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I

The Tenth Muse
in a new and original
form

DEMETRIOS CAPETANAKIS

Unpublished MSS.

24
19 short studies of
English poetry etc
(all in English,
c. 1940)



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1112-1

Q. Sidney's "Apology for Poetry"



On Sidney's "An Apology for Poetry".

The beginning and the end of this "apology" are quite different in tone ^{from} to the its main body. They are playful, ironical warnings, said with a smile; they are not much unlike the prologue and the epilogue of the Elizabethan drama, by which the audience is reminded that the play is only a play, made to ~~amuse~~ amuse people, and that one must not confuse it with real life, although real life could be as idle and ~~transitory~~ as a performance. In a similar way Sir Philip Sidney, who is going to make a speech defending poetry is, the most



thus doing you shall be of kin to many
a poetical preface; thus doing you shall be
most fair, most rich, most wise, most all; you
shall dwell upon superlatives... Thus doing
you shall be placed with Dante's Beatrice
or Virgil's Anchises. But if (fie of such
a but) you be born so near the dull-making
cataract of Nilus that you cannot hear
the planet-like Music of Poetry, if you have
so earth-creeping a mind that it cannot
lift itself up to look to the sky of
poetry, or rather by a certain rustical
disdain will become such a Momus as to be
a Momus of Poetry, then, though I will
not wish unto you the ass's ears of
Midas, not to be driven (as Babonax
was) to hang himself, nor



to death, as is said to be done in Ireland;
 yet thus much curse I send you, in the
 behalf of all poets, that while you live,
~~is~~ you live in love, and never get a
 favour for lacking skill of a Sonnet,
 and, when you die, your memory die of the
 earth ^{for} want of an Epitaph." —

I have quoted all this epilogue, be-
 cause I think that it is not only the
 best passage ~~at~~ of the whole "Apology",
 but one of the most significant pages
 ever written on poetry. There is at the
 beginning a delightful satire of the self-
 satisfied human vanity, which sees in poetry
 only the means of its magnification, ~~but~~
~~as~~ but it goes on in order to ~~show~~
 the end a ~~reminder~~ terrible reminder
 — a memento mori too, but not only that.



a reminder of all the despair, where ~~our~~
~~our~~ our life would sink, if we were
bold ~~enough~~ enough to realize the difference
between what we really and desperately
want from it and what it really and
stubbornly gives us. This reminder is ~~so~~ so
terrible ^a one, that Sidney, so cautious in the
expression of his ^{super} feelings, could never formu-
late it in an explicit, definite way. The
man, who said: "believe with me that there
are many mysteries contained in poetry,
which of purpose were written darkly,
lest by profane wits it should be
abused", this man expressed in his essay
dark mysteries in a light and smiling
way, for the same purpose. This is the
platoinic way of saying truths not made
for everybody's ~~low~~ ear. Presented in an



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ambiguous, ironical way they could not be laughed at by the "profane wits", but they could be unmistakably perceived by the "initiated". The man that believes that the immortality given by poetry is the printing of his name in a book, should realize all the despairing possibilities of our life — mostly related with love and death — to become able to open his eyes and see what poetry can be. Poetry, for Sidney, ~~was~~^{is} a power, that can appeal to the superior possibilities of our lives. It can create a new, superior man: not only one Cyrus, "which had been but a particular excellency, as Nature might have done, but to bestow a Cyrus upon the world, to make many Cyruses."



give real, bodily life to the high ~~thing~~
 thing, called by Sidney "Virtue". — This
 power can be, as every power, abused and
 "do more hurt than any other army of
 words", but one must not condemn it
 because of this — one must think that
 what, "being abused, doth most harm,
~~being~~ being rightly used (and upon the
 right use each thing conceiveth its title)
 doth most good". And in this "good" ^{the name of this good} name
 — that gives to all the speech a moralizing
 character — he justifies and praises poetry.
 But that does not mean at all that
 his consideration is only a moral one.
 This conception of poetry as a power, the
~~wonderful way~~ impressive ~~which~~
 he distinguishes it from prose,



neither strike, pierce, nor possess the sight
of the soul so much as that other
(poetry) doth", the description of the
deluding poetry as "the nurse of abuse,
infecting us with many pestilential desires,
with a siren's sweetness drawing the mind
to the serpent's tale of sinful fancy",
the comparison of this same kind of
poetry with "poison, the most violent destroyer"
show us clearly that he knew well
all "the strange effects" of this art.

This ~~is~~ insistence on virtue and good
did not come from a narrow classical
but from his deep concern
he desired as full, pure and noble as
possible — and he knew that poetry



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could, if used in the right way, make
man and existence somehow better.



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On Cowper

There is a sentence in Cowper's Letters that makes to us clear the nature of the pleasure we find in reading this poet:

"The happiness," he says, "we cannot call our own, we yet seem to possess, while we sympathize with our friends who can." -

The greatest part of Cowper's poetry is the description of a happiness we could not call our own. It is the happiness of a life confined to the security and comfort of a narrow and warm domesticity, of a lovely, meek landscape and of a ~~friendly~~ friendly society. A harmless, peaceful world, where nothing happens - "where no noise is made but what we make, for his own amusement." The most remarkable



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events are the purposeless movements of unimportant ~~the~~ people, who go ~~at~~ ^{out} ~~for~~ walks, to visits, to the church, sometimes to a ball and back to their home. The man who likes to speak about himself has nothing to produce but

A tasteless journal of the day before:
He walked abroad, o'ertaken in the rain
Called on a friend, drank tea, slept home
Resum'd his purpose, had a word of talk
With one he stumbled on and lost his walk.

And if one is asked about the last sensational news, he has something like that to tell:

"Page and his wife, that made such a
strife, we met them twain
we gave them the wall, and



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Mr. Scott, we have seen him not, except as
he passed, in a wonderful haste, to see
a friend, in Silver End. And that goes on.
That is a passage from a Letter of Cowper
written in verses to amuse a friend and
himself. A rather trifling amusement, but for
Cowper one of his ways. ~~th~~ he is happy. His
happiness would be an unbearable boredom to us,
if we were condemned to live it, but in his
poetry it does not bore us at all. Cowper's
power is this mysterious one to attract our
sympathy. This world, we ^{would} not like
as our own, ~~beautified as his~~ charms as his.

Things and persons we would think unworthy
of our notice in our own surroundings, de-
tivate our mind, when described by him.



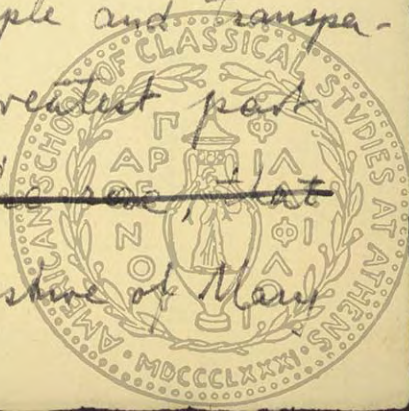
We may dream of the most "ingenious and adroit" waiter who attended Mr. Joseph Hill, — of a card-table in the poet's house, "which served all purposes, except the only one for which it was originally made". — of a comfortable sofa, ~~—~~ of

This wheel-footed ~~and~~ studying chair
Contrived both for toil and repose
Wide-elbowed, and wadded with hair..

or of a rose

Which Mary to Anna convey'd.

This last instance — perhaps not so successful as the others — reminds us that Cowper's life was not so smooth, simple and transparent as it appears in the greatest part of his poetry and letters. ~~The rose that Mary gave to Anna.~~ The gesture of Mary



giving to Anna a rose, - the kind gesture
of a woman friend to another woman friend
of the same man, who was not the lover
of either, but who would like to go on
living with both of them, - was something
irregul^{lar}, abnormal. Cowper would not like
to think so. He wrote a poem on this rose
and he described the gesture as a touching,
but quite natural one. He ~~tried~~ was trying
to ignore and to abjure many dark and
terrible things with his words. His ideal
was that of a narrow and secure sphere
because he felt himself exposed to the



incessantly threatened by the most infinite danger. Every day's insignificance was a refuge to him. He clung to small and unimportant things in order to ~~save~~ save himself from the dark abyss gaping under the surface. The more he could confine himself to the peaceful shelter of the house, of the familiar horizons and the friendliness of his ~~acquaintances~~ acquaintances, the less became the danger from the outside. He wanted to ignore, to forget this danger, he did not speak often about it, ~~but~~ when he did, ^{the} But sometimes he did and he gave to English ^{literature} ~~English~~ some of its most desperate and pathetic pages: "I have, I confess, my comfortable moments, but they are like the morning dew, ~~they~~ so suddenly ~~vanish~~ they



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endlessly



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pass away and are gone. I had a dream twelve years ago, before the recollection of which all consolation vanishes, and as it seems to me, must always vanish. But I will neither trouble you with my dream, nor with any comments upon it; for if it were possible, I should do well, to forget that, the remembrance of which is incompatible with my comfort." — To him who knows that, Cuiper's narrow world does not seem so narrow, so secure, so insignificant any more. The walls of its ~~dark~~ sitting-rooms, its familiar skies were full of fissures, of cracks letting the eye apprehend how dreadful was the ^{inside} all ~~surrounding~~ darkness: "There is somewhere ~~as in darkness~~



space a world that does not roll within the precincts of mercy, and as it is reasonable, and even scriptural, to suppose that there is music in Heaven, in those dismal regions perhaps the reverse of it is found, tones so dismal as to make woe itself more insupportable, and to acuminate even despair. But my paper admonishes me in good time to ~~stop~~ draw the reins and to check the descent of my fancy into deeps, with which she is but too familiar.

There is not ^{no} ~~any~~ more pathetic fate than this of the man who to save himself from destruction must cling with all his forces to some trifles. That was the fate of Cooper. Every day's security only

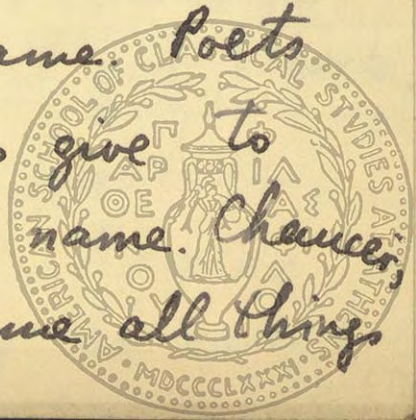


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On Chaucer.



Chaucer was a great lover of life and of books and a poet in a time when English language had not yet given their true name to all things that make life so rich and books so interesting. Things that have no name have no existence for the human mind. That is so true that even things which have no existence seem to be something only because they have a name. Poets are lovers of things who give to what they love its true name. Chaucer's main endeavour was to name all things.



he loved in his mother tongue. He wanted to make things unknown, because unspoken, exist for his country. He had much thought—and with the greatest anxiety—about things, words and their fate:

For hit ful depe is sonken in my mind,
With pitous herte in English for t'endyte
This old storie, in Latin which I find,
Of queene Anelida and fals Arcite
That elde, which that al can frete and
As hit hath freten mony a noble storie
Hath nigh devoured out of our memorie.

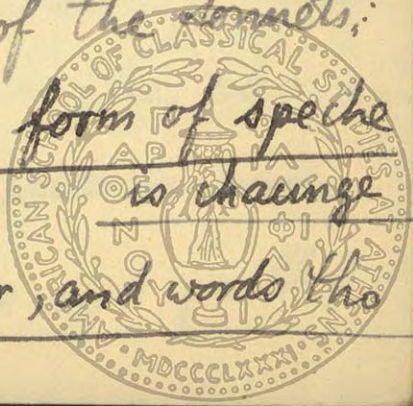
These lines bring Chaucer near the Shakespeare of the "Sonnets". The poetry of both of them was a fight against



the time that threatened what they loved. The difference is that the Shakespeare of the "Sonnets" wanted to save with his verse one unique individual, while Chaucer wanted to save all he met in his life and readings, because, as we have said, he was a real ~~lo~~ lover of life and books. And his measured tone in speaking of his fears about the power of time on the poems - and especially on his own poems - is much more moving than the despair^{or}ed or defying ^{and} cries of some of the "Sonnets":

You know eek, that in form of speche
is chaunge

Within a thousand yeer, and words tho



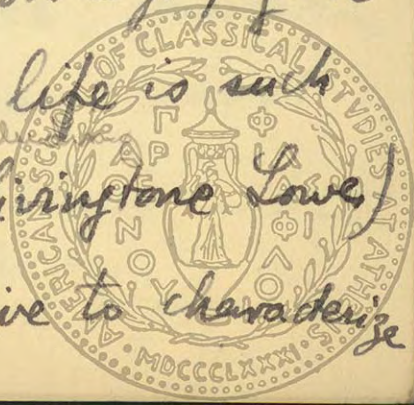
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That haddon prys, now wonder nyce and straunge
Us thinketh hem; and yet they spake hem
And spedde as wel in love as men now do.

The emotion conveyed by these lines must be much stronger ~~now~~ to-day than it was in the time they were written, because time ~~was~~ has worked on them and confirmed the sad truth they express. But the wonder is that in spite of this confirmation we may say that Chaucer's verse triumphed over time. If ^{its} words and orthography and syntax are obsolete, its life is such ^{indeed} that critics of to-day (Livingstone Lowe) cannot ^{find} any better adjective to characterize



the best part of Chaucer's work than
"modern". A great ~~big~~ part of this work
is born out of the fear that ^{such} so
wonderful stories as this of "Anelida
and Arcite" or as the Legends of the
good women" or even wisdom like this
of Boethius or of the "Astrolabe" could
remain nothing for the language of his
country. All his translations and imi-
tations are very interesting even to-day,
because they are creative and ~~if~~ we
~~learn more~~ read ^{his} "Consolation
of Philosophy" we learn more about
Chaucer than about Boethius but
his great achievement are ^{his} ~~his~~ ^{lies in} ~~his~~ ^{quite}



original pages, as the greatest part
of the "Canterbury Tales", where his
endeavour is to save something found
no ^{not} more in french or italian books,
but in ^Eenglish life itself. There is no
line in the "Prologue" of the "Tales",
which is not weighty with the real
existence of ^Eenglish people. All his
critics discuss the question whether the
characters in the "Tales" are (rather)
types ^{rather than} or individuals. William Blake
sees in them the very substance of
life. "The ~~characters~~ characters of Chau-
cer's Pilgrims" he says, "are the char-
acters which compose all ~~human~~
ages and nations. As one age falls,



another rises, different to mortal sight,
 but to immortal only the same; for we
 see the same characters repeated again
 and again, in animals, vegetables, minerals,
 and in men. Nothing new occurs in
 identical existence; Accident ever varies,
 Substance can never change nor decay."
 Blake speaks like a God - as if
 he saw with what he called the "immor-
 tal sight". Such a tone presupposes a
 complete lack of sense of humour. And
 it is very interesting to see how a
 genius like Blake without any sense of
 humour could judge the work of the
 greatest humorists.
~~most humorous English writers~~ Chaucer
 The voice of Chaucer is much more human



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and perhaps profounder when he speaks about human conditions and their uncertainties than ^{that} this of Blake when he speaks about immortality and eternity. The prayer of Chaucer for his book — for his "*Troilus and Cressida*" — ^{Chaucer's} is one of the most moving prayers one can ever hear from any writer:

And for ther is so greet diversity
 In English and in wryting of our tonge,
 So preye I god that noon miswryte thee,
 Ne the mismetre of defaute of tonge.
 And red wher-so thou be, or elles songe,
 That thou be understonde I god beseeche.
 This ^{free from} ~~without~~ any illusion ^{knowledge}
 of human conditions that Chaucer
 had, helped him to see the naked



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On Gray



Some of the most interesting chapters in biographies are those on the friendships of great men. They may be very exciting, but very dangerous too. In a french novel somebody asks:—"What is solitude?" and the person who ~~was~~ experienced it answers: "You are happy not to know it. I am not going to tell you, because if you know, you will suffer."—And that is just the danger of speaking about the friendships of great men—especially of poets. Many of their attempts to break their solitude are sad failures and they make us realize how frail, uncertain and ~~perhaps~~ useless are the human connections supposed to deliver us from our solitude. ~~It would be~~ better not to speak about them.



student of biographies (comes sometimes across ~~the~~ ^{which} facts
~~that~~ strike him so that he must say something.
Such a fact is the friendship between
Gray and Bonstetten. The strength of passion
that shook the austere poet, the weakness
of the response and the unsteadiness, the
ingratitude of the memory that recorded this
acquaintance, make us feel quite uneasy —
uncertain about the worth of ~~every~~ ^{our} original response
that wants to be more than ~~the~~ ^{personal} ~~response~~ ^{response}
ficial, external.



Everybody knows the famous lines of the "Epitaph":

He gave to misery (all he had) a tear

He gained from Heaven (twas all he wish'd) a friend.

Gray tried to have few wishes and when he had ~~some~~ ^{one} he did not like to express it. But, ~~the~~ ~~little~~ ~~+~~ from the little he said about himself, ~~we~~ we may come to the conclusion that all he ^{wanted} wished, was friendship — the great friendship where solitude has no place. — He had many friendships in his youth and manhood, but none seems to have been for him the fulfillment ^{fulfilment} of all he wished. He was already old and since long famous and weary, when the friend, who seemed to have the ^{power} might to give this fulfilment, came. ~~It was the~~

(It was the young Swiss Bonaparte, a cosmopolitan, european spirit, who wrote and talked agreeably in french, — as Sainte-Beuve



describes him in his "Causeries du Lundi". The same author says elsewhere that Bonstetten was "a lovely French out of France". That means that he was brilliant, sociable, supple. All that Gray was not. Doctor Johnson said about Gray that he was a very dull person. And what is worse, he was an old man and Bonstetten, ^{Gray} ~~very~~ young. The first ^{Gray} was fifty-four and the second one ^{Bonstetten} twenty-four, when they met. Their ways were quite different and their meeting each other was based purely on pure chance. There was no logical necessity in it. Bonstetten says that "he arrived in England absolutely unknown and without any recommendation." But "is a great ball ^{rolled} upon a table to have a better view of the dancing people. A young Englishman ready as it. To ^{save} prevent ^{him} from falling into the hands of the French."



fell in the arms of each other. This man was Nichols, the friend and confidant of Gray. This fortuitous embrace sufficed to make the ^{two} young people friends and to send Bonnetton to Gray with an enthusiastic letter of introduction.

Gray had given up since long all that men consider usually as happiness. He retired very early from the world into a dignified and gloomy solitude. He studied and meditated much, and from time to time he wrote some verses, — but only books and meditations cannot fill the world, — and the world of Gray was dreadfully empty. That is what we feel in reading his poetry. There is a solitary voice in a deserted place, where no living beings, no real things can be found. Some ghosts rise from time to time, but they vanish soon.



leaving after them the resonance of a deep voice that is only the echo of the poet's voice.

What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?

Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realm of night?

Long on these mouldering bones have beat,
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.

Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

Sometimes at the beginning of an image we are startled by a freshness and we hope that we are going to find something ^{ready} alive. But we are mistaken. The colors and the forms vanish in a ^{grey} disillusioned ~~morale~~ warning:



Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm ^(blows)
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects the
evening prey.

The only exception in his poetry is the
 "Long Story". Some ladies of his ~~neighbour~~ ^{neighbourhood}
 hood made him advances and he was so attracted
 by them that he left for sometime his remote-
 ness. Without ^{losing} leaving his dignity he condescended
 to say ^{make} a few jokes in verses, but he who can
 read behind the lines may ~~see~~ see what he
 meant when he described himself with his
 full ^{significant} of meaning humor "as "a ~~poet~~ ^{poet}
 they call a Poet":

Who proul'd the country far and near
Beuritch'd the children of the peasants
Dried up the cows, and lard'd the trees



And suck'd the eggs, and killed the pheasants.

Our poet knew how destructive was the power of his disillusionment. The charm of his neighbours was not strong enough to prevail over the "Long Story" proved a very short one, and Gray had to wait a ~~very~~ long time, till he met Bonstetten, to experience once again,

irresistible now, the charm of youthful, pure and ~~very~~ ^{beautiful} life. This experience was ~~the most~~ ~~important~~ like a revelation. He spoke as if his eyes were discovering for the first time life: "I have never met with so extraordinary a Person. God bless him! I am unable to talk to you about anything else, I think. I never saw such a boy: our breed is not made on this model." — The of education, who seemed in fragment to speculate dans le



was facing now the real problem of education. He read Plato again and he made comparisons between the Athenian young man and his Swiss: "If you have ever met with the portrait sketched out by Plato, you will know it again: for my part, to my sorrow, I have had that happiness. I see the principal features, and I foresee the dangers with a trembling anxiety." He understood for the first time ^{but so late -} that not all ^{was} ~~in~~ vain in his life, ~~but it was too late.~~ The most reserved and silent English poet showed his wounds for the first and last time in the most unreserved, unrestricted way: "My life now is but a conversation with your shadow - the known sound of your voice ^{still rings} in my ears, - there on the ~~green~~ fender, you are standing ^{or thinking} on the piano-forte or stretched ^{at length} on the sofa."



Do you reflect, my dearest friend, that it is a week ~~off~~ or eight days before I can receive a letter from you, and as much more before you can have my answer; that all that time I am employed with more than Herculean toil, in pushing the tedious hours along, and wishing to annihilate them; the more I strive, the heavier they move, and the longer they grow... As often as I read over your truly kind letters, written long since from London, I stop at those words: "La mort qui peut glacer nos bras avant qu'ils soient entrelacés." —

Some of Gray's biographers ~~think~~ that this late passionate contact with ~~his~~ ^{the} poet hastened the death of our ~~poet~~ ^{poet}. ~~He~~ ^{He} went ~~back~~ to away to have a long life.



full of events, of the most interesting acquaintances and the most brilliant successes, and Gray died some a few months later.

This sad story would not be so depressing if Bonstetten ^{had not written} did not write ~~at~~ the end of his life his Memoirs. They are unfinished, a tiny volume, where one may read many things about many of the famous people of the time and only a few words about Gray. ~~And~~ And the work ^{is} that in these few words we cannot find much emotion. They are rather critical, negative, ~~and~~ they do not ^{we} remember ^{at all} that the man who wrote them, had ~~written~~ ^{some} years ago, at the time of his ~~friendship~~ ^{friendship}.



with Gray, that he only in England found
so great qualities of the heart. —



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On Wordsworth

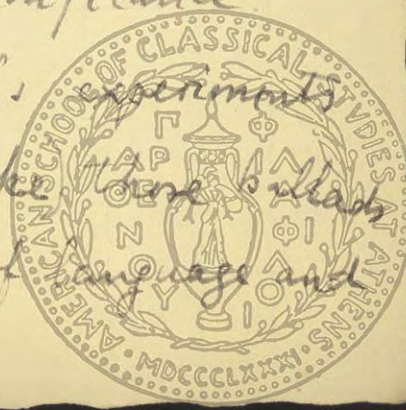


Wordsworth's poetry was a great double experiment, that infused new life into the fainting poetical voice of his time. Experiments are from time to time necessary to keep poetry alive. Things considered as eminently poetical must be excluded from verse, and things considered as undoubtedly ^{un}poetical must find a place in it, if we want to make it alive again. That is a truth that Wordsworth realised in his time at least as clearly as the poets of to-day do now. This similarity of situations is perhaps the reason which made Herbert Read ^{to say of him} "one of the virtues of Wordsworth is that he is continually reminding us of our modernity." — Wordsworth was



experimenting as we are. That is the first thing we must have in mind if we want to appreciate all the significance of his contribution. His experiment succeeded, the new language and the new contents he dared to introduce into poetry ^{have long since ceased to be} are no more problematic long since, and it is rather difficult to-day to consider them not as established realities, but as disputable problems ~~at~~ we have not yet done with — although it would be the only way to ~~some~~ understand all the extent of Wordsworth's significance.

The 'first of Wordsworth's experiments' is illustrated by (poems like ^{these} ~~none~~ ^{are} ~~blades~~ or lyrics, where simplicity of language and



restriction of expression try to convey a great intensity and purity of emotion. We quote ^{at} ~~at~~ ^{random} ~~an~~ hasard among hundreds of lines of the same kind:

About the fields I wander, knowing this
Only, that that what I seek I cannot find
And so I waste my time; for I am changed.

Or:

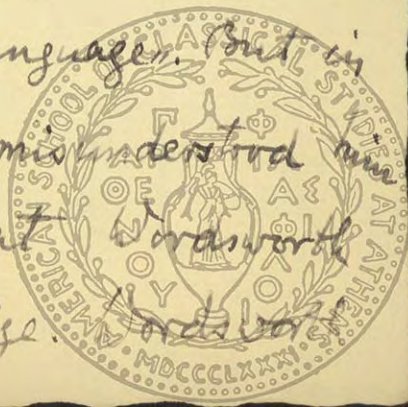
She was with child and she was mad.

Poetical language must be emotional. But language emotional at the beginning may ~~lose~~ lose its emotional content by abuse and nevertheless keep by convention its name of poetical. In such cases experiments trying to clear poetry from its ~~so called~~ poetical elements, are necessarily ~~what~~ convention considers (as) unpoetical. ~~may be~~ the only possibility of emotional - that is



poetical-expression. That is exactly what Wordsworth did. He excluded from his language "the use of many expressions in themselves proper and beautiful, but which have been foolishly repeated by bad poets, till such feelings of disgust are connected with them as it is scarcely by any art of association to overpower"—he excluded this misused language and he adopted what he called "the real," "the very" language of men.

Coleridge criticized the ~~character~~ characterization of this language as real. He tried to show that the right word ~~for the~~ would be "common"—the "common language." But in correcting Wordsworth so, he misunderstood him and he weakened all that Wordsworth wanted to ~~emphasize~~ emphasize.



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thought that the poetical language of his time was weak, because it had no contact with reality. The poets of his days were, for him, thinking "that they are conferring honour upon themselves and their art in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes and fickle appetites, of their own creation." — ~~Wordsworth said these things~~



The poets^{had} estranged themselves from reality. And Wordsworth, wanting to bring poetry in touch with reality again, adopted a new language, — (the language that Coleridge called "common") — not because this language was common, but because it came from real life and it was real. He was not inaccurate ~~in~~ in calling the language he used, the real language of men. "Common language" would not at all express what Wordsworth wanted to say. It would not mean that the poet tried to speak a "more emphatic language" — that he tried to infuse a new real life into poetry.

But simple emotional language is not the only way which Wordsworth tried



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estranging themselves from reality.



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in order to infuse this new life. His second experiment was much more ambitious and portentous. Real language only would not be enough to regenerate poetry. It could only ~~convey~~ convey general emotions and create persons of a ghostly unsubstantiality. Think of Lucy, of Ruth, of Michael, or of the Woman of the "Ruined Cottage". They are trembling shadows or voices that could bring tears into the eyes but whose reality is rather doubtful. They are ~~q~~ too general to be solid. But the poet who could express his real self with a real language could accomplish something poetically great. And that is what Wordsworth tried.



I breathe again.

Trances of thought and mountings of the mind
 Come fast upon me: it is shaken off
 That burthen of my own unnatural self
 The heavy weight of many a weary day
 Not mine, and such as were not made for me.

This second experiment of Wordsworth's was not a merely poetical one: it concerned his whole being. It was an endeavour of self-realization, as if he ^{were} following Pindar's advice:

Γένοιο οἷος εἶμι

Maður.

a Poet

One should become what he really is.
 One should not lose himself in a life
 that is not made for him.
 find the deep fountains of his being and



drew out of them his existence. These
fountains are different for each of us.
For Wordsworth they were the first
experiences from nature he had as a child.
The strength with which they were im-
pressed in him was such, that he simply
accepted them as the roots of his spiritual
life, he could never ^{call} put them in question,
-they were the solid and unshakable
ground of his being. For a philosophical
mind like ^{that} of Donne such undispu-
table forces would be impossible. Their
sanctity would be ^{called} put in question by
the thought. Wordsworth's
the contrary was quite conceived of their
sanctity and all that demanded.



the right to occupy itself with them indefatigably. Modern research tried to extricate the thread of the thought occasion^{ed} by this occupation of the intellect, to which we owe many wonderful passages in the "Prelude," or in the "Lines written above Tintern Abbey." But we think that the best moment of this activity was the one when the poet dared to ~~sp~~ make a myth.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar.

The poet who tried to bring ~~poetry~~ touch with reality, found his creative moments in the necessity that obliged him to bring poetry ~~in~~ with a transcendent world.



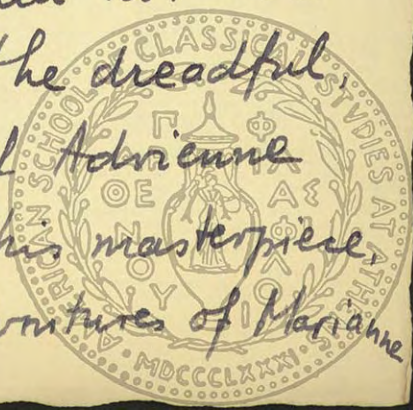
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Jane Austen



The young french novelist Julien Green, whose grim, visionary, nihilistic work is not related at all to Jane Austen's smiling art, confessed in his (recently published) "diary" that complete happiness was for him an experience he has had very seldom, perhaps two or three times in his life, and that the one of ~~them~~ ^{they so few happy times} was given to him by "Sense and Sensibility". This confession might surprise some of his admirers, who could not see any connection between the dreadful, incomprehensible fate of Adrienne Mesurat, the heroin of his masterpiece, and the amusing misadventures of Marianne.



Dashwood. Can the uneasy, anxious, agonizing minds find any satisfaction in the quiet, diverting, limited world of Jane Austen's novels? Julien Green answers in the affirmative and he is not the only one.

Jane Austen has a ^{lacked} ~~great~~ ^{rare} virtue, wanted by novelists even as great as George Eliot and almost unknown to modern art, — a virtue that satisfies the modern reader more than her technical perfections: ~~she~~ she is ^{detached} disinterested, unconcerned. George Eliot's moral and Julien Green's metaphysical anxiety have their origin in the ^{eagerness} of their authors. They are ^{hungry} thirsty for life — but ~~life~~ ^{life} died.



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3 F-4

not satisfy their greed. Their work is a protest, and, we must say, a very humiliating one. It is very humiliating indeed to be obliged to confess that one wants more than ^{one} he gets, especially in the main domain of the novelist, in love and friendship. But many artists do not mind humiliation. They seem to think like Marianne Dashwood: "Misery such as mine has no pride. I care not who knows that I am wretched. The triumph of seeing me so may be open to all the world." — Jane Austen would disapprove not only of their want of pride, but of their misery. If they were ~~wiser~~ ^{stronger} and had a ~~better~~ ^{stronger} taste they would be less greedy and therefore



less miserable. She was wise and proud enough not only to conceal her eagerness, but ^{also} to be as ^{little} ~~less~~ eager as possible. She was really détachée. And that is, I think, the great virtue that makes her so precious to the humiliated minds of to-day. The "complete happiness" given to Julien Green by "Sense and Sensibility" was the happiness of revenge. Life ~~treacherously~~ treated him badly, — all his novels and his diary show it clearly, — and he was very glad, ~~to~~ ~~treat it badly in~~ with Jane Austen's help, to treat it badly ~~in~~ his turn. Jane Austen's novels are a kind of charming maltreatment of ~~life~~ ^{humanity}. Her ^{détachment} ~~unconcern~~ enabled her to see human life as a comedy in which she



5

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was not involved, - like Fanny Price, as long as there was no question of her taking part in the play, who "looked on and listened not unamused to the selfishness, which more or less ~~was~~ disguised seemed to govern them all and wondering how it would end." This attitude of the uninvolved spectator is a very dignified and desirable one. The ~~poor~~ judgment is free, one may move, think and laugh at ^{will} want, enjoy ^{oneself} himself and his ^{one's} independence. But as soon as one is entangled in the business, as soon as one is involved in the comedy, it is very difficult to move in a free and dignified way. Fanny Price had to cry as soon as she was not a mere spectator ^{any} more. That happens to everybody of us. We are

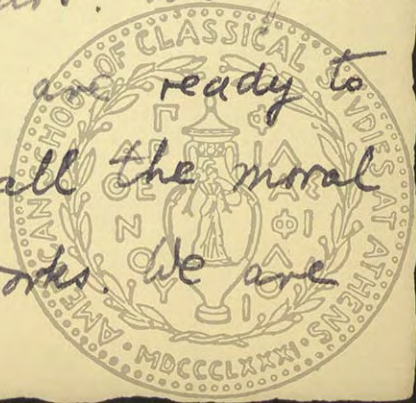


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6 77

obliged to take part in the play and act a character we do not like. We find it humiliating and we resent it. That is why Jane Austen can give us such a pleasure. She felt and she makes us feel superior to the errors and weaknesses of humanity as it appears in our everyday life with other people, especially ~~all~~ in our personal relations with acquaintances and friends, - relations that made us suffer so much and at which we laugh now as if we grew above them. Her sense of humour is her strength - and ours. We feel so ^{secure} well in it, that we are ready to accept unquestionably all the moral standards with which it works. We are



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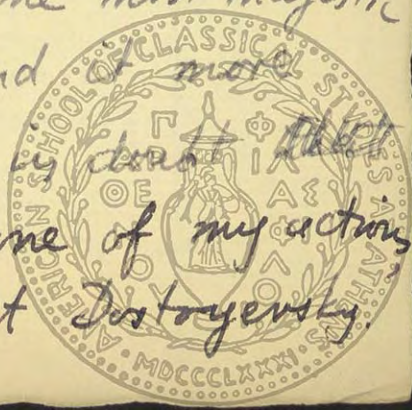
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almost never shocked by Jane Austen's
moralizing. We cannot ~~say~~ deny that
Emma ^{and} or Mariame are amusing in their
errors. We cannot say that Lady Catherine
or Mr Elton are not laughable. We
have laughed so much at the want
of sense, that we cannot help admitting
at the end that sense is necessary.
Even if we have experienced those
terrible moments in ^{our} ^{lives} one's life, when
sense seems unable to give any right
solution — Elinor Dashwood would laugh
at this and think that there are
^{no} not such moments, but we ^{think} ^{of}
~~they~~ ^{remember} (have in mind) Maggie ^{Fulliver} in the boat
and some scenes ^{from} the "Brother Laramie"
even if ~~we~~ we have in mind such ^{poss}
bilities we cannot deny that such
moments are ~~as~~ very ~~old~~ ^{old} ^{and} ^{common} ^{and}



that it would be ridiculous and ⁱⁿ of the worst taste to want to think in every-day life as one would think in some extraordinary and terrible moments. "Her graceful, unpretentious philosophy," says Lord David Cecil, and we quote his words because they are a personal confession concerning Jane Austen from an extremely cultivated contemporary,—"her unpretentious philosophy, founded as it is on an unwavering recognition of fact, ~~directed~~ directed by an unerring perception of moral quality, is as impressive as those of the most majestic novelists. Myself I find ^{it more} impressive. If I were ^{by contrast} as to the wisdom of one of my actions I should not consult Dostoyevsky.



The opinion of Balzac or Dickens would carry little weight upon me: were ^{Stendhal} ~~Stendhal~~ to ~~decide~~ rebuke me, it would only convince me I ~~had~~ had done right: even in the judgment of Tolstoy I should not put complete confidence. But I should worry for weeks and weeks if I incurred the disapproval of Jane Austen." — But the trouble is that Jane Austen, in spite of this philosophy, did not keep the same smiling face of the unconcerned and independent spectator till the end. "Persuasion" is not like her other works. It could not ~~not~~ give to Julien Green the same complete happiness ^{given to me} by "Sense and Sensibility" ^{the} ~~it~~ could give another pleasure — ^{the pleasure}

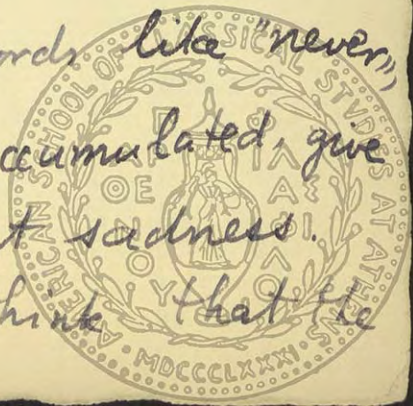


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one feels after ^{prolonged weeping} (he wept much). Jane Austen wept because she had been too disinterested when she could have enjoyed life and (it) realized it too late. "Persuasion" is as a novel (a work) inferior to her other works, but it is something extremely moving as a poem. In the other five novels we cannot find a single sentence that separated from its context and independently to its ~~proper~~ ^{evocative} meaning could have another suggestive and poetical meaning. "Persuasion" is full of them. The style, the diction have changed in a mysterious way and ~~under~~ ^{under} ~~work~~ words like "never", "once", "nobody", "gone", accumulated, give to the lines a poignant sadness. It is really sad to think that the



A Dryden's Poetry

One of the main reasons for the pleasure we derive from Dryden's poetry) is, I think, the extreme precision of contour that words and things have in his poetry.

No word gets lost in it, - no image imposes itself by its vagueness.

Dryden's poetry is not ^{evocative} suggestive at all. Nothing in it leads us beyond its apparent meaning, which always has a definite outline. Even when he



(2) I-7

28-2

the mystery of our existence, the design is exact, because it never defines things of a transcendent world. He confines himself to the world that does not surpasses our experience:

Such are the proud Designs of human kind
And so we suffer Shipwreck everywhere!
Alas what port can such a Pilot find
Who in the night of Fate must blindly
steer!...
In fortunes Empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after pathless Destiny;
Whose dark resorts since Prudence cannot

In vain it would provide for what shall be

Dr:

What mists of Providence are these



Through which we cannot see!

So Saints by supernatural Pow'r set free

Are left at last in Martyrdom to dye;

Such is the end of oft repeated Miracles.

Such verses show us the way to the borderline of our being in making clear to us its limitations, but they never make us apprehend what lies beyond it.

There is in Dryden's poetry a grave and sad resignation, which accepts facts as they are given without the slightest revolt, but without the slightest love too. That is, I think, what made of him a great satirist. Love would not allow the hardness of the drawing that is the characteristic of Dryden's satire.



Success let other teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless Industry

Or:

The wiser Madman did for Virtue toyl,
A Thorny or at best a barren Soil
In Pleasure some their glutton Souls would
But found their Line too short, the well ^{steep}
And leaky Vessels which no Bliss ^{too deep} could keep

But ~~these~~ ^{such} relentless lines were not the
 means of representing humanity in its
~~pitiful or contemptible form~~ the pitiful
 or contemptible side of humanity alone
 they could bend an form significant
 symbols revealing depths of the mind.

Thus anxious Thoughts and endless visions



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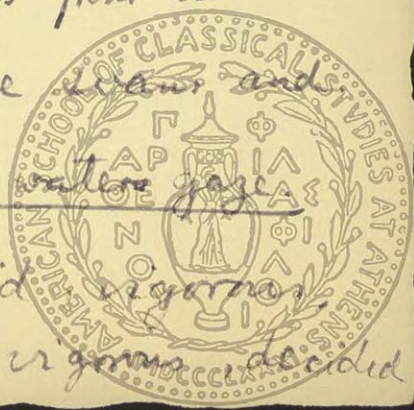
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Without a centre where to fix the Soul
or adorning memorable events.

To see this Fleet upon the Ocean move,
Angels drew wide the Curtains of the Skies.
And Heav'n, as if there wanted Light above,
For Tapers made two glancing Comets rise.

Poetry becomes often painting in Dryden,
a linear painting on large ^(monumental) surfaces,
where contours play an important part.
On these huge frescos strange, surprising
images are accumulated to the glory
of great events. Angels peep from a torn
sky, the vessels look like ^{dreams and fancies}
wondering Fish in shining waters

And all that is a solid, vigorous,
decided way, — in solid, vigorous, decided



words. Dryden's poetry is a fanciful, but grave play based on bare, ~~crude~~ crude facts and expressed in a sound, unambiguous language. That is perhaps what we call Dryden's wit. One of its best illustrations is to be found in one of his earliest works, "upon the death of the Lord Hastings". The crude fact of small pox gives to Dryden the opportunity of ~~showing his wit~~ exercising his "wit".

Blisters with pride swoll'd, which th' raw's flesh
 Like Rose-buds, stuck i'th' Lilly skin about, did sprout
 Each little pimple had a Tear in it
 To wail the fault its rising did commit
 Or were these Gems sent to adorn his Skin
 The Cab'net of a richer Soul within



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7 8-7.

No Comet need foretel his Change drew on,
Whose Corps might seem a Constellation.

That is a grave, surprising play in a cemetery, almost sacrilegious, but not entirely so, — almost ceremonial, but not quite so either. The only thing we can say with certainty about it is that such a play is an entirely manly play. Dryden is undoubtedly the manliest ~~english~~ of the english poets.



D. C. 11. 4. 40.

I-8

Lord Chesterfield



Lord Chesterfield

"The repetitions are endless and tiresome," wrote Horace Walpole when he was reading Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son. This criticism has been repeated again and again since, and this shows how little Lord Chesterfield has been understood. His intention was not to write a kind of complete treatise on education in a series of letters. ~~His ambition was much greater.~~ It would have been quite easy to him to write such a book without any repetition.



and without any other deficiency of form. He was a great master of form. But his ambition was much greater than ^{that} this of an author. What he undertook with his letters to his son was much more difficult — and we can say above his ^{power} forces. Although he disapproved of every effort exceeding our means — "a wise man" he wrote "will live at least as much within his wit as within his income", — although he hated every kind of failure, he undertook something that was not ^{at} all within his possibilities and he stands now as one of the most moving failures of the 19th century. His "endless" repetitions.



tiresome for the rather unsympathetic Walpole, are extremely moving for the sympathetic reader. They may remind him of what Shakespeare felt as the monotony of his friendship verses.

To one, of one, still such and ever so.

But this monotony—called constancy—in love ~~as~~ is far less dramatic than the monotony—called perhaps persistence—in the desperate effort of a father to realize his dream of perfection in his own son. If we call an artist a man who gives a form of ~~his~~ to an external material, Lord Chesterfield had the will of an artist par excellence. He had the vision



of a perfect human form, cherished by him as no artist or philosopher ever cherished their more original or significant visions of a better humanity, — and he wanted to see this form realized in the life of the young ^{man} person he loved ~~the world~~ more than anything else in the world. But his material was not so easy to handle and to model as clay, stone, sounds, words or colours are for the other artists. His material was a real human being, whose nature, or, we ^{perhaps} would say, fate, are not so easy to ^{or} mould as metals. Lord Chesterfield ^{had}



to strike (again and again) the stone
and these repeated strokes are the
repetitions, that made Walpole so im-
patient, ^{and that} sound for us ^{like} the vain
efforts of a doomed creative will.



I - 9

Some impressions from Lamb's
and De Quincey's prose.



Some impressions from Lamb's
and De Quincey's prose.

CHARLES LAMB: There are very few full stops in Lamb's prose. They usually occur at the beginning of his essays, at the end of a more or less short sentence: "I have no ear." — "This was ~~as~~ once a house of trade, a centre of busy interests." — "Bridget Elia ~~can~~ has been my housekeeper for many a long year." — "I have an almost feminine partiality for old china." — The stop is full at the end of each sentence, but they give occasion to a long, endless monologue, in which no stop is really full.



One takes breath often in reading Lamb,
 but the stops are only colons or semi-co-
 lons; ~~and~~ one always expects after them
 the "and" that ~~will~~ ^{shall} keep the continuity
 of the uninterrupted emotion - the unchecked
 continuity of memories, of a dream, of a vision.
 Most of the periods of the "Child Angel."
 A Dream, ~~is~~ begin with an "and": "And a name
 was given to the Babe Angel, and it
 was to be called Je-Urania... And it could
 not taste of death... and it went with
 a lame gait... And with pain did first
 those Intuitive Essences put back their bright
 intelligences... And myriads of years rolled
 round, and still is kept, and is to keep
 perpetual childhood, and is the tutelary



Genies of Childhood upon earth, and still
goes lame and lovely. And in the Archive
of heaven I had the grace to read... etc."
Bridget's monologue in "Old China" is one
of the most characteristic passages in
Lamb's prose. One thinks it will never
end, and one is right, because there is
no real end in Lamb's prose. The
essays stop, as they usually begin,
with a more or less short sentence,
but this time the stop is not full:
- the rhythm, the emotional, ~~sinuous~~
~~serene~~ sinuous stream is endlessly prolonged
into the silence: "Their importance is
from the past..." - "Bridget and I
should be ever playing."



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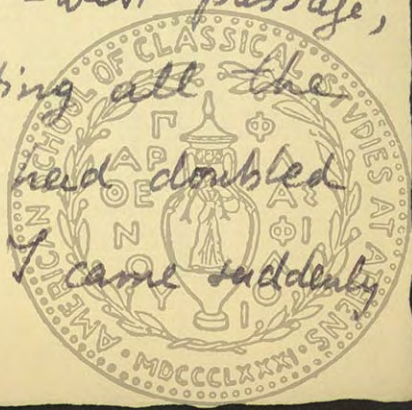
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John L (or James Elia) was gone for
ever. . . . —

There is a lightness in Lamb's prose,
a delicate femininity — "I love," he wrote,
"the man with women's faces, and the
women, if possible, with still more womanish
expressions", — something from an exquisite
lacework, that is not to be found in
DE QUINCEYS prose. His vagaries in the
world of the opium and the imagination
are almost as long and as meandering
as those of Lamb, but the texture of
his style is much more solid. His words
have not the lightness that makes
the stream of prose go on without
any effort and any need of fuel.

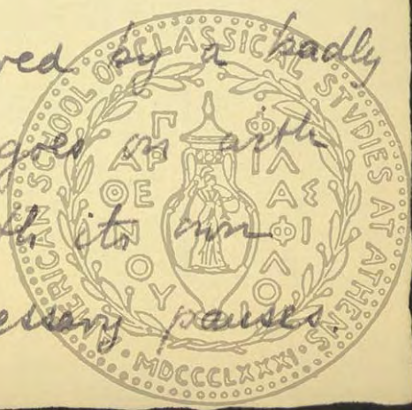


stop, - real rest; - his words have the heaviness of a sadness, for which even dreams are a burden and one must stop for a rest or a brooding at every turning of the sinuous way: "Some of these rambles led me to great distances; for an opium eater is too happy to observe the motion of time. And sometimes in my attempts to steer homeward, upon nautical principles, by fixing my eye on the pole-star, and seeking ambitiously for a north-west passage, instead of circumnavigating all the capes and headlands I need doubled in my outward voyage, I came suddenly



upon such knotty problems of alleys, alleys without soundings, such enigmatical entries and such sphinx's riddles of streets, without obvious outlets or thoroughfares, as must baffle the audacity of porters and confound the intellects of hackney coachmen.

The difference from Lamb's style is obvious. The stream of prose is here heavier, slower, more material and somehow more cautious with requisite stops and full stops. The "motion of time" that the opium eater "is too happy to observe" and which these sentences measure, is a motion measured by a badly functioning heart that goes on with an obvious effort and with its own irregular rhythm and necessary pauses.



Sometimes the heart is too heavy - full of anxiety or pain, - and the pauses more frequent and significant. The sentences, full of intensity, are quite short and the stops lasting. Only the infiniteness of silence makes the infiniteness of expression complete.

"She is the defier of God. She also is the mother of lunacies and the suggester of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power; but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions; in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from within."



and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this younger sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding and with a tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for though coming rarely among men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And her name is Matter Tenebrarum - Our Lady of Darkness."

One cannot say of this final sentence what we have said about sentences. They do not stop ^{there} end because they are going ^{on} the silence. But here ^{is} the



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I-9

9

10-10.

that happens. The end of the sentence does not fill the silence with words and rhythms, but, on the contrary, it makes all words futile and condemns every rhythm to silence. One could not imagine a stop more complete than this one.

D. C. — 31. 5. 40.



1-11/11

I-10



There are some words that must be quite familiar to the student of the criticism of the so-called age of good sense. The critics of this ~~to~~ time were never tired ^{to} repeat ^{very} them again and again; they ^{were} ~~seem to be~~ the main values on which those critics based their judgments. But the familiarity with those words, due to the fact that we meet them so often in a particular circle, does not mean at all that we are really acquainted with them. Their meaning is not the same any more; it ^{has} changed very often since.



(2)

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2 11-3

even in the period ^{when} they were so great ^{such} favourites ^{they} did not always express the same thing. They expressed the needs of the time — needs that are not ours any more — and that is why ~~they~~ their sound is a little hollow in our ears, although it was so full of significance at their time. Some of these words are "wit", "delight", "rules", "the ancients", "instruction", "nature". Let us take the last one and note some of the thoughts it calls forth.

Dryden's, Pope's or Johnson's ^{the time} has nothing to do with ^{the} we have of nature to-day. ^{Romanism} and science changed the meaning of



this word so thoroughly that only with great effort (we can) approach sentences like these:

"Nature is the soul of poetry."

(Dryden)

First follow nature and your judgment
frame

By her just standard, which is still the
same.

Unerring nature still divinely bright,
One dear, unchanged and universal light

Life, force and beauty must to all impart
At once the source, and end

The poet must write as the interpreter
of nature.



If we wanted to-day to express what these sentences expressed at their time, "nature" would not be the word. Perhaps "substance" would be a happier expression. Dryden, Pope and Johnson ~~wanted~~ wished ^{to be} poetry substantial and nature, ~~a solid~~ — a certain, solid, permanent reality for them — could give substantiality to poetry. But "substance" alone would not be enough. Nature was for them an order. Nature in art was order in art.

Those rules of old discovered not devised,
 Are nature still, but nature methodized.
 Nature, like liberty is best expressed
 By the same laws which Liberty ordains.



This poetical order, based on nature for ~~classical~~ classicist criticism, had nothing to do with nature for the beginning of the ~~XIX~~^{XIX} century. Hazlitt called Dryden and Pope the great masters of the artificial style in order to contrast them with Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton, considered by him as the masters of the natural style. But the notions of natural and unnatural ^{have} changed so much since the beginning of the 19th century, that we cannot any more agree with Hazlitt. T. S. Eliot considers "in a high degree natural" him with Milton, whom he calls "the great master of the artificial style".



* * *

"Reason" - "reasonable" - so often found in the french criticism of the same time are not to be found with the same emphasis in the english critics. Their nature was in a way related to reason - but they did ~~not~~ not trust reason as much as their french contemporaries. Dryden preferred "wit" to "reason" - something more vigorous, less transparent and less logical than reason. The lines on reason at the beginning of the "Religio Laici" show how poetical may

Dim, as the borrow'd beams,

To lonely, weary, ~~lonely~~ ^{wandering} travellers



Is Reason to the Soul: And as on high
Those rowling Fires discover but the Sky
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent not to assure our doubtful way
But guide us upward to a better day.

Pope, more limited than Dryden, preferred
 sense to wit. But the limits of his "sense"
 were not put by reason, but by nature:
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

Johnson knew much more about Reason.
 He had experienced how its
 is uncertain and how dreadful
 uncertainty is. But he did not surrender



to the enemy, whose presence he always felt around — or better in himself. His "Lines of the Poets" are one of the best works that sense and reason can ~~not~~ produce in criticism. He is much more convincing than Dryden or Pope — perhaps because he knew more about the emotions. Johnson brought a new tone into criticism, ^{a sensibility} ~~an emotion~~ showing that nature is more than wit or sense. We feel that a new age was coming when we see Johnson criticizing Dryden in this way: "There is sufficient reason to suspect that he was not a lover. To write with fondness for the employment with perpetual touches and retouches, with the



willingness to take leave of his own idea and an unwearyed pursuit of unattainable perfection was, I think, no part of his character. . . Dryden's was not one of the "gentle bromides". Love, as it subsists in itself, with no tendency but to the person loved and wishing only for correspondent kindness; such love as shuts out all other interest, the love of the golden age, was too soft and subtle to put his faculties in motion."

That ~~was~~ a new kind of criticism. The age of feeling had come.

D. C. 6.3.40



11112-1

Q. Keats

I - 11



An interpretation of Keats' work, that would be based on the great words and phrases of this poet, would not satisfy ~~at all~~ the critics of to-day at all. The famous discussion about the more famous line:

"Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty" - -

is a sufficient proof of it. Some critics, distinguished for their intelligence, refuse to find any meaning in this line. Our ~~eye~~ ^{mind} refuses to deal with words when things are in question. We could not content ourselves with an assertion in ^{implied} (the) stead of a thing - or of nothing. We do not want to be deceived. That is why it would be dangerous to approach Keats through his great assertions. He liked them, his pages are full of them and very often they are not empty at all. But we would not be able to appreciate them if we did not know that Keats



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2 12-3

as naive.

was not so naive, as one, misled by some of these phrases, ^{might} could believe. He lived for poetry, he wrote his ^{the} name with a big P, and he often called her ^{it} divine. But let us hear what he really meant. « I am sometimes so very sceptical as to think Poetry itself a mere Jack a lanthen to amuse whoever may chance to be struck with its brilliance. As tradesmen say everything is worth what it will fetch, so probably every mental pursuit takes its reality and worth from the ardour of the pursuit—being in itself a nothing. — We said that this is what Keats really meant. But it is not quite true. One is never sure about ^{these} things, and Keats had not to write ^{about} but to write poetry. Not to speak about something, but to do it. And we know that



usually there is no connection between one's sayings and doings. "This may teach them that the man who ridicules romance is the most romantic of men — that he who abuses women and slights them, loves them the most, — that he who talks of roasting a man alive, would not do it when it came to the push — and above all that they are very shallow people who take everything literary." — This shows the way of approach to a spirit like that of Keats. He devoted himself to a thing, he called it with the highest names, but he warned approaching people ~~to~~ not to be deceived ~~by~~ ⁱⁿ taking the name, ~~for the~~ thing. This warning would be superfluous to the sceptical and critical interpreters of to-day. They are not in danger of



(3)

12-5

with few exceptions.



taking the words for the substance, but to think that there is no substance at all where speech is too assertive. The only way to save Keats from their doubts is to show that he was ~~as~~ at least as sceptical and critical as they are; that his starting point was not nairity, but lucidity and that he did not like to deceive either himself, nor ~~the~~ others. If this last could be proved (as for ^{by} the nature of his art, I do not know. One could say that his poetry is so powerful, because it is so intoxicating, so ~~deceitful~~. It tries to make us experience something inconceivable; delusive; ~~life is~~ death in life, and it succeeds. But it is not less true that deceit was ~~so~~ ^{to} Keats that even ^{the} illness, which ~~was~~ at last, was welcome to him.



as he said, "it relieved ~~him~~^{my} (his) mind of a load of deceptive thoughts and images, and made ~~him~~^{me} perceive things in a truer light." — His short, but so characteristic poetical and intellectual development is full of meaning — we could say with him: "like the scriptures, figurative." He started almost ~~and~~ without any ~~consciousness~~ of his own individual existence, a ^{chameleon} poet, and he ended with an almost unbearably strong feeling of his own self, of what he called his Identity. The image of the poet as a being without any nature does ^{only} not apply ^{ies} to but only to a part of Keats' evolution. The Keats of the ~~fact~~ is not the chameleon any ~~more~~ something quite solid and definite. The man, who does not want to be ~~anything~~



anything else, because there is nothing for him any more, but his own pain:

The blaze, the splendour and the symmetry
I cannot see, but darkness, death and darkness.

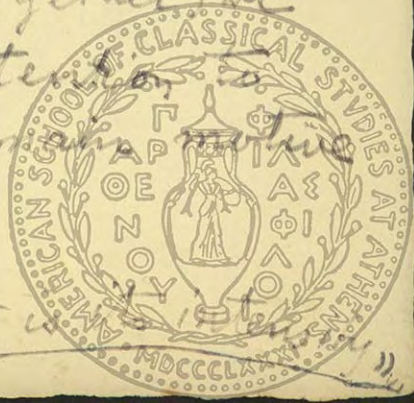
The ~~for~~ thought that he could have no individual existence, ^{which} ~~that~~ delighted him once, is now unbearable: I am gone

Away from my own bosom: I have
left

My strong identity, my real self..

It is not his chameleonic nature that unites the first ~~part~~ to the second part of his development. If we want to find the permanent elements that bind these two parts together, we had better turn our attention to the intensity and the ~~main~~ ^{poetry} of his poetry.

"The excellency of every art is"



~~anything else, because there is nothing for him
any more but his own pain:~~

~~The blaze, the splendour, and the symmetry
I cannot see — but darkness, death and darkness.~~

~~The feeling that he had no individual
existence (could have no individual existence,
that delighted him once, is now unbearable.~~

~~I am gone away from my own bosom~~



He wrote at the very beginning of his career— and his voice never ceased to be intense till the end.

Verse, Fame and Beauty are intense indeed
But Death intenser—Life's high meed.

These lines—among the last ones he wrote—express once more his interest in intensity and at the same time the main motive of his poetry—"death in life"—repeated ~~and~~ indefatigably again and again in it, in the most various ways and under the most various forms. We find it in his early works, in his "Sleep and Poetry", in the "Epistles", in the "Sonnets of the first period", in "Endymion", in the "Odes", in the last "Sonnets"—everywhere ~~not only where we could say that~~ is hidden in every line, every word of it.



11113-1

I - 12



The eighteenth century — a century
 of all happiness that reason, society
 and security ^{could} give — ended with
 the desperate notion that there is
 something fundamentally wrong in
 life. This despair expressed ^{manfully} (manly)
 — without loud cries, but with courage
 and firmly — as by Samuel Johnson,
 or, shyly and discretely, in the tra-
 ditional form, as by Coleridge
 Cooper, ~~is~~ gave a new tone
 literature. This tone is



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than all the excessiveness of what came after it. The burden of sober and reserved pain is much heavier than all loudly singing despair. Pain was pleasure for Keats: A dear and dangerous drink that bereaves us of our reason. But to want to be sober, to keep his reason and to know — as Johnson did — that "of the uncertainties of our present ~~day~~ state, the most dreadful and alarming is the uncertain continuance of reason, needs an exceptional force. Johnson was great because he had this force. Cowper, Collins, Gray are so many



because they were not strong enough to be victorious. "Man is not born for happiness", said Johnson commenting the life of Collins. His Odes were written ⁱⁿ on conventional patterns, but fear and despair, which led him to "disease and insanity", gave to some of his verses an ~~une~~ unusual, a new trem^{or} ^{or} ~~or~~. He hated the new, disquieting music that invaded Britain and he warned ~~her~~ her to beware of it:

O Britons! if the honour still you boast
No longer purchase follies at such cost!
No longer let unmeaning sounds unite
To visionary scenes of false delight.



The temper of our isle, though cold is clear
And such our genius, noble though severe.

He wanted to be "clear" and "severe,"
 - and the poetical forms he used were
 appropriate to it - but (only) his pleasure
 and his happiness in describing these
 threatening dangers ^{are} is proof enough that
 he was not quite unaffected by
 their charms. And it ~~is~~ is very intere-
 sting to observe that Collins owes ^{the}
 place ^{he has} ~~in~~ ^{to} English literature not
 to his clearness and severity, but on
 the contrary, to the new musical
 tone whose
unmeaning sounds unite



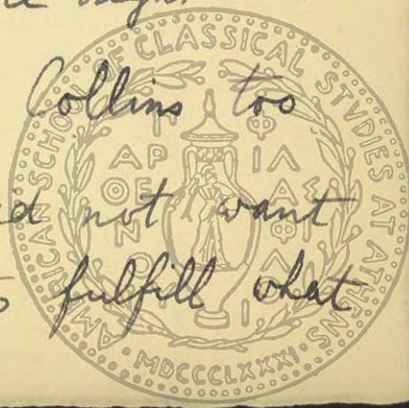
To visionary scenes of false delight,
whose influence he feared. He pro-
phesized the coming of Swinburne, but
he would not like to be told that
he was one of the first who opened
the way leading to this poet.

With woful measures woe Despair
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled,
A solemn, strange and mingled air
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas
wild.

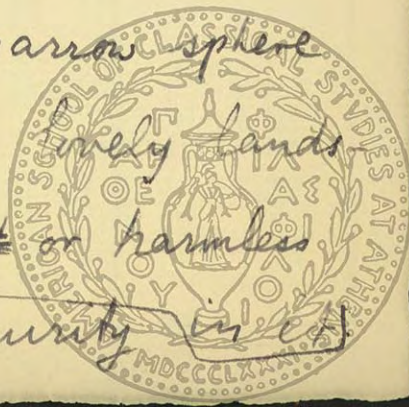
But it was not yet the time for
this air to be heard
prevalent. Even Cowper



written during a period of insanity,"
are rather a scanned statement than
a song. A song would be a kind
of escape - and the characteristic^{aspect}
of the ~~tendency we are~~ (aspect of the)
age, we are now considering, was not
to want any escape. Johnson is the
typical man who hates any kind
of escape. He clung to reason although
he knew all its dangers and limitations.
He wanted to ^{think} ~~feel~~ what he ought to.
And not only Johnson. Collins too
and Gray, even Cowper, did not want
to desert - they wanted to fulfill what



they had to. And the tragic point was that they did not always feel what they ought to feel. Collins wanted to be "cold" and "clear", but he was passionate and he had a natural tendency to darkness. Gray wanted to be a grave stoic, but his letters show clearly that he knew very well what "the vultures of the mind" are. As for Cowper he believed ⁱⁿ God when he did not want to, and he did not believe when he wanted to. His poetry moves in the narrow sphere of a warm domesticity, a lovely landscape and a faithful ~~and~~ or harmless society. All breathes security in it.



Nevertheless the feeling of insecurity never let him be quiet. "The uncertainty is dreadful and all remedy for it impracticable." "Uncertainty" and "dreadful" were the very words Johnson used in speaking about the continuance of reason. But in Cowper the notion is more general and impressive, ~~than~~ although not so manly and concrete, as in "The vanity of the human Wishes" or "Rasselas".

Fate steals along with silent tread
Found oft'nest in what ~~is~~ least

Frowns in the storm with angry brow



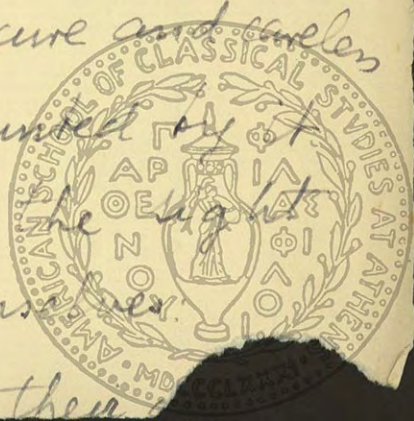
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I-12

9 13 10

But in the sunshine strikes the blow

Fear of the lurking fate that makes
life insecure and uneasy is the feeling
of the end of the most secure and careless
century. Gray was so haunted by it
that he felt it even at the sight
of children enjoying themselves.
The carelessness of their



You see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey the murderous hand!
Ah, tell them they are men!

But to tell them ^{that} ~~about~~ would not
help perhaps. As soon as the man
knows that he is only a man, he
wants to be more ~~than~~ than that —
or perhaps something else. The young
generation who heard about the insecurity
and the limitations of their life
did not like any confinement and
they became romantics.



1114-1

I + 13

On Vaughan's poetry



On Vaughan's Poetry

It is quite ^{clear} sure that Henry Vaughan had at least as much pleasure in reading as in writing poetry. Reading was for him a deep and strong need of his nature and ~~the~~ ^{he} satisfied it in a personal and strange way. He was not interested in what the poet meant. He cared ^{only} but for what ^{he} himself heard in ~~the~~ words and lines — and this their ^{own} sound was so different from their original one, that it made something entirely new of them. His reading was not at all comprehensive, but creative. He used to read the Bible and to pick up the lines which had a poetical appeal to him. Some of them were pulled among his own poems — and in ~~this~~ their



2 I-13 14-3

^{new} ^{e?} ^{beamed} ²
ambiance are quite his own. Among Vaughan's
verses they have a sound they had not
in their original context. In the Bible
the phrases have ^{such} a gravity ~~and~~ that we
could never ^{cherish} ^{vision} design them as "romantic".

But the isolated lines picked up by Vaughan
and ~~pieces~~ incorporated in his own work
have ^{appeal} myth from romantic. They have lost
their weight and they begin to sing:

"Thy goodness is as a morning cloud
and as the early dew it goes away."

"And they confessed that they were stran-
gers and pilgrims on the earth."

"And the world passeth away and the
lusts thereof."

"Before I go whence I shall not return,
even to the land of darkness, and the
shadow of death."

A land of darkness, as darkness itself
and of the shadow of death, without



any order and where the light is as
darkness.

Even here, read in this isolation
and not, as in "Silex Spintillans", between
poems as "Disorder and ~~Frailty~~" and
"Idle Verse" or ^{as} "Pilgrimage" and "the
Law and the Gospel", they are ~~excess~~
fascinating in a strange way of their
own. But if we hear them in the
atmosphere created by verses like this one:

When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abreem, Lot,
The youthful world's grey fathers in one
(knot

Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each
shower.

or this one:

A nest of nights, a gloomy sphere
Where shadows thicken and the land
Sits on the sun's brow all the year
And nothing moves, without a shadow.



if, I say, we hear the quoted phrases from the Bible in the atmosphere created by Vaughan's verses, the magic of their words increases and they sound in our soul as a delightful, ^{because} since unreal, threat. In the Bible, as in "Pilgrim's Progress", the "land of darkness" and the "shadow of death" have a grave moral meaning. They are the symbols of a dreadful ~~of~~ truth that Vaughan could not hear in his reading. What affected so much the "metaphysical" mind of Donne or the "religious" one of Herbert, could not touch the purely "aesthetic" mind of Vaughan. There are not only two deaths for man, as Herbert said. There are more. There is not only the real one, ^{the death of the soul} that made Donne tremble in his depth, and the religious one, sung by Herbert, but there is another too, the aesthetic death, whose



anticipation is the musical promise of a rest in nothingness. But this promise is almost a deceit, because this nothingness is not a true one. The ~~illustration of this~~ ^(best) illustration to this attitude to death, that shows ^{us} most clearly, but in a rather cheap and shallow way, what we mean, are some of Tennyson's verses:

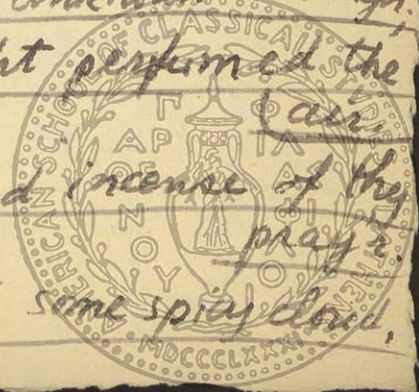
Sweet is true love, tho' given in vain, in vain.
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain.
I know not ~~yet~~ which is sweeter, no, not I.

It is a similar "sweetness" - although not so cheap, - ^{which} ~~that~~ Vaughan had in himself and which he liked to hear with the lines of his poets. He had much pleasure in reading & poetry, because he liked to hear his own voice in theirs. He read Donne and Herbert, who, like the Bible, could never have the "sweetness" we spoke about, and he lent it to them. Their lines became something quite new.



in his mouth, so new that he could claim he had created them. That is why we find in every page of his work words we had heard before from another ^{poet} without feeling they are not his. What Donne spoke in his metaphysical and Herbert in his praying awakens, cannot be the same in the mouth of ^{one} drunken by the "sweetness" of death. The words are the same, but not their ⁱⁿ substance. They were before signs of realities and now they tell us nothing real. They ^{are} fascinating, because their ~~are~~ vagueness makes them to seem infinite. We can find no limits, no outlines to Vaughan's world.

... Above the stars, a track unknown and high,
 And in her piercing flight performed the fair,
 Scatt'ring the myrrh and incense of the pray'r,
 So from Lahai-roi's well some spray cloud,



Wood by the sun, swells up to be his shroud,
 And from her moist womb weeps a ^(shower) fragrant
 Which scattered in a thousand pearls each ^(flower)
 And herb partakes; where having stood awhile
 And something cool'd the parch'd and thirsty
 The thankful Earth unlocks herself, ^{isle} and
 Blends
 A thousand odours, which, all mix'd, she sends
 Up in one cloud, and so returns the skies
 That dew they lent, a breathing sacrifice.

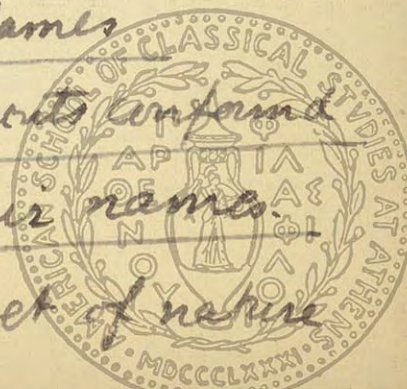
Air, winds, breaths, fragrances, sounds, waves,
 Light, ^{flame} changing colours

— ... that is best

Which is not fix'd but flies and flows,—
 shapeless, uncertain and vanishing things,
 like his words and his rhythms, are the
 elements of Vaughan's poetry.

... All shall stream and lighten sound
 And his surprising flames
 Both stars and elements conjoin'd
 And quite blot out their names.

Vaughan is celebrated as the poet of nature



in an age that did not care much about nature. And it is true that he drew deep and sometimes startling experiences from ~~the~~ nature. But not for her own sake. These experiences are not much different ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~these~~ to these ^{from} ones of his reading. Vaughan's nature is full of the "sweetness" of death.

Birds, beasts, each tree

All that have growth and breath

Have one large language, death!

And it is not merely said, as in these lines, but realised too, as in some ~~of~~ ^{the} ~~lines~~ already mentioned, and many others:

Sweet, downy thoughts, soft lily shades, calm
streams,

Joys full, and true:

Fresh, spicy mornings, and eternal beams..

This music is like

A lesson played him by a wind or wave

Such numbers tell their days, whose spirit

Lull'd by those charmers to a lullaby



Such a voluptuous lethargy is the aim of Vaughan's poetry. Donne and Herbert wanted to be always awake and conscious, because the first (one) wanted to know the last reality of things and the other (one) to communicate with his God. Both of them wanted not only to live but to reach the utmost limits of their ~~After~~ being.

Vaughan would prefer to have never begun, but since he began, not to go farther but go back:

Some men a forward motion love
But I by backward steps would move.

O how I long to travel back..

He wished to return to the state of the unborn. He ~~is~~ is homesick ~~also~~ for its ~~in~~ unexpressible and voluptuous nothingness:

Man knows he has a home but scarce knows

He says it is so far

That he has quite forgot how to go there



He knocks at all doors..

Words are for Vaughan such doors. He
knocks at them and the sound coming
from the unknown behind them gives
(to) him a deep, but morbid ~~deep~~ pleasure.
He has news from home, - from the empti-
ness from ^{whence} where he came. The ~~the~~ thrill
is strong and he cannot help seeing it
as the aim and the essence of all art:

Celestial natures still

Aspire for home. This, Solomon of old

By flowers and carvings and mysterious skill

Of wings and cherubims and palms foretold.

It is true perhaps that the depth of meaning
of all great art comes to us from another,
unfathomable world. But we are not always
so sure, as with Vaughan, that this ^{other} world
is unreal, nothing-
not even the nothingness
~~is unreal, nothing-~~
~~not even the nothingness~~
~~is unreal, nothing-~~
~~not even the nothingness~~

D. C. 26 Oct. 39



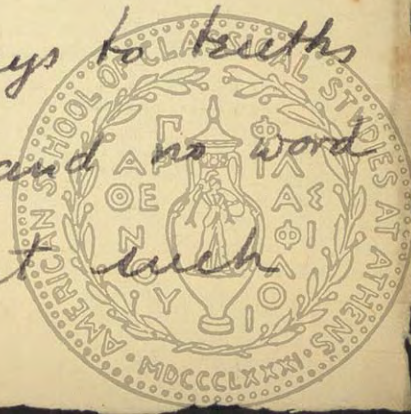
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On Sir Thomas Browne.



It would sound perhaps ~~as~~ a paradox, if we said that Sir Thomas Browne is one of the thinkers (the ~~most~~ ^{least} naive and (the) most conscious of their method of thought in the history of the ^Eenglish mind. Other thinkers, ^{such} as Lord Bacon, Hobbes or Locke, believed that they always expressed what they wanted to say, and that they always meant what they expressed. And they were right as long as they confined themselves in ^{to} problems not surpassing the limits of (the) human understanding. But philosophy tends always to truths that no one can reach and no word express. Who speaks about such



things means always something different
^{from} to what he says. But he does not
always know or he does not always
want to know what he is doing. He
is not conscious of his method. ~~Hobbes~~
That is the case of many thinkers
since the beginnings of philosophy.
Hobbes believed that he painted
the true picture of man and society,
while he did nothing else but tell
a myth with great philosophic
power - and Berkeley thought that
he ^{showed} the essence of things in
the world, while he (did not) ~~not~~ show
(but) a transcendental truth of his own.
But neither of them wanted to warn
us of what they were really doing,
and that is why ^{Dr} Johnson could be
so irreverent with Berkeley and why
many of us to-day think of Leviathan as of



a queer monster of a strange age. But who
reads (with attention Browne) can never
~~possibly~~ make such a mistake. Browne is
extremely conscious of his own method and
of what he really meant and he never
tires ~~to~~ ^{to} repeat it to us, even in works
so little theoretical as the "~~One~~" "Urn Burial".
There is a phrase ^{at} in the ~~beginning~~ beginning
of his "Religio Medici" that could
serve (to) us as a warning on the head
not only of Browne's whole work, but
^{also} (on the head) of all philosophy: "There
are many things delivered Rhetorically,
many expressions therein merely Tropical,
and as they best illustrate my ~~intention~~
intention; and therefore also there
are many things to be taken
a soft and flexible sense and
not to be called into the rigid test
of Reason."



The man who wrote "For my part, I have ever believed and do now know that there are Witches...", this man warns us to free ourselves from all naivety if we want to ~~grasp~~^{understand} what the philosophers meant. And to think that Browne meant that he believed really in witches shows that we are too naive to catch his meaning. It is true that he owned that he had a "natural inclination", which "misguided zeal turns Superstition." But this superstition is a kind of wisdom, because it is not before ~~but after knowledge~~, knowledge, but after it. It consisted in regarding "all those outward and sensible notions, which may express or promote the invisible devotion" as serious things. The naivety of the reason ~~that cannot~~^{does not} apprehend its narrowness, ~~can not~~.



understand the higher meaning of the unreasonable gestures and words of a person ^{who} that wants to express what is above all reason. He confuses these gestures ^{and} of those of the poor minded that are below ~~the~~ reason. Browne knows that such a confusion is possible and he warns us in speaking ~~to~~ humorously of the "easie and feminine Exposition" of the poor minded conception of symbols.

"His Female Friends were irrationally curious so strictly to examine his dreams,"

is a ~~writing~~ ^{line} full of smiling meaning
line in this astonishing composition
^(round) about the death of a young man.

This irrationality of women is the inferior irrationality, contrasted to his own, the higher, the manly ^{one}.

The contrast between manly and feminine spirit, so emphasized by Browne



is a warning to us never to interpret his symbols, his phrases in a feminine spirit. And he would make just this mistake, who would think that the witches, the devils and the angels of Browne are those ⁱⁿ to whom women believe. ~~They~~ The supernatural beings of our author are the symbols of a manly mind that reached the limits of its possibilities and strives to go beyond them. That Browne really reached these limits, ~~there are~~ is clearly shown by some ^{of his} phrases so vivid and so organic that they can never be the repetition of something learned and not the expression of something experienced.

"I love to lose my self in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an O Altitudo! 'Tis my solitary recreation to pose my apprehensions with



those involved Enigmas and riddles of the Trinity, with Incarnation and Resurrection." — He knows quite well that the endeavour to ^{understand} think the highest breaks the reason: "Who can speak of Eternity without a solœcisme or think thereof without an Extasie?" — He knows equally well ^{how} to illustrate the breaking of the reason with instances of logical mistakes that he did not draw from dusty books, but from the life of his own thought: "I AM THAT I AM, was His own definition unto Moses, and 'twas a short one, to conformed mortality, that durst question God or ask Him what He was." — The quoted passages are not the only ones of his experience.



(9)

~~the individual - the unique person, dead,
thought, symbol - and that is what
gives ~~to every~~ makes every of his
lines something ^{so} (unique).~~

D. C.

2 November



that reason wrecks on the unknown. But he knows a way that might bring him further: "When I cannot satisfy my reason, I love to humour my fancy... where there is an obscurity too deep for our reason, 'tis good to sit down with a description, periphrasis, or adumbration." - These lines show what is the whole work of Donne: It is a work of fancy - but of manly fancy, ~~is~~ that is neither "easy", nor irresponsible. Its ~~clear~~ sinuous rhythm, its elaborate adornments, its loaden calligraphy are never a mere play, but always full of a weighty meaning: If they are not a symbol of the unknown, they have the magic of the individual ~~of a~~ thing unique and precious - that they ^{express} expren. Browne had a ^(very) strong sense for



The individual - the unique person,
deed, thought, symbol, and that
is what makes every^{one} of his phrases
something so unique.

D. C.

2 November 1939



Donne's Poetry

There is a poetry - sometimes the most genuine and pure. - which makes us lose, forget ourselves. Our very depth is often dissolved by its magic into a musical stream - into the song of a nightingale - into a sigh or into the dream of a ^{landscape} ~~scenery~~.

But Donne's poetry, - if we except some few lines as the stirring *disquinting*

I long to talk with some old lovers ghost
Who dyed before the god of love was born..

- never does ^{this} it. Quite the contrary. His verses aim to wake ^{awaken} up and to keep in the utmost watchfulness all ^{that is} deepest in ourselves. They are ^{Canham's} a challenge to Elizabethan ^{Sidney's} lyric poets who never wanted to be really themselves. In the beginning they



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16-2 2

social, too conventional to want it and later
Spenser liked (too much music) not to dissolve
himself in it. Donne came ~~and~~ to show that
poetry can be something quite different. That
is why we must not wonder ~~how he does appeal~~ ^{why he appeals}
so much to some modern poets. They too make
something quite different from nineteenth century's
poetry, in whose origins we find Keats, who ~~learned~~
learned his art from the most skilful Eliza-
bethan artist and who revived Elizabethan
music with a stronger, desperate wish for
dissolution.

Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget..

The first poets, who brought to the Court
of Elizabeth the fashion of "rhyming", whose
very evolution gave birth, centuries later, to the
verses of Keats, would never understand such a
cry. For [Wyatt] and Surrey "rhyming" was
a courteous ~~high~~ amusement, a diversion. But ~~dissonance~~



means that one does not want to be himself.
 that one wants to be diverted, relieved from
 himself. And that is just what Keats longed
 for. To be something else. The principle was
 the same. And to accept only ^{the principle of} it means to reject
 the foundations of Donne's verses. But it is true
 that both principles may give birth to great
 poetry. It is equally overwhelming to see ^{one} himself
 dissolved into something thinner than air or
 solidified into something compacter than earth.
 The power of the word is great. Only people
 playing with ~~the~~ the words cannot be
 aware of it:

Throughout the world if it never sought
Fair words enough a man shall find;
They be good cheap, they cost right nought
Their substance is but only wind.

It is clear that Wyatt could not realize
 the real - even the poetic - meaning of what
 he said. ~~He~~ If it would be not inappropriate



to ~~require~~^{demand} so much from the naive and charming courtier, we would say that he touched upon the very drama of poetry without (to) ^{perceiving} perceive it at all. The question of poetry is a question of words. And if poetry concerns the whole of our life, it must happen because of the relation language has with ~~ourselves~~ us. — What are words? Are they really so cheap and but only wind? And if they are so, what are the things they design worth, — what is our existence and the world worth? — These are metaphysical questions, which have no place in amusements. They do not divert us from ourselves, but they give us the most acute self-^{consciousness} conscience. If we would find the line of Wyatt on the words in Donne's verses — and we find there, as we shall see, similar lines, —

Their substance is but only wind.

~~the~~ ~~imp~~ we would be quite differently affected. We would shiver in our depth, because ~~Donne would~~



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have already prepared ^{for} us to it. It is interesting to see how different may become the same line in two different works - in two different atmospheres. What makes us smile in the courtier's play, makes us shiver in the metaphysical watchfulness. Although contested, Donne's designation as metaphysical is very happy. It would be less happy if Donne's poetry ^{was} would be inspired by a dogmatic philosophical conception of the universe. In the book of Aristoteles that gave us the term of "metaphysics", it is said that the fundamental metaphysical question can never be answered. It is "ἀεὶ ἔτι τοῦ περὶ καὶ ἀεὶ ἀπορούμενον". We must always ^{shall} try to ~~answer it~~ find the solution, but we will never succeed. Our failure ^{may} will be our success. Even the greatest metaphysical systems are but a failure. They are but a symbol of the Unknown that may mean nothing. To reach the place where this nothing - that may be God ^{again} - the dark Unknown, ~~the which gave birth to~~ ~~being~~ ~~and~~ where the meaning of our life ~~is~~ ~~being~~ lies.



is the aim of metaphysics. And that is the incessant aim of Donne's poetry. That is a poetry which never diverts us from ourselves. Who wants to see what nobody can see, to hear what nobody can hear, to know what nobody can know, without the deceit of magic, of sleep, of drunkenness^{en}, must be extremely watchful. He must never lose, dissolve himself in music or dream. That is why Donne's verses avoid the music which, like the waves of Spenser, comes and washes away even the most precious word—the name of the beloved. Donne's melodies are like the "broken breath" of the man ~~stands~~ facing death—the Unknown.

And think those broken and soft Notes to be
Division and thy happiest Harmonie...

Donne's rhythms are always related with ~~the~~^{to} our way to the Unknown. Even his play ~~is never a diversion,~~
~~but an advance. ~~Just as a falling stone~~~~

is never a diversion but an advance.
 must be clear and undeceived — like ~~our~~^{his} sight.
 No delusion must make us hear what ~~we don't~~^{we do} not

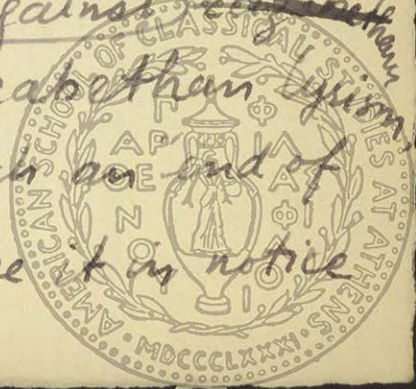


hear and see what we do not see. We have to know what is really behind - what is the naked thing. No ornaments in imagery and language must hide it from us. An imagery appealing to our intelligence, which never wants to be deceived, and a language free from all magical power do not hide the inward, but they always strip it from all outward. They strip it at first from all social convention. Wyatt boasted ~~he never called~~ is his "Courtier's Life", he never called "the lecher a lover". Donne - like Plato so often, especially in the first speech of Socrates in "Phaedrus" - dares to do it. Who really wants to know the highest must dare to know the lowest and their relation.

lyric lyricism

Who ever loves, if he do not propose
The right true end of love, he's one that goes
To sea for nothing but to make him sick.

These lines are a ~~cynical~~ cynical blow against ~~Elizabethan~~ ~~lyricism's love which~~ the love of Elizabethan lyricism which could but ignore completely such an end of Love - that no ~~ign~~ refusal to take it in notice



could make it less real. And Donne reminds us of his reality. This is the first ~~st~~ step of his stripping progress:

Full nakedness! All joys are due to thee.

To souls unbodied, bodies unclothed must be!

The "unbodied souls" show us clearly that these sensual lines are not less ~~deep~~ metaphysical. The material joy will lose all its ~~truth and~~ glorie in the loathsome flea, which

... pampered swells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas, is more than we could doe...

and will be freed from its ^{materielism} materiality:

So if I dream I have you, I have

For all our joys are but fantastical. —

The body too shall have the same lot.

Image from her whom I love more than thee...

This unreality to which the ^{analysis} analyse leads makes him shudder. He stretches out his hands to grasp, to hold the real person that will vanish:

Oh do not die, for I shall hate

All women so, when thou art gone.

That thee I shall not celebrate

When I remember thou wast one.

But she must die. And the world shall die too, because if one dies, all will die. If she would live,



the "new philosophy" would be never able to call all
in doubt. But now ~~the~~ its theories feed the desperate
 vision of the mourning poet

The Element of fire is quite put out;

The Sun is lost and the Earth and no man's wit
Can well direct him where to look for it..

The Sunne is spent and now his flasks
Send forth light squibs, no ~~real~~ constant rays;

The worlds whole sap is sunke:

The generall balme th' hydroptique earth hath drunk

Whither, as to the beds-feet, life is shrunk,

Dead and enterr'd..

The world is nothing, we can feel ourselves as nothing,
 — and Donne does:

I am every dead thing..

I, by loves limbecke, am the grave

Of all that's nothing..

he says, — but his depth, our depth, is the more
real. The greater is our conscious^{ness} of nothingness,
 of our utmost danger, the more real we become.
 We gather all our forces together to avoid
 destruction. We come back from the brink of
 the abyss with a new life:



what he calls "new philosophy" would never be able⁹
to call all in doubt.

16-10



He ruined me and I am rebegot
Of absence, darkness, death; things which are not.

There is in Donne's prose a passage that ^{will} could help us to understand better ~~the meaning of~~ the metaphysical drama of his poetry:

"This is Nature's nest of boxes," he says, "The heavens contain the Earth, the Earth, Cities, Cities, Men. And all these are Concentrique; the common center to them all is decay, ruine; only that is Eccentrique, which was never made; only that place or garment, rather, which we can imagine, but not demonstrate, That light, which is the very emanation of the light of God, ~~in which the Saints shall dwell, with which~~ ..., only that bends not to this Center, to Ruine; that which was not made of Nothing, is not threatened with this Annihilation. All other things are; even Angells, even our soules..."

"That which was not made of nothing", —
 "that which we can imagine, but not demonstrate" is the being that is not being for the human mind, — the ~~to be~~ light, that is darkness for human eyes, — all ~~that may~~ be God. Donne came back from the brink



I-15 ^{why} 16-12 11

of the abyss with a deep & earnest. He was saved
from destruction. Miracles are possible. It would
be a ~~blasphemy~~ blasphemy to speak so lightly about
love. And his "Recantation" begins - like the "Palinode"
of Stesichoros and ^{of} Socrates in "Phaedrus":

It is not true..

All he said before is withdrawn. If the love and
the beloved are but nothing, this may be:

Some lovely, glorious nothing..

that means: "all". One must read the whole "Extasie"
after "Love's Alchymie" to see the miracle, how
the impossible may become ~~to~~ possible, - how the un-
real may become real, - and this without self-
deceit, because ^{Dyname} ~~he~~ knows what reality and
possibility are. The poet who wrote:

That loving wretch that swears
'Tis not the body marry, but the minds
Which he in her Angelique finds,
Would swear as justly, that he hears,
In that days rude hoarse minstrelsey, the spears.

the poet, I say, who wrote this, may write:

First we loved well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we loved, nor why,
Difference of sex no more we knew.



Than our Guardian Angels do..

without (to ^{being} be) suspected of deceit or selfdeceit. He may speak about faith, eternity, joy and certainty, because he knows how love is ^{can be} ~~not~~ false, painful and uncertain. It is more than true that often our salvation is due to our destruction, our belief to our despair. The man who affronted nothingness may kneel before God. And that is why Donne's religious poems are among the truest and the most desperately believing prayers of the human heart. We do not know any cry to God more human and "metaphysical" than this verse, which begs the Darkness to be light and God to be God:

I have a sinne of feare, that when I have spunne
My last ~~these~~ thred, I shall perish on the shore;
Iweare by thyselfe, that at my death thy sonne
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore
And having done that, Thou haste done,
I feare no more.

D. Capetanakis

Cambridge 27th Sept. 1939



I-16

On Herbert's Poetry



On Herbert's Poetry

Herbert is not a "metaphysical" poet, in ^{the} strict sense, like Donne. Metaphysics are an incessant motion of the mind that always asks and never finds - even if it finds - and never rests - even if it rests. This paradoxical progress - (which) about we are never sure if it is an advance or not - we find in Donne's poetry. The stream we feel underneath its verses is the endless stream of the anxious intellect. No truth can ever be the last one that its anxiety ^{desires} ~~wants~~. On the contrary, underneath the verses of Herbert we feel

Such a truth as ends all strife.



We do not know what Herbert was as a man.
He was perhaps as restless and anxious as
Donne. He speaks often of his "searchings"
~~with the world~~^{as} in one of his poems he tells us
that he had a rich knowledge of the world.
But we are not concerned with what a
poet tells us; we (do not) know about him ^{as a} ~~but~~ ^{only}
^{by} what we find as ^{the} poetic reality in his verses.
And Herbert's anxiety and worldly knowledge
~~was scarcely~~ ^{was} scarcely to be found as such
a reality in his poetry! He owns that much of
his life ~~did~~ remained without poetical expression.

I sent a sigh to seek thee out,
Deep drawn in pain,
Wing'd like an arrow, but my scout
Returns in vain.

I find another (having store)
Into a grone
Because the search was dumb before
But all was one.



Much of Herbert's personal experience, related sometimes by ~~the~~ himself, remained poetically dumb for us. There is no word coming more often in Herbert's poetry than the word "sin". Nevertheless no poetry ignores ^{sin} more ~~the~~ ^{sin} than his. When we find in his verses this word and we try to grasp its substance, it

melts away
Like snow in May.

As if there were no such cold thing.

Sin, ~~as~~ like some other contents of his ^{verses} ~~poetry~~, ^{is} are there not as substantial poetical realities, but as ^a ^{limit} limits lying beyond, or rather before his poetry.

Sure there was wine.

Before my sighs did dry it: there was corn

Before my tears did drown it.

The world of Herbert's poetry is not ~~the~~ the endless and open one of Donne's metaphysical ~~poetry~~



but the limited and closed one of a pure
Christian sphere. Sometimes the safety of its doors
is disturbing:

Either grief will not come: or if it must
Do not forecast.

And while it comes it is almost past
Away distrust.

My God has promised, he is just.

Such words may have a meaning only ~~over~~
in ^{the} a personal intercourse of each ^{it is} of us with
our God; - never as a general statement. And
not ~~only~~ ^{in his just} but these words. A great deal of Herbert's
poetry ~~cannot~~ ^{cannot} be really experienced but as a
prayer. Herbert knows this and warns us at the
threshold of his "Temple":

Avoid profaneness; come not here

Nothing but holy, pure and clear

Or that which goneth to be so

May at his perill further go.



The ambiguous character of this verse is but the foretaste of continuous ambiguities ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ Herbert. Nothing seems more clear and transparent than Herbert's phrase. But just this ^{it is the very} its openness to all comes ^{what} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~what~~ protects the temple from "profaneness". One may read Herbert as he reads an epigram of the ^{by} greek anthology and Pope or as he glances into ~~a~~ ^a shallow and ~~and~~ clear water. He may easily believe he ^{has come} ~~came~~ to the bottom of the meaning and pass — without to apprehend ^{that} ~~such an~~ ^{there is no} approach to Herbert's ~~none~~.

We say amine
This or that is:

Thy word is all if we could spell.

The language of Herbert has always a double meaning: its common one and its other one that ~~we do not mean~~ ^{is the breath of Christ}. To understand ~~and~~ ^{poetry} one does not need to ~~&~~ believe in definite dogmas. What we call the breath of the



is not something out of his poetry, & but it is contained, breathable in it.

Thy breath gave me both life and shape...

is not a mere relation, poetically indifferent as the

I know the ways of learning...

because the first of these lines is confirmed and takes its poetical weight from his whole work. There is a concrete poetical reality in Herbert's verses called Christ:

The bloody death and undeserved makes thee
Pure red and white..

or

God to show how far his love
Could improve,
Here as broken is presented..

or

Man stole the fruit, but I must climb the tree

The being of Christ is in Herbert's poetry so warm and palpable that it gives it life to the tree with which he is associated.



6,

17-8

is not something out of its poetry — ~~we said~~
~~such~~ — in such case we would not be interested
in it — but it is contai



The tree and the wood have a strange and prominent place in Herbert's poetry. We do not mean ^{only} ~~but~~ lines like these:

Lord Jesu thou didst bow
Thy dying head upon the tree

where the tree is the cross. The divine substance of Christ imbibes all wood:

The cross taught all wood to resound his name.

or

The wood was all embellished
With flowers and carvings, mysticall and rare.

The deepest sighs of the poet are from his desire to ^{lose himself} ~~be changed~~ into a tree:

I read and sigh and wish I were a tree.

or

O that I were an orange tree!

~~and elsewhere~~ In another place this desire is fulfilled for all mankind:

We are the trees whom shaking listens more

We do not wonder about the meaning ^{the}



tree has for Herbert. It is not ~~the~~ merely the divine breath that makes it so important, but all his aspirations. The tree rooted in the ground sucks from its steadiness its life. It could never be the symbol for the restless motion of Donne's poetry. But Herbert hated motion and wanted to draw his existence from what he wished to be the most firm: his faith.

D. C. 20 Oct. 1939.



On Poetry and the "Tempest"



The essence of the "Tempest" is that it is poetry ^{about} ~~on~~ the poetry. This poem is far from being "poetics" in verses, or an allegory on poetry. Nevertheless ~~with~~ there is no moment ^{when} in it ^{in it is} we do not feel that ^{what} ~~it~~ happens ~~there~~ ^{in it is} what has happened to us ^{under the spell of} ~~from~~ poetry. We see before us the powers which shook or ~~smoothed~~ us in our contact with poets, but if we translate their names — Prospero, Ariel, Caliban, — into more rational words, — The Poet, his higher aspirations, his lower impulses, — we break the spell and we make ~~shallow~~ ^{sum shallow} their unfathomable ~~depths~~ meanings. They are something we have met, but they are neither real persons, nor allegorical signs.

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate..

They are overwhelming and full of meaning,



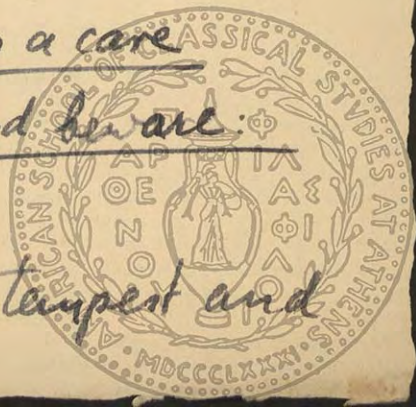
forces we have experienced in some unusual moments of our life - on the magic island, in the small sphere where we are sensitive to the language of the appearances ^{of the world} ~~there~~ we live ⁱⁿ. We are not always sensitive. We are too lazy to bear it for long. Not only Caliban, but Ariel too, ~~do not want~~ ^{is unwilling} to work for ^{his} master. Ariel ~~would~~ ^{prefers} to be dissolved into the elements and Caliban to sleep undisturbed. Our "little life" is rounded not only with the sleep of the unborn or the dead, but with the sleep of ^{those who live in Caliban as well} ~~the lazy living too~~. If there were no "splitting" tempests, and no magic appeals we could waste ^{all} our life in sleep.

Though the seas threaten they are merciful,
I have cursed them without cause.

They are merciful because they ~~at~~ awaken us - just as some music does:

If for life you keep a care
Shake off slumber and beware:
Awake! Awake!

is the song of Ariel. Both, tempest and



music, can reach ^{to the} ~~our~~ depths with the voice of the poet. Prospero creates them with his art. But not only them. If he can awaken us and keep us watchful, he can make us sleep and dream ~~and~~ - even dissolve:

Here cease more questions.

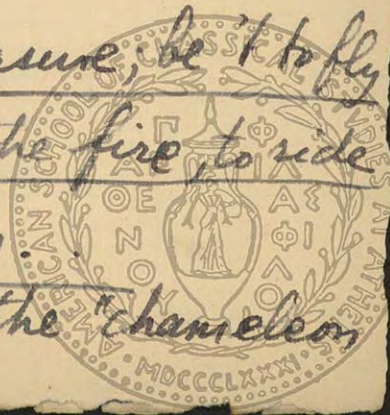
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way. - I know thou canst not choose.

We cannot say ^{that} poetry ^{is able} ~~can~~ ^{to do} only this or this. It is powerful enough to ^{do} ~~can~~ everything. Its ^{expelled} power has no limits. That is why Plato ^{expelled} the poets from his Republic. Not ^{only} because they ^{may be} ~~are~~ ^{others} dissolving, but because they may ^{themselves} ~~be~~ ^{dissolve} dissolving too. A state is based on the solidity of the bodies of her citizens - but poetry, which can make us more solid than ever, may dissolve us also into nothing - change is ⁱⁿ ~~is~~ everything:

I come

To answer thy best pleasure, be it to fly
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd waters

Such That brings to our mind the "chameleon"



poet" of Keats. And ~~there~~ it is this chameleon^{ing} wavering that makes the life on the island of "The Tempest" so fascinating. What Caliban says ^{at one point} ~~once~~:

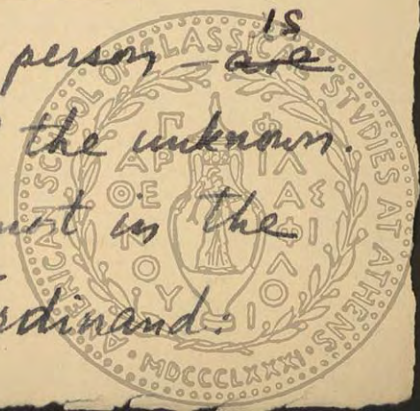
Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and
hurt not..

are lines we had rather expected from Ariel, while Ariel's insistence to be freed we had rather expected from Caliban. But not only those two spirits give us the impression of unity. The whole play, all ~~movement~~ motion on the island is a unity—perhaps the unity of our consciousness in contact with poetry. In every person, in every line we recognize an experience we had from poetry.

~~That~~ 'Tis far off

And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants..

Great poetry—like the beloved person—^{is} ~~are~~ always the language, ^{the} sign of the unknown. Democritus spoke of poetry almost in the same way as Miranda of Ferdinand.



I might call him

A thing divine: for nothing natural

I ever saw so noble.

Democritus called poetry divine, but he did not believe ⁱⁿ ~~to~~ gods. There are some high words that mean nothing, but which are the only ^{way} ~~means~~ to express what we experience in some unusual moments of our life. In using such words we ~~may~~ mean nothing for reasonable people, who may answer:

You cram these ~~words~~ ^{ideas} into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense.

The most amusing parts of the play are the conversations between poetical and unpoetical people:

Alonso: Prithee no more: thou dost talk nothing
to me. 'Twas you we laughed at.

Gonzalo: Who in this kind of merry fooling
am nothing to you; so you may
continue and laugh at nothing still.

But it is not only a joke. Even Gonzalo who sees the main thing where the others see nothing, is not always certain about it.



when he does not want to deceive himself:

Gonz: Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Prospero: You do yet taste
Some subtilities of the isle, that will
Believe things certain... not let you

This uncertainty is not a mere impression. It grows to metaphysical experience which "melts" the world ~~as~~ seen through the poetry into air, into "thin air" - no ^{longer} ~~more~~ into darkness as in "Troilus and Cressida". The poet of the "Tempest" has not the despair of his earlier period. He can bear the burden of his knowledge with a submission that is almost freedom. And if he is troubled for some moments, a short walk ^{will} ~~would~~ strengthen him again:

Sir, I am vexed:

Bear with my weakness; my old brain is

troubled.
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk
To still my beating mind.



The words are addressed to Ferdinand, to the youth^m who is the hope that illuminates all the late plays of the poet. Ferdinand does not die like Hector. In this vanishing world of appearances there are some forms which bid the wise not to despair:

Sir, she is mortal

But by immortal Providence is mine.

"Immortal Providence" was ~~without any doubt~~ for Shakespeare without any doubt what "divine" was for Democritus. Air, thin air or the sleep with which our life is rounded. But when we are sensitive to poetry even the vanishing appearances ~~of~~ may have a meaning that we could call "divine", "eternal" or "immortal" — ^{just} quite ~~as~~ in the same way as Democritus did.

D.C. 23 Nov. 39



DEMETRIOS CAPETANAKIS

On Poetry and 'The Tempest'

The essence of The Tempest is that it is poetry about poetry. This poem is far from being 'poetics' in verse, or an allegory on poetry. Nevertheless there is no moment in it when we do not feel that what happens in it is what has happened to us under the spell of poetry. We see before us the powers which shook or soothed us in our contact with poets, but if we translate their names - Prospero, Ariel, Caliban, - into more rational words, - The Poet, his higher aspirations, his lower impulses, - we break the spell and we make their unfathomable meaning seem shallow. They are something we have met, but they are neither real persons, nor allegorical signs.

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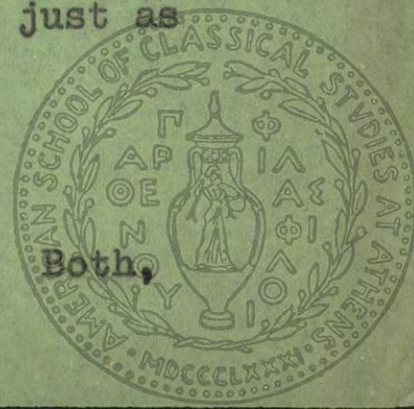
They are overwhelming and full of meaning, forces we have experienced in some unusual moments of our life - on the magic island, in the small sphere where we are sensitive to the language of the appearances of the world we live in. We are not always sensitive. We are too lazy to bear it for long. Not only Caliban, but Ariel too is unwilling to work for his master. Ariel prefers to be dissolved into the elements and Caliban to sleep undisturbed. Our 'little life' is rounded not only with the sleep of the unborn or the dead, but with the sleep of those who live in laziness as well. If there were no 'splitting' tempests and no magic appeals we could waste all our life in sleep:

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tempest and music can reach to the depths of our being with the voice of the poet. Prospero creates them with his art. But not only them. If he can awaken us and keep us watchful, he can make us sleep and dream - even dissolve:

' Here cease more questions.
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dullness,
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We cannot say that poetry is able only to do this or this. It is powerful enough to do everything. Its power has no limits. That is why Plato expelled the poets from his Republic. Not only because they may be dissolving themselves, but because they may dissolve others too. A state is based on the solidity of the bodies of her citizens - but poetry, which can make us more solid than ever, may dissolve us also into nothing - change us in everything:

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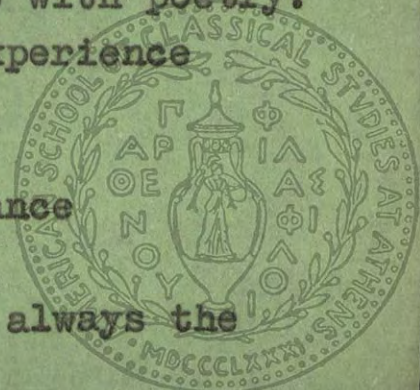
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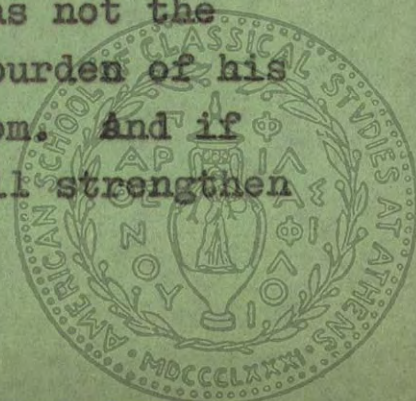
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I-18

On "The Winter's Tale".



The young poet who wrote
And more, much more than in my verse can sit
Your own glass shows you when you look in it
did perhaps not apprehend that ~~it~~^{there} would
come a time, when the thought he
expressed in these ~~little~~ lines would be
no ^{longer} ~~more~~ a mere thought arising
some emotion, but the last substantial
wisdom determining his whole attitude ^{to} ~~in~~
life. Nevertheless this time came. It
is ~~shown~~ clearly ^{demonstrated} by the "Winter's
Tale". We feel that its poet, who
^{explored} ~~tried~~ the utmost possibilities of his
art and of the human mind, knows
too much to want to express it
in words. He is like the ~~Socrates~~
of Holderlin, who, asked



(2)

I-18

21923

if he did not know anything greater
 than Alcibiades to admire ~~him~~ so
~~much~~ he answered, that he who
^{thinks} ~~thought~~ of the deepest, ~~does~~ ^{now} ~~likes~~
 loves the liveliest things, and that
 the wise man bends at last to
 beauty. — "Beauty" is to-day a worn-out
 word and to understand the phrase
 we must change it ~~with~~ ^{for} another,
 stronger one — perhaps ~~with~~ ^{for} "life".
 Life that is more than mere art,
 and ~~that~~ ^{which} art, when strong as life,
 could change:

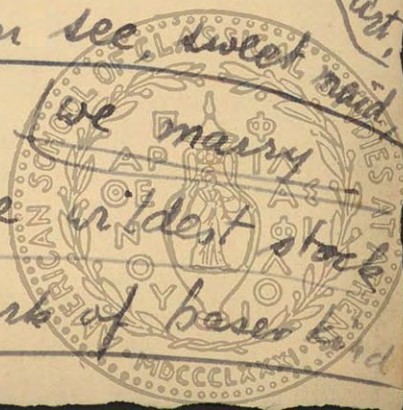
Over that art,

Which you say adds to nature, is an

That nature makes. You see, sweet said

A gentle scion to the

And make conceive a bark of baser



(2)

19-4

why did he admire Alcibi



~~By~~ By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it
The art itself is nature. rather, but

Shakespeare calls "nature" what we
~~called~~ ^{call} "life" - and ~~at~~ ^{at} the time of "The
"Winter's Tale" it was his main concern.
If we accept this, we can explain
quite easily [why this play does not
give us the impression of fullness
and completeness given by his earlier
works. He was so much interested
in "nature" or "life" - in the ~~really~~
~~human beings~~ living men, who would
see or play his work, who would
complete his work with the life of
their body or their mind, that he
did not make of it something complete



(4)

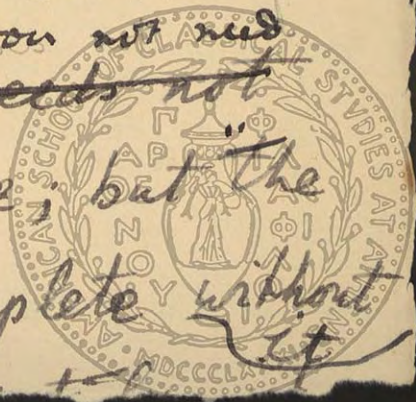
I-18

4 19-6

is its fullness, like his earlier works,
but ~~he~~ left ^{room} place in it for the
bodies that would wear it as a garment.

We think that an absolutely satisfying
performance of "Hamlet," or "Macbeth"
is impossible. These works are so
complete in themselves that there is
no room in them for the intruder
who would perform them. No performance
can be livelier than their ^{poetic} ~~mere~~ ^{itself} poetry.

But it is not the same with "The
"Winter's Tale". Hamlet ^{does not need} ~~needs not~~
our life to become alive, but "The
"Winter's Tale" is not complete without ~~it~~



(5) I-18

winter

5 19.7

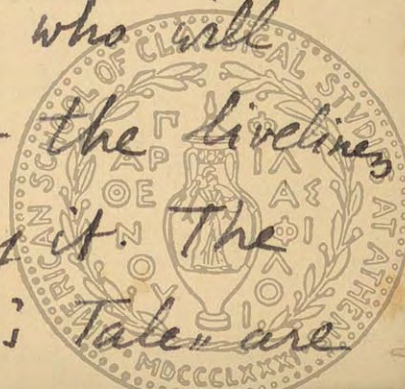
The general mood is ~~winterly~~ —
the strong and meaningless wind of
passion that blows, destroying everything,
is ^{a wind of winter} ~~quite winterly~~ —, the world of the
play seems barren and deserted, like
the ~~last~~ ^{past} wisdom of the poet, but it
could blossom with our own lives, the
thing ~~the~~ most precious now for Shake-
speare:

The fairest flowers of the
(season)

Are our carnations..

"Carnations" have here their place not
only for their meaning of flower, but
for their meaning of ^{flesh?} complexion too.

Shakespeare means the liveliness of
the complexion of the actors who will
perform his ^{winter} ~~winterly~~ tale or the liveliness
of the minds who will enjoy it. The
characters of the "Winter's Tale" are



rather anaemic and abstract. But the poet knows that the breath and the blood of ~~the~~ youth can ^{win} bring back to life ~~even a death~~ ^{what has died}. They resuscitate Hermione. The performance of such a play must be extremely youthful — and he who ~~knows~~ ^{keeps in mind} how ~~un~~ youthful is the voice of the poet in it, ^{is} will enjoy it the best. The great charm of the play lies in the ~~strain~~ ^{tension} between abstract, ~~wintery~~ ^{winterly}, & wise maturity and concrete, warm, lively adolescence. The gesture of the ^{mature} poet who stoops to shake hands with youth is really moving. But growing youth is for ~~a~~ ^{in his declining years} ~~detaching~~ ^{for existence} ~~from existence~~ ^{to exist} man his worthiest reason



The wise man knows that a noble human being is worthier than all other — even the deepest experiences:

"It is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts ~~young~~ fresh; they that went in crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man."

— "Would they else be content to die?"

— "yes if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live..."

But we know ~~these~~ that no other excuse can be worthier than this.

D. C. 16 Nov. 1939



I-19

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On "Troilus and Creonida"

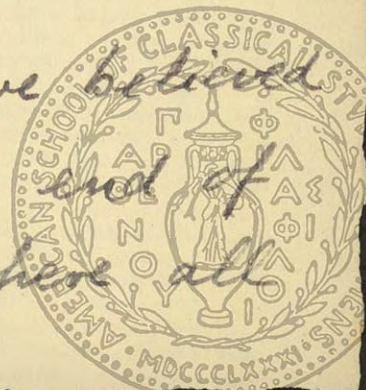


The philosophical question that runs through the whole play, not as a mere puzzle ^{for} of our intellect, but as the problem of our own existence, is the question: "what we are." It is expressed at the very beginning of the play (I, I) by Troilus:

What Cressid is, what Pandar and what and it is answered by the same in the fifth act with another question:

Was Cressid here?

that puts in doubt all we believed real during the play. The end of the play is a darkness where all



appearances vanish:

Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his
The dragon wing of night o'erpreads the ^(Heavens)
And, stickler-like, the armies separate. ^(Earth)

There are no more contrasts at the end.
 The oppositions that fed the dramatic
 action till now, are not possible any
 more, because all things are, ^{to} for our
 eyes, united, perhaps reconciled, in the
 same darkness: We have seen the
 winner undo himself in undoing
 his enemy:

Here lies thy heart, thy sinews and
thy bone..

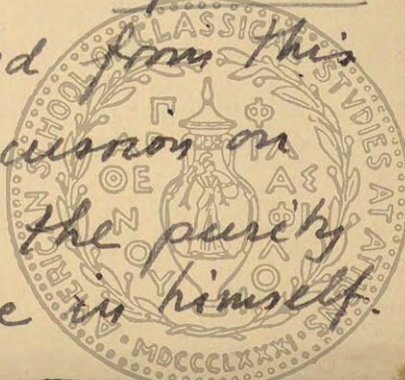
says Achilles before Hector's corpse, but
 we know that Hector is more than this
 and that Achilles is only this. — Then
 sites saved himself from the sword
 of the enemy with his ^{low cunning} ~~low cunning~~ and he



laughed at the fighting others: "in
 a sort, ~~the~~ lechery eats itself", but
 we know that these words apply better
 to himself. We see everybody believing
~~that~~ he is something that he is not
 and because we ^{have} believed sometimes
 their own words about themselves, we
 do not trust ^{any} more to our own ears.
 We do not ~~not~~ ^{know} any poetical work
^{that gives} a stronger impression of the
 world as a ~~flood~~ ^{flux} of appearances than
 "Troilus and Cressida".

The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads must err. O! Then
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of tur-
conclude
pitude.

Even Troilus is not exempted from this
 his arguments at the discussion on
^{surrounding Helen} Helen's delivery have not the purity
 he liked to see in himself.



His arguments are not the voice of ~~reason~~
 "intuition," against those of "reason," and
^{one cannot}
~~we do not~~ believe that Shakespeare
 was more favourable to them than
 to those of Hector. In general ^{one} ~~we~~
^{cannot} ~~do not~~ believe that this play is
 the defence of the "intuitive, romantic,
 forces, represented by Troilus". Troilus
 is not unerring at all and even at
 the end, after his disillusionment,
 is not more pure than before. Com-
 pare the words of Hector parting
 for the war:

Life every man holds dear; but the
dear man

Holds honour far more precious ^{dear}
than life

to ~~think~~ those of Troilus at the
 same occasion:



Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my
retire

One cannot find in Troilus' words the precious purity of those of Hector. ^{So} ~~is~~ ^{same is true of} their ~~arguments~~ discussion about ^{the surrender of Helen} Helen's delivery. Troilus uses great words, elaborate syllogisms, subtle rhetoric, but we know quite well what ~~is~~ their unspoken and impure origin. ^{is} And we cannot help thinking that his skill gives one of the best illustrations of Heraclitus: "It is hard to contend ~~with~~ ^{with} against one's heart's desire; for whatever it wishes to have it buys it at the cost of the soul." Troilus argues with



his whole soul, but we feel that
 his soul is not quite his own. He
 lives intensely, but he is not quite
 himself. And ^{this is also true and} ~~similar is the state~~
 of almost all ^{these} characters in "Troilus
 and ~~Cressida~~ Cressida". The central question
 of the play is, as we have seen,
 the problem of our own essence:
 "what we are". And it is clear
 that ~~the best state to know~~
~~ourselves~~ we could know ~~of~~ (best ourselves
 is a state of intense ~~middle~~ life,
 as ~~is~~ ⁱⁿ war ~~and~~ and love (~~are~~).
 That is why the themes of the
 play are war and love, two conditions
 of intense social and individual
 life. If we have any chance to
 become really ourselves, it



in such active moments. But as soon as we get this chance, we are in danger ^{of losing} ~~to lose~~ ourselves. Love ~~shows~~ ^{discloses} a dark abyss in our own ^{potentialities} ~~possibilities~~ and we shudder before it.

The first scene of the play shows us how Troilus ^{can} ~~affronts~~ ^{is losing} this danger. He feels that he ~~loses~~ himself in something dark, disquieting, womanly, and in a moment of clear consciousness — (because he has some such moments) — he expresses the central question: "What we are." But he is not himself. Even Pandarus feels it:

Himself! Alas poor Troilus I would
he were

Woman and love in this play ^{have} ~~are~~ something deadly — Helen, the symbol of womanhood, is called a deadly



(8)

I-19 20-9 8

and all who are delivered to them
lose their individuality as in death.

To the question of Paris:

Who in your thoughts, merits fair Helen

best.

Myself or Menelaos?

the answer ^{comes} ~~sounds~~:

Both alike:

He merits well to have her that doth
seek her.

There is a sharp contrast in this play
between the world of light, of reason,
of state, of society, of ^{life} life of man-
hood; and the world of darkness,
of ^{death} death, of womanhood, of night,
of drunkenness, of destruction. In this second world ^{of} one
cannot discriminate. All who fall
in lose their ~~self~~ individuality.
They cannot be themselves. But
the first world of day is not lost.



(9)

I - 19 20-10 9

dangerous. Mere reason can never find what we are.

"Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that season a man?"

Such ^{generalities} ~~generalities~~ ~~generalities~~ can never have any taste and their addition could never make a living individual. Besides we can never ~~see over~~ what we ~~are in our~~ have a direct impression of ourselves - we can see ourselves only indirectly, "in reflection". But every scene of the play shows how false ^{usually is} ~~is usually~~ this reflection, how distrust worthy. When the mind is sound, the sight may be weak as in ~~the~~



I see them not with my old eyes: what
are they?

And if the sight is good, the mind may
be weak or the objects things unreal,
conventional, as with social qualities:

How may a stranger to those most imperial
looks

Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Or the thing may be real, but invisible:

Oh! like a book of sport thou 'lt) me

But there is more in me than under-
stand'st.

This last line is one of the rare lines
of the play where ^{a character} ~~(one)~~ speaks about
himself (~~without erring~~) and he
does not err. The only character
who is clearly and undoubtedly himself
is Hector — but he dies at the end. The



only light in the play is extinguished and
 we see nothing. But in facing this
 nothingness ^{then} ~~is~~ ^{was} something ~~myth~~ precious:

the realization of our own self. — Troilus
 announces the death of Hector and
 Aeneas expresses his the fear of a
 moralizing and rather shallow critic:

My lord you do discomfort all the host.

But Shakespeare answers:

You understand me not that tell me so.

I do not speak of flight, of fear,

But dare all imminence that gods and
men

Address their dangers in.

And he repeats once more the terrible.

Hector is gone

D. C. 9 Nov. 39



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q. 1-3



dans le caractère. Mais cette mélancolie n'est qu'un
besoin non satisfait de la sensibilité. Chez Gray
elle tenait au genre de vie de son âme ardente, re-
léguée sous le pôle archépiscopal de Cambridge.



Souvenir de ~~Chate~~ Chate

Victor de Bonstetten 1932
page 116-119

Dix-huit ans avant mon séjour à Nyon, I-20
j'avais passé quelques mois à Cambridge 1
avec le célèbre poète Gray, presque dans 21-2
la même intimité qu'avec Matthiesson, mais
avec cette différence, que Gray avait trente
ans de plus que moi et Matthiesson seize
de moins. Ma gaieté, mon amour pour la poésie
anglaise que je lisais avec Gray, l'avaient
comme subjugué, de manière que la grande
différence de nos âges n'était plus sentie par nous.
J'étais logé à Cambridge dans un café, voisin
de Pembrokehall; Gray y vivait enseveli
dans une espèce de cloître, d'où le quinzième
siècle n'avait pas encore déménagé. La ville
de Cambridge avec ses collèges solitaires n'était
qu'une réunion de couvents, où les mathématiques
et quelques sciences ont pris la forme et le
costume du moyen âge. De beaux couvents, à
longs et silencieux corridors, des solitaires en
robes noires, de jeunes seigneurs travestis
en moines à bonnets carrés, partout des couvents.

des de moines, à côté de la gloire de Newton.
Aucune femme honnête ne venait égayer
la vie de ces rats de livres à forme humaine.
Le savoir prospérait quelquefois dans ce désert
du cœur. Tel j'ai vu Cambridge en 1769.
Quel contraste de la vie de Gray à Cambridge
avec celle de Matthison à Nyon! Gray, en
se condamnant à vivre à Cambridge, oubliait
que le génie du poète languit dans la sécheresse du
cœur.

21-3

Le génie poétique de Gray était tellement éteint de
le sombre manoir de Cambridge, que le souvenir de ses
poésies lui était odieux. Il ne me permit jamais de lui
en parler. Quand je lui citais quelques vers de lui,
il se taisait comme un enfant obstiné. Je lui disais quel-
fois : Voulez-vous bien me répondre? Mais aucune parole
ne sortait de sa bouche. Je le voyais tous les soirs de cinq
heures à minuit. Nous lisions Shakespeare, qu'il adorait,
Dryden, Milton, Pope, Milton etc., et nos conversations, comme
celles de l'amitié, n'arrivaient jamais à la dernière pensée.
Je racontais à Gray ma vie et mon pays, mais toute sa
vie à lui, était fermée pour moi; jamais il ne me parlait
de lui. Il y avait chez Gray entre le présent et le passé
un abîme infranchissable. Quand je voulais en approcher,
de sombres nuées venaient le couvrir. Je crus que Gray
n'avait jamais aimé; c'était le mot de l'énigme, il en
était résulté une misère de cœur, qui faisait contraste
avec son imagination ardente et profonde, qui au lieu
de faire le bonheur de sa vie, n'en était que le tourment.
Gray avait de la gaieté dans l'esprit et de la mélancolie

"Eighteen years before my stay in Nyon,
 I spent a few months in Cambridge with
 the famous poet Gray. My cheerfulness,
 my love for the english poetry, that I
 read with Gray, had somehow subdued
 him in a way that) ~~the great difference~~
~~of our age~~ (we did not feel the great
 difference ⁱⁿ of our ages. ~~I was living~~
 My lodgings in Cambridge were in a cafe,
 near Pembroke Hall, ~~where~~ Gray lived ^{there}
 buried in a sort of cloister, from where
 the fifteenth century ~~did not~~ had not
 yet moved. The town of Cambridge with
 her ~~colleges~~ solitary colleges was ~~not~~
 but a number of ~~colleges~~ ~~colleges~~ where
 mathematics and some other sciences took
 the form and costume of the Middle Ages.

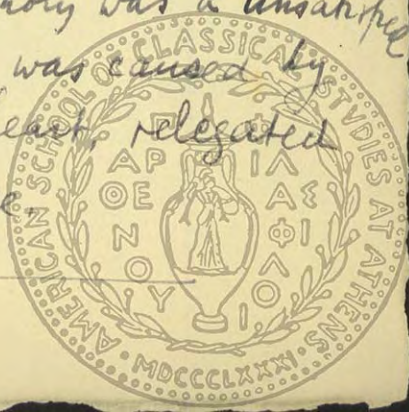


Beautiful cloisters, with long and silent corridors, recluses in black gowns, young noblemen disguised as monks with square caps, — everywhere remembrances of monks near the glory of Newton. No virtuous woman ~~came~~ went to cheer the life of these bookworms in human form. Knowledge flourished something in this desert of the heart. In such a way I saw Cambridge in 1769. What contrast the life of Gray in Cambridge and this of May in Nyon! Gray, in condemning himself to live in C., forgot that the poetical genius languishes in the dryness of the heart.

The poetical genius of Gray was so much extinguished in the ~~dark~~ ^{little} ~~manicure~~ ^{manicure} of the the remembrance of his odious to him. He never ~~allowed~~ ^{allowed} speak to him about it. & ~~some~~ ^{some} of his verses, he kept silent.



I sometime said: "~~Alas!~~" ~~Are you going~~ "Are you going to answer, please?" "~~Would you like to answer, please?~~" But he ~~did not~~ ^{say} say any word. I saw him every evening from five to ~~no~~ twelve. We read Shakespeare, whom he adored, Dryden, Pope, Milton etc., and our conversations, like those ^{about} ~~of~~ friendships, did never reach the last word. I told him about my life and my country, but ~~the~~ ^{all} ~~whole of~~ his life was ~~that~~ shut up for me; he never spoke about himself. There was in Gray an inpassable abyss between the present and the past. When I wanted to approach, dark clouds ~~came to cover it~~ covered it. I think that Gray ~~did~~ never fall in love, it was the solution of the riddle, and the result was a dryness of the heart, ~~that~~ was contrasted to his glowing and profound imagination, that instead of ~~being the~~ ^{the} joy of his life, it was only ^{his} torment. Gray was cheerful in the mind and melancholic in the character. But this melancholy was a unsatisfied need of his sensibility. In Gray it was ~~caused by~~ the sort of life of his glowing heart, ~~relegated~~ under the arctic pole of Cambridge.



The Art of Modern Greece

The present phase in the art of Greece has its beginnings in the early nineteenth century when the country was shaken by the war of Independence. After the war Prince Otto of Bavaria came to the throne in 1833 to govern a population of barely one million, there were almost no signs remaining of a living artistic tradition, though a few icon painters, scattered on the islands and mountains, have left evidence of their work. The splendid series of war pictures by Panayotis Zographos, executed upon lines suggested by General Macrygiannis, and the traditional work of the unsophisticated painter Theophilos Hadimichael are examples, but otherwise there was little creative work of interest, and it is not surprising that the Bavarian Regency should have ignored it as it did.

During the first years of Otto's reign, however, the School of Fine Arts was founded as an annex to the Polytechnic School, and its first staff consisted of foreign painters. It was according to the principles of the Academy of St. Luke, the young generation of Greek painters, according to the principles of the Academy of St. Luke, Otto's father, King Ludwig I of Bavaria, sent two painters to Greece from the Munich School, Peter von Hess and Karl Friedrich Schinkel.



the first a painter of figure and portraits the second of landscape. They became the leaders of a new phase of Greek art, reborn from the ashes of the old.

The problem of the orientation of modern Greek art was thus subordinated to immediate historic necessity, and the Bavarian tutors of the newly-founded State did not give it a second thought. Nevertheless, even from under the guardianship of the Bavarian Academy the Byzantine tradition made its presence felt as an innate tendency and as a secret yearning of the race, disputing thereby the Greek's artistic consciousness of the attractions of Munich. Under these conditions, a temporary agreement was made, which is illustrated by the work of five artists, who must be considered as the founders of the modern Greek Academy. They are: Theodor Vryzakis, from Thessaly, Nicholas Gyzis, Nikiphoros Lytras, both from Tenos, George Jakobides from Lesbos, and the Cretan, Constantine Volonakis.

Theodore Vryzakis (1814-1878) had been the pupil of Peter von Hess and the fact that he occupied himself exclusively with historic painting was ascribed to his teacher's example. His



I-21

2



art is cold and has had no stimulating effect on any of the later artists, in spite of its patriotic element and its accurate portrayal of human types.

Nicholas Gysis (1842-1901) a pupil of Wagner and later of Piloty, studied also in Munich, where he remained nearly all his life, at first a pupil and then a teacher of the Academy of Fine Arts. His influence on Greek art has been strong, and his example has been followed. (Intellectual - his thoughts turned towards the ancient Greek ideal - he yearned for absolute beauty in the platonic sense, and proved faithful to the spirit of his time) The East, which he visited along with Nikiforos Lytras, did not subvert his crystal-clear thought, it merely introduced a few topics with local colour in his painting ... He painted also a number of "genre" pictures with subjects from Greece; little occurrences of everyday life laden with historical meaning and revealing the soul of the race: noble, passionate and beautiful.

Nikiforos Lytras (1832-1904) son of a stone-cutter from Tenos, studied at the school of Fine Arts in Athens under the guidance of Fr. Thiersch, and completed his education as a pupil of Piloty and of Gysis. After Munich and the visit to the East with Gysis, he settled in Athens where he taught painting at the School of Fine Arts for 37 years. He introduced his



I-21

3



work a noble reality, as a result of his study of Greek life, though in some of his paintings there are traces of the influence of Munich Academism. (The drawing accurate, the colouring delicate and often quite sober, the composition quiet and reposeful. In addition to being an active painter N. Lytras has instructed two successive generations of artists and was the real originator of modern Greek painting.

George Iakovidis (1858-1932), who originally studied sculpture at the School of Fine Arts in Athens, and later painting at the Academy of Munich with Ludwig Loefftz and Gabriel Max, was a born realist. He lived colour and was bold enough to surround it with light; in a word he was half-way to emancipation from Academism. His ~~palette~~ palette was lively and rich, and his compositions thrill with movement, life and good-natured humour. In his earliest works he paid his heaviest tribute to romanticism, but later came down to earth and to familiar scenes from everyday life, which gave him the subjects of his best pictures.

The last of the five, Constantinos Volonakis (1871-1907), after having also studied in Munich, settled in Trieste, (1884), where there was a flourishing Greek colony, and applied himself



I-21

4



to seascape painting.

The tradition ceased before the present generation.

1920 (less than 1000000 under Otto, 5000000). In the effervescence of this national revival, Greek Art, although having lost many of its representatives in the war, shook off the cold fetters of Academism and turned towards new horizons. Paris became the centre of attraction. A new generation was formed by the teachings of the Paris school.

Odysseus Phokas introduced, rather timidly, the teaching of French Impressionism to Greece. The complete lesson of impressionism was brought to Greece by Constantine Parthenis and his contemporary Constantine Maleas.

Parthenis (born 1879 in Alexandria, studied in Vienna and went later on to Paris. A profound thinker, endowed with an extremely refined sensibility. Maleas (1879-1928) from Constantinople, the poetical interpreter of Greek landscape - developed in his painting a spiritual atmosphere as Parthenis. Parthenis painted in Paris with Henri Matisse and suggested through nature his own style. The youngest generation, which turned to its restlessness to Paris, and returned to the



1-21

5



teaching of the Paris School, is attracted by a group with an already considerable history in spite of its recent foundation in 1930.

Goumaropoulos a powerful draughtsman and inventor of a new formula on the distribution of pictorial light.

N. Hadjikyriakos Ghikas, a modernist, a strong and incisive talent.

J. Mitarakis, an impressionist painter of vigorous touch.

the Master Costas Parthenis

Photis Condoglon, an original and powerful talent both for writing and painting.

G. Stenis, a relentless modernist, with a sharp eye for colour.

N. Engonopoulos, who produces strange samples of an art which is at the same time both traditional and very modern.

Photis Condoglon born in 1895 in Aivali in Asia Minor was in his early childhood brought up in a monastery, an education which qualified him for an orthodox painter of the Byzantine tradition. But Western Europe attracted him, and having lived there for a while the war he fell under the spell of the Paris School.



I-21

6



and was modelled into a Western European painter. Today he is a convinced upholder of the past, the "last sentimentalist of the bygone", as he introduces himself. His work is a summary of much Byzantine skill, and of that particular penetrative insight peculiar to popular art, which he loves. He works untiringly, painting large frescoes of church walls, portraits, and landscapes skillfully restoring old pictures and illustrating books. He is a living proof ~~of the~~ of the split between East and West by which modern Greek painting is affected.

George Grunerospoulos (born 1896 in Syzopolis of Eastern Thrace, son of a fisherman and vine-planter, is an instance of whole-hearted conversion to the ideals of Western art. He at least wants to be of his time. Having studied in Athens and Paris, he exhibited with the Independents and the ~~the~~ Surindependents.

Nikos Hadjikinakos-Ghikas, painter ~~and engraver~~. There is probably no contemporary artist that he has not studied. One might say in his spirit of an alchemist and the ~~the~~ of the Absolute. He has been ~~perhaps~~ a generation of painters... but he ~~is~~ restless of his generation and ~~one may~~ that he will ~~be~~ by and by in ~~the~~



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I-21

7



and personal accent.

I Galanis (born 1882) a graduate of the Athens School of Fine Arts. He studied also at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, but freed from the ~~movement that~~ out of official teaching, became entangled in the movement that was shaking French painting from the beginning of the century. His painting subordinates colour to design; his dark and earthly palette is not an instrument of lyric utterance, but subservient to his strong sense of the balance and construction of objects. By his extremely plastic mind one observes that his pictorial temperament is of the same order as that of Derain. An acknowledged master in the domain of engraving... Skill, variety and personal character. Illustrated book - famous on account of their ^{excellent} technique and of that sober and vigorous ~~mind~~ style, which is Greek by definition.



22-15.

I-21

8



D.C.

111123-1
I-22

Fragments of early
drafts of 'A View of
English Poetry'



I-22
NOTES ON ENGLISH POETRY 1
23-2

The charm of the English language is as elusive as ~~as~~ the charm of the Englishman.

One cannot define what makes English ~~or~~ ~~poetry~~ the poetic language per excellence as one cannot define ~~the~~ ^{define the power} ~~explain the mystery~~ which makes the English the gentlest and at the same time the ~~most-power strongest~~ people most determined people of the world.

The English are gentle and ~~stuck home~~ ^{determined} at the same time because they are neither too gentle nor too ~~stuck home~~ ^{determined}. Balance is the secret of the English genius, which pervades the ~~English~~ language as well as the English character.

~~The English language is rational and irrational at the same time. If English were too rational or too irrational a language~~

English is a rational language, but it is irrational at the same time. If it were too rational, or too irrational it would not have been suited the poetic language per excellence, because poetry is the expression of rational meanings in ~~an~~ ^a irrational way, or of irrational meanings in a rational way.

More than three hundred years ago, Michael
 Dr The Elizabethan poet ^{described} the English
 genius in a way which ~~is still true~~ after
 more than three ~~centuries~~ hundred years
 sounds still

^{Should} More than three hundred ^{and fifty} years ago the
 Elizabethan poet, Michael Drayton (1563-
 1631) described the English genius in a way
 which ^{after such a long time} has ~~lost~~ nothing of its truth. The genius
^(all this time) of "Albion's glorious islands" he says is the genius
 of a place

Where heat kills not the cold, nor cold expels
 The Calms too mildly small, nor winds too ^(the heat) mighty
 Nor night doth hinder day, nor day the night ^{great} doth
 The summer not too short, the winter not too ^(wrong) long.



1-22

The English language is the creation neither ³ of the day nor of the night alone, but of both. This is why it can express the light as well as the darkness of the soul.

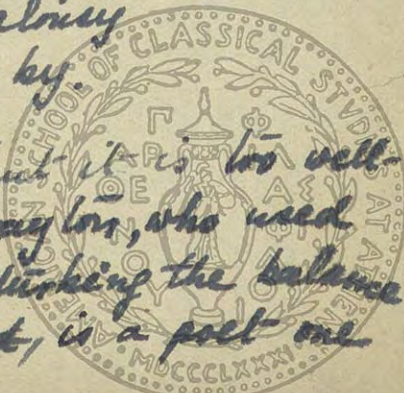
234

The English language is the child neither of the body nor of the spirit alone, but of both. This is why it can in ^{one and the same poem} ~~become as heavy as a body~~ and as light as heavy and tangible as a body, and as light and insubstantial as a playful nothing. Both the following quotations are taken from Ben Jonson's "Epistle to my Lady Covell":

a tardy, cold,
Unprofitable chattel, fat and old,
Laden with kelly, and doth hardly approach
His friends, but to break chairs, or crack a coach.
His weight is twenty stone within two pound.

The Muse is one can tread the air,
And stroke the water, nimble, chaste and fair;
Sleep in a virgin's room without fear,
Run all the rounds in a soft lady's ear,
Widow or wife, without the jealousy
Of either suitor, or a servant by.

This is delightful poetry ~~po~~ but it is too well-balanced to be great poetry. Dryden, who used the English language without disturbing the balance of its spirit, ~~which he admitted~~, is a poet one



admires and respects, but ~~he~~ ^{it} does not disturb us
as all great-poets do. ^{Wm} I-22 4 23-5

Even Blake ^{who} ~~who was very English~~, is delightful
when he expresses the balance of the English
genius, as in the lines:

Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine;
Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with silken twine.
It is right it should be so;
Man was made for joy and woe;
And when this we rightly know,

^{even Blake} ~~It is powerful~~ ^{is} ~~only~~ ^{is} ~~only~~ when he disturbs this balance,
and tears ~~the~~ the precious fabric and does not
feel safe any longer:

The beggar's rags, fluttering in air,
Does to rags the heavens tear.

All great English poets disturbed the balance
~~inherent~~ ^{inherent} in the spirit of their language.

^{inherent} Their greatness began with anxiety.

~~Anxiety is the~~

Even Chaucer who, is ~~perhaps~~ the most balanced
of all great English poets ~~was~~ Edith Sitwell says,
is "a poet of light", ~~his~~ great because

Even Chaucer who seems to express more powerfully
than any other poet the balance of the English spirit
was not free of anxiety. ~~the anxiety to see the "line"~~
~~verbal days, the world of light he created in his~~
~~work "devoured out of memory by time."~~ It is true
that he was "a poet of light", as Edith Sitwell says,

and that the world he created was very much like the lovely room ~~described in The Book of the Duchesse:~~ described in The Book of the Duchesse:

I-22

236 5

And, sooth to seyn, my chamber was
Ful wel depeynted, and with glas
~~the~~ were all the windowes wel y-glased,
Ful clere, and nat a hole y-crased,
That to beholde hit was great joy...
My windowes were shet eschon;
And through the glas the sunne shon
Upon my bed with brighte beames,
With many glade gilden stremes;
And eek the welken was so fair,
Blew, bright, clere was the air,
And ful atempre, for sothe, hit was;
For nother cold nor hot it was hit nas;
~~Ne in al the welken was a cloud.~~

The two last lines remind us of Drayton's description of the English Genius. One does not see very well where anxiety and fear could find in which corner of this lovely room and day, ~~anxiety and fear could find a place in which anxiety and fear could find a place.~~ Yet Chaucer knew that the voice of light he had created in his work was only a world of language and that language is at the mercy of time. ~~That fabric woven out of language, and that language is something fragile at the mercy of time, moths and winds.~~ ^{human hands and lips} I think that the following address to his book, 'lilil ~~the book~~, To his and Chaucer's Criseyde, which expresses all his anxiety about the fate of his work, is one of the most moving

verses of the language: I-22 6

And for ther is so greet diversitee 23-4
In English and in writing of our tonge
So preye I god that no one misurte thee,
Ne thee mismetre for defaute of tonge.
And red wher-so thou ke, or elles songe,
That thou ke understonde I god beseeche.

~~The ~~bright~~ Chaucer's bright-day makes us
dizzy when we~~

~~Those who can still see Chaucer's bright
day~~

Chaucer's bright day waves ~~like~~ ^{flytters like} a ragged
flag in the wind of nothingness if one thinks
that although English has become the safest
language in the world, Chaucer's ~~what~~
~~Chaucer has told us~~ the reality which Chaucer
tried to preserve "with pitous herte", is ~~which~~
his is almost 'devoured out of memory',
by that 'elde', which 'can mete and byte
everything'.



While Chaucer was concerned with the durability of his work, his Scottish followers, more interested in the physical side of existence, than in its ~~lamented~~ ^{disintegrating} the perishable nature of the ~~body~~ were obsessed with the decomposition of man's flesh in life or ~~after~~ ^{after} death. Henryson's ~~The Testament of Cresseid~~ ^{The Testament of Cresseid} is a fascinating ~~poem~~ ^{poem} is the poem of the decline and fall of ~~the body~~ is a fascinating poem of the decomposition of a living body (should how stirring the poetry of the ~~living~~ ^{disintegrating} decaying human body can be, and ~~John~~ ^{Duncan} ~~Barbour~~ Duncan's Lament for the Makars instead of expressing his anxiety about ~~laments~~ the physical death of the poet:

23-8

He (Death) has done pitiously dinner
The noble Chaucer, of makaris flour,
The Monk of Bury, and Gower, all three:—

Timor mortis conturbat me,

as if the physical death of a human being were more
What ~~the~~ ^{the} makes the reality of a poet?
His work or his physical existence?
as if physical were as if as if the physical life
of a poet ~~were~~ ^{were} more real than were the
only reality that really mattered.
as if the physical life of a poet mattered more
than his poetry.

Who can ~~say~~ ^{say} what is more real: a living
human being or a ~~poem~~ ^{poem}? a tangible warm body,
or the ~~intangible~~ ^{intangible} intangible magic of a verse?
or the intangible warmth of a ~~verse~~ ^{verse} or the ~~intangible~~ ^{intangible} intangibility of poetry? or the vanishing ~~some~~ ^{some} some poets are so



And let me languish into life! I-22 8239

lines by Pope ^{have} neither the intensity, nor the
solving, the intoxicating ^{quality} ~~power~~ of Keats' poetry.
~~does not line oneself in~~ If Pope is not as
~~capable~~ a poet as Keats, he ^{has the power to}
put us on safe ground, ^{and in the light of day} away from Keats's unreal
precipices and nights.

Keats' ~~dead~~ day-dreaming influence Tennyson
the death Tennyson is
Tennyson is much less

^{works of the}

The two most important ~~poet~~ English poets ~~of the~~
of the older generation, T. S. Eliot and
Edith Sitwell, is based on the

T. S. Eliot's poetry although based on the
English tradition of the ~~Scottish~~ based

Although T. S. Eliot ~~based~~ himself on the
tradition of these English poets who ~~try to~~
make one ~~tried~~ to make man real ^{by} compelling
him to face nothingness, his poetry is becoming
too detached to be disturbing, or compelling in any
way. Although there is much darkness, absence,
death, ~~and~~ things which are not in it.

Edith Sitwell's ^{recent} poetry, which is also based
on the very much in the English tradition
is much more substantial. There is a
~~tangible body in it~~ There is something ^{really}
tangible in it: the body of a hero in ^{away}

Man is either frightened of unreality and tries to become as real as possible, or weary of his reality and tries to become unreal.

"I hate both poetry and wine without body," said dandor, while we read in Webster:

Do not weep:

Heaven fashioned us of nothing; and we strive
To bring ourselves to nothing.

Poetry is a power which can make us feel ^{either} as real and solid as a tangible body, or as unreal and insubstantial as a dissolving ~~delicious~~ dream.

Some people are so ^{afraid} ~~frightened~~ to lose themselves in unreality that they ~~cling~~ ^{cling} desperately on to the body of the beloved, ~~which becomes to them as if~~ which exists for them as something tangible, and for many people tangibility is one ^{means} with reality.

The body of the beloved is for some people the only tangible proof of their ~~real~~ reality.

Marlowe is the ~~English~~ English poet who lives in his poetry not as a ~~spirit~~ spirit, but as a body. His mind is one with his body. His spiritual hunger is one with the hunger of his senses. He tries to embrace the absolute by possessing the whole world with all with all its treasures, and ~~more~~ than the world, the unknown even what exists ~~beyond~~ beyond the world, into his arms. And it is not only he himself who exists in his poetry as a body, but I do not know any other English poet who made ~~the same~~ ^{the same}.

the body of the beloved live with such sensuousness
in his verses:

I-22

10

23-11

Even as delicious meat is to the last,
So was his neck in touching, and surpass
The white of Pelops shoulder: I could tell ye,
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly;
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path with many a curious dint
That runs along his back...

Yet even Marlowe whose poetry is a struggle to become
more and more ~~real~~ tangible by embracing more and
more tangible things, becomes suddenly weary of tangi-
bility, of reality, and ~~tries to~~ suddenly ~~expresses~~ ~~in~~ ~~fact~~ ~~makes~~ ~~Faust~~ ~~cry~~ ~~something~~ ~~expresses the~~
longing to bring himself to nothing: ~~It is true that~~

O soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,
And drop into the ocean, ne'er be found!

The Scottish poets of the XV century tried to become
real by showing the ^{human} body in its ~~de~~ disintegration,
Marlowe by showing it in its triumphant bloom; yet
~~Marlowe still~~ ~~express~~ yet Marlowe expressed the
longing to ~~become~~ bring himself to nothing in a
stirring way.

Keats was as sensuous a poet as Marlowe but he
used to his sensuousness to dissolve his bodily existence
~~into himself into something~~ his reality into an intense
unreality:

Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever and the fret,
Where, Fame and Beauty are intense indeed,
But Death intenser...

This death is not a real, but an imaginary one.



1-22 11

Keats knew that what attracted him with irresistible power was something unreal and ~~lost~~ in both versions of Hyperion. Tried to free himself ~~with~~

23.12

Keats knew that what attracted him with irresistible power was something unreal and

Keats ~~Chatterbox~~

~~Keats knew that his poetry was~~
~~but~~ Keats was not always intoxicated, lost in an ~~excess~~ intense unreality. ~~He~~ When he was sober, he was ~~really~~ sober, and during such moments of most penetrating and said, the most profound things about ~~man's~~ poetry and man's existence. When he stopped being I do not really know what ~~to prefer in~~ his work. ~~To~~ admire most in his work: his ~~the~~ intoxicating power of his ~~work~~ ^{poetry}, or the power of his intoxicating verse, or the ~~clarity~~ depth and insight of his sober moments. These sober moments ~~came~~ often

Both the versions of Hyperion
 are full of such ~~more~~ sober moments.
 The threat of ^{the} approaching ^{real} death
~~deprived~~ ^{was depriving} the imaginary death the poet
 was in ~~love~~ ^{love} with of its fascination,
 and made Keats see ~~things~~ ^{face} real
 and ~~confronted~~ ^{was confronting} ~~Keats~~ ^{the poet} with reality.

"Illness," he wrote "~~as far as~~ a few
 months before he died" has relieved my
 mind of a load of deceptive thoughts
 and images and makes me perceive things
 in a truer light."



Keats weary of his reality tried in his poetry to
lose himself into an & unreal death. Yet in Hyperion
just as Mr Marlowe expressed in Doctor Faustus
who struggled to be ^{more} tangible as possible, expressed
in Doctor Faustus ~~the~~ longing ~~to~~ to be lost into
nothingness, ~~so~~ Keats, who struggled to get rid to
~~himself~~ dissolve his self get rid of himself into
an imaginary world, expressed in Hyperion stopped fighting
in Hyperion to say:

23-14

I am gone
Away from my own home: I have left
My strong identity, my real self,
Somewhere between the throne, and where I sit
Here on this spot of earth.

This "strong identity", this "real self", seems ~~quite~~
far away from the reality of the body. ~~To want to~~
~~be a tangible reality, or to want to be clinging to~~
~~the body of the helmet does not always make~~
To be a tangible reality does not always mean
to be one's real self. To stand firmly on a spot
of earth does not always mean to be present
there.

Nazi philosophy ~~has~~ identified man's reality
with man's body, and man's real presence with his
firm stand on a spot of earth. This is what
"Blut und Boden" means. Totalitarian States do not
need "strong selves", but strong bodies ~~with a standing~~
firmly on a spot of earth. In English Everything
which enervates the body man's physical existence
is ~~excl~~ must be excluded from the art. In the
important English ^{poets} ~~points~~ we never find this
point of view, with one, and rather strange, ex-
ception: Collins. ~~Yet Collins as did not practice~~
~~himself~~ Collins has

I-22

23-15

12



Yet Collins did not dam the "Britons" against
"degenerate", enervating, and demoralizing art because
he was a worshipper of State, but for quite perential
and most moving reasons: he was pursued by ^{madness} insanity,
and he was trying to hold on to ~~he was sinking~~
into darkness and he was and in his deeps and he
was trying to hold on to sanity, sense and

Britons! 'away with the degenerate pack.' 23-16
Waft, sweet winds!...

Discard soft nonsense in a slavish tongue,
The strain insipid and the thought unknown.
From truth and nature form the unerring test!
Be what is manly, chaste, and good the best!
O Britons!

No longer let unmeaning sounds invite
To visionary scenes of false delight..

The temper of our isle, though cold, is clear;
And such our genius, noble though severe.

These lines are not ~~among~~ ^{among} Collins' best poetry. If
he is a poet who still moves us, it is because he
sometimes invited us to ~~visions~~ "visionary scenes of
false delight" with more or less "unmeaning sounds."
~~Excellent~~ If he still appeals to us it is because of
~~the the music of the~~ ^{the music of} the music of lines such as these.

Alone, if night

Her ~~travel~~ travel'd limbs in broken slumber
With drooping willow drest, his mournful spirit
Shall visit sad, perhaps, for a brief sleep.

These lines are a typical example of what we
could call "discoloring", ~~poor~~ disintegrating poetry,
a weakening poetry. It makes us lose our. It makes
us forget that we have a solid, and tangible body,
and it makes us give up our strong identity, our real
self and changes us into a soft, melancholy mind

I-22

13



whispering in the night.

23-18

I-22 14

The first great English poet whose verse has a dissolving quality, although he wanted it to be not only musical, but also edifying, is Spencer. When we read him we cannot pay much attention to what he says. His words have the fate of ~~name is one of his sonnets~~ ~~his best-known sonnets~~ a name written on the sand:

One day I wrote her name upon the strand
But came the waves and washed away.

It is useless to try to stop and grasp the meaning of ^{Spencer's} sentences. Everything he says is washed away by waves of sounds and images. His most characteristic ~~was~~ poems have neither ^{real} beginning nor end. They ~~flow~~ run softly and endlessly like "sweet Thelme". His versification, ~~Keats~~ as Hazlitt said, "is the perfection of melting harmony dissolving the soul in pleasure."

~~There is~~ The strong friend of English poetry to melt the soul in a stream of intoxicating sounds whose meaning ~~has no importance~~ ^{is no important} does not matter. It found its peak in Swinburne. In Swinburne all meanings - moral, religious, historical - find their end. ~~This world is a world of nothingness which has taken the form of appearance. This world is a~~ This poetry is a river flowing in the middle of nothingness, yet his nothingness is not frightening yet those who let themselves be carried by it are not taken to a land of terror, but to a land of ~~oblivion~~ indifference and oblivion.

Outside of all the worlds and ages,
There where the fool is as the sage is,
There where the slayer is clear of sin,
No end, no passage, no beginning,
There where the inner laces of sinning,
There where the good man is not good.

1-22 15
23-19

The magic of Swinburne, poetry changes us into nothing.

Those who have been changed into nothing cannot face nothingness. ~~Since they are nothing.~~ Only those who have retained ~~they~~ their own reality can be confronted with nothingness.

The terror in front of nothingness makes ~~our~~ man become really himself. This terror must be ~~the~~ ^{spiritual}, and not only physical, of course. The

~~The greatest of the English poet, Shakespeare~~
~~Shakespeare~~ ^{Shakespeare} greatest of all English poets, makes us become really ourselves by confronting us with nothingness.

~~Shakespeare has no philosophy~~

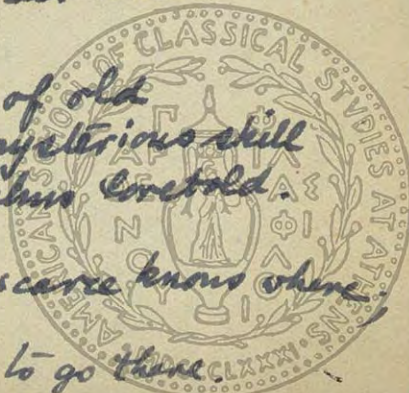
~~It is the ^{infinite} depth of the unknown nothingness, or of what ^{infinite} religious people call God, which~~

~~It is the ^{infinite} depth of nothingness, called by religious people God, which gives depth to poetry.~~

~~Things in Vaughan have such a depth because what they mean~~

~~Vaughan~~ ~~see~~ Vaughan describes art as the expression of man's longing for ~~his~~ home:

Celestial natures still
Aspire for home. This Solomon of old
By flowers and carvings and mysterious skill
Of rings and cherubims, and palm trees told
But what is this home? Man
Knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where
He says it is so far,
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.



Man's home is the unknown, and the symbols
 of poetry which express ~~man's~~^{our} longing for this home
 cannot be deciphered by reason.

23-20

Here missing long, I heard

A rushing wind,

Which still increased, but whence it stirred,

Nowhere I could find,

we read in Vaughan. Yet Vaughan ~~was not~~^{nowhere} as a
 poet was not great enough to present ~~the~~^{the unknown}
~~from where~~^{from which} we come. From which we come, towards
 which we go, and in which the meaning of our lives
 lies, so vividly as to frighten us. ~~of Shakespeare~~^{impel us by the}

And

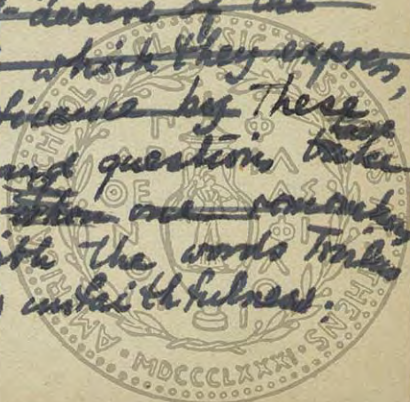
tho so great because his work makes us aware of nothingness in the most disturbing way.

Shakespeare is not a didactic poet. ^{has never} ~~he never tries to teach us anything about the world or life; yet he~~ makes us become ourselves by become real, by compelling us to face nothingness in all its horror. As long as we think we know what reality is, we are unreal. It is only when we dare to face unreality, nothingness, that we become real.

To sue to live, I find I seek I die,
And seeking death, find life,
says Claudio.

One of Shakespeare's most important plays is Trilul and Cressida. In this work the poet was obsessed with the problem of man's "identity", of ^{man's} ~~man's~~ 'real self'. It is very characteristic how ~~the characters all throughout the play keep asking questions such as these: making remarks or asking questions such as these:~~ ^{the characters all throughout the play keep asking questions such as these: making remarks or asking questions such as these:} "I say Trilul is Trilul", "He is himself - himself." Alas, poor Trilul, I would he were", "What Cressid is, what Pandar and what we?" These remarks a question which seem quite absurd if one is not aware of the anxiety about man's identity which they express, take a most disturbing significance by these seemingly absurd ~~questions and~~ ^{remarks and} questions take a most disturbing significance ~~when one considers that what one associates them with the words Trilul cries when he discovers Cressida's unfaithfulness.~~

"This is, and is not, Cressid."



Shakespeare makes us become ourselves by showing us ~~in~~ the terrifying truth that we cannot be certain of our own identity, that we can be and not be ourselves.

~~loyal, manly~~
~~the most moving part:~~

Hector the only character in Troilus and Cressida who is really and unquestionable ~~in~~ himself, ~~ideally~~ falls in the battle. The announcement of his death. The ~~last~~ scene in which Troilus announces Hector's death to the Trojans is one of the most moving ~~scenic~~ pages in Shakespeare. The only one who is really himself and something to hold on to in life, disappears dies, man's reality vanishes, and the world ~~is~~ is only an endless void.

Troilus. Hector is slain.

All. Hector! the gods forbid!

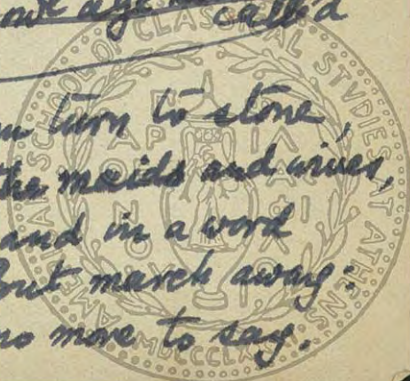
Tro. He's dead..

Aeneas. My lord you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not that tell me so. I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death; But dare all imminence that gods and men Address their dangers in. Hector is gone.

~~Who shall tell
Let him that with a screech and eye be told
Go in to Troy, and say~~

There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
Make wells and Niober of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and in a word
Scare Troy out of itself. But march away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.



In Shakespeare's poetry we find the word after which there is nothing more to say. Yet when man finds himself in the middle of ~~the~~ ~~darkness~~ ~~the last~~ ~~silence, darkness, and~~ ~~silence~~ darkness and terror which follow the word after which there is nothing more to say, a new beginning is possible for him.

This ^{truth} has been expressed by another great English poet, John Donne, who like Shakespeare, makes face nothingness: ~~in all its terror~~

I am re-re-begot
Of absence, darkness, death; things which exist.

Keats also expressed this ~~truth~~

23-24 This same truth has been also expressed by Keats.
 Age, on the shores of darkness there is light,
 And precipices show untrodden green.
 There is a budding morrow in midnight;
 There is a triple sight in blindness keen.
 Yet in Keats's poetry darkness, precipices and
 death are not real but imaginary ones. Many
 people ~~like find~~ ^{like} pleasure in imagining themselves
 dead, because they do not think of death as a
 reality threatening their existence, and I am afraid
 that Keats was one of them.

I have been half in love with careless Death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme.
 This is day-dreaming and not ~~face~~ ^{face} Although Keats
 knew that only if one wanted to become real, one
 should face nothingness, he preferred to lose himself
 into day-dreams about death's "careful death."
 Perhaps what he called "death in life" was only
 a symbol, a sexual ~~symbol~~ ^{symbol} only a sexual meaning.
 Keats's poetry, although intense and powerful,
 Keats's poetry is ~~the~~ ^{the} what is strange is
 that we find this. Many poets when they speak
 of death mean sexual intercourse. Many poets
 when they speak of death mean ~~intercourse~~ ^{intercourse}.
 something quite different. It is interesting to re-
 mark that we find ~~Keats's~~ ^{Keats's} It is interesting to
 remark that ~~Pope's~~ ^{Pope's} we find in
 a poem in Pope inspired by a Death very si-
 milar to the one Keats was in love with.
 O the pain, the bliss of dying.
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,

a Greek tragedy ~~is~~ It is ~~Electra, Antigone,~~
~~which suddenly becomes~~ which suddenly
 becomes Mother Earth, the Universe.

And I who stand in the gravesclothes of
 my flesh,

While T.S. Eliot's poetry gives the impression
 is ~~an expression~~ ^{the impression} of barrenness, Edith Stowell's
 recent ~~work~~ ^{gives the impression} of fertility.



Edith S. recent poetry, which ^{is} also very much ⁱⁿ belong to the English tradition, is ~~much more substan-~~ much more substantial. If T. S. Eliot's recent work gives the impression of ~~old~~ barrenness, Edith Sitwell's last poems are ~~the~~ the work of fertility. There is ~~an almost-~~ ~~tangible body in her verse:~~ something almost tangible is her verse: the body of a tragic Greek heroin which suddenly becomes Mother Earth herself.

Although E. S. recent ~~poetry~~ ^{work} is very English, it also belongs to the tradition of all great European poetry. We find ~~not only Blake and~~ recognise not only Milton and Blake in it, but also Sophocles, Sappho and Pindar, Saint Theresa and Holderlin.



occur in both versions of Hyperion. The
threat of the approaching death ~~mad~~
was making him ~~mad~~ ^{has making} the imaginary
Death, ~~with which the poet was in~~
~~love, and its irresistible fascination~~
was depriving the imaginary Death,
~~with which the poet was in love, of~~
of its ^{fascination} charm and ~~forced~~ was forcing
Keats to face reality. "Illness," he
wrote a few months before his death
"as far as I can judge in so short
a time has relieved my mind of a load
of deceptive thoughts and images and
makes me perceive things in a truer light."

23-24 English (10/10/10) 15

7-22

22



Yet, as we said above, who could say with certainty what is ~~dece~~ a deceptive image and what is seeing things in a truer light?

I should ^{like} to conclude these notes with a few words about the ^{two} most respected ^{by me} poets ~~off living~~ today: T. S. Eliot and Edith Sitwell.

~~the poet put these words~~
~~It is true that these words are~~
~~put into Dr Faustus's mouth~~
~~the Doctor Faustus's words,~~ but Marlowe, although a powerful dramatist, was not a creator of characters, and ~~every time~~ ^{all} we find real poetry in his plays, ~~it is~~ ^{all} always the expression of ~~the poet's~~ ^{his} inner life. ~~our inner life~~ ^{the poet's}



11/1/24-1

D.C.

Drafts of
articles



ENGLISH POETRY

Let not our words be like the
flowers which are in the fields to-day and
to-morrow are cast into the oven, not like
flowers, even though in their magnificence
they surpass Solomon's glory.

KIERKEGAARD



The charm of the English language is as elusive as the charm of the Englishman. If I had to say ~~why~~ why I like French or Spanish I would not be as happy. The qualities of both these languages are obvious. ~~The magic of French poetry is based on the grace, lightness, flexibility, clarity, flexibility and rhetorical~~ If I said that ^{most} great part of the magic of French poetry is due to the grace, lightness, clarity and the rhetorical impetus of the French language - and that!



Where heat kills not the cold, nor cold expels the heat.
The calms too mildly small, nor winds too roughly great,
Nor night doth hinder day, nor day the night doth wrong,
The summer not too short, the winter not too cold long.
This description of the English genius seems to be
as true today as it ~~was~~ must have been three hundred
years ago. ~~Declarer~~ These lines written by an Elizabethan
poet express what a foreigner who came to know
the English, their language and their character, as
they are now, feels about them. What he admires most
in them is their balance. The English are ~~not~~
children neither of the day, nor of the night alone,
but of both. This truth makes the English so
puzzling to ~~the~~ foreigners. ~~(There is a myth. The~~
~~foreigner who complains that finds the English too cold,~~
~~does not know that their coldness is at least as much~~
~~as their passion. The foreigner who to whom the~~
~~English seem the gentlest people of the world, may~~
~~be suddenly surprised by. The foreigner who to whom~~
~~the English seem the gentlest people of the world may~~
~~be surprised to discover is bewildered when he discovers~~
~~their implacable determination counterbalancing their~~
~~gentleness, and he is still more surprised when he~~
~~realises that this implacable determination does~~
~~not~~ ~~kill~~ their gentleness. The passionate foreigner
who complains of the coldness of the English does not
know that there is as much fire in them as reason,
or sense, or indifference, and he very often does not
know what to make of their outbursts of passion.
There is as much ~~black~~ summer as winter in the
blood of the Englishman, as much calm as wind.

his soul knows the calm as well as the tempest; and
his vision embraces the light as well as the darkness.
The ~~English~~ English genius never loses itself into
extremes;



III

~~But human beings do not~~ But human beings
do not yield themselves easily. Even stones
and trees do not ~~give up~~ yield their secrets
at once. One must ~~spend~~ live with them for a
very long time, one must ~~think much about~~
love them much and think of them much, ~~and~~
~~for~~ one must try to catch their essence in a
creation of one's own, in a poem or a woodcut,
and then ~~they might give up~~ one might possess them
~~they might give up themselves~~ (one might think
that one possesses them. I see the ~~young artist~~
of the "Garden revisited" trying to make ~~to~~ the
secret of a flower his own by enclosing its loveliness
in the ~~system of~~ ~~capturing~~ ~~the poetry~~ ~~by~~ ~~them~~
lines of a poem or a woodcut. The essence of the
flower seems ~~caught in the flow of the verse,~~
~~or in the compactness of the~~ ~~impressed in the~~
rhythmical necessity of the verse or ~~the~~ of the
design. The artist ~~can have the feeling~~ may have
the impression that the form of the flower
~~yet~~ ~~has~~ gave up its secret to him. But ~~in his~~
~~not what~~ But with a human being it is ~~not as~~
~~easy as all that~~ much more difficult. One does
not capture its essence by take ~~its~~ possession of it
~~lightly~~ in the same way. Behind the visible form
of man there is an invisible reality of un-
fathomable depth. A human being is an ~~of~~ ~~any~~
~~dangerous~~ dangerous to approach. The ~~quest of~~
No journey is more perilous and dramatic

quest of man. The young man who undertakes it does not realise perhaps all the ~~dangers and~~ chances he takes. ~~He thinks perhaps~~ ^{yet maybe he thinks} that the power of his desire, ~~and his own life will soon~~ the intensity of his need will soon force the unknown to reveal its secret. But it is not as easy as this. The first contact with the reality of man will be so painful that he will



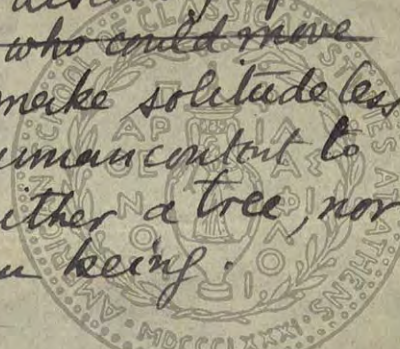
I-23 7

Even the bathers of a ~~Even~~ the bathers on
the gay beach, although they are not of
stone but of warm flesh all right, ~~they~~
~~useless~~ they have the coldness ^{whiteness} and cautious-
ness of motions of a statue: 711-8

And people by the naked trees
Moved as Hellenic deities.

White, for a moment, on the board they sway,
Then point their hands, and cut their frigid
(way.

These moving statues are the first step which
the young poet made ~~in his quest of man~~
towards the discovery of humanity. ~~The absence~~
~~of humanity was what made his despair~~
The absence of humanity from the deserted
garden had filled him with despair and terror.
~~He felt~~ The frozen immobility of unreal people
who surrounded him made him shudder.
He felt that Nature and formal Art was
not enough to ~~give meaning~~ to one's life.
What he needed was the discovery of a
real humanity, of people who could move
that would ~~give people~~ make solitude less
frightening and give a human content to
art. What matters is neither a tree, nor
a statue, but a human being.



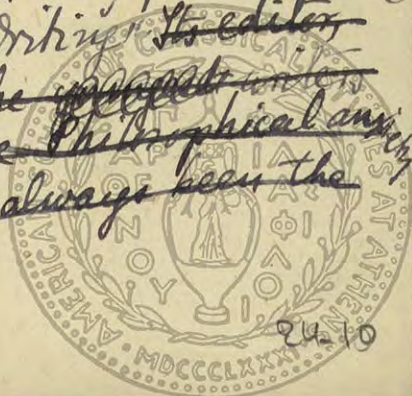
Some people, - those who think that anything new in literature must be eccentric - wonder why ~~so~~ "New Writing" which never publishes anything particularly eccentric, has been called "New Writing". They do not know that "New Writing" was founded in order to fight, among other things, eccentricity for eccentricity's sake in art. Its editor and founder, John Lehmann, in a poem which he wrote two or three years before the ~~first~~ first volume of "New Writing" appeared, described the eccentric style of writing as a symptom of illness which brings illness. This poem, written during the early thirties, expressed the new attitude to life and literature characteristic of all the most sensitive and gifted young writers whose first works appeared round the beginning of the decade. Life and writing was a most serious matter for them. There was something deeply moving about the seriousness of these very young men, - a seriousness which made some of them embark on the most perilous and dramatic journey known to man: the search of truth. ~~It was only the other day that one of them, Stephen Spender, defined poetry as the pursuit of philosophic truth through interpretation of experience.~~ One of them, Stephen Spender, defined poetry ~~as~~ the pursuit of truth philosophic truth through interpretation of experience. Philosophic anxiety - the anxiety which asks: what is the meaning of life? what do we live for? what is man? I live for? what do we live for? what is man? ~~Once more in the history of the English mind~~ an outlet and expression, ~~in poetry~~ ~~literature~~ not in specialised philosophic ~~works~~, put in abstract speculation.

literature. In England there has ^{perhaps} never been great philosophy, but there has often been great philosophic literature or at least literature brought about by philosophic anxiety.

literature - often is a literature dealing with which seems to be far away from any preoccupations of the mind. English philosophy is to be found not in the most genuine philosophic anxiety is to be found not so much in the works of the English is to be found not so much in the works of their philosophers, as in the works of their poets, their novelists, their essay ~~writers~~ or even their short-story writers. There certainly was more philosophic anxiety in

Shakespeare than in Bacon, in Donne than in Locke, in Virginia Woolf and the ~~late~~ than in ~~W. D. Howells~~ Professor Moore. And in the same way the anxiety about ~~man~~ ~~and his fate~~ before the coming of the catastrophe found its more moving expression in the ~~writing~~ of a few very young people - although it sounds paradoxical, it is deep and oppressive anxiety about man and his fate ~~with~~ which brought ^{into} ~~about~~ a publication which seemed so far ^{away} from any philosophical preoccupation like "New Writing". Its editor, John Lehmann, was one of the ~~youngest~~ ~~writers~~ of the thirties who felt more philosophical anxiety. ~~has been the characteristic~~ always been the power ~~that~~ which

To-day as the past is



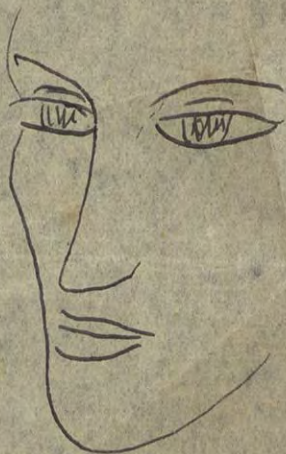
In the earlier works of almost all of them we find
 the feeling that there is something fundamen-
 tally wrong with the world as it is.

Now I have come to reason
 And cast my schoolboy clout,
 Disorder I see without
 And the mind must sweat a poison
 Keener than Thessaly's brew;
 A pus that discharged not thence,
 Gangrenes the vital sense
 And makes disorder true. C. Day Lewis?

These are the ~~the~~ first lines of ~~the first~~ ~~an~~
 important poem published by C. Day Lewis in
 1929. ("Transitional poem")

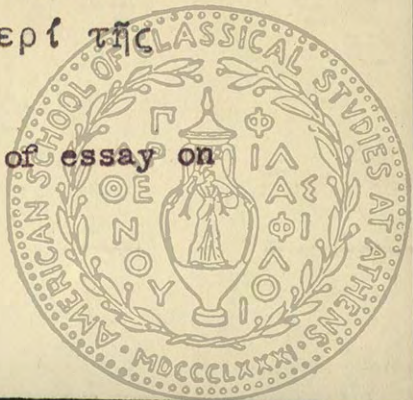


Sometimes philosophical anxiety ~~to~~ makes
 me lose patience and ~~take ways which~~
~~seem to lead quicker to truth have the~~



7. Χειρόγραφον τοῦ Ἑλληνικοῦ
πρωτοτύπου δοκιμίου περὶ τῆς
Charlotte Bronte.

7. MS. of Greek original of essay on
Charlotte Bronte.



I-24

Charlotte Brontë



- 1) Ch. Brontë, Jane Eyre, op. 340
2) Ch. Brontë, op. cit. op. 361-362.

1) Frederica Macdonald, *The Secret of Charlotte Brontë*, London and Edinburgh 1914, pg. 16.



[illegible]

1) E. C. Gaskell, The Life of Charlotte Brontë, London 1857.
 2) Επιστολὴ ἀπεσταλμένη ὅλῳ τῷ ἐκδοτῇ τῆς "Everyman's Library".



~~Εὐλαγροῦμαι ὅτι κύριος καὶ τὰ παθήματα τῆς ἡρώδης ἐν
 πόντῳ ἔργον τοῦ θεοῦ~~



1) M^{rs} Gaskell, op. cit. pg. 66.

e) M^{rs} Gaskell, op. cit. pg. 380.



[illegible]

~~1) Shirley~~

1) Ch. Brontë, Shirley, ch. 67.

2) Ch. Brontë, Jane Eyre, ch. 373: "This... is Miss Oliver, the heiress; favoured it seems, in the gifts of fortune, as well as in those of nature. What happy combination of the planets presided over her birth, I wonder?" — "I wondered, as I looked at this fair creature: I admired her with my whole heart. Nature had surely formed her in a partial mood; and forgetting her usual stinted step-mother dole of gifts, had endowed this, her darling with a grand-dames bounty." — *ἢ. ἴσως γὰρ τοῖς ἰδομένοις περὶ τοὺς οὐρανούς*: "She was very charming, in short, even to a cool observer of her own sex like me; but she was not profoundly interesting or thoroughly impressive."



1) Ch. Bonté, *The Professor*, pg. 9.



I-24

9

1 M.ⁿ Gaskell, op. cit. p. 145.



1) Ch. Brontë, Jane Eyre, pg. 262.

2) By. Ch. Dmte, Jane Eyre The Professor, Jane Eyre uai
 Villette, passim, ōw ca' īpīds poi' dī korpajōten ra'
ēirarajubāiōw ^{my and his work} my master uai my master.



[illegible]

1) Ch. Brontë, The Professor, op. 184: "The intelligence of her face seemed ~~and~~ beauty to me, and I dwelt on it accordingly." —

2) Ch. Brontë, op. cit. op. 100-101.

(^{audacious} ~~cor~~ 123, ^{conqueror} ~~cor~~ 123)



11) v'ag'is li b'eyma lor ^{I 24} ^{85-23 12} ⁴ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ³² ³³ ³⁴ ³⁵ ³⁶ ³⁷ ³⁸ ³⁹ ⁴⁰ ⁴¹ ⁴² ⁴³ ⁴⁴ ⁴⁵ ⁴⁶ ⁴⁷ ⁴⁸ ⁴⁹ ⁵⁰ ⁵¹ ⁵² ⁵³ ⁵⁴ ⁵⁵ ⁵⁶ ⁵⁷ ⁵⁸ ⁵⁹ ⁶⁰ ⁶¹ ⁶² ⁶³ ⁶⁴ ⁶⁵ ⁶⁶ ⁶⁷ ⁶⁸ ⁶⁹ ⁷⁰ ⁷¹ ⁷² ⁷³ ⁷⁴ ⁷⁵ ⁷⁶ ⁷⁷ ⁷⁸ ⁷⁹ ⁸⁰ ⁸¹ ⁸² ⁸³ ⁸⁴ ⁸⁵ ⁸⁶ ⁸⁷ ⁸⁸ ⁸⁹ ⁹⁰ ⁹¹ ⁹² ⁹³ ⁹⁴ ⁹⁵ ⁹⁶ ⁹⁷ ⁹⁸ ⁹⁹ ¹⁰⁰ ¹⁰¹ ¹⁰² ¹⁰³ ¹⁰⁴ ¹⁰⁵ ¹⁰⁶ ¹⁰⁷ ¹⁰⁸ ¹⁰⁹ ¹¹⁰ ¹¹¹ ¹¹² ¹¹³ ¹¹⁴ ¹¹⁵ ¹¹⁶ ¹¹⁷ ¹¹⁸ ¹¹⁹ ¹²⁰ ¹²¹ ¹²² ¹²³ ¹²⁴ ¹²⁵ ¹²⁶ ¹²⁷ ¹²⁸ ¹²⁹ ¹³⁰ ¹³¹ ¹³² ¹³³ ¹³⁴ ¹³⁵ ¹³⁶ ¹³⁷ ¹³⁸ ¹³⁹ ¹⁴⁰ ¹⁴¹ ¹⁴² ¹⁴³ ¹⁴⁴ ¹⁴⁵ ¹⁴⁶ ¹⁴⁷ ¹⁴⁸ ¹⁴⁹ ¹⁵⁰ ¹⁵¹ ¹⁵² ¹⁵³ ¹⁵⁴ ¹⁵⁵ ¹⁵⁶ ¹⁵⁷ ¹⁵⁸ ¹⁵⁹ ¹⁶⁰ ¹⁶¹ ¹⁶² ¹⁶³ ¹⁶⁴ ¹⁶⁵ ¹⁶⁶ ¹⁶⁷ ¹⁶⁸ ¹⁶⁹ ¹⁷⁰ ¹⁷¹ ¹⁷² ¹⁷³ ¹⁷⁴ ¹⁷⁵ ¹⁷⁶ ¹⁷⁷ ¹⁷⁸ ¹⁷⁹ ¹⁸⁰ ¹⁸¹ ¹⁸² ¹⁸³ ¹⁸⁴ ¹⁸⁵ ¹⁸⁶ ¹⁸⁷ ¹⁸⁸ ¹⁸⁹ ¹⁹⁰ ¹⁹¹ ¹⁹² ¹⁹³ ¹⁹⁴ ¹⁹⁵ ¹⁹⁶ ¹⁹⁷ ¹⁹⁸ ¹⁹⁹ ²⁰⁰ ²⁰¹ ²⁰² ²⁰³ ²⁰⁴ ²⁰⁵ ²⁰⁶ ²⁰⁷ ²⁰⁸ ²⁰⁹ ²¹⁰ ²¹¹ ²¹² ²¹³ ²¹⁴ ²¹⁵ ²¹⁶ ²¹⁷ ²¹⁸ ²¹⁹ ²²⁰ ²²¹ ²²² ²²³ ²²⁴ ²²⁵ ²²⁶ ²²⁷ ²²⁸ ²²⁹ ²³⁰ ²³¹ ²³² ²³³ ²³⁴ ²³⁵ ²³⁶ ²³⁷ ²³⁸ ²³⁹ ²⁴⁰ ²⁴¹ ²⁴² ²⁴³ ²⁴⁴ ²⁴⁵ ²⁴⁶ ²⁴⁷ ²⁴⁸ ²⁴⁹ ²⁵⁰ ²⁵¹ ²⁵² ²⁵³ ²⁵⁴ ²⁵⁵ ²⁵⁶ ²⁵⁷ ²⁵⁸ ²⁵⁹ ²⁶⁰ ²⁶¹ ²⁶² ²⁶³ ²⁶⁴ ²⁶⁵ ²⁶⁶ ²⁶⁷ ²⁶⁸ ²⁶⁹ ²⁷⁰ ²⁷¹ ²⁷² ²⁷³ ²⁷⁴ ²⁷⁵ ²⁷⁶ ²⁷⁷ ²⁷⁸ ²⁷⁹ ²⁸⁰ ²⁸¹ ²⁸² ²⁸³ ²⁸⁴ ²⁸⁵ ²⁸⁶ ²⁸⁷ ²⁸⁸ ²⁸⁹ ²⁹⁰ ²⁹¹ ²⁹² ²⁹³ ²⁹⁴ ²⁹⁵ ²⁹⁶ ²⁹⁷ ²⁹⁸ ²⁹⁹ ³⁰⁰ ³⁰¹ ³⁰² ³⁰³ ³⁰⁴ ³⁰⁵ ³⁰⁶ ³⁰⁷ ³⁰⁸ ³⁰⁹ ³¹⁰ ³¹¹ ³¹² ³¹³ ³¹⁴ ³¹⁵ ³¹⁶ ³¹⁷ ³¹⁸ ³¹⁹ ³²⁰ ³²¹ ³²² ³²³ ³²⁴ ³²⁵ ³²⁶ ³²⁷ ³²⁸ ³²⁹ ³³⁰ ³³¹ ³³² ³³³ ³³⁴ ³³⁵ ³³⁶ ³³⁷ ³³⁸ ³³⁹ ³⁴⁰ ³⁴¹ ³⁴² ³⁴³ ³⁴⁴ ³⁴⁵ ³⁴⁶ ³⁴⁷ ³⁴⁸ ³⁴⁹ ³⁵⁰ ³⁵¹ ³⁵² ³⁵³ ³⁵⁴ ³⁵⁵ ³⁵⁶ ³⁵⁷ ³⁵⁸ ³⁵⁹ ³⁶⁰ ³⁶¹ ³⁶² ³⁶³ ³⁶⁴ ³⁶⁵ ³⁶⁶ ³⁶⁷ ³⁶⁸ ³⁶⁹ ³⁷⁰ ³⁷¹ ³⁷² ³⁷³ ³⁷⁴ ³⁷⁵ ³⁷⁶ ³⁷⁷ ³⁷⁸ ³⁷⁹ ³⁸⁰ ³⁸¹ ³⁸² ³⁸³ ³⁸⁴ ³⁸⁵ ³⁸⁶ ³⁸⁷ ³⁸⁸ ³⁸⁹ ³⁹⁰ ³⁹¹ ³⁹² ³⁹³ ³⁹⁴ ³⁹⁵ ³⁹⁶ ³⁹⁷ ³⁹⁸ ³⁹⁹ ⁴⁰⁰ ⁴⁰¹ ⁴⁰² ⁴⁰³ ⁴⁰⁴ ⁴⁰⁵ ⁴⁰⁶ ⁴⁰⁷ ⁴⁰⁸ ⁴⁰⁹ ⁴¹⁰ ⁴¹¹ ⁴¹² ⁴¹³ ⁴¹⁴ ⁴¹⁵ ⁴¹⁶ ⁴¹⁷ ⁴¹⁸ ⁴¹⁹ ⁴²⁰ ⁴²¹ ⁴²² ⁴²³ ⁴²⁴ ⁴²⁵ ⁴²⁶ ⁴²⁷ ⁴²⁸ ⁴²⁹ ⁴³⁰ ⁴³¹ ⁴³² ⁴³³ ⁴³⁴ ⁴³⁵ ⁴³⁶ ⁴³⁷ ⁴³⁸ ⁴³⁹ ⁴⁴⁰ ⁴⁴¹ ⁴⁴² ⁴⁴³ ⁴⁴⁴ ⁴⁴⁵ ⁴⁴⁶ ⁴⁴⁷ ⁴⁴⁸ ⁴⁴⁹ ⁴⁵⁰ ⁴⁵¹ ⁴⁵² ⁴⁵³ ⁴⁵⁴ ⁴⁵⁵ ⁴⁵⁶ ⁴⁵⁷ ⁴⁵⁸ ⁴⁵⁹ ⁴⁶⁰ ⁴⁶¹ ⁴⁶²

1) E. F. Benson, *Charlotte Brontë*, London, New York, Toronto,
1932, pag. 110.

2) Ch. Brontë, *Jane Eyre*, 1847, pag. 176.



[illegible]

1) Charlotte Brontë, Shirley, og. 231.



13) ἡεὶ παραδεδωκεν χάριν, ὅσον προῖοντο οὐκ ἦν καὶ ἐπὶ
δὲν ἔχει δῖον, - δασιώδεις, ἡ δὲ δὴν καὶ μετὰ τὴν
ἑαυτοῦ Μορφή, γὰρ ἡ γυναικα ποὺ μετὰ τὴν: "Ὀρμητικὴ
μὲς γυνίκα ἡντοὶ δὲ γαγὰρ μέλα, δὲν τὸ λὰ τοῖς
ναοῖς οὐκ ἔδωκε νοσηρὰ, καὶ ποὺ ἔλας ἀρρωστὰ δὲ ὑποζα.
"Ἡ ἑστὰ ἀπὸ τῆς ἑστῆς ἐνός - μὲς ἑστῆς ποὺ παρὰ τὸ
αἶμα μόν, - μὲς ~~πρὸς τὴν ἐστῆς~~ ἐπὶ χροῖα ἔχας
σοφονδῶν τὰ δαδὰς οὐκ ἔδωκε γυνίς. Ὁ νόμος ἡντοὶ
τὸ πρῶτον μὲ λὰ γαγὰρ μέλα "bonne petite femme"
(δὲν ἔλας ἀρρῖδα). Ἐπὶ γυνίκα ἀρρῖδα ἡ γυνίς ἐνός -
got it off by heart - λὰ οὐκ ἔδωκε δὲς δαδὺς, δὲς
τὸ ὑποζα οὐκ ἔδωκε ἡ - ἔλας she was the finest, dee-
pest, subtlest schemer in Europe." Τέλος οὐκ ἔδωκε, ποὺ
γυνίκα μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε, ~~δὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε~~ μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε, καὶ ἀρρῖς δαδὺς
ἔδωκε δαδὺς ἡ ἑαυτοῦ ~~δὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε~~ ἀρρῖς γυνίς δὲ
παρὰ τὸν οὐκ. Ἡ μὲς ἡντοὶ παρὰ τὴν ἔλας ~~τὸ γαγὰρ μέλα~~
ἡ ἀρρῖς οὐκ ἔδωκε ἡ μὲς τὸ ~~δὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε~~ ἀρρῖς ἡ - δὲ
οὐκ ἔδωκε μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε τὸν δὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε, ἔλας καὶ
μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε οὐκ ἀπαρῖς οὐκ δὲν ἔδωκε οὐκ ἔδωκε
οὐκ ἀρρῖς καὶ δὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε. καὶ ὁ μὲς ἡ ἑαυτοῦ δαδὺς
τὸν οὐκ ἀρρῖς ἡ ἀρρῖς οὐκ ἔδωκε ἔδωκε οὐκ ἔδωκε τὰ δαδὺς
τὸ μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε, δὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε ἡ οὐκ ἔδωκε ἡ ~~δὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε~~ οὐκ
οὐκ ἔδωκε τὸν δὲν ἔλας πὰς ἡ οὐκ ἔδωκε ἐνδῶν, μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε
οὐκ ἔδωκε. Τέλος ἀπὸ οὐκ ἔδωκε ~~οὐκ ἔδωκε~~ οὐκ ἔδωκε
μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε δαδὺς: οὐκ ἔδωκε οὐκ ἔδωκε, ~~δὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε~~
οὐκ ἔδωκε, οὐκ ἔδωκε, οὐκ ἔδωκε, οὐκ ἔδωκε μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε
καὶ δὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε οὐκ ἔδωκε ἀπὸ τὸν οὐκ ἔδωκε δὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε
Μορφή. Ἡ ἔλας ἔδωκε οὐκ ἔδωκε τὰ πὰς παρὰ τὴν γαγὰρ μέλα
τὸν οὐκ ἀρρῖς οὐκ ἔδωκε ἔδωκε τὰ γυνίς: "Tête mon
de die, δαδὺς μόν, μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε μόν. Τὸ τὰ γαγὰρ
καρῖς οὐκ ἔδωκε μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε δαδὺς. τὸ τὰ γαγὰρ καρῖς οὐκ ἔδωκε
μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε δὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε ~~δὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε~~ οὐκ ἔδωκε
δὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε. Τὸ ἔδωκε, μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε, μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε
Τὸ ἔδωκε οὐκ ἔδωκε, μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε, μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε
γυνίς μόν μὲς ἔδωκε, μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε. Τὰς οὐκ ἔδωκε τὰς οὐκ ἔδωκε
καὶ δὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε τὸ δαδὺς. "Οὐκ ἔδωκε ἀρρῖς οὐκ ἔδωκε
(you cannot hear me much.), μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε
οὐκ ἔδωκε γυνίς καὶ μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε τὸ δαδὺς τὰ οὐκ ἔδωκε
καὶ τὰς οὐκ ἔδωκε οὐκ ἔδωκε μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε
μὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε τὰς οὐκ ἔδωκε, τὰς οὐκ ἔδωκε ἀρρῖς οὐκ ἔδωκε,
οὐκ ἔδωκε τὰς οὐκ ἔδωκε, τὰς οὐκ ἔδωκε ἀρρῖς οὐκ ἔδωκε.

[illegible]

15) με, Monsieur, αν εγραφεσαι να σας ξαγαρουν αυτος μια
 γορα. Πως μπορω να υποχωρω κι εγωι μου, αν μη απαγορευεται
 η προναδεια να ξαρω τον τον μου. Διχως εγωι κι
 γιος που θα μπορω να μου ναμεσε. Αν ο διδαμας μου
 μου εγωι παρ που κι γγια τον εγωι, θα μινω γιος καρμια
 ημια. Αν εξαγωγος ταυ καμς γιος μου (οσο και
 ημια) θα εγωι ναμω, γορα να εγωι, να εγραφεσαι.

Monsieur, οι γιοι δει εχον αγαπη απο που να να εχουν.
 Δεν εχουν παρ λα γιογα που πελουν αν το γραφι τον ησαν.
 αν ομω τον αρηδι καρις κι αυτα λα γιογα αυτος, λοε πε-
 δαινουν απο πτω. Ετω και ημω δει εγωι καρμια εχον μαρμα
 σπορην εμ μερς εχον που εχον απο εκεινος που αγαπω.
 Μι ενογια μου θα μπορω να καταβω μια αποκρομια
 και λιμα γγια - εγωι εγωι γιο παρ αν αυτω. Μα καποη μια
 γορα ολι βροξες, ολι ημω μαδλφια σας, που διεβα καμς
 εδωαγορ: κι αυτω αυριβω το μωρο εδωαγορ που εχον λοε το
 - και το γραφει και το

και γραφει τον τον κι εγωι. ... - Δε θα ξαγαλαβον αυτω το
 γραμμα, πρεπει να το εγωι καμς εως γραμμο. Κι ομω εγωι
 απο καπομωδω εδωαγορ, που ναμω εγωι γιογα και cool.
 headed προσωπα δαβαγορ το θα που: φαντα μες γιογα.
 Για να εδωαγορ τον τον εχον, θα τον εχον το παρ να
 τον μερς, λα βαταρα που εγωι για τον τον - και δε εγωι
 παρ λοε αν δε θα γανω τον τον γιογα κι αυτω.

Μα κι αυτω το γραμμα δε θα εχω απανω και τον δε θα
 εχω ορκοι (να τον εγωι) απο τον τον, εγωι παρ να
 γορα η που ημω εγωι. Μωρς μερς μερς αν το εγωι
 παρ ναμω γραμμα, που εγωι εγωι μια γιογα προ-
 παδωα ομωα, ο που εγωι εγωι - η εγωι, Εγωι και
 Ανω - εγωι παρ να ημω μερς μερς αν τον τον εγωι τον
 που μερς τον τον εγωι το που εγωι εγωι δε θα μερς
 εγωι, παρ δε εγωι παρ να ομω απο προναδω μερς
 μερς. Μα ημω εγωι παρ να ομω εγωι εγωι
 να εγωι απο μια εγωι. Τα εγωι

Ετω η εγωι εγωι το ορκοι ημω ημω. Το εγωι
 ημω εκδωα κι ομω εγωι δε παρ να ημω εγωι το
 εγωι απο τον τον ημω. Το ομω μερς ημω - που
 δε εγωι εγωι και που δε εγωι παρ να μερς το
 εγωι ημω - ο καμς εγωι ημω εγωι εγωι
 εγωι, εγωι, που παρ ημω ημω προναδω ημω
 εγωι ημω καμς εγωι εγωι εγωι

[illegible]

1) Ch. Brontë, Shirley, noy. 164



[illegible]

1) ὅτι καὶ ἐν ~~ῥωμαῖς~~ ῥωμαῖς, ἡ ῥωμαῖα ἐν ἀγγλῇ
 ἔστι, ἐν ὁμογενείᾳ τοῦ μετεβλημένου, ποὶ δὲ καὶ ἑξῆς
~~ἡ ῥωμαῖα ἐν ἀγγλῇ~~ ἐν δὲ ἴσας καὶ αὐτὴ Ἡρακλῆς,

* ῥωμαῖος ὅτι οὐραλὸς καὶ ποταμὸς

οὐραλὸς καὶ οὐραλὸς οὐραλὸς
 καὶ οὐραλὸς οὐραλὸς



18) ῥωμαῖος ἐστὶν ὁ ῥωμαῖος ἐν ἀγγλῇ
 ὁ ῥωμαῖος ἐν ἀγγλῇ

[illegible]

* a'pò l'ò ruolad uai hi ~~èsser~~ ^{èsser} adpòhula hi ~~èsser~~ ^{èsser} }

2) Ch. Brontë, Villetta, ny.

3) Ch. Brontë, op. cit. 410.



ἀφ' ἧς ἐκείνῃ ἀπὸ κλίδος πρὶν ἐπὶ οὐρανὸν ἔλθῃ
 λαίῃς ἐν πύρῳ τῷ οὐρανῷ. Πῦρ ἀπὸ τοῦ ~~οὐρανοῦ~~
~~καὶ τοῦ γῆς~~ πῦρ πᾶσι πᾶσι καὶ τῇ γῇ γὰρ, ἔβγα
 τὴν πᾶσι πῦρ οὐ κοινῶς, τὴν οὐρανὸν μὲν
 γὰρ, καὶ τὴν οὐρανὸν μὲν καὶ τὴν γῆν μὲν
 πῦρ πῦρ (i), καὶ, τὴν γῆν γὰρ οὐ
 τὴν οὐρανὸν. Ἄρα γῆν οὐρανὸν, οὐρανὸν
 οὐ γῆν ἀφ' ἧς οὐρανὸν, οὐ γῆν οὐρανὸν,
 οὐ γῆν οὐρανὸν οὐ γῆν οὐρανὸν λέγο.



I sought her eyes... I watched in vain for a glimpse of soul. I am not Oriental; white necks, carnine lips... do not suffice for me without that Promethean spark which will live after the roses and lilies are faded, the burnished hair grown grey. In sunshine, in prosperity, the flowers are very well; but how many wet days are there in life? November seasons of disaster, when a man's health and home would be cold indeed, without the clear, cheering gleam of intellect.

9

I looked weary, solitary, kept down like some desolate tutor or governor. That I was not a block, or a piece of furniture, but an acting, thinking, sentient man. Many smiling faces and graceful figures glided past me, but the smiles were lavished on other eyes, the figures sustained by other hands than mine. 20.

(Do you consider this face pretty?

-Pretty? no - You could have a talk with that woman on other subjects than dress, visiting, and compliments. 22.

--- Excluded me from every glimpse of the sunshine; and I began to feel like a plant growing in humid darkness ~~off~~ out of the slimy walls of a well. 27

"You think perhaps you are intelligent and polished; carry your intellect and refinement to the market, and tell me in a private note what price is bid for them." 36.

Belgium! name unromantic and unpoetic, yet name that ~~when~~ whenever uttered has in my ear a sound, in my heart an echo, such as no other assemblage of syllables, however sweet or classic, can produce. Belgium! I repeat the word, now as I sit alone, near midnight... 54.

(A thin irregular face I saw, with sunk, dark eyes under a large, square forehead, complexion destitute of bloom or attractiveness; something young but not youthful, no object to win a lady's love, no butt for the shafts of Cupid. 57.

An air of bold, impudent flirtation, or a look, & silly leer was sure to answer the most ordinary glance from a man's eye... The mass of them mentally depraved. 60.

She fixes her eye on me; she seems resolved to attract, if possible, monopolize my notice: to this end she launches at me all sorts of looks: languishing, provoking, teasing, &c. We scorn what unasked is lavishly offered... the expected.

A beauty neither of fine colour nor long eyelashes, nor painted brow, but of meaning, of movement, of radiance. Then her soul sat on her lips, and language flowed, from what source I cannot tell. 70.

~~It felt the one point where it stood - the present; all the rest was formless cloud and vacant depth: and it shuddered at the thought of tottering and plunging amid that chaos. 77.~~

I longed to go where there was life and movement. 87.

I perceived that Bessie's glance, though it expressed regard, ~~did~~ did in no shape denote admiration. 90.

It was not my habit to be disregards of appearance, or careless of the impression I made. ~~97~~ I sometimes wished to have rosy cheeks. and that my new pupil would not at least recoil from me with antipathy. 98.

The restlessness was in my nature; it agitated me to pain sometimes. 109

"I had a theoretical reverence and homage for beauty, elegance, gallantry, fascination; but had I met those qualities ~~in~~ incarnate in masculine shape, I should have known instinctively that they neither had nor could have sympathy with anything in me, and should have shunned them as one would fire, lightning, or anything else that is bright but antipathetic. 113

Bessie Levan had said I was quite a lady; and she spoke truth. I was a lady! 158

~~A pleasure like what the thirst-parching man might feel who knows the well to which he has crept is poisoned, yet stoops and drinks divine draughts. 166.~~

~~A loving eye is all the charm needed: to give you are handsome enough; or rather, your shadow has a~~

power beyond beauty..

280

25-44

You - poor and obscure, and small and plain as you are -
I entreat you to accept me as a husband. 259

~~I had often been unwilling to look at my master, be-
cause I feared he could not be pleased at my look.~~

262.

"My future husband was becoming to me my whole world
and more than the world: almost my hope of heaven."
He stood between me and every thought of religion, as an
eclipse intervenes between man and the broad sun. I could
not, in those days, see God for his creature: of whom I
had made an idol." 280.

Everything in life seems unreal.

- Except me: I am substantial enough. Touch me.

- You, sir, are the most phantom-like of all: you are
a mere dream.. 284.

~~Two young graceful women ladies in all point~~

340

Always plain..

348

~~Each held a situation in families. Governesses.~~

361

~~What happy combination of the planets ...~~ 373

~~Nature had surely formed her in a partial mood. 373~~

~~She was very charming .. but not profoundly interesting or
thoroughly impressive. 378~~

~~It is not personal but mental endowments they have given
you: you are formed for labour, not for love. 414.~~



It was not a noisy, not a wordy scene: for that I was grateful; but it was a scene of feeling too brimful, and which because the cup did not foam up high or furiously overflow, one oppressed one the more. On all occasions of ~~other~~ vehement unrestrained expansion, a sense of disdain or ridicule comes to the weary spectator's relief; whereas I have ever felt most burdensome that sort of sensibility which bends of its own will, a giant slave under the sway of good sense.

9.

You see I still think of Frank more than of God.

36

There is nothing like taking all you do at moderate estimate: it keeps mind and body tranquil; whereas grandiloquent notions are apt to hurry both into fever.

39.

Dr John: "He was a true young English gentleman."

57.

Certain accidents... woke the being I was always lulling, and stirred up a craving cry I could not satisfy.

I still had friends.. Friends not professing vehement attachment.... Do not let me think of them too often.. amicable intercourse are brief, unengrossing and tranquil: quite



tranquil! - 170.

Frank, healthful, right-thinking, clear sighted.. 181.

Beside him was rest and refuge - around him
fostering & sunshine. 214.

an aliment divine, but for mortals deadly.. 229

To my longing and famished thought it seemed,
perhaps, kinder than it was. 234.

Happiness. 240

A new creed became mine - a belief in
happiness. 243.

Impressionable he was as dimpling water, but,
almost unimpressible: the breeze the sun, moved
him - metal could not grave, nor fire brand.

What was become that curious one-sided friendship
which was half marble and half life; only on
one hand truth, and on the other perhaps a
jest? 348.

I learned in time this benignity, this
cordiality, this music, belonged not to me;
it was a part of himself; it was the honey
of his temper; it was the balm of his mood;
he imparted it, as the ripe fruit yields
with sweetness the rifling bee; he diffused

~~To her had not been denied the gift of beauty..~~
67

It is to stir you; to give you new sensations. It is to make you feel your life strongly, not only your virtues, but your vicious perverse points.. 80

~~On what forbidden~~ That perilous passion - an agony even in some of its phases. 86

You expected bread and you have got a stone.. scorpion. 93
She had loved without being asked to love.

The feeling called love is and has been for two years the predominant emotion of my heart.. 180.

Probably I shall be an old maid. What was I created for, & I wonder! Where is my place in the world? 157.

grey life 160.

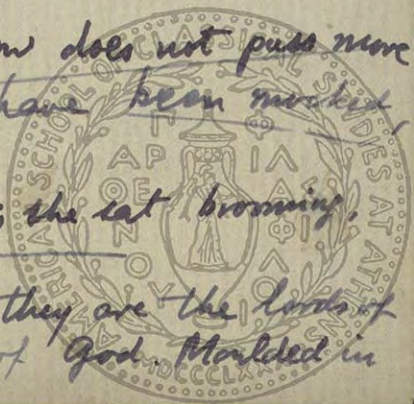
An elegy over the past still rung constantly in her ear; a funeral inward cry haunted and harassed her: the heaviness of a broken spirit, and of pining and paralyzing faculties, settled slow on her buoyant youth. Winter seemed conquering her spring: the mind, soil and its treasures were freezing gradually to barren stagnation. 160.

She took walks in all weathers.. 161.

The wind - the cloud's shadow does not pass more silently, more empty than he. I have been mocked and Heaven is cruel! 164

Bloom had vanished, flesh wasted; she sat brooding, colourless and thin.

I tell you when they are good, they are the lords of the creation, - they are the sons of God. Blessed in



their Maker's image, the minutest spark of this spirit lifts them almost above mortality. Indisputably, a great, good, handsome man is the first of created things. 185

And what am I—standing here in shadow, shrinking into ~~concealment~~ concealment, my mind darker than my hiding place? I am one of this world, no spirit—a poor, doomed mortal, who asks, in ignorance and hopelessness, wherefore she was born, to what end she ~~does~~ lives; whose mind for ever runs on the question, how she shall at last encounter, and by whom by sustained through death? 198.

Caroline would not stay to listen: she passed away noiselessly, and the moonlight kissed the wall which her shadow had dimmed. 198. 2548

~~I remember once seeing a pair of blue eyes.~~ 231
(from "Hesper")

(And it is not youth, not good looks, nor grace, nor any gentle outside charm, which make either beauty or goodness in God's eyes. 241.

Looking, indeed, to her partial eyes, so very handsome that she dared not trust herself to hazard a second glance; for his image struck on her vision with painful brightness, and pictured itself on her memory as vividly as if there daguerrotyped by a pencil of keen lightning. 261.

(You are not pretty, but you look what I call interesting. 265.

(Perfect health was Shirley's enviable portion. 295

She tries to live on the meagre diet of widows. 295
Governesses. 316-317

Marriage must be happy—It never is. Two people can never be as one. 320

God surely did not create us with the sole end of wishing always to die. Existence was never originally meant to be that useless, blank, pale, slow-trailing thing it often becomes to many, and is becoming



to me among the rest. 329. I-24 25-49 28

... whose long, bright, noiseless, breezeless, cloudless hours had
been to her as desolate as if they had gone over her head
in the shadowless and trackless wastes of Zahara. 332

to escape the solitude, the sadness, the nightmare
of her life. 333

Jessie 343

The Valley of Shadow of Death. Emily's death.

Happy Mrs Pryor!

350 a. o.
367-368

Branwell: "Why he was as he was — and, happily, of the
you, child, can form no conception — I cannot tell. it
is a deep mystery. The key is in the hands of the
Maker: there I leave it. 374.

I abhor Solitude. Cold abstraction — fleshless skeleton-
daughter — mother — and mate of Death! 435

Jealousy, ~~as~~ hot as the sun above the line. 582

D.





it about him, as sweet plants shed their perfume. Does the nectarine love either the bee or bird it feeds? Is the sweetbriar enamoured of the air?

"Good night, Dr John; you are good, you are beautiful, but you are not mine. Good night and God bless you!"

349.

I never see him. I shut my eyes... I value vision, and dread being struck stone blind.

410.

Invested by fate with the part of confidante and mediator.

412

There is happiness or harm — for others. 421.

The love born of beauty was not mine; I had nothing in common with it. 452.



L

