere College, Kampala, Uganda. Her work there will no doubt be as useful and beneficent as it has been in India and perhaps her experiences on this side of the Indian Ocean will prove helpful in her work on the other side. We shall watch her work with sympathetic and admiring interest hoping that within the environments of her new assignment, she will from time to time remember her friends in India.

* * *

The last post that Professor Stock held in India was that of the Professor of English at the Rajasthan University, Jaipur. Appropriately, therefore, the Rajasthan University, encouraged by its Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Mehta, has brought out a volume of *Essays Presented to Amy G. Stock* (Rajasthan University Press, Jaipur, 1965, Rs. 12/) edited by Dr. Raj Kaul of the department of English. Appropriately too, the editor did not confine himself, while choosing contributors, to the Rajasthan University alone but secured the assistance of scholars and critics (all of whom have personally known

Miss Stock) from far and near. The Contents of the volume go thus: Geoffrey Bullough, 'Shakespeare and the Classics'; V. Y. Kantak, 'Shakespeare's Dramatic Design'; Yashdip Singh Bains, 'Thomas Middleton's *Blurt, Master Constable* as a Burlesque on Love'; Kashi Prasad, 'Margaret Cavendish's *Blazing World*'; M. M. Bhalla, '*Alastor or The Spirit of Solitude:* An Interpretation'; A. Bose, 'Browning's *Ring and the Book*'; K. N. Bakaya, 'Tennyson's Use of the Dramatic Monologue'; William Empson, 'The Variants for the Byzantine Poems'; A. Norman Jeffares, '*A Drama in Muslin*'; Syed Ali Ashraf, 'Rural Sentimentalism in English Poetry during the Inter-War Period'; Geoffrey Carnall, 'Saints and Human Beings: Orwell, Osborne and Gandhi'; Chetan Karnani, 'The Scientism of I.A. Richards'; R. K. Kaul, 'The Comic Vision of R. K. Narayan'.

* * *

Festschrifts for scholars of English literature are rather new in India. Such volumes were planned to pay tribute to the late Professors N. K. Siddhanta and Amarnath Jha but so far the plans have remained unrealized. The *Essays* presented to Professor Stock have now a fine fellow-volume in *Critical Essays on English Literature* (ed. V. S. Seturaman, Orient Longmans, 1965, Rs. 9/-) presented to Professor M. S. Duraiswami of the Annamalai University, on the occasion of his sixty-first birthday. For a friend who has been his guest too, it is hardly possible to speak of Professor Duraiswami in words that may not strike outsiders as immoderate and fulsome. M.S.D. (to differentiate the Annamalai M.S.D. from one of our ex-presidents, the Hyderabad M.S.D.—the name seems to be as common as blackberries in the South) is not the man to push himself forward in any congregation but wherever a few kindred spirits forgather, when wit and repartee flow and even the most casual remark is charged with scholarly wisdom and verbal felicity, the companionship of Professor Duraiswami, whose literary sensibilities are of the highest order and who is one of the few authentic scholars of Anglo-Saxon left among Indians now, is eagerly sought. Sixty-one is not a forbiddingly old age and we have no doubt that Professor Duraiswami will

continue to be a university teacher till the biblical span of life and actually survive till the Hindu span of a century.

The Contents of the volume go thus: I. A. Richards, 'Coleridge's Minor Poems'; V. de S. Pinto, 'A Neglected Poem of William Blake'; V. S. Seturaman, 'Coleridge's *Dejection—An Ode*'; Margaret Wiley Marshall, 'Milton and Heresy—guidelines for a sketch'; S. R. Swaminathan, 'The Wind and the Leaf'; M. V. Seetaraman: 'The way of Felicity in Thomas Traherne's "Centuries" and "The Poems"'; Roderick Marshall, 'Sophistication in the Indian Dramatists and the Later Shakespeare'; William Mulder, 'Prunes and Prisms'; N. E. Williams, 'Desecration of the Image'; G. Gopalakrishnan, 'The Comic Spirit in Verse Drama'; C. P. K. Tharagan, 'Classicism in Eliot's *The Wasteland*'; S. Kandaswami, 'Skelton and the Metaphysicals'; K. D. Sethna, 'Blake's Tyger, a new interpretation'; Clifford Leech, 'Dramatic Imagery: Some Comments on Its Range and Availability'.

* * *

In 1964, the Shakespeare Quatercentenary was celebrated in India widely and enthusiastically. That universities and colleges should have held meetings and exhibitions, organized lectures and symposia and seminars, produced plays or parts of plays on the stage (in English as well as in Indian language translations), and brought out special numbers of their magazines and journals, may not have been altogether unexpected, but what was striking was that non-academic clubs and societies too, sometimes in remote small towns and villages, have worked with admirable zeal and artistic sensibility for holding their Shakespeare festivals. Most clubs and societies and academic departments have received unstinted help from the British Council by way of loans of films, records, photographs and maps. Sometimes, as in Ward no. 77 of the Corporation of Calcutta, the teen-aged boys and girls who organized an elaborate festival, got the maps and pictures done entirely by their own artists and cartographers. The citizens of Calcutta organized a week-long programme which included performances of Shakespeare plays by various repertory companies of the city in English, Bengali and Sanskrit. The Corporation of Calcutta

re-named the historically old Theatre Road as Shakespeare Saranee. No doubt other cities of India too have observed the occasion in their own ways. The Sahitya Akademi organized a Seminar in December 1964 in New Delhi in which creative writers, producers, artistes, university men and others prominent in public life took part; a volume collecting the speeches made and the papers read in the Seminar is expected to be published in the near future. Of the numerous other essay-collections testifying to a wide variety of interest in Shakespeare that have reached us are the following:

(1) *Indian Literature*, Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi, Special Shakespeare Number, Vol. VII, No. 1, 1964. The distinctive feature of this Number is a series of brief essays describing Shakespeare's influence on the various Indian languages.

(2) *Shakespeare came to India*, ed. C. D. Narasimhaiah (Bombay, 1964). Among others are the following essays: C. D. Narasimhaiah, 'Ideas of Self, Sin, Social Impulse and Moral Regeneration in Shakespeare's Plays'; Rajeev Taranath, 'Coriolanus, the Waste Land and the Coriolan Poems'; V. K. Gokak, 'The Structure of Daffodils in *The Winter's Tale*'; V. Y. Kantak, 'The Poor Player...'; Sailendra Kumar Sen, 'Adaptations of Shakespeare and his Critics, 1660-1790'; H. N. L. Shastri, 'Shylock's Language'.

(3) *Osmania Journal of English Studies*, Shakespeare Memorial Number, Vol. IV, 1964, ed. Shiv K. Kumar and V. A. Shahane. The following essays are notable: M. S. Samuel, 'Shakespeare and Milton'; J. S. Sastri, 'The Machiavellians of Shakespeare and Webster'; H. B. Kulkarni, 'Sound and Significance in *Macbeth*'; V. A. Shahane, 'The Two Worlds of *Othello*'; T. G. Vaidyanathan, 'The Psychoanalytical Interpretation of *Hamlet*'; Mohit Sen, 'Betwixt Damnation and Impassion'd Clay: the Dialectics of *King Lear*'; B. N. Joshi, 'The Heath in Shakespeare'; M. Naimuddin Siddiqui, '*Troilus and Cressida*—Treatment of the Theme by Chaucer and Shakespeare'; Isaac Sequeira, 'Is *Measure for Measure* a Problem Play'? and Satyanarain Singh, 'The Theme of Immortality in the Sonnets'.

(4) *Vidya*, the Journal of the Gujarat University, Special Shakespeare Number, January, 1965, guest editor, K. R. Chandrasekharan. Notable among the articles are: V. K.

Gokak, 'Shakespeare in India'; V. Y. Kantak, 'Shakespeare's Dramatic Design'; K. Viswanathan, 'Nature in Kalidasa and Shakespeare'; P. S. Sastri, 'Shakespeare: the Two Harmonies'; R. B. Kulshreshtha, 'An Episode in *As You Like It*'.

(5) *A Tribute to Shakespeare*, Gauhati University, Assam, 1964, ed. A. Datta. The notable essays are: H. J. Taylor, 'Shakespeare's Learning'; A. Datta, 'The Comic Counterpoint in Shakespearean Tragedy'; M. D. Curran, 'The Shakespearean Compromise'.

(6) *The Allahabad University Magazine*, November, 1964, ed. K. K. Mehrotra.

(7) *Homage to Shakespeare*, C. R. Reddy College, Eluru, Madras, 1964. M. Rama Krishna's essay on 'Macbeth and Modern Totalitarianism' marks a fresh approach to *Macbeth*.

(8) *Shakespeare Souvenir*, Andhra University, published under the aegis of the English Association, College of Arts, Waltair, 1965. Five essays stand out: B. Muthuswami, 'Shakespeare's Text'; D. V. K. Raghavacharyulu, 'The Heavenly Rhetoric of Thine Eye'; M. V. Rajagopal, 'Shakespearean Comedy'; K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, 'Shakespeare in the Twentieth Century'; K. Viswanathan, 'Shakespeare in Telugu Translation'.

(9) *Shakespeare Quatercentenary Volume*, Serampore College, West Bengal, 1964. There are three interesting essays: Virgil K. Whitaker, 'Shakespeare and the Modern World'; Robert Loper, 'Shakespeare at Frost'; and J. Clifford Handley, '*Lear* on the Stage'. Of the other essays, N. K. Pandey's 'An Introduction to Shakespeare Criticism' is a laborious, unoriginal survey.

(10) *A Garland for Shakespeare*, Shakespeare Quatercentenary Celebrations Committee, Jalpaiguri, West Bengal, 1964. Notable among the essays are the following: Kenneth Muir, 'Shakespeare the Man'; G. Wilson Knight, 'Shakespeare and the English Language'; Geoffrey Bullough, *Julius Caesar* in Relation to Shakespeare's Previous Tragedies'; Hardin Craig, '*The Taming of the Shrew* or Love and Kindness in Disguise'; P. K. Guha, 'Shakespeare's Universal Appeal'; Amalendu Bose, 'Shakespeare's Word-Music'; K. Lahiri, 'Phonetics of Shakespeare's Pedagogues'; Dinesh Chandra

Biswas, 'Shakespeare Four Hundred Years After'; Atul Chandra Chatterjee, 'Shakespeare's Idea of Poetry and the Poet'.

(11) *Bulletin* of the Department of English, University of Calcutta, A Shakespeare Number, 1964, ed. S. C. Sen. The contents are: Geoffrey Bullough, 'Shakespeare's Roman Plays'; S. C. Sen, 'Some Notes on Shakespeare'; K. C. Lahiri, 'Shakespeare's Pedagogues and Their Fondness for Figurative Language'; R. K. Sen, '"Nature" in Shakespeare'; Sunil Kanti Sen, 'Shakespeare and Pope on Man's Middle State'; P. C. Ghosh, 'Tagore on *The Tempest*'.

(12) *Shakespeare: a Book of Homage*, Jadavpur University, Calcutta, 1965. The contents are: S. C. Sen Gupta, 'Shakespeare'; H. M. Williams, 'Metaphysical Elements in Two Problem Comedies'; Ketaki Kushari, 'A Note on Shakespeare's Language'; Sisir Chatterjee, 'A Joycean Formulation of a Ghost Story'; J. Chakravarty, 'Shakespearean Transmutation of Revenge'; V. Chatterjee, 'T. S. Eliot and the Problems of *Hamlet*'; Sati Chatterjee, 'A Note on Shakespeare's Poetics'; Ena Mukherji, 'A Shakespearean Theory of Poetry'; S. N. Ray, 'Lear's Fool'; P. K. Guha, 'Iago's Motive'.

(13) *Essays on Shakespeare*, Shakespeare Memorial Volume, University of Burdwan (Orient Longmans, 1965). Contents: P. K. Guha, 'The Plot Structure of *Troilus and Cressida*'; A. D. Mukherji, 'Last Words in Shakespearean Tragedy'; S. C. Sen Gupta, 'Shakespeare and His Sources'; Amalendu Bose, 'A Preface to Shakespearean Comedy'; Sisirkumar Ghose, 'Which Shakespeare'? Nirmal Mustaphi, 'Evil and the Shakespearean Prism'; Mihir Kumar Sen, 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts'; Jagannath Chakravorty, 'To be or Not to be: An Interpretation'; Kalidas Bose, 'The New Problem of the Shakespearean Sonnets'; Jasodhara Bagchi, '*Hamlet* and the Problem of Love'; Tirthankar Bose, 'Notes on *The Two Noble Kinsmen*'; Bhabatosh Chatterjee, 'Keats on Shakespeare'; S. N. Roy, 'Shakespeare in Pre-Raphaelite Painting'.

(14) *Calcutta Essays on Shakespeare*, University of Calcutta, ed. A. Bose, 1965. Contents: Sibnarayan Ray, 'Shylock, Othello, and Caliban: Shakespearian Variations on the Themes of Apartheid'; Mrinalini Emmerson, 'Shakespeare's Splendid Simpletons'; S. C. Sen, 'Studies in *Macbeth*'; P. Lal, 'Shakespeare

and Sanskrit Poems'; Kajal Sen Gupta, '*Troilus and Cressida:* from the Medieval to the Renaissance'; Debdas Sen, 'Compound Epithets in Shakespeare'; P. C. Ghosh, '*Measure for Measure*'; Amalendu Bose, 'The Barge She Sat In'; S. N. Mitra, 'T. S. Eliot and Shakespeare'; Subha Mitter, 'Shakespeare and Machiavelli'; R. K. Sen, 'Tragic Conflict in Shakespeare, Its Background in Christian Scholasticism'; Mahimohan Bose, 'Shakespeare in the Classroom'; Bhabatosh Datta, 'Rabindranath Tagore on Shakespeare'; Sitansu Maitra, 'Shakespeare Societies in Calcutta'; Arabinda Poddar, 'Shakespeare in John Company's Calcutta'; Rudraprasad Sen Gupta, 'A Century of Imitations'; Pallab Sen Gupta, 'An Account of Shakespeare Productions on the Calcutta Stage'.

(15) *The Indian Journal of English Studies*, ed. A. Bose, Chairman of the Editorial Committee, (Orient Longmans, 1965). There are several essays examining the impact of Shakespeare on the various literatures of India by Nanda Talukdar (Assamese), Arabinda Poddar (Bengali), C. C. Mehta (Gujarati), O. P. Govil (Hindi), S. R. Mokashi (Kannada), S. Guptan Nair (Malayalam), W. B. Kulkarni (Marathi), B. Das (Oriya), M. Varadarajan (Tamil), D. V. K. Raghavacharyulu (Telugu), A. A. Ansari (Urdu). The articles are: Sarup Singh, 'Shakespeare and the Neo-Classical Theory of Drama'; Amrik Singh, 'Versions of *King Lear*'; Urmila Khanna, 'The Isolation of Shakespeare's Tragic Heroes'; and V. Y. Kantak, 'The Stage Image of Shakespeare'.

* * *

During the year we have lost three members of the Indian Association for English Studies.

CYRIL VASANT MAHAJAN (1895-1965)

All members of the Indian Association for English Studies and all lovers of the Humanities will mourn the death of Dr C. V. Mahajan, the president of the Aligarh session (1954) of the annual conference of the Association (which he could not attend physically owing to illness). Educated at the Universities of Bombay (first class in the M.A.) and Oxford (Honour School in English), Mr Mahajan served the St. John's College of Agra for many years, first as Professor

of English and then as its first Indian Principal. He left the college only to take over charge of the Agra University as its Vice-Chancellor. He was elected a member of the U.P. Legislative Assembly and became associated with several educational committees. After some time, he joined the Union Public Service Commission as a Member and retired from the Commission some time ago. A fine and sensitive scholar and teacher, a gentle though thoroughly effective administrator, a true Christian, the late Dr Mahajan will long be remembered by the students of English literature and language in this country.

HARI JIBAN GHOSH (1901-65)

For years, Professor Hari Jiban Ghosh, on whom his years sat easily and belied his seniority to many of us, was a friendly and cheerful figure at the annual conferences of our Association. A brilliant scholar who left the Calcutta University with a first class Master's degree, Mr Ghosh preferred the profession of teaching to administrative and executive employments that were offered to him. After spending some years as a college teacher in Rangoon, Calcutta (Presidency College) and Patna (B. N. College), Mr Ghosh went to Indore where by virtue of his distinguished teaching and administrative abilities, he rose to be the Principal of the Holkar College. After retirement from Indore, Mr Ghosh joined the Shikohabad College as its Principal and presently became the Dean of the Agra University's Faculty of Arts. During the last few years of his life, he was associated with the department of English of Jadavpur University. Mr Ghosh's lively conversation, studded with anecdotes, his intellectual alertness, his keen appreciation of the problems of teaching English in our country, his love of good literature, deeply impressed every one who met him.

BALA PRASAD MISRA (1915-65)

A quiet, physically small person, Dr B. P. Misra would yet attract notice by virtue of his bright, intellectual features. He took the Honours and Master's degrees in English from the University of Lucknow and after some years went to Trinity College, Dublin, where his researches earned him the

PH.D. degree. It was only a couple of years ago that the Lucknow University conferred the D.LITT. degree on him for his further researches. Readers of the *I.J.E.S.* will recall his fine brief essay on 'Sir Edwin Arnold's Rôle in the Artistic Development of James Joyce' which was published in our Vol. II, No. 1, 1961. Devoted to the career of a teacher, Dr Misra served several colleges at Meerut, Lucknow, Delhi and Chapra and the I.I.T. at Kharagpur before he joined the U.P. Government College at Naini Tal where he was Head of the postgraduate department of English for about thirteen years. In July this year, he was transferred to the Government College at Gyanpur. He passed away in September. In the premature death of Dr Misra, this Association has lost a staunch member, and scholars and students of English in this country have lost an industrious researcher of rare promise whose special field was the impact of Indian thought on some English writers of the last one century.

A. BOSE

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