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OCCASIONAL, CRITICAL, AND POLITICAL WRITING

TRUST NOT APPEARANCES

AMDG [1]

There is nothing so deceptive and for [all] that so alluring as a good surface. The sea, when beheld in the warm sunlight of a summer's day; the sky, blue in the faint and amber glimmer of an Autumn sun, are pleasing to the eye: but, how different the scene, when the wild anger of the elements has waked again the discord of Confusion, how different the ocean, choking with froth & foam, to the calm, placid sea, that glanced and rippled merrily in the sun. But the best examples of the fickleness of appearances are: - Man and Fortune. The cringing, servile look; the high and haughty mien alike conceal the worthlessness of the character. Fortune that glittering bauble, whose brilliant shimmer has allured and trifled with both proud and poor, is as wavering as the wind. Still however, there is a 'something' that tells us the character of man. It is the eye. The only traitor that even the sternest will of a fiendish villian [sic] cannot overcome. It is the eye that reveals to man the guilt or innocence, the vices or the virtues of the soul. This is the only exception to the proverb 'Trust not appearances'. In every other case the real worth has to be searched for. The garb of royalty or of democracy are but the shadow that a 'man' leaves behind him. 'Oh! how unhappy is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours'. [2] The fickle tide of ever-changing Fortune brings with it - good and evil. How beautiful it seems as the harbinger of good and how cruel as the messenger of ill! The man who waits on the temper of a King is but a tiny craft in that great ocean. Thus we see the hollowness of appearances. The hypocrite is the worst kind of villian [sic] yet under the appearance of virtue he conceals the worst of vices. The friend, who is but the fane of fortune, fawns and grovells [sic] at the feet of wealth. But the man, who has no ambition, no wealth, no luxury save Contentment cannot hide the joy of happiness that flows from a clear conscience & an easy mind.

LDS.

James A. Joyce

[SUBJUGATION]

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- both questions of moment and difficult to answer. And although it is, in the main, evident that the conquest gained in a righteous war, is itself righteous, yet it will not be necessary to digress into the regions of political economy, etc, but it will be as well to bear in mind, that all subjugation by force, if carried out and prosecuted by force is only so far successful in breaking mens' [sic] spirits and aspirations. Also that it is, in the extreme, productive of ill-will and rebellion, that it is, again, from its beginning in unholy war, stamped with the stamp of ultimate conflict. But indeed it seems barbaric to only consider subjugation, in the light of an oppressing force, since we shall see that more often is it an influence rather than a positive power, and find it better used than for the vain shedding of blood.

In the various grades of life there are many homely illustrations of its practice - none the truer, that they are without blaze or notoriety, and in the humblest places. The tiller who guides the plough through the ground, and breaks the 'stubborn glebe' [1] is one. The gardener who prunes the wayward vine or compels the wild hedge into decent level, subjugating the savage element in 'trim gardens' [2], is another. Both of these represent subjugation by force; but the sailor's method is more diplomatic. He has no plough to furrow the resisting wind, nor no knife to check the rude violence of storm. He cannot, with his partial skill, get the better of its unruliness. When AEolus has pronounced his fiat, there is no direct countermanding his order. That way the sailor cannot overcome him; but by veering, and patient trial, sometimes using the strength of the Wind, sometimes avoiding it, now advancing and now retreating, at last the shifting sails are set for a straight course, and amid the succeeding calm the vessel steers for port. The miller's wheel which although it restrains the stream yet allows it to proceed on its own way, when it has performed the required service, is an useful example. The water rushing in swift

stream, is on the higher mountains a fierce power both to excite emotion and to flood the fields. But the magic miller changes its humour, and it proceeds on its course, with all its tangled

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locks in orderly crease, and laps its waves, in placid resignation, on the banks that slope soberly down from suburban villas. And more, its strength has been utilised for commercial ends, and it helps to feed, with fine flour and bread, no longer the poetical but the hungry.

After these subjugations of the elements, we come to the subjugation of animals. Long ago in Eden responsible Adam had a good time. The birds of the air and the beasts of the field, ministered to his comfort. At his feet slept the docile lion, and every animal was his willing servant. But when sin arose in Adam - before only a latent evil - and his great nature was corrupted and broken, there were stirred up also among beasts the unknown dregs of ferocity. A similar revolt took place among them against man, and they were no longer to be friendly servants but bitter foes to him. From that hour, in greater or less degree, more in one land than another, they have struggled against him and refused him service. Aided often by great strength they fought successfully. But at length by superior power, and because he was man and they were but brutes, they, at least to a great extent, were overcome. Some of them, as the dog, he made the guardians of his house; others, as the horses and oxen, the helpmates of his toils. Others again he could not conquer but merely guard against, but one race in particular threatened by its number and power, to conquer him; and here it may be as well to follow the fate of it and see how a superior power intervened to preserve for man his title, not in derision, of lord of the creation and to keep him safe from the fear of mammoth and of mastodon. The Zoo elephants are sorry descendants of those mighty monsters who once traversed the sites of smoky cities; who roamed in hordes, tameless and fearless, proud in their power, through fruitful regions and forests, where now are the signs of busy men and the monuments of their skill and toil; who spread themselves over whole continents and carried their terror to the north and south, bidding defiance to man that he could not subjugate them; and finally in the wane of their day, though they knew it not, trooped up to the higher regions of the Pole, to the doom that was decreed for them. There what man could not subdue, was subdued, for they could not withstand the awful changes that came upon the earth. Lands of bright bloom, by degrees, lost all beauty and promise. Luxuriance of trees and fulness of fruit gradually departed, and were not, and stunted growth of shrub and shrivelled berries that no suns would ripen, were found in their

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room. The tribes of the Mammoth were huddled together, in strange wonder, and this devastation huddled them still closer. From oases, yet left them, they peered at the advancing waves, that locked them in their barren homes. Amid the gradual ice and waters, they eked out the days of the life of their vanity and when nothing remained for them but death, the wretched animals died in the unkind cold of enduring winter, and to-day their colossal tusks and ivory bones, are piled in memorial mounds, on the New Siberian Islands. This is all of them that is left, that man may have good by their death, whom he was not able to make his slaves when they lived, to tempt his greed across the perilous, Polar seas, to those feasts of the wealth of bygone times, that are strewn and bleaching beneath the desolate sky, white and silent through the song of the changeless waves, and on the verge of the eternal fathoms. What a subjugation has this been - how awful and how complete! Scarce the remembrance of the mammoth remains and no more is there the fear of the great woolly elephant but contempt of his bulk and advantage of his unweildiness [sic]

It is generally by intercourse with man, that animals have been tamed and it is noticeable that the domestic tabby and the despised pig rage in distant lands, with all their inbred fierceness and strength. These with others are subjugated by constant war, or driven from familiar haunts, and then their race dies out as the bison of America is dying. Gradually all common animals are subdued to man's rule, becoming once again his servants and regaining something of former willingness, in the patient horse and faithful dog. In some instances the vain-glory and conscious victory of the three spears is observed. Thus, in the swampy marshes of South America, the venomous snakes are lulled into deadness, and lie useless and harmless, at the crooning of the charmer and in shows and circuses before large crowds, broken-spirited lions and in the streets the ungraceful bears are witnesses to the power of man.

It may be that the desire to overcome and get the mastery of things, which is expressed in man's history of progress, is in a great measure responsible for his supremacy. Had it been that he possessed no such desire, the trees and vegetation would have choked the sunlight from him, barring all passage;

the hills and seas would have been the bounds of his dwellings; the unstemmed mountain-stream would always snatch away his rude huts and the ravaging

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hungry beasts stamp on the ashes of his fire. But his superior mind overcame all obstacles, not however universally, for in those places where his visits were seldom, the lower creation has usurped his Kingdom, and his labour must be anew expended in hunting the savage tiger through the jungles and forests of India, and in felling the trees in Canadian woods.

The next important subjugation is that of race over race. Among human families the white man is the predestined conqueror. The negro has given way before him, and the red men have been driven by him out of their lands and homes. In far New Zealand the sluggish Maoris in conceded sloth, permit him to portion out and possess the land of their fathers. Everywhere that region and sky allow, he has gone. Nor any longer does he or may he practise the abuse of subjugation - slavery, at least in its most degrading forms or at all so generally. Yet slavery only seems to have appealed to the conscience of men when most utterly base and inhuman and minor offences never troubled them. Happily this could not continue and now any encroachment on the liberties of others whether by troublesome Turk or not, is met with resolute opposition and just anger. Rights when violated, institutions set at nought, privileges disregarded, all these, not as shibboleths and war-cries, but as deep-seated thorough realities, will happily always call forth, not in foolish romantic madness nor for passionate destruction, but with unyielding firmness of resistance, the energies and sympathies of men to protect them and to defend them.

Hitherto we have only treated of man's sub- [one half page of the manuscript is missing]

often when a person gets embarked on a topic which in its vastness almost completely swallows up his efforts, the subject dwarfs the writer; or when a logician has to treat of great subjects, with a view to deriving a fixed theory, he abandons the primal idea and digresses into elaborate disquisitions, on the more inviting portions of his argument. Again in works of fancy, a too prolific imagination literally flies [sic] away with the author, and lands him in regions of loveliness unutterable, which his faculties scarcely grasp, which dazzles his senses, and defies speech, and thus his compositions are beautiful indeed, but beautiful with the cloudiness and dream-beauty of a

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visionary. Such a thing as this often affects poets of high, fanciful temper, as Shelley, [4] rendering their poetry vague and misty. When however the gift - great and wonderful - of a poetic sense, in sight and speech and feeling, has been subdued by vigilance and care and has been prevented from running to extremes, the true and superior spirit, penetrates more watchfully into sublime and noble places, treading them with greater fear and greater wonder and greater reverence, and in humbleness looks up into the dim regions, now full of light, and interprets, without mysticism, for men the great things that are hidden from their eyes, in the leaves of the trees and in the flowers, to console them, to add to their worship, and to elevate their awe. This result proceeds from the subjugation of a great gift, and indeed it is so in all our possessions. We improve in strength when we husband it, in health when we are careful of it, in power of mental endurance when we do not over-tax it. Otherwise in the arts, in sculpture and painting, the great incidents that engross the artist's attention would find their expression, in huge shapelessness or wild daubs; and in the ear of the rapt musician, the loveliest melodies outpour themselves, madly, without time or movement, in chaotic mazes, iike sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh'. [5]

It has been pointed out what an influence this desire of man to overcome has exerted over the Kingdom of animals and vegetation, and how it not merely destroys and conquers the worse features but betters and improves what is good. There are spots on this earth, where licence of growth holds absolute sway, where leaves choke the light and rankness holds the soil, where there are dangerous reptiles and fierce beasts, all untamed, amid surroundings of great beauty, in colour and fertility, but overshadowed by the horror of savage unrule. But the coming of man in his onward way, shall alter the face of things, good himself rendering good his own dominions. As has been written - 'when true servants of Heaven shall enter these Edens and the Spirit of God enter with them, another spirit will also be breathed into the physical air; and the stinging insect and venomous snake and poisonous tree, pass away before the power of the regenerate human soul' - This is the wished subjugation that must come in good time. And

meanwhile we have considered the power of overcoming man, against the lowest races of the world, and his influence in the subjugation of his own mental faculties, and there remains for us to consider the manifold influence of his desire to

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conquer, over his human instincts, over his work and business and over his reason.

In the sagas of Norway, in ancient epics in the tales of 'Knights and barons bold' [6] and to-day in the stories of Hall Caine, [7] we have abundant examples of the havoc that men's passions make, when they are allowed to spend their force in Bersirk freedom. Of course in conventional life there are fewer instances of such characters as Thor, Ospakar, Jason, and Mylrea [8] as in those savage places which were once their homes. Modern civilisation will not permit such wholesale licence, as the then state of affairs gave occasion to. The brood of men now, in towns and cities, is not of fierce passion, at least not to such an extent as to make men subserve their rages. The ordinary man has not so often to guard against fits of demon's anger, though the Vendetta is still common in Southern Europe but mankind has quite as many opportunities of subjugating himself or herself as before. The fretful temper, the base interpretation, the fool's conceitedness, the fin-de-siecle sneer, the gossiping, the refusal of aid, the hurting word and worthless taunt, together with ingratitude and the forgetting of friends - all these are daily waiting for us to subjugate. Above all, the much-maligned, greatest charity, so distinct from animal profusion and reckless liberality, that charitable deeds do not wholly constitute; but which springs from inner wells of gentleness and goodness; which is shy of attributing motives; 'which interprets everything for the best'; which dictates, from emotions of Heaven's giving, the sacrifice of all that is dear, in urgent need, which has its being and beauty from above; which lives and thrives in the atmosphere of thoughts, so upraised and so serene that they will not suffer themselves to be let down on earth among men, but in their own delicate air 'intimate their presence and commune with themselves' - this utter unselfishness in all things, how does it on the contrary, call for constant practice and worthy fulfilling!

Again in the case of man's mission, marked out for him from the gate of Eden, labour and toil, has not subjugation a direct influence, with advantage both to the world and to the man himself. 'Foul jungles' says Carlyle [9] 'are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead and stately cities, and withal the man

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greater difficulty for some to subjugate their reason, than their passions. For they pit the intellect and reason of men, with their vain theorisings, against the superhuman logic of belief. Indeed to a rightly constituted mind the bugbears of infidelity have no terrors and excite no feeling save contempt. Men have passions and reason, and the doctrine of licence is an exact counterpart of the doctrine of freethinking. Human reason has no part in wisdom, if it fulfils not the whole three attributes given by the inspired writer, if it is not 'pudica, pacifica et desursum' - chaste, peaceful and from above. [10] How can it thrive if it comes not from the seat of Wisdom but has its source elsewhere? And how can earthly intellects, if they blind their eyes to wisdom's epithets 'pudica, pacifica et desursum' hope to escape that which was the stumbling-block with Abelard and the cause of his fall. [11]

The essence of subjugation lies in the conquest of the higher. Whatever is nobler and better, or reared upon foundations more solid, than the rest, in the appointed hour, comes to the appointed triumph. When right is perverted into might, or more properly speaking, when justice is changed to sheer strength, a subjugation ensues - but transient not lasting. When it is unlawful, as too frequently in the past it has been, the punishment invariably follows in strife through ages. Some things there are no subjugation can repress and if these preserve, as they do and will, the germs of nobility, in good men and saintly lives, they preserve also for those who follow and obey, the promise of after victory and the solace and comfort of active expectation. Subjugation is 'almost of the essence of an empire and when it ceases to conquer, it ceases to be'. It is an innate part of human nature, responsible, in a great way, for man's place. Politically it is a dominant factor and a potent power in the issues of nations. Among the faculties of men it is a great influence, and forms part of the world's laws, unalterable and for ever - subjugation with the existence also of freedom, and even, within its sight, that there may be constant manifestation of power over all, bringing all things under sway, with fixed limits and laws and in equal regulation, permitting the prow

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power for force and of persuasion for red conquest, has brought

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about the enduring rule foretold, of Kindness over all the good, for ever, in a new subjugation.

- The End -

written by

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Note –

the insertions in pencil are chiefly omissions in writing out.

THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES

In the church of San' Maria Novella there are seven figures by Memmi, named the seven earthly Sciences. [1] Reading from right to left, the first is the 'Art of Letters' and the seventh 'Arithmetic'. The first is oftener called Grammar, because it refers more directly to that branch of 'Letters'. Now the artist's idea in this arrangement was to shew the gradual progress from Science to Science, from Grammar to Rhetoric, from Rhetoric to Music and so on to Arithmetic. In selecting his subjects he assumes two things. First he assumes that the primary Science is Grammar, that is, that Science which is the first and most natural one to man, and also that Arithmetic is the last, not exactly as the culmination of the other six, but rather as the final, numbered expression of man's life. Secondly, or perhaps first, he assumes that Grammar, or Letters, is a Science. His first assumption classes, if it does nothing more, Grammar and Arithmetic together as the first and last things in human knowledge. His second assumption, as we have said, makes Grammar a science. Both of these assumptions are directly opposed to the opinions of many illustrious followers of Arithmetic, who deny that 'Letters' is a science, and seem or affect to regard it as a totally different thing from Arithmetic. Literature is only at the root a science, that is in its Grammar and Characters, but such conduct is most senseless on the part of the Arithmeticians.

We hope that they will grant that it is essential for a man, who wishes to communicate in the ordinary way with his fellow-man, that he should know how to speak. We, on our part, will admit that, for the building of an intellectual man, his most important study is that of Mathematics. It is the study which most develops his mental precision and accuracy, which gives him a zest for careful and orderly method, which equips him, in the first place, for an intellectual career. We, the pluralised essayist, say this, who were never an ardent votary of the subject, rather from disinclination to taskwork than because of a rooted aversion to it. In this we are supported by the great lights of the age, though Matthew Arnold has his own little opinion about the matter, as he had about other matters. [2] Now while the advocates of more imaginative pursuits fully recognise the

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paramount importance of a mathematical education, it is deplorable that so many followers of the more rigid course, having assimilated unto themselves, a portion of the rigidity of that course, and a share of its uncompromising theorems, affect to regard the study of languages as altogether beneath them, and merely a random, occasional sort of study. Linguists must be allowed to make protest against such treatment and surely their defence is worthy of consideration.

For that which ennobles the study of Mathematics in the eyes of the wise, is the fact that it proceeds with regular course, that it is a science, a knowledge of facts, in contradistinction to literature, which is in the more elegant aspect of it, imaginary and notional. This draws a line of stern demarcation between the two; and yet as Mathematics and the Sciences of Numbers partake of the nature of that beauty which is omnipresent, which is expressed, almost noiselessly, in the order and symmetry of Mathematics, as

in the charms of literature; so does literature in turn share in the neatness and regularity of Mathematics. [3] Moreover we do not, by any means, suffer such a premiss to pass unchallenged, but before taking up the cudgels on behalf of Language and Literature, we wish it to be understood that we admit that the most important study for the mind is Mathematics, and our vindication of Literature will never venture to put it before Mathematics in that respect.

The statement the study of Languages is to be despised since it is imaginary and does not deal with facts nor deals in a precise way with ideas, is absurd. First, because the study of any language must begin at the beginning and must advance slowly and carefully, over ascertained ground. The Grammar of a language, its orthography and etymology are admitted as known. They are studied in the same manner as tables in Arithmetic, surely and accurately. Some will admit this but go on to say that thus far a language is to be approved of, but that the higher parts of syntax and style and history, are fanciful and imaginative. Now the study of languages is based on a mathematical foundation, and sure of its footing, and in consequence both in style and syntax there is always present a carefulness, a carefulness bred of the first implantings of precision. So they are no mere flourishes of unkempt, beautiful ideas but methods of correct expression ruled and directed by clear regulations, sometimes of facts, sometimes of ideas. And when of ideas their expression elevated from the hardness, which is sufficient for 'flat unraised' [4]

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statements, by an over-added influence of what is beautiful in pathetic phrases, swelling of words, or torrents of invective, in tropes and varieties and figures, yet preserving even in moments of the greatest emotion, an innate symmetry.

Secondly even if we [were] disposed to admit, which we are far from doing, that unwarrantable 'since' of the mathematicians we should not admit that poetry and imagination, though not so deeply intellectual, are to be despised and their names to be cast out, totally. Are our libraries to contain only works of Science? Are Bacon and Newton to monopolise our shelves? and no place be found for Shakespeare and Milton? Theology is a Science, yet will either Catholic or Anglican, however profound and learned, taboo poetry from their studies, and the one banish a living, constant element of his Church and the other forbid the 'Christian Year'? [5] 'The higher grades of language, style, syntax, poetry, oratory, rhetoric, are again the champions and exponents, in what way soever, of Truth. So in the figure of Rhetoric in Santa Maria's church Truth is seen reflected in a Mirror. The notion of Aristotle and his school, that in a bad cause there can be true oratory, is utterly false. Finally, if they claim, Science advances more the civilization of the world, there must be some restriction imposed. Science may improve yet demoralise. Witness Dr Benjulia. [6] Did the great Science of Vivisection improve him? 'Heart and Science'! yes, there is great danger in heartless science, very great danger indeed, leading only to inhumanity. Let it not be our case to stand like him, crushed and broken, aloof from sympathy at the door of his laboratory, while the maimed animals flee away terrified between his legs, into the darkness/ Do not think that Science, human or divine, will effect on the one hand a great substantial change for good in men and things, if it merely consults the interests of men in its own interests, and does good to them it may do good to itself, and in everything passes over that first, most natural aspect of man, namely, as a living being, and regard him as an infinitely small actor, playing a most uninteresting part in the drama of worlds. Or on the other hand, if it proceeds, when directed towards divine objects, as a contrivance useful for extracting hard, rational inferences, ever induce in man an uplifting of trust and worship.

Having thus got rid of the obnoxious mathematicians, something is to be said about the study of languages and there chiefly in the

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study of our own. First, in the history of words there is much that indicates the history of men, and in comparing the speech of to-day with that of years ago, we have a useful illustration of the effect of external influences on the very words of a race. Sometimes they have changed greatly in meaning, as the word 'villain' because of customs now extinct, and sometimes the advent of an overcoming power may be attested by the crippled diction, or by the complete disuse of the original tongue, save in solitary, dear phrases, spontaneous in grief or gladness. Secondly, this knowledge tends to make our language purer and more lucid, and therefore tends also to improve style and composition. Thirdly, the names we meet in the literature of our language are handed down to us, as venerable names, not to be treated

lightly but entitled beforehand to our respect. They are landmarks in the transition of a language, keeping it inviolate, directing its course straight on like an advancing way, widening and improving as it advances but staying always on the high road, though many byways branch off it at all parts and seem smooth to follow. Thus these names, as those of the masters of English, are standards for imitation and reference, and are valuable because their use of the language was also based on their study of it, and is for that reason deserving of great and serious attention. Fourthly, and this is the greatest of all, the careful study of the language, used by these men, is almost the only way to gain a thorough knowledge of the power and dignity, that are in the elements of a language and further to understand, as far as nature allows, the feelings of great writers, to enter into their hearts and spirits, to be admitted, by privilege, into the privacy of their proper thoughts. The study of their language is useful as well, not merely to add to our reading and store of thought, but to add to our vocabulary and imperceptibly to make us sharers in their delicateness or strength. How frequently it happens that when persons become excited, all sense of language seems to forsake them, and they splutter incoherently and repeat themselves, that their phrases may have more sound and meaning. Look, how great the difficulty that many have in expressing their most ordinary ideas in correct English. If it were only to rectify these errors which exist amongst us, the study of our language should recommend itself to us. How much more so, then, when it not alone cures these defects, but works such wonderful changes in our speech by the mere contact with good diction and

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introduces us to beauties, which cannot here be enlarged on but obtain only passing mention, to which our former ignorance or negligence denied us access.

Lest we should seem to dwell overlong [on] our own language let us consider the case of the classics. In Latin - for the writer acknowledges humbly his ignorance of Greek - a careful and well-directed study must be very advantageous. For it acquaints us with a language, which has a strong element in English, and thus makes us know the derivations of many words, which we then apply more correctly and which have therefore a truer meaning for us. Again Latin is the recognised language of scholars and philosophers, and the weapon of the learned; whose books and thoughts are only open, through the medium of translation. Further, it is astonishing that Latin is like Shakespeare in everyone's mouth, without his seeming, in the least, to recognise the fact. Quotations are constantly employed, even by those who are not Latin scholars and common convenience would prompt us to study it. Then also it is the uniform language of the ritual of the Church. Moreover it is for those who study it a great help intellectually, for it has some terse expressions, that are more forcible than many of our similar expressions. For instance a single Latin phrase or word is so complex in meaning, and enters into the nature of so many words, and has yet a delicate shade of its own, that no single word in English will properly represent. Thus Vergil's Latin is said to be so idiomatic as to defy translation. Evidently careful rendering of such language into suitable English must be a great exercise in judgment and expression, if we were to count nothing else. But Latin besides being in its degraded form the language of schoolmen, is in a better form the language of Lucretius, Vergil, Horace, Cicero, Pliny and Tacitus, all of whom are great names and who have withstood dislodgment from their high seats for thousands of years - a fact which is sufficient in itself to gain them a reading. They are moreover interesting as the writers in a vast Republic, the greatest and vastest the world has seen, a Republic which during five hundred years was the home of nearly all the great men of action in that time, which made its name heard from Gibraltar to Arabia, and to the stranger-hating Briton, everywhere a name of power, and everywhere with conquest in its army's van.

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ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY c ECCE HOMO'

Munkacsy's picture which has been exhibited in the principal cities of Europe, is now on view at the Royal Hibernian Academy. [1] With the other two pictures 'Christ before Pilate' and 'Christ on Calvary' it forms almost a complete trilogy of the later portion of the Passion. Perhaps what strikes one most in the picture under consideration is the sense of life, the realistic illusion. One could well fancy that the men and women were of flesh and blood, stuck into silent trance, by the warlock's hand. Hence the picture is primarily dramatic, not an execution of faultless forms, or a canvas reproduction of psychology. By drama I understand the interplay of passions; drama is strife, evolution, movement, in

whatever way unfolded. Drama exists as an independent thing, conditioned but not controlled by its scene. An idyllic portrait or an environment of haystacks do not constitute a pastoral drama, no more than rhodomontade, and a monotonous trick of 'tutoyer' [2] build up a tragedy. If there be only quiescence in one, or vulgarity in the second, as is generally the case, then in neither one nor the other is the note of true drama sounded for a moment. However subdued the tone of passions may be, however ordered the action or commonplace the diction, if a play, or a work of music, or a picture concerns itself with the everlasting hopes, desires and hates of humanity, or deals with a symbolic presentment of our widely related nature, albeit a phase of that nature, then it is drama. Maeterlinck's [3] characters may be, when subjected to the search-light of that estimable torch, common sense, unaccountable, drifting, fate-impelled creatures - in fact, as our civilisation dubs them, uncanny. But in whatever dwarfed and marionette-like a manner, their passions are human, and so the exposition of them is drama. This is fairly obvious when applied to a stage subject but when the word drama is in an identical way, applied to Munkacsy, it may need perhaps an additional word of explanation.

In the statuary art the first step towards drama was the separation of the feet. Before that sculpture was a copy of the body, actuated by only a nascent impulse, and executed by routine. The infusion of life, or its semblance, at once brought soul into the work of the artist,

18 Royal Hibernian Academy 'Ecce Homo'

vivified his forms and elucidated his theme. It follows naturally from the fact that the sculptor aims at producing a bronze or stone model of man, that his impulse should lead him to the portrayal of an instantaneous passion. Consequently although he has the advantage of the painter, in at the first glance deceiving the eye, his capability to be a dramatist is less broad than the painter's. His power of moulding can be equalised by the painter's backgrounds and skilful disposition of shades, and while in such a manner naturalism is produced on an areal canvas, the colours, which add another life, help his theme to its expression in a very much completer and clearer whole. Moreover, and this applies markedly in the present case, as the theme becomes loftier or more extended, it can manifestly obtain more adequate treatment in a large picture than in the crowding of colourless, perfectly-modelled statues in a tableau. Notably then does the difference hold in the instance of 'Ecce Homo' where some seventy figures are limned on one canvas. It is a mistake to limit drama to the stage; a drama can be painted as well as sung or acted, and 'Ecce Homo' is a drama.

In addition, it is much more deserving of the comment of a dramatic critic than the majority of the pieces which are directly under his notice in the theatre. To speak of the technical point of an artwork such as this is, to my thinking, somewhat superfluous. Of course the draping, and the upraised hands, and outstretched fingers reveal a technique and a skill, beyond criticism. The narrow yard is a scene of crowded figures, all drawn with a master's faithfulness. The one blemish is the odd, strained position of the governor's left hand. It gives one the impression of being maimed or crippled from the manner in which the cloak conceals it. The background is a corridor, opened on the spectator, with pillars upholding a verandah, on which the eastern shrubs show out against a sapphire sky. At the right hand and in the extreme corner, as you face the picture, a stairway of two flights, say some twenty steps in all leads to a platform which is thus almost at right angles to the line of the pillars. The garish sunlight falls directly over this platform leaving the rest of the court partly in the shade. The walls are decorated and at the back of the piazza is a narrow doorway crowded with Roman soldiery. The first half of the mob, that is, those next underneath the platform, is enclosed between the pillars and a swinging chain in the foreground, which is parallel to them. A decrepit street cur, the only

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animal in the picture, is crouching by it. On the platform in front of the soldiers, stand two figures. One has his hands bound in front and is standing facing the rabble, his fingers just touching the balustrade. A red mantle is so placed about the shoulders as to cover the entire back and a little of the foreshoulders and arms. The whole front of the figure is thus exposed to the waist. A crown of irregular, yellowish thorns is on the temples and head and a light, long reed barely supported between the clasped hands. It is Christ. The other figure is somewhat nearer the populace and leans a little towards them over the balustrade. The figure is pointing at Christ, the right arm in the most natural position of demonstration, and the left arm extended in the peculiar, crippled way I have already noticed. It is Pilate. Right underneath these two main figures, on the paved yard, is the tossing, tumbling Jewish rabble. The expressions conveyed in the varying faces, gestures, hands and opened mouths are marvelous. There is

the palsied, shattered frame of a lewd wretch; his face is bruted animalism, feebly stirred to a grin. There is the broad back and brawny arm and tight clenched fist, but the face of the muscular 'protestant' is hidden. [4] At her [sic] feet, in the angle where the stairway bends a woman is kneeling. Her face is dragged in an unwholesome pallor but quivering with emotion. Her beautifully rounded arms are displayed as a contrast of writhing pity against the brutality of the throng. Some stray locks of her copious hair are blown over them and cling to them as tendrils. Her expression is reverential, her eyes are straining up through her tears. She is the emblem of the contrite, she is the new figure of lamentation as against the severe, familiar types, she is of those, the sorrowstricken, who weep and mourn but yet are comforted. Presumably, from her shrinking pose, she is a magdalen. Near her is the street dog, and near him a street urchin. His back is turned but both arms are flung up high and apart in youthful exultation, the fingers pointing outwards, stiff and separate.

In the heart of the crowd is the figure of a man, furious at being jostled by a well clad Jew. His eyes are squinting with rage, and an execration foams on his lips. The object of his rage is a rich man, with that horrible cast of countenance, so common among the sweaters of modern Israel. I mean, the face whose line runs out over the full forehead to the crest of the nose and then recedes in a similar curve back to the chin, which, in this instance is covered with a

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wispish, tapering beard. The upper lip is raised out of position, disclosing two long, white teeth, while the whole lower lip is trapped. This is the creature's snarl of malice. An arm is stretched forth in derision, the fine, snowy linen falling back upon the forearm. Immediately behind is a huge face, with features sprawled upon it, the jaws torn asunder with a coarse howl. Then there is the half profile and figure of the triumphant fanatic. The long gaberdine falls to the naked feet, the head is erect, the arms perpendicular, raised in conquest. In the extreme end is the bleared face of a silly beggar. Everywhere is a new face. In the dark hoods, under the conical headresses [sic], here hatred, there the mouth gaping open at its fullest stretch, the head thrown back on the nape. Here an old woman is hastening away, horrorstruck, and there is a woman of comely appearance but evidently a proletariat. She has fine, languid eyes, full features and figure, but marred with crass stupidity and perfect, if less revolting bestiality. Her child is clambering about her knees, her infant hoisted on her shoulder. Not even these are free from the all pervading aversion and in their small beady eyes twinkles the fire of rejection, the bitter un wisdom of their race. Close by are the two figures of John and Mary. Mary has fainted. Her face is of a grey hue, like a sunless dawn, her features rigid but not drawn. Her hair is jet black, her hood white. She is almost dead, but her force of anguish keeps her alive. John's arms are wound about her, holding her up, his face is half feminine in its drawing, but set in purpose. His rust coloured hair falls over his shoulders, his features express solicitude and pity. On the stairs is a rabbi, enthralled with amazement, incredulous yet attracted by the extraordinary central figure. Round about are the soldiers. Their mien is self-possessed contempt. They look on Christ as an exhibition and the rabble as a pack of un kennelled animals. Pilate is saved from the dignity his post would have given him, by the evidence that he is not Roman enough to spurn them. His face is round, his skull compact, the hair cropped short on it. He is shifting, uncertain of his next move, his eyes wide open in mental fever. He wears the white and red Roman toga.

It will be clear from all this that the whole forms a wonderful picture, intensely, silently dramatic, waiting but the touch of the wizard wand to break out into reality, life and conflict. As such too much tribute cannot be paid to it, for it is a frightfully real presentment of all the baser passions of humanity, in both sexes, in every

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gradation, raised and lashed into a demoniac carnival. So far praise must be given, but it is plain through all this, that the aspect of the artist is human, intensely, powerfully human. To paint such a crowd one must probe humanity with no scrupulous knife. Pilate is self-seeking, Mary is maternal, the weeping woman is penitent, John is a strong man, rent inside with great grief, the soldiers bear the impress of the stubborn unideality of conquest; their pride is uncompromising for are they not the overcomers? It would have been easy to have made Mary a Madonna and John an evangelist but the artist has chosen to make Mary a mother and John a man. I believe this treatment to be the finer and the subtler. In a moment such as when Pilate said to the Jews, Behold the man, it would be a pious error but indubitably, an error to show Mary as the ancestress of the devout, rapt madonnas of our churches. The depicting of

these two figures in such a way in a sacred picture, is in itself a token of the highest genius. If there is to be anything superhuman in the picture, anything above and beyond the heart of man, it will appear in Christ. But no matter how you view Christ, there is no trace of that in his aspect. There is nothing divine in his look, there is nothing superhuman. This is no defect of hand on the part of the artist, his skill would have accomplished anything. It was his voluntary position. Van Ruith [5] painted a picture some years ago of Christ and the traders in the temple. His intention was to produce elevated reprimand and divine chastisement, his hand failed him and the result was a weak flogger and a mixture of loving kindness and repose, wholly incompatible with the incident. Munkacsy on the contrary would never be under the power of his brush, but his view of the event is humanistic. Consequently his work is drama. Had he chosen to paint Christ as the Incarnate Son of God, redeeming his creatures of his own admirable will, through insult and hate, it would not have been drama, it would have been Divine Law, for drama deals with man. As it is from the artist's conception, it is powerful drama, the drama of the thrice told revolt of humanity against a great teacher.

The face of Christ is a superb study of endurance, passion, I use the word in its proper sense, and dauntless will. It is plain that no thought of the crowd obtrudes itself on his mind. He seems to have nothing in common with them, save his features which are racial. The mouth is concealed by a brown mustache, the chin and up to the ears overgrown with an untrimmed but moderate beard of the same

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colour. The forehead is low and projects somewhat on the eyebrows. The nose is slightly Jewish but almost aquiline, the nostrils thin and sensitive. The eyes are of a pale blue colour, if of any, and as the face is turned to the light, they are lifted half under the brows, the only true position for intense agony. They are keen, but not large, and seem to pierce the air, half in inspiration, half in suffering. The whole face is of an ascetic, inspired, whole souled, wonderfully passionate man. It is Christ, as the Man of Sorrows, his raiment red as of them that tread in the winepress. It is literally Behold the Man.

It is this treatment of the theme that has led me to appraise it as a drama. It is grand, noble tragic but it makes the founder of Christianity, no more than a great social and religious reformer, a personality, of mingled majesty and power, a protagonist of a world-drama. No objections will be lodged against it on that score by the public, whose general attitude when they advert to the subject at all, is that of the painter, only less grand and less interested. Munkacsy's conception is as much greater than theirs, as an average artist is greater than an average greengrocer, but it is of the same kind, it is, to pervert Wagner, the attitude of the folk [6] Belief in the divinity of Christ is not a salient feature of secular Christendom. But occasional sympathy with the eternal conflict of truth and error, of right and wrong, as exemplified in the drama at Golgotha, is not beyond its approval.

JAJ

Sept. 1899.

DRAMA AND LIFE

Although the relations between drama and life are, and must be of the most vital character, in the history of drama itself these do not seem to have been at all times, consistently in view. The earliest and best known drama, this side of the Caucasus, is that of Greece. I do not propose to attempt anything in the nature of a historical survey but cannot pass it by. Greek drama arose out of the cult of Dionysos, who, god of fruitage, joyfulness and earliest art, offered in his life-story a practical groundplan for the erection of a tragic and a comic theatre. In speaking of Greek drama it must be borne in mind that its rise dominated its form. The conditions of the Attic stage suggested a syllabus of greenroom proprieties and cautions to authors, which in after ages were foolishly set up as the canons of dramatic art, in all lands. Thus the Greeks handed down a code of laws which their descendants with purblind wisdom forthwith advanced to the dignity of inspired pronouncements. Beyond this, I say nothing. It may be a vulgarism, but it is literal truth to say that Greek drama is played out. For good or for bad it has done its work, which, if wrought in gold, was not upon lasting pillars. Its revival is not of dramatic but of pedagogic significance. Even in its own camp it has been superseded. When it had thriven over long in hieratic custody and in ceremonial form, it began to pall on the Aryan genius. A reaction ensued, as was inevitable; and as the classical drama had been born of religion, its follower arose out of a movement in literature. In this reaction England played an important part, for it was the power of the Shakespearean

clique that dealt the deathblow to the already dying drama. Shakespeare was before all else a literary artist; humour, eloquence, a gift of seraphic music, theatrical instincts - he had a rich dower of these. The work, to which he gave such splendid impulse, was of a higher nature than that which it followed. It was far from mere drama, it was literature in dialogue. Here I must draw a line of demarcation between literature and drama. [1]

Human society is the embodiment of changeless laws which the whimsicalities and circumstances of men and women involve and overwrap. The realm of literature is the realm of these accidental manners and humours - a spacious realm; and the true literary artist

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concerns himself mainly with them. Drama has to do with the underlying laws first, in all their nakedness and divine severity, and only secondarily with the motley agents who bear them out. When so much is recognised an advance has been made to a more rational and true appreciation of dramatic art. Unless some such distinction be made the result is chaos. Lyricism parades as poetic drama, psychological conversation as literary drama, and traditional farce moves over the boards with the label of comedy affixed to it.

Both of these dramas having done their work as prologues to the swelling act, [2] they may be relegated to the department of literary curios. It is futile to say that there is no new drama or to contend that its proclamation is a huge boom [sic]. Space is valuable and I cannot combat these assertions. However it is to me day-clear that dramatic drama must outlive its elders, whose life is only eked by the most dexterous management and the carefulest husbanding. Over this New School some hard hits have been given and taken. The public is slow to seize truth, and its leaders quick to miscal [sic] it. Many, whose palates have grown accustomed to the old food, cry out peevishly against a change of diet. To these use and want is the seventh heaven. Loud are their praises of the bland blatancy of Corneille, the starchglaze of Trapassi's godliness, the Pumblechookian woodenness of Calderon. [3] Their infantile plot juggling sets them agape, so superfine it is. Such critics are not to be taken seriously but they are droll figures! It is of course patently true that the 'new' school masters them on their own ground. Compare the skill of Haddon Chambers and Douglas Jerrold, of Sudermann and Lessing. [4] The 'new' school in this branch of its art is superior. This superiority is only natural, as it accompanies work of immeasurably higher calibre. Even the least part of Wagner - his music - is beyond Bellini. [5] Spite of the outcry of these lovers of the past, the masons are building for Drama, an ampler and loftier home, where there shall be light for gloom, and wide porches for drawbridge and keep.

Let me explain a little as to this great visitant. [6] By drama I understand the interplay of passions to portray truth; drama is strife, evolution, movement in whatever way unfolded; it exists, before it takes form, independently; it is conditioned but not controlled by its scene. It might be said fantastically that as soon as men and women began life in the world there was above them and about them, a spirit, of which they were dimly conscious, which they would have

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had sojourn in their midst in deeper intimacy and for whose truth they became seekers in after times, longing to lay hands upon it. For this spirit is as the roaming air, little susceptible of change, and never left their vision, shall never leave it, till the firmament is as a scroll rolled away. At times it would seem that the spirit had taken up his abode in this or that form - but on a sudden he is misused, he is gone and the abode is left idle. He is, one might guess, somewhat of an elfish nature, a nixie, a very Ariel. So we must distinguish him and his house. An idyllic [sic] portrait, or an environment of haystacks does not constitute a pastoral play, no more than rhodomontade and sermonising build up a tragedy. Neither quiescence nor vulgarity shadow forth drama. However subdued the tone of passions may be, however ordered the action or commonplace the diction, if a play or a work of music or a picture presents the everlasting hopes, desires and hates of us, or deals with a symbolic presentment of our widely related nature, albeit a phase of that nature, then it is drama. I shall not speak here of its many forms. In every form that was not fit for it, it made an outburst, as when the first sculptor separated the feet. Morality, mystery, ballet, pantomime, opera, all these it speedily ran through and discarded. Its proper form 'the drama' is yet intact. 'There are many candles on the high altar, though one fall.' [7]

Whatever form it takes must not be superimposed or conventional. In literature we allow conventions, for literature is a comparatively low form of art. [8] Literature is kept alive by tonics, it flourishes through conventions in all human relations, in all actuality. Drama will be for the future at war with

convention, if it is to realise itself truly. If you have a clear thought of the body of drama, it will be manifest what raiment befits it. Drama of so wholehearted and admirable a nature cannot but draw all hearts from the spectacular and the theatrical, its note being truth and freedom in every aspect of it. It may be asked what are we to do, in the words of Tolstoi. [9] First, clear our minds of cant [10] and alter the falsehoods to which we have lent our support. Let us criticise in the manner of free people, as a free race, recking little of ferula and formula. The Folk is, I believe, able to do so much. [11] *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*, [12] is not too high a motto for all human artwork. Let us not overbear the weak, let us treat with a tolerant smile the state pronouncements of those matchless serio-comics - the 'litterateurs' [sic]. [13] If a sanity rules the mind of the dramatic world there will be accepted what is now the

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faith of the few, then will be past dispute written up the respective grades of Macbeth and The Master Builder. [14] The sententious critic of the thirtieth century may well say of them - Between him and these there is a great gulf fixed.

There are some weighty truths which we cannot overpass, in the relations between drama and the artist. Drama is essentially a communal art and of widespread domain. [15] The drama - its fittest vehicle almost presupposes an audience, drawn from all classes. In an art-loving and art-producing society the drama would naturally take up its position at the head of all artistic institutions. Drama is moreover of so unswayed, so unchallengeable a nature that in its highest forms it all but transcends criticism. It is hardly possible to criticise *The Wild Duck*, for instance; one can only brood upon it as upon a personal woe. [16] Indeed in the case of all Ibsen's later work dramatic criticism, properly so called, verges on impertinence. In every other art personality, mannerism of touch, local sense, are held as adornments, as additional charms. But here the artist forgoes his very self and stands a mediator in awful truth before the veiled face of God. [17] ‘

If you ask me what occasions drama or what is the necessity for it at all, I answer Necessity. It is mere animal instinct applied to the mind. Apart from his world-old desire to get beyond the flaming ramparts, man has a further longing to become a maker and a moulder. That is the necessity of all art. [18] Drama is again the least dependent of all arts on its material. If the supply of mouldable earth or stone gives out, sculpture becomes a memory, if the yield of vegetable pigments ceases, the pictorial art ceases. But whether there be marble or paints, there is always the artstuff for drama. I believe further that drama arises spontaneously out of life and is coeval with it. Every race has made its own myths and it is in these that early drama often finds an outlet. The author of *Parsifal* [19] has recognised this and hence his work is solid as rock. When the my thus passes over the borderline and invades the temple of worship, the possibilities of its drama have lessened considerably. Even then it struggles back to its rightful place, much to the discomfort of the stodgy congregation.

As men differ as to the rise, so do they as to the aims of drama. It is in most cases claimed by the votaries of the antique school that the drama should have special ethical aims, to use their stock phrase, that it should instruct, elevate, and amuse. Here is yet another gyve

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that the jailers have bestowed. I do not say that drama may not fulfil any or all of these functions, but I deny that it is essential that it should fulfil them. Art, elevated into the overhigh sphere of religion, generally loses its true soul in stagnant quietism. As to the lower form of this dogma it is surely funny. This polite request to the dramatist to please point a moral, to rival *Cyrano*, in iterating through each act 'A la fin de l'envoi je touche' is amazing. [20] Bred as it is of an amiable-parochial disposition we can but waive it. Mr Beorly sacked with strychnine, or M. Coupeau in the horrors are nothing short of piteous in a surplice and dalmatic apiece. [21] However this absurdity is eating itself fast, like the tiger of story, tail first.

A yet more insidious claim is the claim for beauty. As conceived by the claimants beauty is as often anaemic spirituality as hardy animalism. Then, chiefly because beauty is to men an arbitrary quality and often lies no deeper than form, to pin drama to dealing with it, would be hazardous. Beauty is the *swerga* [22] of the aesthete; but truth has a more ascertainable and a more real dominion. Art is true to itself when it deals with truth. Should such an untoward event as a universal reformation take place on earth, truth would be the very threshold of the house beautiful. [23]

I have just one other claim to discuss, even at the risk of exhausting your patience. I quote from Mr Beerbohm Tree. In these days when faith is tinged with philosophic doubt, I believe it is the function

of art to give us light rather than darkness. It should not point to our relationship with monkeys but rather remind us of our affinity with the angels.' [24] In this statement there is a fair element of truth which however requires qualification. Mr Tree contends that men and women will always look to art as the glass wherein they may see themselves idealised. Rather I should think that men and women seldom think gravely on their own impulses towards art. The fetters of convention bind them too strongly. But after all art cannot be governed by the insincerity of the compact majority but rather by those eternal conditions, says Mr Tree, which have governed it from the first. I admit this as irrefutable truth. But it were well we had in mind that those eternal conditions are not the conditions of modern communities. Art is marred by such mistaken insistence on its religious, its moral, its beautiful, its idealising tendencies. A single Rembrandt is worth a gallery full of Van Dycks. [25] ' And it is this doctrine of idealism in art which has in notable instances disfigured

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manful endeavour, and has also fostered a babyish instinct to dive under blankets at the mention of the bogey of realism. Hence the public disowns Tragedy, unless she rattles her dagger and goblet, abhors Romance which is not amenable to the laws of prosody, and deems it a sad defect in art if, from the outpoured blood of hapless heroism, there does not at once spring up a growth of sorrowful blossoms. As in the very madness and frenzy of this attitude, people want the drama to befool them, Purveyor supplies plutocrat with a parody of life which the latter digests medicinally in a darkened theatre, the stage literally battenning on the mental off al of its patrons.

Now if these views are effete what will serve the purpose? Shall we put life - real life - on the stage? No, says the Philistine chorus, for it will not draw What a blend of thwarted sight and smug commercialism. Parnassus and the city Bank divide the souls of the pedlars. Life indeed nowadays is often a sad bore. Many feel like the Frenchman [26] " that they have been born too late in a world too old, and their wanhope and nerveless unheroism point on ever sternly to a last nothing, a vast futility and meanwhile - a bearing of fardels. [27] ' Epic savagery is rendered impossible by vigilant policing, chivalry has been killed by the fashion oracles of the boulevards. [28] There is no clank of mail, no halo about gallantry, no hat-sweeping, no roystering! The traditions of romance are upheld only in Bohemia. Still I think out of the dreary sameness of existence, a measure of dramatic life may be drawn. Even the most commonplace, the deadest among the living, may play a part in a great drama. It is a sinful foolishness to sigh back for the good old times, to feed the hunger of us with the cold stones they afford. Life we must accept as we see it before our eyes, men and women as we meet them in the real world, not as we apprehend them in the world of faery. The great human comedy in which each has share, gives limitless scope to the true artist, today as yesterday and as in years gone. The forms of things, as the earth's crust, are changed. The timbers of the ships of Tarshish [29] ' are falling asunder or eaten by the wanton sea; time has broken into the fastnesses of the mighty; the gardens of Armida [30] are become as treeless wilds. But the deathless passions, the human verities which so found expression then, are indeed deathless, in the heroic cycle, or in the scientific age. Lohengrin, [31] the drama of which unfolds itself in a scene of seclusion, amid half-lights, is not an Antwerp legend but a world drama. Ghosts, [32] the action of which passes in a common

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parlour, is of universal import - a deepset branch on the tree, Igdrasil [sic] [[33] whose roots are struck in earth, but through whose higher leafage the stars of heaven are glowing and astir. It may be that many have nothing to do with such fable, or think that their wonted fare is all that is of need to them. But as we stand on the mountains today, looking before and after, pining for what is not, scarcely discerning afar the patches of open sky; when the spurs threaten, and the track is grown with briers, what does it avail that into our hands we have given us a clouded cane [34] for an alpenstock, or that we have dainty silks to shield us against the eager, upland wind? The sooner we understand our true position, the better; and the sooner then will we be up and doing on our way. In the meantime, art, and chiefly drama, may help us to make our resting places with a greater insight and a greater foresight, that the stones of them may be bravely builded, and the windows goodly and fair. '... what will you do in our Society, Miss Hessel?' asked Rorlund - 'I will let in fresh air, Pastor.' - answered Lona. [35]

January. 10.1900.

IBSEN'S NEW DRAMA

Twenty years have passed since Henrik Ibsen wrote *A Doll's House*, thereby almost marking an epoch in the history of drama. During those years his name has gone abroad through the length and breadth of two continents, and has provoked more discussion and criticism than that of any other living man. He has been upheld as a religious reformer, a social reformer, a Semitic lover of righteousness, and as a great dramatist. He has been rigorously denounced as a meddling intruder, a defective artist, an incomprehensible mystic, and, in the eloquent words of a certain English critic, 'a muckferreting dog'. [1] Through the perplexities of such diverse criticism, the great genius of the man is day by day coming out as a hero comes out amid the earthly trials. The dissonant cries are fainter and more distant, the random praises are rising in steadier and more choral chaunt. Even to the uninterested bystander it must seem significant that the interest attached to this Norwegian has never flagged for over a quarter of a century. It may be questioned whether any man has held so firm an empire over the thinking world in modern times. Not Rousseau; not Emerson; not Carlyle; not any of those giants of whom almost all have passed out of human ken. Ibsen's power over two generations has been enhanced by his own reticence. Seldom, if at all, has he condescended to join battle with his enemies. It would appear as if the storm of fierce debate rarely broke in upon his wonderful calm. The conflicting voices have not influenced his work in the very smallest degree. His output of dramas has been regulated by the utmost order, by a clockwork routine, seldom found in the case of genius. Only once he answered his assailants after their violent attack on *Ghosts*. But from *The Wild Duck* to *John Gabriel Borkman*, his dramas have appeared almost mechanically at intervals of two years. One is apt to overlook the sustained energy which such a plan of campaign demands; but even surprise at this must give way to admiration at the gradual, irresistible advance of this extraordinary man. Eleven plays, all dealing with modern life, have been published. [2] Here is the list: *A Doll's House*, *Ghosts*, *An Enemy of the People*, *The Wild Duck*, *Rosmersholm*, *The Lady from the Sea*, *Hedda Gabler*; *The Master Builder*; *Little Eyolf* *John Gabriel Borkman*, and

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lastly - his new drama, published at Copenhagen, 19 December 1899 - *When We Dead Awaken*. This play is already in process of translation into almost a dozen different languages - a fact which speaks volumes for the power of its author. The drama is written in prose, and is in three acts.

To begin an account of a play of Ibsen's is surely no easy matter. The subject is, in one way, so confined, and, in another way, so vast. It is safe to predict that nine-tenths of the notices of this play will open in some such way as the following: 'Arnold Rubek and his wife, Maja, have been married for four years, at the beginning of the play. Their union is, however, unhappy. Each is discontented with the other.' So far as this goes, it is unimpeachable; but then it does not go very far. It does not convey even the most shadowy notion of the relations between Professor Rubek and his wife. It is a bald, clerkly version of countless, indefinable complexities. It is as though the history of a tragic life were to be written down rudely in two columns, one for the pros and the other for the cons. It is only saying what is literally true, to say that, in the three acts of the drama, there has been stated all that is essential to the drama. There is from first to last hardly a superfluous word or phrase. Therefore, the play itself expresses its own ideas as briefly and as concisely as they can be expressed in the dramatic form. It is manifest, then, that a notice cannot give an adequate notion of the drama. This is not the case with the common lot of plays, to which the fullest justice may be meted out in a very limited number of lines. They are for the most part reheated dishes - unoriginal compositions, cheerfully owlish as to heroic insight, living only in their own candid claptrap - in a word, stagey. The most perfunctory curtness is their fittest meed. But in dealing with the work of a man like Ibsen, the task set the reviewer is truly great enough to sink all his courage. All he can hope to do is to link some of the more salient points together in such a way as to suggest rather than to indicate, the intricacies of the plot. Ibsen has attained ere this to such mastery over his art that, with apparently easy dialogue, he presents his men and women passing through different soul-crises. His analytic method is thus made use of to the fullest extent, and into the comparatively short space of two days the life in life of all his characters is compressed. For instance, though we only see Solness during one night and up to the following evening, we have in reality watched with bated breath the whole course of

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his life up to the moment when Hilda Wangel enters his house. So in the play under consideration, when we see Professor Rubek first, he is sitting in a garden chair, reading his morning paper, but by degrees the whole scroll of his life is unrolled before us, and we have the pleasure not of hearing it read out to us, but of reading it for ourselves, piecing the various parts, and going closer to see wherever the writing on the parchment is fainter or less legible.

As I have said, when the play opens, Professor Rubek is sitting in the gardens of a hotel, eating, or rather having finished, his breakfast. In another chair, close beside him, is sitting Maja Rubek, the Professor's wife. The scene is in Norway, a popular health resort near the sea. Through the trees can be seen the town harbour, and the fjord, with steamers plying over it, as it stretches past headland and river- isle out to the sea. Rubek is a famous sculptor, of middle age, and Maja, a woman still young, whose bright eyes have just a shade of sadness in them. These two continue reading their respective papers quietly in the peace of the morning. All looks so idyllic to the careless eye. The lady breaks the silence in a weary, petulant manner by complaining of the deep peace that reigns about them. Arnold lays down his paper with mild expostulation. Then they begin to converse of this thing and that; first of the silence, then of the place and the people, of the railway stations through which they passed the previous night, with their sleepy porters and aimlessly shifting lanterns. From this they proceed to talk of the changes in the people, and of all that has grown up since they were married. Then it is but a little further to the main trouble. In speaking of their married life it speedily appears that the inner view of their relations is hardly as ideal as the outward view might lead one to expect. The depths of these two people are being slowly stirred up. The leaven of prospective drama is gradually discerned working amid the fin-de-siecle scene. The lady seems a difficult little person. She complains of the idle promises with which her husband had fed her aspirations.

MAJA. You said you would take me up to a high mountain and show me all the glory of the world.

RUBEK (with a slight start). Did I promise you that, too?

In short, there is something untrue lying at the root of their union. Meanwhile the guests of the hotel, who are taking the baths, pass out of the hotel porch on the right, chatting and laughing men

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and women. They are informally marshalled by the inspector of the baths. This person is an unmistakable type of the conventional official. He salutes Mr. and Mrs. Rubek, enquiring how they slept. Rubek asks him if any of the guests take their baths by night, as he has seen a white figure moving in the park during the night. Maja scouts the notion, but the inspector says that there is a strange lady, who has rented the pavilion which is to the left, and who is staying there, with one attendant - a Sister of Mercy. As they are talking, the strange lady and her companion pass slowly through the park and enter the pavilion. The incident appears to affect Rubek, and Maja's curiosity is aroused.

MAJA (a little hurt and jarred). Perhaps this lady has been one of your models, Rubek? Search your memory.

RUBEK (looks cuttingly at her). Model?

MAJA (with a provoking smile). In your younger days, I mean. You are said to have had such innumerable models - long ago, of course.

RUBEK (in the same tone). Oh, no, little Frau Maja. I have in reality had only one single model. One and one only for everything I have done.

While this misunderstanding is finding outlet in the foregoing conversation, the inspector, all at once, takes fright at some person who is approaching. He attempts to escape into the hotel, but the high-pitched voice of the person who is approaching arrests him.

ULFHEIM'S voice (heard outside). Stop a moment, man. Devil take it all, can't you stop? Why do you always scuttle away from me?

With these words, uttered in strident tones, the second chief actor enters on the scene. He is described as a great bear-killer, thin, tall, of uncertain age, and muscular. He is accompanied by his servant, Lars, and a couple of sporting dogs. Lars does not speak a single word in the play. Ulfheim at present dismisses him with a kick, and approaches Mr. and Mrs. Rubek. He falls into conversation with them, for Rubek is known to him as the celebrated sculptor. On sculpture this savage hunter offers some original remarks.

ULFHEIM... . We both work in a hard material, madam—both your husband and I . He struggles with his marble blocks, I daresay; and I struggle with tense and quivering bear-sinews. And we both of

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us win the fight in the end - subdue and master our material. We don't give in until we have got the better of it, though it fight never so hard.

RUBEK (deep in thought). There's a great deal of truth in what you say.

This eccentric creature, perhaps by the force of his own eccentricity, has begun to weave a spell of enchantment about Maja. Each word that he utters tends to wrap the web of his personality still closer about her. The black dress of the Sister of Mercy causes him to grin sardonically. He speaks calmly of all his near friends, whom he has dispatched out of the world.

MAJA. And what did you do for your nearest friends?

ULFHEIM. Shot them, of course.

RUBEK (looking at him). Shot them?

MAJA (moving her chair back). Shot them dead?

ULFHEIM (nods). I never miss, madam.

However, it turns out that by his nearest friends he means his dogs, and the minds of his hearers are put somewhat more at ease. During their conversation the Sister of Mercy has prepared a slight repast for her mistress at one of the tables outside the pavilion. The unsustaining qualities of the food excite Ulfheim's merriment. He speaks with a lofty disparagement of such effeminate diet. He is a realist in his appetite.

ULFHEIM (rising). Spoken like a woman of spirit, madam. Come with me, then! They [his dogs] swallow whole, great, thumping meat-bones -gulp them up and then gulp them down again. Oh, it's a regular treat to see them!

On such half-gruesome, half-comic invitation Maja goes out with him, leaving her husband in the company of the strange lady who enters from the pavilion. Almost simultaneously the Professor and the lady recognise each other. The lady has served Rubek as model for the central figure in his famous masterpiece, 'The Resurrection Day'. Having done her work for him, she had fled in an unaccountable manner, leaving no traces behind her. Rubek and she drift into familiar conversation. She asks him who is the lady who has just gone out. He answers, with some hesitation, that she is his wife.

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Then he asks if she is married. She replies that she is married. He asks her where her husband is at present.

RUBEK. And where is he now?

IRENE. Oh, in a churchyard somewhere or other, with a fine, handsome monument over him; and with a bullet rattling in his skull.

RUBEK. Did he kill himself?

IRENE. Yes, he was good enough to take that off my hands.

RUBEK. Do you not lament his loss, IRENE?

IRENE (not understanding). Lament? What loss?

RUBEK. Why, the loss of Herr von Satow, of course.

IRENE. His name was not Satow.

RUBEK. Was it not?

IRENE. My second husband is called Satow. He is a Russian.

RUBEK. And where is he?

IRENE. Far away in the Ural Mountains. Among all his gold-mines.

RUBEK. So he lives there?

IRENE (shrugging her shoulders). Lives? Lives? In reality I have killed him.

RUBEK (starts). Killed -!

IRENE. Killed him with a fine sharp dagger which I always have with me in bed –

Rubek begins to understand that there is some meaning hidden beneath these strange words. He begins to think seriously on himself, his art, and on her, passing in review the course of his life since the creation of his masterpiece, 'The Resurrection Day'. He sees that he has not fulfilled the promise of that work, and comes to realise that there is something lacking in his life. He asks IRENE how she has lived since they last saw each other. IRENE's answer to this query is of great importance, for it strikes the keynote of the entire play.

IRENE (rises slowly from her chair and says quiveringly). I was dead for many years. They came and bound me - lacing my arms together at my back. Then they lowered me into a grave-vault, with iron bars before the loophole. And with padded walls, so that no one on the earth above could hear the grave-shrieks.

In IRENE's allusion to her position as model for the great picture, Ibsen gives further proof of his extraordinary knowledge of women.

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No other man could have so subtly expressed the nature of the relations between the sculptor and his model, had he even dreamt of them.

IRENE. I exposed myself wholly and unreservedly to your gaze [more softly] and never once did you touch me

*

RUBEK (looks impressively at her). I was an artist, IRENE. irene (darkly). That is just it. That is just it.

Thinking deeper and deeper on himself and on his former attitude towards this woman, it strikes him yet more forcibly that there are great gulfs set between his art and his life, and that even in his art his skill and genius are far from perfect. Since IRENE left him he has done nothing but paint portrait busts of townfolk. Finally, some kind of resolution is enkindled in him, a resolution to repair his botching, for he does not altogether despair of that. There is just a reminder of the will-glorification of *Brand* [3] in the lines that follow.

RUBEK (struggling with himself uncertainly). If we could, oh, if only we could ...

IRENE. Why can we not do what we will?

In fine, the two agree in deeming their present state insufferable. It appears plain to her that Rubek lies under a heavy obligation to her, and with their recognition of this, and the entrance of Maja, fresh from the enchantment of Ulfheim, the first act closes.

RUBEK. When did you begin to seek for me, IRENE? irene (with a touch of jesting bitterness). From the time when I realised that I had given away to you something rather indispensable. Something one ought never to part with.

RUBEK (bowing his head). Yes, that is bitterly true. You gave me three or four years of your youth.

irene. More, more than that I gave you - spendthrift as I then was.

RUBEK. Yes, you were prodigal, IRENE. You gave me all your naked loveliness - Irene. To gaze upon -

RUBEK. And to glorify... .

*

IRENE. But you have forgotten the most precious gift.

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RUBEK. The most precious ... what gift was that?

IRENE. I gave you my young living soul. And that gift left me empty within - soulless [looks at him with a fixed stare]. It was that I died of, Arnold.

It is evident, even from this mutilated account, that the first act is a masterly one. With no perceptible effort the drama rises, with a methodic natural ease it develops. The trim garden of the nineteenth-century hotel is slowly made the scene of a gradually growing dramatic struggle. Interest has been roused in each of the characters, sufficient to carry the mind into the succeeding act. The situation is not stupidly explained, but the action has set in, and at the close the play has reached a definite stage of progression.

The second act takes place close to a sanatorium on the mountains. A cascade leaps from a rock and flows in steady stream to the right. On the bank some children are playing, laughing and shouting. The time is evening. Rubek is discovered lying on a mound to the left. Maja enters shortly, equipped for hill-climbing. Helping herself with her stick across the stream, she calls out to Rubek and approaches him. He asks how she and her companion are amusing themselves, and questions her as to their hunting. An exquisitely humorous touch enlivens their talk. Rubek asks if they intend hunting the bear near the surrounding locality. She replies with a grand superiority.

MAJA. You don't suppose that bears are to be found in the naked mountains, do you?

The next topic is the uncouth Ulfheim. Maja admires him because he is so ugly - then turns abruptly to her husband saying, pensively, that he also is ugly. The accused pleads his age.

RUBEK (shrugging his shoulders). One grows old. One grows old, Frau Maja!

This semi-serious banter leads them on to graver matters. Maja lies at length in the soft heather, and rails gently at the Professor. For the mysteries and claims of art she has a somewhat comical disregard.

MAJA (with a somewhat scornful laugh). Yet, you are always, always an artist.

and again -

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MAJA... . Your tendency is to keep yourself to yourself and - think your own thoughts. And, of course, I can't talk properly to you about your affairs. I know nothing about Art and that sort of thing. [With an impatient gesture .] And care very little either, for that matter.

She rallies him on the subject of the strange lady, and hints maliciously at the understanding between them. Rubek says that he was only an artist and that she was the source of his inspiration. He confesses that the five years of his married life have been years of intellectual famine for him. He has viewed in their true light his own feelings towards his art.

RUBEK (smiling). But that was not precisely what I had in my mind.

MAJA. What then?

RUBEK (again serious). It was this - that all the talk about the artist's vocation and the artist's mission, and so forth, began to strike me as being very empty and hollow and meaningless at bottom.

MAJA. Then what would you put in its place?

RUBEK. Life, Maja.

The all-important question of their mutual happiness is touched upon, and after a brisk discussion a tacit agreement to separate is effected. When matters are in this happy condition Irene is descried coming across the heath. She is surrounded by the sportive children and stays awhile among them. Maja jumps up from the grass and goes to her, saying, enigmatically, that her husband requires assistance to 'open a precious casket.' Irene bows and goes towards Rubek, and Maja goes joyfully to seek her hunter. The interview which follows is certainly remarkable, even from a stagey point of view. It constitutes, practically, the substance of the second act, and is of absorbing interest. At the same time it must be added that such a scene would tax the powers of the mimes producing it. Nothing short of a complete realisation of the two *rôles* would represent the complex ideas involved in the conversation. When we reflect how few stage artists would have either the intelligence to attempt it or the powers to execute it, we behold a pitiful revelation.

In the interview of these two people on the heath, the whole tenors of their lives are outlined with bold steady strokes. From the first exchange of introductory words each phrase tells a chapter of

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experiences. Irene alludes to the dark shadow of the Sister of Mercy which follows her everywhere, as the shadow of Arnold's unquiet conscience follows him. When he has half-involuntarily confessed so much, one of the great barriers between them is broken down. Their trust in each other is, to some extent, renewed, and they revert to their past acquaintance. Irene speaks openly of her feelings, of her hate for the sculptor.

IRENE (again vehemently). Yes, for you - for the artist who had so lightly and carelessly taken a warm-blooded body, a young human life, and worn the soul out of it - because you needed it for a work of art.

Rubek's transgression has indeed been great. Not merely has he possessed himself of her soul, but he has withheld from its rightful throne the child of her soul. By her child Irene means the statue. To her it seems that this statue is, in a very true and very real sense, born of her. Each day as she saw it grow to its full growth under the hand of the skilful moulder, her inner sense of motherhood for it, of right over it, of love towards it, had become stronger and more confirmed.

IRENE (changing to a tone full of warmth and feeling). But that statue in the wet, living clay, that I loved - as it rose up, a vital human creature out of these raw, shapeless masses - for that was our creation, our child. Mine and yours.

It is, in reality, because of her strong feelings that she has kept aloof from Rubek for five years. But when she hears now of what he has done to the child - her child - all her powerful nature rises up against him in resentment. Rubek, in a mental agony, endeavours to explain, while she listens like a tigress whose cub has been wrested from her by a thief.

RUBEK. I was young then - with no experience of life. The Resurrection, I thought, would be most beautifully and exquisitely figured as a young unsullied woman - with none of a life's experience - awakening to light and glory without having to put away from her anything ugly and impure.

With larger experience of life he has found it necessary to alter his ideal somewhat, he has made her child no longer a principal, but an

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intermediary figure. Rubek, turning towards her, sees her just about to stab him. In a fever of terror and thought he rushes into his own defence, pleading madly for the errors he has done. It seems to Irene that he is endeavouring to render his sin poetical, that he is penitent but in a luxury of dolour. The thought that she has given up herself, her whole life, at the bidding of his false art, rankles in her heart with a terrible persistence. She cries out against herself, not loudly, but in deep sorrow.

IRENE (with apparent self-control). I should have borne children into the world - many children - real children - not such children as are hidden away in grave-vaults. That was my vocation. I ought never to have served you - poet.

Rubek, in poetic absorption, has no reply, he is musing on the old, happy days. Their dead joys solace him. But Irene is thinking of a certain phrase of his which he had spoken unwittingly. He had declared that he owed her thanks for her assistance in his work. This has been, he had said, a truly blessed episode in my life. Rubek's tortured mind cannot bear any more reproaches, too many are heaped upon it already. He begins throwing flowers on the stream, as they used in those bygone days on the lake of Taunitz. He recalls to her the time when they made a boat of leaves, and yoked a white swan to it, in imitation of the boat of Lohengrin. Even here in their sport there lies a hidden meaning. 4

IRENE. You said I was the swan that drew your boat.

RUBEK. Did I say so? Yes, I daresay I did [absorbed in the game]. Just see how the sea-gulls are swimming down the stream!

IRENE (laughing). And all your ships have run ashore.

RUBEK (throwing more leaves into the brook). I have ships enough in reserve.

While they are playing aimlessly, in a kind of childish despair, Ulfheim and Maja appear across the heath. These two are going to seek adventures on the high tablelands. Maja sings out to her husband a little song which she has composed in her joyful mood. With a sardonic laugh Ulfheim bids Rubek good-night and disappears with his companion up the mountain. All at once Irene and Rubek leap to the same thought. But at that moment the gloomy figure of the Sister of Mercy is seen in the twilight, with her leaden eyes

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looking at them both. Irene breaks from him, but promises to meet him that night on the heath.

RUBEK. And you will come, Irene?

IRENE. Yes, certainly I will come. Wait for me here.

RUBEK (repeats dreamily). Summer night on the upland. With you. With you. [His eyes meet hers. Oh, Irene, that might have been our life. And that we have forfeited, we two.

IRENE. We see the irretrievable only when [breaks off short], Rubek (looks inquiringly at her). When?...

IRENE. When we dead awaken.

The third act takes place on a wide plateau, high up on the hills. The ground is rent with yawning clefts. Looking to the right, one sees the range of the summits half-hidden in the moving mists. On the left stands an old, dismantled hut. It is in the early morning, when the skies are the colour of pearl. The day is beginning to break. Maja and Ulfheim come down to the plateau. Their feelings are sufficiently explained by the opening words.

MAJA (trying to tear herself loose). Let me go! Let me go, I say! ulfheim. Come, come! are you going to bite now? You're as snappish as a wolf.

When Ulfheim will not cease his annoyances, Maja threatens to run over the crest of the neighbouring ridge. Ulfheim points out that she will dash herself to pieces. He has wisely sent Lars away after the hounds, that he may be uninterrupted. Lars, he says, may be trusted not to find the dogs too soon.

MAJA (looking angrily at him). No, I daresay not.

ULFHEIM (catching at her arm). For Lars - he knows my - my methods of sport, you see.

Maja, with enforced self-possession, tells him frankly what she thinks of him. Her uncomplimentary observations please the bear-hunter very much. Maja requires all her tact to keep him in order. When she talks of going back to the hotel, he gallantly offers to carry her on his shoulders, for which suggestion he is promptly snubbed. The two are playing as a cat and a bird play. Out of their skirmish one speech of Ulfheim's rises suddenly to arrest attention, as it throws some light on his former life.

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ULFHEIM (with suppressed exasperation). I once took a young girl - lifted her up from the mire of the streets, and carried her in my arms. Next my heart I carried her. So I would have borne her all through life, lest haply she should dash her foot against a stone ... [With a growling laugh.] And do you know what I got for my reward?

MAJA. No. What did you get?

ULFHEIM (looks at her; smiles and nods). I got the horns! The horns that you can see so plainly. Is not that a comical story, madam bear-murderess?

As an exchange of confidence, Maja tells him her life in summary - and chiefly her married life with Professor Rubek. As a result, these two uncertain souls feel attracted to each other, and Ulfheim states his case in the following characteristic manner:-

ULFHEIM. Should not we two tack our poor shreds of life together?

Maja, satisfied that in their vows there will be no promise on his part to show her all the splendours of the earth, or to fill her dwelling-place with art, gives a half-consent by allowing him to carry her down the slope. As they are about to go, Rubek and IRENE, who have also spent the night on the heath, approach the same plateau. When Ulfheim asks Rubek if he and madame have ascended by the same pathway, Rubek answers significantly.

RUBEK. Yes, of course [with a glance at Maja]. Henceforth the strange lady and I do not intend our ways to part.

While the musketry of their wit is at work, the elements seem to feel that there is a mighty problem to be solved then and there, and that a great drama is swiftly drawing to a close. The smaller figures of Maja and Ulfheim are grown still smaller in the dawn of the tempest. Their lots are decided in comparative quiet, and we cease to take much interest in them. But the other two hold our gaze, as they stand up silently on the fjaell, [5] engrossing central figures of boundless, human interest. On a sudden, Ulfheim raises his hand impressively towards the heights

ULFHEIM. But don't you see that the storm is upon us? Don't you hear the blasts of wind?

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RUBEK (listening). They sound like the prelude to the Resurrection Day...

MAJA (drawing ulfheim away). Let us make haste and get down.

As he cannot take more than one person at a time, Ulfheim promises to send aid for Rubek and Irene, and, seizing Maja in his arms, clambers rapidly but warily down the path. On the desolate mountain plateau, in the growing light, the man and the woman are left together - no longer the artist and his model. And the shadow of a great change is stalking close in the morning silence. Then Irene tells Arnold that she will not go back among the men and women she has left; she will not be rescued. She

tells him also, for now she may tell all, how she had been tempted to kill him in frenzy when he spoke of their connection as an episode of his life.

RUBEK (darkly). And why did you hold your hand?

IRENE. Because it flashed upon me with a sudden horror that you were dead already - long ago.

But, says Rubek, our love is not dead in us, it is active, fervent and strong.

IRENE. The love that belongs to the life of earth - the beautiful, miraculous life of earth - the inscrutable life of earth - that is dead in both of us.

There are, moreover, the difficulties of their former lives. Even here, at the sublimest part of his play, Ibsen is master of himself and his facts. His genius as an artist faces all, shirks nothing. At the close of *The Master Builder*, the greatest touch of all was the horrifying exclamation of one without, 'O! the head is all crushed in.' A lesser artist would have cast a spiritual glamour over the tragedy of Bygmaster Solness. [6] In like manner here Irene objects that she has exposed herself as a nude before the vulgar gaze, that Society has cast her out, that all is too late. But Rubek cares for such considerations no more. He flings them all to the wind and decides.

RUBEK (throwing his arms violently around her). Then let two of the dead - us two - for once live life to its uttermost, before we go down to our graves again.

IRENE (with a shriek). Arnold!

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RUBEK. But not here in the half-darkness. Not here with this hideous dank shroud flapping around us!

IRENE (carried away by passion). No, no - up in the light and in all the glittering glory! Up to the Peak of Promise!

Rubek. There we will hold our marriage-feast,

IRENE - oh! my beloved!

IRENE (proudly). The sun may freely look on us, Arnold.

RUBEK. All the powers of light may freely look on us - and all the powers of darkness too [seizes her hand] - will you then follow me, oh my grace-given bride!

IRENE (as though transfigured). I follow you, freely and gladly, my lord and master!

RUBEK (drawing her along with him). We must first pass through the mists, IRENE, and then -

IRENE. Yes, through all the mists, and then right up to the summit of the tower that shines in the sunrise.

[The mist-clouds close in over the scene. Rubek and Irene, hand in hand, climb up over the snowfield to the right and soon disappear among the lower clouds. Keen storm-gusts hurtle and whistle through the air.

[the sister of mercy appears upon the rubble-slope to the left. She stops and looks around silently and searchingly.

[MAJA can be heard singing triumphantly far in the depths below.

MAJA. I am free! I am free! I am free!

No more life in the prison for me!

I am free as a bird! I am free!

[Suddenly a sound like thunder is heard from high up on the snowfield which glides and whirls downwards with rushing speed. Rubek and Irene can be dimly discerned as they are whirled along with the masses of snow and buried in them.

THE SISTER OF MERCY (gives a shriek, stretches out her arms towards them, and cries). Irene! [Stands silent a moment, then makes the sign of the cross before her in the air, and says]. Pax Vobiscum!

[Maja's triumphant song sounds from still further down below.

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Such is the plot, in a crude and incoherent way, of this new drama. Ibsen's plays do not depend for their interest on the action, or on the incidents. Even the characters, faultlessly drawn though they be, are not the first thing in his plays. But the naked drama - either the perception of a great truth, or the opening up of a great question, or a great conflict which is almost independent of the conflicting actors, and has been and is of far-reaching importance - this is what primarily rivets our attention. Ibsen has chosen the average lives in their uncompromising truth for the groundwork of all his later plays. He has abandoned the verse form, and has never sought to embellish his work after the conventional fashion. Even when his dramatic theme reached its zenith he has not sought to trick it out in gawds or tawdriness. How easy it would have been to have written *An Enemy of the People* on a speciously loftier level - to have replaced the bourgeois by the legitimate hero! Critics might then have extolled as grand what they

have so often condemned as banal. But the surroundings are nothing to Ibsen. The play is the thing. By the force of his genius, and the indisputable skill which he brings to all his efforts, Ibsen has, for many years, engrossed the attention of the civilised world. Many years more, however, must pass before he will enter his kingdom in jubilation, although, as he stands to-day, all has been done on his part to ensure his own worthiness to enter therein. I do not propose here to examine into every detail of dramaturgy connected with this play, but merely to outline the characterisation.

In his characters Ibsen does not repeat himself. In this drama - the last of a long catalogue - he has drawn and differentiated with his customary skill. What a novel creation is Ulfheim! Surely the hand which has drawn him has not yet lost her cunning. Ulfheim is, I think, the newest character in the play. He is a kind of surprise-packet. It is as a result of his novelty that he seems to leap, at first mention, into bodily form. He is superbly wild, primitively impressive. His fierce eyes roll and glare as those of Yégof or Herne. [7] As for Lars, we may dismiss him, for he never opens his mouth. The Sister of Mercy speaks only once in the play, but then with good effect. In silence she follows Irene like a retribution, a voiceless shadow with her own symbolic majesty.

Irene, too, is worthy of her place in the gallery of her compeers. Ibsen's knowledge of humanity is nowhere more obvious than in his portrayal of women. He amazes one by his painful introspection; he

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seems to know them better than they know themselves. Indeed, if one may say so of an eminently virile man, there is a curious admixture of the woman in his nature. His marvellous accuracy, his faint traces of femininity, his delicacy of swift touch, are perhaps attributable to this admixture. But that he knows women is an incontrovertible fact. He appears to have sounded them to almost unfathomable depths. Beside his portraits the psychological studies of Hardy and Turgenieff, or the exhaustive elaborations of Meredith, [8] seem no more than sciolism. With a deft stroke, in a phrase, in a word, he does what costs them chapters, and does it better. Irene, then, has to face great comparison; but it must be acknowledged that she comes forth of it bravely. Although Ibsen's women are uniformly true, they, of course, present themselves in various lights.

Thus Gina Ekdal [9] is, before all else, a comic figure, and Hedda Gabler a tragic one - if such old-world terms may be employed without incongruity. But Irene cannot be so readily classified; the very aloofness from passion, which is not separable from her, forbids classification. She interests us strangely - magnetically, because of her inner power of character. However perfect Ibsen's former creations may be, it is questionable whether any of his women reach to the depth of soul of Irene. She holds our gaze for the sheer force of her intellectual capacity. She is, moreover, an intensely spiritual creation - in the truest and widest sense of that. At times she is liable to get beyond us, to soar above us, as she does with Rubek. It will be considered by some as a blemish that she - a woman of fine spirituality - is made an artist's model, and some may even regret that such an episode mars the harmony of the drama. I cannot altogether see the force of this contention; it seems pure irrelevancy. But whatever may be thought of the fact, there is small room for complaint as to the handling of it. Ibsen treats it, as indeed he treats all things, with large insight, artistic restraint, and sympathy. He sees it steadily and whole, as from a great height, with perfect vision and an angelic dispassionateness, with the sight of one who may look on the sun with open eyes. [10] Ibsen is different from the clever purveyor.

Maja fulfills a certain technical function in the play, apart from her individual character. Into the sustained tension she comes as a relief. Her airy freshness is as a breath of keen air. The sense of free, almost flamboyant, life, which is her chief note, counter-balances the austerity of IRENE and the dullness of Rubek. Maja has practically the same

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effect on this play, as Hilda Wangel has on *The Master Builder*. But she does not capture our sympathy so much as Nora Helmer. [11] She is not meant to capture it.

Rubek himself is the chief figure in this drama, and, strangely enough, the most conventional. Certainly, when contrasted with his Napoleonic predecessor, John Gabriel Borkman, he is a mere shadow. It must be borne in mind, however, that Borkman is alive, actively, energetically, restlessly alive, all through the play to the end, when he dies; whereas Arnold Rubek is dead, almost hopelessly dead, until the end, when he comes to life. Notwithstanding this, he is supremely interesting, not because of himself, but because of his dramatic significance. Ibsen's drama, as I have said, is wholly independent

of his characters. They may be bores, but the drama in which they live and move is invariably powerful. Not that Rubek is a bore by any means! He is infinitely more interesting in himself than Torvald Helmer or Tesman, [12] both of whom possess certain strongly-marked characteristics. Arnold Rubek is, on the other hand, not intended to be a genius, as perhaps Eljert Lovborg is. [13] Had he been a genius like Eljert he would have understood in a truer way the value of his life. But, as we are to suppose, the facts that he is devoted to his art and that he has attained to a degree of mastery in it - mastery of hand linked with limitation of thought - tell us that there may be lying dormant in him a capacity for greater life, which may be exercised when he, a dead man, shall have risen from among the dead.

The only character whom I have neglected is the inspector of the baths, and I hasten to do him tardy, but scant, justice. He is neither more nor less than the average inspector of baths. But he is that.

So much for the characterisation, which is at all times profound and interesting. But apart from the characters in the play, there are some noteworthy points in the frequent and extensive side-issues of the line of thought. The most salient of these is what seems, at first sight, nothing more than an accidental scenic feature. I allude to the environment of the drama. One cannot but observe in Ibsen's later work a tendency to get out of closed rooms. Since Hedda Gabler this tendency is most marked. The last act of *The Master Builder* and the last act of *John Gabriel Borkman* take place in the open air. But in this play the three acts are *alfresco*. To give heed to such details as these in

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the drama may be deemed ultra-Boswellian fanaticism. As a matter of fact it is what is barely due to the work of a great artist. And this feature, which is so prominent, does not seem to me altogether without its significance.

Again, there has not been lacking in the last few social dramas a fine pity for men - a note nowhere audible in the uncompromising rigour of the early eighties. [14] Thus in the conversion of Rubek's views as to the girl-figure in his masterpiece, '*The Resurrection Day*', there is involved an all-embracing philosophy, a deep sympathy with the cross-purposes and contradictions of life, as they may be reconcilable with a hopeful awakening - when the manifold travail of our poor humanity may have a glorious issue. As to the drama itself, it is doubtful if any good purpose can be served by attempting to criticise it. [15] Many things would tend to prove this. Henrik Ibsen is one of the world's great men before whom criticism can make but feeble show. Appreciation, hearkening is the only true criticism. Further, that species of criticism which calls itself dramatic criticism is a needless adjunct to his plays. When the art of a dramatist is perfect the critic is superfluous. Life is not to be criticised, but to be faced and lived. Again, if any plays demand a stage they are the plays of Ibsen. Not merely is this so because his plays have so much in common with the plays of other men that they were not written to cumber the shelves of a library, but because they are so packed with thought. At some chance expression the mind is tortured with some question, and in a flash long reaches of life are opened up in vista, yet the vision is momentary unless we stay to ponder on it. It is just to prevent excessive pondering that Ibsen requires to be acted. Finally, it is foolish to expect that a problem, which has occupied Ibsen for nearly three years, will unroll smoothly before our eyes on a first or second reading. So it is better to leave the drama to plead for itself. But this at least is clear, that in this play Ibsen has given us nearly the very best of himself. The action is neither hindered by many complexities, as in *The Pillars of Society*, nor harrowing in its simplicity, as in *Ghosts*. We have whimsicality, bordering on extravagance, in the wild *Ulfheim*, and subtle humour in the sly contempt which Rubek and Maja entertain for each other. But Ibsen has striven to let the drama have perfectly free action. So he has not bestowed his wonted pains on the minor characters. In many of his plays these minor characters are matchless creations. Witness Jacob Engstrand,

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Tonnesen, and the demonic Molvik! [16] But in this play the minor characters are not allowed to divert our attention.

On the whole, *When We Dead Awaken* may rank with the greatest of the author's work - if, indeed, it be not the greatest. It is described as the last of the series, which began with *A Doll's House* - a grand epilogue to its ten predecessors. Than these dramas, excellent alike in dramaturgic skill, characterisation, and supreme interest, the long roll of drama, ancient or modern, has few things better to show.

James A. Joyce.

THE DAY OF THE RABBLEMENT

No man, said the Nolan, can be a lover of the true or the good unless he abhors the multitude; [1] and the artist, though he may employ the crowd, is very careful to isolate himself. This radical principle of artistic economy applies specially to a time of crisis, and today when the highest form of art has been just preserved by desperate sacrifices, it is strange to see the artist making terms with the rabblement. The Irish Literary Theatre is the latest movement of protest against the sterility and falsehood of the modern stage. [2] Half a century ago the note of protest was uttered in Norway, and since then in several countries long and disheartening battles have been fought against the hosts of prejudice and misinterpretation and ridicule. What triumph there has been here and there is due to stubborn conviction, and every movement that has set out heroically has achieved a little. The Irish Literary Theatre gave out that it was the champion of progress, and proclaimed war against commercialism and vulgarity. It had partly made good its word and was expelling the old devil, when after the first encounter it surrendered to the popular will. Now, your popular devil is more dangerous than your vulgar devil. Bulk and lungs count for something, and he can gild his speech aptly. He has prevailed once more, and the Irish Literary Theatre must now be considered the property of the rabblement of the most belated race in Europe.

It will be interesting to examine here. The official organ of the movement spoke of producing European masterpieces, but the matter went no further. Such a project was absolutely necessary. The censorship is powerless in Dublin, and the directors could have produced *Ghosts* or *The Dominion of Darkness* [4] if they chose. Nothing can be done until the forces that dictate public judgement are calmly confronted. But, of course, the directors are shy of presenting Ibsen, Tolstoy or Hauptmann [sic], [4] where even *Countess Cathleen* is pronounced vicious and damnable. Even for a technical reason this project was necessary. A nation which never advanced so far as a *miracle-play* affords no literary model to the artist, and he must look abroad. Earnest dramatists of the second rank, Sudermann [sic], Byrson [sic], and Giacosa [sic], [5] can write very much better plays

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than the Irish Literary Theatre has staged. But, of course, the directors would not like to present such improper writers to the uncultivated, much less to the cultivated, rabblement. Accordingly, the rabblement, placid and intensely moral, is enthroned in boxes and galleries amid a hum of approval - *la bestia Trioufaute* [sic] - and those who think that *Echegaray* is 'morbid', and titter coyly when *Melisande* lets down her hair, [6] are not sure but they are the trustees of every intellectual and poetic treasure.

Meanwhile, what of the artists? It is equally unsafe at present to say of Mr Yeats that he has or has not genius. In aim and form *The Wind among the Reeds* is poetry of the highest order, and *The Adoration of the Magi* (a story which one of the great Russians might have written) shows what Mr Yeats can do when he breaks with the halfgods. But an esthete has a floating will, and Mr Yeats's treacherous instinct of adaptability must be blamed for his recent association with a platform from which even self-respect should have urged him to refrain. Mr Martyn and Mr Moore are not writers of much originality. Mr Martyn, disabled as he is by an incorrigible style, has none of the fierce, hysterical power of Strindberg, whom he suggests at times; and with him one is conscious of a lack of breadth and distinction which outweighs the nobility of certain passages. Mr Moore, however, has wonderful mimetic ability, and some years ago his books might have entitled him to the place of honour among English novelists. But though *Vain Fortune* (perhaps one should add some of *Esther Waters*) is fine, original work, [7] Mr Moore is really struggling in the backwash of that tide which has advanced from Flaubert through *Jakobsen* [8] to *D'Aununzio* [sic]: for two entire eras lie between *Madame Bovary* and *Il Fuoco*. It is plain from *Celebrates* [sic] [9] and the latter novels that Mr Moore is beginning to draw upon his literary account, and the quest of a new impulse may explain his recent startling conversion. Converts are in the movement now, and Mr Moore and his island have been fitly admired. But however frankly Mr Moore may misquote Pater and Turgeuieff [sic] to defend himself, his new impulse has no kind of relation to the future of art. [10]

In such circumstances it has become imperative to define the position. If an artist courts the favour of the multitude he cannot escape the contagion of its fetichism and deliberate self-deception, and if he joins in a popular movement he does so at his own risk. Therefore,

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the Irish Literary Theatre by its surrender to the trolls has cut itself adrift from the line of advancement. Until he has freed himself from the mean influences about him - sodden enthusiasm and clever insinuation and every flattering influence of vanity and low ambition - no man is an artist at all. But his true servitude is that he inherits a will broken by doubt and a soul that yields up all its hate to a caress; and the most seeming-independent are those who are the first to reassume their bonds. But Truth deals largely with us. Elsewhere there are men who are worthy to carry on the tradition of the old master who is dying in Christiania. He has already found his successor in the writer of Michael Kramer, and the third minister will not be wanting when his hour comes. Even now that hour may be standing by the door. [11]

JAS. A. JOYCE
October 15th, 1901

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN (1902)

‘Memorial I would have ... a constant presence with those that love me.’ [1]

It is many a day since the dispute of the classical and romantic schools began in the quiet city of the arts, so that criticism, which has wrongly decided that the classical temper is the romantic temper grown older, has been driven to recognise these as constant states of mind. Though the dispute has been often ungentle (to say no more) and has seemed to some a dispute about names and with time has become a confused battle, each school advancing to the borders of the other and busy with internal strife, the classical school fighting the materialism which attends it, and the romantic school to preserve coherence, yet as this unrest is the condition of all achievement, it is so far good, and presses slowly towards a deeper insight which will make the schools at one. Meanwhile no criticism is just which avoids labour by setting up a standard of maturity by which to judge the schools. The romantic school is often and grievously misinterpreted, not more by others than by its own, for that impatient temper which, as it could see no fit abode here for its ideals, chose to behold them under insensible figures, comes to disregard certain limitations, and, because these figures are blown high and low by the mind that conceived them, comes at times to regard them as feeble shadows moving aimlessly about the light, obscuring it; and the same temper, which assuredly has not grown more patient, exclaims that the light is changed to worse than shadow, to darkness even, by any method which bends upon these present things and so works upon them and fashions them that the quick intelligence may go beyond them to their meaning, which is still unuttered. Yet so long as this place in nature is given us, it is right that art should do no violence to that gift, though it may go far beyond the stars and the waters in the service of what it loves. Wherefore the highest praise must be withheld from the romantic school (though the most enlightened of Western poets [2] be thereby passed over), and the cause of the impatient temper must be sought in the artist and in his theme. Nor must the laws of his art be forgotten in the judgment of the artist, for

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no error is more general than the judgment of a man of letters by the supreme laws of poetry. Verse, indeed, is not the only expression of rhythm, but poetry in any art transcends the mode of its expression; and to name what is less than poetry in the arts, there is need of new terms, though in one art the term ‘literature’ may be used. Literature is the wide domain which lies between ephemeral writing and poetry (with which is philosophy), and just as the greater part of verse is not literature, so even original writers and thinkers must often be jealously denied the most honourable title; and much of Wordsworth, and almost all of Baudelaire, is merely literature in verse and must be judged by the laws of literature. Finally, it must be asked concerning every artist how he is in relation to the highest knowledge and to

those laws which do not take holiday because men and times forget them. This is not to look for a message but to approach the temper which has made the work, an old woman praying, or a young man fastening his shoe, and to see what is there well done and how much it signifies. A song by Shakespeare or Verlaine, which seems as free and living and as remote from any conscious purpose as rain that falls in a garden or the lights of evening, is discovered to be the rhythmic speech of an emotion otherwise incommunicable, at least so fitly. But to approach the temper which has made art is an act of reverence and many conventions must be first put off, for certainly the inmost region will never yield to one who is enmeshed with profanities [3]

That was a strange question which the innocent Parsifal asked - 'Who is good?' [4] and it is recalled to mind when one reads certain criticisms and biographies, for which the influence of a modern writer, misunderstood as the worship of broad-cloth," is answerable. When these criticisms are insincere they are humorous, but the case is worse when they are as sincere as such things can be. And so, when Mangan is remembered in his country (for he is sometimes spoken of in literary societies), his countrymen lament that such poetic faculty was mated with so little rectitude of conduct, surprised to find this faculty in a man whose vices were exotic and who was little of a patriot. Those who have written of him, [6] have been scrupulous in holding the balance between the drunkard and the opium-eater, and have sought to discover whether learning or imposture lies behind such phrases as 'from the Ottoman' or 'from the Coptic' [7] and save for this small remembrance, Mangan has been a stranger in his coun-

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try, a rare and unsympathetic figure in the streets, where he is seen going forward alone like one who does penance for some ancient sin. Surely life, which Novalis has called a malady of the spirit, [8] is a heavy penance for him who has, perhaps, forgotten the sin that laid it upon him, a sorrowful portion, too, because of that fine artist in him which reads so truly the lines of brutality and of weakness in the faces of men that are thrust in upon his path. He bears it well for the most part, acquiescing in the justice which has made him a vessel of wrath, but in a moment of frenzy he breaks silence, and we read how his associates dishonoured his person with their slime and venom, and how he lived as a child amid coarseness and misery and that all whom he met were demons out of the pit and that his father was a human boa-constrictor. [9] Certainly he is wiser who accuses no man of acting unjustly towards him, seeing that what is called injustice is never so but is an aspect of justice, yet they who think that such a terrible tale is the figment of a disordered brain do not know how keenly a sensitive boy suffers from contact with a gross nature. Mangan, however, is not without some consolation, for his sufferings have cast him inwards, where for many ages the sad and the wise have elected to be. When someone told him that the account which he had given of his early life, so full of things which were, indeed, the beginnings of sorrows, was wildly overstated, and partly false, he answered - 'Maybe I dreamed it.' [10] The world, you see, has become somewhat unreal for him, and he has begun to contemn that which is, in fine, the occasion of much error. How will it be with those dreams which, for every young and simple heart, take such dear reality upon themselves? [11] One whose nature is so sensitive cannot forget his dreams in a secure, strenuous life. He doubts them, and puts them from him for a time, but when he hears men denying them with an oath he would acknowledge them proudly, and where sensitiveness has induced weakness, or, as here, refined upon natural weakness, would even compromise with the world, and win from it in return the favour of silence, if no more, as for something too slight to bear a violent disdain, for that desire of the heart so loudly derided, that rudely entreated idea. His manner is such that none can say if it be pride or humility that looks out of that vague face, which seems to live only because of those light shining eyes and of the fair silken hair above it, of which he is a little vain. This purely defensive reserve is not without dangers for him, and in the end it is

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only his excesses that save him from indifference. [12] Something has been written of an affair of the heart between him and a pupil of his, to whom he gave lessons in German, [13] and, it seems, he was an actor afterwards in a love-comedy of three, [14] but if he is reserved with men, he is shy with women, and he is too self-conscious, too critical, knows too little of the soft parts of conversation, for a gallant. And in his strange dress, in which some have seen eccentricity, and others affectation - the high, conical hat, the loose trousers many sizes too big for him, and the old umbrella, so like a bagpipes - one may see a half-conscious expression of this. [15] The lore of many lands goes with him always, eastern tales

and the memory of curiously printed medieval books which have rapt him out of his time - gathered together day by day and embroidered as in a web. He has acquaintance with a score of languages, of which, upon occasion, he makes a liberal parade, and has read recklessly in many literatures, crossing how many seas, and even penetrating into Peristan, to which no road leads that the feet travel. In Timbuctoese, he confesses with a charming modesty which should prevent detractors, he is slightly deficient, but this is no cause for regret. He is interested, too, in the life of the seeress of Prevorst, [16] and in all phenomena of the middle nature and here, where most of all the sweetness and resoluteness of the soul have power, he seems to seek in a world, how different from that in which Watteau [17] may have sought, both with a certain graceful inconstancy, 'What is there in no satisfying measure or not at all.' [18]

His writings, which have never been collected and which are unknown, except for two American editions of selected poems and some pages of prose, published by Duffy, [19] show no order and sometimes very little thought. Many of his essays are pretty fooling when read once, but one cannot but discern some fierce energy beneath the banter, which follows up the phrases with no good intent, and there is a likeness between the desperate writer, himself the victim of too dexterous torture, and the contorted writing. Mangan, it must be remembered, wrote with no native literary tradition to guide him, and for a public which cared for matters of the day, and for poetry only so far as it might illustrate these. He could not often revise what he wrote, and he has often striven with Moore and Walsh [20] on their own ground. But the best of what he has written makes its appeal surely, because it was conceived by the imagination which he called, I think, the mother of things, whose dream are we, who imageth us

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to herself, and to ourselves, and imageth herself in us - the power before whose breath the mind in creation is (to use Shelley's image) as a fading coal. [21] Though even in the best of Mangan the presence of alien emotions is sometimes felt the presence of an imaginative personality reflecting the light of imaginative beauty is more vividly felt. East and West meet in that personality (we know how); images interweave there like soft, luminous scarves and words ring like brilliant mail, and whether the song is of Ireland or of Istambol [sic] it has the same refrain, a prayer that peace may come again to her who has lost her peace, the moonwhite pearl of his soul, Ameen. [22] Music and odours and lights are spread about her, and he would search the dews and the sands that he might set mother glory near her face. A scenery and a world have grown up about her face, as they will about any face which the eyes have regarded with love. Vittoria Colonna and Laura and Beatrice [23] - even she upon whose face many lives have cast that shadowy delicacy, as of one who broods upon distant terrors and riotous dreams, and that strange stillness before which love is silent, Mona Lisa [24] - embody one chivalrous idea, which is no mortal thing, bearing it bravely above the accidents of lust and faithlessness and weariness; and she whose white and holy hands have the virtue of enchanted hands, his virgin flower, and flower of flowers, is no less than these an embodiment of that idea. How the East is laid under tribute for her and must bring all its treasures to her feet! The sea that foams over saffron sands, the lonely cedar on the Balkans, the hall damascened with moons of gold and a breath of roses from the gulistan [25] - all these shall be where she is in willing service: reverence and peace shall be the service of the heart, as in the verses 'To Mihri':

My starlight, my moonlight, my midnight, my moonlight,
Unveil not, unveil not! [26]

And where the music shakes off its languor and is full of the ecstasy of combat, as in the 'Lament for Sir Maurice FitzGerald', and in 'Dark Rosaleen', it does not attain to the quality of Whitman [27] indeed, but is tremulous with all the changing harmonies of Shelley's verse. Now and then this note is hoarsened and a troop of unmannerly passions echoes it derisively, [28] but two poems at least sustain the music unbroken, the 'Swabian Popular Song', and a translation of two quatrains by Wetzel. [29] To create a little flower,

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Blake said, [30] is the labour of ages, and even one lyric has made Dowland immortal; [31] and the matchless passages which are found in other poems are so good that they could not have been written by anyone but Mangan. He might have written a treatise on the poetical art for he is more cunning in his use of the musical echo than is Poe, [32] the high priest of most modern schools, and there is a

mastery, which no school can teach, but which obeys an interior command, which we may trace in 'Kathaleen-Ny-Houlahan', where the refrain changes the trochaic scheme abruptly for a line of firm, marching iambs.

All his poetry remembers wrong and suffering and the aspiration of one who has suffered and who is moved to great cries and gestures when that sorrowful hour rushes upon the heart. This is the theme of a hundred songs but of none so intense as these songs which are made in noble misery, as his favourite Swedenborg would say, out of the vastation of soul. [33] Naomi would change her name to Mara, because it has gone bitterly with her, and is it not the deep sense of sorrow and bitterness which explains these names and titles and this fury of translation in which he has sought to lose himself? [34] For he has not found in himself the faith of the solitary, or the faith, which in the middle age, sent the spires singing up to heaven, and he waits for the final scene to end the penance. Weaker than Leopardi, [35] for he has not the courage of his own despair but forgets all ills and forgoes his scorn at the showing of some favour, he has, perhaps for this reason, the memorial he would have had - a constant presence with those that love him - and bears witness, as the more heroic pessimist bears witness against his will to the calm fortitude of humanity, to a subtle sympathy with health and joyousness which is seldom found in one whose health is safe. And so he does not shrink from the grave and the busy workings of the earth so much as from the unfriendly eyes of women and the hard eyes of men. To tell the truth, he has been in love with death all his life, like another, [36] and with no woman, and he has the same gentle manner as of old to welcome him whose face is hidden with a cloud, who is named Azrael. [37] Those whom the flames of too fierce love have wasted on earth become after death pale phantoms among the winds of desire, [38] and, as he strove here towards peace with the ardour of the wretched, it may be that now the winds of peace visit him and he rests, and remembers no more this bitter vestment of the body.

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Poetry, even when apparently most fantastic, is always a revolt against artifice, a revolt, in a sense, against actuality. It speaks of what seems fantastic and unreal to those who have lost the simple intuitions which are the tests of reality; and, as it is often found at war with its age, so it makes no account of history, which is fabled by the daughters of memory, [39] but sets store by every time less than the pulsation of an artery, the time in which its intuitions start forth, holding it equal in its period and value to six thousand years. [40] No doubt they are only men of letters who insist on the succession of the ages, and history or the denial of reality, for they are two names for one thing, may be said to be that which deceives the whole world. In this, as in much else, Mangan is the type of his race. [41] History encloses him so straitly that even his fiery moments do not set him free from it. He, too, cries out, in his life and in his mournful verses, against the injustice of despoilers, but never laments a deeper loss than the loss of plaids and ornaments. He inherits the latest and worst part of a legend upon which the line has never been drawn out and which divides against itself as it moves down the cycles. [42] And because this tradition is so much with him he has accepted it with all its griefs and failures, and has not known how to change it, as the strong spirit knows, and so would bequeath it: the poet who hurls his anger against tyrants would establish upon the future an intimate and far more cruel tyranny. [43] In the final view the figure which he worships is seen to be an abject queen upon whom because of the bloody crimes that she has done and of those as bloody that were done to her, madness is come and death is coming, but who will not believe that she is near to die and remembers only the rumour of voices challenging her sacred gardens and her fair, tall flowers that have become the food of boars. Novalis said of love that it is the Amen of the universe, [44] and Mangan can tell of the beauty of hate; and pure hate is as excellent as pure love. An eager spirit would cast down with violence the high traditions of Mangan's race - love of sorrow for the sake of sorrow and despair and fearful menaces - but where their voice is a supreme entreaty to be borne with forbearance seems only a little grace; and what is so courteous and so patient as a great faith? [45]

Every age must look for its sanction to its poetry and philosophy, for in these the human mind, as it looks backward or forward, attains to an eternal state. The philosophic mind inclines always to an

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elaborate life - the life of Goethe or of Leonardo da Vinci; but the life of the poet is intense - the life of Blake or of Dante - taking into its centre the life that surrounds it and flinging it abroad again amid planetary music. 4(1 With Mangan a narrow and hysterical nationality receives a last justification, for

when this feeble-bodied figure departs dusk begins to veil the train of the gods, and he who listens may hear their footsteps leaving the world. But the ancient gods, who are visions of the divine names, die and come to life many times, and though there is dusk about their feet and darkness in their indifferent eyes, the miracle of light is renewed eternally in the imaginative soul. When the sterile and treacherous order is broken up, a voice or a host of voices is heard singing, a little faintly at first, of a serene spirit which enters woods and cities and the hearts of men, and of the life of earth - *det dejlige vidunderlige jordliv det gaadefulde jordliv* [47] - beautiful, alluring, mysterious.

Beauty, the splendour of truth, [48] is a gracious presence when the imagination contemplates intensely the truth of its own being or the visible world, and the spirit which proceeds out of truth and beauty is the holy spirit of joy. These are realities and these alone give and sustain life. As often as human fear and cruelty, that wicked monster begotten by luxury, are in league to make life ignoble and sullen and to speak evil of death the time is come wherein a man of timid courage seizes the keys of hell and of death, and flings them far out into the abyss, proclaiming the praise of life, which the abiding splendour of truth may sanctify, and of death, the most beautiful form of life. [4]9 ' In those vast courses which enfold us and in that great memory which is greater and more generous than our memory, [50] no life, no moment of exaltation is ever lost; and all those who have written nobly have not written in vain, though the desperate and weary have never heard the silver laughter of wisdom. Nay, shall not such as these have part, because of that high, original purpose which remembering painfully or by way of prophecy they would make clear, in the continual affirmation of the spirit? [51]

James A. Joyce

AN IRISH POET

These are the verses of a writer lately dead, whom many consider the Davis of the latest national movement. [1] They are issued from headquarters, and are preceded by two introductions wherein there is much said concerning the working man, mutual improvement, the superior person, shady musical plays, etc. They are illustrative of the national temper, and because they are so the writers of the introductions do not hesitate to claim for them the highest honours. But this claim cannot be allowed, unless it is supported by certain evidences of literary sincerity. For a man who writes a book cannot be excused by his good intentions, or by his moral character; he enters into a region where there is question of the written word, and it is well that this should be borne in mind, now that the region of literature is assailed so fiercely by the enthusiast and the doctrinaire. An examination of the poems and ballads of William Rooney does not warrant one in claiming for them any high honours. The theme is consistently national, so uncompromising, indeed, that the reader must lift an eyebrow and assure himself when he meets on page 114 the name of D'Arcy MacGee. [2] But the treatment of the theme does not show the same admirable consistency. In 'S. Patrick's Day' and in 'Dromceat' one cannot but see an uninteresting imitation of Denis Florence M'Carthy and of Ferguson; even Mr T. D. Sullivan and Mr Rolleston have done something in the making of this book. [3] But 'Roilig na Riogh' [sic] is utterly lacking in the high distinctive virtue of 'The Dead at Clonmaenose', [4] and Mr Rolleston, who certainly is not driven along by any poetic impulse, has written a poem because the very failure of the poetic impulse pleases in an epitaph. So much can careful writing achieve, and there can be no doubt that little is achieved in these verses, because the writing is so careless, and is yet so studiously mean. For, if carelessness is carried very far, it is like to become a positive virtue, but an ordinary carelessness is nothing but a false and mean expression of a false and mean idea. [5] Mr Rooney, indeed, is almost a master in that 'style', which is neither good nor bad. In the verses of Maedhbh he writes:

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'Mid the sheltering hills, by the spreading waters,
They laid her down and her cairn raised The fiercest-hearted of Erin's daughters -
The bravest nature that ever blazed.

Here the writer has not devised, he has merely accepted, mean expressions, and even where he has accepted a fine expression, he cannot justify his use of it. Mangan's Homeric epithet of 'wine-dark'

becomes in his paper a colourless and meaningless epithet, which may cover any or all of the colours of the spectrum. How differently did Mangan write when he wrote:

Knowest thou the castle that beetles over The wine-dark sea!

Here a colour rises in the mind and is set firmly against the golden glow in the lines that follow. But one must not look for these things when patriotism has laid hold of the writer. He has no care then to create anything according to the art of literature, not the greatest of the arts, indeed, but at least an art with a definite tradition behind it, possessing definite forms. Instead we find in these pages a weary succession of verses, 'prize' poems - the worst of all. They were written, it seems, for papers and societies week after week, and they bear witness to some desperate and weary energy. But they have no spiritual and living energy, because they come from one in whom the spirit is in a manner dead, or at least in its own hell, a weary and foolish spirit, speaking of redemption and revenge, blaspheming against tyrants, and going forth, full of tears and curses, upon its infernal labours. Religion and all that is allied thereto can manifestly persuade men to great evil, and by writing these verses, even though they should, as the writers of the prefaces think, enkindle the young men of Ireland to hope and activity, Mr Rooney has been persuaded to great evil. And yet he might have written well if he had not suffered from one of those big words which make us so unhappy. There is no piece in the book which has even the first quality of beauty, the quality of integrity, the quality of being separate and whole, [6] but there is one piece in the book which seems to have come out of a conscious personal life. It is a translation of some verses by Dr Douglas Hyde, and is called 'A Request', and yet I cannot believe that it owes more than its subject to its original. [7] It begins:-

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In that last dark hour when my bed I lie on,
My narrow bed of the deal board bare,
My kin and neighbours around me standing,
And Death's broad wings on the thickening air.

It proceeds to gather desolation about itself, and does so in lines of living verse, as in the lines that follow. The third line is feeble, perhaps, but the fourth line is so astonishingly good that it cannot be overpraised

When night shall fall and my day is over And Death's pale symbol shall chill my face,
When heart and hand thrill no more responsive,
Oh Lord and Saviour, regard my case!

And when it has gathered about itself all the imagery of desolation, it remembers the Divine temptation, and puts up its prayer to the Divine mercy. It seems to come out of a personal life which has begun to realise itself but to which death and that realisation have come together. And in this manner, with the gravity of one who remembers all the errors of his members and his sins of speech, it goes into silence.

Poems and Ballads of William Rooney, 'The United Irishman,' Dublin.

GEORGE MEREDITH

Mr George Meredith has been included in the English men of letters series, where he may be seen in honourable nearness to Mr Hall Caine and Mr Pinero. [1] An age which has too keen a scent for contemporary values will often judge amiss, and, therefore, one must not complain when a writer who is, even for those who do not admire him unreservedly, a true man of letters, [2] comes by his own in such a strange fashion. Mr Jerrold in the biographical part of his book has to record a more than usual enormity of public taste, and if his book had recorded only this, something good would have been done; for it is certain that the public taste should be reprov'd, while it is by no means certain that Mr Meredith is a martyr. Mr Jerrold confesses his faith in novels and plays alike, and he will have it that 'Modern Love' is on the same plane with the 'Vita Nuova' [3] No one can deny to Mr Meredith an occasional power of direct compelling speech (in a picture of a famine he wrote 'starving lords were wasp and

moth') [4] but he is plainly lacking in that fluid quality, the lyrical impulse, which, it seems, has been often taken from the wise and given unto the foolish. And it is plain to all who believe in the tradition of literature that this quality cannot be replaced. Mr Meredith's eager brain, which will not let him be a poet, has, however, helped him to write novels which are, perhaps, unique in our time. Mr Jerrold subjects each novel to a superficial analysis, and by doing so he has, I think, seized a fallacy for his readers. For these novels have, for the most part, no value as epical art, and Mr Meredith has not the instinct of the epical artist. But they have a distinct value as philosophical essays, and they reveal a philosopher at work with much cheerfulness upon a very stubborn problem. Any book about the philosopher is worth reading, unless we have given ourselves over deliberately to the excellent foppery of the world/ and though Mr Jerrold's book is not remarkable, it is worth reading.

George Meredith: An Essay towards Appreciation. By Walter Jerrold.
London: Greening and Co. 3s. 6d.

TODAY AND TOMORROW IN IRELAND

In this book, the latest addition to the already formidable mass of modern Anglo-Irish literature, Mr Gwynn has collected ten essays from various reviews and journals, essays differing widely in interest, but for all of which he would claim a unity of subject. All the essays deal directly or indirectly with Ireland, and they combine in formulating a distinct accusation of English civilisation and English modes of thought. For Mr Gwynn, too, is a convert to the prevailing national movement, and professes himself a Nationalist, though his nationalism, as he says, has nothing irreconcilable about it. Give Ireland the status of Canada and Mr Gwynn becomes an Imperialist at once. It is hard to say into what political party Mr Gwynn should go, for he is too consistently Gaelic for the Parliamentarians, and too mild for the true patriots, who are beginning to speak a little vaguely about their friends the French. [1] Mr Gwynn, however, is at least a member of that party which seeks to establish an Irish literature and Irish industries. The first essays in his book are literary criticisms, and it may be said at once that they are the least interesting. Some are mere records of events and some seem written to give English readers a general notion of what is meant by the Gaelic revival. Mr Gwynn has evidently a sympathy with modern Irish writers, but his criticism of their work is in no way remarkable. In the opening essay he has somehow the air of discovering Mangan, and he transcribes with some astonishment a few verses from 'O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire'. Few as the verses are, they are enough to show the real value of the work of the modern writers, whom Mr Gwynn regards as the voice of Celticism proper. Their work varies in merit, never rising (except in Mr Yeats's case) above a certain fluency and an occasional distinction, and often falling so low that it has a value only as documentary evidence. It is work which has an interest of the day, but collectively it has not a third part of the value of the work of a man like Mangan, that creature of lightning, who has been, and is, a stranger among the people he ennobled, but who may yet come by his own as one of the greatest romantic poets among those who use the lyrical form. Mr Gwynn, however, is more successful in those essays which are illustrative of the industrial work which has been

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set in movement at different points of Ireland. His account of the establishing of the fishing industry in the West of Ireland is extremely interesting, and so are his accounts of dairies, old-fashioned and new-fashioned, and of carpet-making. These essays are written in a practical manner, and though they are supplemented by many quotations of dates and figures, they are also full of anecdotes. Mr Gwynn has evidently a sense of the humorous, and it is pleasing to find this in a revivalist. He tells how, fishing one day, it was his fortune to meet with an old peasant whose thoughts ran all upon the traditional tales of his country and on the histories of great families. Mr Gwynn's instinct as a fisherman got the better of his patriotism, and he confesses to a slight disappointment when, after a good catch on an unfavourable day, he earned no word of praise from the peasant, who said, following his own train of thought, 'The Clancartys was great men, too. Is there any of them living?' The volume, admirably bound and printed, is a credit to the Dublin firm to whose enterprise its publication is due. [2]

'To-day and To-morrow in Ireland.' By Stephen Gwynn.

A SUAVE PHILOSOPHY

In this book one reads about a people whose life is ordered according to beliefs and sympathies which will seem strange to us. The writer has very properly begun his account of that life by a brief exposition of Buddhism, and he sets forth so much of its history as illustrates its main principles. He omits some incidents which are among the most beautiful of the Buddhist legend - the kindly devas strewing flowers under the horse, and the story of the meeting of Buddha and his wife. But he States at some length the philosophy (if that be the proper name for it) of Buddhism. The Burmese people seem naturally adapted to follow such a wise passive philosophy. Five things are the five supreme evils for them - fire, water, storms, robbers, and rulers. All things that are inimical to human peace are evil. Though Buddhism is essentially a philosophy built against the evils of existence, a philosophy which places its end in the annihilation of the personal life and the personal will, the Burmese people have known how to transform it into a rule of life at once simple and wise. Our civilisation, bequeathed to us by fierce adventurers, eaters of meat and hunters, is so full of hurry and combat, so busy about many things which perhaps are of no importance, that it cannot but see something feeble in a civilisation which smiles as it refuses to make the battlefield the test of excellence. There is a Burmese saying - 'The thoughts of his heart, these are the wealth of a man', and Mr Hall, who has lived in Burma for many years, draws a picture of Burmese life which shows that a happiness, founded upon peace of mind in all circumstances, has a high place in the Burmese table of values. And happiness abides among this people: the yellow-robed monks begging alms, the believers coming to tell their beads in the temple, tiny rafts drifting down the river on the night of some festival, each one bearing upon it a tiny lamp, a girl sitting at evening in the shadow of the eaves until the young men come 'courting' - all this is part of a suave philosophy which does not know that there is anything to justify tears and lamentations. The courtesies of life are not neglected; anger and rudeness of manners are condemned; the animals themselves are glad to be under masters who treat them as living beings worthy of pity and toleration. Mr Hall is one of the

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Conquerors of this people, and as he does not think it a warrior people he cannot predict for it any great political future. But he knows that peace lies before it, and, perhaps in literature, or in some art, a national temper so serene and order-loving may achieve itself. He gives a version of the story of Ma Pa Da, which he calls 'Death the Deliverer', and this story itself is so pitiful that one would wish to know more of the Burmese popular tales. He gives elsewhere a rendering in prose of a Burmese love-song, which has, as may be seen, kept some of its charm, though it has lost, no doubt, much of its music: -

The moon wooed the lotus in the night, the lotus was wooed by the moon, and my sweetheart is their child. The flower opened in the night, and she came forth; the petals moved and she was born.

She is more beautiful than any flower; her face is as delicate as the dusk; her hair is as night falling over the hills; her skin is as bright as the diamond. She is very full of health, no sickness can come near her.

When the wind blows I am afraid, when the breezes move I fear. I fear lest the south wind take her, I tremble lest the breath of evening woo her from me - so light is she, so graceful.

Her dress is of gold, of silk and gold, and her bracelets are of fine gold. She has precious stones in her ears, but her eyes, what jewels can compare unto them?

She is proud, my mistress; she is very proud, and all men are afraid of her. She is so beautiful and so proud that all men fear her.

In the whole world there is none anywhere that can compare unto her. [1]

Mr Hall has written a most pleasing book in an easy and temperate style, a book which is full of interesting manners and stories. One is glad to see that even in these days of novels, religious and sensational, this book has run to four editions.

'The Soul of a People,' by H. Fielding Hall. London: Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d.

AN EFFORT AT PRECISION IN THINKING

He must be a hardy man who contends that the disputants in this book are common people. They are, happily for the peace of human animals, very uncommon people. For common people will not argue for any considerable time as to whether succession of appearances is or is not anything more than the appearance of succession. But these uncommon people, whose colloquies are recorded here at somewhat distressing length by Mr Austie [sic], argue about such subtleties with a precision which is more apparent than real. The speakers will seem more precise than they are, for at one time they dispute eagerly over certainty of thought, though certainty is not a habit of the mind at all, but a quality of propositions, and the speakers are really arguing about certitude, and more than once all the speakers are agreed that sense impressions mark the furthest limit of knowledge, and that 'reasonable belief' is an oxymoron - conclusions with which the man of the people, who is no philosopher, professes himself in loud accord. However, this book is an effort at precision in thinking, even if it does not always provoke that stimulated attention which one speaker calls a form of activity.

'Colloquies of Common People,' reported by James Austie [sic], K.C.
London: Smith, Elder and Co., 10s. 6d.

COLONIAL VERSES

These are colonial verses. The colonial Esau is asked on page 3 would he change his pottage for Jacob's birthright - a question which evidently expects the answer, No. [1] One piece is named 'Is Canada Loyal?' and Mr Wolley proclaims that it is loyal. His verse is for the most part loyal, and where it is not, it describes Canadian scenery. Mr Wolley says that he is a barbarian; he does not want the 'murmurous muddle' of the choir; he wants a 'clean-cut creed', 'plain laws for plain men'. There is a piece called 'Tableau', about a girl dreaming in a picture gallery. It begins: 'I wonder if it's really true that you are only paint.'

'Songs of an English Esau,' by Clive Phillips-Wolley. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 5s.

CATILINA

The French translators of this play have included in their preface some extracts from Ibsen's preface to the Dresden edition of 1875 and these extracts tell somewhat humorously the history of Ibsen's early years. The play was written in 1848, when Ibsen was twenty, a poor student working all day in a druggist's shop, and studying during the night as best he could. Sallust and Cicero, it seems, awakened his interest in the character of Catiline, [1] and he set to work to write a tragedy, in part historical and in part political, a reflection of the Norway of his day. The play was politely refused by the directors of the Christiania Theatre and by all the publishers. One of Ibsen's friends, however, published it at his own expense, fully convinced that the play would at once make the writer's name famous in the world. A few copies were sold and, as Ibsen and his friend were in need of money, they were glad to sell the remainder to a pork-butcher. 'For some days,' Ibsen writes, 'we did not lack the necessaries of life.' This is a sufficiently instructive history, and it is well to remember it when reading a play which Ibsen publishes simply that his work may be complete. For the writer of Catilina is not the Ibsen of the social dramas, [2] but, as the French translators joyfully proclaim, an ardent romantic exulting in disturbance and escaping from all formal laws under cover of an abundant rhetoric. This will not appear so strange when it is remembered that the young Goethe was somewhat given to alchemical researches, and as, to quote Goethe himself, the form in which a man goes into the shadows is the form which he moves among his posterity, [3] posterity will probably forget Ibsen the romantic as completely as it forgets Goethe and his athanor.

Yet, in some ways, this earlier manner suggests the later manner. In Catilina three figures are projected against the background of a restless and moribund society - Catiline, Aurelia, his wife, and Fulvia, [4] a vestal virgin. Ibsen is known to the general public as a man who writes a play about three people -

usually one man and two women - and even critics, while they assert their admiration for Ibsen's 'unqualified objectivity', find that all his women are the same woman renamed successively Nora, Rebecca, Hilda, Irene - find,

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that is to say, that Ibsen has no power of objectivity at all. The critics, speaking in the name of the audience, whose idol is common sense, and whose torment is to be confronted with a clear work of art that reflects every obscurity like a mirror, have sometimes had the courage to say that they did not understand the system of three. They will be pleased to learn that some of the characters in Catilina are in as sorry a plight as themselves. Here is a passage in which Curius, a young relative of Catiline, professes his inability to understand Catiline's relations with Fulvia and Aurelia:

CURIUS. Les aimerais-tu toutes deux d la fois?
Vraiment je n'y comprends plus rien.
CATILINA. En effet c'est singulier et je n'y comprends
Rien moi-meme. [5]

But perhaps that he does not understand is part of the tragedy, and the play is certainly the struggle between Aurelia, who is happiness and the policy of non-interference, and Fulvia, who is at first the policy of interference and who, when she has escaped from the tomb to which her sin had brought her, becomes the figure of Catiline's destiny. Very little use is made in this play of alarms and battles, and one can see that the writer is not interested in the usual property of romanticism. Already he is losing the romantic temper when it should be at its fiercest in him, and, as youth commonly brooks no prevention, he is content to hurl himself upon the world and establish himself there defiantly until his true weapons are ready to his hand. One must not take too seriously the solution of the drama in favour of Aurelia, for by the time the last act is reached the characters have begun to mean nothing to themselves and in the acted play would be related to life only by the bodies of the performers. And here is the most striking difference between Ibsen's earlier manner and his later manner, between romantic work and classical work. The romantic temper, imperfect and impatient as it is, cannot express itself adequately unless it employs the monstrous or heroic. In Catilina the women are absolute types, and the end of such a play cannot but savour of dogma - a most proper thing in a priest but a most improper in a poet. Moreover, as the breaking up of tradition, which is the work of the modern era, discountenances the absolute and as no writer can escape the spirit of his time, the writer of dramas must remember now more than ever a principle of all patient

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and perfect art which bids him express his fable in terms of his characters.

As a work of art Catilina has little merit, and yet one can see in it what the directors of the Christiania theatre and the publishers failed to see - an original and capable writer struggling with a form that is not his own. This manner continues, with occasional lapses into comedy, as far as Peer Gynt, in which, recognising its own limitations and pushing lawlessness to its extreme limit, it achieves a masterpiece. After that it disappears and the second manner begins to take its place, advancing through play after play, uniting construction and speech and action more and more closely in a supple rhythm, until it achieves itself in Hedda Gabler. Very few recognise the astonishing courage of such work and it is characteristic of our age of transition to admire the later manner less than the earlier manner. For the imagination has the quality of a fluid, and it must be held firmly, lest it become vague, and delicately, that it may lose none of its magical powers. And Ibsen has united with his strong, ample, imaginative faculty a pre-occupation with the things present to him. Perhaps in time, even the professional critic, accepting the best of the social dramas for what they are - the most excellent examples of skill and intellectual self-possession - will make this union a truism of professional criticism. But meanwhile a young generation which has cast away belief and thrown precision after it, for which Balzac [6] is a great intellect and every sampler who chooses to wander amid his own shapeless hells and heavens a Dante without the unfortunate prejudices of Dante, will be troubled by this pre-occupation, and out of very conscience will denounce a method so calm, so ironical. These cries of hysteria are confused with many others - the voices of war and statecraft and religion - in the fermenting vat. But Bootes, we may

be sure, thinks nothing of such cries, eager as ever at that ancient business of leading his hunting-dogs across the zenith 'in their leash of sidereal fire'.

THE SOUL OF IRELAND

Aristotle finds at the beginning of all speculation the feeling of wonder, [1] a feeling proper to childhood, and if speculation be proper to the middle period of life it is natural that one should look to the crowning period of life for the fruit of speculation, wisdom itself. But nowadays people have greatly confused childhood and middle life and old age; those who succeed in spite of civilisation in reaching old age seem to have less and less wisdom, and children who are usually put to some business as soon as they can walk and talk, seem to have more and more 'common sense'; and, perhaps, in the future little boys with long beards will stand aside and applaud, while old men in short trousers play handball against the side of a house. This may even happen in Ireland, if Lady Gregory has truly set forth the old age of her country. In her new book she has left legends and heroic youth far behind, and has explored in a land almost fabulous in its sorrow and senility. Half of her book is an account of old men and old women in the West of Ireland. These old people are full of stories about giants and witches, and dogs and black-handled knives, and they tell their stories one after another at great length and with many repetitions (for they are people of leisure) by the fire or in the yard of a workhouse. It is difficult to judge well of their charms and herb-healing, for that is the province of those who are learned in these matters and can compare the customs of countries, and, indeed, it is well not to know these magical-sciences, for if the wind changes while you are cutting wild camomile you will lose your mind. But one can judge more easily of their stories. These stories appeal to some feeling which is certainly not that feeling of wonder which is the beginning of all speculation. The story-tellers are old, and their imagination is not the imagination of childhood. The story-teller preserves the strange machinery of fairyland, but his mind is feeble and sleepy. [2] He begins one story and wanders from it into another story, and none of the stories has any satisfying imaginative wholeness, none of them is like Sir John Daw's poem that cried tink in the close. [3] Lady Gregory is conscious of this, for she often tries to lead the speaker back to his story by questions, and when the story has become hopelessly involved, she tries to establish

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some wholeness by keeping only the less involved part; sometimes she listens 'half interested and half impatient'. In fine, her book, wherever it treats of the 'folk', sets forth in the fullness of its senility a class of mind which Mr Yeats has set forth with such delicate scepticism in his happiest book, 'The Celtic Twilight.' [4] Something of health and naturalness, however, enters with Raftery, the poet. [5] He had a terrible tongue, it seems, and would make a satirical poem for a very small offence. He could make love-poems, too (though Lady Gregory finds a certain falseness in the western love-poems), and repentant poems. Raftery, though he be the last of the great bardic procession, has much of the bardic tradition about him. He took shelter one day from the rain under a bush: at first the bush kept out the rain, and he made verses praising it, but after a while it let the rain through, and he made verses dispraising it. Lady Gregory translates some of his verses, and she also translates some West Irish ballads and some poems by Dr Douglas Hyde. She completes her book with translations of four one-act plays by Dr Douglas Hyde, three of which have for their central figure that legendary person, who is vagabond and poet, and even saint at times, while the fourth play is called a 'nativity' play. The dwarf-drama (if one may use that term) is a form of art which is improper and ineffectual, but it is easy to understand why it finds favour with an age which has pictures that are 'nocturnes', and writers like Mallarmé and the composer of 'Recapitulation'. [6] The dwarf-drama is accordingly to be judged as an entertainment, and Dr Douglas Hyde is certainly entertaining in the 'Twisting of the Rope', and Lady Gregory has succeeded better with her verse-translations here than elsewhere, as these four lines may show:-

I have heard the melodious harp
On the streets of Cork playing to us:
More melodious by far I thought your voice,
More melodious by far your mouth than that.

This book, like so many other books of our time, is in part picturesque and in part an indirect or direct utterance of the central belief of Ireland. Out of the material and spiritual battle which has gone so hardly with her Ireland has emerged with many memories of beliefs, and with one belief - a belief in the incurable ignobility of the forces that have overcome her - and Lady Gregory, whose old men and

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women seem to be almost their own judges when they tell their wandering stories, might add to the passage from Whitman which forms her dedication, Whitman's ambiguous word for the vanquished - 'Battles are lost in the spirit in which they are won.' [8]

J.J

'Poets and Dreamers: Studies and Translations from the Irish.'
By Lady Gregory. Hodges Figgis, and Co., Dublin: John Murray, London.

THE MOTOR DERBY INTERVIEW WITH THE FRENCH CHAMPION (from a correspondent)

Paris, Sunday.

In the Rue d'Anjou, not far from the Church of the Madeleine, is M. Henri Fournier's place of business. 'Paris-Automobile' - a company of which M. Fournier is the manager - has its headquarters there. Inside the gateway is a big square court, roofed over, and on the floor of the court and on great shelves extending from the floor to the roof are ranged motor-cars of all sizes, shapes, and colours. In the afternoon this court is full of noises - the voices of workmen, the voices of buyers talking in half-a-dozen languages, the ringing of telephone bells, the horns sounded by the 'chauffeurs' as the cars come in and go out - and it is almost impossible to see M. Fournier unless one is prepared to wait two or three hours for one's turn. But the buyers of 'autos' are, in one sense, people of leisure. The morning, however, is more favourable, and yesterday morning, after two failures, I succeeded in seeing M. Fournier.

M. Fournier is a slim, active-looking young man, with dark reddish hair. Early as the hour was our interview was now and again broken in upon by the importunate telephone.

'You are one of the competitors for the Gordon-Bennett Cup, M. Fournier?'

'Yes, I am one of the three selected to represent France.' [1]

'And you are also a competitor, are you not, for the Madrid prize?' [2]

'Yes.'

'Which of the races comes first - the Irish race or the Madrid race?'

'The Madrid race. It takes place early in May, while the race for the International Cup does not take place till July.'

'I suppose that you are preparing actively for your races?'

'Well, I have just returned from a tour to Monte Carlo and Nice.'

'On your racing machine?'

'No, on a machine of smaller power.'

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'Have you determined what machine you will ride in the Irish race?'

'Practically.'

'May I ask the name of it - is it a Mercedes?'

'No, a Mors.'

'And its horse-power?'

‘Eighty.’
‘And on this machine you can travel at a rate of - ?’
‘You mean its highest speed?’
‘Yes.’
‘Its highest speed would be a hundred and forty kilometres an hour.’
‘But you will not go at that rate all the time during the race?’
‘Oh, no. Of course its average speed for the race would be lower than that.’
‘An average speed of how much?’
‘Its average speed would be a hundred kilometres an hour, perhaps a little more than that, something between a hundred and a hundred and ten kilometres an hour.’
‘A kilometre is about a half-mile, is it not?’
‘More than that, I should think. There are how many yards in your mile?’
‘Seventeen hundred and sixty, if I am right.’
‘Then your half-mile has eight hundred and eighty yards. Our kilometre is just equal to eleven hundred yards.’
‘Let me see. Then your top speed is nearly eighty-six miles an hour, and your average speed is sixty-one miles an hour?’³
‘I suppose so, if we calculate properly.’
‘It is an appalling pace! It is enough to burn our roads. I suppose you have seen the roads you are to travel?’
‘No.’
‘No? You don’t know the course, then?’
‘I know it slightly. I know it, that is, from some sketches that were given of it in the Paris newspapers.’
‘But, surely, you will want a better knowledge than that?’
‘Oh, certainly. In fact, before the month is over, I intend to go to Ireland to inspect the course. Perhaps I shall go in three weeks’ time.’
‘Will you remain any time in Ireland?’
‘After the race?’

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‘Yes.’
‘I am afraid not. I should like to, but I don’t think I can.’
‘I suppose you would not like to be asked your opinion of the result?’
‘Hardly.’
‘Yet, which nation do you fear most?’
‘I fear them all - Germans, Americans, and English. They are all to be feared.’
‘And how about Mr Edge?’
No answer.
‘He won the prize the last time, did he not?’
‘O, yes.’
‘Then he should be your most formidable opponent?’
‘O, yes ... But you see, Mr Edge won, of course, but ... a man who was last of all, and had no chance of winning might win if the other machines broke.’
Whatever way one looks at this statement it appears difficult to challenge its truth.

ARISTOTLE ON EDUCATION

This book is compiled from the first three books of the Ethics, and the tenth book, with some extracts from the Politics. Unfortunately, the compilation is not a complete treatise on education, nor is it even exhaustive so far as it goes. The Ethics is seized upon by admirers and opponents alike as the weak part

of the peripatetic philosophy. The modern notion of Aristotle as a biologist - a notion popular among advocates of 'science' - is probably less true than the ancient notion of him as a metaphysician; [1] and it is certainly in the higher applications of his severe method that he achieves himself. His theory of education is, however, not without interest, and is subordinate to his theory of the state. Individualism, it would seem, is not easily recommended to the Greek mind, and in giving his theory of education Aristotle has endeavoured to recruit for a Greek state rather than to give a final and absolute solution to questions of the greatest interest. Consequently this book can hardly be considered a valuable addition to philosophical literature, but it has a contemporary value in view of recent developments in France, [2] and at the present time, when the scientific specialists and the whole cohort of Materialists are cheapening the good name of philosophy, it is very useful to give heed to one who has been wisely named 'maestro di color che sauno [sic] [3]

'Aristotle on Education.' Edited by John Burnet, Cambridge: At the University Press. 2s. 6d.

[A NE'ER-DO-WEEL]

After all a pseudonym library has its advantages; to acknowledge bad literature by signature is, in a manner, to persevere in evil. [1] 'Valentine Caryl's' book is the story of a gypsy genius, whose monologues are eked out by accompaniments on the violin - a story told in undistinguished prose. The series in which this volume appears, the production of the book, and the scantiness of its matter have an air of pretentiousness which is ill justified by perusal.

'A Ne'er-Do-Well [sic],' By 'Valentine Caryl.' Fisher, Unwin, London.

NEW FICTION

This little volume is a collection of stories dealing chiefly with Indian life. The reader will find the first five stories - the adventures of Prince Aga Mirza - the most entertaining part of the book, if he is to any extent interested in tales of Indian magic. The appeal, however, of such stories is, frankly, sensational, and we are spared the long explanations which the professional occultists use. The stories that treat of camp life are soundly seasoned with that immature brutality which is always so anxious to be mistaken for virility. But the people who regulate the demand for fiction are being day by day so restricted by the civilisation they have helped to build up that they are not unlike the men of Mandeville's [1] time, for whom enchantments, and monsters, and deeds of prowess were so liberally purveyed.

A book written by the author of 'The Increasing Purpose' [2] is sure of a kind hearing from a public which can be thankful to those who serve it well. Mr Allen has not yet written any work of extraordinary merit, but he has written many which are, so far as they go, serious and patient interpretations of his people. Whether it be in the writer or in his theme, one cannot fail to recognise here the quality of self-reliant sanity - the very mettle (to employ the Shakespearian phrase which serves him for the title) of the pasture. [3] The style is nearly always clean and limpid, and is at fault only where it assumes ornateness. The method is psychological, very slightly narrative, and though that epithet has been used to cover a multitude of literary sins, it can be as safely applied to Mr Allen as *longo intervallo* [4] to Mr Henry James. It is a tragedy of scandal, the story of a love affair, which is abruptly terminated by a man's confession, but which is renewed again years later when it has passed through the trials which the world proposes to such as would renew any association and so offer offence to time and change. This story is surrounded with two or three other love affairs, all more or less conventional. But the characterisation is often very original - as in the case of old Mrs Conyers [5] - and the general current of the book arrests the reader by its suggestion of an eager lively race working out its destiny among

other races under the influence of some vague pantheistic spirit which is at times strangely mournful. 'For her', he says somewhere in a passage of great charm, 'for her it was one of the moments when we are reminded that our lives are not in our keeping, and that whatsoever is to befall us originates in sources beyond our power. Our wills may indeed reach the length of our arms, or as far as our voices can penetrate space; but without us and within us moves one universe that saves us or ruins us only for its own purposes; and we are no more free amid its laws than the leaves of the forest are free to decide their own shapes and seasons of unfolding, to order the showers by which they are to be nourished, and the storms which shall scatter them at last.' [6]

'The Adventures of Prince Aga Mirza.' By Aquila Kempster. Fisher Unwin: London. 'The Mettle of the Pasture,' by James Lane Allen. Macmillan and Co., London, 6s.

A PEEP INTO HISTORY

One may have no satirical reference either to the subject of this book, or to its treatment by Mr Pollock, in saying that this account of the Popish Plot [1] is far more diverting than many works of fiction. Mr Pollock, though he seems thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of the historical method, has set forth an account of the 'Plot' which is clear, detailed, and (so far as it is critical) liberal-minded. By far the most interesting part of the book is the story of the murder of Sir Edmund Godfrey [2] - a murder so artistically secret that it evoked the admiration of De Quincey, a murder so little documented, yet so overwhelmed with false testimonies, that Lord Acton declared it an insoluble mystery. [3] But justice was freely dealt out in those days of political and religious rancour, and Green and Berry suffered the last penalty for a crime of which posterity (unanimous in this one thing at least) has acquitted them. [4] As for those who swore against the poor wretches, Prauce [sic] and Bedloe cannot be accorded the same condemnation. Prauce [sic] after all, was only lying himself out of a very awkward position, but Bedloe was a more enterprising ruffian, second only to his monstrous, moon-faced leader, the horrible Oates. [5] It is bewildering to read all the charges and counter-charges made in connection with the Plot, and it is with a sigh of sympathy that we read of Charles's conduct. 'In the middle of the confusion the King suddenly left for the races at Newmarket, scandalising all by his indecent levity.' [6] Nevertheless he conducted the examination of Oates in a very skilful manner, and he described Oates very succinctly as 'a most lying knave'. Mr Pollock's treatment of those who have been accused as instigators justifies him in citing a concise phrase from Mabillon on his title page, [7] and the reader will know how patient and scholarly this book is if he compares it with the garbled, ridiculous account set down by L'Estrange. [8]

'The Popish Plot.' By John Pollock. Duckworth and Co., London.

A FRENCH RELIGIOUS NOVEL

This novel, reprinted from the pages of one of the leading French reviews, and now very successfully translated into English, seems to have attracted more attention in London than in Paris. It deals with the problem of an uncompromising orthodoxy, beset by a peculiarly modern, or (as the Churchmen would say) morbid scepticism, and sorely tried by that alluring, beautiful, mysterious spirit of the earth, whose voice is for ever breaking in upon, and sometimes tempering, the prayers of the saints. Augustine Chanteprie, the descendant of an old Catholic family, many of whose members have been disciples of Pascal, [1] has been brought up in an atmosphere of rigid, practical belief, and is destined, if not for a clerical life, at least for such a life in the world as may be jealously guarded from the snares of the devil, sacrificing as little as may be of innocence and piety. Among his ancestors, however, there was one who forsook the holy counsel given him in youth, and assumed the excellent foppery of the world. [2] He built, in protest against the gloomy house of his family, a pleasant folly, which afterwards came to be known as 'The House of Sin'. Augustine, unfortunately for himself, inherits the double temperament, and little by little the defences of the spiritual life are weakened, and he is made aware of human love as a subtle, insinuating fire. The intercourse of Augustine and Madame Manole is finely conceived, finely executed, enveloped in a glow of marvellous tenderness. A simple narration has always singular

charm when we divine that the lives it offers us are themselves too ample, too complex, to be expressed entirely:-

Augustine and Fanny were now alone. They retraced their steps toward Chene-Pourpre, and suddenly stopping in the middle of the road, they kissed each other ... There was neither light nor sound. Nothing lived under the vault of heaven but the man and the woman intoxicated by their kiss. From time to time, without disengaging their hands, they drew away and looked at each other. [3]

The last chapters of the book, the chapters in which the tradition of generations overcomes the lover, but so remorselessly that the mortal temple of all those emotions is shattered into fragments, show

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an admirable adjustment of style and narrative, the prose pausing more and more frequently with every lessening of vitality, and finally expiring (if one may reproduce the impression somewhat fantastically) as it ushers into the unknown, amid a murmur of prayers, the poor trembling soul. The interest in the politico-religious novel is, of course, an interest of the day, and perhaps because Huysmans is daily growing more formless and more obviously comedian in his books that Paris has begun to be wearied by the literary oblate. [4] The writer of 'The House of Sin', again, is without the advantage of a perverted career, and is not to be reckoned among the converts. The complication of an innocent male and a woman of the world is, perhaps, not very new, but the subject receives here very striking treatment, and the story gains much by a comparison with Bourget's 'Mensonges' [5] - a book that is crude, however detailed and cynical. 'Marcelle Tinayre', who seems to have a finer sympathy with Catholicism than most of the neo-Catholics have, is a lover of life and of the fair shows of the world; and though piety and innocence are interwoven with every change of affection and every mood of our manifold nature in these pages, one is conscious that the writer has suspended over her tragedy, as a spectre of sorrow and desolation, the horrible image of the Jansenist Christ. [6]

'The House of Sin.' By Marcelle Tintyre [7] (translated by A. Smith). Maclaren and Co., London.

UNEQUAL VERSE

Mr Langbridge, in his preface to this volume of his verses, has confessed to so great a number of literary discipleships that one is well prepared for the variety of styles and subjects of which the book is full. Mr Langbridge's worst manner is very bad indeed; here the worst vices of Browning are united with a disease of sentiment of which the 'Master' cannot be justly accused; here 'tears splash on ground', blind beggars, mothers' girlies, pathetic clerks, and cripples are huddled together in dire confusion, and the colloquial style, half American half Cockney, is employed to adorn their easily-imagined adventures. Anything more lamentable than the result would be difficult to conceive; and the result is all the more lamentable because the few sonnets which Mr Langbridge has inserted in his volume are evidences of some care and a not inconsiderable technical power. The lines, 'To Maurice Maeterlinck', [1] are, therefore, curiously out of place in this farrago of banal epics, so dignified are they in theme, so reserved in treatment, and one can only hope that Mr Langbridge, when he publishes again, will see fit to sacrifice his taste for 'comédie larmoyante', [2] and attest in serious verse that love which he professes for the muse.

'Ballads and Legends.' By Frederick Langbridge.
George Routledge and Sons, London.

MR ARNOLD GRAVES'S NEW WORK

In the introduction which Dr Tyrrell [1] has written for Mr Graves's tragedy, it is pointed out that 'Clytemnaestra' [sic] is not a Greek play in English, like 'Atalanta in Calydon', [2] but rather a Greek story treated from the standpoint of a modern dramatist - in other words it claims to be heard on its own merits merely, and not at all as a literary curio. To leave aside for the moment the subordinate question of language it is not easy to agree with Dr Tyrrell's opinion that the treatment is worthy of the subject.

On the contrary there would appear to be some serious flaws in the construction. Mr Graves has chosen to call his play after the faithless wife of Agamemnon, and to make her nominally the cardinal point of interest. Yet from the tenor of the speeches, and inasmuch as the play is almost entirely a drama of the retribution which follows crime, Orestes being the agent of Divine vengeance, it is plain that the criminal nature of the queen has not engaged Mr Graves's sympathies. The play, in fact, is solved according to an ethical idea, and not according to that indifferent sympathy with certain pathological states which is so often anathematised by theologians of the street. Rules of conduct can be found in the books of moral philosophers, but 'experts' alone can find them in Elizabethan comedy. Moreover, the interest is wrongly directed when Clytemnaestra, who is about to imperil everything for the sake of her paramour,' is represented as treating him with hardly disguised contempt, and again where Agamemnon, who is about to be murdered in his own palace by his own queen on his night of triumph, is made to behave towards his daughter Electra with a stupid harshness which is suggestive of nothing so much as of gout. Indeed, the feeblest of the five acts is the act which deals with the murder. Nor is the effect even sustained, for its second representation during Orestes' hypnotic trance cannot but mar the effect of the real murder in the third act in the mind of an audience which has just caught Clytemnaestra and Egisthus redhanded. These faults can hardly be called venial, for they occur at vital points of the artistic structure, and Mr Graves, who might have sought to cover all with descriptive writing, has been honest enough to employ such a studiously plain language as throws every deformity into instant relief. However,

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there are fewer offences in the verse than in most of the verse that is written nowadays, and it is perhaps only an indication of the mental confusion incident upon seership when Tiresias, the prophet, is heard exclaiming:

Beware! beware!

The stone you started rolling down the hill Will crush you if you do not change your course.

'Clytemnaestra [sic]: A Tragedy,' by Arnold F. Graves. Longman,
Green and Co: London.

A NEGLECTED POET

Tennyson is reported to have said that if God made the country and man made the city, it must have been the devil that made the country town. [1] The dreary monotonousness, the squalor, the inevitable moral decay - all, in fine, that has been called 'provincial' - is the constant theme of Crabbe's verse. Patronised in his own day by Edmund Burke and Charles James Fox, the friend of Scott, and Rogers, and Bowles, the literary godfather of FitzGerald, [2] Crabbe has so far fallen in our day from his high estate that it is only by a favour that he is accorded mention in some manual of literature. This neglect, though it can be easily explained, is probably not a final judgment. Of course, much of Crabbe's work is dull and undistinguished, and he never had such moments as those which Wordsworth can always plead in answer to his critics. On the contrary, it is his chief quality that he employs the metre of Pope so evenly, and with so little of Pope's brilliancy that he succeeds admirably as narrator of the obscure tragedies of the provinces. His tales are, therefore, his claim to a place in the history of English fiction. At a time when false sentiment and the 'genteel' style were fashionable, and when country life was seized upon for exploitation as eagerly as by any of the modern Kailyard school, [3] Crabbe appeared as the champion of realism. Goldsmith had preceded him in treating rural subjects, treating them with an Arcadian grace, it is true, but with what remoteness and lack of true insight and sympathy a comparison of Auburn with 'The Village', 'The Borough', and 'The Parish Register' will show. [4] These latter are no more than names in the ears of the present generation, and it is the purpose of the present monograph to obtain a hearing, at least, for one of the most neglected of English writers. The name of its author is one of the most honourable and painstaking in contemporary criticism, and amid a multitude of schools and theories perhaps he may succeed in securing a place for one like Crabbe, who, except for a few passages wherein the world of opinion is divided, is an example of sane judgment and sober skill, and who has set forth the lives of villagers with appreciation and fidelity, and with an occasional splendour reminiscent of the Dutchmen. 5

MR MASON'S NOVELS

These novels, much as they differ in their subjects and styles, are curiously illustrative of the truth of one of Leonardo's observations. Leonardo, exploring the dark recesses of consciousness in the interests of some semi-pantheistic psychology, has noted the tendency of the mind to impress its own likeness upon that which it creates. It is because of this tendency, he says, that many painters have cast as it were a reflection of themselves over the portraits of others. [1] Mr Mason, perhaps, in like manner, has allowed these stories to fit themselves into what is doubtless one of the 'moulds of his understanding'. Among Mr Mason's 'properties' the reader will not fail to notice the early, effaceable husband. In 'The Courtship of Morrice Buckler' it is Julian Harwood, in 'The Philanderers' it is the outcast Gorley, in 'Miranda of the Balcony' it is Ralph Warriner. In all three books a previously-implicated girl of wayward habits is associated with a young man, who is a type of class common enough in novels - the sturdy, slow-witted Englishman. It is curious to watch this story reproducing itself without the author's assent, one imagines, through scenes and times differing so widely. A minor phenomenon is the appearance of Horace in each story. In 'The Courtship of Morrice Buckler' the plan of the castle in the Tyrol, which is the centre of gravity of the story, is made on a page of a little Elzevir copy of Horace. [2] In 'The Philanderers' Horace is laid under tribute more than once for a simile worthy of the classical beauty of Clarice. And once again in 'Miranda of the Balcony' that interesting figure 'Major' Wilbraham is represented as engaged on a translation of Horace in the intervals of marauding and blackmailing. Mr Mason is much more successful when he is writing of a time or scene somewhat remote from big towns. The Belgravian atmosphere of 'The Philanderers' (a title which Mr Mason has to share with Mr George Bernard Shaw) is not enlivened by much wit or incident, but 'Miranda of the Balcony' has a pleasing sequence of Spanish and Moorish scenes. Mr Mason's best book, however, is certainly 'The Courtship of Morrice Buckler'. The story is of the cape and sword order, and it passes in the years after Sedgemoor.' Germany is an excellent place for castles and intrigues; and in the adventurous air of

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this romance those who have read too many novels of modern life may recreate themselves at will. The writing is often quite pretty, too. Isn't 'Miranda of the Balcony' a pretty name?

'The Courtship of Maurice Buckley [sic]' by A. E. W. Mason. 'The Philanderers,' by A. E. W. Mason. 'Miranda of the Balcony,' by A. E. W. Mason. Macmillan and Co., London.

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THE BRUNO PHILOSOPHY

Except for a book in the English or Foreign Philosophical Library, [1] a book the interest of which was chiefly biographical, no considerable volume has appeared in England to give an account of the life and philosophy of the heresiarch martyr of Nola. [2] Inasmuch as Bruno was born about the middle of the 16th century, an appreciation of him - and that appreciation the first to appear in England - cannot but seem somewhat belated now. Less than a third of this book is devoted to Bruno's life, and the rest of the book to an exposition and comparative survey of his system. That life reads like a heroic fable in these days of millionaires. A Dominican monk, a gipsy professor, a commentator of old philosophies and a deviser of new ones, a playwright, a polemist, a counsel for his own defence, and, finally, a martyr burned at the stake in the Campo dei Fiori [3] - Bruno, through all these modes and accidents (as he would have called them) of being, remains a consistent spiritual unity. Casting away tradition with the courage of early humanism, Bruno has hardly brought to his philosophical enquiry the philosophical method of a peripatetic. His active brain continually utters hypotheses; his vehement temper continually urges him to recriminate; and though the hypothesis may be validly used by the philosopher in speculation and the countercheck quarrelsome be allowed him upon occasion, hypotheses and recriminations fill so many of Bruno's pages that nothing is easier than to receive from them an inadequate and unjust notion of a great lover of wisdom. Certain parts of his philosophy - for it is many

sided - may be put aside. His treatises on memory, commentaries on the art of Raymond Lally [sic], his excursions into that treacherous region from which even ironical Aristotle did not come undiscredited, the science of morality, have an interest only because they are so fantastical and middle aged. [4] As an independent observer, Bruno, however, deserves high honour. More than Bacon or Descartes must be considered the father of what is called modern philosophy. [5] His system by turns rationalist and mystic, theistic and pantheistic is everywhere impressed with his noble mind and critical intellect, and is full of that ardent sympathy with nature as it is - *natura naturata* [6] - which is the breath of the Renaissance. In his attempt to

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reconcile the matter and form of the Scholastics [7] - formidable names, which in his system as spirit and body retain little of their metaphysical character - Bruno has hardily put forward an hypothesis, which is a curious anticipation of Spinoza. [8] Is it not strange, then, that Coleridge should have set him down a dualist, a later Heraclitus, [9] and should have represented him as saying in effect: 'Every power in nature or in spirit must evolve an opposite as the sole condition and means of its manifestation; and every opposition is, therefore, a tendency to reunion.'? [10] And yet it must be the chief claim of any system like Bruno's that it endeavours to simplify the complex. That idea of an ultimate principle, spiritual, indifferent, universal, related to any soul or to any material thing, as the *Materia Prima* [11] of Aquinas is related to any material thing, unwarranted as it may seem in the view of critical philosophy, [12] has yet a distinct value for the historian of religious ecstasies. It is not Spinoza, it is Bruno, that is the god-intoxicated man. [13] Inwards from the *materia* universe, which, however, did not seem to him, as to the Neoplatenists, the kingdom of the soul's malady, or as to the Christians a place of probation, but rather his opportunity for spiritual activity, he passes, and from heroic enthusiasm to enthusiasm to unite himself with God. His mysticism is little allied to that of Molinos or to that of St John of the Cross; [14] there is nothing in it of quietism or of the dark cloister: it is strong, suddenly rapturous, and militant. The death of the body is for him the cessation of a mode of being, and in virtue of this belief and of that robust character 'prevaricating yet iirm', which is an evidence of that belief, he becomes of the number of those who loftily do not fear to die. For us his vindication of the freedom of intuition must seem an enduring monument, and among those who waged so honourable a war, his legend must seem the most honourable, more sanctified, and more ingenuous than that of Averroes or of Scotus Erigena. [15]

'Giordano Bruno.' By J. Lewis McIntyre. Macmillan and Co.,
London. J903.

HUMANISM

Barbarism, says Professor Schiller, may show itself in philosophy in two guises, as barbarism of style and as barbarism of temper, and what is opposed to barbarism is Professor Schiller's philosophical creed: Humanism, or, as he sometimes names it, Pragmatism. [1] One, therefore, who has been prepared to expect courteous humanism both in temper and in style, will read with some surprise statements such as - 'The a priori philosophies [2] have all been found out'; 'Pragmatism ... has ... reached the "Strike, but hear me!" stage', 'It [the Dragon of Scholasticism] is a spirit... that grovels in muddy technicality, buries itself in the futile burrowings of valueless researches, and conceals itself from human insight [but not from humane insight, Professor Schiller!] by dust-clouds of desiccated rubbish which it raises. [3] But these are details. Pragmatism is really a very considerable thing. It reforms logic, it shows the absurdity of pure thought, it establishes an ethical basis for metaphysic, makes practical usefulness the criterion of truth, and pensions off the Absolute once and for all. In other words, pragmatism is common-sense. The reader, accordingly, will not be surprised to find that in the post- Platonic dialogue, which is called 'useless knowledge,' a disciple of William James utterly routs and puts to shame the ghostly forms of Plato and Aristotle. Emotional psychology is made the starting- point, and the procedure of the philosopher is to be regulated in accordance. If Professor Schiller had sought to establish rational psychology as a starting-point, his position would have been well-grounded, but rational psychology he has either never heard of or considers unworthy of mention. In his essay on the desire of immortality he establishes one fact - that the majority of human beings are not concerned as to whether or not their life is to end with the dissolution of the body. And yet, after having set up efficiency as the test of truth and the judgment of humanity as the final court of appeal, he concludes

by pleading on behalf of the minority, by advocating the claims of the Society for Psychical Research, of which, it seems, he has been for many years a member. Was it so well done, after all, to reform logic so radically? But your pragmatist is nothing if not an optimist, and though he himself denies philosophies by the

Humanism

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score, he declares that pessimism is 'der Geist der stets verneint'. [4] The Mephistopheles of Goethe is the subject of one of the most entertaining essays in the book. 'The subtlest of his disguises,' says Prof. Schiller in a characteristic sentence, 'his most habitual mask, is one which deceives all the other characters in Faust, except the Lord, and has, so far as I know, utterly deceived all Goethe's readers except myself.' [5] But surely Professor Schiller can hardly derive much satisfaction from the knowledge that he shares his discovery with the Lord in Goethe's Faust, a being which (to quote the phrase of the English sceptic upon a term of the English sensationalist-theologians) is taken for God because we do not know what the devil it can be, [6] a being, moreover, which is closely allied to such inefficient and pragmatically annihilated entities as the Absolute of Mr Bradley and the Unknowable of Mr Spencer.

'Humanism: Philosophical Essays,' by F. S. C. Schiller.
Macmillan and Co., London. 8s. 6d.

SHAKESPEARE EXPLAINED

In a short prefatory note the writer of this book states that he has not written it for Shakespearian scholars, who are well provided with volumes of research and criticism, but has sought to render the eight plays more interesting and intelligible to the general reader. It is not easy to discover in the book any matter for praise. The book itself is very long - nearly 500 pages of small type - and expensive. The eight divisions of it are long drawn out accounts of some of the plays of Shakespeare - plays chosen, it would seem, at haphazard. There is nowhere an attempt at criticism, and the interpretations are meagre, obvious, and commonplace. The passages 'quoted' fill up perhaps a third of the book, and it must be confessed that the writer's method of treating Shakespeare is (or seems to be) remarkably irreverent. Thus he 'quotes' the speech made by Marcellus [sic] in the first act of 'Julius Caesar', and he has contrived to condense the first 16 lines of the original with great success, omitting six of them without any sign of omission. Perhaps it is a jealous care for the literary digestion of the general public that impels Mr Canning to give them no more than ten-sixteenths of the great bard. Perhaps it is the same care which dictates sentences such as the following:- 'His noble comrade fully rivals Achilles in wisdom as in valour. Both are supposed to utter their philosophic speeches during the siege of Troy, which they are conducting with the most energetic ardour. They evidently turn aside from their grand object for a brief space to utter words of profound wisdom ...' [1] It will be seen that the substance of this book is after the manner of ancient playbills. Here is no psychological complexity, no cross-purpose, no interweaving of motives such as might perplex the base multitude. Such a one is a 'noble character', such a one a 'villain'; such a passage is 'grand', 'eloquent', or 'poetic'. One page in the account of 'Richard the Third' is made up of single lines or couplets and such non-committal remarks as 'York says then', 'Gloucester, apparently surprised, answers', 'and York replies', 'and Gloucester replies', 'and York retorts'. There is something very naive about this book, but (alas!) the general public will hardly pay sixteen shillings for such naivete. And the same

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Philistine public will hardly read five hundred pages of 'replies', and 'retorts' illustrated with misquotations. And even the pages are wrongly numbered.

'Shakespeare Studied in Eight Plays.' By Hon. A. S. Canning.
Fisher, Unwin, London.

[BORLASE AND SON]

'Borlase and Son' has the merit, first of all, of 'actuality'. As the preface is dated for May last, one may credit the author with prophetic power, or at least with that special affinity for the actual, the engrossing topic, which is a very necessary quality in the melodramatist. The scene of the story is the suburban district about Peckham Rye, where the Armenians have just fought out a quarrel, and, moreover, the epitasis (as Ben Jonson would call it) of the story dates from a fall of stocks incident upon a revolution among the Latin peoples of America. [1] But the author has an interest beyond that derivable from such allusions. He has been called the Zola of Camberwell, and, inappropriate as the epithet is, it is to Zola we must turn for what is, perhaps, the supreme achievement in that class of fiction of which 'Borlase and Son' is a type. In 'Au Bonheur des Dames' [2] Zola has set forth the intimate glories and shames of the great warehouse - has, in fact, written an epic for drapers; and in 'Borlase and Son', a much smaller canvas, our author has drawn very faithfully the picture of the smaller 'emporium', with its sordid avarice, its underpaid labour, its intrigue, its 'customs of trade'. The suburban mind is not invariably beautiful, and its working is here delineated with unsentimental vigour. Perhaps the unctuousness of old Borlase is somewhat overstated, and the landladies may be reminiscent of Dickens. In spite of its 'double-circle' plot, 'Borlase and Son' has much original merit, and the story, a little slender starveling of a story, is told very neatly and often very humorously. For the rest, the binding of the book is as ugly as one could reasonably expect. [3]

Borlase and Son, by T. Baron Russell, John Murray, London. 6s.

EMPIRE-BUILDING

Empire-building does not appear to be as successful in Northern, as it has been in Southern, Africa. While his cousins are astonishing the Parisian public by excursions in the air M Jacques Lebaudy, the new Emperor of the Sahara, is preparing to venture into the heavier and more hazardous atmosphere of the Palais.' He has been summoned to appear today before M Andre at the suit of two sailors, Jean Marie Bourdieu and Joseph Cambrai, formerly of the Frosquetta: They claim 100,000 francs damages on account of the hardships and diseases which they have contracted owing to M Lebaudy's conduct. The new emperor, it would seem, is not over-careful of the bodily welfare of his subjects. He leaves them unprovided-for in a desert, bidding them wait there until he returns. They are made captive by a party of natives and suffer the agonies of hunger and thirst during their captivity. They remain prisoners for nearly two months and are finally rescued by a French man-o'-war under the command of M Jaures. One of them is subsequently an inmate of a hospital at the Havre and after a month's treatment there is still only convalescent. Their appeals for redress have been all disregarded and now they are having recourse to law. Such is the case of the sailors for the defence of which Maitre Aubin and Maitre Labori have been retained. The emperor, acting through a certain Benoit, one of his officers, has entered a plea for arbitration. He considers that the case is between the French Republic and the Saharan empire and that in consequence it should be tried before a tribunal of some other nation. He petitions, therefore, that the case should be submitted for judgment to England, Belgium or Holland. However the case goes (and it is plain that the peculiar circumstances attending it render it an extremely difficult one to try) it cannot be that the new empire will gain either materially or in prestige by its trial. The dispute, in fact, tends to reduce what was, perhaps, a colonising scheme into a commercial concern but indeed, when one considers how little the colonising spirit appeals to the French people, it is not easy to defend M Lebaudy against the accusation of faddism. The new scheme does not seem to have the State behind it; the new empire does not seem to be entering on its career under any such capable management as

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reared up the Southern Empire out of the Bechuanaland Commission/ But, however this may be, the enterprise is certainly sufficiently novel to excite an international interest in this new candidate for

nationhood and the hearing of a case, in which such singular issues are involved, will doubtless divide the attention of the Parisians with such comparatively minor topics as Rejane and les petits oiseaux /

(James A. Joyce,
7 S. Peter's Terrace, Cabra, Dublin)

[AESTHETICS]

[Paris Notebook] [1]

.Desire is the feeling which urges us to go to something
and loathing is the feeling which urges us to go from something; and that art is improper which aims at exciting these feelings in us whether by comedy or by tragedy. [2] Of comedy later. Tragedy aims at exciting in us feelings of terror and pity. [3] Now terror is the feeling which arrests us before whatever is grave in human fortunes and unites us with its secret cause and pity is the feeling which arrests us before whatever is grave in human fortunes and unites us with the human sufferer. [4] But loathing, which an improper art aims at exciting in the way of tragedy, differs, it is seen, from the feelings which are proper to tragic art, namely, terror and pity. For loathing urges us from rest because it urges us to go from something, but terror and pity hold us in rest, as it were, by fascination. When tragic art makes my body to shrink terror is not my feeling because I am urged from rest; and moreover this art does not show me what is grave, I mean what is constant and irremediable, in human fortunes nor does it unite me with any secret cause for it shows me only what is unusual and remediable in human fortunes and it unites me with a cause only too manifest. Nor is an art properly tragic which would move me to prevent human suffering any more than an art is properly tragic which would move me in anger against some manifest cause of human suffering ... Terror and pity, finally, are germane to sorrow - the feeling which the privation of some good excites in us. And now of comedy. An improper art aims at exciting in the way of comedy the feeling of desire but the feeling which is proper to comic art is the feeling of joy. [5] Desire, it has been seen, is the feeling which urges us to go to something but joy is the feeling which the possession of some good excites in us. Desire, the feeling which an improper art seeks to excite in the way of comedy, differs, it is seen, from joy. For desire urges us from rest that we may possess something but joy holds us in rest so long as we possess something. Desire, therefore, can be excited in us only by a work of comic art

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which is not sufficient in itself in as much as it urges us to seek something beyond itself; but a work of comic art which does not urge us to seek anything beyond itself excites in us the feeling of joy. All art which excites in us the feeling of joy is so far comic and according as this feeling of joy is excited by whatever is substantial or accidental, general or fortuitous, in human fortunes the art is to be judged more or less excellent: and even tragic art may be said to participate in the nature of comic art so far as the possession of a work of tragic art excites in us the feeling of joy. From this it may be seen that tragedy is the imperfect manner, and comedy the perfect manner, in art. All art, again, is static for the feelings of terror and pity on the one hand and the feeling of joy on the other hand are feelings which arrest us. Afterwards it will appear how this rest is necessary for the apprehension of the beautiful - the end of all art, tragic or comic, - for this rest is the only condition under which the images, which are to excite in us terror or pity or joy, can be properly presented to us and properly seen by us. For beauty is a quality of something seen but terror and pity and joy are states of mind.

J. A. J. 13/2/03. Paris.

There are three conditions of art: the lyrical, the epical and the dramatic. That art is lyrical whereby the artist sets forth the image in immediate relation to himself; that art is epical whereby the artist sets forth the image in mediate [5/VJ] relation to himself and to others: that art is dramatic whereby the artist sets forth the image in immediate relation to others. ... [6]

J. A. J. [6] March 1903, Paris.

Rhythm seems to be the first or formal relation of part to part in any whole or of a whole to its part or parts, or of any part to the whole of which it is a part ... Parts constitute a whole as far as they have a common end/

James A. Joyce, [25] March 1903, Paris

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[Greek characters here.] [8] - This phrase is falsely rendered as 'Art is an imitation of Nature'. Aristotle does not here define art; he says only, 'Art imitates Nature' and means that the artistic process is like the natural process ... It is false to say that sculpture, for instance, is an art of repose if by that be meant that sculpture is unassociated with movement. Sculpture is associated with movement in as much as it is rhythmic; for a work of sculptural art must be surveyed according to its rhythm and this surveying is an imaginary movement in space. It is not false to say that sculpture is an art of repose in that a work of sculptural art cannot be presented as itself moving in space and remain a work of sculptural art.

James A. Joyce, [27] March 1903, Paris

Art is the human disposition of sensible or intelligible matter for an aesthetic end. [9]

James A. Joyce, [28] March 1903, Paris

Question: [10] Why are not excrements, children and lice works of art? Answer: Excrements, children, and lice are human products - human dispositions of sensible matter. The process by which they are produced is natural and non-artistic; their end is not an aesthetic end: therefore they are not works of art.

Question: Can a photograph be a work of art ?

Answer: A photograph is a disposition of sensible matter and may be so disposed for an aesthetic end but it is not a human disposition of sensible matter. Therefore it is not a work of art.

Question: If a man hacking in fury at a block of wood make there an image of a cow (say) has he made a work of art ?

Answer: The image of a cow made by a man hacking in fury at a block of wood is a human disposition of sensible matter but it is not a human disposition of sensible matter for an aesthetic end. Therefore it is not a work of art.

Question: Are houses, clothes, furniture, etc., works of art ?

Answer: Houses, clothes, furniture, etc., are not necessarily works of Aesthetics

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art. They are human dispositions of sensible matter. When they are so disposed for an aesthetic end they are works of art.

[Pola Notebook] [11]

Bonum est in quod tendit appetitus
S. Thomas Aquinas [12]

The good is that towards the possession of which an appetite tends: the desirable. The true and the beautiful are the most persistent orders of the desirable. Truth is desired by the intellectual appetite which is appeased by the most satisfying relations of the intelligible; beauty is desired by the esthetic

appetite which is appeased by the most satisfying relations of the sensible. [13] The true and the beautiful are spiritually possessed, the true by intellection, the beautiful by apprehension; and the appetites which desire to possess them, the intellectual and esthetic appetites, are therefore spiritual appetites.

Pola. J. A. J. 7. xi. 04

Pulcera [sic] [14] sunt quae visa placent S. Thomas Aquinas [15]

Those things are beautiful the apprehension of which pleases. Therefore beauty is that quality of a sensible object in virtue of which its apprehension pleases or satisfies the aesthetic appetite which desires to apprehend the most satisfying relations of the sensible. Now the act of apprehension involves at least two activities, the activity of cognition or simple perception and the activity of, [16] recognition. [If] the activity of simple perception is, like every other activity, itself pleasant [,] every sensible object that has been apprehended can be said in the first place to have been and to be [17] in a measure beautiful; and even the most hideous object can be said to have been and to be beautiful in so far as it has been apprehended. In regard then to that part of the act of apprehension which is called the activity of simple perception there is no sensible object which cannot be said to be in a measure beautiful. Is

With regard to the second part of the act of apprehension which is called the activity of recognition it may further be said that there is

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no activity of simple perception to which there does not succeed in whatsoever measure the activity of recognition. For by the activity of recognition is meant an activity of decision; and in accordance with this activity in all conceivable cases a sensible object is said to be satisfying or dissatisfying. [19] But the activity of recognition is, like every other activity, itself pleasant and therefore every object that has been apprehended is secondly in whatsoever measure beautiful. Consequently even the most hideous object may be said to be beautiful for this reason as it is a priori said to be beautiful in so far as it encounters the activity of simple perception.

Sensible objects, however, are said conventionally to be beautiful or not for neither of the foregoing reasons but rather by reason of the nature, degree and duration of the satisfaction resulting from the apprehension of them and it is in accordance with these latter merely that the words 'beautiful' and 'ugly' are used in practical aesthetic philosophy. It remains then to be said that these words indicate only a greater or less measure of resultant satisfaction and that any sensible object, to which the word 'ugly' is practically applied, an object, that is, the apprehension of which results in a small measure of aesthetic satisfaction, is, in so far as its apprehension results in any measure of satisfaction whatsoever, said to be for the third time beautiful...

J. A. J. Pola. 15. xi. 04

The Act of Apprehension [20]

It has been said that the act of apprehension involves at least two activities - the activity of cognition or simple perception and the activity of recognition. The act of apprehension, however, in its most complete form involves three activities - the third being the activity of satisfaction. By reason of the fact that these three activities are all pleasant themselves every sensible object that has been apprehended must be doubly and may be trebly beautiful. In practical aesthetic philosophy the epithets 'beautiful' and 'ugly' are applied with regard chiefly to the third activity, with regard, that is, to the nature, degree and duration of the satisfaction resultant from the apprehension of any sensible object and therefore any sensible object to which in practical aesthetic philosophy the epithet 'beautiful' is applied must

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be trebly beautiful, must have encountered, that is, the three activities which are involved in the act of apprehension in its most complete form. Practically then the quality of beauty in itself must involve three constituents to encounter each of these three activities ...

J. A. J. Pola. 16. xi. 04

IRELAND: ISLAND OF SAINTS AND SAGES

Nations, like individuals, have their egos. [1] It is not unusual for a race to wish to attribute to itself qualities or glories unknown in other races - from the time when our forefathers called themselves Aryans and nobles to the Greeks who were wont to call anyone barbarian that did not live within the sacrosanct land of Hellas. The Irish, with a pride that is perhaps less explicable, love to refer to their land as the land of saints and sages. [2]

This honorary title was by no means invented yesterday nor the day before. In fact, it dates back to very ancient times, when the island was a true centre of intellectualism and sanctity, that spread its culture and stimulating energy throughout the continent. It would be easy to make a list of Irishmen who, both as pilgrims or hermits and scholars or sorcerers, have carried the torch of knowledge from country to country. Even today, traces of them can be seen on some deserted altar: in some tradition or legend in which even the hero's name is hardly recognizable; or in some poetic allusion, such as the passage in Dante's *Inferno* where the guide, pointing out one of the Celtic sorcerers tortured by eternal pain, says:

Quell'altro che nei fianchi e cost poco
Michele Scot to fu che verament e
Delle magiche frodi seppe il giuoco .[3]

In truth it would take the learning and patience of a leisurely Bollandist [4] to give an account of the deeds of these saints and sages. Let us at least recall the notorious opponent of St Thomas, John Duns Scotus, [5] known as the subtle doctor (to distinguish him from St Thomas, the angelic doctor, and Bonaventura, the seraphic doctor), militant champion of the dogma of the immaculate conception and, judging by what chroniclers of the time say, an unbeatable dialectician. It seems unquestionable that Ireland then was an enormous seminary where students from different lands used to meet, so great was its reputation as teacher of spiritual matters. Although assertions of this sort ought to be treated with great reserve, it is more than likely (given the religious fervour that still flourishes in

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Ireland of which you, fed over the past years on a diet of scepticism, can only form an idea with difficulty) that this glorious past is not a self-glorifying invention. Anyway, if you need to be convinced, there are always the dusty archives of the Germans. Ferrero now tells us that the discoveries of these good German professors, as far as concerns the ancient history of the Roman republic and of the Roman empire, are mistaken from beginning to end, or almost [6] Perhaps so. But, mistaken or not, it cannot be denied that these learned Germans were the first to present Shakespeare as a poet of worldwide significance, before the amazed eyes of his compatriots (who up until then had considered William as a person of secondary importance, a decent devil with a nice bent towards lyric poetry, but perhaps a bit over-fond of English beer). Similarly, it was those very same Germans who troubled themselves with the languages and history of the five Celtic nations. [7]

The only Irish grammars and dictionaries that existed in Europe until a few years ago, when the Gaelic League [8] was founded in Dublin, were works by Germans. The Irish language, although it forms part of the Indo-European family, is as different from English as the language spoken in Rome is different from the one spoken in Teheran. It has its own alphabet and characters, and a history that is almost three thousand years old. Ten years ago it was spoken only by peasants in the western province, on the Atlantic coast, and a little on the small islands that stand like pickets at the advance outpost of Europe facing the western hemisphere. Now the Gaelic League has revived its use. Every Irish newspaper, except the Unionist mouthpieces, has at least one special section published in Irish. Correspondence between the main municipalities is written in Irish, and Irish is taught in the majority of elementary and secondary schools. In the universities, it has been placed at the same level as other modern languages such as French, German, Italian and Spanish. In Dublin, street names are written in both languages. The League organizes festivals, concerts, debates and social gatherings at which the speaker of Beurla [sic] [9] (that is, English) feels like a fish out of water, lost in the midst of a crowd chatting away in a harsh, guttural tongue. Often on the streets groups of young people may be seen to pass speaking Irish perhaps a little more emphatically than is really necessary. The members of the League correspond in Irish and on many occasions the poor postman, unable to read the

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address, has had to turn to the head of his section for help in unravelling the problem.

This language is eastern in origin and has been identified by many philologists with the ancient language of the Phoenicians, the discoverers, according to historians, of commerce and navigation. With their monopoly over the sea, this adventurous people established a civilization in Ireland which was in decline and had almost disappeared before the first Greek historian took up his quill. It jealously guarded the secrets of its science, and the first mention of the island of Ireland in foreign literature is to be found in a Greek poem of the fifth century before Christ in which the historian reiterates the Phoenician tradition. The language that the comic dramatist Plautus puts in the mouth of the Phoenicians in his comedy *Poenula* is virtually the same language, according to the critic Vallancey, [10] as that which Irish peasants now speak. The religion and civilization of that ancient people, later known as Druidism, were Egyptian. The druid priests had temples in the open and worshipped the sun and the moon in forests of oak. In the crude sciences of the day, the Irish priests were considered highly learned, and Plutarch, when he mentions Ireland, says that it was the dwelling place of holy men. Festus Avienus in the fourth century was the first to name it the *Insula Sacra*. [11] Later, having suffered invasions by Spanish and Gallic tribes, and having been converted without any bloodshed to Christianity by St Patrick and his followers, Ireland once again became deserving of the name of 'Holy Island'.

I do not propose to give a complete history of the Irish Church from the early centuries of the Christian era. To do so would go beyond the scope of this lecture and, moreover, would not be very interesting. But it is necessary to give you some explanation of the title, 'Island of Saints and Sages', and to show you its historical basis. Leaving aside the countless names of the ecclesiastics whose work was exclusively national, I beg you to follow me for a moment while I show you the traces left behind in almost every country by the many Celtic apostles. It is important to take account of facts such as these, though, nowadays, they might seem trivial to the lay mind, [12] as the century in which they occurred, and in the Middle Ages that followed, not only history itself, but the various arts and sciences were all religious in character and under the tutelage of a church that was

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more than maternal. Indeed, what were pre-Renaissance Italian artists if not so many handmaids obedient to the lord - learned commentators on holy writings, or illustrators in verse or painting of the Christian fable?

It may seem strange that an island such as Ireland, so remote from the centre of culture, should have become a school for apostles. However, even a superficial review shows us that the Irish nation's desire to create its own civilization is not so much the desire of a young nation wishing to link itself to Europe's concert, but the desire by an ancient nation to renew in a modern form the glories of a past civilization.

Even in the first century of Christianity under the apostolate of St Peter we find the Irishman, Mansuetus, later canonized, as a missionary to Lorraine, where he founded a church and preached for half a century. [13] Cataldus held the chair as a teacher of theology in Geneva and was later made bishop of Tarentum. [14] The great heresiarch Pelagius, an indefatigable traveller and propagandist, if not Irish (as many maintain), was certainly either Irish or Scottish, as was his right-hand man, Celestius. [15] Sedulius travelled through a large part of the world, finally settling down in Rome, where he composed the fair total of almost fifty theological tracts and many sacred hymns which are still used today in the Catholic ritual. [16] Fridolinus Viator, that is, the Traveller, of royal Irish stock, was a missionary to the Germans and died at Seckinge [sic] [17] in Germany, where he is buried. The fiery Columbanus had the task of reforming the French Church and, after stirring up a civil war in Burgundy with his sermons, he left for Italy where he became the apostle of the Lombards, and founded the monastery of Bobio [sic]. [18] Frigidianus, son of the king of the north of Ireland, held the bishop's chair in Lucca. [19] St Gallus, first the pupil and then the companion of Columbanus, lived as a hermit among the Grisons in Switzerland, just tending his fields, hunting and fishing. He refused the bishopric of the city of Constance which was offered to him, and died at the age of ninety-five. [20] On the site of his hermitage an abbey was built, and the abbot, by the grace of God, became the prince of the Canton and greatly enriched the Benedictine library, the ruins of which are still displayed to visitors in the ancient town of St Gall. [21] Finian, known as the learned, founded a school of theology on the banks of the river Boyne in Ireland where he taught

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Catholic doctrine to thousands of students from Great Britain, France, Armorica and Germany, giving each of them (blessed were the days!) not just lessons and books, but even free bread and board. [22] However, it seems that occasionally he neglected to refill their study lamps. A student, finding himself suddenly without light, was obliged to invoke divine grace which made his fingers shine miraculously so that, by tracing his finger along the pages, he could quench his thirst for knowledge. St Fiacre, to whom there is a commemorative tablet in the church of S. Maturin in Paris, preached to the French and received a sumptuous funeral paid for by the court. [23] Fursey founded monasteries in five countries and his feast day is still celebrated in Peronne in Picardy, the place where he died. [24] Arbogast [sic] put up sanctuaries and chapels in Alsace and in Lorraine, governed the bishopric of Strasbourg for five years until, feeling himself to be at the end of his days, and mindful of his exemplar, he went to live in a hovel situated where criminals were executed, and where the great cathedral of the city was later constructed. [25] ‘ St Virus made himself champion of the cult of the Virgin Mary, while Disibod, the bishop of Dublin, travelled here and there throughout Germany for over forty years, finally founding a Benedictine monastery which he called Mount Disibod, now changed to Disenberg. [26] Rumold became bishop of Mechlin in France [sic] and a martyr. [27] Albinus, with the assistance of Charlemagne, established an institute of learning in Paris and another in ancient Ticinum (now Pavia), which he governed for many years. [28] Kilian, the apostle of Franconia, was consecrated bishop of Wurzburg in Germany, but, wishing to play John the Baptist between the Duke Gosbert and his paramour, was killed by assassins. [29] ‘ Sedulius the Younger was chosen by Pope Gregory II for the mission of pacifying the clerical strife in Spain, but when he got there the Spanish priests refused to listen to him, saying that he was a foreigner. To this Sedulius replied that, as he was Irish and of the old Milesian race, he was, in fact, of Spanish origin, an argument his opponents found so persuasive that they let him install himself in the bishop’s palace in Oretó. Overall, the period that ended with the invasion of Ireland by Scandinavian tribes is an uninterrupted record of apostles, missions and martyrs. King Alfred, who visited the country, has left us his impressions in verses called ‘The Royal Journey’. In the first verse he tells us:

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I found when I was in exile
In Ireland the beautiful
Many women, a serious crowd,
Laymen and priests in abundance.

and it must be said that the picture hasn’t changed much in twelve centuries except that, if the good King Alfred who found an abundance of laymen and priests in those days were to go there now, he might find almost more of the latter than the former.

Whoever reads the history of the three centuries that preceded the arrival of the English will need to have a strong stomach, as the internecine strife, the fights against the Danish and Norwegians (the black strangers and the white strangers as they were called), succeeded one another with such regularity and ferocity that they turn this era into a real butcher’s mess.

The Danes occupied all the main ports on the hither coast [30] of the island, and established a kingdom at Dublin, now the capital of Ireland and a large city for over twenty centuries. The native kings were busy killing one another at the time, occasionally taking a well-earned break for games of chess. Finally, the victory of the usurper, Brian Boru, over the Nordic hordes on the sand dunes outside the walls of Dublin put an end to the Scandinavian races, which did not, however, abandon the country, but were gradually assimilated into the community, a fact we should keep in mind if we wish to explain the curious character of the modern Irishman. ‘ [31] During this period, culture necessarily languished, but Ireland did have the honour of producing three great heresiarchs, John Scotus Erigena, Macarius and Virgilius Solivagus.’ [32] The last-mentioned was recommended by the king of France to the abbey of Salzburg and was subsequently made bishop of that diocese, where he built a cathedral. He was a philosopher, mathematician and translator of Ptolemy’s works. In his tract on geography, he upheld the then-subversive theory that the earth was spherical, and for such audacity he was condemned a heretic by Popes Boniface and Zacharias. Macarius lived in France and the monastery of St Eligius still

preserves his tract *De Anima* in which he taught the doctrine that later became known as Averroism, a masterly examination of which has been left to us by Ernest Renan (himself a Breton-Celt). [33] A pantheist mystic also was Scotus Erigena, rector of the University of Paris, who translated from the

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Greek books of mystic theology by the pseudo-Dionysius Areopagite, patron saint of the nation of France. [34] The translation was the first to introduce to Europe the transcendental systems of the Orient, and had as great an influence on European religious thought as later, in the days of Pico della Mirandola, the translations of Plato were to exercise on the development of the profane civilization of Italy. [35] It goes without saying that this kind of innovation, which was like a life-giving breath working a bodily resurrection of the dead bones of orthodox theology heaped up on an inviolable holy ground, a field of Ardath, [36] did not have the sanction of the Pope, who invited Charles the Bald to send both the author and his book under escort to Rome, probably wishing to give him a taste of some of the delights of papal hospitality. It seems, however, that Scotus had kept some good sense in his exalted brain, for he turned a deaf ear to the polite invitation and returned, as fast as he could, to his own country.

There is an interval of almost eight centuries from the date of the invasion of the English to the present day. I dwell a little on the preceding period with the purpose of enabling you to discern the roots of the Irish temperament, but I do not intend to detain you with an account of the affairs of Ireland under foreign occupation. I do this mainly because Ireland then ceased to be an intellectual force in Europe. The decorative arts, at which the ancient Irish excelled, were abandoned and the sacred and profane culture fell into disuse.

Two or three names shine out like the last few stars of a radiant night that are turning pale because dawn has come. John Duns Scotus, whom I have mentioned above, founder of the Scotist school; according to legend, he once listened to the arguments of all the professors of the University of Paris for three whole days and then, speaking from memory, confuted them one by one. John de Sacrobosco, [37] who was the last great advocate of Ptolemy's geographical and astronomic theories, and Petrus Hibernicus, [38] the theologian who had the supreme task of educating the mind of the author of the scholastic apology, *Summa contra Gentiles*, St Thomas Aquinas, perhaps the keenest and clearest mind that human history has ever seen. But while these last stars were still reminding the nations of Europe of the past glories of Ireland, there arose a new Celtic race which was made up of the old Celtic stock and the Scandinavian, Anglo-Saxon and Norman races. On the foundations of its ancient predecessor, another national temperament grew up, in

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which the various elements intermingled and renovated the ancient body. The ancient enemies made a common cause [39] against the aggression of the English. It was Protestants, who had now become Hiberns Hiberniores, more Irish than the Irish themselves, that were inciting the Irish Catholics to oppose the Calvinist and Lutheran fanatics from across the water. The descendants of the Danes, the Normans and the Anglo-Saxon colonizers championed the cause of the new Irish nation against British tyranny. Recently, an Irish deputy, while haranguing his electorate on the eve of an election, boasted that he was of the ancient race, and upbraided his opponent for being a descendant of a Cromwellian settler. 'This caused general amusement in the press because it is true to say that, in the present nation, it would be impossible to exclude all those who are descended from foreign families. To deny the name of patriot to all those not of Irish stock would be to deny it to almost all the heroes of the modern movement: Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmet, Theobald Wolfe Tone and Napper Tandy, leaders of the 1798 rebellion; Thomas Davis and John Mitchel, leaders of the Young Ireland movement; many anti-clerical Fenians; Isaac Butt and Joseph Biggar, founders of parliamentary obstructionism; and, finally, Charles Stewart Parnell, perhaps the most formidable man ever to lead the Irish but in whose veins not a single drop of Celtic blood ran. [40] There are two days in the national calendar which, according to the patriots, ought to be marked as ill-starred: they are, the day of the Anglo-Saxon and Norman invasion, and the day, a century ago, of the union of the two parliaments. [41] Now, at this juncture, it is useful to point out two salient and important facts. Ireland prides itself on being in body and soul as faithful to her national traditions as to the Holy See. The majority of Irishmen consider loyalty to these two traditions as their cardinal article of faith. But the fact is that the English came to

Ireland following the repeated requests of a native king, [42] without, it seems, much wanting to and without the sanction of their monarch, [43] but provided with a papal bull from Adrian IV and a papal letter from Alexander. [44] They disembarked on the southern coast, numbering 700 men, a gang of adventurers against a people. They were met by certain native tribes and, less than a year later, the English King Henry II noisily celebrated Christmas in the city of Dublin. Moreover, the parliamentary union of the two countries was not passed in Westminster, but in Dublin, by a parliament elected by the people of

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Ireland - a corrupted parliament goaded by the huge sums from the English Prime Minister's agent [45] - but an Irish parliament none the less. In my opinion, these two facts must be perfectly explained before the country in which they took place has even the most elementary right to expect one of its sons to change his position from that of detached observer to convinced nationalist. [46]

On the other hand, impartiality can easily be confused with a convenient forgetfulness of the facts. If an observer, thoroughly convinced that Ireland was a body lacerated by ferocious struggles in the days of Henry II, and a filthily corrupt body in the days of William Pitt, were to deduce from this conviction that England, neither now nor in the future, has no debts to render in Ireland, he would be mistaken and greatly so. If a victorious country tyrannizes over another, it cannot logically take it amiss if the latter reacts. Men are made that way: and no one, unless he were blinded by self-interest or ingenuity, can still believe that a colonizing country is prompted by purely Christian motives when it takes over foreign shores, for all that the missionary and the pocket-bible come some months ahead of the arrival of the army and machine-guns. If the Irish have not been able to do what their American brothers did, this does not mean that they will never do so. It is not logical of British historians to salute the memory of George Washington and to profess themselves well pleased by the progress of an autonomous and virtually socialist republic in Australia, while they treat the Irish separatists as madcaps.

A moral separation already exists between the two countries. I never remember the English anthem, 'God Save the King', being sung in public without a storm of whistles, yells and shushes that rendered the solemn and stately music absolutely inaudible. But to be convinced of the existence of this separateness, you would have needed to have been in the streets of Dublin when the late Queen Victoria entered the capital as she did in the year before her death. [47] First of all, it should be noted that when an English monarch wants to go to Ireland for political reasons, there is always a lively uproar demanding that the Lord Mayor receive him at the city gates; and in fact, the last monarch to go there had to content himself with an informal reception by the sheriff, as the Lord Mayor had refused the honour. [48] (I note here for sheer curiosity's sake that the present Lord Mayor of Dublin is an Italian, Signor Nannetti.) [49] Queen Victoria had been in Ireland only once before, half a century previously, after

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her wedding. [50] Then the Irish, who had not entirely forgotten their loyalty to the unlucky Stuart family nor to the name of Mary Stuart, the Scottish queen, and the legendary fugitive Bonnie Prince Charlie, had the nasty idea of mocking the queen's consort: poking fun at him for being an uprooted German princeling, imitating the way he stammered his English as well as cheerfully greeting him the very moment he set foot on Irish soil with a head of cabbage.' [51] The Irish conduct and character were not to the queen's liking. Fed on the imperialist and patrician theories of Benjamin Disraeli, her favourite minister,' [52] she took little or no interest in the fate of the Irish people except to make some disdainful comments to which they, naturally, answered back in kind. Once, it is true, when there had been a terrible calamity in County Kerry that left almost the entire county without food or shelter, the queen (who was greatly attached to her millions) sent the help committee, which had already received thousands from all social classes, a royal cheque for the sum of 10 pounds.' [53] The committee, not very grateful for such a gift, put the cheque back in an envelope, included a thank-you note, and sent it back by return of post. From these small items of fact, it is clear that there was no love lost between Victoria and her Irish subjects, and if she decided to pay them a visit in the twilight years of her life, the visit was certainly politically motivated. The truth is that she did not come but was, rather, sent by her advisers. At that time the English disasters in South Africa in the Boer War had made England the laughing-stock of the European press, and it was to take the genius of two commanders, Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener (both of them Irish, born in Ireland)' [54] to restore the endangered prestige, just

as, in 1815, it took another Irish soldier, the Duke of Wellington, to overturn the renewed might of Napoleon at Waterloo;" just as it needed recruits and volunteers from Ireland to demonstrate the now-famous valour in the field in whose recognition the English government allowed the Irish regiments to carry the three-leafed emblem of Irish patriotism on St Patrick's Day. In fact, the queen came to win the easy sympathy of the country and to increase the lists of recruiting-sergeants.

I said that to understand the gulf that still separates the two nations, you need to have been present at her entry into Dublin. There were little English soldiers lining the route (because, ever since the Fenian revolt under James Stephens, the government had

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never sent an Irish regiment to Ireland), and, behind this barrier, stood the crowd of citizens. [56] Officials and their wives, unionist clerks and their wives, tourists and their wives stood on decorated balconies, and when the procession appeared, they began to shout greetings and wave handkerchiefs. The queen's carriage passed by, tightly protected on all sides by an impressive bodyguard with bared sabres, while inside a little woman, almost a dwarf could be seen, hunched and swaying in movement with the carriage, funereally dressed with horn-rimmed glasses on her ashen vacuous face. From time to time she would nod suddenly in response to some isolated cry of greeting, like a student who has learnt a lesson badly. She bowed to the left and right with an unusual mechanical movement. The English soldiers stood respectfully at attention while their queen passed; behind them, the crowd watched the sumptuous procession and its sad central figure with eyes of curiosity, almost pity. When the carriage passed by, they followed its wake with ambiguous glances. This time there were no bombs or cabbages, but the queen of England entered the capital of Ireland in the midst of a silent people.

The reasons for this difference of temperament that has now become a commonplace among the columnists of Fleet Street [57] are partly racial and partly historical. Our civilization is an immense woven fabric in which very different elements are mixed, in which Nordic rapacity is reconciled to Roman law, and new Bourgeois conventions to the remains of a Siraic religion.' s In such a fabric, it is pointless searching for a thread that has remained pure, virgin and uninfluenced by other threads nearby. What race or language (if we except those few which a humorous will seems to have preserved in ice, such as the people of Iceland) can nowadays claim to be pure? No race has less right to make such a boast than the one presently inhabiting Ireland [59] Nationality (if this is not really a useful fiction like many others which the scalpels of the present-day scientists have put paid to) must find its basic reason for being in something that surpasses, that transcends and that informs changeable entities such as blood or human speech. The mystic theologian who assumed the pseudonym of Dionysius the Areopagite said somewhere that 'God has arranged the limits of the nations according to his angels' and this is probably not purely a mystic concept. [60] In Ireland we can see how the Danes, the Firbolgs, the Milesians from Spain, the Norman

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invaders, the Anglo-Saxon colonists and the Huguenots came together to form a new entity, under the influence of a local god, one might say. And although the present race in Ireland is second-rate and backward, it merits some consideration as it is the only one in the entire Celtic family that refused to sell its birthright for a plate of lentils.

I find it a bit naive to heap insults on the Englishman for his misdeeds in Ireland. A conqueror cannot be amateurish, and what England did in Ireland over the centuries is no different from what the Belgians are doing today in the Congo Free State, and what the Nipponese dwarfs will be doing tomorrow in some other lands. She inflamed the factions and took possession of the wealth.

England sowed seed of strife among the various races; by introducing a new system of agriculture, she reduced the power of the native leaders and granted huge estates to her soldiers; she persecuted the Roman Church when it rebelled, and stopped only when it, too, had become an instrument of subjection. Her main concern was to keep the country divided. If a Liberal English government, with the full backing of the English electorate, were to concede a measure of autonomy to Ireland tomorrow, the Conservative press would not hesitate to rouse the province of Ulster against the new executive in Dublin. [61] She was as cruel as she was cunning: her weapons were, and are, the battering-ram, the club and the noose. If Parnell was a thorn in the side of the English, it was because, in his boyhood in Wicklow, he heard the tale of English ferocity from his nurse. A tale, which he himself used to recount, told of a peasant who had infringed against the Penal Laws and who, by order of the colonel, was taken,

stripped, tied to a carriage and whipped by the troops. The whipping was, by order of the colonel, administered to his stomach in such a way that the unfortunate man died in atrocious agony, his intestines spilling out on the road. [62]

The English now laugh at the Irish for being Catholic, poor and ignorant; it will seem hard, for some, however, to justify this disdain. Ireland is poor because English laws destroyed the industries of the country, notably the woollen one; because, in the years in which the potato crop failed, the negligence of the English government left the flower of the people to die of hunger, [63] because, while the country is becoming depopulated and, though criminality is almost nonexistent, judges under the present administration receive the salaries

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of a Pasha, and government and public officials pocket huge sums for doing little or nothing. In Dublin alone, by way of example, a lieutenant receives half a million francs a year; for every policeman, Dublin citizens fork out 3,500 francs a year (double, I think, what a schoolmaster receives in Italy). [64] The poor devil who performs the duties of chief clerk for the city is forced to get by on the miserable wages of six lira, in English money, a day.

The English critic is right, then. Ireland is poor and, moreover, politically backward. The dates of the Lutheran Reformation and the French Revolution mean nothing to an Irishman. The feudal struggles against the monarch, known in England as the Wars of the Barons, had their counterparts in Ireland. If the English barons knew how to kill their neighbour with aristocratic style, Irish barons could do so just as well. In those days, Ireland had no lack of those ferocious deeds that are contingent on blue blood. The Irish prince, Shane O'Neill, was so generous in nature that it was occasionally necessary to bury him up to his neck in mother earth when he was feeling lustful [65] But the Irish barons, cunningly divided by the politics of the foreigner, were never able to act according to a common plan. They let off steam in puerile lights between themselves, consuming the vitality of the country with civil wars, while their brothers across St George's Channel were forcing King John to sign the Magna Carta (the first chapter in modern liberty) on the fields of Runnymede. The wave of democracy that swept through England in the days of Simon de Montfort, [66] the founder of the House of Commons, and later in the Cromwellian period of the Protectorate, arrived washed out on Irish shores. So Ireland (a country destined by God to be an eternal caricature of the serious world) is now an aristocratic country with no aristocracy. The descendants of the ancient kings (who call themselves by their surnames alone, without using a first name) can be seen with their wigs and notarial deeds in the palaces of justice where they go to defend some accused man or other by invoking the very laws that suppressed their royal titles. Poor fallen kings, they are recognizable even in their declined state as impracticable Irishmen, because it never occurred to them to follow the example of their English brothers in a similar position, to go to wonderful America to ask a different sort of king for his daughter's hand - even if he is only a Paint or Sausage King.

Nor is it any easier to understand why the Irish peasant is

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reactionary and Catholic, or why, when he curses, he mixes the names of Cromwell and the Satanic pope. As far as he is concerned, the great Protector of civil rights was a savage animal who came to Ireland to propagate his faith by fire and sword. He does not forget the sack of Drogheda and Waterford; nor the ranks of men and women who were hunted down as far as the furthest islands by this Puritan who declared: 'Let them be gone into the ocean or Hell'; nor the false oath that the English made on the broken rock of Limerick. [67] How could he forget? Does the slave's back forget the rod? The truth is that the English government increased the moral value of Catholicism by banning it. Now, thanks partly to the never-ending discussions and in part to Fenian violence, the reign of terror is over. The Penal Laws have been repealed. Today in Ireland, a Catholic can vote, become a government employee, teach in a public school, take his seat in parliament, hold land for a period of over thirty-one years, have a horse in his stable worth over five pounds sterling or attend a Catholic mass without running the risk of being hanged, drawn and quartered by the town executioner. But these laws were repealed so short a time ago that an Irish deputy is still alive today who was once actually sentenced for high treason by an English court to be hanged, drawn and quartered by the town hangman (who is, in England, a mercenary singled out from his fellow mercenaries by the sheriff for his outstanding ability or industry).

The Irish population, which is 90 per cent Catholic, no longer contributes towards the maintenance of the Protestant Church, which only exists for the benefit of a few thousand colonists. This means that the English Treasury has suffered a few losses, while the Roman Church has another child. Meanwhile, an education system is allowing some streams of modern thought to filter slowly into the arid earth. Perhaps in time there will be a gradual reawakening of the Irish consciousness and, perhaps, four or five centuries after the Diet of Worms, we shall witness a monk in Ireland throw off his cowl, run off with a nun, and proclaim aloud the end of the coherent absurdity that is Catholicism, and the beginning of the incoherent absurdity that is Protestantism. [68]

But a Protestant Ireland is almost unthinkable. Beyond doubt, Ireland has so far been the Catholic Church's most faithful daughter. It is perhaps the only country to welcome the first Christian missionaries courteously, and to be converted to the new doctrine without

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the shedding of a single drop of blood (as the bishop of Cashel once had occasion to boast in response to the gibes of Giraldus Cambrensis). [69] For seven or eight centuries it was the spiritual focus of Christianity. It sent its sons to every country in the world to preach the gospel, and its learned men to interpret and renew the holy texts.

Not even once was its faith seriously shaken, if we except a certain tendency towards the doctrine taught by Nestorius in the fifth century regarding the hypostatic union of the two natures of Jesus Christ, some trivial differences in ritual, visible at that time in the style of clerical tonsures and the date of the celebration of Easter, and, lastly, the defection of a few priests at the insistence of the Reformist envoys of Edward VI. But, at the first hint that the Church was in any real danger, veritable swarms of Irish envoys would leave at once for all the courts of Europe, where they would try to muster up strong concerted action against the heretics by the Catholic powers. Well, the Holy See has repaid this fidelity in its own way. First, by means of a papal bull and a ring, it gave Ireland as a present to Henry II. Later, under the pontificate of Gregory XIII, when Protestant heresy raised its head, it repented of having given a faithful island to the heretical English and, to remedy the fault, named a bastard from the papal court as sovereign supreme of Ireland. [70] This latter, naturally, remained a monarch in partibus *infidelium* [71] but the Pope meant nothing discourteous by this. Anyhow, the Irish are so accommodatingly affable that they would hardly even grumble if, tomorrow, owing to some unforeseen complication in Europe, the Pope, having already given it to an Englishman and an Italian, were to hand their island over to some temporarily unemployed hidalgo from the court of Alphonso [72] The Holy See, however, was more sparing in its ecclesiastic honours. However much Ireland may once have enriched the hagiographic archives in the way we have seen above, the fact was hardly even acknowledged by the Vatican councils. One thousand four hundred years had to pass before it occurred to the holy father to raise an Irish bishop to the rank of cardinal.

So, what has Ireland gained by its fidelity to the papal crown and its infidelity to the British one? It has gained quite a lot, but not for itself. Among Irish writers who adopted the English language in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and almost forgot their native country are to be found the names of Berkeley, the idealist

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philosopher; Oliver Goldsmith, author of *The Vicar of Wakefield*; two famous comic playwrights, Richard Brinsley Sheridan and William Congreve, whose masterpieces are still admired today on the sterile English stage; Jonathan Swift, author of *Gulliver's Travels*, a satire sharing first place with Rabelais in world literature; and Edmund Burke, dubbed by the English themselves as the modern Demosthenes, and considered the most profound orator ever to have spoken in the Chamber of Deputies. [73] Even today, in spite of the obstacles, Ireland is contributing to English art and thought. The idea that the Irish actually are the incapable and unbalanced cretins we read about in the leading articles in the *Standard* and the *Morning Post* [74] is belied by the names of the three greatest translators in English literature: FitzGerald, translator of the Rubaiyat by the Persian poet, Omar Khayyam; Burton, translator of Arabic masterpieces; and Carey [sic], the classic translator of the *Divine Comedy*. [75] It is also belied by other Irish names: the doyen of modern English music, Arthur Sullivan; the founder of Chartism, Edward [sic] O'Connor; the novelist George Moore, an oasis of intelligence in a Sahara of spiritualist, mystic and detective works whose names are legion in England; and two Dubliners, George Bernard Shaw, the paradoxical and iconoclastic comic playwright, and the over-rated Oscar Wilde, son

of a revolutionary poetess. [76] Finally, in the field of practical affairs, this uncomplimentary conception is belied by the fact that the Irishman, finding himself in another environment, outside Ireland, very often knows how to make his worth felt. [77] The economic and intellectual conditions of his homeland do not permit the individual to develop. The spirit of the country has been weakened by centuries of useless struggle and broken treaties. Individual initiative has been paralysed by the influence and admonitions of the church, while the body has been shackled by peelers, duty officers and soldiers. No self-respecting person wants to stay in Ireland. Instead he will run from it, as if from a country that had been subjected to a visitation by an angry Jove. From the time of the Treaty of Limerick, or rather, from the time it was broken by the Punic faith of the English, millions of Irish have left their homeland for other shores. These fugitives who, centuries ago, were called the Wild Geese, enlisted in all the foreign garrisons of European Powers, mainly France, Holland and Spain, and won many a victor's laurel on the battlefields for their adoptive masters. In America they found

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another homeland. The ancient Irish tongue could be heard in the ranks of the American rebels, and Lord Mountjoy himself said in 1784: 'We lost America because of the Irish emigrants. [78]

Today those Irish emigrants in the United States number sixteen million, a rich, powerful and industrious colony. Does this not perhaps prove that the Irish dream of resurgence is not entirely a chimera? If Ireland has been able to provide others with the services of men such as Tyndall, one of the few scientists whose name has crossed the Channel; the Marquess of Dufferin, Governor of Canada and Viceroy of India; Charles Gavan Duffy and Hennessy, colonial governors; the Duke of Tetuan, lately Prime Minister of Spain; Bryan, the presidential candidate in the United States; Marshal MacMahon, President of the Republic of France; Lord Charles Beresford, virtual captain of the English fleet, recently placed in charge of the Channel fleet; and the three most renowned generals of the English army, Lord Wolseley, the commander-in-chief, Lord Kitchener, victor in the Sudan campaign and presently commander of the Indian army, and Lord Roberts, victor in the wars in Afghanistan and South Africa - if Ireland has been able to place all this practical talent at the service of others, there has to be something inimical, ill-fated and despotic about her present condition that her sons cannot lend their skills to their native land. [79]

For, even today, the flight of these Wild Geese continues. Every year, Ireland, decimated as she already is, loses 40,000 of her sons. From 1850 to now, over 5,000,000 emigrants have left for America; and every postal delivery brings letters of invitation from these emigrants to their friends and relations at home in Ireland. The old, the corrupt, the children, and the poor stay at home where the double yoke etches another groove upon their docile necks. Standing around the death-bed where the poor bloodless and almost lifeless body lies are agitating patriots, proscribing governments, and priests administering the last rites.

Is this country destined some day to resume its ancient position as the Hellas of the north? [80] Is the Celtic spirit, like the Slavic one (which it resembles in many respects), destined in the future to enrich the consciousness of civilization with new discoveries and institutions? Or is the Celtic world, the five Celtic nations, pressed by a stronger race to the edge of the continent - to the very last islands of Europe - doomed, after centuries of struggle, finally to fall

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headlong into the ocean? Alas, we amateur sociologists are only second-rate soothsayers; we look into and rummage around in the intestines of the human animal, and in the end, we confess that we see nothing there! Only our supermen can write the history of the future.

It would be interesting, but beyond the aims I have set myself this evening, to see what the probable consequences would be of a resurgence of this people; to see the economic consequences of the appearance of a rival, bilingual, republican, self-centred and enterprising island next to England, with its own commercial fleet and its ambassadors in every port throughout the world; [81] to see the moral consequences of the appearance in old Europe of Irish artists and thinkers, those strange souls, cold enthusiasts, artistically and sexually uninstructed, full of idealism and incapable of sticking to it, childish spirits, unfaithful, ingenuous and satirical, 'the loveless Irishmen' as they are called. But in the anticipation of such a resurgence, I confess that I do not see what good it does to fulminate against English tyranny while the tyranny of Rome still holds the dwelling place of the soul. Neither do I see

the use in bitter invectives against England, the despoiler, or in contempt for the vast Anglo-Saxon civilization - even if it is almost entirely a materialist civilization. It is vain to boast that Irish works such as *The Book of Kells*, *The Yellow Book of Leccan* [sic], *The Book of the Dun Cow*, which date back to a time when England was still an uncivilized country, are as old as the Chinese in the art of miniaturization; or that Ireland used to make and export textiles to Europe generations before the first Fleming arrived in London to teach the English how to make cloth. If it were valid to appeal to the past in this fashion, the fellahins of Cairo would have every right in the world proudly to refuse to act as porters for English tourists. Just as ancient Egypt is dead, so is ancient Ireland. Its dirge has been sung and the seal set upon its gravestone. The ancient national spirit that spoke throughout the centuries through the mouths of fabulous seers, wandering minstrels, and Jacobin poets has vanished from the world with the death of James Clarence Mangan. With his death the long tradition of the triple order of the ancient bards also died. [82] Today other bards, inspired by other ideals, have their turn.

One thing alone seems clear to me. It is high time Ireland finished once and for all with failures. If it is truly capable of resurgence, then

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let it do so or else let it cover its head and decently descend into the grave forever. 'We Irish/ Oscar Wilde said one day to a friend of mine, [83] 'have done nothing, but we're the greatest talkers since the days of the ancient Greeks.' But, though the Irish are eloquent, a revolution is not made from human breath, and Ireland has already had enough of compromises, misunderstandings and misapprehensions. If it wants finally to put on the show for which we have waited so long, this time, let it be complete, full and definitive. But telling these Irish actors to hurry up, as our fathers before us told them not so long ago, is useless. I, for one, am certain not to see the curtain rise, as I shall have already taken the last tram home.

[127]

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN (1907)

There are certain poets who, in addition to their virtue of revealing aspects of the human consciousness to us that were unknown until their age, also possess the more questionable virtue of embodying in themselves the thousand conflicting tendencies of their age, of turning themselves into, so to speak, storage batteries of a new energy. [1] For the most part, it is by this latter aspect rather than the former that they become esteemed by the masses which, as they are by nature incapable of evaluating any work of straightforward self-revelation, hasten to pay homage by some act of munificence to the invaluable support which a poet's individual affirmation lends to a popular movement. In such cases the preferred act of munificence is the statue, because it honours the dead while flattering the living, and has the further supreme advantage of finality, since, to tell the truth, it is the most efficient and courteous way yet discovered of ensuring a lasting oblivion of the deceased. In serious, rational countries, it is usual to have the statue completed in a decent form, and for the sculptor, civic officials, orators and a large crowd of the public to come to its unveiling. But in Ireland, a country destined by God to be the eternal caricature of the serious world, the statue, even when it represents a highly popular man whose character was most amenable to the will of the common people, very rarely advances beyond the laying of the foundation stone. Given this, perhaps I might manage to give some idea of the profound obscurity that envelops the name of James Clarence Mangan when I say that, in despite of the famous generosity of the Emerald Isle, it has so far not entered into the head of any of its fiery spirits to placate the unquiet shade of the national poet with the usual stone and wreaths. [2] Perhaps the undisturbed peace in which he lies has become so welcome to him that he will take umbrage (if mortal sounds should penetrate to that world beyond the grave) at hearing his spectral quietude disturbed by an exiled fellow-countryman delivering an unskilled lecture on him in a strange tongue before a group of well-disposed foreigners.

The contribution of Ireland to European literature may be divided into five periods, and two large categories: in other words, literature written in the Irish language, and literature written in the

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English language. The first category encompasses the first two periods. The earlier period, remote and almost lost in the obscurity of time, was that in which all the sacred and epic ancient books, legal codes, topographical histories and legends were written. The more recent period lasted long after the Anglo-Saxon Norman invasion under Henry II and King John. It was a period of the wandering minstrels, the symbolic songs continued by the triple order of ancient Celtic bards about which I had occasion to speak to you a few nights ago. [3] The second category, that of Irish literature written in the English language, can be divided into three periods. The first period, the eighteenth century, includes, among numerous other Irishmen, the glorious names of Oliver Goldsmith, author of the renowned novel *The Vicar of Wakefield*; the two famous comic playwrights, Richard Brinsley Sheridan and William Congreve, whose masterpieces are admired even today on the sterile stage of modern England; the Rabelaisian Dean Jonathan Swift, author of *Gulliver's Travels*; the so-called English Demosthenes, Edmund Burke, considered even by English critics as the most profound orator ever to speak in the Chamber of Deputies, and one of the most learned men of state even among the crafty ranks of the politicians of blonde Albion. The second and third periods belong to the last century: one was the Young Ireland literary movement of 1842 and 1845; the other is the literary movement of the present day about which I propose to speak to you in a later lecture. [4]

The literary movement of 1842, the date of the foundation of the separatist journal, *The Nation*, founded by the three leaders, Thomas Davis, John Blake Dillon (father of the ex-leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party)

[One page of the manuscript is missing.]

of the middle class: and, following a childhood spent in the midst of domestic cruelty, misfortunes and anguish, he became a clerk in a third-rate notary's office. He had always been a gloomy and indolent child, given to the furtive study of various languages, misanthropic, silent, preoccupied with religious questions, without friends or acquaintances. When he began to write, he immediately attracted the attention of the enlightened, who recognized in him a winged lyric music and fervid idealism that manifested themselves in his extra-

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ordinary rhythms and unstudied beauty, perhaps unencountered elsewhere in English literature, if we except the inspired songs of Shelley. Thanks to the influence of some literary people, he obtained a position as assistant librarian in the huge library of Trinity College Dublin, an invaluable treasure trove of volumes that is three times the size of the Victor Emanuel Library in Rome [5] and which houses ancient Irish books, such as *The Book of the Dun Cow*, *The Yellow Book of Leccan* [sic], the famous legal essay by the learned King Cormac the magnificent, known as the Irish Solomon, [6] and *The Book of Kells*. These books date back to the first centuries of Christianity and are known to be as old as the Chinese in the art of miniature. It was there that Mitchell [sir], Mangan's biographer and friend, first saw him. In his preface to the poet's works, he describes the impression made upon him by this skinny little man with a waxen face and colourless hair, sitting cross-legged on the top of a step-ladder intent on deciphering a huge dusty tome in the dusky light/ Mangan passed his days studying in this library, becoming a reasonably accomplished linguist. He was well familiar with the Italian, Spanish, French and German languages and literatures, besides those of Ireland and England, and, it would seem, had some knowledge of oriental languages, probably Sanskrit and Arabic. From time to time he would leave this studious peace to contribute some song to the revolutionary journal, but he took little interest in the regular meetings of the party. He passed his nights alone. His dwelling was a small, dark room in the old city, in the quarter of Dublin that still today preserves the significant name of the 'Liberties'. His nights amounted to a way of the cross among the various notorious public houses of the 'Liberties' where he must have appeared a very strange figure in the midst of the prize blooms of the city's underclass, petty thieves, bandits, wanted criminals, pimps and harlots [8] of mild pretensions. Strange to say (though it is the agreed opinion among his compatriots who are always ready to look into such matters/ Mangan had nothing but purely formal dealings with this underworld. He drank little, though drinking produced an extraordinary effect on him, so enfeebled was his health. Moreover, the death-mask we have of him shows a refined and almost patrician face in whose delicate lines it is impossible to discover anything other than melancholy and great weariness. I understand that pathologists deny the possibility of combining the delights of alcohol and opium, and it

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seems that Mangan was soon convinced of this fact, for he dedicated himself unremittingly to filling himself with narcotics. Mitchell tells us how Mangan looked like a living skeleton towards the end of his life. His face was fleshless, barely covered by a translucent skin, like fine porcelain, his body wasted. His eyes, behind which shone rare glimmers which seemed to hide the horrendous, voluptuous memories of his visions, were dreaming, large and staring; his voice was drawling, faint, and sepulchral. He descended the last steps towards the grave with frightening speed. He had become a mute wasted rag of a man, he ate barely enough to keep body and soul together until, one day, he had a sudden bad fall. When he was brought to hospital, they found a few pennies and a dog-eared volume of German poetry in his pocket. When he died, his miserable corpse sent a shudder through the hospital staff and he was given a squalid burial which was paid for by some charitable friends. So lived and died the man whom I consider the most distinguished poet of the modern Celtic world and one of the most inspired poets of any country ever to make use of the lyric form. It is, I believe, too early to affirm that he will have to live for eternity in the colourless fields of oblivion, but I am quite certain that if he is to gain the posthumous glory which is his due, it will not be through the work of one of his fellow countrymen. Mangan will be accepted by the Irish as their national poet the day the conflict between Ireland and the foreign Powers, the Anglo-Saxon and the Roman Catholic, reaches a settlement that will give rise to a new civilization, either indigenous or purely foreign. Until that time, either he will be forgotten or just barely remembered on holidays, like [10] many other poets and heroes, all the more so because, like Parnell, he sinned against that incorruptible chastity that Ireland would demand of any John who would baptize her or of any Joan who would liberate her, as being the first essential and divine test of their worthiness for such lofty offices. [11]

The question that Wagner placed in the mouth of the simpleton Parsifal is occasionally recalled to mind when one reads certain English criticisms due, for the most part, to the influence of the blind and bitter spirit of Calvinism. It is easy to find an explanation for these criticisms when we are dealing with a powerful, innovative genius, because the appearance of one such genius is always the signal for all corrupt and vested interests to rally behind the defence

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of the old order. For instance, anyone who understands the destructive and proudly self-centred tendencies of all Henrik Ibsen's works will not be astonished to hear the most influential critics in London, the morning after an Ibsen first night, railing against the playwright, calling him (I quote the precise words of the now deceased Daily Telegraph critic) 'a dirty dog sticking his snout in the mire'. [12] But the case is less explicable when the poor condemned man is some poet, more or less innocuous, whose only fault has been not to have adhered scrupulously to the cult of respectability. And so, when Mangan is remembered in his country (for he is sometimes spoken of in literary societies), the Irish lament that such a poetic faculty was mated with so little rectitude of conduct, and are naively surprised to find this faculty in a man whose vices were exotic and who was little of a patriot. Those who have written of him have been scrupulous in holding the balance between the drunkard and the opium-eater, and have sought to discover whether learning or imposture lies behind such phrases as 'from the Ottoman' or 'from the Coptic'. And, save for this small remembrance, Mangan has been a stranger in his country, a rare and bizarre figure in the streets, where he is seen dejectedly going forward like one who does penance for some ancient sin. Surely life, which Novalis has called a malady of the spirit, is a heavy penance for Mangan, one who has, perhaps, forgotten the sin that laid it upon him, an inheritance all the more sorrowful because of that fine artist in him which reads so truly the lines of brutality and of weakness in the faces of men who look upon him with contempt and hatred. In the short biographical hints that he has left us, he speaks only of his young life, his infancy and boyhood, and he tells us how as a boy he knew only squalid misery and coarseness, that his acquaintances bore down upon him with their venomous hatred, and that his father was a human rattlesnake. [13] 'In these violent assertions we can recognize the effect of the oriental drug, but notwithstanding this, those who believe that it is merely the figment of a disordered brain have never known, or have forgotten, how keenly a sensitive boy suffers from contact with a gross nature. His sufferings forced him into becoming a hermit, and, indeed, for the greater part of his life he lived in a virtual dream in that sanctuary of the soul where, for many ages, the sad and the wise have elected to be. When a friend pointed out to him that the account quoted above was wildly overstated, and partly false, he answered -

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'Maybe I dreamed it.' The world had evidently become for him an unreal thing of little worth.

How will it be with those dreams which, for every young and simple heart, take such dear reality upon themselves? One whose nature is so sensitive cannot forget his dreams in a secure, strenuous life. He doubts them, and puts them from him for a time, but when he hears men denying them with an oath he would acknowledge them proudly, and where sensitiveness has induced weakness, or, in Mangan's case, refined upon natural weakness, would even compromise with the world, and win from it in return at least the favour of silence, if no more, as for something too light to bear a violent disdain, for that desire of the heart so cynically mocked, that rudely maltreated idea. His manner is such that none can say if it be pride or humility that looks out of that vague face, which seems to live only because of those light shining eyes and of the fair silken hair, of which he is a little vain. This reserve is not without its dangers, and in the end it is only his excesses that save him from indifference. Something has been mentioned of an affair of the heart between Mangan and a pupil of his, to whom he gave lessons in German, and later, it seems, he was an actor afterwards in a love-comedy of three, but if he is reserved with men, he is shy with women, and he is too self-conscious, too critical, knows too little of the soft parts of conversation for a gallant. In his strange dress - the high, conical hat, the loose trousers many sizes too big for his little legs, and the old umbrella, so like a bagpipes - one may see an almost comic expression of his diffidence. The learning of many lands goes with him always, eastern tales and the memory of curiously printed medieval books which have rapt him out of his time - gathered together day by day and embroidered as in a web. He has acquaintance with a score of languages, of which, upon occasion, he makes a liberal parade, and has read in many literatures, crossing how many seas, and even penetrating into Feristan, which is not to be found in any atlas. He is interested, too, in the life of the priestess of Prevorst, and in all phenomena of the middle nature, and here, where most of all the sweetness and resoluteness of the soul have power, he seems to seek in a fictional world, how different from that in which Watteau (in the felicitous words of Pater) may have sought, both with a certain typical inconstancy, 'what is there in no satisfying measure or not at all'

His writings, which have never been collected in a definitive

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edition, show no order whatsoever and often very little thought. His prose essays may perhaps be interesting on the first reading, but, in truth, they are but insipid efforts. Their style is conceited, in the worst sense of the word, contorted and banal, their argument crude and inflated, and, finally, their prose belongs to the style in which trivial items of news in a provincial newspaper are published. It must be remembered, however, that Mangan wrote with no native literary tradition, for a public which cared for the matters of the day, and believed that the poet's only task was to illustrate these facts. He could not, unless in exceptional cases, correct his work, but apart from the so-called humorous jokes and his occasional unlimited verses, the better part of what he has written makes its appeal surely, because it was conceived by the imagination which he called, I think, the mother of things, whose dream are we, who imageth us to herself, and to ourselves, and imageth herself in us - the power before whose breath the mind in creation is (to use Shelley's image) as a fading coal. Though even in the best of Mangan the presence of alien emotions is often felt, the presence of an imaginative personality reflecting the light of imaginative beauty is more vividly felt. East and West meet in that personality (we know how); images interweave there like soft, luminous scarfs and words ring like brilliant mail, and whether the song is of Ireland or of Istambol, it has the same refrain, a prayer that peace may come again to her who has lost her peace, the moon white pearl of his soul, Ameen.

This figure which he adores recalls the spiritual ambitions and the imaginary loves of the Middle Ages. Mangan has placed his lady in a world filled with melodies, lights, and perfumes, the world that inevitably develops around and lends context to every face which a poet's eyes have looked upon with love. It is a single chivalrous idea, a single masculine devotion that casts light upon the faces of Vittoria Colonna, Laura, and Beatrice, just as the bitter disillusion and selfcontempt that close the chapter are one and the same. And yet, the world in which Mangan would have his lady dwell is different from that marble temple raised up by Buonarrotti [sic], or the peaceful oriflamme of the Florentine theologian. [14] It is a savage world, a world of eastern nights. The mental activity brought about by the opium has strewn this world with marvellous and horrible images: the whole orient, re-created by the poet in his fevered dreams (which are the paradise of the opium-eater) pulsates through these pages in

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phrases and similes against apocalyptic landscapes. He speaks of the moon fainting in the midst of hordes of stars, of the magic book of the sky burning red with fiery symbols, of the sea that foams over saffron sands, of the lonely cedar on the Balkan peaks, of the barbaric hall shining with moons of gold luxuriously permeated by the breath of roses from the king's gulistan. The most celebrated verses by Mangan, those in which, under a veil of mysticism, he sings of the fallen glory of his country, resemble a mist covering the horizon on a summer's day: fine, impalpable, about to melt away, but suffused with small points of light. Sometimes the music seems to awake from its languor and cry out in the ecstasy of battle. In the final stanza of the lament for the princes of Tir-Owen and Tirconnell, in lengthy lines of tremendous power, Mangan has put all the desperate energy of his race.

And though frost glaze to-night the clear dew of his eyes,
 And white ice-gauntlets glove his noble fair fine fingers o'er,
 A warm dress is to him that lightning-garb he ever wore,
 The lightning of the soul, not skies.
 Hugh marched forth to the fight - I grieved to see him so depart;
 And lo! to-night he wanders frozen, rain-drenched, sad, betrayed -
*But the memory of the lime-white mansions his right hand hath laid
 In ashes warms the hero's heart.* [15]

I know of no other piece of English literature where the spirit of revenge has attained such heights of melody. It is true that the heroic note occasionally becomes hoarse and a troop of unmannerly passions echoes it derisively; but a poet such as Mangan, who subsumes into himself the spirit of an age and country, aims to create not for some dilettante's entertainment, but to convey, in rough blows, the animating idea of his life to his followers. It cannot be denied, however, that Mangan always kept his poet's soul free from any blemish. Although he wrote such admirable English, he refused to work for English magazines or journals; although he was the spiritual focus of his age, he refused to prostitute himself to the rabble or become a mouthpiece for politicians. He was one of those strange aberrant spirits who believe that the artistic life should be nothing other than the continuous and true revelation of the spiritual life; who believe that the inner life is of such worth as not to depend on any popular

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support, and so abstain from offering confessions of faith; one who believes, finally, that the poet is sufficient unto himself, inheritor and preserver of a secular heritage, and has therefore, no need to be strident, preachifying, or cloyingly sweet.

So what is this central idea that Mangan wished to communicate to posterity?

All his poetry remembers wrongs and suffering and the aspiration of one who is moved to great cries and gestures when he sees again in his thoughts the hour of his sorrow. This is the theme of much of Irish poetry, but no other Irish song is as full as those of Mangan of nobly suffered misfortunes and such irreparable devastations of the soul. Naomi would change her name to Mara, because she knew too well how bitter the existence of mortals, and is it not the deep sense of sorrow and bitterness which explains in Mangan these names and titles and this furv of translation in which he has sought to lose himself? For has he not found in himself the faith of the solitary, or the faith which, in the Middle Ages, sent the spires singing up to heaven, like triumphal chants: but he awaits his hour, the hour which will put an end to his sad days of penance. Weaker than Leopardi, for he has not the courage of his own despair but forgets all ills and forgoes his scorn at the showing of some favour, he has, perhaps for this reason, the memorial he would have had, a

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in a certain sense, against actuality. It speaks of what seems fantastic and unreal to those who have lost the simple intuitions which are the tests of reality. Poetry takes little account of many of the idols of the market-place, the succession of the ages, the spirit of the age, the mission of race. The essential effort of the poet is to liberate himself from the unpropitious influences of such idols which corrupt him from the inside and out, and it would certainly be untrue to assert that Mangan made this effort. The history of his country encloses him so straitly that even in his moments of high passion he can but barely breach its walls. He, too, cries out, in his life and in his mournful verses, against the injustices of despoilers,

but never laments a deeper loss than the loss of plaids and ornaments. He inherits the latest and worst part of a tradition upon which no divine hand has drawn out the line of demarcation, a tradition which dissolves

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and divides against itself as it moves down the cycles. And because this tradition has become an obsession for him, he has accepted it with all its failures and regrets which he would bequeath just as it is: the poet who hurls his anger against tyrants would establish upon the future an intimate and far more cruel tyranny. In the final view the figure which he worships is seen to be an abject queen upon whom, because of the bloody crimes that she has done and of those as bloody that were done to her at the hands of others, madness is come and death is coming, but who will not believe that she is near to die and remembers only the rumours of voices challenging her sacred gardens and her fair flowers that have become pabulum aprorum, the food of boars. Love of sorrow, desperation, high-sounding threats, these are the great traditions of James Clarence Mangan's race; and, in that miserable, reedy, and feeble figure, a hysteric nationalism receives its final justification.

In which niche in the temple of glory should we place his figure? If he did not even manage to win the sympathy of his fellow-countrymen, how can he win it from foreigners? Does it not seem that perhaps the oblivion that he would almost have desired now awaits him? Certainly, he did not find the strength in himself to reveal to us the triumphant beauty and splendour of truth that the ancients deified. He is a romantic, a would-be herald, a prototype for a would-be nation; but, for all that, one who expressed the sacred indignation of his soul in a dignified form cannot have written his name in water. In those huge and varied currents of life that surround us, and in that great memory which is greater and more generous than our own, there is probably no life, no moment of exaltation that is ever lost; and all those who have written in noble disdain have not written in vain even if, tired

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[THE IRISH LITERARY RENAISSANCE]

physical, either open or masked. Since the great rebellion in the last years of the eighteenth century, [1] we find no less than three decisive clashes between the two nationalist tendencies. The first was in 1848 when the Young Ireland Party disdainfully detached itself from O'Connell's ranks. [2] The second came in 1867, when Fenianism reached its apogee, and the 'Republic' was proclaimed in Dublin. The third belongs to the present day, as the youth of Ireland, disillusioned by the ineffectiveness of parliamentary tactics after the moral assassination of Parnell, aligns itself increasingly with a nationalism that is broader and, at the same time, more severe; a nationalism that involves a daily economic battle, a moral and material boycott, the creation and development of independent industries, the propagation of the Irish language, a ban on English culture and a revival in another guise of the ancient civilization of the Celt. Each of these uncompromising political movements has been accompanied by a literary one: sometimes it is the oratory that prevails, sometimes

FENIANISM: THE LAST FENIAN

The death of John O'Leary, which took place in Dublin recently, on St Patrick's Day, [1] the Irish national holiday, perhaps marked the disappearance of the last actor in the turbulent drama that was Fenianism. A traditional name, from the ancient Irish, the word 'Fenian' means the king's bodyguard, and the Irish rebel movement takes its name from this.

Whoever studies the history of the Irish revolution during the nineteenth century will find himself confronted by a dual struggle: the struggle, that is, of the Irish nation against the English government, and the struggle, perhaps no less fierce, between the moderate nationalists and the so-called physical force party. This party, under its various names: the 'Whiteboys', the 'Men of '98', the 'United Irishmen', the 'Invincibles', and the 'Fenians', has always refused to have any dealings with either the English parties or the Nationalist parliamentarians. [2] They say (and history fully supports them in making such a claim) that any concession by England to Ireland has been granted unwillingly, at

bayonet-point, as the saying goes. The intransigent press never fails to greet the efforts of the Nationalist deputies in Westminster with sarcastic and virulent articles. And, while recognizing that, owing to the enormous might of England, armed revolt has become an impossible dream, the press has never ceased to instil the dogma of separatism into the minds of the new generation.

Unlike the ridiculous rebellion of Robert Emmet [sic] [3] or the fervent Young Ireland movement of 1845, the Fenianism of '67 was not one of those usual outbursts of Celtic temperament that burn brightly for a moment in the darkness, leaving a deeper darkness than before in their wake. When Fenianism first arose, the population of the Emerald Isle was over eight million, [4] while the population of England did not exceed seventeen million. Under the command of James Stephens, the country was organized into cells of twenty-five men each, a plan of campaign eminently suited to the Irish character since it minimized the possibility of betrayal. [5] These cells formed a vast intricate network whose strands were brought together in Stephens' hands. At the same time, the American Fenians were

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organized in similar fashion, and the two movements worked in unison. Many soldiers from the English army, policemen, guards and warders were in the Fenian ranks.

Everything seemed to be going well, and the Republic was about to be established (in fact, it had been openly proclaimed by Stephens), when O'Leary and Luby, the editors of the party newspaper, [6] were arrested. The government placed a ransom on Stephens and announced that it knew all the places where the Fenians practised their night-time military manoeuvres. Stephens was captured and imprisoned, but managed to escape thanks to the loyalty of a Fenian warder. While the agents and spies were lying in wait at every port in the island watching outgoing ships, he left the capital in a gig, disguised (according to legend) as a bridesmaid with a white crepe veil and orange-blossom. He was then conducted on board a small charcoal boat which hastily set sail for France. [7] O'Leary was tried and condemned to twenty years' hard labour, but was later pardoned and exiled from Ireland for fifteen years.

Why this collapse of such a well-organized movement? Simply because in Ireland, just at the crucial moment, an informer appears." Following the disbanding of the Fenians, the traditional doctrine of physical force sporadically reappears in violent acts. The Invincibles' blew up Clerkenwell prison, [8] snatched their comrades out of the hands of the police in Manchester and killed the escort, [10] and stabbed the English Chief Secretary and Under Secretary, Lord Frederick Cavendish [sic] and Burke, in broad daylight in Phoenix Park in Dublin. [11]

After each of these crimes, when the general outrage had died down a bit, an English minister would table some motion for reform in Ireland before the Commons, and the Fenians and the parliamentarians would strenuously vilify one other, the former attributing the measure to the success of their parliamentary tactics, the latter attributing it to the hidden persuasiveness of the dagger or the bomb. Meanwhile, as a backdrop to this sad comedy, the spectacle unfolded of a population decreasing with mathematical regularity year by year, in an uninterrupted flow to the United States or Europe of Irish people who had found the economic and intellectual conditions of their country intolerable. [12] Almost as if to accentuate this depopulation, a long train of churches, cathedrals, convents, colleges and seminaries came into being to help those who had not been able

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to find the courage or the money to undertake the voyage from Queenstown to New York.

Tormented by numerous obligations, Ireland succeeded in doing what had until then been considered an impossible feat: serving both God and Mammon. The country allowed itself to be exploited by England, while, at the same time, adding to St Peter's pence, perhaps in recognition of Adrian IV who, in a moment of generosity, made a present of the island to Henry II around eight hundred years ago. It is impossible now that an extremist and bloody doctrine such as Fenianism can continue to survive in such an environment. In fact, as violent agrarian crimes are committed less and less frequently, Fenianism has once again changed its name and form. The new Fenians have regrouped in a party called 'ourselves alone'. [13] ' They aim to make Ireland a bilingual republic, and, to this end, they have established a direct ferry link between Ireland and France. They boycott English goods, they refuse to become soldiers or swear an oath of allegiance to the British crown. [14] They are attempting to develop the industry of the whole country and, rather than fork out one and a quarter millions each year to maintain the eighty deputies in the English parliament, they want to institute a consular service in the principal world ports with the aim of merchandising industrial produce, without the intervention of

England. From many points of view, this latest form of Fenianism may be the most formidable. [15] Its influence has certainly once again remoulded the character of the Irish. When its old leader, O'Leary, returned to Ireland after years of studious exile in Paris, he found himself in the midst of a generation inspired by ideals that were quite different from those of '65. He was welcomed by his countrymen with accolades and would appear in public from time to time to preside over some separatist meeting or banquet. But he was a figure from a vanished world. He could often be seen walking along the river, a venerable old man dressed mostly in light clothes, with a flowing head of pure white hair, almost bent double with age and suffering; he would halt before the darkened shops of the antiquarian book sellers and then, having made his purchase, he would return along the river. He had little reason to be happy: his plans had gone up in smoke, his friends were dead, and very few people in his country knew who he was or what he had done. Now that he is dead, his compatriots escort him to his tomb with a great show of pomp,

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because the Irish, even when they break the hearts of those who sacrifice their lives for their country, never fail to show a great reverence for the dead. [16]

HOME RULE COMES OF AGE

Twenty-one years ago, on the evening of 9 April 1886, [1] the laneway leading to the offices of the nationalist newspaper of Dublin was crammed with people. From time to time a bulletin printed in block letters appeared on the wall and in this way the crowd was able to share in the drama that was unfolding in Westminster, whose public galleries had been packed with people since dawn. [2] The Prime Minister's speech had begun at four o'clock and went on until eight. A few minutes later the last bulletin appeared on the wall: 'Gladstone wound up with a magnificent oration declaring that the English Liberal Party would refuse to legislate for England until she granted Ireland a measure of autonomy.' At this news the crowd in the street burst into cheers of enthusiasm. From every side 'Long live Gladstone', 'Long live Ireland' could be heard; strangers shook hands with one another to ratify the new national deal, and the old people were actually weeping with joy.

Seven years pass by and we are at the second Home Rule Bill. Gladstone, having in the interim effected the moral assassination of Parnell with the help of the Irish bishops, is reading his measure before the House for the third time. His speech is shorter than before, lasting just an hour and a half. Then the Home Rule Bill is passed. The happy news runs over the wires to the Irish capital, where it provokes a new burst of enthusiasm. In the salon of the Catholic Club, people talk it over, argue, laugh, toast, and prophesize.

Another fourteen years pass by and we are in 1907. Twenty-one years have passed since 1886 and so, according to the English custom, Gladstone's measure has come of age. [3] But in the interval, Gladstone himself has died and his measure has not even been born. As he had clearly foreseen after the third reading of the bill, the alarm bells were sounded in the upper House, and all the Lords temporal and spiritual marshalled themselves in ranks to deliver the bill its deathblow. The English Liberals have forgotten their commitments. A fourth-rate politician who between 1881 and 1886 voted in favour of every coercive measure against Ireland now wears Gladstone's mantle. [4] The post of Irish Chief Secretary, a post which the

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English themselves have called the tomb of political reputations, is held by a literary jurist who, when he stood before the electors of Bristol two years ago, would probably have been hard-put to name the counties of Ireland. [5] Despite the undertakings and promises, despite its enormous majority which is unprecedented in the parliamentary history of England, the English Liberal cabinet is introducing a devolutionary measure that does not go beyond the proposals made in 1885 by the imperialist Chamberlain, and the seriousness of which the Conservative English press openly refuses to acknowledge. [6] This proposal was passed on its first reading by a majority of almost 300 votes and while the yellow press breaks out in fits of feigned rage the Lords consult among themselves to decide whether this tottering marionette about to enter the lists really merits their sword.

The Lords will probably kill the measure, as this is their job, but, if they are wise, they will hesitate before they alienate Irish sympathies for constitutional agitation, especially now that India and Egypt are in turmoil and the overseas colonies are demanding an imperial federation. From their own point of view, it would be inadvisable to let a stubborn veto provoke a reaction from a people which, poor in everything else, is rich solely in political ideas, has perfected the tactics of obstructionism and has made the word 'Boycott' an international battle-cry. [7]

Anyhow, England has little to lose. The measure (which is not a twentieth of the Home Rule proposal) gives the executive council in Dublin no legislative power, no power to fix or control taxes, no control over thirty-nine of the forty-seven government offices, including those of the constabulary and the police, the supreme court or the agrarian commission. Furthermore, Unionist interests are jealously guarded. The Liberal minister has taken care to put at the forefront of the discussion the fact that, as the price of the measure, the English electorate will have to fork out over half a million pounds a year. Conservative articles and speakers, divining the intentions of their compatriot, have made good use of this assertion by appealing in their hostile commentaries to the most vulnerable part of the English electorate: its pocket. But neither the Liberal ministers nor the opposition newspapers will explain to the English that this expense is not an outlay of English money, but rather a partial repayment of England's debt to Ireland. Neither of them will

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cite the findings of the English Royal Commission that, compared to its dominant partner, Ireland is overtaxed by 88 million francs. [8] Nor will they recall the fact that the politicians and scientists who investigated the vast central bog of Ireland concluded that the two spectres that sit beside every Irish fireplace, consumption and insanity, are a refutation of all English claims, and that the moral debt of the English government for not having seen to the reforestation of this disease-ridden swamp for over an entire century amounts to over 500 million francs.

Now, even from a cursory study of the history of Home Rule, it seems that we may draw two conclusions. The first is this: the most powerful weapons that England may use against Ireland are no longer those of Conservatism, but of Liberalism and the Vatican. Conservatism, for all that it may be tyrannical, is a frank and openly hostile doctrine. Its position is logical. It does not want a rival island to grow up beside Great Britain, or Irish factories to compete with English ones, or tobacco and wine to be once again exported from Ireland, or the Irish ports to become an enemy naval base, whether under a foreign protectorate or a native government. This position is logical, just as the Irish separatists' position, which contradicts it point by point, is also logical. It takes little intelligence to see that Gladstone inflicted greater damage on Ireland than Disraeli did, [9] and that the fiercest enemy of the Catholic Irish is the leader of English Vaticanism, the Duke of Norfolk. [10]

The second conclusion is even more obvious. It is this: the Irish Parliamentary Party is bankrupt. [11] For twenty-seven years it has been agitating and talking. In that time it has drawn 35 million from its supporters, and the fruits of its agitation are that Irish taxes have increased by 88 million, while the Irish population has decreased by 1 million. [12] The deputies themselves have improved their lot, apart from such small discomforts as a few months in prison or a few lengthy sittings. From being peasants' sons, street traders and clientless lawyers, they have become salaried administrators, factory and company bosses, newspaper owners and large land holders. Only in 1891 did they give proof of their altruism when they sold Parnell, their master, to the pharisaical conscience of the English nonconformists, without exacting the thirty pieces of silver. [13]

IRELAND AT THE BAR

Several years ago a sensational trial took place in Ireland. In the western province, in a remote place called Maamtrasna, a murder was committed. [1] Four or five peasants from the village were arrested, all of them members of the ancient tribe of the Joyces. The eldest of them, a certain Myles Joyce, sixty years of age, was particularly suspected by the police. Public opinion considered him innocent then, and he is now thought of as a martyr. Both the old man and the other accused did not know English. The court had to resort to the services of an interpreter. [2] The interrogation that took place through this man was at times comic and at times tragic. On the one hand there was the officious interpreter, on

the other, the patriarch of the miserable tribe who, unused to civic customs, seemed quite bewildered by all the legal ceremonies.

The magistrate said:

‘Ask the accused if he saw the woman on the morning in question.’

The question was repeated to him in Irish and the old man broke out into intricate explanations, gesticulating, appealing to the other accused, to heaven. Then, exhausted by the effort, he fell silent; the interpreter, turning to the magistrate, said:

‘He says no, your worship.’

‘Ask him if he was in the vicinity at the time.’

The old man began speaking once again, protesting, shouting, almost beside himself with the distress of not understanding or making himself understood, weeping with rage and terror. And the interpreter, once again replied drily:

‘He says no, your worship.’

When the interrogation was over the poor old man was found guilty and sent before a high court which sentenced him to be hanged. On the day the sentence was to be carried out, the square in front of the prison was packed with people who were kneeling and calling out prayers in Irish for the repose of the soul of Myles Joyce. Legend has it that even the hangman could not make himself understood by the victim and angrily kicked the unhappy man in the head to force him into the noose. [3]

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The figure of this bewildered old man, left over from a culture which is not ours, a deaf-mute before his judge, is a symbol of the Irish nation at the bar of public opinion. Like him, Ireland cannot appeal to the modern conscience of England or abroad. The English newspapers act as interpreters between Ireland and the English electorate which, though it lends an ear every so often is finally irritated by the eternal complaints of the Nationalist deputies who, it believes, have come to their House with the aim of upsetting the order and extorting money. Abroad, Ireland is not spoken of except when some trouble breaks out there such as that which has set the telegraph lines jumping in the last few days. [4] The public skims through the dispatches received from London, which, while they may be lacking in acrimony, have some of the laconic aspect of the interpreter mentioned above. So the Irish figure as criminals, with deformed faces, who roam around at night with the aim of doing away with every Unionist. And to the real sovereign of Ireland, the Pope, this news arrives like so many dogs in church; the cries, weakened by so long a journey, have almost died out by the time they reach the bronze door. The envoys of a people that has never renounced the Holy See in the past, the only Catholic people for which the faith also means the practice of that faith, are rejected in favour of the envoys of a monarch, who, descendant of apostates, solemnly apostatized on his coronation day by declaring that the rites of the Roman Catholic Church are ‘superstitions and idolatry’.

There are twenty million Irish scattered throughout the world. The Emerald Isle contains only a small part of them. Considering how England sees the Irish question as pivotal to her own internal politics and yet proceeds with excellent judgement disposing of the most complicated questions of colonial politics, an observer can only wonder whether St George’s Channel does not open a greater abyss than the ocean between Ireland and her arrogant mistress. Indeed, the Irish question is still unresolved today, after six centuries of armed occupation and over a hundred years of legislation that reduced the population of the unhappy island from eight to four million, quadrupled the taxes, and further entangled the agrarian problem with many extra knots.

Truly, there is no question more entangled than this. The Irish themselves understand little of it, the English even less, and for other peoples it is complete darkness. But the Irish do know that it is the

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cause of all their suffering, and this is why they employ extremely violent methods to resolve it. For example, twenty years ago, seeing themselves reduced to poverty by the oppression of the large land owners, they refused to pay their rents and gained provisions and reforms from Gladstone [5] Today, seeing the pastures full of well-fed cattle while an eighth of the population is registered as being without the means of subsistence, they drive the cattle from the holdings. In anger, the Liberal government then devises to reinstate the coercive tactics of the Conservatives, and the London press dedicates weeks and

innumerable articles to the agrarian crisis which, it says, is very serious, and publishes alarming items on the agrarian revolt that are then reprinted by foreign newspapers.

I do not propose to make an exegesis of the Irish agrarian question, nor to recount the background of the two-faced politics of the government, but I think it is useful to rectify matters a little. Whoever has read the telegrams sent out by London will certainly believe that Ireland is going through a stage of exceptional criminality. This is a complete misjudgement. Criminality in Ireland is lower than in any other country in Europe; organized crime does not exist in Ireland. When one of those deeds which the Parisian journalists, with atrocious irony, call 'a red idyll' occurs, the whole country is shocked. There were, it is true, two violent deaths in Ireland in the past months; but both were at the hands of English troops and occurred in Belfast, where the soldiers charged an unarmed crowd without, it seems, having given any warning, and killed a man and a woman. There were attacks on livestock, but these did not even happen in Ireland, where the mob contented itself with opening the stalls and driving the livestock a few miles down the road, but in Great Wyrley [6] in England where barbaric, insane criminals have been rampaging against livestock for six years, to such an extent that English companies will no longer insure them.

Five years ago, in order to quieten public anger, an innocent man, now freed, was condemned. But even when he was in prison the attacks continued. Last week two horses were found dead with the usual cuts to the base of the stomach and their guts spilled out over the grass.

James Joyce

OSCAR WILDE: THE POET OF 'SALOME'

Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde. Such were the high-sounding titles that with juvenile vanity he wanted to have printed on the title-page of his first collection of poetry. [1] By this vain gesture which he believed would lend him dignity, he sculpted, perhaps symbolically, the marks of his empty pretences and of the fate that awaited him. His name symbolizes him: Oscar, nephew of King Fingal and only-born of Ossian in the amorphous Celtic odyssey, tragically killed by the hand of his host while sitting at table. O'Flahertie, a fierce Irish tribe whose destiny it was to besiege the gates of medieval towns; their name struck terror into peaceful men, and it is still intoned, at the end of the ancient litany of the saints, in the midst of plagues, the wrath of God or the spirit of fornication: 'from the fierce O'Flaherties, *libera nos Domine*'. [2] Like that Oscar, he too was to meet his civil death while sitting crowned with vine leaves at table and discussing Plato. Like that savage tribe he too was to break the lance of his paradoxical eloquence against the ranks of useful conventions and, exiled and dishonoured, to hear the chorus of righteous men recite his name along with that of the unclean spirit.

Wilde was born in the sleepy Irish capital fifty-five years ago. His father was a talented scientist, who has been called the father of modern otology. His mother took part in the revolutionary literary movement of '48, working for the national journal under the pseudonym of Speranza, and, in her poems and articles, she would incite the people to take Dublin Castle. There are certain circumstances regarding the pregnancy of Lady Wilde and the infancy of her child which, in the opinion of some, partly explain the sad mania (if it can so be called) [3] that would later drag him to his ruin, and it is at least certain that the child grew up in an atmosphere of permissiveness and prodigality.

Oscar Wilde's public life began in the University of Oxford where, at the time of his matriculation, a ponderous professor called Ruskin was leading an effeminate band of Anglo-Saxons towards the promised land of the society of the future, behind a wheelbarrow. [4] The susceptible temperament of the mother was passed on to the son; and he resolved to put into practice, beginning with himself, a

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theory of beauty partly derived from the books of Pater and Ruskin, and partly original. Defying the jibes of the public, he proclaimed and practised the aesthetic reform of his dress and home. He gave a series of lectures in the United States and in the English provinces, and became the spokesman for the aesthetic movement, while the fantastic myth of the apostle of beauty went on forming itself around him. In the public mind his name evoked a vague idea of delicate finesse, a life bedecked with flowers. The cult of the sunflower, his favourite, flourished among the leisured classes; and the little people would hear tales of his famous white ivory cane burnished with turquoise and of his Neronian hairstyle.

The background to this dazzling picture was more miserable than the middle classes imagined. Medals, trophies of his academic youth, would now and again make the journey up to the pawnbroker's shop; and the young wife of the epigrammatist sometimes had to borrow the money for a pair of shoes from a neighbour. Wilde found himself obliged to accept the post of editor in a very trite journal; [5] only with the staging of his light comedies did he enter the short penultimate period of luxury and wealth in his life. *Lady Windermere's Fan* took London by storm. Wilde entered that literary tradition of Irish comic playwrights that stretches from the days of Sheridan and Goldsmith to Bernard Shaw, and became, like them, court jester to the English. He became an arbiter of elegance in the metropolis, and his annual income from his writings reached almost half a million francs. He scattered his gold among a succession of unworthy friends. Every morning he would buy two expensive flowers, one for himself, the other for his coachman. Even on the day of his notorious trial he had himself driven to the courthouse in his two-horsed coach with the coachman dressed up in formal wear and with the groom powdered.

His fall was greeted by a howl of puritanical joy. On hearing of his condemnation, the mob that was gathered in front of the courthouse began to dance a pavane in the muddy street. The newspaper journalists were admitted into the prison and, through the window of his cell, were able to feed on the spectacle of his shame. White bands covered over his name on theatre billboards; his friends abandoned him; his manuscripts were stolen while he underwent his prison sentence of two years' hard labour. His mother died under the shadow of shame; his wife died. He was declared bankrupt, his

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belongings were auctioned off' and his sons were taken away from him. When he came out of prison, thugs under the instructions of the noble Marquess of Queensberry [6] were lying in wait for him. He was driven, like a hare hunted by dogs, from hotel to hotel. Hotelier after hotelier drove him from the door, refusing him bread and board, and at nightfall he finally ended up under his brother's window crying and blubbing like a child.

The epilogue moved rapidly towards its end, and it is not worthwhile following the unhappy man from the slums of Naples to the poor guesthouse in the Latin Quarter, where he died of meningitis in the last month of the last year of the nineteenth century [7] It is not worthwhile shadowing him as the Parisian spies did. He died a Roman Catholic, adding a denial of his proud doctrine to the collapse of his public life. [8] He who had defied the idols of the marketplace and had been the singer of the divinity of joy bent his knee and was filled with compassion and sadness; he closed the chapter of the rebellion of his spirit with an act of spiritual devotion.

This is not the place to probe into the strange problem of the life of Oscar Wilde nor to determine to what extent heredity and the epileptic cast of his nervous system can exculpate him from that of which he was accused. Whether innocent or guilty of the charges brought against him, he was undoubtedly a scapegoat. His greatest crime was to have caused in England a scandal; it is well known that the English authorities did all they could to persuade him to flee before issuing an arrest warrant against him. In London alone, declared an official of the ministry of the interior during the trial, over twenty thousand people are under police surveillance, but they remain at large until such time as they cause a scandal. Wilde's letters to his friends were read out before the court and their author was denounced as a degenerate, obsessed by exotic perversions. 'Time wars against you; it is jealous of your lilies and roses'; 'I love to see you wandering through violet-filled valleys, with your honey-coloured hair gleaming.' But the truth is that Wilde, far from being a monster of perversion that inexplicably arose in the midst of the modern civilization of England, is the logical and inevitable product of the Anglo-Saxon college and university system, a system of seclusion and secrecy. His condemnation by the people stemmed from many complex causes; but it was not the simple reaction of a pure conscience. Anyone who patiently studies the graffiti, frank draw-

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ings and the expressive gestures of people will hesitate to think them as being pure of heart. Anyone who follows closely the ill-fated language of men, whether in a soldiers' barracks or in a large town of commerce, will hesitate to believe that all those who cast stones at Wilde were themselves without blemish. In fact, everyone is reluctant in speaking with others on this subject, fearing that the listener might know more about it than himself. Oscar Wilde's self-defence in the *Scots Observer* [9] should be accepted as legitimate by any bench of impartial judges. Each man writes his own sin into *Dorian*

Gray (Wilde's most celebrated novel). What Dorian Gray's sin was no one says and no one knows. He who discovers it has committed it.

Here we touch upon the vital centre of Wilde's art: sin. He deceived himself by thinking that he was the harbinger of the good news of neo-paganism to the suffering people. All his characteristic qualities, the qualities (perhaps) of his race: wit, the generous impulse, the asexual intellect were put to the service of a theory of beauty which should, he thought, have brought back the Golden Age and the joy of youth to the world. But deep down, if any truth is to be deduced from his subjective interpretation of Aristotle, his restless thought which proceeds by sophisms rather than syllogisms, his assimilation of other natures alien to his own, such as those of the delinquent and the humble, it is the truth inherent in the spirit of Catholicism: that man cannot reach the divine heart except across that sense of separation and loss that is called sin. [10]

In his last book, *De Profundis*, he bows before a gnostic Christ, risen from the apocryphal pages of *A House of Pomegranates*, and then his true soul, trembling, timid and saddened, shines out from behind the mantle of Heliogabalus. [11] His fantastic myth, his work, a polyphonic variation on the relationship of art and nature, rather than a revelation of his psyche, his golden books, splendid with those epigrams which made him, in the eyes of some, the wittiest speaker of the last century, are now divided booty.

A verse from the Book of Job is engraved on his tombstone in the poor cemetery of Bagneux. It praises his eloquence, eloquium suurn, the great legendary mantle which is now divided booty. The future might engrave another verse there, less haughty and more pious: *partiti sunt sibi vestimenta me a et super vestem meam miserunt sortes*. [12]

THE BATTLE BETWEEN BERNARD SHAW AND THE CENSOR: 'THE SHEWING-UP OF BLANCO POSNET'

Dublin, [31] August

There is a proud week in the Dublin calendar. In the last week of August the famous Horse Show attracts a multi-coloured and polyglot crowd to the Irish capital from the sister island, from the continent and even from as far away as Japan. For a few days the tired and cynical city dresses itself up like a newly wed bride and its senile sleep is broken by an unaccustomed uproar.

This year, however, an artistic event has almost eclipsed the importance of the show, and everywhere the only thing being spoken about is the dispute between Bernard Shaw and the Viceroy. As is already known, Shaw's latest play, *The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet*, has been stamped with the mark of notoriety by the English Lord Chamberlain who has banned its performance in the United Kingdom. [1] This decision probably did not surprise Shaw, as the same censor did as much for two other of his theatrical works, *Mrs Warren's Profession* and the very recent *Press Cuttings*. If anything, he felt honoured by the arbitrary ban imposed upon his comedies as upon Ibsen's *Ghosts*, Tolstoy's *The Power of Darkness* and Wilde's *Salome*. [2]

He did not admit defeat, however, and he found a way of avoiding the censor's timid vigilance. For some strange reason, the city of Dublin is the only place in the United Kingdom where censorship does not apply, and indeed, the ancient law contains the following words: 'except the city of Dublin'. So Shaw offered his work to the Irish national theatre company which accepted it, simply announcing its performance as if it were nothing extraordinary. The censor was seen to be reduced to helplessness and the Viceroy of Ireland then intervened to save the prestige of the Law. There was a lively exchange of letters between the king's representative and the comic playwright: severe and threatening on one side, insolent and contemptuous on the other. [3] Meanwhile Dubliners, who couldn't care less for art but have an immoderate love of arguments, were rubbing their hands in glee. Shaw held out, insisting on his rights, and the

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theatre booking office was literally besieged to such an extent that the seats were sold out a full seven times over for the first performance.

A dense crowd thronged around the Abbey Theatre that evening and a platoon of hefty guards kept order, but it was evident from the start that there would be no hostile demonstration by the elect public that packed every corner of the small revolutionary theatre. In fact, the newspaper accounts of the evening reported not the slightest murmur of protest. When the curtain fell an uproarious applause called the performers back on stage for encore after encore.

The comedy, which Shaw describes as a sermon in a plain melodrama, is, as you know, only one act long. The action takes place in an uncouth and barbaric town in the Far West. The hero is a horse-thief, and the play deals only with his trial. He has stolen a horse that he thought belonged to his brother in order to retrieve what his brother had unjustly taken from him. While fleeing the town, however, he meets a woman and a sick child. She wants to reach the nearest large town to save her child's life, and he, moved by her appeal, gives her the horse. He is captured and brought back to the town to be hanged. The trial is summary and violent. The sheriff acts as an aggressive judge, shouting at the accused man, thumping the table and threatening the witnesses with revolver in hand. Posnet, the thief, offers a bit of primitive theology. The moment of sentimental weakness when he gave in to the pleas of the unfortunate mother has been the crisis point of his life. The finger of God has touched his brain. He no longer has the strength to continue the cruel and bestial life which he had led before that meeting. He breaks out into long, disconnected speeches (and it is here that the pious English censor blocked his ears). The speeches were theological in that God was the subject, but not very ecclesiastic in their terminology. In the sincerity of his conviction, Posnet has recourse to miners' slang; among other reflections, and in an attempt to explain how God works in mysterious ways in the hearts of men, he even calls God a horse-thief.

The drama ends happily. The child that Posnet wanted to save dies, and the mother is tracked down. She tells her story to the court, and Posnet is acquitted. Nothing imaginable is more innocuous than this and the audience wonders in amazement why on earth the work was intercepted by the censor.

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Shaw is right: it is a sermon. Shaw is a born preacher. His loquacious and lively spirit cannot suffer the imposition of the noble, spare style that befits a modern playwright. By giving vent to his feelings in farraginous prefaces and in endless stage-directions, he creates a dramatic form for himself which has much of the dialogue-novel in it. He has a sense of situation rather than of drama logically and ethically brought to its conclusion. In this case he has exhumed the central event from his play *The Devil's Disciple*, and he has transformed it into a sermon. [4] It is a transformation too rapid to be convincing as a sermon, just as its art is too poor to make it convincing as a drama.

Does this play not perhaps coincide with a crisis in the mind of the writer? Already, at the end of *John Bull's Other Island* the crisis had announced its advent. [5] Shaw, like his latest hero, has also had an irregular and irreverent past. Fabianism, vegetarianism, antialcoholism, music, painting, drama, all the progressive movements in both art and politics have had him as a champion. Now, perhaps some divine finger has touched his brain: and he, too, just like Blanco Posnet, is shewn up.

James Joyce [sic]

THE HOME RULE COMET

The idea of Irish autonomy has been gradually surrounded by a thin and pale mistiness. A few weeks ago, when a royal decree dissolved the English parliament, a weak and tremulous something could be seen dawning towards the east. [1] It was the Home Rule comet, indefinite, remote, but punctual as always. The word of the sovereign, which in an instant brought darkness down upon the demigods of Westminster, called the obedient and unconscious star from the darkness of the void.

This time, however, it could barely be seen because the skies were clouded. The fogginess that usually envelopes the shores of Britain thickened so as to shroud them in a dense and impenetrable cloudiness. Beyond it the orchestral music of the contesting electoral elements could be heard: noble strings agitated and hysterical, the strident bugles of the people and, from time to time, a floating phrase on the Irish flutes.

The uncertainty of the political situation in England is evident from the fact that from morning to night the press agencies send out enigmatic dispatches which contradict one another. Indeed, the tone of the recent discussions in the United Kingdom makes an impartial scrutiny of the matter extremely difficult. Following the departure of the three leaders, Asquith, Balfour and Redmond, [2] who until now had managed to maintain a certain dignity of conduct that does not ill-become vacuous men, the recent election campaign marks a notable lowering of tone in English public life. Has any such speech ever been heard from the lips of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, wonder the Conservatives. But the jibes of the pugnacious Welsh minister pale before the vulgar invective of Conservatives the like of Deputy Smith, the lawyer Carson and the editor of the National Review. In the meantime, the two Irish factions, oblivious of their common enemy, have been waging a secret war in an attempt to exhaust the lexicon of contempt. [3]

And yet (another cause of confusion), the English parties no longer answer to their names. It is the Radicals who want the present free trade policies to be continued, while the Conservatives have been urging tax reform until they are blue in the face. It is the

Illustration [p.156]: "Can anybody find the promised Home Rule Tail?"
Sinn Fein, in June 1910 (National Library of Ireland).

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Conservatives who aim to strip parliament of its legislative power, entrusting it instead to the entire nation by means of a plebiscite. Finally, it is the clerical and intractable Irish Party' that forms the majority within an anticlerical and Liberal government.

This paradoxical situation is accurately reflected in the persons who are the party leaders. To say nothing of Chamberlain or Roseberry [sic] who, the one from extreme radicalism and the other from Gladstonian liberalism, have both crossed over to the ranks of imperialism (while the young minister Churchill has made his imaginary journey in the opposite direction), we find the cause of Anglican Protestantism and conciliatory Nationalism under the guidance of a religious renegade and a converted Fenian. [4] Balfour, in fact, is more of a sceptic than a politician. He is a worthy disciple of the Scottish school. Driven more by the nepotism inherent in the Cecil family than by any personal aspiration, he took over the leadership of the Conservative Party following the death of his uncle, the lamented Marquess of Salisbury. [5] No day goes by without some parliamentary reporter remarking upon his absorbed and quibbling manner. His antics make even his followers smile. Even though under his unsteady banner the orthodox army has gone to meet three defeats in succession, each more ponderous than the last, his biographer (who might perhaps be another member of the Cecil family) will be able to say of him that in his philosophical essays he skilfully dissected and stripped bare the secret fibres of the religious and psychological principles whose champion he became by a turn of the parliamentary wheel of fortune. O'Brien, the leader of the Irish dissidents, who calls his handful of ten deputies the All-for-Ireland League, has become what all fanatics become when their fanaticism dies before they do. Now he fights along with Unionist magistrates who, twenty years ago, would probably have issued a warrant for his arrest; nothing remains of his fiery youth apart from those violent outbursts that make him look like an epileptic.

In the midst of such contradictions it is easy to understand how the dispatches affirm then deny in turn, they announce that Home Rule is at the door, then write its obituary six hours later. The layman cannot be dogmatic about comets, but at any rate, the much-awaited passing of the heavenly body has been reported officially. Last week, the Irish leader Redmond announced the happy news to a crowd of fishermen. English democracy, he said, has for once and all

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broken the power of the Lords and perhaps within a few weeks Ireland would have autonomy. Now, it would take a voracious nationalist to swallow that mouthful. The Liberal cabinet, as soon as it takes up its position on the ministerial bench, will find itself faced by quite a stack of troubles, among which the

problem of the double balance will predominate. [6] Whether the affair is resolved well or otherwise, the peers and the commons will declare an armistice for the coronation of George V. [7] So far the road has been smooth, but only prophets could tell us where a government as heterogeneous as the present one will end up. Wanting to stay in power, will it try to appease the Welsh and the Scots with ecclesiastic and agrarian measures? If the Irish demand autonomy as the price of their support, will the cabinet hasten to dust off one of the many Home Rule Bills and present it before the House? The history of Anglo-Saxon Liberalism teaches us very explicitly what the answers to this and other such ingenuous questions are. The Liberal ministers are scrupulous men. Once again the Irish problem will bring about a symptomatic rupture in the heart of the cabinet, following which it will be amply demonstrated that the English electorate had not really authorized its government to legislate to such an end. If the government pursues the Liberal tactic of deliberately and secretly undermining Nationalist feelings, while, by means of partial concessions and with equal deliberation and secrecy, it creates a new greedy dependent social class that is free from any dangerous enthusiasms, if it introduces reform, or some pretence of reform that Ireland will haughtily reject, will that not then be the opportune moment for the Conservative Party to intervene? Faithful to its long tradition of cynical faithlessness, this party will take the opportunity to declare that the Irish dictatorship is intolerable and promote a campaign to reduce the number of Irish seats from eighty to forty on the basis of a depopulation that is unique rather than simply unusual for a civilized country, and is the bitter fruit of its own misgovernment. The link, therefore, between the abolition of the veto of the Lords and Irish autonomy is not as immediate as some might have us believe. In the final reckoning, it is the business of the English themselves. Admitting that the English populace no longer has the same veneration as once for its temporal and spiritual patrons, it will probably proceed with the reform of the upper House as cautiously and slowly as with the reform of its medieval laws, its triumphant and hypocritical litera-

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ture, and its monstrous judicial system. In expectation of such reforms, it will matter little to the credulous Irish peasant whether Lord Lansdowne or Sir Edward Grey controls the fate of the ministry of foreign affairs. [8]

The fact that Ireland wishes to make common cause with British democracy should be neither surprising nor persuasive. For seven centuries it has never been a faithful subject of England. Nor, on the other hand, has it been faithful to itself. It entered the British dominion without forming an integral part of it. It almost entirely abandoned its language and accepted the language of the conqueror without being able to assimilate its culture or to adapt itself to the mentality of which this language is the vehicle. It always betrayed its heroes in their hour of need without even earning the bounty payment. It has driven its spiritual creators into exile and then boasted of them. It has only ever served one mistress faithfully, the Roman Catholic Church, which is, however, accustomed to paying her faithful in long-term drafts.

What durable alliance could exist between this strange people and the new Anglo-Saxon democracy? The rhetoricians who now speak so warmly about this alliance will soon become aware (if they have not done so already) that there exists a mysterious communion of blood between the English nobles and workers. The aforementioned Marquess of Salisbury, the perfect gentleman, spoke not just for his class, but for his race, when he said: 'Let the Irish stew in their own juice.'

James Joyce

[A CURIOUS HISTORY]

To the Editor
17 August 1911

Via della Barrier a Vecchia J2, III,
Trieste (Austria)

Sir May I ask you to publish this letter which throws some light on the present conditions of authorship in England and Ireland?

Nearly six years ago Mr Grant Richards, [1] publisher, of London signed a contract with me for the publication of a book of stories written by me, entitled *Dubliners*. Some ten months later he wrote asking

me to omit one of the stories and passages in others which, as he said, his printer refused to set up. I declined to do either and a correspondence began between Mr Grant Richards and myself which lasted more than three months. I went to an international jurist in Rome (where I lived then) and was advised to omit. [2] I declined to do so and the MS was returned to me, the publisher refusing to publish notwithstanding his pledged printed word, the contract remaining in my possession.

Six months afterwards a Mr Hone [3] wrote to me from Marseilles to ask me to submit the MS to Messrs Maunsel, publishers, of Dublin. I did so: and after about a year, in July 1909, Messrs Maunsel signed a contract with me for the publication of the book on or before 1] September 1910. In December 1909 Messrs Maunsel's manager [4] begged me to alter a passage in one of the stories, 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room', wherein some reference was made to Edward VII. I agreed to do so, much against my will, and altered one or two phrases. Messrs Maunsel continually postponed the date of publication and in the end wrote, asking me to omit the passage or to change it radically. I declined to do either, pointing out that Mr Grant Richards of London had raised no objection to the passage when Edward VII was alive and that I could not see why an Irish publisher should raise an objection to it when Edward VII had passed into history. I suggested arbitration or a deletion of the passage with a prefatory note of explanation by me but Messrs Maunsel would agree to neither. As Mr Hone (who had written to me in the first instance) disclaimed all responsibility in the matter and any connec-

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tion with the firm I took the opinion of a solicitor in Dublin who advised me to omit the passage, informing me that as I had no domicile in the United Kingdom I could not sue Messrs Maunsel for breach of contract unless I paid £100 into court and that, even if I paid £100 into court and sued them, I should have no chance of getting a verdict in my favour from a Dublin jury if the passage in dispute could be taken as offensive in any way to the late king. I wrote then to the present king, George V, enclosing a printed proof of the story with the passage therein marked and begging him to inform me whether in his view the passage (certain allusions made by a person of the story in the idiom of his social class) should be withheld from publication as offensive to the memory of his father. His Majesty's private secretary sent me this reply:

Buckingham Palace

The private secretary is commanded to acknowledge the receipt of Mr James Joyce's letter of the instant and to inform him that it is inconsistent with rule for His Majesty to express his opinion in such cases. The enclosures are returned herewith.

11 August 1911

Here is the passage in dispute:

—But look here, John, - said Mr O'Connor. - Why should we welcome the king of England? Didn't Parnell himself...? -

—Parnell, - said Mr Henchy, - is dead. Now, here's the way I look at it. Here's this chap comes to the throne after his old mother keeping him out of it till the man was grey.' He's a jolly fine decent fellow, if you ask me, and no damn nonsense about him. He just says to himself - *The old one never went to see these wild Irish. By Christ, Til go myself and see what they're like.* - And are we going to insult the man when he comes over here on a friendly visit? Eh? Isn't that right, Crofton? -

Mr Crofton nodded his head.

—But after all now, - said Mr Lyons, argumentatively, - King Edward's life, you know, is not the very ... -

—Let bygones be bygones. - said Mr Henchy - I admire the man personally. He's just an ordinary knockabout like you and me. He's fond of his glass of grog and he's a bit of a rake, perhaps, and he's a good sportsman. Damn it, can't we Irish play fair? - [6]

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I wrote this book seven years ago and, as I cannot see in any quarter a chance that my rights will be protected, I hereby give Messrs Maunsel publicly permission to publish this story with what changes or deletions they may please to make and shall hope that what they may publish may resemble that to the writing of which I gave thought and time. Their attitude as an Irish publishing firm may be judged by

Irish public opinion. I, as a writer, protest against the systems (legal, social and ceremonious) which have brought me to this pass. Thanking you for your courtesy, I am, Sir, Your obedient servant

James Joyce

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REALISM AND IDEALISM IN ENGLISH LITERATURE (DANIEL DEFOE - WILLIAM BLAKE)

Daniel Defoe [1] (I)

In the year of grace, 1660, the exiled, fugitive, and dispossessed Charles Stuart landed on English soil at Dover and, escorted by the fanfare and torches of a jubilant people, headed towards the capital to assume the crown that his father, the martyr king, had removed eleven years previously when he was executed on the gallows in Whitehall by order of the regicide generals. The corpses of Cromwell and Ireton were disinterred and dragged to Tyburn (the Golgotha, site of the skulls, in English history) where they were hanged on the gibbets and then, putrefied as they were, beheaded by the executioner. Merriment returned to Merry England; the gracefulness, culture, pomp, and luxury of the Stuart courts returned. The young king flung open the doors of his palace to flatterers of both sexes. Holding his lapdog in his arms, he gave audience to his ministers. Leaning against the fireplace of the House of Lords he would listen to the discourses of that elevated assembly, swearing by God's bodikins (his majesty's favourite oath) that his noblemen entertained him more than his comedians.

But this triumph was misleading and, within a short time, the star of the Stuart dynasty had set forever, and Protestant succession, embodied by the person of William of Nassau, had become the cornerstone of the British constitution. Here, according to the textbooks, the chapter of ancient history comes to an end, and that of modern history begins. [2]

And yet, the constitutional crisis that was then resolved by a covenant between the crown, the church and the legislature is not the only, nor the most interesting, feat accomplished by that prince, who is called in remembrance the pious, glorious and immortal. [3] His victory also signifies a crisis of race, an ethnic revenge. From the days of William the Conqueror onwards, no monarch of Germanic stock had wielded the English sceptre. The Normans were succeeded by

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the Plantagenets, the Plantagenets by the House of Tudor, the Tudors by the Stuarts.

Even Oliver Cromwell himself, the Lord Protector of civil liberties, was of Celtic origin, son of a Welsh father and a Scottish mother. So, over six centuries had passed since the Battle of Hastings before the true successor of the Anglo-Saxon dynasty was to ascend to the throne of England. The people who acclaimed the coming of the awkward and taciturn Dutch commander were acclaiming themselves, and saluting the human symbol of a true rebirth.

For the first time now the true English spirit begins to appear in literature. [4] Consider how minimal the importance of that spirit was in the earlier times. In Chaucer, a court writer with a polished and comely style, the indigenous spirit can just be discerned as the framework for the adventures of respectable people - meaning Norman clerics and foreign heroes. How is the great English public depicted in the variegated dramas of William Shakespeare, who wrote two hundred years after Chaucer? A boorish peasant, a court jester, a half-mad and half-stupid ragamuffin, a gravedigger. Shakespeare's characters all come from abroad and afar: Othello, a Moorish prince; Shylock, a Venetian Jew; Caesar, a Roman; Hamlet, a Danish prince; Macbeth, a Celtic usurper; Romeo and Juliet, citizens of Verona. Of all the rich gallery, perhaps the only one who can be called English is the fat knight with the monstrous paunch, Sir John Falstaff. In the centuries following the French conquest, English literature was schooled by masters such as Boccaccio, Dante, Tasso and Messer Lodovico. [5] Chaucer's Canterbury Tales are a version of the Decameron or the Novellino; [6] Milton's Paradise Lost is a puritanical transcript of the Divine Comedy. Shakespeare, with his Titianesque palette, his eloquence, his epileptic passion, and his creative fury, is an Italianized Englishman, while the theatre of the Restoration takes its cue from the Spanish stage and the works of Calderon and Lope de Vega. [7] The

first English writer to write without copying or adapting foreign works, to create without literary models, to instil a truly national spirit into the creations of his pen, and to manufacture an artistic form for himself that is perhaps without precedent (with the exception of the monographs of Sallust and Plutarch) [8] is Daniel Defoe, the father of the English novel.

Daniel Defoe was born in 1661, a year after the return of Charles

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Stuart. His father was a wealthy butcher from Cripplegate who, like a good burgher, intended his son for holy orders. But the son was anything but a saint, and preaching the gospel of Christian peace ill-fitted this bellicose man whose life from the cradle to the grave was a hard, vigorous, and ineffective struggle.

As soon as he had finished his studies, the young man threw himself into the vortex of politics. When the Duke of Monmouth (one of the merry monarch's many bastard sons) raised the banner of revolt, he enlisted in the ranks of the pretender. [9] The revolt failed and Defoe barely managed to escape with his life. A few years later we find him engaged in business as a hosiery merchant. In 1689, he rode in the volunteer light-horse regiment that escorted the new sovereigns William and Mary to a solemn banquet in the Guildhall. Later, he began trading in eastern drugs. [10] He travelled to France, Spain and Portugal, stopping over there for a time. He also went to Holland and Germany on his business travels, but when he returned to England, the first of a long series of disasters awaited him. He was declared bankrupt and, as his creditors pursued him mercilessly, he thought it best to flee to Bristol, where the townspeople attached the nickname of Mr Sunday to him, because he only dared leave his house on a Sunday, a day on which the bailiffs could not legally arrest him. An agreement with his creditors freed him from his forced domicile, and for a full twelve years he worked to pay off the enormous debt of seventeen thousand pounds sterling. [11]

From his liberation until the death of King William, Defoe was a director of a Dutch tile factory and actively involved himself in politics, publishing pamphlets, essays, satires, tracts, all in defence of the foreign king's party, and all, with the exception of *The True-Born Englishman*, of very little literary value. Following the accession of Queen Anne, parliament voted for a coercive law against Protestant Dissenters (that is, those who did not recognize the supremacy of the Anglican church), and Defoe, masquerading as an extremist Anglican, published his famous satire, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, in which he proposed that all those who did not accept the dogmas and rites of the Anglican Church be condemned to the gallows or prison, reserving the honour of crucifixion for the fathers of the Society of Jesus. [12] The satire caused an enormous uproar, at first fooling the very ministers who, having praised its sincerity and wisdom, realized that they were dealing with a solemn hoax. A

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warrant was issued for the arrest of Defoe and the London Gazette published this description of the satirist:

A spare man, middle-aged, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, dark-brown coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth, born in London, for many years a hose-factor in Cornhill, now owner of a brick and pantile works at Tilbury in Essex County. [13]

The police put a price on his head, and within the month Defoe was imprisoned in Newgate. His book was burnt by the public executioner, and the writer was pilloried for three successive days in front of the Exchange, in Cheapside, at the gates to the City at Temple Bar. He did not lose heart during his punishment. By an act of royal clemency, his ears were not cropped; flower-sellers wreathed the instrument of torture with garlands; copies of his *A Hymn to the Pillory*, which the newsboys were selling for a few pennies, went like hot cakes, while the mob of citizens filled the square reciting the verses and toasting the health of the prisoner and the freedom of speech. [14]

He was then detained in prison, but his literary activity did not cease. While still in prison, he founded and edited one of the first English Journals, *The Review* [15] and knew so well how to placate the authorities that a little while later he was not only set free, but appointed by the government to go to Edinburgh as a secret envoy.

Another seven years follow in which the figure of the writer is lost in the grey shadows of politics. Then the government levied a heavy tax on newspapers, and the Review folded after nine years of existence. Defoe, indefatigable scribbler that he was, launched himself once again into polemic. His pamphlet on the Jacobite succession earned him another trial and, condemned for contempt, he was again imprisoned in Newgate. [16] He owed his release to a violent attack of apoplexy which almost killed him. Had it been fatal, world literature would have one masterpiece less. After the union of Scotland and England and the establishment of the House of Hanover on the English throne, Defoe's political importance quickly ebbed. He then turned (he had passed his sixtieth year) to literature properly speaking in the first years of the reign of George I (the uneven life of Defoe stretches over seven reigns). He wrote and sent the first part of Robinson Crusoe to press. The author offered his book to almost all

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the publishing houses of the capital which, showing immense foresight, turned it down. It saw the light in April 1719; by the end of August it was already in its fourth reprinting. Eighty thousand copies were sold, an unprecedented circulation for those times. The public could not get enough of the adventures of Defoe's hero and wanted more. Like Conan Doyle who, bowing to the insistence of the contemporary public, brought his lanky scarecrow Sherlock Holmes back from the dead to set him off once more chasing scroungers and malefactors, [17] ' the sixty-year-old Defoe also followed up the first part of his novel with a second, in which the hero, nostalgic for his travels, returns to his island home. To this second part there followed a third, the Serious Reflections of Robinson Crusoe. [18] Defoe, bless his soul, realizing a little late that in his prosaic realism he had taken little account of his hero's spiritual side, wrote a collection of serious reflections on man, human destiny, and the Creator as a third part to his novel. These reflections and thoughts adorn the rough figure of the mariner like votive talismans hanging from the neck and outstretched arms of a miracle-working Madonna. The famous book even had the great fortune to be parodied by a London wit who also made a pile of money through the sales of a whimsical satire entitled *The Life and Surprising Adventure of a Certain Daniel Defoe y Wool Merchant, Who Lives All Alone in the Uninhabited Island of Great Britain*. [19]

The pedants strove to uncover the small mistakes which the great precursor of the Realist movement had run into. How could Robinson Crusoe have filled his pockets with biscuits if he had undressed before swimming from the beach to the stranded ship? How could he have seen the eyes of the goat in the pitch blackness of the cave? How could the Spaniards have given Friday's father a written agreement if they had no ink or quill pens? Are there bears or not on the islands of the West Indies? [20] And so forth. The pedants are right: the mistakes are there; but the wide river of the new realism sweeps them majestically away like bushes and rushes uprooted by the flood.

From 1719 to 1725 the aged writer's pen was never still: he wrote almost a dozen romances (the so-called lives), pamphlets, tracts, journals, travelogues, and spiritualistic studies. Gout and old age forced him to lay aside his pen. It is thought that he was in prison for the third time in 1730. A year later we see him as a fugitive in a citadel [21] in Kent. There is an air of mystery shrouding his death.

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Perhaps he was on the run, perhaps the quarrel with his son (a downright scoundrel worthy of inclusion in one of his father's books) had forced him to wander about in misery in a way reminiscent of the tragedy of King Lear. Perhaps the travails of his long life, the excessive writing, the intrigues, the disasters, his ever-increasing avarice had produced a sort of senile atrophy of his quick and fertile intelligence. We are and shall remain uncertain. And yet, there is something meaningful in his strange, solitary death in the little boarding-house in Moorfields. The man that immortalized the strange, solitary Crusoe and many others as lost in their great sea of social misery, as Crusoe was lost in a sea of waters, may have felt a longing for solitude as his end drew nigh. The old lion goes to a secluded place when his final hour approaches. He feels loathing for his worn and tired-out body and wishes to die where no eye may see him. And so, sometimes man, born into shame, will also bow before the shame of death, not wishing others to be saddened by the sight of that obscene phenomenon with which brutal and mocking Nature puts an end to the life of a human being. [22]

James Joyce

Daniel Defoe (II)

It is by no means an easy task to make an adequate study of a writer as prolific as Daniel Defoe who set the presses cranking a good two hundred and ten times over. But if we first of all discard the works which are political in character and the reams of journalistic essays, Defoe's works fall naturally around two focal points of interest. On the one hand, we have those writings that are based upon everyday occurrences, and on the other, the biographies [23] which, if not true romance novels as we understand them - owing to their absence of love-plots, psychological examination and studied balance of characters and dispositions [24] - are still literary works in which the soul of the modern realist novel can be glimpsed, like the dormant soul within an imperfect, amorphous organism. *The Storm*, [25] for example, is a book which describes the havoc wreaked by a terrifying hurricane that raged over the British Isles in two stages towards the end of the month of November 1703. Modern meteorologists have been able to compile a highly accurate barometric chart from the details

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that Defoe furnishes. [26] His method is simplicity itself. The book opens with an investigation into the causes of the winds; it then reviews the storms that have become famous in human history; and finally, the narrative, like a large snake, begins to slide slowly over a tangle of letters and reports. These follow one another endlessly. In all the letters, which come from every corner of the United Kingdom, we read of the same things: numerous trees (apple-trees, willows, oaks) uprooted here, numerous houses unroofed there; numerous ships smashed against the embankments in one place, numerous steeples collapsed in another. Then there is a meticulous enumeration of the losses of livestock and buildings suffered by various townships, of the deaths and the survivors, and an exact measurement of all the lead torn off the church roofs. Needless to say, the book attains a phenomenal level of boredom. The modern reader grumbles a lot before he reaches the end; but at the end the aim of the chronicler has been achieved. By dint of repetition, contradictions, details, figures, and rumours, the storm is made to exist, the destruction is visible.

In *Journal of the Plague*, Defoe spreads his wings further. [27] Sir Walter Scott, in the preface which he contributed to the definitive edition of Defoe's works, writes:

Had he not written *Robinson Crusoe*, Daniel Defoe would have deserved immortality for the genius which he has displayed in this his journal of the plague. [28]

The black plague devastated the City of London during the earlier years of the reign of Charles II. The toll of victims cannot be established with any certainty, but it probably exceeded a hundred and fifty thousand. Of this horrible slaughter Defoe provides an account which is all the more terrifying for its sobriety and gloominess. The doors of the infected households were marked with a red cross over which was written: *Lord, have mercy on us!* Grass was growing in the streets. A dismal, putrid silence overhung the devastated city like a pall. Funeral wagons passed through the streets by night, driven by veiled carters who kept their mouths covered with disinfected cloths. A crier walked before them ringing a bell intermittently and calling out into the night, *Bring out your dead!* Behind the church in Aldgate an enormous pit was dug. Here the drivers unloaded their carts and threw merciful lime over the blackened corpses. [29] The desperate and

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the criminal revelled day and night in the taverns. The mortally ill ran to throw themselves in with the dead. Pregnant women cried for help. Large smoky fires were forever burning on the street corners and in the squares. Religious insanity reached its peak. A madman with a brazier of burning coals on his head used to walk stark naked through the streets shouting that he was a prophet and repeating by way of an antiphony: *O the great and dreadful God!*

In Defoe's story the person who narrates these horrors is an unknown London saddler, but the narrative style has something majestic and (if you'll allow the word) orchestral about it that recalls Tolstoy's *Sebastopol* or Hauptmann's *Weavers* [30] But in these two works we sense a lyrical drift, a self-conscious art, a musical theme that wishes to act as the emotive revolt of modern man against human or superhuman iniquity. In Defoe, there is nothing: no lyricism, nor art for art's sake nor social sentiment. The saddler walks the abandoned streets, he listens to the cries of anguish, he keeps his

distance from the sick, he reads the prefect's edicts, he chats with the garlic- and rue-chewing sextons, he argues with a ferry-man in Blackwall, he faithfully compiles his statistics, he takes an interest in the price of bread, he complains about the night watchmen, he climbs to the top of Greenwich Hill and calculates more or less how many people have taken refuge in the ships anchored on the Thames, he praises, he curses, he cries not infrequently and prays now and again: and he rounds off his account with four halting lines of verse, for which he asks, like a good saddler, the reader's indulgence. They are rough and ready, he says, but sincere. They go like this:

A dreadful plague in London was
In the year 'sixty-five,
Which swept an hundred thousand souls
Away; yet I alive!

In Defoe, as we can see, the star of poesy is, as they say, conspicuous by its absence - though he has a style of admirable clarity quite free of all pretension, that shines forth unexpectedly in a burst of brief, sweet splendour in certain pages of *Robinson Crusoe* and *Duncan Campbell* [31] This is why his *History of the Devil* has actually seemed quite nauseating to some. [32] Defoe's devil has little in common with the strange son of Chaos who wages eternal war against the plans of the Supreme Being. Instead he rather resembles a dealer in hosiery

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who has suffered a calamitous financial setback. Defoe puts himself in the devil's shoes with a realism that strikes us, at first, as disconcerting. He has it out roughly with the majestic protagonist of *Paradise Lost*. He wonders how many days it took the devil to fall from Heaven into the Abyss; how many spirits fell with him; when he realized that the world had been created; how he seduced Eve; where he likes to live; why and how he made his wings. This attitude of mind in the presence of the supernatural, a natural consequence of his literary precepts, is the attitude of a reasonable barbarian. Sometimes, as in the awkward and rushed history of the philosopher Dickory Cronke, [33] it seems as if a fool is narrating the deeds of a moron; sometimes, as in *Duncan Campbell* (a spiritualistic study, as we would put it, of an interesting case of clairvoyance in Scotland), the writer's attitude is particularly apt for the subject-matter and reminds us of the precision and innocence of a child's questions.

This story, which must have been the result of a sojourn in the Scottish Highlands or islands where, as is well-known, telepathy is in the air, marks the limits of Defoe's method in these impersonal writings. Seated at the bedside of a boy visionary, gazing at his raised eyelids, listening to his breathing, examining the position of his head, noting his fresh complexion, Defoe is the realist in the presence of the unknown; it is the experience of the man who struggles and conquers in the presence of a dream which he fears may fool him; he is, finally, the Anglo-Saxon in the presence of the Celt.

In those works of Defoe which, belonging to the second category, contain more personal interest, we sporadically hear an accompanying intermittent roll of drums or roar of cannons. The *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, [34] which Defoe, in a characteristic preface, pretends to have found among the papers of a secretary of state to William III, are the personal account of an officer who fought under Gustavus Adolphus and then enlisted in the army of Charles I. Although the dubious origins of the book caused a deal of ink to flow, it cannot be of interest today to anyone but a student of that turbid and bloody age. We have read elsewhere the things that the cavalier reports. We reread them here without caring too much about them and the most we remember is some vivid description, some colourful instance.

On the other hand, the Spanish chapters of *Memoirs of Captain Carleton* [35] crammed full of gallant adventures, bull-fights, and

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capital executions are, in today's cinematic jargon, realistic 'takes'. If Defoe were alive today, his gifts of precision and imagination, his farraginous experience and his neat, precise style would probably enable him to enjoy great fame as a special correspondent for some huge American or English newspaper. [36]

The first female figure to stand out from this background is Mrs Christian Davies, known as the Mother Ross. [37] This lady, along with the adventuress Roxana and the unforgettable harlot Moll Flanders, forms the third of that trio of female characters that reduce present-day critics to stupefied speechlessness. Indeed, the elegant literary gentleman and bibliophile Sir Leslie Stephen wonders with

a respectable writer's curiosity where on earth Defoe found the models for these figures. [38] The latest editor of Defoe, the poet John Masefield, cannot find an explanation for why a writer should have created women with such a cynical, crass, and indecent realism when he lived in the years following the Restoration of the monarchy, happy years, made pleasant by the easy graces of so many consenting ladies, years whose intimate history is studded with female names: Lucy Walters, Nell Gwynne, Martha Blount, the scandalous Susannah Centlivre and the witty Lady Mary Montagu. [39] For the aforementioned gentlemen critics, *The Life of Mrs Christian Davies* will certainly seem like the transcription of the life of Joan of Arc, done by a stable-boy.

Christian, who is a pretty Dublin tavern-girl, gets rid of her demijohns, and, dressed in male clothes, wanders through Europe in search of her husband as a dragoon in the Duke of Marlborough's army. She catches up with him at the battle of Hochstat, but in the meantime he has taken a Dutch lover. The meeting scene between Christian and her unfaithful husband in the room in the inn presents us with the eternal feminine in an unexpected light. Here is Christian herself speaking.

I saw him in the kitchen drinking with the Dutch woman but, pretending not to see him, I went to the landlady and desired to be shown a private room. She went before me into the room and bringing me a pint of beer which [1] called for, left me alone with my melancholy thoughts. I sat me down, laid my elbow on the table, and leaning my head on my hand, I began to reflect... But why is he thus changed? ... And his fondness for the Dutch woman gave vent to my tears, which flowing in abundance, was some relief to me. I could not stop this flood, which continued a good

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quarter of an hour. At length it ceased, and, drinking a little of the hou- garde (which is a white beer, in colour like whey), I washed my eyes and face with the rest, to conceal my having wept. Then, calling my landlady, I desired she would bring me another pint.

Somewhat different from *Tristan and Isolde*! [40] Modern musicians, literate or otherwise, would find very little here in the story of this woman who, while still a girl, began her career by rolling down a hill

to send the elderly Count of C— (note the delicacy of the initials)

into ecstasies and who dies, aged sixty-two, in the Chelsea military hospital, a retired sutler, crippled, scrofulous and suffering from dropsy. They would find less than nothing in the life of Moll Flanders, the unique, the inimitable woman who (I quote the words of the old title-page) was born in Newgate prison and lived a life of continuing variety during her sixty years: she was a prostitute for twelve of them, a wife five times (once with her own brother), a thief for twelve years, eight years as a prisoner in a penal settlement in Virginia, then she became rich, lived honestly and died repentant. The realism of this writer, in effect, defies and surpasses the magical artifice of music.

Perhaps modern realism is a reaction. The great French nation which venerates the legend of the Maid of Orleans defiles her name through the mouth of Voltaire, lewdly sullies her at the hands of the nineteenth-century engravers, and lacerates and cuts her to pieces in the twentieth century through the incisive style of Anatole France. [41] The very intensity and refinement of French realism betrays its spiritual origins. But you will search in vain for that angry fervour of corruption in Defoe that illuminates Huysmans's sad pages with a blighted phosphorescence. You will search in vain for that studied fervour of lacerating yet soothing indignation and protest in the works of this writer who, two centuries before Gorky or Dostoevsky, [42] introduced the lowest dregs of the populace into European literature: the foundling, the pick-pocket, the crooked dealer, the prostitute, the hag, the robber, the shipwrecked. If anything, you will find an instinct and prophetic sense beneath the rough skin of his characters. His women have the indecency and self-restraint of beasts; his men are strong and silent like trees. English feminism and English imperialism are already lurking in these souls which have but recently emerged from the animal kingdom. The proconsul of Africa, Cecil Rhodes, is a direct descendant of Captain Singleton and

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the aforementioned Mrs Christian Davies might be presumed to be the notional great-great-grandmother of Mrs Pankhurst. [43]

Defoe's masterpiece, *Robinson Crusoe*, is the finished artistic expression of this instinct and this prophetic sense. In the life of the pirate-explorer Captain Singleton, and in the story of Colonel Jack, suffused with such broad and sad charity, Defoe introduces us to the studies and rough drafts of that great solitary figure who later obtains, to the applause of the simple hearts of many a man and boy, his citizenship in the world of letters. [44] The account of the shipwrecked sailor who lived for four years on a lonely island reveals, perhaps as no other book in all English literature does, the cautious and heroic instinct of the rational being and the prophecy of the empire.

European criticism has struggled for several generations with a persistence that is not entirely well-meaning to illuminate the mystery of the immense world conquest achieved by that hybrid race [45] which lives a tough life on a small island in the northern sea, gifted with none of the intellect of the Latin, the forbearance of the Jew, the zeal of the German, nor the sensitivity of the Slav. For some years European caricature has amused itself by contemplating (with a pleasure unmingled with discomfort) an overgrown man with an ape's jaw, dressed in checkered clothes that are too short and tight and with huge feet; or else John Bull, the plump bailiff with his vacuous and ruddy moon-shaped face and miniature top hat. Neither of these two comic figures [46] would have conquered an inch of land in a thousand centuries. The true symbol of the British conquest is *Robinson Crusoe* who, shipwrecked on a lonely island, with a knife and a pipe in his pocket, becomes an architect, carpenter, knife-grinder, astronomer, baker, shipwright, potter, saddler, farmer, tailor, umbrella-maker, and cleric. He is the true prototype of the British colonist just as Friday (the faithful savage who arrives one ill-starred day) is the symbol of the subject race. All the Anglo-Saxon soul is in *Crusoe*: virile independence, unthinking cruelty, persistence, slow yet effective intelligence, sexual apathy, practical and well-balanced religiosity, calculating dourness. Whoever re-reads this simple and moving book in the light of subsequent history cannot but be taken by its prophetic spell. [47]

Saint John the Evangelist saw on the island of Patmos the apocalyptic collapse of the universe and the raising up of the walls of the

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eternal city splendid with beryl and emerald, onyx and jasper, sapphires and rubies. *Crusoe* saw but one marvel in all the fertile creation that surrounded him, a naked footprint in the virgin sand: and who knows if the latter does not matter more than the former? [49]

James Joyce

[William Blake] [50]

[Ten pages of the manuscript are missing.]

of an ethical and practical interpretation are not moral aphorisms. While looking at St Paul's Cathedral, he heard in the ear of his soul the cry of the little chimney-sweep who, in Blake's strange literary language, represented downtrodden innocence. While looking at Buckingham Palace, in his mind's eye he saw the sigh of the unhappy soldier running down the wall of the palace as a drop of blood. [51] While still young and strong, he could, when he had come round from these visions, engrave the image of them in a hammered verse or in a copper plate; and often engravings such as these in words or metal would assume an entire sociological system. Prison, he writes, is made from the stones of the law; the brothel from the bricks of religion.' [52] But the continuous exertion of these journeys into the unknown and the abrupt returns to normal life slowly but infallibly eroded his artistic power. The myriad visions blinded his vision; and, towards the end of his mortal life, the unknown that he had sought covered him under the shadows of its vast wings. The angels with whom he used to speak as an immortal to immortals cloaked him in the silence of their vestments.

If, through his bitter words and violent poetry, I have called up from the shadows the image of some broken-winded, second- or third-rate demagogue, then I have given you the wrong idea of the personality of Blake. From his youth he was a member of the literary-revolutionary coterie that included Miss Wollstonecraft and the celebrated (perhaps I should say notorious) author of the *Rights of Man*,

Thomas Paine. [53] In fact, of the members of that circle, Blake was the only one with the courage to wear the red cap in the street, the emblem of the new age. He soon removed it, though, never to wear it again following the massacres that took place in the Paris

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prisons in 1792. [54] His spiritual rebellion against the powerful of this world was not made of that type of water-soluble gunpowder to which we have more or less accustomed ourselves. In 1799, he was offered a position as drawing master to the royal family. He refused it, fearing that his art would die of inanition in the artificial environment of the court, but, at the same time, so as not to offend the sovereign, he gave up all his other lower-class students who formed the greater part of his income. [55] After his death, Princess Sophia sent his widow a private gift of one hundred pounds. The widow sent it back with courteous thanks, saying that she could manage without and did not want to accept it because, put to other use, the money might perhaps serve to give life and hope back to someone more unfortunate than herself. [56]

There are clearly quite some differences between Blake, the visionary anarchic heresiarch, and those highly orthodox ecclesiastic philosophers, Francisco Suarez, *Europae atque orbis universi magister et oculus populi christiani*, and Don Giovanni Mariana di Talavera who, in the previous century, had written a grim and logical defence of tyrannicide for the amazement of posterity. [57] The same idealism that enraptured and sustained Blake when he let fly his thunderbolts against human evil or misery restrained him from cruelty even against a sinner's body, the fragile curtain of flesh that lies on the marriage bed of our desire, as he put it in his mystic book, *Thel* [58] There is no lack of instances testifying to his goodness of heart in the story of his life. Although he struggled to live and only spent half a guinea a week to keep the small house where he lived, he lent a needy friend forty pounds. When he saw a poor consumptive art student pass by his window every morning with his portfolio under his arm, he took pity on him and invited him into his house where he gave him some food and tried to cheer up his sad and flagging life. [59] His relationship with his younger brother is reminiscent of the story of David and Jonathan. [60] Blake took him in, maintained him, loved him, and looked after him during his long illness; he would speak to him of the eternal world and give him comfort. He stayed up constantly by his bedside for days on end before his death and, at the last moment, he saw the soul he loved free itself from the lifeless body and rise towards heaven clapping its hands in joy. Then, exhausted and at peace, he lay down in a deep sleep that lasted for seventy-two consecutive hours. [61]

III

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I have referred two or three times to Mrs Blake, and perhaps I ought to say something about the poet's wife. Blake had been in love once when he was twenty. The girl, who seems to have been rather foolish, was called Polly Woods. The influence of this young love radiates throughout Blake's first works, the *Poetical Sketches* and the *Songs of Innocence*. [62] However, the affair closed suddenly and abruptly. She thought him mad, or little better, while he thought her a flirt, or something worse. [63] This girl's face appears in some drawings from his prophetic book, *Vala* a sweet, smiling face, symbol of feminine cruelty and sensual deception. [64] To recover from this setback, Blake left London and went to live in the cottage of a market-gardener called Bouchier [sic]. This gardener had a twenty-four-year-old daughter called Catherine whose heart was filled with compassion when she heard of the young man's misadventures in love. The affection that grew out of her pity and his gratitude finally brought them together. [65] The lines from *Othello*:

She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them. [66]

come to mind when we read of this chapter in Blake's life. Blake, like many other men of great genius, was not attracted by cultivated and refined women. Either he preferred simple women with sensual and nebulous minds to those (if I may borrow a commonplace of the theatre) endowed with all the drawing-room graces and a light and broad education; or else, in his unlimited egoism, he wanted the soul of his loved one to be entirely a slow and painstaking creation of his own, [67] liberating and purifying itself daily before his eyes, the demon (as he himself puts it) hidden in the cloud. [68] Whatever the case may be, the fact is that Mrs Blake was neither very pretty nor intelligent. In fact, she was illiterate, and the poet had a hard time of it teaching her to read and write. He succeeded, however, since within a few

years his wife was helping him with his engravings, retouching his drawings, and cultivating the visionary faculty in herself. Elementary beings and the spirits of deceased great men would often enter the poet's room at night to speak to him about art and the imagination. Blake would then bounce out of bed and, grabbing his pencil, stay up through the long hours of the London night drawing the features and limbs of the visions while his wife crouched next to his armchair, lovingly holding his hand and staying quiet so as not to disturb the

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ecstasy of the seer. When the visions disappeared towards dawn, the wife would get back under the covers while Blake, radiant with joy and benevolence, would hurriedly set about lighting the fire and making breakfast for them both [69] Ought we to be amazed that the symbolic beings Los, Urizen, Vala, Tiriël, and Enitharmon and the shades of Homer and Milton [70] should come from their ideal world into a poor room in London, or that the incense that greeted their coming was the smell of Indian tea and eggs fried in lard? Would this be the first time in the history of the world that the Eternal One has spoken through the mouth of the humble? That was how the mortal life of William Blake progressed. The ship of his married life set forth under the auspices of pity and gratitude and sailed towards the usual rocks for almost half a century. There were no children. In the first years of their lives together there were some slight disagreements. These misunderstandings are easy to comprehend if we bear in mind the great differences in culture and temperament that separated the young couple, differences so great that Blake, as I said before, almost devised to follow the example of Abraham and give to Hagar what Sarah refused. [71] His wife's vestal innocence was ill-suited to the temperament of Blake, for whom, until his dying day, pleasure was the only beauty. In a scene of tears and recriminations that took place between them, his wife fell into a swoon and injured herself in a manner that prevented the possibility of having children. [72] It is a sad irony that this poet of childhood innocence, the only writer to have written songs for children with the soul of a child and who, in his strange poem *The Crystal Cabinet*, illuminated the phenomenon of gestation in such a tender and mystic light, was fated never to see the face of a human child by his fireside. [73] He who had such great compassion for all things, who lived, suffered and rejoiced in the illusion of the vegetable world: for the fly, the hare, the little chimney-sweep, the robin redbreast, even for the flea, [74] was denied any other fatherhood than a spiritual one. And yet it was an intensely natural fatherhood which still lives in the lines from the *Proverbs*,

He who mocks the Infant's Faith
Shall be mock'd in Age & Death.
He who shall teach the Child to Doubt
The rotting Grave shall ne'er get out.

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He who respects the Infant's faith
Triumphs over Hell & Death. [75]

The rotting grave and the king of terrors hold no power over Blake, a fearless and immortal spirit. In his old age, when he was finally surrounded by friends, disciples and admirers, he set about, like Cato the Elder, learning a foreign language. [76] That language was the very same one in which this evening, with your forbearance, I am trying, to the best of my ability, to recall Blake's spirit from the twilight of the universal mind and to hold it fast for a moment to investigate it. He set about studying Italian to read the *Divine Comedy* in the original and to illustrate Dante's vision with mystic drawings. [77] Weakened and exhausted by the afflictions of his illness, he propped himself up on a pile of pillows. On his knees he held open a large book of drawings, and he struggled to trace the lines of his final vision on its white pages. It is in this attitude that he lives for us in the portrait by Philips [sic] in the National Gallery of London. His brain did not become enfeebled, his hand did not lose its old mastery. Death came to him under the guise of an icy cold, like the shivers of cholera. It took over his limbs and extinguished the light of his intelligence in a moment, just as the cold darkness that we call space cloaks and puts out the light of a star. He died singing in a strong and sonorous voice that made the beams of

the ceiling echo. He sang, as always, of the ideal world, of the truth of the intellect, and of the divinity of the imagination. 'My beloved, the songs that I sing are not mine,' he told his wife, 'no, no, I tell you, they are not mine.' [79]

A full study of Blake's personality should be logically divided in three phases: the pathological, the theosophical and the artistic. I think we can dispense with the first one without too much comment. To say that a great genius is half-mad, while recognizing his artistic prowess, is worth as much as saying that he was rheumatic, or that he suffered from diabetes. Madness, in fact, is a medical expression to which a balanced critic should pay no more heed than he would to the accusation of heresy brought by the theologian, or to the accusation of immorality brought by the public prosecutor. If we were to lay a charge of madness against every great genius who does not share the science undergraduate's fatuous belief in headlong materialism now held in such high regard, little would remain of world art and history. Such a slaughter of the innocents would

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include most of the peripatetic system, all medieval metaphysics, an entire wing in the immense, symmetrical edifice built by the angelic doctor, St Thomas Aquinas, the idealism of Berkeley and (note the coincidence) the very scepticism that leads us to Hume. [80] As far as art is concerned, those highly useful people, the parliamentarian photographers and reporters, might just manage to save their skins. The foreboding of such an art and philosophy flourishing in the not-too-distant future under the gentle union of the two commodities most highly quoted on the stock-exchanges today, woman and the people, will, if nothing else, reconcile every artist and philosopher - even if they think differently - to the brevity of our life down here.

To determine what place Blake should be assigned in the hierarchy of western mystics goes beyond the aims of this lecture. In my opinion, Blake was not a great mystic. The true home of mysticism is the Orient. Now that linguistic studies have enabled us to understand eastern thought (if we can call thought that ideational energy which created the vast cycles of activity and passivity that the Upanishads speak of), [81] the mystic books of the west shine, if at all, with a reflected light. Blake is probably less inspired than the Indian mystics; perhaps he is less inspired than Paracelsus, Jacob Behmen [sic], or Swedenborg; at any rate, he is less boring. [82] In Blake the visionary faculty is immediately connected to the artistic faculty'. In the first place, one must be gifted with the patience of a fakir to be able to form an idea of what Paracelsus and Behmen mean in their cosmic pronouncements on the involution and evolution of mercury, salt and sulphur, body, soul and spirit. Blake naturally belongs to another category, that of artists; and in this category he holds, in my view, a unique position because he unites intellectual sharpness with mystic sentiment. The former quality is almost completely lacking in mystic art. St John of the Cross, for example, one of the few artists worthy of standing beside Blake, reveals neither an innate sense of form nor the coordinating force of the intellect in his book *The Dark Night of the Soul*, which quakes and swoons in ecstatic passion. [83] The explanation is to be found in the fact that Blake had two spiritual masters, very different from one another, and yet similar in their formal precision: Michelangelo Buonarroti [sic] and Emanuel Swedenborg. The first of Blake's mystical drawings that we have, *Joseph of Arimathea Among the Rocks of Albion*, has the words: Michelangelo pinxit in one corner. [84] It is modelled on a draft made by Michel-

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angelo for his *Last Judgement*, and it symbolizes the poetic imagination in the power of sensual philosophy. Under the drawing Blake has written: 'This is one of the Gothic Artists who built the cathedrals in what we call the Dark Ages, wandering about in sheepskins and goatskins, of whom the world was not worthy.' [85] The influence of Michelangelo can be felt throughout Blake's works, particularly in those prose pieces, collected in fragments, in which he continually insists upon the importance of the pure, clear line that evokes and creates the image against the background of the uncreated void. [86] The influence of Swedenborg, who died in exile in London when Blake was beginning to write and to draw, can be seen in the glorified humanity that marks all Blake's work. Swedenborg, who haunted all the invisible worlds for many years, saw heaven itself in the image of a man. [87] For him, Michael, Raphael and Gabriel were not three angels, but three angelic choirs. Eternity, which appeared to the beloved disciple and to St Augustine as a celestial city, and to Alighieri as a celestial rose, appears to the Swedish mystic in the form of a celestial man whose every limb is

animated by a fluid angelic life that eternally leaves and re-enters: the systole and diastole of love and wisdom. From this vision he developed that enormous system of what he called correspondences which pervades his masterpiece *Arcana Coelestia*, his new gospel which, according to him, was to be the apparition of the sign of the Son of Man as foretold by St Matthew. [88]

Armed with this double-edged sword of Michelangelo's art and Swedenborg's revelations, Blake killed the dragon of natural experience and natural wisdom. By annihilating space and time and denying the existence of memory and the senses, he wanted to paint his work upon the void of the divine bosom. For him, every time less than the pulsation of an artery is equal in its period and value to six thousand years because in that infinitely brief time the poet's work is conceived and born. [89] For him, each space greater than a red drop of human blood was visionary, created by the hammer of Los, while in each space smaller than this we approached eternity of which our vegetable world was but a shadow. So the soul must not look with but rather through the eye because the eye, born in the night while the soul slept in the rays of light, would also die in the night. [90]

In his book *The Divine Names*, Dionysius the pseudo-Areopagite arrives at the throne of God by denying and overcoming every moral

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and metaphysical attribute; in the final chapter he falls into an ecstasy and prostrates himself before the divine obscurity, the unnameable immensity that antedates and encompasses the highest wisdom and love in the eternal order. [91] The process by which Blake reaches the threshold of the infinite is similar. His soul, flying from the infinitely small to the infinitely big, from a drop of blood to the universe of stars, is consumed by the rapidity of its flight, and finds itself renewed, winged and imperishable on the edge of the dark ocean of God.

And although he based his art upon such idealistic premises, in the conviction that eternity was in love with the products of time, [92] the sons of God of the daughters of

[The concluding page(s) of the manuscript is missing.]

THE CENTENARY OF CHARLES DICKENS

The influence which Dickens has exercised on the English language (second perhaps to that of Shakespeare alone) depends to a large extent on the popular character of his work. Examined from the standpoint of literary art or even from that of literary craftsmanship he hardly deserves a place among the highest. The form he chose to write in, diffuse, overloaded with minute and often irrelevant observation, carefully relieved at regular intervals by the unflinching humorous note, is not the form of the novel which can carry the greatest conviction. Dickens has suffered not a little from too ardent admirers. Before his centenary there was perhaps a tendency to decry him somewhat. Towards the close of the Victorian period the peace of literary England was disturbed by the inroads of Russian and Scandinavian writers inspired by artistic ideals very different from those according to which the literary works (at least of the last century) of the chief writers of fiction had been shaped. A fierce and headstrong earnestness, a resoluteness to put before the reader the naked, nay, the flayed and bleeding reality, coupled with a rather juvenile desire to shock the prim middle-class sentimentalism of those bred to the Victorian way of thinking and writing - all these startling qualities combined to overthrow or, perhaps it would be better to say, to depose the standard of taste. By comparison with the stern realism of Tolstoy, Zola, Dostoiewsky [sic], Bjornson and other novelists of ultra-modern tendency the work of Dickens seemed to have paled, to have lost its freshness. Hence, as I have said, a reaction set in against him and so fickle is popular judgement in literary matters that he was attacked almost as unduly as he had been praised before. It is scarcely necessary to say that his proper place is between these two extremes of criticism; he is neither the great-hearted, great-brained, great-souled writer in whose honour his devotees burn so much incense nor yet the common purveyor of sentimental domestic drama and emotional claptrap as he appears to the jaundiced eye of a critic of the new school.

He has been nicknamed 'the great Cockney': no epithet could describe him more neatly nor more fully. Whenever he went far afield to America (as in *American Notes*) or to Italy (as in *Pictures from*

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Italy) his magic seems to have failed him, his hand seems to have lost her ancient cunning. Anything drearier, and therefore less Dickensian, than the American chapters of *Martin Chuzzlewit* it would be hard to imagine. [1] If Dickens is to move you, you must not allow him to stray out of hearing of the chimes of Bow Bells. [2] There he is on his native heath and there are his kingdom and his power. The life of London is the breath of his nostrils: he felt it as no writer since or before his time felt it. The colours, the familiar noises, the very odours of the great metropolis unite in his work as in a mighty symphony wherein humour and pathos, life and death, hope and despair, are inextricably interwoven. We can hardly appreciate this now because we stand too close to the scenery which he described and are too intimate with his amusing and moving characters. And yet it is certainly by his stories of the London of his own day that he must finally stand or fall. Even *Barnaby Rudge*, though the scene is laid chiefly in London and though it contains certain pages not unworthy of being placed beside the *Journal of the Plague of Defoe* (a writer, I may remark incidentally, of much greater importance than is commonly supposed), does not show us Dickens at his best. [3] His realm is not the London of the time of Lord George Gordon but the London of the time of the Reform Bill. [4] The provinces, indeed the English country of 'meadows trim with daisies pied', [5] appear in his work but always as a background or as a preparation. With much greater truth and propriety could Dickens have applied to himself Lord Palmerston's famous *Civis Romanus sum*. The noble lord, to tell the truth, succeeded on that memorable occasion (as Gladstone, unless my memory misleads me, took care to point out) in saying the opposite of what he had in mind to say. Wishing to say that he was an imperialist he said that he was a Little Englander [6] Dickens, in fact, is a Londoner in the best and fullest sense of the word. The church bells which rang over his dismal, squalid childhood, over his struggling youth, over his active and triumphant manhood, seem to have called him back whenever, with scrip and wallet in his hand, he intended to leave the city and to have bidden him turn again, like another Whittington, promising him (and the promise was to be amply fulfilled) a threefold greatness. [7] For this reason he has a place for ever in the hearts of his fellow-citizens and also for this reason the legitimate affection of the great city for him has coloured to no slight extent the criticisms passed upon his work. To arrive at a just

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appreciation of Dickens, to estimate more accurately his place in what we may call the national gallery of English literature it would be well to read not only the eulogies of the London-born but also the opinion of representative writers of Scotland, or the Colonies or Ireland. It would be interesting to hear an appreciation of Dickens written, so to speak, at a proper focus from the original by writers of his own class and of a like (if somewhat lesser) stature, near enough to him in aim and in form and in speech to understand, far enough from him in spirit and in blood to criticize. One is curious to know how the great Cockney would fare at the hands of R.L.S. or of Mr Kipling or of Mr George Moore. [8]

Pending such final judgment we can at least assign him a place among the great literary creators. The number and length of his novels prove incontestably that the writer is possessed by a kind of creative fury. As to the nature of the work so created we shall be safe if we say that Dickens is a great caricaturist and a great sentimentalist (using those terms in their strict sense and without any malice) - great caricaturist in the sense that Hogarth is a great caricaturist, [9] a sentimentalist in the sense which Goldsmith would have given to that word. It is enough to point to a row of his personages to see that he has few (if any) equals in the art of presenting a character, fundamentally natural and probable with just one strange, wilful, wayward moral or physical deformity which upsets the equipoise and bears off the character from the world of tiresome reality and as far as the borderland of the fantastic. I should say perhaps the human fantastic, for what figures in literature are more human and warm-blooded than Micawber, Pumblechook, Simon Tappertit, Peggotty [soc], Sam Weller (to say nothing of his father), Sara Gamp, Joe Gargery? [10] We do not think of these, and of a host of others in the well-crowded Dickensian gallery, as tragic or comic figures or even as national or local types as we think, for instance, of the characters of Shakespeare. We do not even see them through the eyes of their creator with that quaint spirit of nice and delicate observation with which we see the pilgrims at the Tabard Inn, [11] noting (smiling and indulgent) the finest and most elusive points in dress or speech or gait. No, we see every character of Dickens in the light of one strongly marked or even exaggerated moral or physical quality - sleepiness, whimsical self-assertiveness, monstrous obesity, disorderly recklessness, reptile-like servility, intense round-eyed stupidity, tearful and

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absurd melancholy. And yet there are some simple people who complain that, though they like Dickens very much and have cried over the fate of Little Nell and over the death of Poor Joe [sic], the crossing-sweeper, and laughed over the adventurous caprices of Pickwick and his fellow-musketeers and hated (as all good people should) Uriah Heep and Fagin the Jew, yet he is after all a *little* exaggerated.' [12] To say this of him is really to give him what I think they call in that land of strange phrases, America, a billet for immortality. It is precisely this little exaggeration which rivets his work firmly to popular taste, which fixes his characters firmly in popular memory. It is precisely by this little exaggeration that Dickens has influenced the spoken language of the inhabitants of the British Empire as no other writer since Shakespeare's time has influenced it and has won for himself a place deep down in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, a honour which has been withheld from his great rival Thackeray. n And yet is not Thackeray at his finest greater than Dickens? The question is an idle one. English taste has decreed to Dickens a sovereign position and lurk-like will have no brother near his throne.

James Joyce B.A.

THE UNIVERSAL LITERARY INFLUENCE OF THE RENAISSANCE

The doctrine of evolution in the light of which our civilization basks teaches us that when we were small, we were not yet grown up. [1] Accordingly, if we take the European Renaissance as a point of division, we must conclude that, until that age, humanity only had the soul and body of a child and it was only after this age that it developed physically and morally to the point of deserving the name of adulthood. It is a very drastic and somewhat unconvincing conclusion. In fact (were I not afraid of seeming to be a *laudator temporis acti*). [2] I should like to oppose this conclusion with all my might. The much trumpeted progress of this century consists for the most part of a tangle of machines whose aim is simply to gather fast and furiously the scattered elements of profit and knowledge and to redistribute them to each member of the community who can afford a small fee. I agree that this social system can boast of great mechanical conquests, of great and beneficial discoveries. To be convinced of this, it is enough just to draw up a brief list of what we see on the street of a large modern city: the electric tram, telegraph wires, the humble and necessary postman, newspaper boys, large companies etc. But in the midst of this complex and many-sided civilization the human mind, almost terrorized by material greatness, becomes lost, denies itself and grows weaker. Should we then conclude that present-day materialism, which descends in a direct line from the Renaissance, atrophies the spiritual faculties of man, impedes his development, blunts his keenness? Let us see.

In the age of the Renaissance the human spirit struggled against scholastic absolutism, against that immense (and in many ways admirable) system of philosophy that has its fundamental origins [3] in Aristotelian thought, cold, clear and imperturbable, while its summit stretched upwards towards the vague and mysterious light of Christian ideology. But if the human spirit struggled against this system, it was not because the system in itself was alien to him. The yoke was sweet and light: [4] but it was a yoke. So when the great rebels of the Renaissance proclaimed the Good News to the peoples of Europe, that there was no more tyranny, that human sadness and suffering

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had dissolved like mist at sunrise, that man was no longer a prisoner, perhaps the human spirit felt the fascination of the unknown, heard the voice of the visual world tangible, inconstant, where one lives and dies, sins and repents, and, abandoning the cloistered peace in which it had been languishing, embraced the new gospel. It abandoned its peace, its true abode because it had tired of it, just as God, tired (if you will permit a rather irreverent term) of his perfections, called forth the creation out of nothing, just as woman, tired of the peace and quiet that were wasting away her heart, turned her gaze towards the life of temptation. Giordano Bruno himself says that all power, whether in nature or the spirit, must create an opposing power without which man cannot fulfil himself, and he adds that in every

such separation there is a tendency towards a reunion. The dualism of the great Nolan faithfully reflects the phenomenon of the Renaissance. And if it seems a little arbitrary to quote a witness against himself and to quote the very words of an innovator so as to condemn (or at least to judge) the work of which he was the author, I respond that I am doing no more than following the example of Bruno himself who, in the course of his long, persistent and quibbling self-defence, turned the weapons of the prosecution against his accuser.

It would be easy to fill these pages with the names of the great writers whom the wave of the Renaissance lifted to the clouds (or thereabouts), easy to praise the greatness of their works which, in any case, no one is calling into doubt, and to end with a ritual prayer: and it might be an act of cowardice since reciting a litany is not philosophical inquiry. The crux of the question lies elsewhere. It must be seen what is really meant by the Renaissance as far as literature is concerned, and towards what end, happy or tragic, it leads us. The Renaissance, to put it briefly, has placed the journalist in the monk's chair: in other words, it has deposed a sharp, limited and formal mind in order to hand the sceptre over to a mentality that is facile and wide-ranging (as the saying goes in theatre journals), a mentality that is restless and somewhat amorphous. Shakespeare and Lope de Vega are to a certain extent responsible for modern cinematography. Untiring creative power, heated, strong passion, the intense desire to see and feel, unfettered and prolix curiosity have, after three centuries, degenerated into frenetic sensationalism. Indeed, one might say of modern man that he has an epidermis

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rather than a soul. The sensory power of his organism has developed enormously, but it has developed to the detriment of his spiritual faculty. We lack moral sense and perhaps also strength of imagination. The most characteristic literary works that we possess are simply amoral: *The Crisis* by Marco Praga, *Pelleas et Melisande* by Maeterlinck, *Crainquebille* by Anatole France, and *Smoke* by Turgenev/ Perhaps I have taken these somewhat at random. No matter: they will do to document the thesis which I uphold. A great modern artist who wishes to set the sentiment of love to music [6] will reproduce, as far as his art allows him to, every pulsation, every tremor, the lightest shiver, the lightest sigh; the chords interweave and wage a secret war among themselves: one loves while acting cruelly, one suffers when and as much as one rejoices, anger and doubt flash in the eyes of lovers whose bodies are the one flesh. Put *Tristan and Isolde* beside the *Inferno* and you will realize how the poet's hate follows its path from abyss to abyss in the wake of an increasingly intense idea, and the more intensely that the poet is consumed in the fire of the idea of hate, the fiercer becomes the art by which the artist communicates his passion to us. One is the art of circumstance, the other is ideational. In the high Middle Ages, the compiler of an atlas would not lose his composure when he found himself at a loss. He would write over the unknown area the words: *Hic sunt leones*. [7] The idea of solitude, the terror of strange beasts, the unknown were enough for him. Our culture has an entirely different goal: we are avid for details. For this reason our literary jargon speaks of nothing else than local colour, atmosphere, atavism: whence the restless search for what is new and strange, the accumulation of details that have been observed or read, the parading of common culture.

In strict terms the Renaissance should mean a rebirth after a death, an unexpected fecundity like that of Sarah after a long period of sterility. In fact, the Renaissance came about when art was dying of formal perfection, and thought was losing itself in vain subtleties. A poem would be reduced to an algebraic problem, put forth and resolved into human symbols in accordance with the rules. A philosopher was a learned sophist who, for all that he preached the word of Jesus to the crowd, would, like Bellarmine or Giovanni Mariana, strive to construct a moral defence of tyrannicide. [8]

The Renaissance arrived like a hurricane in the midst of all this stagnation, and throughout Europe a tumult of voices arose, and,

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although the singers no longer exist, their works may be heard just as the shells of the sea in which, if we put them up to our ear, we can hear the voice of the sea reverberating.

Listening to it, it sounds like a lament: or at least, so our spirit interprets it. Strange indeed! All modern conquest, of the air, the land, the sea, disease, ignorance, melts, so to speak, in the crucible of the mind and is transformed into a little drop of water, into a tear. If the Renaissance did nothing else, it did much in creating within ourselves and our art a sense of pity for every being that lives and hopes and dies and

deludes itself. In this at least we excel the ancients: in this the popular journalist is greater than the theologian. [9]

James Joyce

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THE SHADE OF PARNELL

By voting for the bill on Irish autonomy on its second reading, the House of Commons has resolved the Irish question; a question which, like the hen of Mugello, is a hundred years of age but looks a month old. [1]

The century that began with the buying and selling of the Dublin parliament is now closing with a triangular pact between England, Ireland and the United States. [2] It was a century adorned by seven Irish revolutionary movements that, with dynamite, eloquence, boycotts, obstructionism, armed revolt and political assassination, managed to keep awake the slow, apprehensive conscience of English Liberalism. [3]

The present law has been conceded in the full maturity of time under the double pressure of the Nationalist Party in Westminster which, for over half a century, has obstructed the operations of the British legislature, and the Irish Party across the Atlantic, which has blocked the much sought-after Anglo-American alliance. Devised and moulded with masterly cunning artistry, the bill fittingly crowns the tradition handed down to posterity by the pluterperfect [4] Liberal statesman, William Gladstone. Suffice to say that, while reducing the strong ranks of the one hundred and three Irish constituencies, presently represented in Westminster by a handful of forty deputies, [5] the bill automatically pushes these into the embrace of the small Labour Party so that from this incestuous embrace a coalition will probably arise and function as the far left. In other words, until it receives further orders, the coalition will work as an operational base for the Liberals in their campaign against Conservatism. There is no need to go into the intricacies of the financial clauses. At any rate, the future Irish government will have to cover the deficit skilfully created by the British treasury either by re-deploying local and imperial taxes, or by reducing public expenditure, or by increasing direct taxation. One way or the other, it will come up against the disillusioned hostility of the middle and lower classes. [6]

The Irish separatist party would like to reject this Greek gift that makes the Dublin Chancellor of the Exchequer a titular minister who is fully responsible to the tax-payers yet still dependent upon

[192] [Illustration:] THE SHADE OF PARNELL – “AND THIS IS HOW THEY BLOCK THE WAY WHEN I AM GONE.”

Sinn Fein, [3] January 1910 (National Library of Ireland)

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the British cabinet. He may tax without having control over the proceeds of his ministry; he is like a vending-machine that cannot work unless the London energy source sends a current of the right voltage. [7]

No matter: the appearance of autonomy is there. At the recent national assembly held in Dublin, the denunciations and protests of the nationalists belonging to the bitterly sceptical school of John Mitchel did not greatly disturb the popular jubilation. In their speeches, the deputies, grown old in their constitutional struggle, and worn out by years and years of disappointed hopes, hailed the end of a long period of misunderstandings. A young orator, Gladstone's nephew, amidst fervent applause from the crowd, called up the name of his uncle and saluted the prosperity of the new nation. In two years' time at the latest, with or without the assent of the House of Lords, the doors of the old parliament in Dublin will reopen, and Ireland, freed from her century-long imprisonment, will set out towards the palace like a new bride accompanied by music and nuptial torches. A grand-nephew of Gladstone (if there is one) will scatter flowers beneath the feet of the sovereign, but there will be a shade at the feast: the shade of Charles Parnell. [8]

Recent criticism has attempted to minimize the greatness of this strange spirit by pointing to the different sources of his parliamentary tactics. Even if we concede to the historical critic that obstructionism was invented by Biggar and Ronavne, that the doctrine of independence of the Irish

Party was launched by Gavan Duffy, and that the Land League was Michael Davitt's creation, these concessions evince all the more the extraordinary personality of a leader who, with no forensic gift or original political talent, forced the greatest English politicians to follow his orders. [9] He, like another Moses, led a turbulent and volatile people out of the house of shame to the edge of the Promised Land. [10] The influence that Parnell exercised over the Irish people defies the critic's analysis. [11] Lispings, of delicate build, he was ignorant of the history of his country. His short, broken speeches lacked all eloquence, poetry or humour. [12] His cold, polite behaviour divided him from his own colleagues. He was Protestant, a descendant of an aristocratic family, and (to complete the affliction) he spoke with a distinctly English accent. He would often come to committee meetings an hour or an hour and a half late and not excuse himself. He used to neglect his

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correspondence for whole weeks. Neither the applause nor the anger of the crowd, neither the invectives nor the praises of the press, neither the denunciations nor the defences of the British ministers ever perturbed the forlorn serenity of his character. It is even said that he did not know by sight many of those who sat with him in the Irish benches. When the Irish people presented him, in 1887, the national tribute of forty thousand pounds, he put the cheque in his wallet and, during the speech he addressed to the immense crowd, he made not the slightest mention of the gift that he had received. [13] When he was shown the copy of *The Times* containing the famous autographed letter that was supposed to prove his complicity in the savage assassination in the Phoenix Park, he placed a finger on a letter in the signature, simply saying: 'I have not made an "S" that way since '78.' [14] Later the investigations of the royal commission revealed the plot that had been ordered against him, and the perjurer and forger Pigott blew his brains out in a hotel in Madrid. [15] The House of Commons, without regard to party, greeted Parnell's entrance with an ovation that has remained unprecedented in the annals of the British parliament. Is there any need to say that Parnell responded to the ovation with neither a smile, nor a bow, nor a nod? He walked over to his place across the aisle and sat down. Gladstone was probably thinking of this incident when he called the Irish leader an intellectual phenomenon. [16]

Nothing more singular can be imagined than the appearance of this intellectual phenomenon in the midst of the stifling morals of Westminster. Now, looking back over the scenes of the drama and listening again to the speeches that caused his listeners' souls to tremble, it is useless to deny that all that eloquence and all those strategic triumphs begin to taste stale. But time is more merciful towards the 'uncrowned king' than towards the wag and the orator. [17] The light of his mild, proud, silent and disconsolate sovereignty makes Disraeli look like an upstart diplomat dining whenever he can in rich people's houses, and Gladstone like a portly butler who has gone to night school. How little Disraeli's wit and Gladstone's culture weigh in the balance today! What trifles are Disraeli's studied witticisms, greasy hair and doltish novels, or Gladstone's high-sounding sentences, Homeric studies and speeches on Artemis or marmalade! [18]

Although Parnell's tactic was to avail himself of any one of the

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English parties, Liberals or Conservatives, according to his pleasure, a set of circumstances involved him in the Liberal movement. Gladstonian Liberalism was an inconstant algebraic symbol whose coefficient was the political pressure of the moment and whose exponent was personal advantage. While, in internal politics, he temporized, retracted and justified himself in turn, he always, in the case of other nations, maintained (in so far as he could) a sincere admiration for liberty. This elastic quality of Gladstone's liberalism must be borne in mind if we are to appreciate the extent and degree of Parnell's task. [19] Gladstone was, in a word, a politician. He shook with rage at the wickedness of O'Connell in 1835, yet he was the English legislator to proclaim the moral and material necessity of Irish autonomy. [20] He thundered against the admission of Jews to public office, and yet he was the minister who, for the first time in English history, raised a Jew to the peerage. [21] He used proud language towards the rebel Boers in 1881, and after the English defeat at Majuba, concluded a pact with Transvaal that the English themselves called a cowardly submission. [22] In his first speech before parliament, he hotly rebutted Earl Grey's charges of cruelty against his father, a rich slave-owner in Demerara, who had earned two million francs by the sale of human flesh, while in his last letter to the

Duke of Westminster, 'a childhood friend', he called down all possible curses upon the head of the great murderer of Constantinople. [23]

Parnell, convinced that such a liberalism would only yield to force, united every element of national life behind him, and set out on a march along the borders of insurrection. Six years after entering Westminster, he already held the destiny of the government in his hands. He was imprisoned, but from his cell in Kilmainham he concluded a pact with the ministers who had jailed him. [24] When the attempt at blackmail failed with the confession and suicide of Pigott, the Liberal government offered him a portfolio. Not only did Parnell turn it down, but he ordered all his followers likewise to refuse any ministerial post whatsoever, and forbade the municipalities and public corporations in Ireland from officially receiving any member of the British royal family until a British government restored autonomy to Ireland. [25] The Liberals were forced to accept these humiliating conditions, and Gladstone, in 1886, read the first Home Rule Bill before parliament.

Parnell's fall came in the midst of these events like a bolt from the

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blue. He fell helplessly in love with a married woman, and when the husband Captain O'Shea requested a divorce, the ministers Gladstone and Morley openly refused to legislate in favour of Ireland if the felon stayed on as leader of the Nationalist Party. [26] Parnell did not appear or defend himself at the trial. He denied the right of a minister to exercise a veto over the political affairs of Ireland, and refused to resign. He was deposed by the Nationalists obeying Gladstone's orders. Of the eighty-three deputies, only eight remained faithful to him. [27] The Irish press poured the phials of their spitefulness over him and the woman he loved. The peasants of Castlecomer threw quicklime in his eyes. [28] He went from county to county, from city to city, iike a hunted hind', a spectral figure with the signs of death upon his brow. [29] Within a year he died of a broken heart at the age of forty-five.

The shade of the 'uncrowned king' will weigh upon the hearts of those who remember him, when the new Ireland soon enters into the palace *fimbriis aureis circumamicta varietatibus* [30] but it will not be a vindictive shade. The sadness that devastated his soul was, perhaps, the profound conviction that, in his hour of need, one of the disciples who had dipped his hand into the bowl with him was about to betray him. [31] To have fought until the very end with this desolating certainty in his soul is his first and greatest claim to nobility. In his last proud appeal to his people, he implored his fellow-countrymen not to throw him to the English wolves howling around him. It redounds to the honour of his fellow-countrymen that they did not fail that desperate appeal. They did not throw him to the English wolves: they tore him apart themselves. [32]

James Joyce

THE CITY OF THE TRIBES: ITALIAN MEMORIES IN AN IRISH PORT

Galway, August

The lazy Dubliner who does not travel much and knows his country only by hearsay thinks that the inhabitants of Galway are of Spanish stock, and that it is impossible to walk through the gloomy laneways of the city of the tribes without coming across a true Spanish type with olive features and crow-black hair. The Dubliner is both wrong and right. Nowadays, at least, dark hair and eyes are rare in Galway where, for the most part, a Titian hue of red dominates. The old Spanish houses are in ruins and tufts of weeds are growing in the splays of the bay windows. Outside the town walls rise the suburbs, new, gay and thoughtless of the past. However, it is enough to close one's eyes against this unsettling modernity just for a moment, and the 'Spanish City' can be seen in the shadows of history.

The City, lying over countless little islands, is veined in all directions by small rivers, cataracts, ponds, and canals. It lies on the bottom of a vast inlet on the Atlantic Ocean in which the entire British navy could anchor. At the mouth of the gulf the three Aran islands, lying like sleeping whales on the grey waters, [1] form a natural breakwater that holds back the assault of the Atlantic breakers. The little lighthouse on the northern island casts a weak beam of light westwards, the last greeting of the Old to

the New World, vainly and obstinately calling foreign merchants who have not landed here for many years.

Yet, in the Middle Ages, these waters were ploughed by thousands of foreign ships. The signs on the street corners recall the connections of the city with Latin Europe: Madeira Street, Merchant Street, Spaniards Walk, Madeira Island, Lombard Street, Velasquez Palmyra Avenue. Oliver Cromwell's letters testify that Galway was the second port of the United Kingdom, and the first in the whole kingdom for Spanish and Italian trade. [2] In the first decade of the fourteenth century, a Florentine merchant, Andrea Gerardo, was the collector of custom duties for the city; on the list of mayors in the seventeenth century, we find the name of Giovanni Fante. [3] The city

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has St Nicholas of Bari as its patron saint, and the corporation seal bears an image of the saint, patron of sailors and children. [4] During the trial of the martyr king, the papal envoy, Cardinal Rinuccini, came to Galway and placed the city under papal edict. The clergy and laity refused to recognize his authority, and the fiery Cardinal smashed the bell of the Carmelite church and posted two priests from his own cohorts at the door of the church to prevent the faithful from entering. [5] The parochial house of St Nicholas still conserves a record of another Italian prelate from the Middle Ages: a signed letter from the notorious Borgia. [6] In the same house there is a curious document left by an Italian traveller of the sixteenth century, in which the writer says that, although he had travelled throughout the world, he never saw in one glance what he saw in Galway: a priest raising the host, a pack chasing a deer, a vessel entering the harbour under full sail and a salmon killed by a spear. [7]

Almost all the wine imported into the kingdom from Spain, Portugal, the Canary Islands, and Italy used to pass through this port. The amount imported annually amounted to one thousand five hundred 'tuns', or, in other words, almost two million litres. [8] Such was the importance of this trade that the Dutch government proposed buying a large estate nearby the city and paying for it by covering the land in silver coins. The corporation, fearful of foreign competition, replied through an envoy that it agreed on the condition that the coins would be placed vertically on the ground. The Dutch response to this very kind counter-offer has not yet been received. [9]

For many centuries all municipal and ecclesiastical administration was in the hands of the descendants of the fourteen tribes whose names are recorded in four lame lines of verse. [10] The strangest and most interesting historical document in the archives of the city is the descriptive map that was made for the Duke of Lorraine in the seventeenth century, when his Highness wanted to assure himself of the wealth of the city on the occasion of a request for a loan from his English cousin, the merry monarch. The map, which is full of engravings and symbolic captions, was the work of Henry Joyce, Dean of the Chapters of the city. [11] The edges of the parchment are adorned with the heraldic arms of the tribes, and the map itself resembles more than anything a topographical symphony on the theme of the number of the tribes. The cartographer lists and draws fourteen bastions, fourteen wall-towers, fourteen main thorough-

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fares, fourteen monasteries, fourteen castles, fourteen laneways and then, sliding into a minor key, he lists and draws seven ascents to the walls, seven gardens, seven altars for the Corpus Christi procession, seven markets and seven other wonders. Among the last of these - in fact, in very last place - the worthy Dean lists the 'old pigeon house located in the southern district of the city'. [12] The most famous of all the tribes was that of the Lynches. In the century and a half that runs from the founding of the city and the devastating raids of Cromwellian soldiers, a member of this family occupied the post of chief magistrate no less than eightv-three times. The most tragic event in the history of the city was in 1493 when the young Walter Lynch, only son of the mayor James Lynch FitzStephen, paid the penalty for a crime he had committed. [13] The mayor, a rich wine merchant, undertook a journey in that year to Spain, where he was guest of a Spanish friend of his, a certain Gomez. This latter's son, while listening to the tales of the traveller every night, became enamoured of faraway Ireland, and asked his father for permission to accompany their guest on his return journey home. His father hesitated: times were dangerous and travellers were wont to make their wills before departing for known or unknown shores. The mayor Lynch, however, made himself guarantor of the youth's safety, and they left together. When he had arrived in Galway, the young Spaniard became friendly with the mayor's son, Walter, a wild

young man of impulsive character who was paying court to Agnes Blake, the daughter of another grandee of the city. A love very soon grew up between Agnes and the Spaniard. One evening, while Gomez was leaving the Blake house, Walter Lynch, who had been lying in wait, stuck a dagger in his back and, blind with rage, dragged the corpse along the road and threw it into a pond. The murder was discovered and young Walter was arrested and tried. The judge was his father, mayor of the city. Deaf to the claims of blood and mindful only of the honour of the city and his own pledged word, he condemned the murderer to death. His friends tried in vain to dissuade him. The people, moved by pity for the unhappy youth, besieged the mayor's house, the mournful castle that still darkens the main street. [14] The mayor remained unyielding even when the executioner refused to carry out the sentence. Father and son sat up together in the prison cell on the eve of the execution, praying until dawn. When the hour of the execution arrived, father and son appeared together at the

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window of the house. They kissed and bade one another farewell, then, before the eyes of the appalled crowd, the father himself hanged his son from the window beam. [15]

The old Spanish houses are in ruins. The castles of the tribes have been demolished. Tufts of weeds grow in the windows and in the wide courtyards. Above the porticoes the heraldic arms cut into the black stone are fading: the wolf of the Capitol with the two twin brothers, the two-headed eagle of the Hapsburgs, the black bull of the Darcy family, descendants of Charlemagne. [16] In the city of Galway, writes an ancient chronicler, reign the passions of pride and lust. [17]

The evening is silent and grey. From afar, from beyond the falling waters, comes a humming sound. It is like the buzzing of bees around their hive. It comes nearer. Seven young men come into sight, bagpipe players, at the head of a train of people. They pass proud and martial, heads uncovered, playing a music that is vague and strange. In the uncertain light the green plaids hanging from their right shoulders and their saffron kilts are just distinguishable. They turn into the road to the Presentation Convent and, while the vague music permeates the twilight, in the windows of the convent appear, one by one, the white wimples of the nuns. [18]

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THE MIRAGE OF THE FISHERMAN OF ARAN: ENGLAND'S SAFETY VALVE IN CASE OF WAR

Galway, 2 September

The steamboat, carrying a small load of day-trippers, pulls away from the quays under the watchful eyes of the Scottish director who is absorbed in a dream of mental arithmetic. It goes out from the small port of Galway and takes to the open sea, leaving behind on its right-hand side the village of the Claddagh, a cluster of cabins outside the city walls. A cluster of cabins, and yet a kingdom. Until a few years ago, the village elected its own king, had its own style of dress, made its own laws and lived apart. The wedding ring of the inhabitants is still adorned with the seal of the king: two hands joined together and holding a crowned heart. [1]

We leave for Aranmor, the holy island which sleeps like a large shark on the grey waters of the Atlantic Ocean which the islanders call the old sea. Under the waters and along the coast of this gulf lies the wreckage of a fleet of ships from the unfortunate Spanish Armada. After their defeat in the Channel, the ships set sail northwards where they were scattered by squalls and ocean storms. The peasants of County Galway, recalling the long friendship between Spain and Ireland, hid the fugitives from the revenge of the English garrison and gave holy burial to the shipwrecked dead, wrapping the corpses in white cloth. The waters have repented. Every year on 14 August, when the herring fishing starts, the waters of the gulf are blessed. The flotilla of fishing boats leaves from the Claddagh preceded by a flagship on whose deck stands a Dominican friar. When it has reached a favourable point, the flotilla comes to a halt, the fishermen kneel and bare their heads, and the friar, murmuring prayers to ward off ill-fortune, shakes his aspergill over the sea, and divides the dark air in the form of a cross.

A lick of white sand on the right marks the place where the new transatlantic port might be destined to rise. [2] My companion unfolds a large map on which planned shipping lanes from Galway to the large Canadian ports branch out, turn and crisscross one another.

[202] [Illustration:] 'Planned shipping lanes from Galway to the large Canadian ports branch out, turn and crisscross [text lost in landscape-view Internet Archive scan.]

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According to the figures, the voyage from Europe to America will take less than three days. From Galway, the last European port, to St John's (Newfoundland), the steamboat will take two days and sixteen hours; from Galway to Halifax, the first Canadian port, three days and ten hours. The text of the booklet accompanying the map is bristling with figures, cost estimates, and oceanographic sections. The writer makes a heartfelt appeal to the British admiralty, to the railway company, to the chamber of commerce, and to the Irish populace. The new port would be a safety valve for England in the event of war. From Canada, the grain warehouse of the United Kingdom, the great cargoes of grain would enter into the Irish port, thereby avoiding the dangers of navigation in St George's Channel and enemy fleets. In peacetime the new line would be the shortest path between one continent and the other. A large part of the merchandise and passengers that now land at Liverpool would in future land at Galway, proceeding directly to London via Dublin and Holy-head. [3] The old decaying city would arise once more. Wealth and vital energy from the New World would run through this new artery into blood-drained Ireland. Once again, after ten centuries or so, the mirage that dazzled the poor fisherman of Aran, St Brendan's follower and emulator, appears in the distance, vague and tremulous on the mirror of the ocean. [4]

Christopher Columbus, as everyone knows, is venerated by posterity because he was the last to discover America. A thousand years before the Genoese sailor was laughed at in Salamanca, St Brendan set sail for the New World from the barren strand towards which our boat is headed, and, crossing the ocean, landed on the Florida coast. At that time the island was wooded and fertile. [5] In the shade of the wood lay a hermitage of Irish monks, founded in the fourth century by Enda, a saint of royal stock. Finnian left this hermitage to become bishop of Lucca. Here lived the visionary St Fursa, described in the Irish hagiographic calendar as a precursor to Dante Alighieri [6] A medieval copy of the visions of St Fursa depicts the journey of the saint from Hell to Heaven, from the grim valleys of the four fires amidst the ranks of the diabolic, up through the universe to the divine light reflected by countless angelic wings. These visions might have served as a model for the poet of *The Divine Comedy*, who (like Columbus) is venerated by posterity because he was the last to visit and describe the three kingdoms of the souls.

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Fragile rowing-boats of stretched canvas are drawn up to dry on the shore of the bay. Four islanders descend towards the sea moving nimbly across the rocks covered in the purple and reddish seaweed that can be seen in the shops of the greengrocers of Galway. The fisherman of Aran is sure-footed. He wears a rough, flat sandal of oxbide, open at the shank, without heels and tied with laces of rawhide. He dresses in wool as thick as felt and wears a black, wide-brimmed hat. [7]

We halt, uncertain, in one of the steep laneways. An islander, who speaks an English all of his own, bids us good day, adding that it has been a horrible summer, thanks be to God. The phrase which at first seems to be one of the usual Irish blunders comes, rather, from the inmost heart of human resignation. The man who said it bears a princely name, O'Flaherty, the name which the young Oscar Wilde proudly had printed on the cover of his first book. [8] But time and the wind have razed to the ground the civilization to which he belongs - the sacred oaken groves of the island, the principality of his forefathers, his language and perhaps the name of that Aran hermit who used to be called the dove of the church. [9] Around the shrubs growing with difficulty on the hillocks of the island, his imagination has woven legends and fables that reveal the hereditary taint of his psyche. Under his apparent simplicity there is something sceptical, humorous, spectral. He looks away when he has spoken and lets the enthusiastic scholar note down in his pocket-book the amazing fact that it was from yonder whitethorn bush that Joseph of Arimathea cut his walking stick. [10]

A little old woman comes up to us and invites us into her house. She places an enormous teapot on the table, a loaf of bread and some salted butter. The islander, who is her son, sits next to the fireplace and answers my companion's queries with an embarrassed and humble air. He does not know how old he is, but he says that he will be old soon. He does not know why he has not taken a wife: perhaps because there are no women for him. My companion again asks him why there are no women for him, and the islander, taking off his cap, buries his face in the soft wool, confused and smiling. Aran, he says, is the strangest place in the world, a poor place; but however poor it may be, when my companion tries to pay, the old woman rejects his coin almost in anger, asking us if we want to dishonour her house. A delicate thick drizzle is falling from the grey clouds. The rainy mist

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advances from the west, while the steamboat despairingly calls out to the latecomers. Little by little the island disappears, wrapped in a slow smoky veil. [11] The three Danish sailors, seated impassively on the hill top, also disappear. They were out summer-fishing on the ocean, and stopped off at Aran. Silent and melancholic, they look as if they are thinking of the Danish hordes that burned the city of Galway in the eighth century and of the Irish lands which, as legend has it, are included in the dowries of Danish girls; they look as if they are dreaming of reconquering them. The rain is falling on the islands and on the sea. It is raining as it can rain only in Ireland. Under the fore-castle, where a girl is noisily flirting with a deckhand, holding him on her knees, we open up our map once more. In the twilight, we cannot make out the names of the ports, but the lines that start from Galway, branching and extending outwards, recall the symbol placed next to the arms of his native city by the mystic, perhaps even prophetic Dean of the Chapters: *Quasi lilium germinans germinabit et quasi terebinthus extendens ramos suos.* [12]

James Joyce

POLITICS AND CATTLE DISEASE

Though the country has not been deceived by the pitiable endeavours of Unionists and factionists [1] to make political capital out of the national calamity involved in the outbreak of the foot and mouth disease in a few Irish districts, Mr Dillon renders a valuable service by pointing out the injury done by the dishonest clamour in which the mischief-makers have indulged. [2] They have, he points out, played into the hands of English Protectionists like Mr Henry Chaplin and Mr Bathurst, whose object is not the security of English herds, but the prolonged exclusion of Irish cattle from the English markets. [3] By enabling such enemies of the Irish farmer to raise the cry that any relaxation of the restrictions that may be proposed is due, not to Mr Runciman's unbiased opinion that the conditions justify the relaxation, [4] but to 'Irish dictation', they have simply raised fresh obstructions to the fair treatment of the Irish stock [1] owners and traders' claims. All these stupid threats and calls upon the Irish Party to 'turn out the government' have been ammunition to the English exclusionists. We have seen how the Globe has turned them to account.' It will have been noticed, too, that none of these Unionist fire-eaters have appealed to their own party for assistance in the matter. According to the London correspondent of the Irish Times, 'Irish members of all shades of opinion are asking for the removal of restrictions, but without success.' [6] This will be news to most people. Hitherto Irish members of the Unionist shade of opinion have been only remarkable for their silence on the matter. Not one of the Irish Unionist Party attended the deputation to Mr Runciman. Mr Chaplin and Mr Bathurst have been allowed to rampage without a word of protest from an Irish Unionist member. Yet the Unionist landlords, land agents, and eleven-months' men [7] and the defeated factionist candidates who have been joining in their cry, have not addressed a word of protest or appeal to the Irish Unionist leaders to put a snaffle on Mr Chaplin. The simple fact is sufficient to explain the motives and purpose of all the Unionist talk upon the matter.

Mr Dillon points out what would be the certain consequence of action of the kind recommended to the Irish Party. Not only would it

involve the sacrifice of the Home Rule Bill and the Home Rule movement, but it would defeat the very object alleged by these advisers. After such an incident no British Minister dare open the English ports for months, because his motives would be instantly challenged. Equally bad and dangerous has been the talk about the unimportance of the disease, and the advice given by some foolish people to the farmers to conceal it. Fortunately the Irish farmers have not listened to the advice. They have proved their commonsense by reporting every suspicious case. Their anxiety to assist the public authorities has been proved by the fact that a majority of the cases so reported have proved to be cases of some other ailment. It is obvious that only by such action can the confidence of the trading public be so restored that the English minister will be free to act upon the facts disclosed. The talk that the disease is only 'like measles in children and that all the cattle should be allowed to get it', like the foolish advice to farmers to conceal cases of the disease, is probably the explanation of the extraordinary official suggestion that the healthy areas should be denied their rights 'until the situation disclose itself further'. The situation is fully disclosed, because the Irish stock-owners have been perfectly above-board in the matter. They ought not to be held responsible for the stupidities of irresponsible speakers like those whom we have quoted. But a moment's reflection will convince the stock-owners that stupid people of the kind are worth as much as ten outbreaks of the disease to persons like the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin and Mr Charles Bathurst.

We do not mean to urge that the Irish farmers and traders should relax their efforts or cease their agitation. Quite the contrary. The situation is critical, and they have sound and solid reasons for demanding the reopening of the ports to healthy Irish stock. These sound and solid reasons are only weakened by menaces that defeat themselves, and by declarations that allow slanderers to say that the disease is being concealed in Ireland. The stock-owners can point to the fact that since the original outbreak, when the existence of the disease could scarcely have been suspected, not a single prosecution for concealment has taken place, though the Constabulary and the officials of the Department are actively watching for symptoms of the disease all over the country. A fact of that kind is the most complete justification of the demand for equality of treatment with the English healthy areas, which the Irish stock-owners and traders

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Politics and Cattle Disease

are pressing. In putting forward that demand they have the full and hearty co-operation of the Irish Party and its leader. The influence of the party will be exercised no less strongly, because it is being used in a legitimate and reasonable way, and in a manner that will leave the exclusionists with no ground for slander. The Irish Department is, we have the strongest grounds for believing, no less active. Mr Russell has not concealed his endorsement of the claim of the Irish stock-owners. On the contrary, he has taken the strong step of publicly proclaiming his agreement. His statement is the best justification for a vigorous agitation against the unreasonable prolongation of the embargo. It is essential to maintain that agitation, but it is no less essential to discountenance the use of silly and mischievous language, which is the only justification the intimidators of Mr Runciman can plead for their attitude.

PROGRAMME NOTES FOR THE ENGLISH PLAYERS

THE TWELVE POUND LOOK

BY J. M. BARRIE [1]

One Sims is about to be knighted: possibly, as the name would suggest, for having patented a hairgrower. He is discovered rehearsing his part with his wife whose portrait we see on the wall, painted by a Royal Academician, also knighted, presumably for having painted the label for the hairgrower. A typist is announced. This typist is his runaway wife of some fourteen years before. From their conversation we learn that she left him not for another man but to work out her salvation by typewriting. She had saved twelve pounds and bought a typewriter. The twelve pound look, she says, is that look of independence in a wife's eye which every husband should beware of. The new knight's new wife, 'noted

for her wit' - chary of it, too - seems likely to acquire the look if given time. Typewriters, however, are rather scarce at present.

RIDERS TO THE SEA

BY JOHN M. SYNGE [2]

Synge's first play, written in Paris in 1902 out of his memories of Aran. The play shows a mother and her dead son, her last, the [Greek characters] [3] being the inexorable sea which claims all her sons. Seamus and Patch and Stephen and Shaun. Whether a brief tragedy be possible or not (a point on which Aristotle had some doubts) the ear and the heart mislead one gravely if this brief scene from 'poor Aran' be not the work of a tragic poet. [4]

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THE DARK LADY OF THE SONNETS

BY G. B. SHAW [5]

Mr Shaw here presents three orthodox figures - a virgin queen, a Shakespeare sober at midnight and a free giver of gold, and the darkhaired maid of honour, Mary Fitton, discovered in the eighties by Thomas Tyler and Mr Harris. [6] Shakespeare comes to Whitehall to meet her and learns from a well-languaged beefeater that Mr W. H. [7] has forestalled him. The poet vents his spleen on the first woman who passes. It is the queen and she seems not loth to be accosted. She orders the maid of honour out of the way. When Shakespeare, however, begs her to endow his theatre she refers him with fine cruelty to her lord treasurer and leaves him. The most regicide of playwrights prays God to save her and goes home weighing against a lightened purse, love's treason, an old queen's leer and the evil eye of a government official, a horror still to come.

THE HEATHER FIELD

BY EDWARD MARTYN [8]

Edward Martyn, the author of the 'Heather Field', has in company with W. B. Yeats inaugurated the Irish National Theatre. He is an accomplished musician and man of letters. As a dramatist he follows the school of Ibsen and therefore occupies a unique position in Ireland, as the dramatists writing for the National Theatre have chiefly devoted their energies to peasant drama. The plot of the 'Heather Field', the best known of Martyn's plays, is as follows:

Carden Tyrrell has made an unhappy marriage early in his youth and is now living on bad terms with his wife, Grace. He is an idealist who has never cared for the ordinary routine of life. Forced to settle down on his estate and finding most of his neighbours uncongenial, he has idealised farming and is engaged at the opening of the play in trying to bring into cultivation a vast tract of heather land. To carry on this work he has had to borrow large sums of money. His friend Barry Ussher and his brother Miles warn him of the danger he is running, but in vain. They urge that he is likely to get little profit from his work, for Ussher knows that it is very hard to reclaim lands

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on which heather grows, for the wild heather may break out upon them soon again. Grace learns that Carden intends borrowing further large sums of money and fears that he will ruin himself. Carden has admitted to his brother Miles that he hears mysterious voices in the air and that every day life is becoming more and more unreal to him. Convinced that he has lost his reason, Grace confides to her friend, Lady Shrule, that she has arranged for two doctors to come and see Carden; she hopes to have

him certified as a lunatic and put under restraint. Lady Shrule sympathises, but neither she nor her husband will do anything to help. The doctors come on an excuse of examining Kit, Carden's son, but the plan is defeated by Barry Ussher who warns them of the danger they are running by falling in with Grace's scheme. However matters go from bad to worse; Carden quarrels with his tenants, thus losing further money and having to have police protection. He is unable to pay the interest on the sums he has borrowed and is threatened with financial ruin. At this crisis Kit comes back from a ride and shows his father some wild heather buds which he has found in the heather field. Carden loses his reason and memory; his mind goes back to happy days before his marriage. As Grace tried to domesticate him, so he has tried to domesticate the heather field, and in each case the old wild nature avenges itself.

FROM A BANNED WRITER TO A BANNED SINGER

He strides, booted with anger, along the spurs of Monte Rossini, accompanied solely by Fidelion, his mastiff's voice. They quarrel consonantly about the vocality of the wind, calling each and its other clamant names. [1]

*

Just out of kerryosity howlike is a Sullivan? It has the fortefaccia of a Markus Brutus, the wingthud of a spreadeagle, the body uniformed of a metropoliceman with the brass feet of a collared grand. It cresces up in Aquilone but diminuends austrowards. It was last seen and heard of by some macgilliccuddies above a lonely valley of their reeks, duskening the greylight as it flew, its cry echechohoing among the anfractuositities: *pour la derniere fois!* The blackbulled ones, stampeding, drew in their horns, all appailed and much upset, which explaints the gutter milk on their overcoats. [2]

*

A pugilant gang theirs, per Bantry! Don Philip, Jay Hell, Big O'Barrv of the Bornstorms, Arthur, siruraganist who loosed that chor. Damnen. And tramp, tramp, tramp. And T. Deum sullivamus.'

Faust of all, of curse, damnation. But given Parigot's Trocadero for his drawingroom with Ballaclavier in charge at the pianone the voice becomes suburban, sweethearted and subdued. The heat today was really too much of a hot thing and even Impressario is glad to walk his garden in the cool of the evening, fanning his furnaceface with his sweltermails. *Merci, doux crepuscule.* [4]

*

Who is this that advances in maresblood caftan, like Hiesous in Finisterre, his eyeholes phyllistained, his jewbones of a crossbacked? A little child shall lead him. Why, it's Strongman Simpson, Timothy Nathan, now of Simpson's on the Grill! Say, Tim Nat, bald wine-presser, hast not one air left? But yeth he hath. Regard! Auscult! He upbraces for supremacy to the potence of Mosthigh and calls upon his baiters and their templum: *You daggones, be flat!* [5]

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What was in that long long note he just delivered? For the laib of me I cannot tell. More twopenny tosh and luxus languor about I singabob you? No such thing, O son of an envelope. Dr to J. S. Just a pennyplain loafletter from Braun and Brotmann and it will take no rebutter. You may bark Mrs Liebfraumich as long as you love but you must not burk the baker. Pay us disday our daily bread. And oblige. [6]

*

On his native heath. Speech! Speech! cry the godlets. We are in land of Dan. But their words of Muskerry are harsh after that song of Othello. *Orateur ne peut, charlatan ne daigne, Sullivan est?* [7]

*

11.59 p.m. Durch diese hohle Gasse muss er kommen. Guillaume's shot telled, sure enough. But will that labour member for Melckthal be able to bring off his coo for the odd and twentieth supererogatory time? Wartemal! That stagesquall has passed over like water off a Helvetian's back. And there they are, yodelling yokels, none the worse for their ducking and gewittermassen as free as you fancy to quit their homeseek heimat and leave the ritzprinz of their chyber- schwitzerhoofs all over both worlds, cisalpic and transatlantine. And how confederate of gay old Gioacchino to have composed this finale so that Kamerad Wagner might be saved the annoyance of finding flauts for his Feuerzauber! Pass auf! Only

four bars more! He draws the breathbow: that arrownote's coming. Aim well, Arnold, and mind poor blind Jemmy in the stalls! But, great Scott, what is that for a larm! Half a ton of brass in the band, ten thousand throats from Thalwyl: Libertay. libertay lauded over the land. (Tay!) And pap goes the Calville! [8]

*

Saving is believing but can thus be? Is this our model vicar of Saint Wartburgh's, the reverend Mr Townhouser, Mus.Bac., discovered flagrant in a montagne de passe? She is obvious and is on her three-legged sofa in a half yard of casheselks, Madame de la Pierreuse. How duetionically she hands him his harp that once, biting him, whom caught is willing: do please to, fickar! She's as only roman as any puttana madonna but the trouble is that the reverend T is reformed. She, simplicissima, wants her little present from the reverend since she was wirk worklike never so nice with him. But he harps along about Salve Regina Terrace and Liza, mine Liza, and

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sweet Marie. Till she cries: bilk! And he calls: blak! O.u.t. spells out! [9]

*

Since we are bound for a change of supper, was that really in faith the reverend Townhouser for he seemed so verdamnable like? Ecco trovato! Father Lucullus Ballytheacker, the parish priest of Tarbert. He was a songful soul at the keyboard and could achieve his Chateau Kirwan with cigar thuriferant, without ministrance from platform or pulpit, chase or church. Nor used he to deny his Mary neither. Nullo modo. Up to maughty London came a muftimummed P.P. Censored. [10]

*

Have you got your knife handy? asks the bellman Saint Andy. Here he is and brandnew, answers Bartholomew. Get ready, get ready, scream the bells of Our Lady. And make sure they're quite killed, adds the gentle Clotilde. Your attention, sirs, please, bawls big Brother Supplice. Pour la foil Pour la foil booms the great Auxerrois. [11]

*

Grand spectacular exposition of gorge cutting, mortarfiring and general martyrification, biglighted up with erst classed instrumental music. Pardief There's more sang in that Sceine than mayer's beer at the Guildhall. Is he a beleaper in Irisk luck? Can he swhipstake his valentine off to Dublin and weave her a frock of true blue poplin to be neat for the time Hugenut Cromwell comes over, gentlest lovejesus as ever slit weasand? Their cause is well sainted and they are certain to won. Still I'll pointe half my crown on Raoul de Nangis, doublet mauve and cuffs of buff. Attagirl! Ah ah ah ah ah ah viens! Piffpaff, but he's done it, the bully mastiff again. And woops with him through the window tallyhoed by those friers pecheurs who are selfbarked. Dominie's canes. Can you beat that, you papish yelpers? To howl with the pups! [12]

*

Enrico, Giacomo and Giovanni, three dulcettest of our songsters, in liontamers overcoats, holy communion ties and cliqueclaquehats, are met them at a gaslamp. It is kaputt and throws no light at all on the trio's tussletusculums. Rico is for carousel and Giaco for luring volupy but Nino, the sweetly dulcettest, tuningfork among tenors, for the best of all; after hunger and sex comes dear old somnium, brought

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on by prayer. Their lays, blent of feastings, June roses and ether, link languidly in the unlit air. Arrives a type in readymade, dicky and bowler hat, manufactured by Common Sense and Co. Ltd., carrying a bag of tools. Preludingly he conspews a portugaese into the gutter, recitativing: now then, gents, by your leave! And, to his job. Who is this hardworking guy? No one but Geoge, Geoge who shifts the garbage can, Geoge who stokes in the engine room, Geoge who has something to say to the gas (tes gueules!) and mills the wheel go right go round and makes the world grow lighter. Lux! The aforesung Henry. James and John stand mouthshut. Wot did I say? Hats off primi assolutt! Send him canorious, long to lung over us, high topseasarious! Guard safe our Geoge! [13]

[ON THE MORAL RIGHT OF AUTHORS]

A particular point in the history of the publication of *Ulysses* in the United States seems to me both interesting and noteworthy: it makes explicit one aspect of an author's right over his work which has not been brought to light until now. The importation of *Ulysses* had been forbidden since 1922, and this ban was not lifted until 1934. In such circumstances it had been impossible to secure copyright for the United States. In 1925 an unscrupulous American publisher circulated a truncated edition of *Ulysses* over which the author, unable to secure copyright, had no control. An international protest signed by 167 writers was published and legal proceedings were begun. The result of these proceedings was the judgement delivered at a sitting of the Supreme Court of New York on [27] December 1928, a judgement which forbade the defendants (the publishers) 'from using the name of the plaintiff (Joyce), first, in any journal, periodical or other publication published by them; second, in relation to any book, piece of writing, manuscript, understood to be the work entitled *Ulysses*' (Joyce against Two Worlds Monthly and Samuel Roth, II Dep. Supreme Court New York, [27] December 1928).

It is, I believe, possible to reach a judicial conclusion from this judgement to the effect that, while unprotected by the written law of copyright and even if it is banned, a work belongs to its author by virtue of a natural right and that thus the law can protect an author against the mutilation and the publication of his work just as he is protected against the misuse that can be made of his name.