日本イェイツ協会会報

第十八号

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昭 和 63 年 7 月
日本イエイツ協会会則

1. 本会は日本イエイツ協会(The Yeats Society of Japan)と称する。
2. 本会はわが国におけるイエイツの研究の促進を目的とし、あわせて海外の研究者との密接な連絡および協力をはかる。
   特にアイルランドのイエイツ協会との緊密なる連繋を保つ。
3. 本会は次の役員を設ける。
   1. 会 長 一名
   2. 委 員 若干名
4. 会長は委員会の推薦により定め、委員は会員の選挙により定める。
5. 委員会の推薦により顧問を置くことができる。
6. 役員の任期は二年とし、重任をさまたげない。
7. 委員会は会長をたすけ会務を行う。
8. 本会は次の事業を行う。
   1. 大会の開催
   2. 研究発表会、および講演会の開催
   3. 研究業績の刊行
   4. 会報の発行
9. 本会の経費は、会費その他の収入によって支弁する。
10. 本会の会費は年額4,000円とする。
11. 本会入会を希望するものは、申込書に会費をそえて申し込むこととする。
12. 本会は支部を置くことができる。
13. 本会則の変更は委員会の議を経て大会によって決定する。
クール・パークをめぐる三つの詩
──『宮廷人』を通してイエイツを読む

飯沼 万里子

イエイツに対するカスティリオーネの『宮廷人』の影響はすでに十分に論じられている。それにもかかわらず
旧の事実を改めて持ち出すのは、これによってイエイツとクール・パークの関係を明確にし、更にその上に
立って「クール・パーク、一九二九年」（Coole Park, 1929）と「クール・パーク、一九三一年」（Coole and
Ballylee, 1931）を読んでみたいという意図からに外ならない。従って上記の点のみを得ならば、他の問題
については別の機会待つことにしたいためにイエイツが「宮廷人」を読んだのが一九三三年である
前にしろ、一九〇七年であるにしろ、この事実はイエイツがグレゴリー夫人とその先祖代々の荘園に急激に親しん
deいたことを象徴するものとなっている。彼は貴族階級が文化を支える上で果した役割を積極的に評価してい
く。そして彼の姿勢を正当化するために『宮廷人』は恰好的模範となったのである。

その理由は大雑把に言って二つに分かれる。一つは芸術に携わる者たちのよって立つ場を求めるというこ
とである。演劇運動における挫折等を契機として大衆に
背を向けねばならなかった時、イタリア・ルネサンスの
小国家の君主と彼等が保護した芸術家たちとの関係がイ
エイツにとっての理想ととなり、彼にアイルランドにその
相反するものを見出し得たということである。すなわちア
ダムの呪詛（Adam's Curse）にも窺われる『礼儀作法』
（"courtesy"）によって象徴される美を作り出すための

－１－
不斷の努力、しかもその努力のあとを見せぬ心組みを
「宮廷人」で論じられる理想の宮廷人像に現し得たか
らである。ルネサンスの宮廷人は武人であって同時に教
養人である。苦心して習得したものをそなうと感じさせ
ぬ何気ない優雅さに包むで示す力を「sprezzatura」という。
この礼儀作法の中心的精魂を具現化する存在、宮廷人こそがイエイツの理想像となる。ロバート・グレゴリー少佐を記念して（In Memory of
Major Robert Gregory）における故ロバート・グレゴ
リーコそまさにイェイツの夢をたたす人物として描かれ
る。彼はルネサンスの宮廷人に匹敵する「武人、学者、
騎手」（Soldier, scholar, horseman）であり、その分
野においても群を抜く力を示し、かつ容易に示し得た。ま
ず、彼に於いても群を抜く力の大きさを「recklessness」と「nonchalance」の両方を含めて
の「sprezzatura」を身をもって表わしている。

ところで、ここにおいて検討したいのは前半の詩人が
によって立つ場としての「宮廷」の方である。国民的詩人の
役割を放棄して、イエイツは彼の芸術、彼の「sprezzatura」
のなせる技を真に理解し得る人々を求めている。カステ
の次のか文章はそのことを暗示している。イエイツは植樹
評価を持つためにも五十年はたたねばならないので
ないか。毎日のように私は良家の人々の長い伝統の
ある生活と芸術家の生活の間に新しい類似点を見出す。

我々芸術家だと思わぬ木を植えているのに、日々
の育成は、我々が、古くからの家系の代に我々は、
育成を想っている。我々も又大衆を軽蔑し、大衆によっ
て苦しめられる。我々が、最も幸せならではフェデリッゴ
の館にほんのささやかな地位を得た時なので……
This page contains text in Japanese.
イエイツが「土地騒動にゆれる家」という題名で書かれたこの作品は、19世紀の英国において、貴族的な趣味や膨大な財産を持つ人々が、土地の所有と利用のための活動を行っていたのを見ることで、当時の社会の様子を示しています。イエイツは、土地の所有者であり、また、宮廷の顧問でもありました。この作品は、イエイツが宮廷の顧問でありながらも、土地の所有者であるという、宮廷と地域社会の間の複雑な関係を反映しています。}

更にこの作品は、貴族階級が持つ権力と影響力を示しています。イエイツは、宮廷の顧問でありながらも、土地の所有者であり、土地の所有者が宮廷の影響力を行使するという、宮廷と地域社会の間の関係を反映しています。この作品は、当時の社会の様子を示しています。
品はウルビノ公国の宮廷において、そこに集う貴族、知識人、女官などがウルビノ公イディオールドの妃、エリザベッタの前で四日間わたって繰り広げる「理想的な宮廷」

人々は何かという題目とした会話を書き取ったという体裁をとっている。その会話から浮かび上がってくる理想的宮廷人像は、武勇に優れていたけれども、「(remove content)」

で表に出してはならない。まじめな話をするのが戦勝一点張りであるのは情なことであって、外国語にも堪能、芸術にも理解を示し、必要とあらばダンスも踊る、恋の作法

が融合した存在である。会話は礼儀正しく、しかも退屈

に陥ることなく、常に座る人々の笑いを誘いつつ行わ

がる。"宮廷人"も時のに笑かれている。この作品

を手に取ってすぐ気に付くことは、この作品が世に出た時、公爵夫人エリザベッタを含む多くの登場人物がすでに世

なったということである。出版されたのは一九二八年

で、この作品が世に出た時、公爵夫人エリザベッタを含む多くの登場人物がすでに世

なったということである。十年間という時の流れは多大の変化をもた

ることである。
ルピノの逃れざるをえなくなる。教皇とモンテフェルトロ家の確執はなおも続き、最終的に教皇が勝利を納める。更には教皇も含めたイタリアの各都市が、すでに巨大な同盟国家の台頭する時代にあって、その存続のために苦心をしていたのである。

優雅なくつろぎ、笑いかからほど遠い現実がすこしそこにある。『宮廷人』に登場する人々はそこからするリーディング・ロールを果たす。彼等は今楽しみのためだけに存在している。陰謀と裏切りの現実は見ず、「理想的な宮廷人」という主題を論じるのである。又その主題は今なき先代のフェデリーゴを偲ぶものである。それがわれわれたことをはっきりと浮かび上がらせる。更にしばしば例に挙げられるのは古代ギリシャ・ローマの『注解』である。最終的に理想としての手本はプラトンの『彼岸』直接的にはマルシオ・フェチーノの『注解』である。

おいすべては天上の神々の饗宴であって、ネオ・プラトン主義の思考によれば、地上のものは天上の反影であり、二千年近い年月は、貴族の世界を崩壊にまで追いつめてきたように思われる。クール・パークの背後にウルピノを見る態度は、ウルピノの宴の背後にプラトンの『饗宴』を意識することに通じる。だが『クール・パーク』一九二九年に至ると、イエイツの態度は更に複雑なものとなっている。『地獄騒動にゆれる家』の時期からのことわせる姿勢を支えているのである。イエイツは現実を見ないで過去を見る、あるいは現実の背後を過去を見る観点をカスティリオーネから学び取ってきたようと思われる。クール・パークの後には二十歳のイエイツを見る態度は、ウルピノの宴の背後にプラトンの『饗宴』を意識することに通じる。だが『クール・パーク』一九二九年に至ると、イエイツの態度は更に複雑なものとなっている。『地獄騒動にゆれる家』の時期からのことわせる姿勢を支えているのである。イエイツは現実を見ないで過去を見る、あるいは現実の背後を過去を見る観点をカスティリオーネから学び取ってきたようと思われる。クール・パークの後には二十歳のイエイツを見る態度は、ウルピノの宴の背後にプラトンの『饗宴』を意識することに通じる。だが『クール・パーク』一九二九年に至ると、イエイツの態度は更に複雑なものとなっている。
この作品が一九三三年のグレゴリー夫人の死に先だって書かれていることに注目しておきたい。

一羽の燕の飛翔に／老いた一人の婦人と彼女の家／と現在形で書かれている。この時点においてグレゴリー夫人は生存している。しかしこの心音は控えている。ハートはかくも早くからクール・パックの女主人公を懐旧の世界へ閉じ込めようと用意で

旅人の学者よ詩人よ／ここに立て
すべての部屋すべての廊下が失われた時に
若木が打ち壊された石の間に根を張った時に
すべての官能にも背を向け
太陽の輝きも／背のもたらす
そして歯ぞよ—地面に目をおとし
あの月桂冠をつけた頭部へ／一時の追憶を

この詩の書かれた時／館はまだ取り壊されてはいない。
従って詩人はまだ実現していないゲゴリー夫人の死に
重ねて、実現は更に遠い館の廃墟を歌っているのである。
しかもこの光景は確証たる現実味を帯びている。そして
その現実味はすでに過去にあったもの、我々が過去のも
のとして親しみているもののが支えているのである。かつ
てウルビノ宮廷はその栄光を誇り、やがて失われた。そこ
のことがここに繰り返されていることを我々は確認して
いるのである。第一連にある。「自然に逆らってそこに築
かれた数々の偉業」や、「ただ一つの思想は長い間かっ
て編み上げられた様々な思想／この壁の中で生み出され
たダンスの動きに似た栄光／クール・パークの「偉
業思想／栄光」であるが、それと同時に以前の宴、宮廷の
生み出したものでさえも、クール・パークの生み出したものも彼
の歴史の中に送り込まれてしまった。今は失われてし
まったものを、我々の後から来る学者や詩人たちが発
見しなくてはならない。クール・パークの宮廷の人であっ
た詩人も過去の中に組み込まれるはずであるのに、彼は
飛翔する燕の自由さで、最終連では「後から来る詩人」
言葉が得る。神話と化してしまったものにはもう誰も破壊を及ぼすことはできない。彼の理想的「宮廷」を破壊から護るために、イエイツはグレゴリー夫人の死と館の廃墟を、実現の時に先立って確立してみせたのである。

「クール・パーク、九三一年」は抽象的な作品である。「クール・パーク、九三九年」と違い、具体的イメージを提供することを拒否する。しかしこのことがクール・パークの「現実離れ」を助けていている。クール・パークはもはやこの世のものではない。この作品は詩の配置上「クール・パーク、九二九年」のすぐあとに置かれているために、読者にはあたかも一年後に再びクール・パークを訪れるかのように作品に入っていく。そしてクール・パークが過去の中に一層深く閉じられていることを発見する。我々はまず詩人の住む所から水によって導かれることである。第一連の最終行「水は生成された魂でなくて何が現実から抽象の世界に入っている」というものを、第三連の冬の森の光景は、従って歴史の冬を暗示する。

この作品は詩の聴覚を襲う。第四連は成々の聴覚を襲う。それはこの純白の一点に合わされている。床の上の枝の音、椅子から椅子へと骨折って歩く人の音、名のある人の手によって装着された愛蔵品、所狭しと置かれた古い大理石の頭像、旅人や子供たちが満ち足りて喜んだ大きな部屋部屋、この統治者を名をあげ栄誉をもたらすこともせず、愚かさから生まれ愚かなることをなした者はいない。その家系の最後の後継者、アンタレッカーによれば、この頃グレゴリー夫人は館においいて死の床にあったという話であるが、この作品においては彼女はすでに館の中に空に響くかしたまどなになっている。時がすでに冬に至っていることが、ここにすでに死の手が及んだらあの光景を我々が見ることができる。
能にしている。続いて展開されるのは、今消え失せたか
つくの華やかな宮廷の幽かなる名残りである。愛読した本
手を撫でる手、かつて彼は陥落も、一つ
が響いたであろう部屋を巡り、足音。そして一つ
手、足を感じさせ、感覚に訴えてくる。そしてこれは懐
旧の念を強め、失われてしまったもののが生じる関
せなほど遠くなってしまったことを感じさせる。ク
ール・パークの栄光は冬を背景として最後の幽かな輝
きを見つけているだけである。

基礎を置いた者たちが生きて死んでいった場所は
すべての花嫁の望みを満たしたのだ。現在
には消滅

先祖伝来の木々
結婚縁組

血族
記憶に満ちた庭園は
すべての生を大切に思われ

我々は彷徨う
すべての偉大な栄光が消滅

まるで貧しいアラビアの民とそのテントのように

と向う。「すべてあの偉大な栄光は消滅したのであ

へと向う。「すべての総数の宮廷や高名な家系

結びつき、婚姻を含んでしまう。更にはそれらの家系と

理想と仰いた歴史上のすべての宮廷、すべての家系をも。

特に庭園」と「先祖代々の木々は我々をエデンにま

で連れて行くであろう。先祖代々の木々は生命の木を暗

示して連綿する歴史の中にか、生命を流れていたすべて

と、すべての美しい宮廷や高名な家系

日誌の一部の結びつきの場はA sper

に収斂し

ていく。それはLast Intentionに対応し、歴史の終結

と向う。すべての総数の宮廷や高名な家系

ある。第五的最後の一行「貧しいアラビアの民とそのテ


－10－
Hoby, Consulable for David Nutt, 1900. £1.0 net.


Daniel A. Harris, pp. 5-6. See the note 22.

Cortina Salavadori, pp. 19-20.


— Cortina Salavadori, 47 Years and Castiglione —

Baldeur Castiglione, II Libro del Cortigiano
Thomas M. Greene, Jr., "Hilary and the
People," The People.

Bodmer, Castiglione, p. 97, p. 103.

Jerry if we were proved the people wanted Pic.

Second Subscription to the Dublin Municipal Cal.

To a Wealthy Man Who Promised a


A Norman Letters, A New Commentary on the

Tradition, Introduction (Macmillan, 1961) © E. "P" Poetry and

Autobiographicals © E. "P" "Nama" Essays

Pp. 473-4. © E. "P" "Nama" Essays


Bull" in "monological" © E. "P" "Nama.

Penguin Books (Lans. George

E © E. "P" "Nama"

O. D. A. Opdike (Duckworth, 1902) © E. "P" "Nama"

Hoby (Dent: London, 1928) © E. "P" "Nama"

(redundant)
失われた父と母

イェイツ戯曲再考

大野 光子

イェイツが自らの人生をあらゆる作品の中に晒すことを、認めざるを得ない。

小論において、私達はイェイツ戯曲の父と母の問題を考察しようとするが、ここでもまた、自伝の中でイェイツ自身が語っている父親コンプレックスを重要視し、イープス・コンプレックスの解釈を持ち込むことは行わなかった。何故なら、フロイドの批判者たるユング同様に、それこそ正しくイェイツが反撃を企てた、当の異質性であつた苦さを理解するからである。

イェイツの作品中に現れる「父」と「母」の、具体的な姿を検討するために、話をタイトルに現れた父と母か
Old Father, Old Mother, sit by the fire
And the seed of the fire gets feeble and cold.

While I must work because I am old,

The Land of Heart's Desire

And Child, Old Mother, Old Father,
A Woman Young and Old, Father, Son and Other Poems

The Song of the Old Mother

The Wind Among the Reeds

The Gold and the Silver

While I must work because I am old,

Old Father, Old Mother, sit by the fire
And the seed of the fire gets feeble and cold.

While I must work because I am old,
人工的な文章です。
man that had overcome her in battle. He said a while ago that he heard awhile boast.

Mother's son.

He said a while ago that the young man was

My house and name to none that would not face

Even myself on battle.

Upon a mortal woman.

That as men say, depart this body of mine.

As I have that clean hawk out of the air.
この戯曲で終わる訳ではない。クルースの悲劇は、イエイツにとって、優れて劇的なテーマを提供するアイルランド神話に多くを負っていたが、また制限もされていたのである。何故「父」は「息子」を殺さないのか。イエイツはまだしてこの疑問を戯曲として表現することになる。

しかも彼の最晩年の戯曲として。

Purgatoryは On Baile’s Strand の「子」であると言っても、最早奇縁は思われないであろう。だが、こ

の最後の戯曲の主人公たる老人がクルースの「もう一つの息子」だと言うのはどうであろうか。

しかし、その説明は後で述べることとして、先ずPurgatoryをみてみよう。この戯曲は、最早、古代アイルランドの英雄時代を再現するものではない。キリスト教の伝
If I had fought my father, he'd have killed me,
As certainly as if I had a son
And fought with him, I should be deadly to him;
For the old fiery fountains are far off
And every day there is less heat o' the blood.

Purgatory 6: Tragical Joy
The misery of the living and the remorse of the dead

Mankind can do no more. Appease
Release my mother's soul from its dream.

O God,

[Text continues with various symbols and characters, possibly in an encoded or non-English script.]

Richard J. Finneran, W. B. Yeats: The Poems.


ゴパンの酒と杯

「灰色の岩」について

中尾 まさみ

Poets with whom I learned my trade,
Companions of the Cheshire Cheese.
Here's an old story I've remade.

私が共に仕事を学んだ詩人たちは、勿論ライマーズ・クラブの人々であり、詩人が共に仕事の詩を廃したイエヌ・ライル составの詩人仲間を聞き手として語る。それがこの「灰色の岩」の詩である。

更に、詩人としての「私」を限定的にこの詩の登場人物のひとりとするという意味を持つことになる。

まして詩自体が述べるものである。しかしながら、「灰色の岩」という詩の書き手としてのイエヌ・ライルについて、読者は当然既に世を去っていたライマーズ・クラブの人々ではない。従って、ここで聞き手を設定することはない。

つまり、詩人の関与は、予め与えられた内容に見合う形式上で、詩に応じた詩の内容を含む詩人仲間の関わり方がある。
Before their sleepy eyelids ran (II. 26–30)

For one that was like woman made

Imaginations of their eyes,

Now from that juice that made them wise

All those had lifted up the dim
Your eyes are dazed and heavy.

The goes nearer.

No, worse, worse, worse. Feeling less lively and as dump.

To-day you are as stupid as a fish.

That emptied all our days to come. (II. 37-40)

Those undermined eyes, and curse our luck.

If we but saw in dreams that room.

We should be dazed and terror-stripped.

Before that roomful of us good. (II. 49-52)

Since, dearer comrades, you have died,

Make your images have stood.
Is slipping through her veins. She is possessed.

Look at her shivering now, the terrible life. All the day through and had such heavy eyes.

And now I know why she has been so stupid.
And she with Goban's wine adrift
No more remembering, what had been.
That only gods may buy of him (II. 18-25).

To hold the sacred still hebrews

had hammered out on mountain top

That, he, when frenzy stirred his heart,

or on some still unempted cup

On old deep silver rolling there

On metal goblet hammered at.

The smoky torches made a glare

He, that Henry's thoughts into unity

"hammer" with full aims. (120)

"Youth-drenched" wine-drenched.

"frenzy stirred his heart"
満えた杯である。一九二六年の版まで、この部分が松明
に照らされる楽器の描写であった。神々の歌う、...
ソロと、関連で楽器を配することとは、神々とライマー
ズ・クラブの詩人たちとの相似を示すのに恰好であった
とも思われるが、イェイツは杯を繰り返すことを選んで
している。素材、中に何も入っていない容器としての杯、そ
して同じゴパンの手に成る液体を操す杯、それは順序
のまま詩人がイェイツの手を通して生まれるこの「灰
色の岩」の創造のシナリオになっているのではないか。...
素材としての「古い物語」をつくったりして彼は、...
複数の語り手と聞き手の設定により、互いに浸し合わ
す固定した枠組——神話、伝説、伝記、現実の各層をつ
くりあげる。これが杯であるとすれば、その中に湯を
越で、神々の酒を浴びた眼を見ることが確認さ
らねばならないが現実の層の人間について繰り返さ
るのも、この流動性に対応する。ゴパンの二つの創造物、
杯と酒が神々の姿を司るように、イェイツのこの詩も、
固定と流動の両者が同時に存在して成立するものである。
条を理解する者で也有る。ライマーズに対して、一方で
流動性と対を成すものである。そして、その枠の中で、
自らその位置を対応させるのである。ゴパンが神々の姿
を見せているかどうかは、詩の中では明らかにされ
ないが、それよりもこの詩の中で彼の名が語られるのは、
必ずその二つの創造物を通してである。そしてその創造
物、杯と酒が神々の物語の展開に決定的な役割を果すよ
うに、イエイツも固定と流動の二つの要素を通じて、自
ら見え隠れるながら詩を展開してゆくのである。
「灰色の岩」が、イエイツの詩人としての立場を表明
する。詩の表現が、イエイツにだっては、複雑な構造をつくり出し、操作し
ながら自分自身をも自身の創造物の中に組み込んでゆく
というその手法をまた詩人の作品へのある関わり方とし
て提起されているのである。その関わり方の後のイエイ
ツ詩における展開を論ずるのには、別の機会を待たねばな
らないが、『私』の二重のあり方は、例えば「一九一六
年」という語が、今は別の層に属する者になっている
ように、「私」が述べるとき、現在完了時制がはっきりと、「私」
体現する存在であることを示している。無論、ここには
その一方で、これらの層のすべてが、観点を変えれば、
観点を変えれば、
既に詩人の掌中に取められているともいえる。すなわち、
手エイツにとっては、複数の層を並列し、断片的とさ
てをつくり出し、読者に向って提示する本来の書き
うえ言葉を程々と交代させて、その枠を強調する手
が二つの層に属し、そしてその間を往き来する、流動を
ラーマーズ・クラップの詩人たちがスリーブナモンの館に
集う神々に対応するとはすれば、イエイツ自身は、ゴパンが
その仲間たちのように、彼もいずれはもうひとつの層、
神々の層へと移動してゆくであろうという自負も含まれ
ている。

『I have kept my faith』(124)と、


Aeschylus, P. 58.

The Grey Rock, p. 192.
and p. 372, "The Phases of the Moon" in Memory of Major Robert Gregory, p. 3-5.


A sort of battered kettle at the heel.

As to a dog's tail...
なら。ここではイエイツは、老いて行く自分を「塔」
とは違って、冷静に見つめながら青春のノスタルジアを
歌う。
「ピザンティエへの船旅」の第一連のテーマは、情感
と心霊の世界の闇争であると言える。この第二連での自
然の豊饒の贄歌は、同じテーマを、同時代の詩人ホプキ
ンズ（G.M. Hopkins）の詩「神よ、たえ私が言い争お
うともあなたは正しい」（'Thou art indeed, Lord,
if I contend」の中で、老年の不毛（sterility）を、創造
力の喪失のシンボルとしていることに著しい対比をな
している。またこれは「塔」での肉体の老いと魂の輝
きの対比が示されている。

「塔」の第二連では、イエイツは、想像と現実の関係を
過去の回想を通じて、故人となっていた今自分自身の豊富
な想像力に結びつけて行く。詩は、自分の住んでいるパ
リリャの近くで起こった過去のさまざまな出来事の話か
ら始まる。小高い胸壁の上を歩きながら、現実の大きくな
なり塔の近くで起った過去のさまざまな出来事を思い出
す。塔の廃墟や、そそり立つ枯れた大木を見ながら、追憶と

イエイツは、自身が貴族の出身でなかった為の上流階
級への憧れを、昔近くに住んでいたフレンチ家での出来
事を通じて述べている。召使いが女主人を喜ばす為に、
不道徳な小作人の耳を切って皿にのせて食堂に運んだ為
に、現実にあたった事件を記に、十八世紀の貴族階級の
横暴さを伝えている。同時に、この常識を逸した行動に、
もしかしたら自分も若い頃生意気だと思われて、こんな
目に会ったかもしれないという想像を回想に重ねている
様にも思える。

続いてイエイツは、「青春時代の恋人」モード・ゴン（Maud
Gonne）への追憶と想像を結びつける。その思い出は、
何となくモード・ゴンを連想させる田舎娘について語ら
れる。盲目的詩人が歌った花の娘、そして彼女を一目
見るようになった百姓達が夢中になり、一人の男が、太陽
の光と幻想の月明かりを取り違えてクロームの沼に落ちて死
んでしまう事が述べられている。ここでは、幻想と月光、
現実を太陽と言った対比が見られる。
また自分の詩詩にも人々の心をざわらせる程不可思議な力を
があるだろうか。イエットは反問する。次にイエット
は、自分が二十年前に、ハンラハン(Haurahan)、という
貧しい田舎教師で、青春時代のイエットを代表する。ハ
ンラハンは、結婚相手の恋人を思いながらも、トランプ
遊びに夢中になって、魔法の世界の犬よ鬼を追いかけ
たまま、一年たって恋人の所を尋ねた時には、彼女は
もう他人と結婚していた。ハンラハンは頭がよかったが、
決心した事を遂行出来ない若き男である。

イエットの青春時代のロマンチックな誤差は、この
「塔」の中の事を切られた小作人とか、沼に溺れた百姓
をか、恋人を失った田舎教師ハンラハンによって巧みに
現わされている。これらはイエットの年とともに増々拡
がって行く想像力を歩香する。

彼は現在自分が住んでいる塔にかつて住んでいた人達
にも思いを秘せ、過去のすべての人々が幻想の世界に登
場する事を願うのである。

そしてイエットは、男も女も、手持ち貧乏人も、自分
と同じ振に老年について、人前で、又はひそかに、やり
れない怒りを覚えたのではなかったろうか。

（Did all old men and women, rich and poor, / "Whether in public or in secret rage / As I do now against old age?"

第38章

「塔」の二連の結びは、彼がモード・ゴンに結婚する
It is time that I write my Will.

Soul clap its hands and sing

"The Soul (William Blake) is a lettered car upon a stick"

"Vision (A Vision of the City"

"A Pretty time"

"secation" (Accounting School Children)

"Most/Upon a woman won of woman lost"

"Does the imagination dwell the
最後の歌の様に、自分の気持ちを力強く表現しようと考える。

彼の真の意図が現れている様に思える。

彼の現在の魂の状態を告白する。肉体は衰え、死にかけた動物の様に衰えた肉体にしばられながら、過去の自分にはっきり別れを告げて新しい船旅を考えているのを見ても明らかである。

イエイツは「ビザンティンへの船旅」を書いた一年前、ロスキン（John Ruskin）の「ペニスの石（The Stones of Venice, 1853-3）」を読んで、ビザンティンの歴史や美術を詳しく研究したと思える。こうして老年という現実に直面したイエイツは、魂の国、ビザンティンに行っ

新しい人生を始めようと決心した。「ビザンティンへの船旅」という題が、現在進行形で書かれている所に作

不思議の庭（1857）の中から輪廻再生の死後の世界が、不死鳥の様に生きる事を望んでいる。

これはキツ（John Keats）が「夜鶴による憂き歌」（Ode to a Nightingale, 1819）で、青春の自由と放
W. R. Yeats, "The Lover Plead with His Friend"

"There is no need for the past to trouble us...

The lover pleads with his friend,

The lover pleads with his friend..."
日本イェイツ協会第22回大会報告

時／ 昭和61年10月25日（土）
所／ 京都大学楽友会館
〒606 京都市左京区近衛町（☎075-751-1100）

開会の辞 会 長 大 浦 幸 男 氏
挨 拶 アイルランド大使 ショーン・G. ローナン 氏
講 演 司 会 前 波 清 一 氏
Yeats and Childhood Dr. Declan Kiberd
University College, Dublin

昼食・総会 総司会 野 中 涼 氏
『役員交代の件、経過報告、会計報告その他』

研究発表 司 会 渡 辺 久 義 氏
1. 「灰色の岩」について……………………中 尾 まさみ 氏
2. イェイツに見られる青春への憧れ………中 川 浪 子 氏
3. イェイツにおけるイタリア的要素
ークール・パークをめぐって………飯 沼 万里子 氏
（休 憩）

シンポジウム 司 会 大 貫 三 郎 氏
"Under Ben Bulben" をめぐって
発言者 杉 山 義美 氏・山崎 弘行 氏・羽矢 謙一 氏

役員交代の件

名誉会長 大 浦 幸 男 氏
会 長 大 貫 三 郎 氏
事務局 東京都新宿区戸山1－24－1
早稲田大学文学部虎岩研究室

総会において上記の如く決定致しました。

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Uncle Ben Bulben

[...]
of the past are often placed in contrast to the unheroic

Song (1985) in The Horned Grebe, France: Faber

\textit{Yeats: A Factual and \textit{Horsemanship, The Horseman, and


D. H. Lawrence and \textit{Critical Essays}

An Academic of Greece's "The Horseman". "The

Under Ben Bulben", "Creeed" and "His Con-

An Introduction to Greece's "The Horseman". "The

Under Ben Bulben", "Creeed" and "His Con-

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Under Ben Bulben", "Creeed" and "His Con-

An Introduction to Greece's "The Horseman". "The

Under Ben Bulben", "Creeed" and "His Con-
Many times, I find myself turning my mind on other days.

Cast your mind on other days.

The measurements of a plump, measured face.

The measurements are a mere number, a statistic, a calculation, a number. "The Rose of Ire, The Irish Rose, The Saxon Rose" were all phrases used to describe the beauty of a particular face. But what is beauty? Is it a measurement, a calculation, a number? Is it something that can be quantify? Is it something that can be measured?
Look upon life and death: there is no separation.
When I wrote my book I found that the poem had been neglected for many years.


Poet's Epoche: A Key to Symbolic Unity in His Poems. Six Themes, Six Poems, Four Themes, Four Poems, Two Themes, Two Poems.
ベン・バルベンの麓にて

一九八〇年の夏、私はイェイツ・サマースクール参加を兼ねて、スライヴォールを訪れる機会を得た。作家や作品ゆかりの地に詣でる旅が、作品に喚起されるイメージと現実のギャップにたとえそれを予測していたとしても、落胆、幻滅に終ることが多いものだが、少くとも私にとってはスライヴォールへのこの巡礼の旅は、感動と発見の多い貴重な体験となった。イェイツの作品に言及された地名ノックナリーや、ロスス・ポイント、グレインカーニャの滝、そして何よりもベン・バルベン………現実の視覚的イメージは、以来、作品のイメージと重なり、後者にふくらみとsolidityを与えてくる。

杉山 寿美子
the doors they passed through in childhood...
were born, and for the mountains they saw from
that so many feel for the little town where they

[In Allingham] is enthralled that passionate devotion

—
祖父の住居の正面にベン・バーリェンが戸を通り抜けて、ロンドンから帰郷する少年を最初に迎えたのがこの山であり、戸口を通るたびに見るのもなくいつもあの個性的な横顔が見えていったという。実は、偶然の一致を超えて、何か運命的としか形容しがたい詩人と、ベン・バーリェンが風景を決める地との絆の深さを、無言に証言しているようである。

こうして、その地に対するイェイツの心情は、「熱い信仰」という言葉に最もよく表われている。スライゴーはとりわけ神話、伝説などの物語を数多く伝えている。「世界の中心」であり、「町をとり戻す」が手伝った。上記のような場面は、人生の旅の中で、熱い信仰を示すために、年月を経るにつれて、祖国とその人々への愛と懸念の両極に引き裂かれ苦悩する人生の旅の中で、「熱い信仰」を示す。"聖なる山"と、その山が戸口のスライゴーは、常に魂が帰る場所を用意し、迎えてくれた。
イエイツがアイルランド詩人として詩的生涯の出発点を
スライゴの風土に求め、当時、自分自身に、また詩人
仲間に、ナショナルな主題の、それ以前に、ネイティブ
な、ローカルな主題の必要性と重要性を説き続けた背後
には、単なるナショナリズム的意図のみならず、この壮
大な詩的ヴィジョンがあったのである。しかしそれが詩
作に実践、実現されるには、数十年の年月を必要とする。

われわれの知性は、二十才にして、生涯に発見する
真理全てを含んでいる。」とは、イエイツの自誇の隨
所にみられる格言の一つである。その普遍的
妥当性はともかく、この詩人の言葉の多くがそうである
ように、イエイツ自身の真理を含んだ言葉ではあろう。上
記の記事の中で、二十三才の詩人はすでに自らの後期の
詩の世界を予言しているのである。むしろ、若き日の詩
人が、当時心酔していたロマン派詩人の一人、ブレイク
の影響下に形成した詩的ヴィジョンは、壮年期の経験と
その後に積み重ねられた詩的テクニックを支えて、後期
の詩の中でようやく実現をみた、と言うべきかもしれない
ない。後期の大作の一つ「内戦時の瞑想」は、いわば「成
長期の少年」詩的ヴィジョンが、「老いゆく」詩人に
よって詩作に実現された典型的な一例である。この中で、
アイルランド西海岸の「イエイツの石の土地」に建つ
家次元の状況を考え、更に、人類の歴史上初めて経験
した大戦という大惨事の後遺症に悩むヨーロッパの、世
界の状況へと拡大、ついには、すでに「再来」において衝
撃的表現が与えられ、やがて「ヴィジョン」に展開される
ことになるイエイツの「歴史体系」へと包摂される——まさに
ローカル、ナショナル、インターナショナル、コメディ
ックな次元が、同心円の輪を描いて、「内戦時の瞑想」の
壮大なオーケストレーションを形成しているのである。
この作品が、バリリーテラを題材にして、バリリーテラに
おいて書かれた、いわゆるTower Poemsの一つである。
ことは言うまでもない。この詩が書かれた一九三三年、
バリリーテラが詩人の「我が家」となって、数年が経過し

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イエイツがバリンタの所有を思い立った経緯には、「イエイツ的複雑多岐な動機」「塔にはまつる様
々なイメージ」と連想が絡んでいたことは事実である。
しかし、例えばバリンタが「アクセルの城」のイエイツ版だったなら、イエイツが、長年その創作活動の相点だ
定める必要はなかったはずである。イエイツの西海
岸」「私の想像力の中では、アイルランドは常にノルマ
ン時代に廃れる数世紀のアイルランドの歴史と伝統を秘め
て建つ塔であってこそ、バリンタは「イエイツの塔」
としての意味を持っていた。この単純な、少しかも基本
的な事実を忘れてはならないだろう。その意味で、バリン
タは、詩の生涯の初めにうかぶれた詩的ヴィジョ
リ塔は、「彼がリタの初めにうかぶれた詩的ヴィジョ
テイプな、ローカルな要素の重要性を強調するイエイツ
の詩的信条は、それ以後も、様々な発言に表われてい

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「アイルランドの人々のために創作活動を続けるつ
もりです。それ故に、彼たちに対する愛から、感激し
たロンドンを引き払い、ダブリンをとび越えて、不便さ
れた場所で詩を書いた」という願
望を、意識的に放棄したわけではない。作品は、細部に至るまで、アイルランドを念頭において
再現され去られているものの、数十年を経て、急に現象化し
e
たわけではない。ナショナルな、それ以前に可能なら、ネ

---

where you belong.「イエイツの帰属する場所、それは

---

參考文献(15)
never stood on its battle fields or walked its
hospitals, and so write...almost unrelated scenes,
and so write...almost unrelated scenes,
and so write...almost unrelated scenes,
and so write...almost unrelated scenes,

We have no right to set a statesman right...
A poet's mouth be silent, for in truth...
I think it better that in times like these

--「べきさ拝神殿cdb」, 』

What you had seen or heard, as a man is by what
you were expected, almost beyond endurance by
you were expected, almost beyond endurance by
you were expected, almost beyond endurance by

You were interested in the Irish Civil War, and at

as you might in a leading article...

You were interested in the Irish Civil War, and at

happens under his window, and you moved us.
what you had seen or heard, as a man is by what
you were expected, almost beyond endurance by
you were expected, almost beyond endurance by

You were interested in the Irish Civil War, and at

as you might in a leading article...
二週間のイエイツ・サマースクール会期中に組み込まれる恒例の行事の一つが、ドラマクリフの教会にあ る一義的コンテクストは、このコンテクストにおいてで人間を重視するイエイツの詩編の生涯は完結する。詩人のデスメメント、彼女の人間の墓地への祈りと、仮の祈りである。ケルトの十字架を右に見えて、教会の庭へ入り、詩人の墓地の前に立っ
た私は、一瞬、目が見えずにした。そこにあるのは何の変
哲もない墓地だった。何か豪壮な碑を期待していたわけ
In Drumhelli Churhyard Yeats is laid...

Under bare Ben Bulben's head

The Letters of W. B. Yeats, ed. Alien Wade

W. B. Yeats, Exploration(1ondon:Macmillan,


Loc. cit.


Others
Under the British Empire’s reign...
In Democratic Character, Yeats is fond of


W. B. Yeats’ Letters to the Viceroy, ed. M. Croft.


The Poetics of W. B. Yeats, ed. A. N. Wace

Joseph Hone, op. cit., p. 478.

Ibid., p. 740-1.

The Letters of W. B. Yeats, p. 613.

Quoted in Joseph Hone, W. B. Yeats’s 1865-1939

Ibid., pp. 92-3.

彼の最後の発言である。リルケのこの死生観は、生と死をつとめに抱き込んだより広い領域、いわば二重領域とも言べきものについての観念をもなっている。（中略）「ドゥイノの悲歌」と「オルフォイスに寄せるソネット」の詩集信告書としての意義を表わすのに、リルケと亡くなる一年間で書いた解説の手紙の言葉ほどふさわしいものはない。リルケは述べている。「ドゥイノの悲歌」においては、生の肯定を死の肯定という死の肯定は、同一のものとして示されている。死とは、私たちに背を向けた、私達の光りの差さない生の側面である。彼岸も此岸もあるわけではない。ただ、大いな統一があるのみだ。

リルケの晩年の死生観を述べたこの一節には、イエイツの当惑と嫌悪を招き、イエイツに墓碑銘を書かせた直接的な要因だと推定できるものがいくつか見られる。まず、イエイツの墓碑銘の中核部『cast a cold eye』On life and deathという詩行は、ローズがこの一節で使っている「死と生についての見解をあらわす彼の最後の発言」（his final poetic utterance of the outlook）である。詩の意地を問う詩の唯一の意地を求めるイエイツのようないた詩人が書いた詩の一節の豊かな学識を有するイエイツの詩集信告書においては、ローズのこの言葉が墓碑銘を書く直接的な契機となったのはずであり、従って、その意地的意味を理解するための最も関連性の高い証拠としたのはずだということがただである。この証拠としての意義を有しているとローズが述べていることから判断して、リルケが最終的に到達した墓碑銘の原型を彼に書かせ、ひいてはこれを母体とした「ビルベン山の麓を多用し信告書にふさわしい形式で作られており、し
「His Convictions」という題がついていたのである。第
三に、「生の肯定と死の否定は同一である」（"the
affirmation of life and the affirmation of
death"）を、リークのいわば肯定的な死生観に挑戦する
気持で書いたのではないかということを少し述べるとも言え
るのではないかか。しかしこれだけでは、イエイツの
当惑と嫌悪の理由説明としても、また墓碑銘の真意の
明としてもいままだ不十分であろう。幸いにも、イエイツ
は、われが彼の当惑と嫌悪の理由と墓碑銘の真意をも
と詳しく知るための手掛かりを残してくれている。ロ
ーズの論文に言及した問題の手紙を書いてから二ヶ月ほ
ど後に、小説家エセル・マニに送った手紙のなかで、
イエイツはローズの論文を再読したことを告白すると、
次のようになってある。

リールによると、人間の死は人間とともに生れてくる
ものである。そして、もしその生が成功して、単なる
集団の死を免れるなら、彼の本性は、死との最終
的な関係にあたることは明らかであろう。以上のこと
を、イエイツは「Cast a cold eye」の死を例として示している。

この手紙の一節でイエイツがリークの死の観念として
紹介しているのは、明らかに「固有の死」の観念として
の死を表すとすることを含むものである。イエイツが指摘している事実は、彼が
固有の死の観念の見本としている理由として、墓碑銘の真意を
さぐるための見返しが手掛かりである。実は、このイエ
イツの指摘は誤読か記憶違いによる誤りで、ローズの論
文を読むと、「固有の死」の見本としてハムレットの死
を示したのはリークではなく、リークと同時代の哲学者
ジンメルであることが解かる。いずれにせよ、ハムレッ
トに代表されるシェイクスピアの悲劇の英雄の死を「固
有の死」と見なす考え方に接して、イエイツが激しい嫌
悪と当惑を感じたであろうことは想像に難くない。とい
うのもイエイツは、シェイクスピアの悲劇の英雄の死に、
芸術はすべて喜びに満ちた新婚者用の部屋だ。偉大な
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芸術はすべて喜びに満ちた新婚者用の部屋だ。偉大な
ジェイクスピアの英雄は、表情やセリフの持つ比喩的形
式によって（中略）死の近づく瞬間のエクスタシーを
われわれに伝えている。（中略）しかし、万事は冷たく
なければならぬ。クレオパトラを演じてすずる泣い
た女優一人もいない。（中略）想像力は踊り、感覚
を越えた原初的な水の中へと運び込まれなければなら
ない。かつ私は、夜明のように冷たく情熱的な詩を書
く積もりだと自慢に公言したのだ。

優れた文学作品に見られる「認識の冷たさ」に対するイ
エイツの強い共感は、さきに言及した「ボイラーの上で」
にも窺える。このなかで、彼は、ベン・ジョンソンの風
刺喜劇「ドナルド・シェイクスピア」の結末にさえ「冷たい非情さ」
を読み取り共感を表明している。また、アイルランド人
の精神には、パーカード・ジョフュに見られるように、今
なお「古代の爆発せんばかりの激しく冷たい公平さ」が
息づいているとはとらえざるをえない。さらに、イエイ
ツは同書のなかで、このような意味の悲劇的瞬間のエク
スタシーこそ文学家としての自分がこれまで目指してきた
ものである。たとえそれが、過去の死滅した芸術の属性
だとしても、また、現代人が別の新しい芸術を好み、こ
れを顧みないとしても自分は構わない、この悲劇的瞬間
は、死の床についてもなお自分につきまとって離れないと
見えるだろう。という趣旨のことを書いている。このように
いえるのではなくだろうか。興味深いことに、上述のドロ
イツはローズにあって礼状を書いている。本稿の論旨に
直接関係する部分のみ引用しておきたい。

十日ほど前に帰宅して貴方の送ってくれた本を読み始
めた。まず貴方の論文から始めた（中略）、死のことを
思考し、重要視していることには不快感を覚えた。これ
は私がアイルランド文学にとった異質な主題である。

そこで余白に

Draw rein; draw breath.  
Cast a cold eye.
Do the work. A man's trade is his convenient | mount to mountain. Ride the fierce horseman.

Horsemanship's art, / Where Ben Bubin sets the scene! / Those horsemen... / Now they ride the wintry dawn.

"Sweat by pal".
想像力による救済

羽矢 謙一

「バルベランの獅子」は従来あまり評判が良くない。イェイツの思想の中にあるいろいろな主題が一通り出揃ってくるように見えるもの。一つ一つも良く分からぬ。全体は六つの節に分かれているが、それらを読んでばらばらに並べられているに過ぎず、全体を通じて一貫した主題は見付けにくい。そういう焦立ちにも似た非難がある。一体この詩は何なのか。詩人は誰に向かって喋っているのか。何かを訴えようとしているのか。は分からぬが、一体何を訴えようとしているのか。六つの節は互いに連関している。誰に向かって語られているかということが解るが、一体何を語られているのか。詩人は誰に向かって喋っているのか。何かを訴えようとしているのか。は分からぬが、一体何を訴えようとしているのか。六つの節は互いに連関している。誰に向かって語られているかということが解るが、一体何を語られているのか。詩人は誰に向かって喋っているのか。何かを訴えようとしているのか。は分からぬが、一体何を訴えようとしているのか。六つの節は互いに連関している。誰に向かって語られているかということが解るが、一体何を語られているのか。詩人は誰に向かって喋っているのか。何かを訴えようとしているのか。は分からぬが、一体何を訴えようとしているのか。六つの節は互いに連関している。誰に向かって語られているかということが解るが、一体何を語られているのか。詩人は誰に向かって喋っているのか。何かを訴えようとしているのか。は分からぬが、一体何を語られているのか。詩人は誰に向かって喋っているのか。何かを訴えようとしているのか。は分からぬが、一体何を語られているのか。詩人は誰に向かって喋っているのか。何かを訴えようとしているのか。は分からぬが、一体何を語られているのか。詩人は誰に向かって喋っているのか。何かを訴えようとしているのか。は分からぬが、一体何を語られているのか。詩人は誰に向かって喋っているのか。何かを訴えようとしているのか。は分からぬが、一体何を語られているのか。詩人は誰に向かって喋っているのか。何かを訴えようとしているのか。は分からぬが、一体何を語られているのか。詩人は誰に向かって喋っているのか。何かを訴えようとしているのか。は分からぬが、一体何を語られているのか。詩人は誰に向かって喋っているのか。何かを訴えようとしているのか。は分からぬが、一体何を語られているのか。詩人は誰に向かって喋っているのか。何かを訴えようとしているのか。は分からぬが、一体何を語られているのか。詩人は誰に向かって喋っているのか。何かを訴えようとしているのか。は分からぬが、一体何を語られているのか。詩人は誰に向かって喋っているのか。何かを訴えようとしているのか。は分からぬが、一体何を語されているのか。詩人は誰に向かって喋っているのか。何かを訴えようとしているのか。は分からぬが、一体何を語られて
Climbing to our proper dark, that we may trace,
And by its formless-spouting fury wrecked,
But throng upon this filthy modern tide
We Irish born into that ancient sect

The Susans of a plumed-measured face.
Confusion fell upon our thought.
シャ文化の世界よりは遥かに古い、少なくとも紀元前十世紀以前の世界が、詩人の目前に展開しているのである。

マーオティス湖の辺りで、賢者が語った言葉を誓うとして誓え

イエイはアイルランドの芸術家たちに向かって「誓い、また豊饒の慈母としてのナイル川と同じ一視さ
れ、また他の力を持つ太陽の力と同一視さる
る者、つまり、私を異論すことを誓えと言って私
との約束を実現することが誓えと言うのである。そこで
その誓いの証人として立ち会うべく、引合いに出され
る者を誰か。まず古代エジプトの賢者たちである。マレ
オティス湖とは古代地中海文明の一端点であったアレキ
サンドリアの後に残された湖で、今はエル・マリアト
（El Maric）と呼ばれているそうである。この湖のほと
りに古代エジプトの時代、エジプトの主神オシリスとそ
の妻イシスとの間に生まれた息子ホーリスを祀る神殿が
あった。賢者たちとはオシリスに仕える僧侶たちのこと
であり、彼らはオシリスの神を絶対する者たちであっ
た。
複活の時到来を告げる古代世界からの声間こえているのだ。

その言葉こそはアトラスの山並みに住む妖精たちの魂

エジプトの西方、今日のモロッコの辺り、つまりエジプトと同じく地中海世界に属するアトラス山脈に住む妖精とは誰たる人の魂の象徴だ。この妖精が伝えた賢者の言葉を今またイエイツはアイルランドの芸術家の魂に向かって伝えようとするものである。

古代アイルランドの世界に住んだシーソ（Síth）と呼ばれる、超人的な力を持ち、男や女の姿をした風の精たちの姿がある、冬の夜明けの空を飛びまわっているのは、あきらめないもなおアイルランドの空を、パルベン山を見下ろしながら今もなおアイルランドの空を、パルベン山を見下ろしながら元々（other days）に引き戻したいのであろう。この二つの物語の前では一人の人間の生死など、何の意味も持たないのである。馬に跨ってパルベン山の上を天翔けり行く人、芸術家の魂と想像力は、アイルランドの人々の精神の中にある、古代世界からの贈り物である。イエイツは現代の芸術家の魂を、代々受け継がれて行くものである。常に日常の現実の中に安らうことに満足しないで、何かを求める何かに命を賭して行く魂である。それは一種の狂いだった。
（madness）の世界だ。

わゆる分別とか、冷静な計算とかいうようなことは一切排し、狂ったように戦う精神だ。

定められた自分の運命に従って生きて行くという分別の入込余地のない生き方だ。結婚にしろ、就職にしろ、仕事や女性に出会うだろう。だが、人の魂は一度は完全な物を、美しい夢を追い求めて闘雲に走って行く筈である。

そういう物を求めて人の魂が戦う時、何かが見えて来るだろう。澄んだ目で物事が本当の姿を見ることが出来た。

間にはまた新たな完全を求める戦いが始まるだろう。しかし、ここに問題がある。

情熱の完成や、美しい夢を見るということを言うならば、それを最も分かりやすく、烈しい例は英雄主義であり、武裝闘争や戦争という形での暴力行為ではないか。悪い

立運動の指導者ジョン・ミッチェルの日記の中に現われた「神よ、われらに平和ではなく、戦争を与え給え」という一節を引用して書いていることだ。イェイツは決して武器を取ってアイルランドの芸術家たちに訴えているのではない。そうではないが、それでも、「人が狂ったように戦う時で始まる数行をこの詩の中で書いた時、彼がかつて、一九八六年の復活祭の蜂起の報を聞いて、大いに心を揺さ

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Before the secret working mind:

...that there's a purpose set
And when it's vanished still declare,
When sleepers wake and yet still dream,
Resemble forms that are or seem
Flowers and grass and cloudless sky,
Where everything that meets the eye,
On backgrounds for a God or Saint
Quartered put in pain
That heavens had opened,
With only bed and besetted there.
アイルランドの詩人たちよ、君たちの仕事を見失なうことから始めよ、イエイツは言う。それは「形」の回復の勧めである。「形」とは西欧の精神にとっては、秩序立った魂のことに他ならぬ。計測された物というのも、ちんと形の整った物のことを言うのである。現代西欧がもたらした、実利的、物質主義的で哲学的思考を嫌い、政治経済を優先する文明に目を向けるな。

百姓や乗馬に励む郷士や、聖なる修道士や、黒いビールを飲んでは好色なことを喫り、高笑いする男たちや、七百年の堂々たる時代を経た後に今は土くずと化してしまった貴族や淑女たち、これらの人々のことを歌えといふイエイツの両角の詩人たちに寄せる勧めは確かに時代離れのした牧歌的な楽天主義の旬がして、しかも後向きの感じがするところである。しかしながら、このイエイツの勧めこそ彼の反時代、反現代の意識と裏一

エイツの中心こそ彼の反現代、反現代の意識と裏一

体の物なのだ。彼の反現代の意識は、豊かな人間性に溢れる物を愛し、硬直した物を嫌う精神、ひもっちい物を嫌って高潔な心を愛し、人間の生きる知恵を尊ぶ精神と、直結しているのであり、それは共に、「不屈なるアイルランド人気質」が今なおアイルランドの人々の魂の中から完全に失われてしまっているわけではないことを信じたいのである。今イエイツの耳には、Merry EnglandならばMerry Irelandの、明らかに人々の笑い声が響いているのだ。

イエイツの肉体と魂はパルベン山の麓に安らぎ、山上の天空を天翔して行く騎馬の人の幻影に呼び掛ける。そ

の騎士の姿は遠か古代のアイルランドの世界に、風に乗ってパルベン山の上空を走ったシーテ形の姿とも重なっ

て見える。だが同時に、騎士が跨がる馬は古代ギリシャのヘリコンの山から来た、翼を持つ詩の馬ベガサスの

— 75 —
First please learn your name. 

Sign wherever it will make sense...
書評
時流に適った野心的な試み

島 弘之

山崎弘行氏は「イェイツ—決定不可能性の詩人」の第一章で行なっているように、イェイツと脱構築（氏に「解体構築」と呼べばよい）の関わりについて日本語で反動的にも「進歩的」にもなるとせざるを得ず、看過し難いアポリア群と自力で格闘しようとするとする姿勢を評者は高く評価する。他に「序」を中心に、「決定不可能性と解釈の妥当性」という巻頭の一文の表題が著者の視座を明らかに打ち立てるに到っているポスト構造主義的批評状況に参加すべきだと言える。
"It seems the dancer and the dance are one"
「自伝」の執筆という行為自体が存する解釈学的な理解

文字どおり受け取ろうとする「大胆」な発想にも驚かれるよう。「英語圏のイェイツ研究者も事実上形成している「解釈共同体」の不文律に縛られることがなく、イェイツを読む上に徹しているという意味である。ド・マンの博士論文は、山崎氏にとは「欧米の批評界でディコンストラクションの戦略が実践された最初の例」であるようだが、評者にとっては「ある意味で」という説明の相乗効果を批評するというよりも、文字どおり伝記的なイェイツ論とという観点が強まる。それによる講義、その前後、あるいはその他の講義の形成、それが批評を含めたものである、と明言されているので、先に挙げた、山崎氏の場合は、ド・マンを批評の増加を知る以前に書いた論考に手を加えたものである、ということもまたそうである。語原の場合は、M・H・イェイツマスの「自然的超自然主義」とド・マンの「盲目と明視」という共に一九七七年に刊行された対照的な内容の書物を比較検討した第一章の問題意識が、後章では徐々に薄れて、協力の詩におけるリフレインの構造、終生が山崎のもとを有した発表の記録を含む「郫」は、二十歳にして既に最盛期の言葉を明鏡ではないか。
書評
(無署名)
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thing desirable. Rose concludes Rilke does belong to the second group. He then goes on to explain the conception of "der eigne Tod" peculiar to Rilke. To do so, he quotes a number of famous passages from Rilke's representative works. Rose also gives the death of Shakespeare's tragic heroes as its example. Towards the end of his essay, he writes about Rilke's final view of "der eigne Tod":

...the Sonette an Orpheus and the Duineser Elegien are his final poetic utterance of the outlook on life and death to which he had won through. . . . . . , their significance as his spiritual testament cannot be better expressed than in the words of an explanatory letter he wrote a year before his death. In the Elegies, he said, the affirmation of life and the affirmation of death are one. . . there is neither a here nor a beyond, but only the great unity. . .

The author believes that Yeats was thinking of, among others, this passage when he wrote the epitaph in disgust. As is well known, from the beginning of his poetic career to the end, he was almost constantly preoccupied with "tragical joy," a kind of ecstasy which visits any tragic hero that is ready to cast a cold eye on his death. Yeats often gave the death of Shakespeare's tragic heroes as its example. In the light of this background, he seems to have meant both a challenge to Rilke's harmonious and affirmative view of life and death, and a testamentary statement of his belief in "tragical joy," by his epitaph which has so far struck the sophisticated reader as cynical and skeptical. This interpretation of the epitaph is altogether in keeping with the general tone of "Under Ben Bulben" as well as its contemporary works Last Poems and On the Boiler.
stage of his career, he succeeded in what he envisioned in his early twenties only in his later poetry. There, his possession of and residence in Thoor Ballylee really enabled the poet to “reach out to the universe with a gloved hand”; that glove being what happened on “the road at my door” and “the stare’s nest by my window,” if not “the cobwebs on your walls.” In “Meditations in Time of Civil War,” a typical Tower poem, the horror raging around the poet’s own tower in the west of Ireland was part of the scene of the nationwide horror of the civil war; this national crisis in its turn reflected a larger world disorder which erupted in the Great War; and finally it was seen as a sign of the “decline of the west” in Yeats’s “system,” his cosmic view of history — thus the local, the national, the international, and the cosmic expand in concentric circles in time and place to form the poet’s rich “meditations in time of civil war.” But at every stage he had his foot at the right centre of the widening circles — or “the centre cannot hold.” “I never consciously abandoned the wish to write out of the scenery of my own country,” Yeats said in 1916. As he moved into the later stage of his life, his work really became interwoven, more closely than even before, with the landscapes of the place to which he felt he really belonged. And in “Under Ben Bulben,” the poet, after a lifetime of a kind of Odyssey, returned to the scene where that mountain with its majestic contours dominate the surrounding countryside and which he chose for his final resting-place; the poem concluding with the Epitaph to be cut on his tombstone. This is one context, and the primary one, in which Yeats’s last will and testament should be read.

YEATS’S EPITAPH, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO “RILKE AND THE CONCEPTION OF DEATH”
BY WILLIAM ROSE

Hiroyuki YAMASAKI

In 1938 Yeats read William Rose’s essay “Rilke and the Conception of Death” and got “annoyed,” or “hurled to the floor in disgust” the book containing the essay, which caused him immediately to write the first version of his epitaph. In this paper, the author, examining Rose’s essay and Yeats’s responses to it, tries to consider which aspect of Rose’s essay actually annoyed and disgusted him, so that we could pinpoint his intended meaning of the highly controversial epitaph as exactly as ever.

What Rose persistently discusses throughout his essay in Rilke’s conception of “der eigne Tod” (the personal death). He first classifies the German creative writers of the early twentieth century into two groups, depending upon their attitude to death. The first group is under the influence of Schopenhauer who holds that death involves annihilation, whereas the second comes close to Novalis who regards death as some-
intentions would be made clear, when we collect the accurate materials, and have a point of view as definite and narrow as possible. It would be illuminating to compare Yeats's outlook on life and death with that of Rilke who wrote the epitaph too.

Reading through sections I to VI, we may say one of Yeats's prime themes was 'Irish Identity.' Wasn't 'Irish Identity' more or less connected with the tradition of European cultures — Greek since, say, the fifth century B.C., Latin, Renaissance, Modern? The words 'measurement' in section IV and 'measure' in other poems express an important idea concerning creative occupation of sculpture, painting, music and poetry. Michael Angelo should not be looked down. We could not attain 'the divine perfection'; we can at least aim at 'the profane perfection.' For Yeats the evils in modern world come after, not before, 'Confusion fell upon our thought.' The subjects for the poets are dealt with in section V. The concrete contents of 'Cast your mind on other days' are obvious to be tied to the modern tradition. 'Other days' covers both future and past. The poets should recur to the past in a historical cycle, 'Many times man lives and dies.'

WHERE BEN BULBEN SETS THE SCENE

Sumiko SUGIYAMA

"Under Ben Bulben," Yeats's Grand Testament, as the title suggests, can make full sense only when we take into account his life-long attachment to Sligo — the place "Where Ben Bulben sets the scene" — and what meaning it bore in his life and work. At the beginning of his poetic career, Yeats, speaking of Allingham, expressed his own "passionate devotion... for the little town where they were born"; "how it was for years the centre of their world, and how its enclosing mountains and its quiet rivers become a portion of their lives for ever." The importance of the place was not simply derived from his sentimental commitment to it which he regarded as his native place, but was fundamental to his vision of man and of the world. For Yeats, man's existence on earth can only cohere when he keeps his close relation to his own country, or even to his native place, and only through it to the wider world which expands in concentric circles in time and place. As early-as 1888, he envisioned the organic unity between the local, the national, and the universal: "To the greater poets everything they see has its relation to the national life, and through that to the universal and divine life... But to this universalism, this seeing of unity everywhere, you can only attain through what is near you, your nation, or if you be no traveller, your village and the cobwebs on your walls... One can only reach out to the universe with a gloved hand — that glove is one's nation, the only thing one knows even little of." Although Yeats's insistence on the native, local and national persisted at every
shaken by anything, not even by the cruel hand of Time. In Castiglione Yeats found a very good example of this mental operation.

YEATS'S LONGING FOR YOUTHFULNESS

Namiko NAKAGAWA

Like all poets Yeats longs for youthfulness, a combination of the frail beauty of spring and the brilliance of the summer sun. Yeats endeavored all his life to maintain youthful vitality and creativity. Through his two poems, “The Tower” and “Sailing to Byzantium,” let us examine his longing for youthfulness.

When “The Tower” was written in 1925, Yeats was sixty years old, but his creativity appeared to grow with age. This vitality can be identified with his strong longing for youthfulness. In “The Tower” Yeats expresses his repulsion for old age while he dreams nostalgically of past memories. He rejects the word ‘sterility’ as the symbol of lost youth as written by the contemporary poet G. M. Hopkins. “The Tower” represents clearly a prologue to “Sailing to Byzantium.”

“Sailing to Byzantium” starts with the praise of the sensual world of youth where young lovers, singing birds of spring, and a shoal of fish in the sea represent vitality. Then Yeats thinks of rejuvenation of his spirit and soul despite the physical decline of his body due to age.

He further meditates on Nature and man’s creation, eternity and human frailty. Yeats tries to achieve immortality by arriving at the city of “Byzantium,” while saying “That is no country for old men.” He reaches the city with the thought of reincarnation (life after death) symbolized by the holy fire surrounding the mosaic saints. In the end Yeats wishes to attain a timeless world through his work like a masterpiece of art, a golden bird.

“UNDER BEN BULBEN”

Saburo ONUKI

The title of this poem was changed by Yeats himself from “Creed” to “His Convictions,” finally to “Under Ben Bulben.” The fact implies how his poetic mind, even his belief immersed in the old place where he spent his very young days with his grandparents. What the scenery thereabouts in fatherland represents attracted, bound him until the last days in his life.

One approach to the poem is to regard the italicized epitaph in section VI as core of the poem. It will stimulate our desire to elucidate. Generally, the significance of a poem burdened with a poet’s dominant
rather than that of perception. Living men should be “dazed” in seeing gods’ eyes, while the Rhymers try to “copy their proud steady gaze.” The “unseen man” leaves the sphere of gods, to which he was about to enter, by an exchange of gazes with Murrough. And Aoife, rejected, gazes back the gods after being drenched with Goban’s wine. The gazes circulate beyond the boundaries of the spheres.

Goban appears as the maker of gods’ wine and cups. His moment of creation is also depicted with words that overlap Yeats as a poet on his figure. The cups are portrayed in three ways: first, as “metal,” the material; then as empty; and, finally, as holding the wine. The three states provide a metaphor for the creation of “The Grey Rock” itself. The poet remakes the material, “an old story,” into a poem with both a solid structure and circulating elements.

The poet, on one hand, appears in the poem as the narrator, who goes back and forth between the spheres of the dead Rhymers and of the living, to represent the fluidity. On the other, he controls the whole poem as the omniscient author, and creates the structure to ensure the solidity. The manifesto declared in the final stanza is but one side of what the poet expresses through the poem. His double position is also a significant element. And the poetics glimpsed here was to be developed in Yeats’s later poetry.

Reality in Ireland was threatening the existence of Coole Park. The fall of the aristocracy was an inevitable result of social change. Yeats could not but see that the place where his poetry was loved and appreciated, his court, was declining to its fall. In imagination, he hastens the fall of his court in the two poems, “Coole Park, 1929” and “Coole and Ballylee, 1931.” It is as if nostalgia for what has been lost completely were a more secure basis for the celebration of what is most important to him. What is lost will never be lost again. Therefore he must make what is on the verge of its death already dead in the imagination. Then he can deplore as much as he wishes the loss of what was once so prosperous. Both “Coole Park, 1929” and “Coole and Ballylee, 1931” antedate the death of Lady Gregory and the demolition of Coole House. The poet envisions the actual loss of Lady Gregory and Coole House, or, rather, of the last representatives of a long-established European tradition. The influence of Castiglione can be felt in this attitude, too. Castiglione’s Preface was added ten years after he had written the main work, by which time several of the characters who had taken part in the discussion of the ideal courtier in the court of Urbino were dead. In the Preface, Castiglione lists those who had died and deplores most the death of Duchess Elizabetta. No reader could fail to catch the tone of nostalgia when Castiglione mentions her name and when he refers to the court at Urbino. The same attitude is evident when Yeats refers to the things, so much esteemed by him, which are about to be lost. He prefers to envisage their loss in advance and to look back and deplore. To enclose them in the past securely is the best way for him to accept their loss, for things of the past cannot be
mother being obliterated, the father-son conflict and the paternal victory-turned-maddening tragedy is the new theme of the drama. The utmost effect is the hero's tragic joy enacted on the stage. *Purgatory* is the child of *On Baile’s Strand*, with the same theme of father-son conflict being repeated and modified. In *Purgatory*, however, the father is not an ancient hero but a modern petty tinker and is not even given a name. While the heroic tragedy was self-explanatory, the questions remain with the new play as to why the father had to kill his son and why the son could not surpass the father in vigor. An ordinary man cannot kill his son without justifiable reasons, nor can a fit young man be easily killed by an old man. The Freudian Oedipus complex interpretation does not offer explanation for his deed, while the Lacanian “formula for metaphor” seems to help us interpret his motivation. The repeated act of homicide is the very attempt by the Old Man to retrieve the worth of his life, and the visibility of the obliterated parent at the climax corresponds to the moment of revelation of the divine power.

As the Old Man concedes to prayer, we become aware that Yeats accepts 'this life, this death', and at the same time he does not abandon his desire for recovering the obliterated ‘father’, the meaning of his life on earth.

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**GOBAN’S WINE AND CUPS**

— ON “THE GREY ROCK” —

Masami NAKAO

At the very beginning of “The Grey Rock” the narrator makes it clear that the poem is an old story he has remade to be told to the dead members of the Rhymers’ Club. The pattern of someone telling a story to another(others) is repeated throughout the poem: Aoife to the gods at Slievenamon, an “unseen man” to Murrough, “a woman” to the narrator, etc. The figures that constitute the poem — the tellers and the listeners — are gods, legendary figures, friends from Yeats’s biographical past, and the poet’s contemporaries. They belong to different spheres, and so do their stories. The poem, in other words, is made up of various voices that never merge with one another. The framework of each narrative is so firm that the impression we get from the poem as a whole is that of solidity and division.

On the other hand, there are also elements directed towards fluidity and circulation. Words concerning vision are an example. Aoife appears before “the dim / Imaginations of their[ gods’] eyes.” Their eyes are “sleepy” reminding us of the very moment “between sleeping and waking,” which Yeats often connects with creative vision. Gods themselves appear as images before human beings, and the Rhymers, who come to stand beside them, are also images disrobed of human bodies. The vision of the gods is defined as a faculty to create images...
poem, it seems that what Yeats would miss most if Coole Park met its fall, is “a written speech / Wrought of high laughter, loveliness and ease.” What does “a written speech” refer to? According to Norman A. Jeffares’s note in *A New Commentary on the Poems of W. B. Yeats*, it is Lady Gregory’s plays and her two books of Irish legends. But what “a written speech” directly reminds us of must be Castiglione’s book, where courtiers and ladies give their talks and entertain each other. Each speech is pleasantly delivered to induce laughter. Yeats’s “written speech” could be an imagined book recording the talk of the countries at the court of Coole Park, written by Yeats as one of the courtiers there. But there is no such book. Yeats’s “written speech” is only an ideal, so the premise that Coole Park is the equivalent of the ideal Renaissance court becomes dubious. It exists only within Yeats’s vision. What once existed in the past has more ‘reality’ for Yeats than what he finds in the present. This attitude of finding ideal existence in the past and passing over the present situation is also evident in Castiglione. Urbino was not situated so happily as *Il Cortegiano* suggests. Urbino was continually threatened by external powers. The courtiers knew this but they tried not to see the reality. They knew their pleasures were temporary. They were also conscious that their model was Plato’s *Symposium*. In the Neoplatonic system everything on the earth has its origin in heaven, and is always striving to be like its model in heaven. Therefore the attitude of seeking a model in the past is justified. This is the attitude Yeats takes, too.

THE OBLITERATED FATHER AND MOTHER—YEATS’S PLAYS RECONSIDERED—

Mitsuko OHNO

Yeats seems to have entertained a strong preoccupation with the notion of parental power over the son. While the words ‘father’ and ‘mother’ appear frequently in his poems and plays, it appears that in his plays paternal references greatly surpass maternal ones in number. One typical example of father-son conflict in Yeats’s work in ‘Chulain’s Fight with the Sea’, in which the maternal ego urges the son to challenge the hero and causes the homicide of the son by the unknowing father. The cause of the tragedy is ascribed to the jealousy of deserted Emer, and not the legendary revenge by Aoife, and one justifiable reason for this alteration is that Yeats must have been attracted more to the momentum of human passion in writing this poem than the faithful reproduction of the myth.

The tragedy had to be rewritten in a drama form in order to solve some of the contradictions in the poem, an attempt which actually transformed the tragedy. In *On Baile’s Strand*, there is no longer a mother on the stage to send the son to challenge his father. With the
GENERAL MEETING

The 22nd Annual Conference of the Yeats Society of Japan was held on Saturday, October 25, 1986, at Rakuyu kain, Kyoto University. At the General Meeting, Prof. Yukio Oura, who had held presidency for eight years, resigned and was succeeded by Prof. Saburo Onuki. The title of Honorary President was conferred on Prof. Oura. The Head Office was transferred to Waseda University, c/o Prof. Masazumi Toraiwa, Secretary of the Society.

PAPERS AND SYNOPSES

Dr. Declan Kiberd of University College, Dublin gave the opening lecture entitled “Yeats and Childhood.” Three papers were read by Masami Nakao, Namiko Nakagawa, and Mariko Iinuma. A symposium on “Under Ben Bulben” was chaired by Prof. Onuki, with Sumiko Sugiyama, Hiroyuki Yamasaki, and Ken’ichi Haya as speakers. The synopses of the papers are given below. Akemi Tomioka and Mitsuko Ohno contributed papers to this Number.

YEATS’S THREE POEMS ON COOLE PARK
— IN RELATION TO IL CORTEGIANO

Mariko IINUMA

Yeats’s reading of Castiglione’s Il Cortegiano seems to have influenced him in two ways. By referring to one of the attributes of the ideal courtier, ‘sprezzatura’, he could give strength and expression to his theory of ideal artistry, that is making every effort to produce beauty without revealing a single trace of the effort in what is produced. Also, Yeats saw in the court at Urbino the ideal situation for a poet. There, in the reign of Duchess Elizabetta, nobles, artists and ladies offered their views of what the ideal coutier was, showing their wide knowledge and at the same time enjoying the pleasant atmosphere of the elegant court of long-established tradition. Yeats could make the court at Urbino an ideal model, and regard Coole Park as a ‘court’, successor to the ideal Renaissance court, where he could produce his poetry and find his audience.

The intention of this paper is to examine the second of these ideas and to take three of Yeats’s poems in which Yeats’s concept of Coole Park as his court and Lady Gregory as his lady is apparent, showing how the concept is expressed.

The first poem examined is “On a House Shaken by the Land Agitation,” where Yeats identifies Coole Park with Urbino and finds there a court equivalent to the Renaissance one of Urbino. At the end of the
YEVETS THREE POEMS ON COOLE PARK
IN RELATION TO ITS CORRECTION

William IVAN

Yeats's teaching of Geography & Conservation scenes to prove
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The introduction of this paper is to examine the scenario of three issues
from the concept of Yeats's concept of Coole Park and to take three of Yeats's poems in which Yeats's concept of Coole
Park as the concept of Irish culture is best addressed. Moreover, it is
also to examine the concept of Yeats's concept of Coole Park
and to examine the concept of Yeats's concept of Coole Park.

The first poem examined is "Ode to the Shenandoah of the Land After
the flood." Yeats's concept of Coole Park with Ireland and its Great
Iron Mountain is the concept of Yeats's concept of Coole Park.

YEevets three poems on Coole Park in relation to its correction

—100(x1)—

13. Ibid., p.61.

14. Ibid.

15. Ibid., p.65.

16. Ibid.


Stranger, in this land of goodly steeds thou hast come to earth's fairest home, even to our white Colonus; where the nightingale, a constant guest, trills her note in the convert of green glades, dwelling amid the wine-dark ivy and god's inviolate bowers, rich in berries and fruit, unvisited by sun, unvexed by wind of any storm; where the reveller Dionysus ever walks the ground, companion of the nymphs that nursed him.


22. *Basic Writings of Nietzsche*, p.143.


27. Mrs. Yeats began her automatic writing soon after their marriage in 1917, and by the end of the November of that year, the first part of *A Vision* had been outlined. Yeats worked on the first version for seven years and published it in 1925, but dissatisfied, he rewrote it and published it in its final form in 1937.

gift which, I believe, Yeats did not mean the uneducated crowd possessed.

In “Two Songs from a Play” (1926), in describing the cycles of history, Yeats again mistakenly places Argo after Troy. The expedition of Argonauts is supposed to have occurred at the end of the thirteenth century B.C., one generation before the Trojan War (See Shigeichi Kure’s The Greek Mythology, Vol. 2, Tokyo: Shincho-sha, 1956, pp. 96-98).

6. They are as follows:

Horn: “A Poet to His Beloved” (1895) and “The Tower” (1925)

Seven old sisters (the Pleiades, the seven daughters of Atlas): “Under the Moon” (first appeared in 1901)
Our colt (Pegasus): “The Fascination of What’s Difficult” (1909-1910)

Proteus: “At the Abbey Theatre” (1911)
Glittering coach (chariot of Phoebus): “The Dawn” (1914)
Hecaton: “Leaders of the Crowd” (1918)
Europa: “Crazy Jane Reproved” (1929)


9. These poems include “Colonus’ Praise” (1927), “The Delphic Oracle upon Plotinus” (1931), and “News for the Delphic Oracle” (1938).

10. In fact, amongst the Irish mythological figures that Yeats dealt with, it was Cuchulain that he wrote most often, and most eagerly about, in such poems as “Cuchulain’s Fight with the Sea” (1892) and “Cuchulain Comforted” (1939), and in such plays as “On Baile’s Strand” (1903), “The Green Helmet” (1910), “At the Hawk’s Well” (1917), “The Only Jealousy of Emer” (1919), and “The Death of Cuchulain” (1939).

11. Mark P.O. Morford and Robert J. Lenardon, Classical Mythology,
old age, he had never more "Excited, passionate, fantastical / Imagination, nor an ear and eye/ That more expected the impossible—." Joseph Hone in his *W.B. Yeats, 1865-1939* tells us that Yeats even underwent the Steinach operation as late as April, 1934, in order to "re-create himself continually, continually compete with himself." 

Yeats was indeed fascinated all his life with Dionysian life force, which he felt strongly in the minor figures of Greek mythology. And by making those mythological figures his subject matter, he must have captured breath of life, must have sapped energy of life, as it were, from them.

NOTES

1. This paper has been revised after being presented at the Third International Conference of IASAIL-Japan, at Baiko Women's College, in Shimonoseki, on October 17, 1986.
2. These poems include "Under the Moon" (first appeared in 1901) and "News for the Delphic Oracle" (probably written in 1938).
3. These poems include "He Gives His Beloved Certain Rhymes" (1895) and "The Realists" (first appeared in 1912).
4. These poems include "The Valley of the Black Pig" (1896), "Two Songs from a Play" (1926), and "Parnell's Funeral" (1933).
5. In "At the Abbey Theatre" (1911), the capricious crowd is described as being Proteus who can change his shape at will:

   Is there a bridle for this Proteus  
   That turns and changes like his draughty seas?

   However, this parallel is not suitable, since Proteus in Greek mythology is a wise old man of the sea with the gift of prophecy; a
Foul goat-head, brutal arm appear,
Belly, shoulder, bum,
Flash fishlike; nymhs and satyrs
Copulate in the foam.

Now it is sensual words which dominate the stanza — "stripped," "stares," "belly," "bum," and "copulate" — while "the choir of love" in the first and second stanzas is replaced with "Intolerable music." We also meet certain well-known figures: first, Peleus and Thetis, who represent the joining of mortal and immortal in marriage. Peleus, a mortal widower, was given permission to marry Thetis, a sea-goddess; a union which resulted in the birth of Achilles. And so the first four lines of the stanza are full of sensuality on Peleus' side, with the semicolon at the end of the fourth line — "Love has blinded him with tears;" — indicating the consummation of his sexual act: "Thetis' belly listens" (she has become pregnant with Achilles). And after Peleus and Thetis, appear Pan (similar to a satyr but of higher rank), the nymphs, and the satyrs — all erotic creatures, and almost cruelly barbaric — along with words such as "belly," "bum," and "copulate"; and it should be borne in mind that this is the only time that Yeats ever dared to use the words "bum" and "copulate" in his entire works. Now, in Pan's mysteriously enclosed cave — like the woods of "On a Picture of a Black Centaur by Edmund Dulac" or those of "Colonus' Praise" — nymphs and satyrs copulate in the utmost erotic sensuality, as Pan plays the "Intolerable music" of fertility. We have read in Greek mythology how satyrs and nymphs copulate in a cave, but Pan and his intolerable music seem to be Yeats' own invention to heighten the dynamic sexuality of the scene.

Thus we can see that this Dionysian orgiastic life force is exactly Yeats' news, Yeats' answer, for "The Delphic Oracle Upon Plotinus" (1931), in which there is no mention of sexuality. There is, of course, "the choir of Love," but "Love" being capitalized carries no connotation of sexual love. It is more or less ideal, purified love. Yeats says in "The Tower" (written in 1926 when he was 60) that facing

—104(xxxvi)—
Their cries are sweet and strange,
Through their ancestral patterns dance,
And the brute dolphins plunge
Until, in some cliff-sheltered bay
Where wades the choir of love
Proffering its sacred laurel crowns,
They pitch their burdens off.

The word “sighed” is now replaced by “straddling,” “re-live,” “laugh,” “cries,” “dance,” and “plunge”; and though this stanza may seem to depict the process of reincarnation, unlike the paradise of the first stanza, “Those Innocents” (those enumerated in the first stanza) are much more lively. Though their wounds open again in the seas of life, the waters in no way hurt them; instead the waters themselves are almost in ecstasy because they hear their strange but sweet cries uttered while swimming and dancing in the waters — the same dance in the “ancestral patterns” repeated again and again, generation after generation; a process, which is no way a hardship for them. The scene, in fact, hardly presents us with a picture of the reincarnation of souls, but it rather depicts the Dionysian celebration of life, with the tremendous energy of life personified in the sea-nymphs (“the ecstatic waters”), a female symbol and “the brute dolphins,” a male symbol — the same combination of figures which we have already seen in the poem “The Realists.”

In the last stanza the poem becomes most erotic, while most brutal.

Slim adolescence that a nymph has stripped,
Peleus on Thetis stares.
Her limbs are delicate as an eyelid,
Love has blinded him with tears;
But Thetis’ belly listens.
Down the mountain walls
From where Pan’s cavern is
Intolerable music falls.
There all the golden codgers lay,  
There the silver dew,  
And the great water sighed for love,  
And the wind sighed too.  
Man-picker Niamh leant and sighed  
By Oisin on the grass;  
There sighed amid his choir of love  
Tall Pythagoras.  
Plotinus came and looked about,  
The salt-flakes on his breast,  
And having stretched and yawned awhile  
Lay sighing like the rest.

The water "sighed," the wind "sighed," Niamh "sighed," Pythagoras "sighed," and Plotinus lay "sighing" — Yeats uses the term "sighed" (and "sighing") five times in a single stanza. Moreover, the drowsiness is reinforced by use of the words "stretched" and "yawned." Though the choir of love and Niamh leaning by Oisin create a scene of sensuality, the first stanza as a whole is still dominated by spirituality. First of all, it begins with the Apollonian unity of the antitheses of gold and silver, of the water and the wind; secondly, we see the golden codgers (Yeats is intentionally making fun of the Olympians, who are Apollonian, as opposed to Dionysiac, Titans); and then thirdly, Phytagoras appears, the man who developed the doctrine of the transmigration of souls; and finally comes Plotinus, the creator of the Neoplatonic philosophy.

The second stanza, however, suddenly becomes active and buoyant.

Straddling each a dolphin's back  
And steadied by a fin,  
Those Innocents re-live their death,  
Their wounds open again.  
The ecstatic waters laugh because
peace within himself — the kind of peace, surely, that the seven sleepers of Ephesus must have felt while they were all sound asleep and oblivious to the turbulent days of the Christian persecution. Now Yeats is instructing this Dionysian power to take a peaceful rest, to take the “long Saturnian sleep” of the Golden Age, while he keeps a constant watch on that demon in him. Openly and refreshed, he confesses that he has loved this wild Dionysian force better than his own soul.

IV

When Yeats grows older, this Dionysian, beast-like power grows much stronger and much more sexual, too. In “News for the Delphic Oracle” — probably written during 1938, a year before his death at the age of 73 — appear once again the minor figures of dolphins, nymphs, satyrs, and Pan. F. A. C. Wilson in his W. B. Yeats and Tradition sees this poem as “a complete sketch of the panorama of the Platonic heaven” and tries to find the Platonic symbolism in everything, while condemning those who see only “sexual abandon.” However, we cannot possibly deny the existence of this sexual abandon in the poem. In fact, Yeats skillfully transforms the poem into something more vigorous, more sensual, and more cruel, and here Yeats reflects the true spirit of the Dionysian festivals, which Nietzsche describes thus: “In nearly every case these festivals centered in extravagant sexual licentiousness, whose waves overwhelmed all family life and its venerable traditions; the most savage natural instincts were unleashed, including even that horrible mixture of sensuality and cruelty which has always seemed to me to be the real ‘witches’ brew.’”

In the first stanza of the poem inactive drowsiness prevails, with the word “sighed” reflecting the drowsiness, while “lay” and “leant” are used to convey the inactiveness.
wheat
In the mad abstract dark and ground it grain by grain
And after baked it slowly in an oven; but now
I bring full-flavoured wine out of a barrel found
Where seven Ephesian topers slept and never knew
When Alexander’s empire passed, they slept so sound.
Stretch out your limbs and sleep a long Saturnian sleep;
I have loved you better than my soul for all my words,
And there is none so fit to keep a watch and keep
Unwearied eyes upon those horrible green birds.

In this poem, Yeats is referring to a kind of delineation of his mind and the overwhelming effects of the invasion of this compelling Dionysian power, “the forces of disruption which constantly impeded his work on A Vision.” “Your hooves” — the black centaur’s hooves — (this Dionysian power) — came invading into “the black margin of the wood” (the depths of his mind), “Even where horrible green parrots call and swing” (even where his already existing creative demon was still astir). Because of this violation, “My works are all stamped down into the sultry mud” (he felt his previous works were destroyed and worthless); “I knew that horseplay, knew it for a murderous thing” (he already knew that this Dionysian impact was so powerful and destructive). Though “What wholesome sun has ripened is wholesome food to eat,/ And that alone” (though only the works created under the sun are good), yet in the past, “being driven half insane/ Because of some green wing” (yet being driven mad by that demon), he “gathered old mummy wheat/ In the mad abstract dark” (he gathered old hidden wisdom in darkness where no healthy sun shines), “and ground it grain by grain” (tried to systematize those incoherent visions), “After baked it slowly in an oven” (and made them into something like A Vision). But “now I bring full-flavoured wine out of a barrel” (but now he drinks wine, the grapes of which were ripened under the healthy sun, because he has realized something new, this powerful Dionysian, and feels as if his eyes were open afresh). So Yeats must have felt a kind of
WHEN have I last looked on
The round green eyes and the long wavering bodies
Of the dark leopards of the moon?
All the wild witches, those most noble ladies,
For all their broom-sticks and their tears,
Their angry tears, are gone.
The holy centaurs of the hills are vanished;
I have nothing but the embittered sun;
Banished heroic mother moon and vanished,
And now that I have come to fifty years
I must endure the timid sun.

Yeats calls those centaurs "holy." It is entirely of his own creation, since centaurs are usually known as violent and far from holy, as is seen, for instance, in the scene at the wedding feast where the centaurs all became drunk and attempted to rape the bride and other women present. So we can see that the instinctive, creative power, however wild it may be, is "holy" for Yeats, and, as he states, "all art should be a Centaur finding in the popular lore its back and its strong legs."

However, when, in 1920, he writes "On a Picture of a Black Centaur by Edmund Dulac," this Dionysian, creative but destructive, force is so powerfully felt that he is almost driven insane.

Your hooves have stamped at the black margin of the wood,
Even where horrible green parrots call and swing.
My works are all stamped down into the sultry mud.
I knew that horse-play, knew it for a murderous thing.
What wholesome sun has ripened is wholesome food to eat,
And that alone; yet I, being driven half insane
Because of some green wing, gathered old mummy
I SAW a staring virgin stand
Where holy Dionysus died,
And tear the heart out of his side,
And lay the heart upon her hand
And bear that beating heart away;
And then did all the Muses sing
Of Magnus Annus at the spring,
As though God's death were but a play.

Here, too, we see her in motion, moving purposefully.

III

As Yeats' career proceeds, the Dionysian force is more keenly felt within him, and now he uses another minor figure, the centaur, a creature, with the upper half of a man, and the legs and body of a horse, in two poems, the first one written in 1915 when he was 50 and the second one in 1920 when he was 55. Both poems indicate that this time Yeats saw in the centaur the creative, artistic power of the Dionysian. Nietzsche, in his Birth of Tragedy, says that "the Dionysian is seen to be, compared to the Apollonian, the eternal and original artistic power that first calls the whole world of phenomena into existence. . . ."22

In "Lines Written in Dejection" (1915), Yeats lists the "holy centaurs" along with the "dark leopards" and the "wild witches" as the imagery of the moon – the moon, of course, representing subjectivity, and for Yeats, at this time of life, meaning the creativity which he thought lacking in himself because of his heavy involvement in "theatre business" and "management of men."

23
Clark in his *Yeats at Songs and Choruses* says that the revision “gives the god his own individuality,” but quite to the contrary, it tends, rather, to tone down the presence of Dionysus and to put the emphasis on the nymphs instead. For Yeats, it is the nymphs who are important as the nurses of the “lad,” the infant Dionysus.

Chorus. Come praise Colonus’ horse, and come praise The wine-dark of the wood’s intricacies, The nightingale that deafens daylight there, If daylight ever visit where, Unvisited by tempest or by sun, Immortal ladies tread the ground Dizzy with harmonious sound, Semele’s lad a gay companion.

In the wine-dark woods where the nightingale mysteriously deafens daylight “If daylight ever visit,” the nymphs “tread the ground,” that is, they dance, “Dizzy with harmonious sound,” just like those women who appear in their religious ecstasy in Euripides’ tragedy *The Bacchic Women*, or the female devotees of the religious congregation of Dionysus in Homer’s *Iliad*, who are said to be “more than human, nymphs rather than mere mortals.” So Yeats stressed the nymphs rather than Dionysus because he wanted to project himself as being one of the nymphs, or one of the devotees, to join them in their procession, full of mysterious animation, full of kinetic ecstasy. On another occasion, and on only one occasion does the name Dionysus appear in the *Collected Poems*, that is, in “Two Songs from a Play” (1926). In this poem Yeats is mainly concerned with his notion of the cycles of history, and drawing a parallel between the myth of Dionysus and the death and resurrection of Christ, he affirms inevitable destruction to bring in new creation. However, Dionysus is not really the central focus even in the first stanza in which he appears, but it is “a strange virgin,” who, though identified with Athene by Richard Ellmann, could be a woman devotee in a trance:
HOPE that you may understand!
What can books of men that wive
In a dragon-guarded land,
Paintings of the dolphin-drawn
Sea-nymphs in their pearly wagons
Do, but awake a hope to live
That had gone
With the dragons?

Here Yeats uses a dragon, a dolphin, and sea-nymphs, all of which represent the wild Dionysian spirit and possess the kinetic image of Dionysian vigor. A dragon, which shows his monstrous figure in such stories as Perseus-Andromeda, or the apples of the Hesperides, and the story of Cadmus, is basically the traditional manifestation of the deity of earth, and the slaying of the dragon (Apollo slays him) therefore, represents the destruction of Dionysian spirit. A dolphin often appears with Poseidon but is also seen playing with the nympha, like Thetis. Nymphs, who, like the satyrs, are known to have nursed Dionysus, and who are closely associated with fertile and growing things such as trees and water, represent the spirits of nature, the spirits of Dionysus. Moreover, a dragon, a dolphin, and sea-nymphs (mermaids) all carry the moving, active image of the Dionysian, so the “books” and the “paintings” of these figures naturally awake the Dionysian in Yeats and in us, and thus, awake “a hope to live.”

It must be mentioned here that Yeats really does see this Dionysian vigor in nympha. When he wrote his version of Sophocles’ Oedipus at Colonus in 1927 and included its most famous section in his book The Tower, which he entitled “Colonus’ Praise,” he made some significant changes, of which the most striking is the reversing of the order of the second and the third stanzas of the original. Another apparent change is his shift of emphasis in the first stanza from Dionysus to the nympha, the nympha being converted into “Immortal ladies.” Furthermore, the name Dionysus disappears and in its place appears “Semele’s lad.” David R.
I must be gone: there is a grave
Where daffodil and lily wave,
And I would please the hapless faun,
Buried under the sleepy ground,
With mirthful songs before the dawn.
His shouting days with mirth were crowned;
And still I dream he treads the lawn,
Walking ghostly in the dew,
Pierced by my glad singing through,
My songs of old earth’s dreamy youth:
But ah! she dreams not now; dream thou!
For fair are poppies on the brow:
Dream, dream, for this is also sooth.

This satyr, this Yeats, wants to “please the hapless faun,” a faun being the Roman equivalent of the Greek satyr. He is “hapless” because the scientific world has overtaken his domain. He wants to cheer the faun with his “mirthful songs” (with his poetry) until he can be “Pierced... through” (until he can be touched to the core), and until he “treads” “ghostly” (until he starts dancing mystically) with “poppies on the brow” (in the Dionysian intoxication). This is as if Yeats himself is trying to awaken the Dionysian power in himself, and in us, in order to save the world.

II

In another poem “The Realists,” which first appeared in 1912 when he was 47, Yeats again uses the minor figures of Greek mythology to show that in the vanishing myths lies man’s “hope to live,” and not in the world of scientific realists.
Truth led him to myths and the occult and to the chair of Dublin Hermetic Society in 1885. But, what is worth noting, though, is his use of minor figures of Greek mythology to describe such a world. He could have well used more prominent figures, such as Zeus or Apollo, for that matter, but he chose instead to use the minor ones.

Now we must remember that all the words in the poem are supposed to be spoken by a satyr, since the poem was entitled "An Epilogue. To 'The Island of Statues' and 'The Seeker'. Spoken by a Satyr, carrying a sea-shell" when it first appeared in *Dublin University Review* in October, 1885. A satyr is, of course, a beastly figure, half-man, half-animal, with a goat's (or horse's) tail and ears, and an erect phallus. His appearance is wild in itself and can easily evoke the Dionysian vigor in anyone who meets him; but, he is not merely beastly. Friedrich Nietzsche in his *Birth of Tragedy* (1872) puts great emphasis on him, and even claims the satyr to be the origin of tragedy. He says that "tragedy should begin with him, that he should be the voice of Dionysian wisdom of tragedy...." Here, Nietzsche is referring to the satyr play which was performed in ancient times as a comic relief after the presentation of tragedies. He goes on to say that "The satyr was something sublime and divine" and "was not a mere ape. On the contrary, the satyr was the archetype of man" and "pronounces in its rapture. oracles and wise saying and proclaims the truth from the heart of the world." And furthermore, Nietzsche calls him "the simple man," "musician, poet, dancer, seer of spirits in one person." It must be noted here, of course, that Yeats had not been influenced by Nietzsche at this time (1885) since he didn't read him until about 1902-1903, but apparently Yeats, too, saw this significant aspect of the satyr as Nietzsche did. So now, Yeats himself has become this satyr — and, in particular, Silenus, a jovial old man of wisdom who is said to have fostered Dionysus — and the "words" that he speaks are like these very oracles and wise saying of the satyr.

Now, in the last stanza, which sounds at first despondent or even despairing, lies the indomitable vigor of the satyr-poet.
sometimes depicted as a monstrous figure, possessed uncontrollable energy; in him also, Yeats saw the Dionysian vital energy of life. The aim of this paper is, therefore, by focusing on Yeats’ use of these minor mythological figures, to trace the Dionysian in the poet himself.

I

This Dionysian spirit in Yeats is seen from the very beginning of his career, specifically in the very first poem in his Collected Poems, “The Song of the Happy Shepherd,” written in 1885 when he was still 20 years old. In the first stanza he successfully draws a picture of this myth-less world of the present. “The woods of Arcady,” a pastoral paradise in Greek literature, are dead, and everything seems to be out of order, spiritually sick and confused; we are the “sick children of the world,” in the midst of “all the many changing things,” and we “pass” “In dreary dancing” – “dance” is a very important word for Yeats because it carries the image of the Dionysian affirmation of life – “whirled” “To the cracked tune that Chronos sings.” (Chronos is the last of the Titans who ruled in the so-called Golden Age when, according to Hesiod in his Works and Days, men “lived . . . completely without toil or trouble. . . .”1) So the Golden Age is forever lost, and to restore this sick world to health again, we must not worship the “dusty deeds” of scientists and must seek “No learning from the starry men, /Who follow with the optic glass/ The whirling ways of stars that pass—,” because in such learning “dead is all their human truth.” So “there is no truth/ Saving in thine own heart” and “Words alone are certain good.” Here, Yeats is claiming the supremacy of poetry over hard scientific fact. However, there is nothing striking in the fact that Yeats describes a myth-less world in order to depict the science-infested world of the present, since it is well known that his mistrust of science and his attempt to find a better way to discover
It is common knowledge that Yeats, being greatly involved in the Irish nationalist movement in the 19th century, was sincerely devoted to Irish mythology with the hope of encouraging so-called unity of culture in Ireland by making her familiar with her own myths and legends. So, naturally, his use of Irish myth is extensive, especially in his early poems. However, his references to Greek myths are few, some appearing in company with Irish myth, various legends, and occult and visionary symbols. And although mythology as a whole is of great concern to Yeats, because it unifies this world of "fragments" and thus creates Unity of Being, he does not develop Greek myths as intensively as one might expect. Even though Yeats' use of Greek mythology is not extensive or intensive and occasionally awkward, there are nearly 60 poems in his Collected Poems with references to Greek myths, some involved to a greater degree and others lesser, and while it is very difficult to group these poems into categories, we can, however, safely say that these references to Greek myths are mainly used simply as passing references, and others, possessing some personal relevance, are used, for example, to reveal his frustrated love for Maud Gonne behind his mask (Maud Gonne is transformed into Helen), to explain his own mythology, A Vision, or to depict the place where souls migrate after departing from their bodies. These are fairly easy to detect; however, what is most interesting and most uniquely Yeats', is his use of minor figures of Greek mythology, and especially the beastly, the grotesque, and the ugly. In these he saw the Dionysian life force — unrestrained, instinctive, creative, and destructive — or rather, he realized the Dionysian in himself, and, fused with those figures, he joined in the celebration of life and the life force. It is not surprising, thus, that Yeats was fascinated all his life with Cuchulain, a hero of Irish mythology, who,
world which the dreamer is leaving is rendered with a great deal more precision and lucidity than the world for which he is heading: and the effect is not simple, but complex, for we are left wondering if a terrible mistake has not just been made. The closing refrain uses the same words, but means something quite different from what it did in the beginning. We are left with an unanswerable question about the human costs — but Yeats refuses to judge: “That is Heaven’s part.”

... our part

To murmur name upon name,
As a mother names her child
When sleep at last has come
On limbs that had run wild...

That reference is scarecely accidental, for it takes us back to the child stolen by fairies from its rightful human mother; a child which left the real world “solemn-eyed,” like Pearse and MacDonagh leaving a world to weep in their wake. It cannot be coincidence that both poems chronicle the loss of young life and the distress among the ordinary folk who must carry on. In the intervening thirty years, Yeats’s view of dreaming has not changed. The man who dreamed of fairyland found no comfort in the grave; and here in Easter 1916 the poet stands appalled at what Ireland has lost in losing some of her most illustrious sons. There is a very real sense in which for him, all the dead heroes were stolen children. But in dignifying them at the close with that beautiful image, he also manages to trivialise their gesture in the time-honoured colonial way. The rebels were really children, and children are not full moral agents and so, even when they seem to have done wrong, they can be forgiven. The colony forgives the rebellion of the colonised; the mother soothes her child with the incantations of a poet. Easter 1916, great poem though it be, is not part of a people’s literature, but an imperialist’s elegy for a worthy foe. In it the Irishman is still a child.
event, between his doubts about its necessity. And the
deeper underlying theme has not changed — the cost in
human terms of an abstract ideal — and the underlying
technique has not changed — the recounting in persuasively
concrete detail of the everyday joys of life which tug all
idealists back from their dream of death. The stone is
emblematic of excessive idealism, a hardness which displays
neither flexibility nor change, unlike the everchanging stream
which eddies past:

Hearts with one purpose alone
Through summer and winter seem
Enchanted to a stone
To trouble the living stream...

But, as in *The Stolen Child*, the poet renders the physical
sensations of a full life far more persuasively than the vaguer
seductions of dream. We are back here with the kettle on the
hob, the brown mice, the sense of ready, homely familiarity
with farm animals:

A shadow of cloud on the stream
Changes minute by minute;
A horse-hoof slides on the brim
And a horse plashes within it:
The long-legged moor-hens dive
And hens to moor-cocks call;
Minute by minute they live:
The stone's in the midst of all.

Against the coupling of hens and cocks, the stone offers
only a kind of dead imperviousness to experience — and
it is significant that there is no refrain after this stanza —
as if by now the poet were no longer sure that he had any-
thing to celebrate. When the refrain returns at the end of the
poem, it is uttered hesitantly, for now it is the terror rather
than the beauty which is uppermost in our minds. And the
words which I used to describe the last stanza of *The Stolen
Child* perfectly capture the feeling, so I repeat them. The
comes from the tension set up in it between fairyland and the warm humanity of the country kitchen, which the child must abandon in forsaking the weeping of the world. In avoiding that weeping, the child will also surrender the capacity for joy, which can only be appreciated by those who have also known suffering. The innocence and simplicity offered by the fairies are not truly rich. They offer not the innocence, but blank inexperience; not real simplicity, but the arresting of all capacity for youth. In eliminating the child’s capacity to weep, they will also eliminate his capacity to feel. It is a bad deal and Yeats knows it — the vagueness of the drowsy water-rats, the waning moon, the ferns and streams, is no match for the concrete homeliness of feeling with which the poet renders the details of a country kitchen — the kettle on the hob, the ready intimacy with the calves and the solid reality of the brown mice:

Away with us he’s going
The solemn-eyed.

He’ll hear no more the lowing
Of the calves on the warm hillside,
Or the kettle on the hob
Sing peace into his breast,
Or see the brown mice bob
Round and round the oatmeal chest.
For he comes, the human child,
To the waters and the wild
With a fairy, hand in hand,
From a world more full of weeping than he can understand.

The world which the child is leaving is rendered with a great deal more precision and lucidity than the world for which he is heading; and the effect is not simple, but complex, for we are left wondering if a terrible mistake has not just been made.

It is this which provides my link between this text and the great poem of Yeats’s maturity Easter 1916. Again, the poet finds himself tugged in opposite directions as a result of the
truth. In escaping responsibilities of the modern world, the poet misses out on some of its satisfactions, its enriching challenges, and its tensions which would make some of his later work so great. Those early poems which do attain power are posed tensely between the real and ideal, as if — in Yeats’s own words written of a fellow-poet, "some half-conscious part of him desired the world he had renounced."

Unfortunately, most of us, having learned *The Stolen Child* by rote under the affectionate gaze of doting schoolmarm or grandmothers tend to look back on it as part of the rather trivial *Celtic Twilight* phase of our great poet. Like the boy-scouts at Salisbury Plain, we have done the poem to death in a thousand school concerts, failing to see that it is not a plea for escape so much as an account of the claims of the real world. Some falsely see the poem as early romantic tosh, of the kind surmounted in the great middle period of Yeats that gave us poems like *Easter 1916*. But to me the two poems have always seemed alternative, and intimately related, versions of the same theme, describing the cost in human terms of any dream:

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Where dips the rocky highland
Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,
There lies a leafy island
Where flapping herons wake
The drowsy water-rats;
Here we’ve hid our fairy-vats
Full of berries
And of reddest stolen cherries.
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a fairy, hand in hand,
For the world’s more full of weeping than you can understand.
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The agony and strife of human hearts, the world that’s full of weeping, are given as legitimate reasons for leaving the landscape of reality; but the child is *human* and cannot but feel the tug of the real world. The whole power of the poem
It was, indeed this very conviction which led Yeats to
discount much of his early work as an evasive flight to the land
of fairy. *The Song of the Happy Shepherd* explains the
attraction of fairyland as an antithesis to the grey sights of
the city:

The woods of Arcady are dead
And over is their antique joy:
Of old the world on dreaming fed,
Grey truth is now her painted toy....

It is all too precious by half — Keats without tears. But
wasn’t it Keats who soon discovered that the world is a vale
of soul-making, that beauty can be appreciated only through
the eyes of the unbeautiful, that to attain greatness a poet
must confront the strife of human hurts? So Yeats similarly
came to reject his early work as “the cry of the heart against
necessity:"

It is not (he said) the poetry of insight and knowl-
edge, but of longing and complaint.... I hope some
day to alter that and write the poetry of insight and
knowledge....

All the major critics echo this point. The best biography
ends with a chapter bearing the hopeful title *Reality*— as if
the misty-eyed poet caught the last bus back from *Tir na
nOg*, but only just — as if for him reality was a belated and
invigorating discovery. But the critics are treating the cri-
tique of “longing and complaint” as the wisdom of the native
Yeats when in fact it was written while the poet was in his
early twenties, with astonishing self-awareness in one so
young. And my point is that such reservations about dream-
ing are built into the best of the early poetry, including *The
Stolen Child*.

The Happy Shepherd of the opening poem, in seeking to
evade the greyness of the modern world, has also evaded its
were available only in print; and it was through their increasing mastery of the written word that children graduated to this higher state. In the non-literate world there was little need to distinguish between adult and child, because there was no sense of privacy and little sense of taboo — so a medieval childhood ended at the age of seven with power over speech. But, as knowledge became more extensive through the proliferation of books, the span of years consumed by education increased and with it the duration of childhood itself. By the nineteenth-century, childhood lasted into the late teens and was rigorously codified into graduated stages in institutions of education. A distinction emerged as a result between schooling, which addressed itself through the process of book learning to the adult which the child would eventually be, and education, which sought to lead out, “educo” and liberate the genius of youth, valuing childhood for what it intrinsically is. Yeats believed passionately in education, but hated schooling — for, in his view, culture consisted not in acquiring opinions, but in getting rid of them. Life was a learning of how to shed illusions, of learning to walk naked, of coming into the desolation of reality. And the truly remarkable poems of Yeats’s career are about that process — A Coat, The Circus Animals’ Desertion, Easter 1916. But I want to end by suggesting that there is a sense in which these are all rewritten versions of one of his earliest poems of fairyland and childhood The Stolen Child — for it is here that he expresses most chillingly his reservations about the alleged happiness and so-called innocence of childhood.

According to the oldest cliche in the world, everybody loses their innocence in some careless half-hour between the age of seventeen and eighteen. This is, of course, rubbish. People either are or aren’t innocent to begin with — and they reinforce their natural tendencies with the experience of the passing years. There are poets who have passed through a thousand brothels to emerge with a kind of indestructible innocence by which I mean not inexperience but (as I said) its opposite.
himself confessed

Players and painted stage took all my love
And not those things that they were emblems of.

This is simply the final statement of a puritan distrust of art and books which pervaded Yeats's entire career. The man who saw himself faced with a choice between a perfect life and a perfect work often wondered if he should have thrown poor words away and been content to live. And when he neared his fiftieth year, he closed the first volume of his autobiography with a repudiation of "all the books I have read" which were now seen as part of "a preparation for something that never happens." That something may well be a child, if we can judge from the introductory poem to Responsibilities, where the book, the logical process, is seen as poor compensation for the lack of a child:

Pardon, that for a barren passion's sake,
Although I have come close on forty-nine,
I have no child, I have nothing but a book,
Nothing but that to prove your blood and mine.

The book is seen as the natural rival, and enemy, of the child. No wonder that John Butler Yeats exclaimed on reading his son's autobiography, "Don't ever throw a book at your child. He might write his memoirs."

The book had been thrown out of momentary frustration at his son's slow progress at learning to read. Even at 7, Willie had yet to master the alphabet — and as an adult a woeful speller, blighting forever his chances of the Chair of English at TCD by misspelling the word of Professorship in the letter of application. But that reluctance to enter the world of book-learning may be construed as a kind of repudiation of the adult world. Indeed, in a recent book Neil Postman has argued that childhood as we know it is an invention of the age of print. Adults are distinguished by access to advanced forms of knowledge which, at least until television,
youth he wrote renunciations of the body in verses of abstract senility, whereas in ripe old age he extolled a raunchy physicality that would have made even a rock musician blush. So it was entirely consistent of him to write that satiric quatrain On Hearing that the Students of our New University Have Joined the Agitation Against Immoral Literature:

Where, where but here have Pride and Truth
That long to give themselves for wage,
To shake their wicked sides at youth
Restraining reckless middle age?

What irritated him about the students was not just their priggishness, but also their naive belief in the power of books. And herein lies another paradox — the man who had little good to say of his own childhood had much to say about the prevailing systems of education. Perhaps the pain of the one was seen as a proof of the need for reform of the other. Even as a boy, Yeats complained to a schoolmaster in Dublin that the ordinary system of education strengthened the will, but only by weakening the impulses, offering pedantic facts but not a feeling for life. Throughout the autobiography, he is at pains to stress the comparative unimportance to the literary artist of teaching and of books. "I have remembered nothing that I read," he writes rather paradoxically, "but only those things that I heard or saw." On the other hand he expresses envy of those, like his mother, who read no books, but whose recollection of oral anecdotes and folktales was flawless. John Butler Yeats praised his wife for pretending to nothing that she did not feel, and in this he saw her as utterly unlike the average modern reader, who derives superficially held opinions from books. Truly deep thinkers have no opinions, only convictions, he said. "Neither Christ nor Socrates nor Buddha wrote a book," wrote hypocritical W. B., "for to do that is to exchange life for a logical process." Yet we must assume this statement to be sincere. From the Pollexfens, Yeats seems to have inherited the notion that books erode the integrity of the self — or as he

—124(xvi)—
Then? the self-questioning of the time-bound man is even more radical:

His chosen comrades thought at school
He must grow a famous man;
He thought the same and lived by rule,
All his twenties crammed with toil;
‘What then?’ sang Plato’s ghost. ‘What then?’

In such a painful world, only a few like William Morris or Helen of Troy retain the self-delight of the child into their adult years:

That the topless towers be burnt
And men recall that face,
Move most gently if move you must
In this lonely place.
She thinks, part woman, three parts a child,
That nobody looks; her feet
Practise a tinker shuffle
Picked up on a street.
Like a long-legged fly upon stream
Her mind moves upon silence.

And chorus makes it quite clear that the experience of being three parts a child is unshareable, unknowable.

All of which may illustrate the tragedy which Synge found in the literary vocation — that youth knows how to feel but not how to express, and by the time he has learned how to express himself, he has forgotten how to feel. No writer likes to admit that the unexpressed part of his life is the happy part, for to an artist expression is itself the ultimate fulfilment; but if expression is stunted or frustrated, that adds yet another dimension to the pain of the unrecorded life. This may explain why Yeats balanced the pain of childhood against the assertion that he grew happier with every passing year. The later life is the life expressed. If Yeats were ever to have written Joycean book, it would have to bear the title *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Fogey*, because in his
ask how he had got there — a curious reversal of the difficulty which most children have in believing that their parents really went to bed and conceived them. In terms of Christian theology, Yeats's explanation of the symbolic meaning of childhood was utterly heretical. "The tragedy of sexual intercourse," he once said, "is the perpetual virginity of the soul," the fact that two souls never do truly fuse on earth. Instead, he claimed, we beget and bear children because of the incompleteness of our love. Where Christian theology sees a child as the living embodiment of a love which unites the parents, Yeats saw a child as the necessary physical evidence of the fact that a man and woman had momentarily tried and failed to be as one:

And when at last that murder's over
Maybe the bride-bed brings despair,
For each an imagined image brings
And finds a real image there.

That same imperfection, it should be noted, was found by Yeats in the experience of God himself, whose unsatisfactory and incomplete love-affair with the world gave rise to the need for the Incarnation of Jesus in the womb of Mary — a mystery summed up in the peasant adage: "God possesses the heavens, but he covets the earth." So the infant Jesus, like the child of even the truest loves, is born out of love's desponding search for a moment of true ecstasy, and this may be one of the implications behind the phrase "beauty born out of its own despair" at the close of Among School Children.

Wherever we look in the poetry, we find Yeat’s lines on childhood freighted with this darker knowledge from an adult world. A Prayer for my Daughter is less about the child in the cradle than about the kind of adult she might become. Far from being a sensualist abandoning himself to the pleasures of the moment, Yeats appears as a gloomy puritan to take the longer view. In Among School Children he wonders if the pain of his mother in childbirth is justified by the scarecrow he now feels himself to be. And in a later poem What
A more orthodox romantic might have marvelled at the adults’ culpable ignorance of childish ways, but not this poet. Yeats may well be one of the very few romantic artists who resisted the temptation to explore the inner world of the child. In many respects, this is to his credit, for it is often true that those who expend much intensity on children do so because they are subtly unfitted for the demands of adult life. Yeats was shrewd enough to play always within his limits, remarking that he wrote The Land of Heart’s Desire “in some discomfort when the child was theme, for I knew nothing of children. . .”

With other people’s children, the poet was monumentally inept, on one notorious occasion frightening Oscar Wilde’s son out of the room with a ghost story. (He claimed in the autobiography that he had got only as far as “Once upon a time there was a giant,” so one is forced to conclude that he must have given a uniquely spine-chilling rendition of this rather harmless line.) In later life, when he had children of his own, he often gave his infant son a baffled look, as if to
Cynical commentators have marvelled at just how many years Ireland's national poet managed to spend outside his native land. In general, it is true to say that those Irishmen who live outside the island are a lot more starry-eyed than those of us still languishing within it. Indeed, Frank O'Connor (during an American sojourn) said that he returned to Ireland at least once a year, simply to remind himself what a terrible place it was. So Yeats, too, is inventing Ireland, as he employs the autobiographer's art to remake his life. As he wrote in the Preface:

I have changed nothing to my knowledge, and yet it must be that I have changed many things without my knowledge; for I am writing after many years and have consulted neither friend, nor letter, nor old newspaper, and describe what comes oftenest into my memory.

Yet, no matter how much insurance he takes out against the law-court, this most forgetful of autobiographers knows that the past is irrecoverable, that the only real paradise is, by definition, always lost. It has been actually argued that each of the major characters in Yeats's book has been transformed and "reborn as an idea." The same could be said of the treatment of his own childhood. In both the poetry and autobiography, it is remade as a subject of cultural despair. The first thing to be stressed about the poetry is the paucity of the documentation — so little that one might be forgiven for wondering if Yeats had a childhood at all or was he, like Beckett, "born old"? Childhood is invoked fleetingly in a mere handful of poems as a measure of the adult man's deprivation. Among School Children is, it seems, about the suffering of being a woman, the costs of art, the sources of aesthetic and organic beauty — everything, that is, except schoolchildren, who stare in momentary wonder before disappearing out of, or into, the poem. And momentary wonder is all the poet feels at the sight of them. Communication is out of the question — the kind old nun does all the replying. The infant Yeats puts in a brief appearance in
mortal and temporal, but her hills are eternal.”

In such an aphorism may be detected the classic strategy of the Irish Protestant imagination, estranged from the community yet anxious to identify itself with the new patriotic sentiment. While Roman Catholic writers in the revival period are obsessed with the history of their land, for the Protestant artist that history can only be—as Lady Gregory admitted—a painful accusation, and so he has recourse to geography in his attempt at inpatriation. At the Godolphin School in London, patriotic English boys read of Cressy, Agincourt and the Union Jack, and Yeats “without those memories of Limerick and the Yellow Ford that would have strengthened an Irish Catholic, thought of mountain and lake, of my grandfather and of ships.”

The energies which ordinary schoolchildren derived from the mythology of the folk, the values of a peasant faith, the memory of Sarsfield and Red Hugh O’Donnell, had to be discovered by the young Protestant writer simply and solely in the landscape. In emphasising locality, Yeats, Synge and Lady Gregory were consciously realigning themselves with the Gaelic bards whose major duty was the knowledge of dinnsheanchas, the lore of place. Yet there was always something strained about their manoeuvre, as Synge conceded when describing himself as an “interloper” among the Aran Islanders. Recently, Edna Longley has detected in Louis MacNeice further evidence of this untransubstantiated communion whereby “belonging” to the landscape does not confer automatic membership of “the people.” MacNeice’s ancestors, sleeping in west of Ireland graves, meant everything to a boy who pronounced himself “banned forever from the candles of the Irish poor.” So it must have been for the Yeatses, who found that world of seedy decrepitude first unveiled to them in the stories of James Joyce.

Unlike most other Irish writers, Yeats spent a good part of his boyhood in England, a fact which may have encouraged him, even while rather young, to reinvent his own childhood and to recast his Sligo history into more pleasing patterns.
... that toil of growing up;
The ignominy of boyhood, the distress
Of boyhood changing into man...

or that the old man could write (in an imitation from the Japanese)

Seventy years have I lived
Seventy years man and boy,
And never have I danced for joy...

— for one of his earliest recollections had been of his gratitude and surprise when great-uncle William Middleton said: "We should not make light of the troubles of children. They are worse than ours, because we can see the end of our trouble, and they can never see any end." As a mere boy, Yeats made a mental note never to talk as grown-up people do of the happiness of childhood. But how can these lifelong intimations of the terrors of childhood be reconciled with the poet's nostalgia for Sligo as an enchanted land?

What seems like a contradiction may not be so at all, if we recall that Yeats's longings were always rooted in locations known and loved, whereas his sufferings were caused by people. It may even be that the beautiful landscapes assuaged some of boyhood's pain at the time, or that, in later years, these places were sanctified in the memory by their association with intense early experiences. In his autobiographical writings, George Bernard Shaw registered a similar discrepancy between his "devil of a childhood, rich only in dreams, frightful and loveless in realities," and the beautiful locations in which some of his days were passed. He did recall "one moment of ecstatic happiness when my mother told me we were going to live in Dalkey." "Under its canopied skies," he recalled at the age of 80, he learned to "love nature and Ireland when I was a half-grown nobody." The plaque which now stands on Shaw's cottage in Dalkey may well in its inscription speak also for Yeats: "The men of Ireland are
Indeed, I remember little of childhood but its pain. I have grown happier with every year of life, as though gradually conquering something myself, for certainly my miseries were not made by others but were a part of my own mind.

The poet was too forgiving, in this instance, for his troubles were often caused by the puritanical gloom and lack of consideration which he encountered among the Pollexfens, his mother's people. Their legacy to the poet was, in the words of William Murphy, "an aggressive insecurity, a need to hide his real person behind a mask, and an all too frequent insensitivity to others." The young Willie had been permanently afraid of both uncle and aunt; and he confused grandfather Willam Pollexfen with God, praying that he might punish him for his sins. Pollexfen himself was something of an eccentric, who could not bear to hear the tapping sound made by the children with spoons when removing the top from an egg. He demonstrated his own alternative — and, of course, superior — method:

His way was to hold the egg-cup firmly on its plate with his left hand, then with a sharp knife in his right hand to behead the egg with one blow. Where the top of the egg went to was not his business. It might hit a grandchild or ceiling. He never looked.

The brooding Pollexfens passed on their talent for gloomy introspection to Willie, who forever afterwards found it hard to attend to anything less interesting than his own thoughts. Some of his aunts considered that the boy did not possess all his faculties, so filled was he with "hobgoblin fancies" — a judgement echoed years later by London neighbours who wondered why the nice Yeats girl used to walk down Blenheim Road "with the mentally afflicted young gentleman".

No wonder, therefore, that in later years the poet could write of
Such renewal could not come from Ireland, however, because to mount book-length celebrations of an Irish childhood was to flirt dangerously with the racialist view of the childish Hibernian peasant. This may help to explain Yeats's growing reluctance to exploit the image of the child after the comparative success on the London stage of *The Land of Heart's Desire*. The writers of the revival were caught in a double bind. Disenchanted with the growing murderousness of their land, they sought to escape from the fallen world of politics back into the landscape of childhood memory, only to discover that the very act of dreaming that dream is itself tainted with the politics of Anglo-Irish relations. The inspired solution turns out to be part of the underlying problem. And so Yeats, though he devotes more than seventy pages of autobiography to *Reveries Over Childhood and Youth*, hits on a makeshift solution to the problem of challenging English preconceptions by constantly depicting himself as a gifted, mature child among rather juvenile, derivative English boys.

At school in London, he was amused at the way in which at election time the older boys covered the walls with the opinions their fathers found in newspapers, whereas he, as an artist's son, thought things out for himself. And, indeed, his narrative strategy is to reverse many racialist manoeuvres. Where the English had used the Irish as a foil, in all things their opposite, to set off John Bull's virtues, Yeats now used the English boys as a measure of Irish superiority. He marvelled at the contrast between his father's view that it was bad manners for a parent to speak crossly to a child and the widespread English belief in discipline, law and force.

On a more personal level, Yeats similarly repented of his very British sentimentalisation of childhood in *The Land of Heart's Desire*. The writer who turns on Christmas day 1914 from a war-torn world to *Reveries Over Childhood and Youth* finds in his past only those very nightmares which led him in the first place to evoke it. And this is the point at which to emphasise an apparent contradiction in his autobiography between his unqualified nostalgia for Sindbad's yellow shore and the following sentences from the opening chapter:
ultimate purveyor of lands of hearts' desire, "what a parallel there is between a colony and her mother country and a child and its parent." Parallel, indeed! All through the nineteenth century the Irish had been treated in the English media as hopelessly childlike — brothels of boys, veering between a tear and a smile, quick to anger and quick to forget — unlike the adult, rational and urbane Anglo-Saxon. In the words of the historian Perry Curtis: "Irishmen thus shared with virtually all the non-white peoples of the empire the label childish, and the remedy for unruly children in most Victorian households was a proper licking!"

In an age when children had few rights, the Irish and the child were victims of a similar hypocrisy. Present-day critics are often angered at the fact that those same Victorian gentlemen who wept copiously for the innocent outraged children of Dickens were also part of a generation that still sent children up into chimneys and down into coal-mines. But the Irish have known from experience what feminists have also discovered, that it is a tendency of all tyrants to sentimentalise their victims — first, defeat them, and when the oppressed ones have come to love the chains that bind, convert them into artistic material. The wealthy and the mighty have an instinctive desire to be entertained — and even accused — by their subjects. How else do we explain the preponderance of female forms to be found in the art galleries of a world run so clearly in the interest of men? Or the astonishing popularity of Irish writers, and disc-jockeys, in England? The Victorian Englishman simply projected onto the Irish all those elements of emotion and spontaneity which he despised and feared most in himself; and at the root of his unease about the Irish was a fear of the child who lurked hidden and unacknowledged in himself. Oscar Wilde's espousal of the inner world of the child in his stories may well constitute a sly comment on these hidden fears. It can be no accident that the cul-de-sac into which English writers on childhood had been led by Lewis Carroll and J. M. Barrie was blown open not in England, but America.
the image of an innocence which dies... of life extinguished, of life that's better extinguished, of life, so to say, rejected, negated at its very root.

There is also a potent description of the landscape of early Yeatsian desire, where childhood is surrounded by a *cordon sanitaire* of nostalgia and escape — and kept severely apart from the knowledge of adult life. It is, as Yeats later saw, a world of neither change nor growth. Instead, as Coveney says, "it becomes not so much a matter of the adult sensibility barred from awareness of the significance of childhood, but of acute feelings for childhood which do not become integrated into a truly adult response to the significance of human experience as a whole." What the child actually is, what the child truly WANTS, means nothing in such literature, for this is the landscape of the adult heart's desire. Just as a sexist portraiture depicted women not as they are but as men wish them to be, so here the child is reduced to an expendable cultural object, in much the same way as Thomas Mann's Tadzio was treated by the writer Gustave von Aschenbach. The inhabitants of Tir na nOg do not grow up, not because they don't want to, but because an adult author prefers them to remain ignorant of a world filled with sexual ambiguity, political oppression and social distinction. Jacqueline Rose has recently pointed to the widespread but false assumption that childhood exists outside the culture in which it is produced, as a state of unspoilt nature, and to a related assumption that literature for children can preserve — for the child but also for us — values which are constantly on the verge of collapse. So in Yeats's equation of the child with the unselfconscious peasant, childhood is depicted as the zone in which the older form of culture, now jeopardised by modernity, is preserved in oral traditions.

This has the unintended, but undeniable effect of infantilising the older culture by patronising it. Rose has indeed noted the long-established links between children's fiction and the colonialism which identified the new world with the infantile state of man. In the words of Captain Marryat, the
Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue,
And where kind tongues bring no captivity;
For we are but obedient to the thoughts
That draft into the mind at the wink of an eye.

Significantly, when the young wife finally dies, the child at once leaves the stage. Experience has not been faced, but simply evaded and denied. In the words of William Irwin Thompson: "The ideal realm... is free of conflict, simply because the self has destroyed everything that is other than the self. In the phenomenology of the early Yeats, will and responsibility are impossible; since pain does not exist, no toil or passionate tragedy can raise the self into a heightened consciousness where the divisions of self fuse into a new unity."

This is a just verdict, and it shows up the play for what it is — a sort of Celtic Peter Pan of the Western World, pathetically in keeping with the late nineteenth century tendency of British authors to confuse innocence with inexperience — when, in fact, the innocence, as Blake and Wordsworth knew, is precisely the opposite — openness to experience in all its forms. Wordsworth valued childhood not just in itself but for what it might become:

The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Coleridge longed to carry the feelings of childhood into the powers of adult life; and Blake's children did exactly that, for the songs of experience are really songs of innocence tested, outraged, lost and sometimes recovered. Yet, by the middle of the century, we witness in the dying children of Dickens not just a symbol of degradation but a degradation of the symbol — from innocence to pathos, mawkishness and withdrawal. In the words of Peter Coveney; after Dickens "children no longer grow up and develop into the maturities of Wordsworth's Prelude... . . . The image is transfigured into
which once she was and might again be. This cult blossomed not just in the Blasket masterpieces of Tomas O' Criomhthainn, Peig Sayers and Maurive O'Sullivan, but in Synge's book on Aran and Peadar O'Donnel's on Donegal. Yet when the older Yeats brought his newly-wed wife on her first boat-trip on Lough Gill (according to Donald Pearce), he failed ignominiously to locate, much less land on, the Lake Isle of Inisfree, the island on which as a youth he had determined to conquer all bodily desire as a recluse and holy man. It was, unwittingly perhaps, a sign that the past — in that simple-minded version at all events — was not thus recoverable.

Some of the less sophisticated texts of the early Yeats are without doubt an attempt to deny civilization and its discontents by escaping to the Happy Island of Oisin, Tir na nOg, the land of the ever young. Similarly, many of the short stories of Patrick Pearse stress the redemptive strangeness of the child, bearing fallen adults messages from another world. Yet the paradox is that such texts, which did so much to nourish Irish cultural nationalism, were wholly British in origin, and wholly imperialistic in their strategy of infantilising the national culture. What was lacking in them was what the poet would later call the Vision of Evil, without which art is merely superficial and unable to chronicle the tragedy of growth and change.

It was just such an unreal state of changelessness which the poet seemed to endorse in his 1894 play The Land of Heart's Desire. This voiced his disenchantment with the process of ageing — an astonishing phenomenon in an author who had just had his first french kiss in a Kentish train at the age of twenty-nine. In the play, Father Hart promises a young woman the way to heaven, but a child offers something more — an easeful death and escape to the land of heart's desire:

But I can lead you, newly-married bride,
Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,
find my audience.” From this moment on, Sligo became a sacred place to the youth who longed to hold a sod of its earth in his hand. “It was some old race instinct,” he recalled, “like that of a savage.”

At the Godolphin School in London, he felt himself a stranger among the other boys: “there was something in their way of saying names of places that made me feel this.” The Sligo of his early childhood became a dream landscape, a never-never land to which it was hopeless to expect to return, “for I have walked on Sindbad’s yellow shore and never shall another’s hit my fancy.” For Yeats, this fall came early, with the enforced emigration of the family to London, so that his father could pursue his already flagging career. “Here you are somebody,” said a Sligo aunt to the nine-year old, “there you will be nobody at all.” It was a fall from pastoral landscapes into a world of urban blight. In a later period, he would also see the fall as one from high nationalist aspiration to sordid war and plunder. By 1919, the Victorian notion of the perfectability of man could seem the most lethally innocent of dreams:

We too had many pretty toys when young:
A law indifferent to blame or praise.
To bribe or threat; habits that made old wrong
Melt down, as it were wax in the sun’s rays;
Public opinion ripening for so long
We thought it would outlive all future days.
O what fine thought we had because we thought
That the worst rogues and rascals had died out.

The deeper the world plunged into chaos, the more necessary did it become for the poet to secure the dream of his Sligo idyll against such accusations of naivety and blind idealism — and the harder. The more he sought to recapture the dream, the more it seemed to elude him. It was Yeats who more than any man gave credence to the cult of the western island among writers of the revival, the island as a microcosm of Ireland as a whole, the organic community
at all events, was not simply an autobiography set in Ireland so much as an autobiography of Ireland. The story told had a definite shape, as in the autobiography of Yeats. The writer began the book as a subject in a colony, clashed with and surmounted his father, and ended as a citizen of a free state or of a state intent of freeing itself. Which is to say that he began as a nonentity and ended as an Irishman. Like Americans of the same period, Irish people were not born but made — fathered round a few simple symbols, a flag, an anthem, a handful of evocative phrases. In this process childhood, like Ireland herself, had to be re-invented, as a zone of innocence, unsullied and intense, from which would emerge the new Irish man.

The celebration of the peasant by writers like Yeats is rooted in these aspirations, but it is also a legacy of the English romantics. The peasant is admired for his capacity to achieve without strain the ideal of Coleridge — “to carry the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood.” Indeed, the unselfconsciousness of the countrymen’s sense of place allowed Yeats to question the more crude and conscious attempts of the Young Irelanders at nation-building:

In Allingham I find the entire emotion for the place we grew up in which I felt as a child. Davis, on the other hand, was concerned with ideas of conscious patriotism. His Ireland was artificial, an idea built up in a couple of generations by a few commonplace men. This artificial ideas has done me as much harm as the other has helped me. . .

For Yeats, as for Synge, the child’s earliest feelings are for the colour of a known locality, which even a baby expresses in gibberish and syllables of no meaning. As a boy in Sligo, Yeats often thought how terrible it would be to go away and die where nobody would know his own story or the stories of his family. “Years afterwards,” he wrote, “when I was ten or twelve years old and in London, I would remember Sligo with tears, and when I began to write it was there I hoped to
YEATS AND CHILDHOOD

Declan KIBERD

Most writers of the Revival identified their childhood with that of the Irish nation — the hopeful decades of slow growth before the Fall into murderous violence and civil war. In their autobiographies, childhood is depicted as a kind of privileged zone, peopled with engaging eccentrics, doting grannies, and natural landscapes. What they were all describing, of course, was childhood in a British colony, and there can be few experiences as intense as that of family life in such a setting. The subject people owes no allegiance to the state, its courts, its police, its festivals, and all the energies which might in a normal society be dispersed over such wide areas are invested instead in the rituals of family life. As G. K. Chesterton remarked: “Wherever there is Ireland there is the family, and it counts for a great deal.” The interesting thing is that the comment was made after a visit to the family of John Butler Yeats in London, proving that habits so deeply rooted survive. The experience of emigration, even in those whose background was in the landowning classes. The neighbours of the Yeats family in London, hearing the raised voices of father and son, often falsely concluded that the two were locked in a violent quarrel, when in fact they were engaged in animated discussion of the family’s life. Their friends in Blenheim Road couldn’t understand, in the words of Lily Yeats, that this was simply the Irish way.

When sons revolt against inadequate fathers in a colonial setting, the confrontation is soon revealed to be meaningless, because it cannot be translated into social progress, since neither fathers nor sons have their hands on the levers of power. So, if it is to have lasting value, the revolt of the young must not remain a simple rebellion, but must become a downright revolution — and this progression provides the classic trajectory of an Irish autobiography which, in the period of revival
THE YEATS SOCIETY OF JAPAN

CONSTITUTION

1. The Society is to be called THE YEATS SOCIETY OF JAPAN.
2. It has as its object the promotion of Yeats studies in Japan by means of:
   a. lecture meetings;
   b. contact and co-operation with similar societies abroad, in particular with the senior society at Sligo;
   c. publication of a Society bulletin and of members’ work on Yeats;
   d. other activities.
3. The Society consists of President, Committee and Members.
4. The President is to be elected by the Committee.
5. The Committee is to be elected by the Members.
6. Both President and Committee hold office for two years, but may offer themselves for re-election.
7. Membership fee is 4,000 yen per year.
8. Membership of the Society requires written application and payment of the stated fee.
9. Expenses of the Society are to be defrayed from membership fees, donations, etc.
10. A General Meeting is to be held annually to discuss all matters pertaining to the Society.
11. Any addition to, or amendment of, this Constitution will require the sanction of the Annual General Meeting.
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