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## Notes on the Criticism of T. S. Eliot

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THIS essay was originally the 'opener' of a colloquium of teachers of English at the Welsh universities. As such I felt it my prime duty to sow discord, if not (as I hope) among my auditors, at least between my auditors and myself. To that end, I refashioned, in the unkindest manner possible, the already unkind words which Eliot used of Thomas Hobbes,<sup>1</sup> presenting Thomas Stearns Eliot as 'one of those extraordinary landloupers whom the chaotic motions of the early twentieth century tossed into an eminence which they hardly deserved and which—at least as yet—they have never lost'. An even more extraordinary landlouper would of course be Ezra Pound, but, to my relief, we have to deal with him only accidentally.

A notable characteristic which Hobbes shared with Eliot but not, I think, with Pound, is what Eliot variously calls a 'power over words',<sup>2</sup> 'the gift of words', 'the gift of language'.<sup>3</sup> Certain of Hobbes's phrases have stamped themselves indelibly on the English memory; two at least of what Eliot calls his coinages—'objective correlative' and 'dissociation of sensibility'—acquired a currency by which, in 1947, he declared himself 'astonished';<sup>4</sup> in 1956 he had the grace—a grace for ever denied to Thomas Hobbes—to confess himself 'embarrassed'.<sup>5</sup> He had need to be.

The phrase 'objective correlative' first appears in the essay entitled *Hamlet and his Problems*,<sup>6</sup> which was published in 1919. Professor Praz had, I think, the right sow by the lug (an Eliotian locution) in deriving the phrase from Pound's description of poetry as 'a sort of inspired mathematics', giving 'equations, not for abstract figures,

triangles, spheres and the like, but equations for human emotions.<sup>7</sup> You will note that, by omitting to specify the elements of which the equations are composed, Pound leaves the reader free to assume their being such as to require evaluation and approval on his part. Whether or not this was Pound's intention (and I rather think it was not), Eliot is careful to rule it out. An 'objective correlative'—or 'objective equivalent', for the two terms are used synonymously—an 'objective correlative' he defines<sup>8</sup> as 'a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events'—in other words, as 'external facts'—which the reader can do no more than perceive and which, when they are brought before him, he cannot help perceiving. No more can he help the '*particular* emotion' rising within him, of which the objective correlative is the formula: once 'the external facts . . . terminate in sensory experience', says Eliot, 'the emotion is . . . evoked'. Show a bone to a dog, and its tail will wag. I leave you to consider the respect for the reader which this implies.

Nor does the early Eliot merely scorn the cooperation, he flouts the intelligence of his reader. Having prescribed an objective correlative as 'the only way of expressing emotion in the form of art',<sup>9</sup> he claims to detect, in the Prince of Denmark, an emotion which 'is in *excess* of the facts as they appear'<sup>10</sup>—an emotion, in other words, with which nothing objective can be correlated, so that, though apparently it has been expressed, it ought to have been inexpressible. And in attributing the same sort of excess to Shakespeare—who, no more than the Prince, is to be known except in and through a work of art—Eliot contradicts himself a second time. And this time, it would seem, unnecessarily: for according to a subsequent passage in this same essay a poet is endowed with the 'ability to intensify the world to [the level of] his emotions'<sup>11</sup>—a poet, that is, either need not, or cannot, be troubled with emotions exceeding the world with which he has to deal. What are we to conclude? That Eliot erred in his diagnosis of Shakespeare's emotional state when writing *Hamlet*? Or that Shakespeare was a heedless poet? Or a poet less than usually able? Or—perhaps—not a poet at all? Pre-

sumably cogitations of this kind amazed 'The troubled midnight and the noon's repose' of the more alert among the readers of the early Eliot.

If so, repose was restored in 1930, with the appearance of an essay on Cyril Tourneur. A second characteristic shared by Hobbes and Eliot is an integrity or a pig-headedness—choose which word you will—which drives them to apply theories to facts which cannot do other than shatter the theories. 'Motion produces nothing but motion', Hobbes repeats at the very moment of arguing that motion produces sense.<sup>12</sup> And if asked, 'Then must not sense and motion be the same?' he would reply: 'No! sense is fancy'—which is certainly not motion, whether it is sense or not. In much the same way, Eliot on the one hand proclaims *The Revenger's Tragedy* a 'masterpiece',<sup>13</sup> possessed of 'an amazing unity' due to an 'intense and unique and horrible vision of life;' while on the other hand he admits that the author's 'cynicism . . . loathing and disgust of humanity . . . exceed the object.'<sup>14</sup> Almost the very words, the reader recollects, which were used of Hamlet and Shakespeare, and in consequence of which their tragedy, 'so far from being . . . [a] masterpiece,'<sup>15</sup> was damned as 'most certainly an artistic failure'. Eliot intervenes with a sophism of the Hobbesian kind. The emotions of the poet of *The Revenger's Tragedy*, he explains, do not lack objective equivalents but, rather than characters to be met with in the world outside, these 'seem merely to be spectres projected from the poet's inner world of nightmare.'<sup>16</sup> Surely the word 'seem' is out of place in this sentence: either the nightmare spectres project the equivalents, or they do not. If not, they are intruders into the discussion; if they do, the equivalents may remain equivalents, but certainly not objective, for they are not 'facts external' to the poet. To Eliot, of course, they are external; but it is the poet's, and not Eliot's, emotions which, according to the essay, are 'consummately expressed in *The Revenger's Tragedy*.'<sup>17</sup> Either the theory of the objective correlative is capable, and stands in need of a careful restatement, or it has been forced upon suicide.

That Pound's description of poetry should have remained

unknown to all but a narrow circle can hardly surprise; his talk of mathematics, equations and triangles is as awkward and as uncomely as most, if not all, of the utterances, whether in prose or in verse, that the unfortunate Ezra was ever to make. On the other hand Eliot, whether at his most devious or his most trenchant, was never other than suave. But in a phrase like 'objective correlative', it is difficult to say where suavity resides. Does the coupling of two words with like endings convey a touch of the scientifically irreproachable, the academically prim? Or does a hovering doubt which of the two words functions as substantive hint at a halo such as invests expressions familiar from imposing contexts, 'right divine', 'wisdom infinite', 'love eternal', and so on? Perhaps the question should not be raised as yet, perhaps not at all; perhaps at the end we shall need to content ourselves with noting the aptness of the warning which Cleon, son of Cleaenetus, addressed to the Athenians:<sup>18</sup> that traps might be baited with *λόγων ἡδονή*, the charm of words.

'Dissociation of sensibility', the second of Eliot's current coinages, need not detain us long: no longer than is necessary to prove that the dissociation could not take place, since the association which it presupposes never existed. Proof lies, I think, to hand. Eliot marks off a period as that of 'Chapman, Middleton, Webster, Tourneur, Donne', and affirms that within this period 'the intellect was immediately at the tips of the senses.'<sup>19</sup> Please note that he said, not 'Chapman's, Middleton's, Webster's, Tourneur's, Donne's intellect', but *the* intellect, without qualification. Presumably therefore it was as much at the tips of Miss Elizabeth Drury's senses as of anybody's. But if that had been the case, Donne would hardly have considered it worthy of record that 'her body thought'; certainly he would not have chosen for the record the extremely cautious language that he did choose:

her pure, and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought  
*That you might almost say, her body thought.*

Or if your mind repugns at the notion that a fifteen-year

old Elizabeth Drury shared in a privilege which Eliot, you insist, regarded as confined to the mature and great, consider the case of Marvell, whose greatness and maturity nobody can deny. If Marvell had been in the habit of seeing a thought or thinking something green (not, of course, thinking of something green—our excellent English, I am afraid, accommodates itself reluctantly to the non-sensical hypotheses which argument compels me to put forward)—if both or either of these hypotheses had been realized, Marvell could scarcely have accepted a 'green thought' as the fitting annihilation of 'all that's made'. A cause once removed, its effects are removed also; and thus Eliot's 'eclipse' of 'something superior to the intellect',<sup>20</sup> his 'splitting-up' of the English personality<sup>21</sup> and so on—all these vanish. I do not of course dispute that, in the seventeenth as in other centuries, changes of a kind occurred. Later perhaps I may return to their cause or causes. At the moment my immediate point is that they were neither so speedy nor so catastrophic as they must have been, had they resulted from the atrophy of a psycho-physical mechanism.

Pope, for example, who flourished under and long after the Queen Anne by whose time Eliot supposed the faculty of 'sensuous thought or thinking through the senses' to have lapsed—this same Pope continues to employ conceits and even—if I may hark back to a distinction I myself, in a distant and callow youth, attempted to draw—even metaphysical conceits. At times Pope employs them infelicitously, as when he makes Eloisa 'glue' a phantom Abelard within her 'clasping arms'; but at times with due decorum, so that his Atossa

by the Means defeated of the Ends,  
By Spirit robb'd of Pow'r

deserves to rank alongside Eliot's Hollow Men. You will remember the line which occurs towards the end of the *Dunciad*:

And unawares Morality expires.

...

Whether the metaphor lying at the root of the verb

'expires' was already effete by Pope's day, I do not know; but if so, in this passage it is restored to pristine vigour by contact with the skulking, shrinking, begging, calling, gazing, raving personifications by which it is surrounded. And so Morality, an idea, a concept, something therefore immortal, is seen—incomprehensibly, incredibly—to yield up her breath. If the adverb 'unawares' implies that she does so without others knowing of it, that is horror enough; if the dying is unknown to herself, horror is heaped upon horror.

More often, however, Pope initiates a conceit only to thwart it: that is, he draws its elements sufficiently close together for both to be caught at a single glance but then, rather than effecting their conjunction, he displays or allows them to display their incompatibility—and the result is a joke. In part, this may be due to the spirit of the age, more inclined to levity than its predecessor: but chiefly, I think the responsibility or the credit must be laid to Pope's account, for he had much of the monkey in him. The familiar couplet about Hampton Court may illustrate what I mean:

Here thou, great *Anna*! whom three realms obey,  
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes Tea.

If this couplet persuaded the reader that, not only in the same palace but by the same organ, the Queen imbibed both a beverage and a briefing, Pope would have brought off a metaphysical miracle. But he does not even attempt to do so. Deliberately he chooses the verb 'take', which has none of the precision of the verb 'imbibe'. So many different kinds of things can be taken: thought, care, offence, pleasure, a cure, holiday, a bus, a penny and what not, that there would seem to be hardly any relation between grammatical subject and grammatical object which the verb might not deputize, for one can scarcely say 'represent', since out of such a wide range of referents it can 'present' nothing in particular. It functions therefore as no more than the thinnest of threads by which 'tea' and 'counsel' are linked, and from the opposite ends of which they gibe at each other.

Gibing takes on a different tone when the elements of a conceit contrast more widely or more deeply than 'counsel' and 'tea'. On encountering the line

Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Psalms,  
a reader settles down to entertainment without discomfort, for the irony of the verb 'glad' is no more than sly. Immediately succeeding lines, with their steady gravity, bolster both himself and his illusion:

The Boys and Girls whom Charity maintains,  
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:  
How could Devotion touch the country pews,  
Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse?  
Verse cheers their leisure, Verse assists their work.

But when the ear is struck by a contrast, not only between what the poet says and what he means, but also within his meaning, complacency is disturbed; the reader, it seems, is to be roused from passive contemplation to some kind of activity or other:

Verse prays for peace, Verse sings down Pope and Turk.  
The likelihood of involvement grows stronger as a glance at the pulpit not only reveals, but also excuses, a contrast between what the occupant ought to do, and what in fact he is doing:

The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,  
And feels the grace his pray'r besought in vain;  
The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng—

'lab'ring' of course because the throng is composed of labourers but also, since it is accompanied by the verb 'thrill', the adjective recalls throes like those of the priestess at Delphi. A fear arises lest an Anglican congregation—and a rural congregation, at that!—should begin whistling and whirling, groaning and grovelling like the Holy Rollers, with the reader as sole judge and moderator. But the final verse imposes silence:

And Heav'n is won by violence of Song—  
for it conjures up the second element in Pope's conceit. These are the violent of the Gospel,<sup>28</sup> between whom and the Anglicans no relation of similitude but only of oppug-

nancy can obtain. However frantically the parson and his yokels demean themselves, they can be regarded with nothing but contempt by the publicans and harlots who, by their snatching at an offered salvation, appear to outrage Heaven; such purposeful impiety can only startle, scandalise perhaps rather the yokels, and shrink them back into their wonted warbling of insipidities. The mere thought of their attempting anything different rouses laughter, but this time the laughter is of the kind that greets what Eliot, in his essay on Marlowe, calls 'the old English humour . . . [a] terribly serious, savage comic humour'. It is a laughter not altogether pleasant to hear.

From Pope I turn to Gray, because Eliot disapproved of him as decidedly as he approved of Pope. I need hardly say, but *ex abundante cautela* I will say, that my purpose is not to undertake a survey of the eighteenth century, but merely to suggest that this century neither contrasts so sharply with its predecessor, nor contains such sharp contrasts within itself, as Eliot's theories, and his sometimes wayward preferences, have led or might lead some to suppose.

The *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard* still continues to use the closed conceit (and 'closed conceit', by the way, is the name I shall use for a conceit which has not been thwarted in the manner just described).

Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires—

here laments and yearnings are transferred from without to within the tomb; neither the living continue to enjoy their wonted activity, nor the dead their wonted repose; between life and death there seems little to choose, nor is choice an attitude that is invited by either. But I should be at a loss to quote any other example from the *Elegy*: and, as a device to be employed by almost anyone on almost any occasion, the closed conceit would seem to have had its day. Henceforward it is reserved for the exceptional poet facing an exceptional need. After all, its habitual employment was never more than a fashion: perhaps—to commandeer Eliot's description of Crashaw's<sup>28</sup>



imagery—never more than 'a deliberate conscious perversity of language', which was found to give 'a kind of intellectual pleasure'. At a rough guess, I would identify this pleasure as that of wit remodelling the world. Towards the end of the nineteenth century, mystagogues were to aspire to the pleasure of recreating the world, and for this purpose invented—or at least desiderated—a new device, which they called the symbol. Between whiles, most people contented themselves with a more modest and more normal view of their powers. During that period language had little to lose by a reversion to normality.

To the English language—to the English language in poetry, anyway—it would appear to be normal neither to close nor to thwart the conceit, but to suspend it: that is, to awaken or to keep awake a consciousness of the elements of a conceit, while avoiding the slightest attempt to bring them together. Always, these elements are those of what I once called a metaphysical conceit: persistent and perplexing opposites such as unity and multiplicity, death and life, flesh and spirit, time and eternity, the real and the ideal, and whatever falls under these or like pairs. The mind is made to savour more fully than usual the conditions under which it is required to operate—which may not mean of course that it relishes these conditions more fully, but rather the opposite. The mind desires, but cannot attain; or if it attains, does so by what the Greeks called a divine, and is certainly not a human chance. Stronger or more experienced spirits respond with something like a stoicism; the weaker and less prepared find themselves dazed, puzzled, held in suspense. But this is not the main reason why I give this form of conceit the name that I do; rather, it is because the conceit can be suspended over, may overarch and subtend, a whole poem, or one or more of the poem's considerable parts.

And I suggest that it is normal to English poetry partly because it is found there from the first—in *Beowulf*, for example: in which morning rouses Hildeburh<sup>24</sup> to a scene where hitherto, and in the company of husband, son and brother, she has had her fill of joy, and where she now sees the brother slain at the instigation of the husband, the

son at that of the brother; in which a father, having lost a son to the gallows, reverts in mind to that son's house and land, finding them *eall to rum*<sup>25</sup>—a phrase I can no more than remotely render by the colloquial understatement, 'too spacious by half'—in which, again, the inheritor of a vast wealth<sup>26</sup> ruefully returns it to the earth out of which it was dug because, as the last of his race, he can hand it on to no one for admiration or for use.

In these three instances, the confronted opposites might be summarily described as possession and loss; but in the last two they are of a subtle enough kind to deserve closer specification. They depend upon the embittered recognition that a value, attaching to an object as long as it remains present to a consciousness, suffers virtual extinction once that consciousness is removed. The same contrast, or suspended conceit, envelops a stanza of the *Elegy* often dismissed as humdrum, because it is familiar:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air—

here the verb 'waste', in the last line, deplores the absence, clamours for the presence of an observer. Mention of a 'village Hampden' and a 'mute inglorious Milton' suggests that the conceit is to be stretched to cover succeeding stanzas. Scruples about a 'guiltless Cromwell' however make the poet pause, and balance the loss to be feared from a stifling of nascent virtue against the profit to be expected from a prevention of threatened vice. This mood of pusillanimity anticipates the Epitaph, which is the weakest part of the poem: indeed, the six stanzas introducing the Epitaph are also to be regretted as appendage. Fortunately, before subsiding to their level, the poet recollects that, whether or not a germ of virtue or of vice is to be aborted in one or other of the villagers, all without exception are future victims of the most scandalous of wasters, Death. Gray then composes the stanzas which lead up to the closed conceit already quoted, and which wrung a tribute even from the reluctant Johnson. Johnson's

judgment on the poem as a whole is, I think, remembered by all: the *Elegy*, he says, 'abounds with images which find a mirrour in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo'.

They are remembered by all, that is, except Eliot, usually so deferential to Johnson—instead of whose comment he proffers a comment of his own which must, I think, count as the most inept ever made by a critic not wholly contemptible on a poem not wholly without distinction. The *Elegy*, according to Eliot<sup>27</sup>, 'contains one or two ideas which are perhaps not very sound: the likelihood that the village churchyard, or any churchyard contained the body of a potential Hampden, Milton or Cromwell is exceedingly small.' There could be no more perfect example of *Ignoratio Elenchi*. The category of quantity has no relevance to a meditation moving in that of quality. The rude forefathers of Stoke Poges (if it was Stoke Poges) are also the rude forefathers of every hamlet, indeed of all mankind, whether rude or not; and whatever the fact, the mere possibility that a genius should be slighted—or, for that matter, a nincompoop—this suffices to distress, not merely sentimentalists like Mackenzie and Laurence Sterne, but all thinkers sound and honest enough to distinguish between what they tolerate because they must, and what, if free from the compulsion of reality, they would find tolerable.

This impercipient on Eliot's part—you can find more of it, and worse, in *After Strange Gods*—should be born in mind when weighing the terms of an earlier comment included in the essay on the Metaphysical Poets: 'the feeling, the sensibility expressed in the *Country Churchyard*', Eliot writes,<sup>28</sup> '. . . is cruder than that in the *Coy Mistress*'. Of the *Country Churchyard* I have said more than enough; of the *Coy Mistress* I will say that it includes passages I admire greatly, but also that, if commissioned to select, from the whole body of English poetry, the lines most properly to be qualified as 'crude', I do not know that, outside avowed pornography, I could make a juster choice than of the last six lines of the *Coy Mistress*.

If, as I have suggested, the suspended conceit is normal

to English poetry, it should not only put in an appearance at the beginning, but persist until the end of that poetry. It persists at any rate into the nineteenth century, in the early years of which we find a poem that might be said to enact the triumph of the suspended over the closed conceit. This is the *Ode to a Nightingale*, of which Eliot, in one of the earliest of his essays,<sup>29</sup> sketched an account I do not propose to quote. As one of the sarcasms in which he abounded, it is one of the driest and least pleasant. The elements of the conceit in the *Ode* are, on the one hand, the misery of a world

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;  
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow—

and, on the other hand, a happiness revealed by a burst of singing from the nightingale. This happiness is so unexpected by the poet, and so novel, that it dazes as might a drug. Such a daze cannot be trusted to last, and that it may do so for some not negligible period the poet has recourse to intoxication by wine, by poetry, even by the thought of death. But all these are self-defeating: happiness can be securely held only if associated with death's opposite; and so from 'sod', the deadest of all dead words, the poet soars, in a single line, to the closed conceit:

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!

And once immortalized, the nightingale naturally has sung, naturally is singing, everywhere and to everyone: to emperor and clown as well as to John Keats, over perilous seas and alien corn as well as over Highgate. But wit is no longer capable of remodelling the world as once it did; the poet finds no more than fancy at his disposal, and fancy he knows deceives. The conceit has hardly been closed before it begins to gape. From happy, the nightingale's song turns to plaintive; the bird no longer sings, not even over Highgate.

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?

Fled is that music;—do I wake or sleep?

The poet relapses into a daze, as at the beginning of the

ode; but this time the daze is of a different kind—not the fleeting effect of a drug, but a permanent puzzlement, a suspense, as I have called it, between happiness and misery, two states that cannot be reconciled, but neither of which can henceforth be ignored.

If this betrays a weakness in Keats, by contrast with which Matthew Arnold calls to be commended for strength, it must be remembered that, when he wrote the *Ode*, Keats was no more than 25, and that Arnold, in writing *The Scholar-Gipsy*, possessed the advantage, not only of five additional years, but of a thorough moral training and a solid mental discipline. Not only does Arnold salute his Gipsy with the words

No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours—

he shows him, in the person of the Tyrian trader 'indignantly' refusing to feel it. This word 'indignantly' is the most important in the poem; the Tyrian unhesitatingly turns his back on the 'merry Grecian coaster', on

The young light-hearted masters of the waves,

on the grapes, the wine, the figs, the tunnies that they bring—delights that, within the frame of the simile, correspond to the delights of the Berkshire countryside; much as the Greeks themselves represent the Berkshire shepherds at their beer, the Oxford barbarians at their bathing and their hunts. With the former of these the Gipsy has hitherto dallied; now he realizes that he can dally with neither—rather must he face a raving Atlantic and cliffs cloudy with 'sheets of foam'. Henceforth his sole companions, if they can be denominated such, are to be dark and shy, that is to say mysterious traffickers. The suspense he has made up his mind to endure, the conceit by which the poem is englobed, is that between a One that must be searched for, and an ignorance where or whether it can be found. No stoicism could be more tragic.

Though I too fear to dally, it seems impossible to abandon the Victorians without a glance at what I suppose must be accepted as their representative, if imperfect, masterpiece, *Idylls of the King*. It is imperfect because

written 'With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye'—with one eye fixed on the blameless Prince Consort, that is, and the other on the guileless, and therefore blameworthy Arthur. Though Tennyson fails to distinguish as carefully as he might—or at least, as carefully as he ought—between the concepts of blame and guile, after a measure of familiarity with the poem the matter of the Prince Consort falls away like a husk. Arthur then stands revealed as a King who, with what he takes to be the best of intentions but what in fact are the worst, since they are unallayed by prudence, leads his knights to destruction, both severally and as a body. Appropriately, the cycle begins and ends with humanity in a daze: Camelot moves 'so weirdly in the mist' that Gareth and his companions, as they approach, doubt 'whether there be any city at all'; in his 'last, dim, weird battle in the west' Arthur 'saw not whom he fought. For friend and foe were shadows in the mist.' Once more, we are back with *Beowulf*: not only, and not so much, with Beowulf's followers as they hew on every hand in a vain attempt to aid their leader,<sup>30</sup> as with the wise Wiglaf<sup>31</sup> who, towards the end of the poem, reflects on the leader's imprudence. By what seemed to him a heroic self-sacrifice, Beowulf thought to establish his people in a safe prosperity; instead, he has brought them face to face with extinction, the menfolk to be killed in battle, the womenfolk sold into slavery.

I hasten to return to the seventeenth century, and to the true cause of such changes as the century in fact knew. Eliot, I think, dropped a hint of the cause, when in his essay on Marvell<sup>32</sup> he remarked that 'the spirit of the age was coming to be the French spirit of the age'. Here it behoves me to step warily, since I have lived too long in lands dominated by French culture not to be aware of the heinousness of the sin of Francophobia, or of the ease with which, in the eyes of the jealous guardians of that culture, Francophobia may beset us—or at least beset me. Everything however—even eternal disrepute must be risked in the cause of truth. Let me therefore make bold to deny that the suspended conceit, which I have described as normal to English poetry, is normal to the French—not at

least until the latter half of the nineteenth century. In earlier times strain and perplexity such as are consequent upon the conceit may perhaps receive occasional expression in French; but not—and this, I think, is highly significant—not from writers whom the French claim as their chief glories. How often have we heard critics eloquently extol the absence of strain from Chrétien de Troyes, or of any obstacle to the ready comprehension of his verses: verses which flow, the critics boast, as smooth and clear as water! How often, in the midst of a perusal of *Cligès* or *Erec* or *Lancelot* have we felt our belly stretched to bursting, and marvelled that the critics seem never to have heard of the water torment. How often, turning over works of the *Grand Siècle*—unless works of dissidents or lone wolves—have we regretted that Descartes should so successfully have cleared of mystery every nook and cranny of the universe: except, of course, from the pineal gland, which no one ever talks about anyway. For as a consequence, the literature of that *Siècle* became the narrowest and most superficial of any that have been called 'great'. Propagated to the ends of Europe by the ruthlessness and riot of Louis XIV—his ruthlessness on the battlefield, his riot at Versailles—it had the effect of a Upas Tree on all the native literatures that came under its shadow. In England too literature suffered, though no more than a partial blight thanks to sound traditions dating back to the seventh century such as no Continental literature possessed. By 1700, I would say, the worst effects were overcome; leaving behind them no more than a tendency to levity to which I have already referred, and an undue straining after clarity or, to use words of Eliot's own, after 'the imposition of a unity greater than life will bear.'<sup>33</sup>

Here I am offered the opportunity, which I must not fail to seize, of explaining what perhaps seemed an offensive word on my opening presentation of Eliot. The word is 'landlouper'—I do not like it, but could think of none better; and I particularly deplore its use if I have seemed to ridicule Eliot's change of nationality and domicile. Myself I have suffered too long as an exile not to feel the fullest sympathy with all who seek a refuge in Britain.

What I had in mind in choosing the word was the habit of literate Americans, whether born north or south of Panama—or what at any rate used to be their habit, as long as I had anything to do with those parts—the habit of learning French as soon as, or sometimes it almost seemed sooner than, their native tongue. Unless what I have just been suggesting about literature in French is wholly mistaken, the consequences of the habit could hardly be other than regrettable. In Eliot's case, two of the consequences have been particularly so.

The first is due to contagion with French provincialism. 'Tout ce qui n'est pas logique n'est pas français', a Frenchman will say; but if you examine him at all closely, you will find that he means 'tout ce qui n'est pas français n'est pas logique'. And if you press your examination to the furthest point, you will not of course compel him to admit the belief, but you yourself will grow convinced of his holding the belief, that 'tout ce qui n'est pas français n'est rien'.<sup>34</sup> Relieved in this way of any duty to extend his knowledge, the Frenchman finds ready answers to questions of the widest import. Emboldened by the example of such a readiness—for I can think of no other explanation which might be even remotely adequate—Eliot ventured on such a statement as the following:<sup>35</sup> 'I think . . . of the literature of the world, of the literature of Europe, of the literature of a single country, not as a collection of the writings of individuals, but as 'organic wholes', as systems in relation to which, individual works of literary art, and the works of individual artists, have their significance'.

To realize to the full the arrogance of this statement, it should be borne in mind that 'organic whole' is a technical term, and that Eliot marks it as such by inverted commas. He takes it over from the so-called 'idealist' philosophy into which he was initiated at Harvard, and with which he was stuffed at Oxford. According to this philosophy, an organic whole is such, not only that a knowledge of itself presupposes a knowledge of all its parts; but also that knowledge of any one of these parts presupposes a knowledge of the whole. Leaving on one side as none of our business the logic of this statement, I concentrate on its



practical consequences. To judge, say, a lyric by Campion we must relate it to a whole the number of whose components is infinite, and which we cannot know without each of these components being known. The demand on our capacities, were it not impossible, would be absurd; nor would its absurdity decrease if what we desired to judge were not a single lyric, but the whole of Campion's production, or the whole of the works of Shakespeare.

Fortunately, in taking over the French habit of making sweeping generalizations, Eliot also takes over the highly intelligent French habit—or should I rather call it a Latin habit?—of neglecting generalizations, once they threaten inconvenience. Having referred to world literature in the sentence I quoted, as far as I remember Eliot never mentions it again. And European literature he quickly reduces to what is for him a manageable size. Writings in Greek he sets aside on pretexts<sup>36</sup> that cannot be described as other than frivolous; and apart from studies of Virgil, Seneca, Dante and Machiavelli—this last very short, and later repudiated—he trims the Latin tradition in writing down to a French tradition. As far as his notion of Europe is concerned, writing might never have been undertaken in any Slav, Celtic or Germanic language—except, of course, in English.

And for viewing English literature as a whole he was incapacitated by what seems to have been a minimal acquaintance with what Englishmen wrote in medieval times. Never once does he mention *Beowulf*, and a familiarity with *Beowulf* seems to me as indispensable to a sound literary judgment as, down to the end of their culture, a familiarity with Homer seemed to the Greeks. That Eliot possessed hardly an inkling of the nature of Old English verse is shown by his repeated praise<sup>37</sup> of Pound's translation of *The Seafarer*, which can only be described as comic. Although in 1942 he acknowledged as 'monumental' Professor R. W. Chambers's paper on *The Continuity of English Prose*,<sup>38</sup> he was never moved to retract his frequent reproaches against prose in English for lagging behind the French. His references to Chaucer<sup>39</sup> are perfunctory; his sole reference to *Piers Plowman*<sup>40</sup> depreciatory; he

makes no reference at all to *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, in which, rather than in the Frenchified Chaucer, the Englishness of English writing receives expression. *Everyman* appears to have served as his sole authority<sup>41</sup> for the qualities and purposes of medieval drama: this apostle of a united literary Europe appears to have been ignorant of drama in Spain, where congeners of *Everyman* continued to be produced, and to be produced with outstanding success, down to the seventeenth century. In his first paper on Milton, Eliot declared it a 'right and necessary attitude'<sup>42</sup> to be adopted to any poet to measure him against 'outside standards, most pertinently by the standards of language and of something called Poetry, in our own language and in the whole history of European literature'. Why then, instead of contenting himself with noting an influence of Spenser on Marlowe, did he not measure *The Faerie Queene* against the production of Ariosto, Tasso, Ercilla, Camoens, and so expose it—for it deserves to be exposed—as the .labbiest poem of its kind? If, in his second paper on Milton<sup>43</sup>, Eliot was desirous of praising the structure of *Paradise Lost*, the merits of which have been doubted, why did he not seek to establish these merits by comparison with some few at least of the Biblical epics with which Europe of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries abounded? The question of the versification of *Paradise Lost* I leave to one side, for that must, it seems to me, entail a discussion of Eliot's own verse; I cannot however suppress my astonishment at his treatment of *Comus*, his sole quotation from which<sup>44</sup> seems to have been maliciously chosen to underpin the preposterous opinion that 'Milton's sensuousness . . . had been withered early by book-learning'. Perhaps the influence of Swinburne is to be suspected, whose preference for a gamey *Faithful Shepherdess* over the chaste *Comus*<sup>45</sup> is readily comprehensible; hardly however Eliot's, whose features were by no means the only things about him 'of clerical cut'. *The Sacred Wood* reprints an outrageously favourable review of Swinburne's criticism; and it is perhaps as a camp-follower of Swinburne's that he overvalued, as I do not doubt that he did overvalue, the early seventeenth century

dramatists. At his overvaluing of the metaphysical poets, and its consequences, I have already more than hinted.

I hasten, since time presses, to the second of the unfortunate effects upon Eliot of his early impregnation with French. This is to be traced to the strong reaction against post-Cartesian rationalism which, as the nineteenth century wore on towards the twentieth, gave to Paris an ever-increasing resemblance to an aesthetic madhouse. Some of its inmates implored a descent of the irrational from above, others conjured its eruption from below. As the former were in the habit of regarding poets as mystics, super-theologians, even Messiahs, Catholic orthodoxy probably forbade Eliot's joining their ranks; from about 1920 onwards he shows an increasing, if always cautious, tendency to militate alongside the latter. In 1921, for example, he warns writers against looking into the heart, rather than into humbler and more ignoble parts of the body: 'the cerebral cortex, the nervous system, and the digestive tracts'.<sup>46</sup> Warnings to wait upon what I shall allow myself to call the more ignoble parts of the soul—the parts, that is, lying below consciousness—recur with such frequency that I must content myself with quoting no more than one of them, and of the latest. It comes from a defence of E. A. Poe, dating from 1948. Eliot is sure, he says, that Poe wrote poetry and not verse because what he wrote<sup>47</sup> 'has the effect of an incantation which, because of its very crudity, stirs the feelings at a deep and almost primitive level'. In the scale of musical instruments, I do not suppose you can descend lower than the tom-tom; in the scale of feelings, what could be lower than those roused by the tom-tom in the breast of savages, whether of the nursery or of the jungle?

Here we meet with a conception of the literary art vastly different from that displayed in one of the earliest and still, I suppose, one of the most notorious of Eliot's essays: the essay entitled *Tradition and the Individual Talent*, assigned by the first edition of the *Selected Essays* to the year 1917. This withdraws the work of art so far from the stench and noise of any jungle as to be inhumanly free from either: as sterile as an instrument in an operating theatre, as

unvocal as an image in a church. Produced, it would seem, by the fortuitous concourse of 'numberless feelings, phrases, images'<sup>48</sup> stored in the mind as a mere receptacle, the work of art bears no trace of a mind about it, for that would prejudice its purity. Not without a feeling of justification, therefore, Eliot adapts phrases from the Gospel: 'The Arts', he intones,<sup>49</sup> 'insist that man shall dispose of all that he has . . . and follow art alone.' Certainly a man must dispose, that is, he must get rid of, what he usually values most highly: his personality, or his very self.

Professor Wollheim, I see, attributes this theory<sup>50</sup> to F. H. Bradley's 'peculiarly empty or hollow way of conceiving the mind'. Though loath to put a limit to any evil that Bradley might diffuse, I cannot help thinking that part at least of the responsibility must be charged to Clive Bell, whose book, entitled *Art*, and published in 1912, contains many terms, phrases, sentences even, which Eliot, I would say, no more than echoes. Clive Bell's views provided matter for lively discussion by the Bloomsbury group during the years when Eliot, newly arrived in London, cultivated a more than a nodding acquaintance with its members.

If summoned to explain this half-revolution in Eliot's views—this turning through an angle of 180 degrees, I mean—I must beg permission to refer once more—but for the last time—to Thomas Hobbes. When so inextricably involved in a theory that its mere appearance might prove an embarrassment, Hobbes naturally took none of the trouble we have previously seen him take: saving the appearance, that is, even at the cost of killing the theory. He merely put the theory behind his back and forgot about it. As Eliot notes,<sup>51</sup> the universe as constructed by Hobbes leaves no room for consciousness. But when constructing a commonwealth Hobbes found consciousness indispensable; without more ado therefore, and one might almost say blithely, he assumed that consciousness existed.

And here I have to draw a contrast rather than a parallelism between Hobbes and Eliot. After all, the latter was endowed with a far suppler—I do not know that I would say a far subtler, but a far suppler—mind. Eliot sought to

retain whatever of value hung about a theory he was on the point of abandoning; and the new theory which was to replace it he introduced so gradually, so cautiously, that often it is difficult to know what he would be at. Hence the arduous trials to which he subjects his would-be admirers. If, as he more than once repeated, his criticism was written in order that his poetry might improve; that criticism is read by ourselves and others in order that our own criticism should not deteriorate so thoroughly as otherwise it might. But we do not always find it at all easy to disengage the essence, the central substance, of what Eliot seems to be saying.

The dehumanization of a work of literary art, for example, has at least this merit; it frees the work from any biographical or historical rubbish with which, owing to long and evil custom, it may have been encumbered. 'To divert interest from the poet to the poetry is a laudable aim',<sup>53</sup> Eliot proclaimed at the outset of his career, in 1917; in 1953, towards the end of that career, he delivered a warning to the same effect:<sup>53</sup> 'If, on the basis of what poets try to tell you, or by biographical research, with or without the tools of the psychologist, you attempt to explain a poem, you will probably be getting further and further away from the poem without arriving at any other destination.'

So far, so good—indeed I would say, so far *very* good. But how, and to extent, is a work of literary art to be made human? What exactly can Eliot mean when, in 1920, he speaks<sup>54</sup> of the 'lifetime's work of Marlowe and Jonson' as 'the transformation of a personality into a personal work of art'? When, in 1932, he describes<sup>55</sup> 'the essential' of the poetry of Marlowe, Jonson, Chapman, Middleton, Webster, Tourneur as the giving of 'the pattern, . . . the undertone of the personal emotion, the personal drama and struggle, which no biography, however full and intimate, could give us': when he writes thus, is he not opening to the door to a kind of biography at least as fantastic as the criticism of which he accuses Goethe and Coleridge? These latter, according to Eliot,<sup>56</sup> read their life-stresses into *Hamlet*; now it seems we are invited to read life-stresses out of any similar work. Nor am I comforted, but rather the opposite,

by the memory of a denial, published in 1924,<sup>57</sup> that an artist 'produces great art by a deliberate attempt to express his personality. He expresses his personality indirectly', we were told in that year, 'through concentrating on a task which is a task in the same sense as the making of an efficient engine or the turning of a jug or table-leg'. This seems either a throw-back to the dehumanisation theory, according to which, if not the whole, at least the best part of a poem is produced fortuitously, and without the cooperation or even the knowledge of a mind; or if not a throw-back, then the denial is a foreshadowing of automatic composition, or some charlatanism of the sort—a sort to which the later Eliot, no doubt under Parisian influences, tended more and more to incline. In 1940 perhaps he sighted this or a similar danger ahead, for he attempted<sup>58</sup> both a Solomonic judgment and a restoration of the mind to its rightful dignity. The composition of lyrics such as those of Lovelace or Suckling or Campion, he suggested, may be compared to the turning of a jug or a leg; but other poems exist in which the author, 'out of intense and personal experience, is able to express a general truth; retaining all the particularity of his experience, to make of it a general symbol'. I do not know whether this dichotomy can be admitted; its second branch however I should heartily welcome, did not later passages in the lecture—it is the lecture on Yeats—make it clear that Eliot is thinking not so much of poems singly, as of the whole body of poetry that a poet may have produced—what the French call his *œuvre*. And here I see the continued workings of the nefarious theory of 'organic wholes': workings responsible for a number of startling statements of which I quote only the one which startles the most—'The whole of Shakespeare's work is *one* poem', writes Eliot,<sup>59</sup> underlining the word 'one'. Such a statement seems to me either meaningless, or plainly false in its meaning.

But let me turn to another topic on which, for a time at any rate, Eliot stoutly defends a right and proper view. This is the topic of music. In 1941 Eliot gives a warning which is as necessary as it is often neglected:<sup>60</sup> a warning 'that the use of the word "musical" and of musical anal-

ogies in discussing poetry has its dangers if we do not constantly check its limitations: for the music of verse is inseparable from the meanings and associations of words'. In the following year he reinforced the warning with the statement<sup>61</sup> that 'the music of poetry is not something which exists apart from the meaning. Otherwise, we could have poetry of great musical beauty which made no sense, and I have never come across such poetry.' Accordingly, and as far as I know, to the end of his life he remained untainted by the Parisian heresy of *la poésie pure*. But, but . . . and alas that so many occasions for a 'but' should arise when discussing Eliot's prose! But why, having stressed as we have just heard him stress the dangers of musical analogies, does he go on to talk of 'a musical pattern of the secondary meaning of words',<sup>62</sup> of 'a music of imagery', of a 'musical design' to be discovered in 'particular scenes' of Shakespeare, 'and in his more perfect plays as wholes',<sup>63</sup> of a 'subterrene or submarine music'<sup>64</sup> reverberating beneath, it would seem, all drama that is successfully poetic? Do not such utterances amount to, or at least make for, a darkening of counsel? And to descend to humbler matters: why does Eliot repeatedly insist that passages from poems in languages imperfectly understood are capable of 'transporting'<sup>65</sup> the reader? How does he find it possible to forget, for example, the priest firmly convinced of the theological cogency of his *mumpsimus*, the Victorian spinster sucking a soul's nutriment from the word 'Mesopotamia', or Mallarmé, with no more knowledge of English than befits a secondary school teacher, including his famous line.

Donner un sens plus pur aux mots de la tribu—

including this famous line in a tribute to the poet whose main mission it would seem to have been to remove every vestige of sense from as many English words as possible? And when, though refraining from acknowledging their situation as 'ideal', he honours with his notice<sup>66</sup> poets so impatient of 'meaning' as to 'perceive possibilities of intensity through its elimination'—does not this notice confer viability upon a charlatanry as asthenic as it is

insolent, and which should have been left, unpitied, to gasp out its life?

If analogies drawn from music are dangerous, those drawn from logic are yet more so. To myself, I must confess, they have always appeared impenetrably opaque. To say that things are logically connected implies that reason connects them; to deny that a connection is reasonable and at the same time maintain that it is logical is to say nothing at all—or, as I remember Mr. F. W. Bateson observing,<sup>67</sup> it is to claim for oneself possession of a logic unknown to the vulgar and so a whiphand over the latter. Mr. Bateson quotes an instance from the essay on Ben Jonson, dating from 1919; I myself shall quote one which dates from 1931. It occurs in the Preface to Eliot's translation of the *Anabasis* of St-John Perse. Having asserted<sup>68</sup> that 'there is a logic of the imagination as well as a logic of concepts', Eliot goes on: 'People who do not appreciate poetry find it difficult to distinguish between order and chaos in the arrangement of images'. The threat is clear: either make the distinction, or confess that you do not appreciate poetry. In a note by M. Lucien Fabre, appended to the second edition of the translation, the threat develops into a bludgeoning:<sup>69</sup> 'It is a proof of the rightness of this kind of poetry', says M. Fabre, 'that there are no keys to it, no conventions, no dictionaries, and that all who are worthy of feeling its import are moved to tears'. Gentlemen, I refuse to be bludgeoned, even to tears.

And of course I refuse to take part in any bludgeoning. That the temptation is not always resisted is shown by a comparatively recent edition of Chaucer's charming but trivial poem *The Parliament of Birds*.<sup>70</sup> Unless the triviality is recognised, this poem offers certain difficulties of interpretation. An editor is of course the last person to acknowledge the triviality of the work he edits, and so Eliot's 'logic of the imagination' is resorted to in order to browbeat the reader into denying existence to the difficulties. We owe it, I think, to the good name of Eliot to see that this habit does not spread.

For of course Eliot has a good name: and, though I have taken up far more of your time than is conscionable,



I am more afraid of the charge of having said too little than too much—too little, I mean, of the good things which abound in Eliot. But why emphasize these, when they are already so well and so widely known? His prose is a huge gallimaufry. And if I had begun by scooping out succulent morsels such as Milton's building of a Chinese Wall, Seneca's characters all speaking with the same voice and at the top of that voice, Beaumont and Fletcher's cut flowers withering as they are stuck in the sand—had I done so, fairness would I am afraid have compelled me to lay before you portions more indigestible than any rejected by the leopards in *Ash Wednesday*: Eliot's persistent denigration of G. M. Hopkins, for example, his equally persistent overvaluation of James Joyce, his doltish—I am sorry for the word, but can think of no other even remotely adequate—his doltish praise<sup>71</sup> of Joyce as a more religious writer than Hopkins. Instead, I have sought to indicate a mistaken, and I think important, perspective on his part—and a perpetual, not always perhaps quite candid, hovering between systems.

But I should prefer us to take leave of him on the best of possible terms. We are all University teachers of English and, as you know, he was not over-inclined to view our profession favourably. Let us heap coals of fire on his head by taking two of his recommendations to heart. The one is<sup>72</sup> that our pupils should be instructed in philosophy, logic and history—history of language, I take it, since a long servitude to thesis-writing as it is practised on the Continent and in America has convinced me of a fundamental incompatibility between the mind of the political or social historian and that of the literary critic. We may have need of the former as our servants, we cannot admit them as our assessors. On the other hand, scarcely a morning passes without my being shocked by solecisms—solecisms of syntax and of pronunciation—committed by those who announce news over the B.B.C. They would not, I think, be allowed to do so in any other European country; they thicken the veil between the present generation and the literature of the past: they bear witness to a grave defect in our system of instruction. Eliot's second recom-

mendation is both more subtle and more important. It is that we should not recommend, still less force, young people to grapple with poetry they do not find 'naturally congenial'; for if we do, we expose them<sup>73</sup> to the 'grave danger of deadening their sensibility to poetry and confounding the genuine *development* of taste with the sham acquisition of it.'

All of us, I think, recognise the danger, but the question arises: How is the danger to be exorcised while inducing, as we must endeavour to induce, young people to find those poems congenial which they should so find? The answer lies outside my terms of reference, but of one thing I feel sure: we must inculcate an absolute honesty in dealing with words. And so, as I feared towards the opening of this paper, I am forced back on the testimony of Cleon, son of Cleænetus. I regret I must cite so disreputable a witness on my behalf, but—to adapt words used by Eliot on a different occasion—we are none of us perfect, and must take our wisdom as we find it. Let us then profit by such wisdom as the worthless Cleon was able to gather, and refuse to be dazzled by surface charm. We must examine the uses to which words are put, lest they lure us into traps—which may disable us for a moment perhaps, but perhaps also for a lifetime.

Cambridge

#### NOTES

SW=*The Sacred Wood*, 1st edn., 1920.

FLA=*For Lancelot Andrewes*, 1928.

UPUC=*The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*, 1933.

FLA=*For Lancelot Andrewes*, 1928.

EAM=*Essays Ancient and Modern*, 1936.

SE=*Selected Essays*, 3rd edn., 1951.

OPP=*On Poets and Poetry*, 1957.

TCC=*To Criticize the Critic*, 1965.

<sup>1</sup>SE 354.

<sup>2</sup>OPP 21.

<sup>3</sup>SE 389.

<sup>4</sup>OPP. 152.

<sup>5</sup>OPP 106.

<sup>6</sup>SE 145.

<sup>7</sup>*The Spirit of Romance*, edn, 1952, 14.

<sup>8</sup>SE 145

<sup>9</sup>ibid.

<sup>10</sup>ibid.

<sup>11</sup>SE 146.

<sup>12</sup>Leviathan I i.

<sup>13</sup>SE 189.

<sup>14</sup>SE 189 f.

<sup>15</sup>SE 143.

<sup>16</sup>SE 190.

<sup>17</sup>ibid.

<sup>18</sup>Thucydides III 40.

<sup>19</sup>SE 209 f.

<sup>20</sup>UPUC 62.

<sup>21</sup>UPUC 83.

<sup>22</sup>Matt. xi 12, xxi 31 f.

<sup>23</sup>FLA 123.

<sup>24</sup>*Beowulf* 1076 ff.

<sup>25</sup>ibid. 2461.

<sup>26</sup>ibid 2247.

<sup>27</sup>OPP 180.

<sup>28</sup>SE 288.

<sup>29</sup>SE 19.

<sup>30</sup>*Beowulf* 800.

<sup>31</sup>ibid. 3076 ff.

<sup>32</sup>SE 294.

<sup>33</sup>SE 376.

<sup>34</sup>It is perhaps supererogatory to remind readers of the opinions upon Shakespeare expressed by the eminent Francophile Frederick the Great: 'ces abominable, pièces . . . ces farces ridicules, et dignes des sauvages du Canada' (*De la littérature allemande*, p. 46). But the following passage, kindly brought to my notice by Professor E. M. Wilson, possesses perhaps other virtues besides that of

novelty. The author of a *Journal du Voyage d'Espagne, contenant une description fort exacte de ses Royaumes & de ses principales Villes . . .*, published at Paris in 1682, describes how 'le Marquis de Liche, le seul Seigneur Espagnol qui ait quelque maniere de Cour . . . et monsieur de Barriere, me vinrent prendre pour aller à une vieille Comedie qu'on avoit rejouée de nouveau, qui ne valait rien, quoy qu'elle fust de *D. Pedro Calderon*. J'allay aussi voir cet Auteur quie est le plus grand Poëte et le plus bel esprit qu'ils ayent presentement. Il est Chevalier de l'ordre de saint Jacques et Chapelain de la Chapelle *de los Reyes* à Toledé, mais à sa conversation je vis bien qu'il ne sçavoit grand'chose, quoy qu'il soit déjà tout blanc. Nous disputames un peu sur les regles de la Dramatique, qu'ils ne connoissent point en ce Pays-là, et dont ils se moquent.' pp. 189, 171. 'Je vis bien qu'il ne sçavoit grand'chose'—to anyone who has not only read but heard a speech by General de Gaulle the accent is unmistakable.

<sup>35</sup>SE 23.

<sup>36</sup>Cf. OPP 61.

<sup>37</sup>TCC 173, UPUC 38.

<sup>38</sup>TCC 147.

<sup>39</sup>UPUC 4, ES 102, EAM 98, OPP 60, 63, 115, 181, 196.

<sup>40</sup>SE 103.

<sup>41</sup>SE 83, 91, 111.

<sup>42</sup>OPP 145.

<sup>43</sup>OPP 155.

<sup>44</sup>OPP 140.

<sup>45</sup>SW 19.

<sup>46</sup>SE 290.

<sup>47</sup>TCC 31.

<sup>48</sup>SE 19.

<sup>49</sup>SW 28.

<sup>50</sup>*Eliot in Perspective*, ed. Graham Martin, London 1970, p. 186.

<sup>51</sup>SE 356.

<sup>52</sup>SE 22.

<sup>53</sup>OPP. 98 f.

<sup>54</sup>SE 217.

<sup>55</sup>SE 203.

<sup>56</sup>SE 141.

<sup>57</sup>SE 114.

<sup>58</sup>OPP 255.

<sup>59</sup>SE 203.

<sup>60</sup>OPP 238.

<sup>61</sup>OPP 29.

<sup>62</sup>OPP 33.

<sup>63</sup>OPP 36.

<sup>64</sup>Preface to G. Wilson Knight, *The Wheel of Fire*, ppbk. 1969, p. xix.

<sup>65</sup>SW 13.

<sup>66</sup>UPUC 51.

<sup>67</sup>*Eliot in Perspective*, p. 35.

<sup>68</sup>*Anabasis*, trans. by T.S.E., 2nd edn. 1959, p. 10.

<sup>69</sup>*ibid.* 92.

<sup>70</sup>Ed. D. S. Brewer, Nelson, 1960.

<sup>71</sup>*After Strange Gods*, London 1934, p. 48.

<sup>72</sup>TCC 156.

<sup>73</sup>UPUC 35.

*Professor Smith died before he could pass the proofs of this article. For an Obituary Appreciation see p. 447 below.*