

Michael J. Kelly.

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Brown

Robert Browning, in his later period, suggests to the intellect,  
and to the ear. Hence his difficulty. He writes in a ~~poetic~~  
poetic difficulty; not a cunning simplification of  
matters like Shakespeare, who writes as <sup>if</sup> no Eng  
speaker of our dialect, and romantic poetry but  
poetry everywhere like the life of God. Not only ~~is he~~ <sup>is he</sup> one  
of the greatest of our poets; he is <sup>also</sup> one of the most  
perfect, <sup>and</sup> the most dramatic in  
imagination, and also one of the most obscure;  
therefore I think him with John Donne, who  
is dead out of our tradition, who are without  
ancestors. I have not forgotten (281 and  
and meeting with <sup>Browning</sup> on the 23rd of August,  
1885, the year in which he died; I think  
I shall never see his evidence of voice it had the  
whole power of music in it. It thrilled me. It  
rattled me, by certain seen seen ~~words~~  
words, ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> music in it. ~~It was~~ <sup>It was</sup> ~~as~~  
a good sense of ~~it~~; they were heeded and  
the impulse, his a direction ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~  
open as to us with strong expectations. It was  
in the spring of 1885 that Browning, at  
a dinner given by the Stuffed Book, said suddenly:

R Baudelaire wrote: "It would be a shame  
 however in the history of the arts if  
 a critic were to turn himself into a poet,  
 a ~~verse~~ ~~number~~ of every phrase low &  
 minute; in the other hand, all the great  
 poets become naturally, as inevitably, critics.  
 It would be prodigious for a critic to become  
 a poet, and still more so for a poet not  
 to contain a critic." This is one of his  
 weighty statements: he himself was equally  
 in fact the critic and the poet; but he was not  
 too critical even with the few French poets and  
 very few English poets; even Blake it was  
 exceptional to him; he was easily carried  
 away by his impulses and by his enthusiasms.  
 In it happened that in the Spring of 1855  
 Baudelaire dined given of  
 the poet's house and reading.

away

"I have found a new poet," <sup>to</sup> said Mr. de la Roche several times  
repeated: "Michael Field." He had <sup>recently</sup> met Katherine  
Bradley and Edith Cooper; and it is the letter  
shown a letter dated 1888 says: "Downy come  
in his path of humanity, with me of air, in plume  
a cloudlet, followed by 'Well, my two blue feet  
don't feel women!' We found him well. G. W. G.  
Kirk, gave a review." In 1885 (revised),  
reviewed their Felted Tapes in "Time"  
in which I said that even in "Reluctance" <sup>proves themselves</sup>  
~~to be~~ genuine poets; and that ~~in~~ <sup>the</sup> volume was  
full of the air and <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>of the</sup> forest; <sup>that it gave one</sup>  
~~spirit of the Earth~~ <sup>of the</sup> ~~and against~~ <sup>of the</sup>  
~~a sense with a sense also of the~~ <sup>of the</sup> ~~depression of~~  
~~the destroyed Earth.~~ In several years after  
that I saw them from time to time, at their  
various houses; one in Paris; on one occasion  
I took them <sup>with me</sup> to Fontenay-lez-Paris, on the 12th of June,  
1890, where we had an expensive lunch at the  
Restaurant de Nonchard. ~~For the same time~~  
~~in 1892 which was printed in "The"~~  
~~Silhouettes (1892); and~~ ~~and~~ ~~read~~  
~~that it was~~ ~~with some circumstances in their life~~  
~~that it was~~ <sup>in 1892</sup> ~~printed out by~~  
~~them~~ ~~the appearance of Paul Verlaque, the~~  
~~in 1892 of the~~ ~~of Paris, "Comedy and~~

made their acquaintance <sup>at G</sup> a few years after  
that; I saw them at intervals for several  
years, at Rye, & Richmond, and was  
in Paris, on the 12th of June 1790 1790  
I took leave with me to the ~~west~~ west  
of Antwerp; we had an expensive  
lunch at the Restaurant de Nonchard.

In 1792 I printed out for them an appendix,  
the vision, of Paul the Apostle, at the com-  
mand of

of a shop on the other side of the road with a huge roll of  
 French lace under his arm. I have never forgotten  
 that vision of the lace was the shop we often frequented,  
 which is <sup>the corner</sup> the corner of Le rue Raoul, which  
 runs on the Boulevard Saint Michel. In 1882  
 one of them wrote to Harbord this way: "The  
 Deliber's Tregg, as a Summation, my only hope  
 and then a tragedy, is indeed William's work:  
 for the other, the work is perfect as a work: we can  
 and enter lace like a company of  
 delicate common faces; of one beyond  
 character, his comparison is just and  
 powerful; of one however a mere  
 imitation, the other correct, complete."

Working in London / published the sentence of Charles, which is not  
 almost to apply the dream of Michael Field. "Charles"  
 of Good London wants to make him a poet: his powers are  
 certainly very considerable, but he seems to be totally ignorant  
 of what poetry is, and his faculties, which are compressed, seem to be  
 undeveloped. The fault is, as he does not possess an imagination with  
 his head firm, - that of simplicity of his nature. "and."  
 There is in their verse too careful a research after  
 metaphors and elaborate speech which tend to obscure  
 the meaning - ~~and is left~~, and to take the way of the  
 same, which is too often almost always not dramatic.  
 Their method of dialogue is a logical method; the speeches  
 are linked by a too definite and a too ~~and~~ with chain;  
 they do not spring apart of course from a common  
 affinitie, which is the work of the great dramatists,  
 in which there is a clear and apparent irregularity.

Still, at their first, there is in them something fierce, active,  
 strong impulses - which can become another side in their  
 their ~~and~~ <sup>which is from which it</sup> primitive or elemental. Why  
 such energy, a sense of that extreme and vehement  
 and original passion which exists as actual  
 things exist. They have some sense of life, ~~and~~ some  
 individuality of their own; ~~there is often a touch~~  
~~of itself in their~~ ~~center for~~ ~~times~~; ~~as often~~  
 they had to have as visible

5  
of great events, no untrusting emotion; but, in the younger  
one, a rare kind of spontaneity which can become a great  
capacity, mobile, intense. Do not look for constitution,  
nor for that "unimpaired vitality" which every great drama  
must possess; but on large ways, certain in their  
own craftsmanship; they heave ~~to the sun~~; they  
have but little sense of complexity <sup>and</sup> of the enormous  
complexity of our hearts and our passions. They do not often  
think about great opportunities. They are willing of  
that Ebraumelity - they attempted it in the Quip -  
that ought to be a ~~idea~~ for the center and a walking  
our sensations out of them before: willing a God  
+ market or suddenly arrests us. They ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ready -  
there are so ~~are~~ many craftsmen - ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~world~~ <sup>world</sup> -  
think, the souls of one show imagination can  
make beat the hearts of well bred; also can work  
in our nerves some feeling, a picture of that which  
in the same careers of ~~disfranchisement~~ <sup>disfranchisement</sup> minds; ~~also~~ <sup>also</sup> ~~can~~ <sup>can</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~made~~ <sup>made</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~same~~ <sup>same</sup> ~~way~~ <sup>way</sup>  
together after they have sheltered it, the little modest  
man of our ~~disfranchisement~~ <sup>disfranchisement</sup>, play before an one ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup>  
these <sup>the</sup> ~~little~~ <sup>little</sup> ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup> ~~who~~ <sup>who</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> ~~other~~ <sup>other</sup> ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup>  
and ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~same~~ <sup>same</sup> ~~way~~ <sup>way</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> ~~other~~ <sup>other</sup> ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> ~~other~~ <sup>other</sup> ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup>  
and ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~made~~ <sup>made</sup> ~~by~~ <sup>by</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~same~~ <sup>same</sup> ~~means~~ <sup>means</sup>.



In the American edition of Andromeda the Knopf one read  
 in 1928, dated September 5th, 1898. "In some years  
 my work has been done for the younger generation -  
 not yet the work of the old, but a wanted one with  
 welcome. Meanwhile, readers from further England -  
 if they will pardon me to my to clarify their - have  
 given me the great joy of looking down to me in my  
 own island; and to them I offer this book of lyrics,  
 adding such new songs as I count my week-end to  
 those of "The Old World Series" & some of which,  
 I think you can hope, have with ~~place~~ place in  
 their hearts." Many of these lyrics were written  
 by G. K. Keble, from 1850 to 1880; then they are  
~~characteristic~~ some of them have in them  
 for almost unexampled perfection, but for the  
 most part, <sup>these are</sup> ~~written~~ under ~~the~~ rhetoric and with  
 a volume which is somewhat ~~unusual~~. But for  
 the writer of Andromeda to have said, "I ~~am~~ <sup>am not</sup>  
 "I ~~am~~ <sup>am not</sup> whether there is a decline or  
 the Dark Age had a ~~leisure~~ <sup>leisure</sup> ~~work~~, "it  
 is that on culture ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~understanding~~ of the fact  
 that ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~every~~ <sup>every</sup> ~~line~~ <sup>line</sup> which ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~written~~ <sup>written</sup> for  
 Beethoven, and every line that ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~written~~ <sup>written</sup> for  
 us in many ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~parts~~ <sup>parts</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~book~~ <sup>book</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~book~~ <sup>book</sup>  
 of Andromeda for which these ~~concepts~~ <sup>concepts</sup> were

The Centers of their Gyrics have been compared with those  
of Homer & Thompson: there can be no comparison  
between them: yet in the case of the last letter, that  
a writer so much his best is to find out a subject  
should ever take before for a model, should really  
try to catch his stroke of composition, it very central -  
in parts who have an individuality to express ought  
not to be drawn away by any related opinion with  
such poets, for instance, as Cradock and Palgrave.  
Cradock and Palgrave - we come back to the two  
do not agree - can any poet take two such  
matters? Imaginative balance is writing, according  
to his own standard of composition, then the  
Henry Keach, or Cradock Keach in his  
own way the theme of Selice & Selice  
Sapientiae de Amore: (do not understand  
why the writer of the letter of Michael (to Dick)  
should have said: "It is doubtful whether Launce  
or Beehive or the Serk lady had a tenderer  
wooly." Verse rather than prose here is a quality  
which must soon perish. Launce on the count  
of the theophrastus imperator as one of his  
Tragedies; Scott in the Poetic Poetics  
apollonius american; and Scott may be said  
to have rediscovered the Platonic way, which  
was it an indication into the reach of the

3

4

spiritual world. It was the ~~best~~ indication of a  
calm nature with the essence of pure impassioned  
enthusiasm: there was even ~~too~~ too little alloy  
of earth in Dante's passion for the poetess.  
Petrarch's love for Laura was of a different type:  
the earnest quest for desire, for even the work  
but necessarily with imperfect perfection, and  
the rebellion against the conditions the lover wishes  
to be better. "Gather, gather, gather his peace. 'There it',  
says John Addington Symonds! 'we did feel  
strong that' to define the imperfection as a  
malady of the soul' with which this malady  
in its ~~most~~ most incarnation from the ~~first~~  
first was thicker." In the most famous story it  
connects and says of Christine de Pisan there is  
one subject into which she can infuse not so  
much her tenderness as the ~~memory~~ <sup>memory</sup> of a heart  
given ~~completely~~ over to the memory of a particular  
ideal somewhat in vain, disregarded or ~~not~~  
self-repressed. She has found singularly  
many words for the suppressed absence of  
a disappointed heart, the agony of unthwarted  
passion reaching to a ~~point~~ point of  
static absorption, a dorsal freezing of  
patience, which is the opening of the bitter  
reed of hope dead in a long marshy dune.

4 60  
I cannot find the single Greek which is in any  
sense perfect in Michael Field's volume of verse;  
only, here and there, in a few of the best Greek writers  
of Filler Cooper, there are striking effects, of  
once imaginative and pathetic.

The conviction is that two women of such different temperaments could have done such an immense amount of varied work (which always varied); that they were always in touch - by - accident; and that only one of them, the younger, could have spent weeks in some teacher's home, coloured and painted, and painted and painted. It was in their best dramatic period - when they were almost finished - that they came, by a certain contact, into contact with the so-called Dea Decadent movement; the period of Wilde, Shaw, Hardy, Yeats, (under the first period of the yellow book and of the last). This was the period when Walter Pater published all his contemporaries. In November 1890 the other Pater published the London edition of Prosper Mérimée. (was then and during the war the Michaelis; it was Fiddle (who had never met Pater) who was the completely perfect relation of the man and the writer. "Then it fell between them, a little Gabriel (in the French sense)

about the lower part of the face; yet the  
 under complete control. His voice is  
 it low, and has a highly sensitive  
 in response to it - or auditory capacity  
 for suffering it, as it were. His  
 counter-idea is a strong  
 netter; then it is melting, and for  
 one full of ~~disorder~~ of sense  
 & ~~understanding~~ in him - a ~~fact~~ of  
 a Zephus. To be given a letter in  
 palace was for that ~~rather~~ a ~~reversal~~  
 hemilitian; and the ~~act~~ of ~~acting~~ of the  
 act of ~~reading~~ it

in November 190. I never saw a man suffer a severe  
 lecture handsomely. The act of reading his earlier  
 lectures was an agony which communicated itself  
 to the main part of the audience. On that occasion,  
 some of his friends followed around the platform to  
 congratulate him; he expressed a hope that the  
 audience was able to hear what he said. "We  
 overheard you," said Oscar in W. "Oh, you  
 have a phrase for every thing," replied the  
 lecturer, the only contemporary, with a deal out,  
 with pathetic inaccuracy. No one influenced  
 him. In regard to this, I remember a story  
 of some one who was present a similar proof by  
 W. S. H. Lecky at the Author's Death, in  
 which he said that he was ~~not~~ comp. those were  
 no great utterances, and no effort to compare  
 with those who had passed away. "A few  
 passed off from me," he said, "Carl Walter Baker,  
 George Meredith and Arthur Schopenhauer." "There  
 is great determination in Baker, & in the  
 still Cooper."

Fr

~~was a chief of people, Amelliny that had laddered them,~~  
~~some sense of being by~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~possessed them with~~ "the glass  
~~hells in their human beings" such these nations~~  
~~I know not what deprivation.~~ Yet, in spite of this, it was  
in 1870 that Seiler Cooper gave this wonderful <sup>perfect</sup> perfect  
~~reproduction~~ <sup>reproduction</sup> of Taker as the man and as the writer - whom  
he had never met; she had heard him give the same  
lecture <sup>myself</sup> (heard, on Mexican) & then a great determination,  
a little hatchling (in the same series) about the description  
of the face; yet it is so complete, serene, content,  
centered. His voice is low, but has a musical cadence  
unknown in it - an audible capacity for suffering, as if  
were. His countenance, coloration under a strong natural light  
is something, one feels, of Dany's. I remember it in him -  
a descendant, a Zephrus."

I find the understanding such phrase as this: "In the genius  
of the sacred field, writing as it does the four principal elements  
of earth, sky, air and water, it is the pre of its nature on  
illustration of Nietzsche's theory." - <sup>written</sup> ~~written~~ & Keltarian -  
"always a little over-zealous for her divinity, whether  
Thrace or the land" - was a Dionysian. It is the very essence  
of all world of to have had of Queen's celebration attempt  
or to attack on the unrepentable ground of Tappas  
in a book named Long Legs that come out in 1889,  
that "the leader of the belly" belly was herself."



a form of Song was first and then would  
 appear to be a real number between the  
 interval, her can be over and quite (a) real and false,  
 and the "legendary Sappho." Why use the word  
 "legendary?" I see Sambarin referring to the attack  
 on his ~~character~~ character, one of his ~~unsuccessful~~  
 unparallelled creations, ~~and the fact that he~~ ~~was~~ ~~driven~~ ~~to~~ ~~cast~~ ~~his~~  
 spirit into the mould of hers; that in reading the Sappho  
 very words into English, "I have tried to be a witness, how  
 much more any other, her under the sun and sky, her memory  
 in words of power, over sea, among all the lips and  
 counts - how long seem alike to be and air and  
 themselves "all air and fire; other element there  
 is none in them."

What they actually did was to take a few lines from  
the peak of Lappha: then to attempt to turn the  
these lines; then to add variations on these themes  
of their own invention. one of the most famous and  
tragic fragments of Lappha I've seen in my  
reading.

"The wailing moon out of the sky has vanished,  
The seven Pleiades out of the heaven have gone.  
& it is midnight, the hour of day's heart, (said)  
I remember from mine eye. (said alone.)"

Out of these four lines they have made five stanzas  
of eight lines. Miracle! Best stanza.

"The moon it came, yet he delays,  
The stars are set, but Lappha stays;  
And can it be that death,  
Jealous, has sped  
To catch from me my Phoenician Galley's death?  
I shiver as I hear the funeral moan:  
I do not weep the dead;  
I live alone."

Compare this with the first part of the  
above, as well as the other lines.

Lines are ~~not~~ grouped and underlined } at  
 alterations. They are considered as  
 footers.

only  
~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~then~~ ~~do~~

CHG

the women who ever write are had in her "a flame  
of Dingy's fire": Laffro and the Santa Teresa: in  
both "a flaming heart" burned outward to escape the  
indefinite pain of its revelation. Kibbe she has not  
imagined he had "a kind of the soul of a unicorn":  
so that, with his hallucinations of it, he divides after  
as the god of dream. So, as a god of interaction:  
the character is the Eric of, the vital reality; the drama  
is the projection into fiction of the color in temporary  
world of forms. That any of Dingy's papers, "a book  
she had been in hell" is the foundation of the marvelous  
new world of Walter Fisher in his Temple of Atonement;  
and this began after, through it a translation, in which  
in her day she was shelter and to be in the learning, the  
ingenuity, or the fantastic imagination, of Japan  
into the condition of medieval life.

Again, it is out of the question to compare from  
material moment such Branté with the ideal dice,  
as in the century. "For in the century of work  
the fact of fiction at however fully one may recognize  
the full level of the work to be in order. Laffro  
we shall always be startled at the appearance of the  
"Shay's Book" or a "Ideal dice." To begin with, the  
world was not in the least startled by the appearance  
of either of the books. <sup>yet, in spite of this</sup> "Shay's Book" is  
always ~~as~~ a woman of the angle of the century; ~~the~~ <sup>this</sup>

or the only woman in whom there has been seen the paradox  
 of passion without sensuality: in whom passion was not  
 but form it alone in the world; there was <sup>passionately great</sup> a dark  
 unconscious instead of a primitive nature. Under "Lolita"  
 says Nabokov, "the pure note of a child's wild expression  
 for things inaccessible in full of prose at its loft highest  
 point of edification - the proud implication of sound  
 that it does of itself, and which can fully reveal  
 itself by technical combination alone, in the symphonies  
 and orchestras of regular word-music and definite  
 intellectual modalities of conception. Mrs. Dalloway  
 that I shall think had for her birthday." Home  
 she has read Wuthering Heights - the most one of  
 the most magnificent novels ever written, which can  
 stand on only be compared with the complete Works  
Tragedies - can fail to recognize that what is really  
 it is largely simply because it is the work of a writer  
 whose genius is essentially tragic. Those who believe  
 believe that the period of the Heathcliff was called  
 into existence by the accident that his mother had  
 witnessed the agonies of her unpopularity rather might  
 believe that George Wendell was the Emersons  
 because he had witnessed the unpopularity results  
 of metempsychosis. "The Core should become life itself."  
~~And~~ <sup>spirit</sup> to make Nabokov, "which is a noble and  
 delicate the future with unquenchable and rising

for, has nothing but a form or a shape?  
 how, what shall I say in favour of the historical details?  
 George, picked, had any the creative power of the first  
~~the~~ dramatist? Had any any individual genius, any  
 striking originality? On these characters in any sense  
 widely alive? It came to me certain that the younger  
 one should be The Deluge, A Tragedy (1803) had de-  
 ceitfully had touches or flashes of genius.  
 She was Constance. There are of course ~~some~~ serious  
 traces of romance and in Christy; ~~which is a beautiful~~  
 and false of ~~some~~ <sup>and</sup> beauty and with some honors:  
 it is ~~the~~ at least the father's circumstances from  
 the fact that he had his ~~own~~ <sup>own</sup> on Jan 18th  
Robert die of starvation in prison. How can he be  
~~the~~ decease <sup>he</sup> was wanted to be condemned to die in  
and; because of his disobedience, to die in hell,  
both his condemned punishment, to die in hell:  
a high death, three-fold murder. These scenes  
prison scenes are terrible: they fill me with a sense of awe  
and horror, for to see a flower of the earth to be so  
readily plucked for fire from its roots and left to  
perish in the man stew of one walked cell. She has never  
~~let~~ the idea of the scene where he begins to read  
~~and~~ water from the gullet none of an unforgotten  
any more and mental and physical degradation of her own  
King Edward the learned; archer he is;

"Let the soft change thy mind, and save thy soul.  
Know that I am a king: do, at that name  
I feel a hell of grief. Where: say, where?  
Come, come, but do I still remain alive?  
But that grief keeps me walking, I shall sleep;  
In all these ten days have these eyes closed."

Yet in his agony Roderigo can utter such lines  
in his cell.

"Death was a shadow. - I myself am death.

I had not never known it; now I have.

How then is the election, I see I am in books:

I am holden now, that death is not dead;

O God! he lives in me - in me must die;

and I must wade with water that has been banished  
like a candle set aflame upon any corpse."

~~At the end of a change~~ ~~hand of death~~ in hands of / can  
be <sup>The prisoner</sup> the things two hands with his cell: and with all on  
ineffable sense of what is pitiful and pitying & in these moments  
they give <sup>David</sup> just enough to eat and drink; upon which he  
he throws with the rest of the death. In the latter women are  
hanged; and there is almost conceals in their <sup>new</sup> voices of the sinner of the  
drunken woman who has broken her death, in one of  
Lindos' tragedies:

"Ah! it does cry as on the first <sup>new</sup> cries;

It walks in many many ways, many lights  
and fields of poppies could not pick it.

Then it is a bunch of ironed things in some box when  
in the into the night the light and several others  
come over a far, in white, and wood level he must  
be released; just from the Danube through the river.

~~"The same the best makes over when like you  
It lifts its own back."~~

mother of Christ, those which is this? Either the spirit  
of nothing or of death. Which part is yours?  
- 2000

Which is the spirit of nothingness - this world  
That the stars into mine eyes and hold the sun out,  
My mind, with the stars.

Bring not that dead dead essence, with pale hands  
and different than face and eyes, those look  
Would fix a rest of hours in any soul  
To pass up like a few. Give from a page.



12  
21

We must never look for anything perfect or faultless in these dramas; there is always a kind of carelessness or their way of writing, a confusion which may be made the basis of a much more deliberate kind in the making of truth; and, of course that it is not the influence on their stage of the Elizabethan dramatists, ~~from~~ which begins with a summary of their style; and, besides that, a simplicity of language that would rather mislead of physical functions. And, as I have ~~not~~ said, the poetic drama is in itself a compromise; that people should speak in verse is itself a violation of probability; for clearly the realer most accurate and certain to make the verse sound as much like prose as possible; and that the aim of the poetic drama is not truth, but beauty; so that, for instance, Shakespeare creates in others an image of more than human reality, and poets who led much words of a more splendid and more pathos than any one but that of a com-  
monly could have found to say, naturally, we look to his ideal field, not for these superficial qualities, but for much better ones. Now it was that was pointed out many years ago: that the prevailing note in their compositions was, not of doom as the poets fall to the earth

inherited her nature, imposed upon a man whose  
 by ~~was~~ ~~smothering~~, or by ~~natural~~, or by ~~the~~ ~~day~~ ~~out~~.  
 In ~~the~~ such ~~resemblance~~ ~~to~~ ~~an~~ ~~old~~ ~~man~~ ~~his~~ ~~flaws~~ ~~are~~  
 further and further, original and ~~could~~ ~~not~~ ~~be~~ ~~kept~~ ~~a~~  
~~copy~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~thing~~ ~~may~~ (1050) it ~~contains~~ ~~the~~  
 work of a great tragedian; and the same of the ~~more~~  
 copy of her: "Tenets in law: no compromise between ~~the~~  
~~right~~ ~~and~~ ~~death~~." The ~~entire~~ ~~character~~ ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~very~~  
~~marked~~ ~~clearly~~, ~~imposed~~ ~~and~~ ~~but~~ ~~on~~ ~~actual~~  
 conflict in ~~her~~ ~~murder~~ ~~which~~ ~~she~~ ~~planned~~  
 with ~~the~~ ~~devil~~; ~~her~~ ~~are~~ ~~no~~ ~~enough~~ ~~to~~ ~~curb~~ ~~her~~ ~~in~~  
 carried away by ~~some~~ ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~intensity~~ ~~in~~ ~~these~~ ~~characters~~  
 or in ~~her~~ ~~action~~ ~~and~~ ~~reaction~~ ~~and~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~  
 number. ~~May~~ ~~never~~ ~~was~~, ~~a~~ ~~very~~ ~~imperfect~~ ~~her~~,  
 a woman of simple passions: her passions were to ~~be~~ ~~kept~~.  
 lenient, ~~in~~ ~~her~~ ~~heart~~, ~~and~~ ~~cruel~~, ~~implacable~~; ~~as~~ ~~well~~ ~~her~~,  
 love and ~~hate~~. She ~~lived~~ ~~always~~ ~~in~~ ~~cross~~: she ~~had~~  
 in ~~her~~ ~~the~~ ~~evil~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~medicis~~. ~~but~~ ~~at~~ ~~her~~ ~~point~~:  
 she ~~was~~ ~~vivid~~ ~~and~~ ~~vital~~, ~~beautiful~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~gentle~~  
 and ~~will~~; she ~~had~~ ~~in~~ ~~her~~ ~~character~~ ~~the~~ ~~clearest~~  
 character ~~temperament~~ a kind of ~~very~~ ~~innocence~~.  
 "fallen ~~and~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~lamburke~~." ~~could~~ ~~not~~ ~~with~~  
 the ~~dark~~ ~~fringe~~ ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~impure~~ ~~the~~ ~~heart~~ ~~and~~ ~~even~~  
 a ~~little~~ ~~hard~~; ~~she~~ ~~for~~ ~~love~~ ~~she~~ ~~glowed~~ ~~with~~ ~~an~~ ~~effluence~~.  
 "To ~~do~~ ~~the~~ ~~right~~ ~~thing~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~expense~~, ~~in~~ ~~the~~  
~~lamburke~~, ~~to~~ ~~facilitate~~ ~~may~~ ~~on~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~lamburke~~

to d. of Cay every kind of faculty but the one which might  
 have happened to her would, was an elderly German  
 heard as our friend was a Claudius or perhaps  
 perhaps of a Lincolnton. The contempt of Altheim for  
 her daughter-in-law when near reached her of the  
 crown of murder at Kirk of field must have been  
 hardly explicable of human behavior. In the rest  
 of her career, I cannot but think that she was  
 was ~~good~~ evil and in it was her work of  
 education or of circumstance; she never was good and  
 never, the gift of nature or of God. To this I can add  
 nothing: only, that she is a fine and unfortunate  
 it to be found in these words: "to facilitate misery  
 and to satisfy none."

Arthur Gordon.

to the heart of his auditor, who generally makes a short speech but can make a long one, but never makes a poor or uninteresting one; and he is a fine campaigner. If the men who think as he does on matters outside of politics and government were not so timid, he would certainly be nominated. Such as they are, he undoubtedly will not be. The only thing that can save him will be a change of understanding on their part.

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A SONNET

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

Mild gold that lies about the roots of trees;  
The sky warmed by a clump of rusted haws;  
The scentless autumn winds like slow grey bees  
Storing their sweet in winter's leonine jaws;  
All treasure else may tarnish, but not these.  
Like tawny linens in the tombs of kings,  
The fabric of our austere memories  
Shall have made tawdy the less common things.  
If but this weaving might as long endure!  
That, as we draw more near the homeless bed  
Where each must lie alone, we might be sure  
Of being with such plain things comforted.  
But time, like an insane Penelope,  
Unravels as she weaves her tapestry.

Forum, N.Y. City  
June, 1923.

### MICHAEL FIELD

By ARTHUR SYMONS

**R**OBERT BROWNING, in his later period, suggests to the intellect, and to that only. Hence his difficulty, which is not a poetic difficulty; not a cunning simplification of method like Shakespeare's who gives us no long speeches of undiluted, undramatic poetry but poetry everywhere like life blood. Not only is he one of the greatest of our poets; he is also one of the most passionate, one of the most dramatic in imagination, and one of the most obscure; therefore, I rank him with John Donne, who stands out of our tradition, who are without ancestors. Nor have I forgotten my first and only meeting with Browning on the 23rd of August, 1889, the year in which he died; I still recall his violence of voice, it had the whole gamut of music in it, it thrilled one, it vibrated one, by certain touches of rare magic in it.

Baudelaire wrote: "It would be a wholly new event in the history of the arts if a critic were to turn himself into a poet, a reversal of every psychic law, a monstrosity; on the other hand, all great poets become naturally, inevitably, critics. It would be prodigious for a critic to become a poet, and it is impossible for a poet not to contain a critic." This is one of his sweeping statements; he, himself, was equally infallible as critic and as poet; but that is the case with very few French poets and very few English ones; Browning is no exception to this rule; he was easily carried away by his impulses and by his emotions. So it happened that in the spring of 1885, Browning, at a dinner given by Stopford Brooke, said suddenly: "I have found a new poet," to which several voices responded: "Michael Field."

1584

### MICHAEL FIELD

1585

In 1885 I reviewed their *Father's Tragedy* in "Time," which I said that *Callirrhoe* proved them to be genuine poets; that this volume was full of the air and the feeling of the forest; that it gave one a sense of the vengeance of the outraged Earth. I made their acquaintance in 1889; I saw them at intervals for several years, at Reigate, at Richmond and in Paris. On the 12th of June, 1890, I took them with me to the Forest of Fontainebleau; we had an expensive lunch at the Restaurant de Franchard. In 1892, I pointed out to them the apparition, the vision, of Paul Verlaine, in Paris, as he came out of a shop on the other side of the road with a huge roll of French bread under his arm. I have never forgotten that vision of Verlaine nor the shop we often frequented, which is still to be seen at one corner of the rue Racine which gives on the Boulevard Saint Michel. In 1886 Katherine wrote to Havelock Ellis saying: "*The Father's Tragedy*, save Emmeline's song and here and there a stray line, is indeed Edith's work; for the others, the work is perfect mosaic; we cross and interlace like a company of dancing summer flies, if one begins a character his companion seizes it and possesses it; if one conceives a scene or situation, the other corrects, completes."

In the American edition of *Underneath the Bough* I find this note, dated September 8th, 1898. "For some years my work has been done for the younger generations—not yet knocking at the door, but awaited with welcome. Meanwhile, readers from further England—if they will pardon my so classing them—have given me that joy of listening denied to me in my own island; and to them I offer this book of lyrics, adding such new songs as I count my sweetest to those of 'the Old World Series,' some of which, I have reason to hope, have won places in their hearts." Many of those lyrics were written by Katherine to Edith; some of them have outbursts of an almost uncontrollable passion, but for the most part they are tinged with rhetoric and with a violence which is somewhat unreal.

Certain of their lyrics have been compared with those of Francis Thompson; there can be no comparison between them, yet in the case of the latter, that a writer who at his best is so fiery and exuberant should ever take Patmore for a model, should really try to catch his tricks of expression, is very curious—for poets who have an individuality to express ought not to be drawn away by any natural affinity with such poets, for instance, as Crashaw and Patmore. Crashaw and Patmore—we come back to the old antagonism—can any poet serve two such masters? Imagine Patmore rewriting, according to his own standard of composition, *The Flaming Heart* or Crashaw treating in his own way the theme of *Deliciae Sapientiae de Amore!* I do not understand why the writer of the life of Michael Field should have said: "It is doubtful whether Laura or Beatrice or the Dark Lady had a tenderer wooing." Verses such as these have the qualities which must soon perish. One sonnet of Shakespeare is as imperishable as one of his Tragedies; Death rendered Beatrice's apotheosis conceivable; and Dante may be said to have re-discovered the Platonic mystery, whereby love is an initiation into the secrets of the spiritual world. It was the initiation of sublime nature into the essence of pure impersonal enthusiasm; there was even too little alloy of earth in Dante's passion for Beatrice. Petrarch's love for Laura was of a different type; the unrest of earthly desire, forever thwarted, but recurring with imperious persistence, and the rebellion against the emotions the lover realized to be lawless, broke his peace. "There is," says John Addington Symonds, "an old Greek proverb that 'to desire the impossible is a malady of the soul.' With this malady in its most incurable form the poet was stricken." In the most sombre and tragic sonnets and songs of Christina Rossetti there is one subject into which she can infuse not so much her tenderness as the anguish of a heart given sorrowfully over to the memory of a passion spent somehow in vain, disregarded or self-repressed. She has found singularly moving words for the suppressed bitterness of a disap-

pointed heart, the agony of unuttered passion reaching to a point of ascetic abnegation, a devout frenzy of patience which is the springing of the bitter seed of hope dead in a fiery martyrdom. I cannot find one single lyric which is in any sense perfect in Michael Field's volumes of verses; only, here and there, in a few of the last lyrics written by Edith Cooper, there are startling effects, at once imaginative and pathetic.

Writing in *Landor* I quoted this sentence of Coleridge, which might almost be applied to the dramas of Michael Field. "What is it that Landor wants to make him a poet? His powers are certainly very considerable, but he seems to be totally deficient in that modifying faculty which compresses several units into one whole. The truth is, he does not possess an imagination in its highest form—that of stamping it *piu nell'uno*." There is in their verse too careful a search after metaphor and elaborate speech, their method in dialogue is a logical method; the speeches are linked by a too definite and a too visible chain; they do not spring up out of those profound subconscious affinities, which in the work of the great dramatists, mimic Nature with all her own apparent irregularity.

Still, at their finest, there is in them something fierce, subtle, strange, singular—which can become sinister; there is nothing in them which is primitive or elemental, nothing which conveys a sense of that extreme and vehement and violent passion without which no actual tragedy can exist. They have some sense of style, some individuality of their own; they have no vision of great events, no enthralling emotion; but, in the younger one, a rare kind of spirituality which can become exquisite, morbid, intense. Do not look for construction, nor for that "infinite variety" which only great drama must possess; they have but little sense of complexities and of the enormous complexity of our hearts and our passions. There is nothing of that abnormality—they attempted it in the *Borgia*—that ought violently to stir the senses and awaken our sensations out of their torpor; nothing

that startles or suddenly arrests us. They rarely — there are certainly many exceptions—give one a thrill, the thrill of one whose imagination can make beat the hearts of multitudes; who can arouse in our nerves some lurking suspicion of what is hidden in the obscure corners of exasperated minds, who, as they shatter and piece together, after they have shattered it, the little mocking mirror of our existences, fling before our vision those petulant puppets who as they yearn for joys untasted and for desires unsatiated discount their days and accept so inexorably the precious pieces.

The curious thing is that two women of such different temperaments could have done such an immense amount of work; that they were always themselves—self-contained; and that only one of them, the younger, could weave spider's webs in some Ariadne's loom, colored and gracile, fragrant and scented. It was in their second dramatic period—when they were almost ignored—that they came to a certain extent into contact with the so-called Decadent Movement; the period of Wilde, Dowson, Beardsley, Yeats, Conder; the period of *The Yellow Book* and of *The Savoy*. This was the period when Walter Pater outshone all his contemporaries; in November, 1890, he gave a lecture at the London Institution on Prosper Mérimée. I was there and among others were the Michael Fields; it was Edith (who had never met Pater) who gave this wonderfully perfect revelation of the man and the writer. "There is great determination, a little brutality (in the French sense) about the lower part of the face; yet it is under complete control. His voice is low, and has a singularly sensitive resonance in it—an audible capacity for suffering, as it were. His courteous exterior hides a strong nature; there is something, one feels, of Denys, l'Auxerois in him — a Bacchus, a Zagreus." To give a lecture in public was for Pater a severe humiliation; and the agony of the act of reading it communicated itself to the main part of the audience. On that occasion some of his friends gathered round the plat-

form to congratulate him; he expressed a hope that the audience was able to hear what he said. "We overheard you," said Oscar Wilde. "Ah, you have a phrase for everything," replied the lecturer, the only contemporary, Wilde declared with pathetic inaccuracy, who ever influenced him. In regard to this I remember a story of some one who was present at a dinner given by W. E. H. Lecky at the Author's Society, in which he said that he was sorry there were no great writers alive, and no stylists to compare with those who had passed away. "A few paces off from me," he said, "sat Walter Pater, George Meredith and Austin Dobson."

I fail to understand such praise as this "for the genius of Michael Field, uniting as it does the two principal elements of art, Dionysian and Apollian, is therefore, of its nature an illustration of Nietzsche's theory." It is the very acme of absurdity to have said of their sacrilegious attempt or attack on the unsurpassable genius of Sappho in a book named *Long Ago* that came out in 1889, that "the leader of the sally was herself a flame of Dionysian fire," and that there would appear to be "a real resemblance between Michael's intensity, her exuberance and quick lyrical impulse, and the legendary Sappho." Why use the word "legendary"? Swinburne says, referring to the attack on his *Anactoria*, "one of his unsurpassable creations, that he has striven to cast his spirit into the mould of hers; that in rendering Sappho's very words into English, 'I have tried to bear witness, how, more than any other's, her verses strike and sting the memory in lonely places, or at sea, among all loftier lights and sounds—how they seem akin to fire and air, being themselves 'all air and fire'; other element there is none in them.'"

What they actually did was to take a few lines from the Greek of Sappho; then to attempt to translate those lines; then to add variations on these themes of their own inventing. One of the most passionate and tragic fragments of Sappho I give in my own rendering:—

"The waning moon out of the sky has vanished,  
The seven Pleiades out of the heaven have gone.  
It is midnight, the hours drag at my heart, banished  
Is slumber from mine eyelids. I sleep alone."

Out of these four lines they made five stanzas of eight lines.  
This is the last stanza:—

"The moon is gone, yet he delays  
The stars are set, but Sappho stays  
And can it be that death,  
Jealous, be sped  
To suck from me my Phaon's balmy breath?  
I stifle on my heart the funeral moan:  
I do not weel the dead;  
*I lie alone.*"

Compared with the Greek these, as well as the other lines are puffed out and enfeebled by alterations, they are colorless and bloodless.

Only two women who ever wrote verse had in them "a flame of Dionysiac fire"; Sappho and Sante Theresa; in both "a flaming heart" burned outward to escape the intolerable pain of its reclusion. Nietzsche himself imagined he had "almost the soul of a *Megara*"; so that, with his hallucinatory vision, he divines Apollo as the God of Dreams, Dionysus as the God of Intoxication; the chorus is the lyric cry, the vital ecstasy; the drama is the projection into vision of the exterior, temporary world of forms. That myth of Dionysus *Zagreus*, "a Bacchus who had been in hell," is the foundation of the marvelous new myth of Walter Pater, and this pagan afterthought is a translation, in which one hardly knows whether most to admire its learning, its ingenuity, or its passionate imagination.

Again, it is out of the question to compare for one moment Emily Brontë with Michael Field, as in this sentence: "However fully one may recognize the truth that there is no sex in genius, I suppose we shall always be startled at the appearance of an Emily Brontë or a Michael Field." To begin with, the world was not in the least startled by the ap-

pearance of either of these; yet, in spite of this, Emily Brontë remains always a woman of unique genius: she is the only woman in whom there has been seen the paradox of passion without sensuousness; in whom passion was alive as flame is alive in the earth; there was in her a passionate great dark unconscious instinct as of primitive nature-worship. "But," says Swinburne, "the pure note of absolutely right expression for things inexpressible in full by prose at its highest point of adequacy—the formal inspiration of sound which at once reveals itself, and which can fully reveal itself by metrical embodiment alone, in the symphonies and antiphonies of regular word-music and definite instinctive modulation of responsive tones—this is what Emily had for her birthright." No one who has read *Wuthering Heights*—which is one of the most magnificent novels ever written, which as a novel can only be compared with some of Webster's Tragedies—can fail to recognize that what he is reading is a tragedy, simply because it is the work of a writer whose genius is essentially tragic. Those who believe that the pure-bred Gypsy Heathcliff was called into existence by the accident that his creeper had witnessed the agonies of her unspeakable brother, might believe that Aeschylus wrote the *Eumenides*, because he had witnessed the uncomfortable results of matricide. "The love which devours life itself," again to quote Swinburne, "which devastated and desolates the future with unquenchable and raging fire, has nothing less than flame or sunlight."

Now, what shall be said in favor of the Michael Fields? Strangely gifted, had they the creative power of the born Dramatist? Had they any individual genius, any startling originality? Are their characters in any sense vitally alive? It seems to me certain that the younger one who wrote *The Father's Tragedy* (1885) assuredly had touches or flashes of genius. It is baneful and full of omens, it is literally the father's annihilation, from the fact that he has let his wild son, David Rothsay, die of starvation in prison. Because he was wanton, he was condemned to die in soul; because



of his dishonorable marriage, to die in heart; for his undeserved punishment, to die in body; a triple death, three-fold starvation. These prison scenes are terrible; they fill one with a sense of awe and of pity, for so fair a flower of youth to be so rudely plucked from its roots and so left to perish on the mere straw of one naked cell. She naturally gives one none of the unsurpassable agony and mental and physical degradation of Marlowe's *King Edward the Second*; as when he cries:

"Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul.

Know that I am a King: Oh, at that name

I feel a hell of grief. Where is my crown?

Gone, gone; and do I still remain alive?

But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;

For not these ten days have these eyelids closed."

Yet, in his agony, Rothsay can utter such lines as these:—

"Death was a shadow—I myself am Death.

I fed and never knew it; now I starve.

Here is the skeleton I've seen in books!

I am naked now, and Death is not dead;

O, God! he lives in me—in me must die;

And I must watch him with these burning eyes

Like candles set aflame upon my corpse."

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### HAPPY ENDING

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

This is that winter snow

We dreaded so:

And yet the days that shorten,

The winds that blow,

Seem like a rest from color and from light:

After a hurrying day, a placid night.

Perhaps that Death we wish came not so soon.

May be that dreamed-of gift,

That longed-for boon

Each man holds in his heart, too vague for words—

Something beyond tomorrow:

An end to sorrow:

An evening nest for lost, wing-wearied birds!

10,582

SYMONS, Arthur (b.1865)  
Author and critic.

Ms. on 27 quarto leaves, of his  
article "Michael Field", published in  
The Forum (New York, in June 1923, with a copy of  
the printed text.