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Book Reviews

Evolution in the Arts and Other Theories of Culture History by Thomas Munro.
Cleveland: The Cleveland Museum of Art, distributed by Harry N. Abrams,
Inc., New York, 1963. Pp. xxxi + 562. \$10.00.

It is a long time since a book has been devoted to the tantalizing subject of evolution. The idea has fallen under a cloud. Yet in retrospect it seems that the nineteenth-century documents which explored it and made it a popular theme for discussion followed upon one another's heels with great rapidity. One would expect the natural scientist to head the field: Robert Chambers' *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation* (1843-1846) was followed by Charles Darwin's *On the Origin of Species* (1859) and *The Descent of Man* (1871). Yet if one interprets the idea as loosely as it then was and meshes the more scientific idea of evolution with the broader one of development, he readily discovers that it was enunciated long before Chambers and Darwin. Early in the century in Germany Hegel had based his philosophy of history on the principle of development, and in 1852 Herbert Spencer, after Chambers but before Darwin, published a paper in *The Leader* which he called "The Developmental Hypothesis"; here he conjectured, and even asserted, that in a million years a cell could give origin to the human race. Across the channel, Renan, in *Averroès et l'Averroïsme* (1852), like the literary critic Edmond Schérer, accepted the theory of development as scientific fact. The doctrine of evolution, now specifically so called, made its impact also upon literary criticism later: In part following Darwin, Herbert Spencer, and Hegel, John Addington Symonds "applied" evolutionary principles to Shakespeare's predecessors (1884), though in his loose and casual fashion he had used it long before and had depended also on poetic utterances from Giordano Bruno to Goethe. In 1889 Brunetière in France announced his intention of becoming scientific as well as historical and, following Darwin and Haeckel, in 1894 (*L'Évolution de la Poésie Lyrique*) tried to show that literary genera evolve in much the same way as do animal species. Thus evolution, biology, the history of a single individual in its development, and universal development in general, were freely intertwined and blended to make an indefinite whole vague of outline and indeterminate of scope.

At the present time, however, the idea of evolution seems dead. Lately it has disappeared from the practical criticism of the arts. The reasons are not far to seek. The blend of ideas from both within and outside the concept is too vague in outline to entrance an age which identifies itself with nothingness, anxiety, and the horrors of existence, which seems convinced of its own *Untergang* as predicted, and which is in a position opposite to that of the eighteenth century and the Enlightenment, when progress was thought to be a fact. That faith in progress has been superseded in the present century by a pessimistic sense of purposelessness; and nineteenth-century evolutionism seems thus to have been only an intervening phase, an in-between stage, on the path from a faith in progress

to teleological doubt or absolute negation. The present age concentrates on analysis, logic, linguistic problems, and philosophical empiricism. Depth analysis of experience and linguistic precision have replaced the construction of universal systems. Symbolic abstraction leading towards the impersonal and the interchangeable, and the de-humanization of life, thought, and art, do not encourage the building of large anthropomorphical concepts. Universalization through abstract classification, structuralism at the expense of content, and faith in scientific mechanical systems at the expense of personal and organic ones—all these foster scientific suspicion of the doctrine of evolution and encourage rejection of it as conceptually trivial and unreal, if not meaningless.

Thus it would seem that the time is ripe for a summarizing study of evolution which includes an examination of the idea as it is *per se*, a tracing of its history, and an evaluation and application of it as, bringing with itself many subordinate concepts, it emerges from the past to undergo one does not know what revival in the future.

This has been done by Thomas Munro, one of the most indefatigable workers in the field of aesthetics, a leader in the founding in 1941 of the American Society for Aesthetics, the editor from 1942 to 1963 of the *Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism*, and teacher, during his tenure at the Cleveland Museum of Art, of graduate courses in aesthetics and art history at that institution and at Western Reserve University. Like his *The Arts and Their Interrelations and Toward Science in Aesthetics*, the present book is specific in definition, comprehensive in scope, and judicious as to decisions made about every aspect of the subject treated. The core of the work is evolution in the arts, and the primary aim is to determine what can with scientific accuracy be maintained about evolution as applied to them. The subtitle, "And Other Theories of Culture History," indicates the breadth of the undertaking and defines its secondary aim of making inroads upon the future of art in human society through a determination of the place of art in cultural evolution. Thus the author discusses his leading idea, relates it to such notions as that of "progress," and examines the evidence furnished for its validity by the world history of the arts. All of this is done with intelligence, thoroughness, and, what may be even more important, common sense. Summaries of other men's ideas are trustworthy, accurate, and relevant, and the conclusion, that "artistic evolution is an actual process" (p. xx), results from a scrupulous following of semantic principles and the philosophical facts of each case.

Written in a style somewhat dry for some tastes and published by The Cleveland Museum of Art in an attractive though bulky format, the text covers a period of two thousand years and apparently overlooks no one. It soon becomes clear, as one might have suspected, that the idea of evolution is a hardy perennial and that the nineteenth century merely furthered the reputation of a concept already in existence. Part I of the volume covers theoretical problems in the history of the arts (how art history has been written), philosophies of art history, and the question at hand, "Do the Arts Evolve?" Part II is devoted to theories of evolution in art and culture: from Greek and Roman thought (as concerns stages, cycles, development, and progress) it proceeds through European thought from the Renaissance through the 18th century, then to thought in Hugo, Comte, Hegel, and others, to find its focal point in Herbert Spencer, who, getting separate treatment, is followed by Kant, Hegel, Marx, Engels, Taine, Edward

B. Taylor, Lewis H. Morgan, Grant Allen, Sully, Groos, Guyau, and—in the 20th century—Wölfflin, Riegl, Focillon, Kramrisch, Spengler, Sorokin, Boas, and Kroeber. Part III, the most remarkable of the three main sections of the book, is Munro's own and answers the question of how and to what extent the arts evolve.

It would be impossible in a review even to name the fields which, related to the main subject, enrich the text, make it the far-reaching accomplishment it is, and help support Munro's conclusions. Naturalistic and supernaturalistic traditions; idealism, dualism, vitalism, orthogenesis, determinism; parallelism, uniformity and divergence; evolutionary theories in aesthetics, sociology and ethnology, religion, and literature; biological factors—all these and others are brought to bear upon the subject of the book. In this third part, Munro discusses the meaning of "evolution" as applied to the arts and the way it differs from progress, retrogression, and its own opposites; he considers the descent of styles and of traditions. All is covered by a naturalism which partakes both of classical humanism and of scientism in the best sense. He discusses complication and simplification in the arts, regressive trends in them, cumulative change in both art and science. He undertakes to treat art in terms of psychosocial technics and to describe the factors causing creative epochs in the arts in various regions and under various types of political organization. He is an aesthetician in the broadest sense who practically "reads" art-works as integral parts of their cultures. At the same time, he recognizes that works of art demand evaluative judgments which at once lead to questions of value. As an evolutionist critic, he evinces a view of life and art so broad, liberal, and democratic that he succeeds in indicating how almost every factor in human activity influences cultural change. He shows that psychological, social, political, economic, religious and artistic factors all share in the evolution of art, which process he interprets either as development, growth, or increasing complexity; or as descent with adaptive modifications (p. xx).

It goes without saying that the work done here will not soon have to be repeated. There will be supplements, of course. Details will be re-examined, but the main lines of thought are firm. When the next century writes its own supplement, this volume will be classified among the major contributions to the history of the idea of evolution in cultural history. In the meantime, *Evolution in the Arts* will be the source-book for the history and evaluation of the idea it traces, for the application of the idea to all of the arts, and for the many implicit and explicit judgments of value it contains. A synthesis in the best pluralistic manner, it will for some time to come be a reference for its solid insights and for those questions it arouses for further consideration and discussion.

HERBERT M. SCHUELLER

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The Ethos of the Song of Roland by George Fenwick Jones. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press, 1963. Pp. 216. \$5.00.

This attractive volume is a closely argued and carefully documented study of the ethos of the eleventh-twelfth century warrior and his society as revealed in the *Chanson de Roland*. It consists of an Introduction, two chapters of semantic

analysis, a chapter on Ethical Origins and Ideological Environment, a chapter on the Ethical Consistency in the Song of Roland, a Conclusion, Bibliography, a list of verses cited, and a word and name index. It is well worth reading closely and it is certain to provoke argument, for Professor Jones states his mind unequivocally about many honored, time-worn, and generally accepted views about the ethos.

To me the most fascinating part of the work is the two chapters devoted to semantic analysis. Jones verifies his conclusions by studying, among many other works, some of the translations of the *Chanson de Roland* which are closest to it in time: the *Rolandslied*, the *Karlamagnús saga*, the *Roelantslied*, the Middle English *Song of Roland*, *Karl der Grosse* by Stricker, the *Carmen de Prodicione Guenonis*, and the *Pseudo-Turpin*.

The first of these two initial chapters investigates "a vocabulary dealing with the concepts of right and wrong, good and bad, virtue and sin, honor and disgrace, etc. Important among these terms are *dreit, tort, bon, malvais, prod, prodhome, ber, fel, vertut, honur, honte, leal, fier, orgoill, amis, doel, estultie, feid*." Other items studied in that and the following chapter include the idea of fair play, good sportsmanship, *isnel, pecchet, pesme, amer*, legal phrases, *irur, ire, recreire, ricbe, noble, gentil, lei*.

Chapter three deals with "Turol's cultural environment to see if the meanings ascribed to his words conform to it. Thus we will doublecheck the meanings previously deduced." In describing the environment of the period of the *Chanson de Roland*, Professor Jones finds that there is a great similarity between the Frankish ethos and that of the Germanic tribes depicted by Tacitus approximately a millenium earlier: loyalty to one's leader even to the point of death, the custom of sealing friendships or alliances with gifts, the seizure of booty, the use of mercenaries, respect for men with a great number of kinsmen, the uncle-nephew relationship, etc. There is also some evidence of classical influence in the ethos as well as in the literary themes and devices.

Chapter four treats the question of ethical consistency in the *Chanson de Roland*. The author finds that "despite its greater fervor and crusading spirit, the Baligant episode is hardly more Christian in ethos than the Roncevaux episode and could therefore have been written by the same author, even if at a later date."

A simplified statement of the conclusion would be that the ethos of the *Chanson de Roland* is hardly compatible with our understanding of Christian and Christianity.

This is an admirable book which reveals much sound scholarly thought and great sensivity. Certainly it lends greater depth to our appreciation of the *Chanson de Roland* and should lead us toward a fuller understanding of the poem, as Professor Jones hopes. After reading this study one can hardly question the author's finding that the meanings ascribed to the value words by the poet differ sharply at times from their modern French derivatives, and our failure to acknowledge this basic fact has led us often into a too facile acceptance of statements that the poem is Christian. Certainly it is not the Christianity of the twentieth century, nor of the New Testament.

It is on this point that one begins to feel uneasiness about the methodology and conclusion of the book. The value words studied, limited necessarily to the poet's vocabulary, are chosen by a twentieth century scholar and critic who is perhaps influenced by a twentieth century concept of Christian ethics. Thus

it is not surprising for Professor Jones to state that "... the Christian knights of the SR would rate as brutal and bigoted barbarians if judged by modern standards" (p. 194).

The crux of the problem lies in the question of just what was Christian, or Christianity, at the time of the *Chanson de Roland*. To Professor Jones, "the ethos of Christianity is best formalized in the Gospels, particularly in the Sermon on the Mount" (p. 101). That, certainly, is the New Testament teaching and that is what we profess today. But what of the eleventh-twelfth century religious philosophy? If one chose to derive a Christian ethos from the Old Testament one would probably find just as many value words which advocate bellicose, vengeful, and bloodthirsty virtues as one does of the opposite in both Testaments. It is not possible that the ethos of the eleventh-twelfth century Christian warrior was just of that nature? The God of Moses and Joshua was a jealous and vengeful God, and through His chosen leaders taught an ethos which recalls fairly closely that of the warriors of the *Chanson de Roland*. For example, see Leviticus 26, 7-8; Numbers 31; and particularly Deuteronomy 20, where the preparation for battle is described in a manner recalling the battles of the poem.

It should also be remembered that Charlemagne is not only the emperor, but is also vested with ecclesiastical prerogatives; for when he sends Ganelon on the mission, he absolves him and makes sign of the cross over him. Thus, because of his dual capacity, his army and mission can possibly be considered as a holy war. Professor Jones is well aware of this, for he says (p. 146): "It is tempting to blame Turolf for the primitive and warped concept of Christianity expressed by the SR, but this is quite unfair, since he was merely echoing the views preached from the pulpits by leading churchmen." And again on page 148 he states: "Although Christianity began as a religion of peace, the Roman Church had already accepted war as an instrument of policy before Turolf wrote his poem; and the Church Militant gradually became a church militaristic."

The reservations just expressed should not be taken as a general condemnation of Professor Jones' methodology or findings. The book is a challenging one, one which leads us to a closer reading of the poem and a more thorough study and appreciation of the Christian philosophy of its time. One can only express admiration for the care and perceptive questioning which went into the analysis of the ethos of the age of the *Chanson de Roland*. There will probably be reactions against the book, but to me its value cannot be questioned. In spite of any reservations expressed here, one can only agree that the ethos of the *Chanson de Roland* is not Christian from our twentieth-century point of view; Christianity as we understand it and as it was understood by the warriors of the epic simply do not coincide in all details.

WILLIAM S. WOODS

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Dryden and the Conservative Myth: A Reading of Absalom and Achitophel
by Bernard N. Schilling. New Haven and London: Yale University Press,
1961. Pp. ix + 329. \$6.00.

Had this book appeared a few years earlier, the phrase in the title would probably have been "Conservative Tradition." The word "myth" juxtaposed

with a political term can easily be misread; and even if one escapes the misreading, one has to deal with a term to which Mr. Schilling has given a rather special meaning. Applied to Dryden, the myth is "what he can assume to have accumulated in the minds of his readers, . . . a complex of ideas, feelings, attitudes of mind—a whole way of looking at things that people were going to accept without consciously deciding whether they were true or not."

This particular concept of myth, and the need to explain and apply it, governs the organization of the book. The first part—rather more than one third of the text—develops the myth, the conservative ideas of order and the political background, followed by a section on Dryden's own temperament. Then follows the full text of the poem. And not until then (p. 135) does one embark on an explication. This, as one would expect in a work of this scale, is a most rewarding study of what the poem actually argues. But the idea of the conservative myth dominates, and it is no part of the explanation to discuss cruces ("one immortal song"), suggest identification ("well-hung Balaam"), or expound complex lines ("Made new porridge for the Paschal Lamb"). The book does gain in keeping relentlessly to the main argument: still, in a work of this length one might expect more incidental illumination of specific passages than is offered.

Any critical scheme will impose limitations, and the more rigorously it is applied the more it will exclude. Here the great loss comes in fitting into the formula of the conservative myth those aspects of the poem in which Dryden is striking at other targets—targets of opportunity, perhaps, but if they are irrelevant the critic ought to show their irrelevance. The boisterous opening lines are a fair example: here Dryden passes through a jibe at priests, a restoration-comedy view of marriage, and some other rhetorical flourishes of sexual exuberance to get over a major hurdle: he has won his audience and almost made a virtue of Charles II's promiscuity to establish the son's illegitimacy without visiting guilt on the father. Mr. Schilling realizes all this and insofar as the tactics fit his formula he admires them. But: "The first ten lines govern the poem as if they were the wintry setting in *Ethan Frome* or Egdon Heath in *The Return of the Native*, where nothing can take place out of keeping with their gloom and terror." Would any reader, given this quotation out of context, apply it to the exuberant beginning of this poem? And is it not straining to fit a formula to say that Dryden here has been allowed "a slap at the clergy too, these having been placed in the conservative myth as dangerous to the general order"? (This odd statement, almost alone among the components of the conservative myth, is not illustrated.) Here, as in other places where the tone of high comedy predominates (e.g. Zimri, "offered with a sense of waste, of something regretably lost"), the commentary is joyless. One feels that the critic is responding correctly, but is suppressing his responses in favor of his formula.

One criterion for success of a method should be economy of means. Here we have a 300-page book for a 1000-line poem, and the reading offered is admittedly partial. This is to some extent a matter of presentation: the myth and Dryden's view of it are first presented without reference to the poem, and then again as these ideas apply to the poem. Actually, the first part could hardly have been written without being colored by views from the poem. The method assures that we shall meet every idea at least twice. Mr. Schilling is quite aware of this, but defends by pointing out that the basic ideas are recurrent, and that

"far from being inadvertent, these repetitions suggest that the reader is compelled to end in the same places, no matter where he has begun." The suggestion that the reader is being run through a critical maze is hardly a comfortable one. More important, is this *a priori* road the logical one? Would we not feel safer if we saw the ideas developing out of the poem rather than having them first presented and then superimposed on it? In this work, where there is almost universal agreement about the general meaning, little harm is done; but a method that approaches a work with such a system of preconceptions can—at best—only ratify what it has preconceived.

A comparison need not be unjust. Earl R. Wasserman in *The Subtler Language* offered (as a preamble to other problems) explications of *Cooper's Hill*, Dryden's *Lines to Charleton*, and *Windsor Forest*. None of these has quite the scope of *Absalom and Achitophel* (though the last approaches it), but all are conservative neoclassical pieces with a political orientation. Mr. Wasserman and Mr. Schilling would probably be in close agreement on the interpretation of all of these works. But Mr. Wasserman's method, taking the explication of the text as point of departure, is far more economical and at least as effective.

A word on the other side. This review has focussed—as befits the title of the journal in which it appears—on critical method. But after one admits that the goal could have been reached more easily by other paths, it remains that Mr. Schilling has seized on what is most important in Dryden's poem and has shown, more effectively than anyone else, the success with which Dryden has handled the political ideas to consolidate the victory that Charles II had won. That Charles won the victory by dubious means and that the decision would be reversed seven years later are external to the scope of our story. To the understanding of the political climate of 1681 Mr. Schilling has made an important contribution.

CURT A. ZIMANSKY

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The Idea of Coleridge's Criticism by Richard Harter Fogle. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1962. Pp. xiv + 185. \$4.25.

The Poetic Voices of Coleridge by Max F. Schulz. Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1963. Pp. 233. \$7.50.

Both of these books are in the nature of re-examinations, the one—on the poetry—badly needed, the other—on the criticism—at first glance at least, less so. No substantial evaluation of Coleridge's poetry as a whole has appeared in this century, while we have had an increasing number of books and articles on single poems, on Coleridge's life, politics, social ideas, philosophy and indebtedness, and of course, seemingly without end, on his literary criticism. It is not extraordinary then that Professor Schulz's study of the poetic canon as a whole is interesting, provocative, and in many ways of basic importance; but it is extraordinary that yet another book on the criticism, Professor Fogle's, is in many ways new as well as brilliant. Further, it is also of interest to find these quite different books sharing certain assumptions, and conclusions, about Coleridge's total achievement.

Fogle's essay (its cohesiveness demands this term) is built upon a basic assumption, that Coleridge "is a genuinely organic thinker, whose mind is a totality and who aims always at synthesis" (xi). With a clear recognition of the problems of textual incompleteness, of the myriad conflicting "standard" interpretations of Coleridge's thought, and of his supposed plagiarism, Fogle proceeds to demonstrate, with conviction and persuasiveness, "the self-consistency and the vitality of Coleridge's critical writing when it is deliberately confined to its own relationships" (xi).

After an introductory chapter on Coleridge's critical principles, Fogle moves directly to the core of his study, three chapters on organic unity. In the first of these he establishes that the "basis for Coleridge's theory of organic unity is his idea of life itself" (18), drawing here largely upon the *Theory of Life* and an unpublished fragment on "the law of bicentrality" (briefly, that each living thing is in its degree the reconciliation of two principles, life *ab intra* and life from the great "I AM," the supreme Self-consciousness—or "more properly these two opposite directions of the same principle" [27]). In the second, on "Beauty," Fogle sees Coleridge's reconciliation of opposites (not contraries) stemming partly from his conception of all reality as a manifestation of primal opposition, between subject and object. "All genuine art," then, "is a reconciliation of subject and object," as the subjective emotion and pleasure evoked by art are counterparts of the objective beauty they reflect (35-36). The third chapter, on "Organic Unity: Poetry," develops logically from the previous two, so that poetry, "the vital beauty and unity of an actual work of art" (51), is seen, in Coleridge's own words, as "the balance, the perfect reconciliation, effected between these two conflicting principles of the FREE LIFE, and of the confining FORM." And we are cautioned, properly, that the idea of a completely organic work is a theoretical ideal, the highest degree, to which the actual poem is but an approach—a point given fuller discussion and demonstration in Fogle's two chapters on Coleridge's practical application of his critical principles to the works of Wordsworth and Shakespeare.

The brilliance of the book, however, lies not so much in its exposition as in its method, for Fogle, most Coleridgeanly (I borrow this awkward neologism from Fogle), exemplifies in the organization of his book the very organicism he is defining as the basis of Coleridge's thought. Again and again we are faced with passages from Coleridge which epitomize his entire system or "idea"—on page 8 with key passages from Chapter XIV of the *Biographia* (which Fogle describes as "a microcosm of Coleridge's entire critical system"), on page 15 with a sentence from the *Hamlet* criticism ("his critical process in a phrase"), on page 46 with the passage from the *Biographia* on form as proceeding and shape as superinduced ("a compendium of Coleridge's entire argument"), on pages 59-60 with the definition of the poet from the *Biographia* ("a compendium of Coleridge's poetic theory"), on pages 102-103 with Coleridge's great letter to Wordsworth of 30 May 1815 ("a digest of Coleridge's entire philosophy"), and so on. Further, as Fogle's title suggests, the idea of Coleridge's criticism (and, I might add, Fogle's idea of that idea) is single yet multifarious, an achieved unity in multieity, the copula between all opposites which partakes of both and yet is neither. As with Coleridge's conception of beauty in the *Aesthetical Essays*, so with this book: "It commences with a unity that is dissolved into diversity, and reconciled to unity again . . . evolved from pro-

gression" (40). It is a synthesis that subsumes analysis, a reconciliation of analytical conception of distinct aspects of theory and practice with the organic conception of the unified whole, what Fogle calls, in speaking of dramatic illusion, a "subtle symmetry" (120). Coleridge's criticism as a totality, one might say, is seen as *the* criticism in the same way that a poem is seen by Coleridge (and Fogle, elsewhere) as poem. This book, then (rather than the analysis of *Christabel* in its last chapter, which I find a logical culmination of the book's progress, but not nearly so impressive as the rest) "is the furthest extension of Coleridge's critical principles to be attempted" (158). And the extension is superb.

Coleridgean in many ways, Schulz's book is nevertheless, as I have said, quite different from Fogle's. Rather than concentrating upon Coleridge's poetic canon as an organic whole and thus exploring it as "idea," Schulz prefers to organize his book around Coleridge's principle of genre, of the necessity of distinguishing kind before degree, of judging poems on "any ground indeed save that of their inappropriateness to their own end or being, their want of significance, as symbol and physiognomy" (*Coleridge's Shakespearean Criticism*, I, 196). Thus *The Poetic Voices of Coleridge* both provides a systematic schematization of Coleridgean genres upon which to base a sound judgment, and also makes a number of such judgments. The genres are what Schulz chooses to call Coleridge's "poetic voices"—farrago, prophecy, ventriloquism (a very awkward term to describe an affectation of a "voice" not his own), conversation, dream, confession, improvisation, song. The book's subtitle announces the other aspect of Schulz's aim: "A Study of His [Coleridge's] Desire for Spontaneity and Passion for Order," what the poet himself calls the "two conflicting principles of the FREE LIFE, and of the confining FORM" (*Biographia*, II, 235). This thesis is based on Schulz's conviction that Coleridge's poetry "is an analog of his brilliant colloquial powers, that his favorite and most successful method of communication was in a sense simply elevated to esthetic form" (2)—that is, that Coleridge's "naked voice" can be heard as "an under-song" in all of the "generic voices," each of which pursues "the defined objective of a specific form [ode, song, ballad, improvisation, etc.] while transcending that form to reflect the dominant vision of a constantly synthesizing and unifying sensibility" (189). In all of this Schulz is eminently successful, in isolating the forms (mostly borrowed and adapted), in placing these forms in their proper literary traditions, and thus in inaugurating, at the very least, the badly needed re-evaluation of Coleridge's total poetic effort.

The structure of the book, however, I find partially unfortunate, despite the fact that the segregating of the various voices into chapters seems to be the logical thing, perhaps indeed the only thing (given the announced intention) to do. Further, Schulz takes great pains to point out constantly that the voices do overlap, that more than one voice is heard in several poems, that certain hybridized voices are uncategorizable. And finally he does remarkably well in keeping the reader abreast of the fundamental chronology of the voices, linking Coleridge's sequential use of them to various stages of his life and career. My dissatisfaction is traceable to a certain basic confusion between "voice" on the one hand, and "matter" or "mode" or "structure" on the other. In the long run, I suppose, if it is to be efficient and meaningful, the first term must include the others, and in Schulz's best analyses (of *The Ancient Mariner*, *Dejection*, *Hymn before Sun-rise*, *This Lime-tree Bower*, *Youth and Age*, for example)

it does; yet one balks to find, in the chapter on the dream voice, for example, this "voice" distinguished from the others by "form and content" and aligned with the conversation voice because of their "low-keyed tone and retrospective mood" (101). And, again, these two voices are differentiated sharply only "in the way they organize their statements" (111). What Schulz faced is perhaps an insoluble problem: how to deal with the poems by genre (and hence form, structure, style, etc.), by chronology, and by voice all at the same time. Ultimately it seems to me that the development of voice and the experimentation in form, structure, and metrical arrangement represent two distinct, if occasionally overlapping, or interanimated, strands of Coleridge's poetic career; or, to put it another way, that Coleridge's various attempts to discover his own voice are not always compatible with, or comparable to, his constant effort to perfect a simple and natural style of his own, to distinguish in his own poetry "form as proceeding, and shape as superinduced," to free himself of the trammels of traditional form as "given" in order to allow the organic form inherent to emerge. *The book on this subject demands a subtler, more complex organization than Schulz's* (perhaps, indeed, the kind of book I have in mind is finally impossible—though I should vote for Professor Fogle to try it). Meanwhile, however, Professor Schulz's book in its own right is excellent. Indeed I know of none better to rely upon for the basis of a fuller, juster estimate than we have had thus far of Coleridge's poetic "efforts to give meaning and wholeness to the fragmentary impingement of experience" (194), not to mention its several first-rate analyses and its sane and convincing judgments.

ROBERT F. GLECKNER

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The Structure of Byron's Major Poems by William H. Marshall. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1962. Pp. 191. \$6.00.

Byron is the classic example of the writer whose personality is so complex, dazzling, and fascinating that writers about him have been decoyed away from the examination of his writings into the tempting byways of biography. William H. Marshall has sternly resisted this temptation, and, so far as anyone could ever learn from his book, Byron might have lived all his life in the monastery of Mount Athos, might never have known a London season or floated in a Venetian gondola. In fact, for all the biography we are treated to, Byron might hardly have lived at all. This, as a matter of fact, is rather a relief from the overemphasis on biography, but a great writer, or even an ordinary writer of more than average stature, lives his life in a perpetual dialogue with his times and his writing is a crystallization of his experience. Byron is not to be understood without reference to the fact that he was proud—even, it may be, snobbishly proud—of belonging to English society, of having a ringside seat or privileged vantage point from which to observe the ways of the world, and it was the ways of the world that he wanted to get into his work. In *Beppo*, but above all in *Don Juan*, he succeeded.

Byron had a cavalier attitude toward his work and liked to have it thought that he dashed off his verses in a hurry. He encouraged the myth that as a

writer he was a gentleman-amateur, who nourished his muse on gin and water, and flashed the brilliant scintillations of his wit after all-night bouts of dissipation. He wrote rapidly, so ran the legend, and never revised, but pounced upon his subject like a tiger. There may have been something tigerish in his lordship's disposition, but this tiger patiently revised, and if the statement is doubted, the proofsheets that he worked over for his publisher, John Murray, remain to prove it. Actually Byron, though somewhat slapdash in his methods, was a craftsman concerned to get the effective rhyme or the telling phrase. It is not to be believed that it was as natural for him to turn a Spenserian stanza or a stanza in *ottava rima* as it was to swig off a dram of brandy. To clinch this part of the argument, we have Truman Steffan's detailed study, in *The Making of a Masterpiece*, of Lord Byron's revision of *Don Juan*.

Marshall's book begins with the statement that "Byron has been ignored more than any other major Romantic poet by the modern critics." T. S. Eliot, one of the few modern critics to deal expressly with Byron, has suggested a reason for this neglect: "he has been admired for what are his most ambitious attempts to be poetic; and these attempts turn out, on examination, to be fake: nothing but sonorous affirmations of the commonplace with no depth of significance" ("Byron," *On Poetry and Poets*). Marshall is at pains to make a refutation of Eliot's charge, yet he hardly succeeds in making a case for the sonorities. His real success is in showing the ironies of *Parisina*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, *Cain*, *Beppo*, and *Don Juan*.

One of Byron's major inventions is the dramatic monologue—that favorite *genre* of the nineteenth century. None of our nineteenth-century poets were dramatists in the true sense and the dramatic monologue was the nearest approach to drama that they could successfully handle. An early masterpiece in this form is Lord Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon"; his "Tasso" is another example. "Beppo" is really nothing else, and *Don Juan* is a special variety of the same genus, for, the voices being multiplied, it is really a multilogue rather than a monologue, but this makes no essential difference: the monologue technique is the structural foundation of it all. The numberless *personae* are one *persona* in the end. The structural unity thus given these poems is one that Marshall recognizes and this recognition is one of the strengths of his study.

Marshall observes, moreover, that in certain of Byron's poems, "especially some of them written from 1816 onward, the [dominant] element is characteristically dramatic irony. This offers sustained structural unity to perhaps half a dozen major poems written between 1816 and 1819, and is given its most complete development in *Don Juan*. Dramatic irony, as the phrase is used here, is achieved in a work by the apparent discrepancy between the speaker's intended and actual revelations" (p. 20). The narrative poems, *Parisina*, *Manfred*, the dramatic monologues are all regarded as tunings-up or preludes to the dramatic and ironic techniques "used with greatest aesthetic integrity in *Don Juan*" (p. 21).

Byron is not committed to any metaphysical or religious position. He has no *parti pris*. In his general inability to find meaning in the universe he offers a remarkable anticipation of modern theories of the absurd, although he does not formulate them as clearly as Sartre does in the novel *Nausea*. In his three-act drama *Cain*, the views of Abel rather resemble those of a Catholic existentialist like Marcel, while those of Cain rather resemble those of Sartre or Camus. In the sacrifice scene, when Cain echoes Lucifer's remarks:

. . . all
 Rests upon thee; and Good and Evil seem
 To have no power themselves, save in thy will—

the thought expressed is unorthodox to say the least and seems to foreshadow the atheistic existentialist view that meaning in the universe, so far from being guaranteed by God, is imported into it by the Luciferian or human consciousness; in other words, consciousness is the creator of values.

A satirist has a standard of values by which he measures the shortcomings of men or institutions. Clearly Byron, having no standard of values, not having succeeded in finding value anywhere, is an ironist rather than a satirist, and this is one of the sharpest points that Marshall makes. An ironist is one "aware of the limits of human capacity and the *absurdity of many forms of human activity*" (p. 16, italics mine).

Unfortunately Marshall has committed the sin of critical rigidity in refusing to entertain *The Vision of Judgment*. The reason he gives is that, despite its obvious effectiveness, it falls outside the main course of Byron's development. But what if it does fall outside the main course of Byron's development? It is open to Marshall to point out how and why, but in view of his title, *The Structure of Byron's Major Poems*, it seems unfortunate to omit a major poem merely because it does not fit into some neat category.

It took Byron a long time to find his own voice, to get rid of the thumping of the rhetorical drum; it is his own keen sense of the ridiculous that is the making of him as a writer. Marshall's presentation of *Beppo* is probably the best, and least stuffy, chapter in the book.

Byron's liability as a poet is the rhetorical banality of nearly everything he wrote. What saves him is the personal energy of the emotion, the spiritedness of the narratives, and his gift for ironic ridicule, which saves his comic poems from his usual flatfooted heroics, and the verve with which he wrote the *ottava rima* in *Beppo* and *Don Juan*. It is not too much to say that the *ottava rima* made Byron as a poet; it fitted him like a glove, much better than the more roomy Spenserian stanza. Yet Marshall ignores the point, though in any consideration of the structure of Byron's major poems stanzaic structure should find a place.

What Marshall has mainly done is to write a propaedeutic study to *Don Juan*, rather than what might have become, had he aimed at more completeness, perhaps the classic investigation of Byron's ironic tactics. The remarks devoted to *Don Juan* at the close of the book are huddled into four pages, but, at the least, *Don Juan* deserved a chapter to itself, and to call the book *The Structure of Byron's Major Poems* is somewhat misleading. One understands that the reason for this modesty in refraining to undertake a more extensive study is the feeling that other scholars have ably undertaken it already. But the ironic procedures should have been demonstrated in detail and possibly new light thrown on *Don Juan* in the process. As the book is at present, it is as though a sculptor did a Venus and carelessly forgot to give her a torso. One may conclude, then, that this is a valuable, if truncated, study.

JAMES V. BAKER

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The Eternal Present: A Contribution on Constancy and Change by S. Giedion.

New York: Pantheon Books (Bollingen Series), 1962. Pp. xxi + 588; 520 plates. \$12.50.

This handsome book is an "eye-opener" in the field of prehistoric art. Is it merely an accident, that the eye-symbol, like a small hieroglyphic, refers to the excellent reproductions on the margin of the text? Anyway it is an original and practical way to connect the word with the image. The illustrations are taken, respectively designed by the most competent experts, and given a fresh and more reliable "in-sight" into material still very difficult of access. The excellent photographs are the work of two Swiss: Hugo P. Herdeg and, after his death, of Achille Weiler. The schematic drawings were executed by Barbara Boehrs of the Zurich School of Design after the method of Karl Schmidt. Instead of the continuous lines, which destroy the relief or intaglio character of the "cave-pictures," they come nearer the character of the originals by using a series of fine dots. As an example of the skillful handling of the camera one might refer to the color photo of the "Venus of Laussel" (pl. XX), taken in a revealing side view, which for the first time does justice to its imposing character (despite a relatively small size) leading "optically" to its governing magic fertility function.

The typography and design of the book are the work of the internationally renowned Herbert Bayer of Aspen, who had cooperated with the author before. But excellence and novelty in the presentation of the visual material provide only the necessary conditions for the success in writing this book, which probably is the first one which truly deals with prehistoric finds, petroglyphs, "cave paintings" and sculpture as art exclusively by attempting to penetrate into their meaning. "The species or race of the artists, the material they used, their tools and technology . . . the time span in which they worked"—all those facts and considerations which a recent reviewer (G. S. Ackermann of Harvard University in the *New York Review*, February 21, 1963) missed in Giedion's book, are therefore hardly considered, since questions of anthropology, ethnology technology and chronology remain on purpose outside the aim of the writer who concentrates on problems of aesthetics and symbolism. But one might argue, as the writer of the criticism just quoted in parts does, that without going into these questions the whole remains too much in the nebulous realm of speculation and "German pomposities" (Ackermann).

First of all there is nothing wrong with speculation in the field of prehistoric archaeology though prehistoric man certainly cannot talk back. Attempts to make "dead stone speak" by drawing parallels to neolithic and ethonological (modern primitive) even to 20th century art are legitimate since the ca. 25,000 years which separate the late palaeolithic period from us are an insignificant span of time considering that man has been an intelligent tool-maker for about half a million years. So called "magic thinking" applied for instance to Cromagnon man, respectively to their "sorcerers," who in all probability were also the chief artists, is not "pre-logical" like that of small children and of the seriously insane. Cause and effect relationship was certainly known to palaeolithic man as to modern primitives or they could not have been successful hunters. But this relationship was in ritual-magic practice and connected image making intentionally held in abeyance as it is done by us today in superstitious situations. Thus, one can very well believe in a constancy of the human mind throughout the last

25,000 years. If one grants that, the parallels drawn by Giedion of prehistoric to modern avant garde art and vice versa are not only legitimate but most revealing. The author had certainly this reciprocity in mind when he gave to his book the title: *The Eternal Present*. His intentions are further indicated by one of the mottos prefacing the book (p. vii) taken from Ezra Pound's *The Spirit of Romance*: "All ages are contemporaneous."

It is true, the title "Eternal Present" means specifically that there is no sense of time or sequence in "cave art." It is the result of the investigations carried on in the last chapter of the book (Part VI): "The Space Conception of Prehistory"; but the very same title transgresses these specific findings, and means that we are the living past, especially when we create as artists.

In his lecture "Constancy, Change and Architecture" (First Gropius Lecture, 1961, Harvard University, a summary of the whole two volume work, published as pamphlet by Harvard University Press), Giedion points out that his conviction that art, however early, cannot exist without a conception of space breaks "rather radically with the prevailing opinion that in prehistory the single form is simply set off against chaos." Against the dominating belief that prehistoric artist had no conception of space, he puts his opinion that he had "no sense of time or sequence," that there is "no frame or axis and no up or down."

This reviewer sees in a limitation of the book—according to Professor Ackermann—namely that the author stays away from any established chronology and sequence of evolution (from awkward to sophisticated), one of its greatest virtues, because such sequences, still smacking of the application of 19th century biology and the progress from lower to higher, have become utterly dubious when applied to prehistoric art.

Another most important finding of Giedion is the fact that the art of prehistoric man and its interpretation establishes the "animal's superiority over man." "That man's change from a zoomorphic attitude towards the world (in the late Palaeolithicum) to an anthropomorphic attitude constitutes the most profound revolution in his destiny," as Giedion puts it in the Gropius lecture, has not been stated before with so much clarity and courage.

Though in many respects novel and daring, the book is based not only on autopsy on the spot (that is in the caves, museums and private collections) but also on the mastery of the vast international literature on the subject in half a dozen languages.

It is impossible to mention within the frame of a review the specific conclusions drawn from such rich material, which is growing richer every year and upsetting previous findings, datings, interpretations. Only a brief summation of what the author attempted might be given by using Giedion's organization in the titles of chapters and their subdivisions.

Part I deals generally with the symbol as the centre of "Art as a Fundamental Experience." Part II proceeds to the "Means of Expression in Primeval Art" and is subdivided in, a) Abstraction, b) Transparency, c) Simultaneity, d) Movement—discussing phenomena which it shares with modern art. These two parts establish principles which are exemplified in Parts III to VI.

Part III is probably the most original contribution of the author, the "heart of the matter." Called "Symbolization," it is organized into, 1) Hands, 2) Circular Forms, 3) Fertility, 4) Great Symbols.

Part IV established the superiority of "The Sacred Animal." Part V explains

the "Human Figure" in its magic-ritualistic aspect. Part VI concludes the book with the "Space Conception," as mentioned before.

That Giedion's manner of writing, his insight into the problems of prehistoric art, are more rewarding than in most specialistic writing on the subject, is the result of the union of careful scholarship with art enthusiasm. The friend of many of the leading artists of our time such as Leger, Max Ernst, Giacometti, and a collector of their works, the husband of one of the finest writers on modern art, Carola Giedion-Welcker, he sees prehistoric art with the eyes of a partisan of the contemporary scene of long and respected standing. He can therefore interpret such phenomena as abstraction, transparency, simultaneity, which contemporary art has so significantly revealed to us, also in the art of prehistoric man.

This ability to see the art of the past with eyes of the present and on the other hand the art of the present through the long-distance glasses of historical experience, gives "eternal" meaning to the art of both past and present. This manner of "combined seeing" had earlier made Giedion's first book published in this country, *Space, Time and Architecture* (Harvard University Press, 1941), such a sensational success.

As stated in the preface of the book here under review, it is merely the first volume of a greater work consisting of two volumes (interrelated but independent) which has its unifying idea in the dual aspect of constancy and change. A careful summary of the two volumes was given by Giedion in the before-mentioned First Gropius Lecture. From it we learn that the author will return to his legitimate home base, architecture, in the second volume, something which might make the specialists in this country feel more comfortable and well disposed towards the man, who approaching his seventies "astonished" his colleagues by "entering and commanding an entirely new field" (Ackermann).

This reviewer thinks of this descent into the caves as necessary and quite logical for the vigorous Swiss scholar who since 1938 has regularly taught and lectured in the U.S.A., exerting a great influence.

His deep understanding of "Meaning," without which mere facts are dead, his preoccupation with symbolism are the necessary prerequisites which enable him to deal in the second volume of the work with the over-ground symbolism of Old Oriental architecture and sculpture (chiefly Egypt and Mesopotamia), where symbolism of space and form is the key to understanding, growing like the seedling from the womb of darkness.

This reviewer looks forward to the completion of the monumental work with keenest anticipation.

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The Newgate Novel—1830-1847 by Keith Hollingsworth. Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1963. Pp. 279. \$7.95.

Although even the venerable and inclusive Thrall and Hibbard *A Handbook to Literature* does not recognize the Newgate novel in a separate classification, Newgate, as an eponym, has earned a place in the records of the English novel, and every literary scholar can summon up at least one book title to explain the

type if the need arises. But the term that once seemed simple in quick definition must now be reconsidered in the light of Keith Hollingsworth's comprehensive study. The author's modest statement that his book, "since it has to do with taste, literary morals, and social history," might have interest for other than purely literary readers is certainly true. There is an abundance of information, some minor, some important, for anyone interested in the intellectual and social life of the nineteenth century as well as in the literature. This volume is a study of what happened in a society aware of the interaction between art and life when contemporary authors designedly chose the criminal and low life as subjects for literature. Critics and authors clashed over the matter, not so much the technique, and many writers themselves joined the battle, some on personal grounds, others on moral or esthetic bases.

Crime and criminals have as much fascination for the modern public as they had for earlier generations, and until the millenium comes, they will continue to exert their call. The novels Hollingsworth deals with are now, except for those of Dickens, rarely read, and as a result of the comprehensive plot summaries the author provides, few readers will feel any compulsion to search out musty copies for entertainment.

The Newgate tales of crime had a readymade readership, for over the centuries country and city folk had counted the public executions as one of the major pastimes offered to them. The condemned prisoner had an appreciative audience before which he could play the hero and die well, or simply collapse into whimpering, thoughtless terror; both responses titillated the spectators. So much a part of conscious daily life, the prison and the hapless prisoners came into the arts long before the novel fully developed. Dramatists and painters had gone to the cells and gallows for subject matter, as had occasional poets; but the Newgate novel popularized a sure-fire theme that brought a stream of shillings and pence to the authors. Thoughtful people abhorred the brutality of the public hanging and decried the vast interest of the populace in the literature of crime. Even though the national temper was growing less brutal and mean in the 1830's, novel readers, some interested in reform and others in entertainment, created a growing market for the Newgate novel. When milder criminal laws were finally enacted and the public gallows disappeared, the Newgate novel, though never entirely outmoded, lost its appeal, and novelists turned to other sources.

Newgate fiction properly begins with Edward Lytton Bulwer's *Paul Clifford*, published in April, 1830. Different from the criminal fiction of the 1820's and the doctrinal novels of Godwin, Bage, and Holcroft, *Paul Clifford* was a social novel, concentrating on a special class level and illustrating evils in need of remedying. But Bulwer's novel had more than social reform as its province, for in it there is political and personal satire. Bulwer used his fiction to attack critics who had treated his earlier work scornfully, and, as a man active in politics, he took a good swing at his political opponents.

After Bulwer, Ainsworth took up the Newgate theme, adding lyrics to his story for embellishment, possibly, as Hollingsworth suggests, with an eye towards a stage production. Both Bulwer's and Ainsworth's novels were immediately popular, but not all the critics found them admirable. The tendency to elevate a thief or murderer to the status of hero, the use of criminal argot or "flash," the romanticizing of brutal actions, *ad infinitum*, troubled some critics who feared for the public morality. Even Dickens's *Oliver Twist* drew the critical wrath of Thackeray, who found the entire story wretched and ignobling.

Perhaps Hollingsworth's most enlightening chapter is that in which he discusses *Oliver Twist* as a Newgate novel. After an investigation of much of the scholarship on the book, he points out that *Oliver Twist*, reflecting its author's pervading interest in crime, gave something special to the Newgate novel that it had never had before. Improbable as the story is, it nevertheless collected praise from a number of reviewers, excluding Thackeray, but when it was turned into a drama, the attitude changed. Gin, prostitutes with good hearts, pickpockets, and bloody murder seemed different on the stage. What was happening to literature? Was it deliberately attempting to destroy the old standards of society? Dickens, distressed at having *Oliver* labeled "Newgate," worked more carefully with his next novel, *Barnaby Rudge*, which, though it sprang from the same seedbed, escaped the epithet. What Dickens brought to the Newgate novel, in terms of technique and treatment, grew from his own personal concern with crime.

Bulwer's *Lucretia*, his arsenical novel, came to grief at the hands of the critics; it was the last Newgate novel he wrote. It was harshly criticized not so much as representing a "bad" school but simply as an incredibly bad work of fiction.

For nearly seventeen years the Newgate novel flourished. Newgate themes were employed, according to Bulwer and Dickens, to show that crime was being encouraged by social injustice and irrational laws. But there were other authors, such as Ainsworth, who knew what would sell and worked a rich vein to exhaustion. Then, because of a change in the manners of society, in the attitudes of certain novelists, and possibly in the personal feuds of critics, the Newgate novel faded. The men who had fought the Newgate themes because they feared that public morals might be injured, that lower class manners and modes of life might become dominant, and that inflammatory literature might touch off a revolution, discarded their fears; the battle was over. After the '40's crime stories appeared, of course; but with a changing social order, a gentler and more humane one, there was no longer any fear of Newgate.

In general the Newgate novel was not an artistic success. It was not looked on as a craft or art, and criticism, often personal and special, could offer no objective standards. It was subject matter almost entirely that was judged. No one tried to show how the technique could be improved. A problem in technique that the Newgate novel necessarily faced was that of method of narration. What should the stance of the author be when he works with material taken directly from the Newgate Calendar? Here was actual crime, a list of all the reprehensible acts of man, with the details of suffering and punishment. The invisible author was required to convey his disapproval of some of his characters and their actions. Dickens had little difficulty in showing his disapproval, Ainsworth failed with some readers, and Bulwer, although he intruded as often as Dickens and Thackeray, frequently left his readers in an ambiguous haze. Thackeray was totally successful in indicating his scorn and disgust. Much of the attack on Bulwer would never have come about if he had succeeded in making his attitudes towards events in the book clear. Both Bulwer and Dickens, according to Hollingsworth, were working towards using "the author's prerogative of omniscience as a technique for psychological exploration . . ."; but Thackeray's realism, his insistence on obvious statement, on a clearcut moral stand, won out, and the nascent change in technique had to wait for a later day.

What the Newgate novelists and their critics, both for and against, were debating was the fundamental question of what was suitable matter for fiction,

and, by extension, for art. Now when the question of the responsibility of the artist and the proper material for art appears settled, the resulting attitude seems to be that literature and art have no significant effect on life. That surely is the decision of our time. Perhaps the Victorians were wiser than we think, for as Hollingsworth concludes, "they never doubted that the art of literature was an art of power."

In a sound and immensely erudite manner, Hollingsworth has investigated an area of literary history that has not been much examined. With admirable balance and restraint, he has worked out his exploration into what the Newgate novel was. The book is certainly well written, felicitous in diction and phrasing, showing evidence of solid thought and research. Occasionally the framework of the study becomes a little obvious and cumbersome, and in a few instances we are told what has already been said and what is to come later with something of the insistence of a technical report. These points are niggling; the book is an excellent one.

ARTHUR C. YOUNG

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Henry James and the Dramatic Analogy: A Study of the Major Novels of the Middle Period by Joseph Wiesenfarth, F.S.C. New York: Fordham University Press, 1963. Pp. xiv + 139. \$4.00.

This brief study is a strange compound of modesty and an entirely unintended pretentiousness. Brother Joseph proposes as a "theory" what is obviously a well-known fact—"that James recognized 'intensity,' 'economy,' and 'objectivity' as indispensable qualities in the play and that he attempted to incorporate these qualities into a novel which he conceived of as 'dramatized'" (p. xii). One might have supposed it no longer necessary to produce, with an air of discovery, the evidence of James's absorbing passion for form in the novel. The claim that "no critic has treated the novels in relation to a developed theory of James's dramatic novel" (p. xiii) is extraordinary, particularly since Brother Joseph has appended a partial bibliography of his subject from which he occasionally draws. Far from being a theoretical work, *Henry James and the Dramatic Analogy* consists of a purely descriptive codification of James's terminology. Chapter I, "The Dramatic Novel: Its Qualities and Elements," has little usefulness as a rhetorical index to those terms which James regarded as having mutual significance for the drama and for the novel. Intensity, objectivity, and economy form a triad of qualities which "exist in both the dramatic novel and the play and form the basis of an analogy between the two forms" (p. 3). "Intensity" is discussed under three headings—structural, representational, and psychological. "Objectivity," however, is not treated by means of its classes, even though Brother Joseph has in mind several senses of the term. It covers such widely different matters as showing what the characters do (rather than telling), creating an illusion of life, and refraining from authorial intrusion. Objectivity also derives from consistency of treatment. It is not clear how "Objectivity" as a principle differs from "Representational Intensity," since both come down to a matter of "showing" rather than "telling." The third member of the triad, Economy,

is defined as a consequence of "the interplay of complexity and concentration" (p. 12), and apparently is incapable of logical or categorical definition. Aside from the problem of the internal muddlement in the presentation of these "Qualities," their supposed analogical basis in drama is left unclarified. The best that the author can say is that "James's problem . . . was to develop within a narrative framework a structure that would approximate the qualities of a dramatic form" (p. 14). But what does "approximate" mean in this context? That James's dramatized novels are less intense, objective, or economical than these qualities as they appear in a play (any play, apparently)? Or that something quite different from a play is being produced? As Brother Joseph makes clear at the outset, James never really confuses the drama and the novel as forms. But how, then, can an "analogical" rhetoric really cover the differences between these forms? There is no solution to this problem in this book.

After "A" comes "B," "Elements," and here Brother Joseph is in similar difficulties. Under "Language," we are reminded, properly, that James's use of language is marked by immediacy, sensuousness, and dramatic texture. But much of it is ideological and psychological in the non-dramatic sense, setting before us states of mind and complex relationships far removed from the representational as Brother Joseph defines it. He seems unaware of the important work of Dorothea Krook and Ian Watt, among others, on this question. His analysis of the imagistic prose of "In the Cage" is sound, but imagistic prose does not in itself contribute to the dramatic analogy. No verse was less dramatic than that of the Imagists. Immediacy and concreteness belong as much to the lyric category as to the dramatic. The rest of this chapter, undoubtedly the most satisfactory, consists of a paraphrasing treatment of what James meant in his employment of the concepts of Action, Scene, Picture, and Centre. The more incisive and comprehensive discussion remains R. P. Blackmur's introduction to the collected prefaces in *The Art of the Novel*, of thirty years ago.

The remaining chapters of *Henry James and the Dramatic Analogy* consist of analyses of four novels of the "middle period," *The Spoils of Poynton*, *What Maisie Knew*, *The Awkward Age*, and *The Sacred Fount*. (Brother Joseph departs from the conventional classification, which puts the novels of the 1880's in the middle period, and ends in 1895 at the close of the playwriting years.) The aim throughout, of course, is to make the required applications of the categories outlined in Chapter I. Brother Joseph makes a number of mature and well-balanced judgments of the novels he considers, but these judgments are not an integral part of his analysis of the dramatic analogy. He is insufficiently aware that James's pursuit of the dramatic analogy is part of an underlying and persistent search for organic form, a search that transcends the analogy and for which James's own vocabulary of terms meant to apply with equal force to drama and novel was inadequate. The justification of the well-made novel is not that it is a beautiful structure; the structure justifies itself through what it achieves. Percy Lubbock in *The Craft of Fiction* made this clear long ago. It is not enough to say that James prized objectivity, economy, etc.; we want to know what their prizing results in. Symmetry, parallelism, contrast, artfully controlled "centres," are values insofar as they bring James to the realization of ends that do not lend themselves to mechanistic description. James described the writing of fiction as "an act of life," and this is not quite the same thing as a constructional passion for finely proportioned effects. His novels are only incidentally—even if neces-

sarily—mechanical marvels of intricately related parts. Too much of this book makes it appear that James's achievements in the novel are triumphs of the stuntman's expertise. James himself, of course, is partly responsible for this approach to his fiction. Modern criticism has enshrined the prefaces to the New York edition, but they are of less value to the critic than they were to James. These vast, subtle, self-communing raptures over the difficulties of an exacting craft help us to know, as we could not otherwise know, how much "doing" it all required. But this is a matter between James and his engagement with his muse. I would not minimize the value of the prefaces as an unexampled testament to a successful creative ordeal, but I would suggest that putting them in the perspective of "The Art of Fiction," for example, reminds us of what this study of James often forgets: for James, literature was not tapestry. The finish, the articulated form, are there because theme, attitude, vision—to use an old-fashioned word—demand them for their own articulation.

Brother Joseph's discussions of *The Spoils of Poynton* (as an example of intensity) and of *What Maisie Knew* (of economy) suffer from the limitations of his point of view. No doubt *The Spoils* is a wonder of "intensity"—but intensity is a product not only of technique but of mind, and in this novel of a highly particularized moral passion, and of this we learn nothing. The economy of *Maisie* is indisputable, and of course it is "one of James's most sustained pieces of irony" (p. 58). But we cannot discuss "irony" in relation to "economy" as if these were ingredients which James knew how to mix. The irony expresses a moral attitude, and so, for that matter, does the economy.

The only novel of this group about which Brother Joseph has doubts is *The Awkward Age*. He objects, as many have done, to the enlargement of dialogue as the principal mode of dramatic progression. It does not occur to him that *The Awkward Age* is another kind of dramatic experiment in which James prefers extension to compression, or that James's purpose is to achieve a kind of saturation in a social milieu which could not have been achieved in any other way. It is true that, compared to the other novels discussed in this book, *The Awkward Age* makes little use of the value of synthesis. But it is senseless to judge *The Awkward Age* by such a crude rule of thumb. The extent of the misunderstanding is revealed in the statement that James in *The Awkward Age* "tried to repeat his success [in *The Spoils* and *Maisie*] on a grand scale" (p. 76). Quite the contrary, *The Awkward Age* moves in totally new paths, and if it is a failure, it must be judged on its own terms. Brother Joseph, however, insists that James's purpose in all three novels was "to create a dramatic effect, at least in part, through a symmetry of events" (p. 76). Here again is the defect of the method of this study: surely in each of these novels James was moved by large and complex considerations to illuminate radically differing areas of human experience. Each novel has its own premise, all are marked by concern with the dramatic analogy, but certainly not in the same ways. Brother Joseph views *The Awkward Age* as "sacrificing, in dull prolixity, intensity and economy to objectivity" (p. 77). How objectivity can be prolix is indeed a question. Some may agree with the judgment that "James was not completely successful in shaping a form totally adequate to [his] meaning" (p. 95), but none can be certain of what such a judgment means in this study. Why and how did the "meaning" demand more intensity and economy and less objectivity? Is the reduplication noticed here necessarily a defect? Indeed, the usual objection to

The Awkward Age has been not that there is too little of drama in it, but too much—too much of the dramatic analogy.

I particularly like Wiesenfarth's critique of *The Sacred Fount*. He sees it as "a study in logic and semiosis" in which objective reality is denied in favor of an ultimate relativity. Unconnected with this point is his view that *The Sacred Fount* "shows a fitting culmination of the constructional passion for symmetrical effect that has been traced in *Maisie*, *Poynton* and the *Age*" (p. 105). But here is precisely the trouble—if "constructional passion" is so generalized a trait, covering the exactly defined moral attitude that fixes *The Spoils* in unwavering perspective, and also comprehending the relativity of *The Sacred Fount*, in which we can be certain of nothing, then we must look beyond the dramatic analogy for critical principles that will enable us to make meaningful distinctions among James's novels. And we must question the major claim that James's novels are "esthetically fine to the degree that they are dramatically rendered" (p. 107). The dramatic mode as such pre-empts no particular aesthetic qualities. And neither does the triad of qualities in which Brother Joseph finds the basis of James's dramatic analogy.

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The Still Point: Theme and Variations in the Writings of T. S. Eliot, Coleridge, Yeats, Henry James, Virginia Woolf, and D. H. Lawrence by Ethel F. Cornwell. New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1962. Pp. 261. \$6.00.

Early in her book Mrs. Cornwell quotes a passage describing the world in which modern writers commonly feel they must create: the modern mind, said Virginia Woolf,

is full of monstrous, hybrid, unmanageable emotions. That the age of the earth is 3,000,000,000 years; that human life lasts but a second; that the capacity of the human mind is nevertheless boundless; that life is infinitely beautiful yet repulsive; that one's fellow creatures are adorable but disgusting; that science and religion have between them destroyed belief; that all bonds of union seem broken, yet some control must exist—it is in this atmosphere of doubt and conflict that writers have now to create . . .

The thesis of this study, abundantly documented, is that the writers under consideration felt themselves bewildered in such a chaos or wasteland, and that both in their theories of art and in their own original creations they were working towards some imaginative apprehension which would at least fleetingly resolve the conflict and restore the sense of union. (Mrs. Cornwell acknowledges that some of the old sense of union still persisted precariously for Coleridge, the one earlier writer whom she selects both for his theoretical sophistication and for the perspective which he can offer; but she believes that he was compelled to engage in his lifelong defense of belief precisely because he dwelt upon the the very edge of the modern wilderness.)

The moments of union which the modern writers know seem to be just such moments of imaginative reconciliation of opposites as Coleridge was wont to

speak of: of mind and body, of reason and feeling, of a sense of individuality and a sense of dissolution into some greater whole. At such moments the writers feel that they have touched some absolute, an absolute which for the comparatively godless James is simply a sense of completely developed consciousness, but which for the others—in one degree or another—is likely to include an equivalent of Eliot's faith in some spiritual center outside oneself. This sense of the absolute may be, as Eliot felt it to be, a sense of the crossing of time and the timeless: of achieving a meaningful ordering of human life by uniting one's own individuality with tradition, with the past of the human race, with memories in Yeats's Great Memory, or perhaps—especially in Eliot's case—by uniting the present with a painful and at the time perhaps misunderstood experience in one's own past. Furthermore, Mrs. Cornwell shows that all of these writers recommend some way of life, some discipline, which, though it cannot exactly perpetuate the ecstasy of the moment, may yet diffuse through a man's life some of the strength received. These ways of life may range all the way from Lawrence's periodic immersions in mindlessness, through James's austerities of the artist, to Eliot's penitential yet not altogether joyless imitation of Christ.

Long ago, Joseph Wood Krutch remarked that all art may be understood as an effort to make life bearable by finding in it some justice, some union, or at least some meaning. Wordsworth felt that he was lifting "the burden of the mystery/Of all this unintelligible world," and Keats himself several times quoted Wordsworth's words. Mrs. Cornwell has been both industrious and perceptive in assembling a great deal of material which amply sustains Krutch's insight. Even the seemingly poised Henry James could confess that life, unordered or unheightened by the artistic imagination, was "a howling desert."

Mrs. Cornwell, whose most important point is the underlying resemblance between the creative motivations of all her writers, is nonetheless at some pains to show her awareness of the difference. This will gratify specialists in literature—as distinct from aesthetic philosophers—since these by their very nature seem happiest in the realm of the individual and the concrete. However, in its efforts to maintain the due distinctions, the book sometimes oversimplifies. It is true that Eliot, in contrast with Lawrence, recommends a more spiritual road to salvation. Yet one of the basic tensions which is a source of Eliot's creative energy, that between the physical and the spiritual, is resolved by a compromise the nature of which is not made wholly clear in this study. In *Marina* the poet decides that not the haunting beauty of the physical world but the spiritual defects of pride and cruelty are the real enemies of the soul; indeed, he decides that memories of physical beauty—which he later calls Incarnations—are vitally needed to give imaginative substance to the otherwise too disembodied ideals. Likewise, though in a rough way Yeats may be distinguished from James by his greater sense of some spiritual center outside oneself, Richard Ellmann has pointed out that this sense of an outside spiritual center was suppressed through most of Yeats's life and only emerges strongly in his later years.

Herein lies some of the difficulty of this particular book. The author concedes that she is primarily a metaphysician, giving more emphasis to the idea than to the image, that she is, in her own words, presenting us with skeletons. In a sense this is indeed the function of philosophy. Yet one welcomes the recognizable configurations of human life which emerge when the book is presenting its

perceptive and relevant synopses of the novels of James and Virginia Woolf and the plays of Eliot. One feels that the chapters could have been fleshed out still more by a sharper awareness of the life of the individual artist which lay behind his works and by a more imaginative dealing with his imagery. In her comprehensive survey of so many writers Mrs. Cornwell has undertaken a very ambitious task—an important “raid on the inarticulate,” to use Eliot’s phrase—and her book triumphantly supports its main point and offers a multitude of suggestions to the theoretically minded. Yet one cannot help wishing that the writer had had the time to live with each of her six subjects both a little longer and a little less abstrusely.

To express the central unity, beauty, and energy of the universe, Eliot, as is well known, makes use of the very traditional images of the rose and fire. These same images, we discover, are sometimes used by the other authors in much the same way. The image of “still point,” which Mrs. Cornwell emphasizes most strongly, is often like the still point of the axle upon which the whole wheel of life turns, or a polar still point. Also upon many occasions the idea of stillness may have its customary double aspect of motionlessness and silence, as in Eliot’s Chinese jar that is “moving perpetually in its stillness.” Mrs. Cornwell makes some distinction between a writer sensing a still point in his own life and sensing himself in touch with *the* still point of the universe—that central peace which Wordsworth felt subsisting “at the heart of endless agitation.” She also makes it clear that for all its stillness, this point of polarized tensions was yet for the artists the very source of creative life and energy. Coleridge, of course, claims it is an analog of the Divine polarized forces which have created the universe itself.

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We are advised by Professor Ralph Cohen that he is soliciting manuscripts of papers to be read in the *Literature and the Other Arts* section of this year’s MLA meeting in New York. The announced subject is “Illustration as Interpretation.” The papers, of 15 minutes reading length, should reach Professor Cohen by September, 1964, addressed to him at the Department of English, University of California, Los Angeles, California, 90024.