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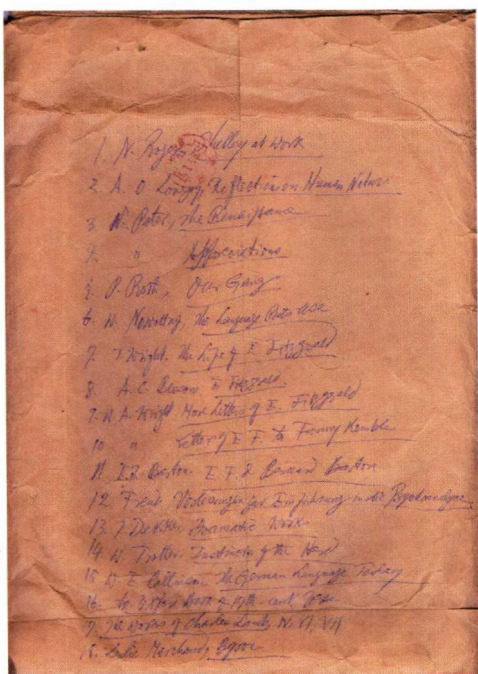
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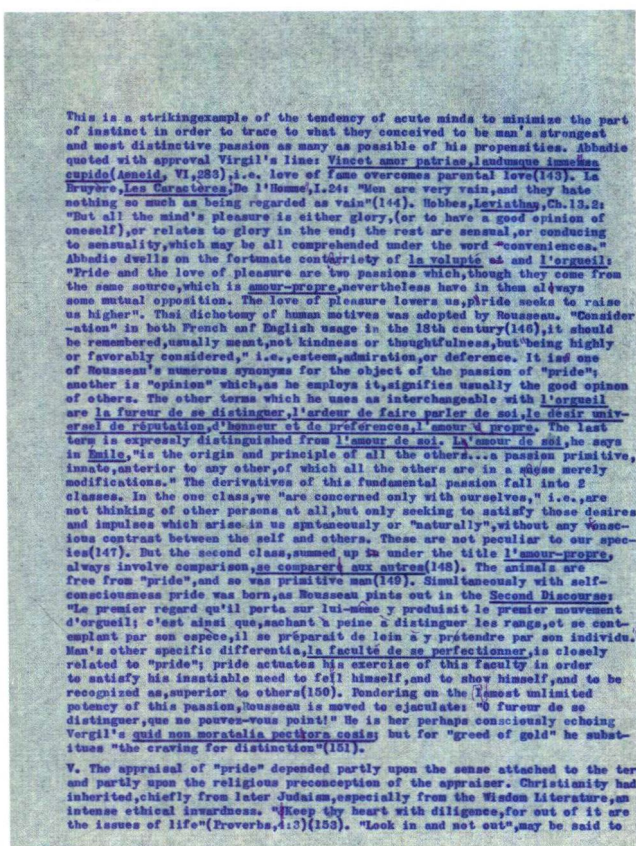
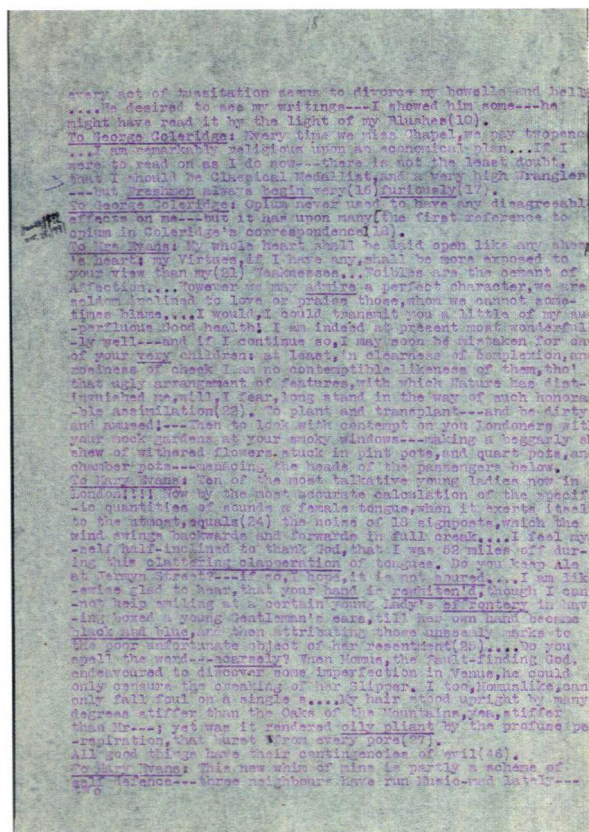
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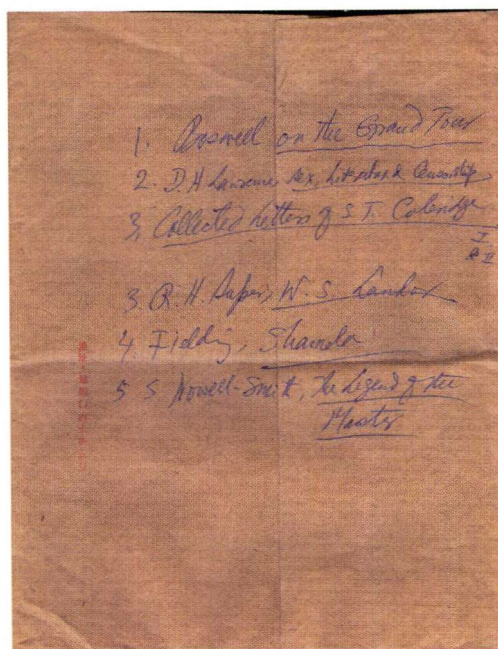
● 第一八一本 封面
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● 第一八一本 内文
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● 第一八二本 内文
(a selected page of no.182)

● 第一八二本 封面
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Ernest Cassirer, *The Logic of the Humanities*
tr. by Clarence Irving Lewis

Translator's Foreword. We are very easily persuaded to the subject conclusion that even how we individually vote, act, and think is actually nothing more than the complex result of subtle forces working upon us from countless hidden corners of our physical being and our culture. As Plato has said, education is a "useful myth"; it weaves our hopes and stirs our imaginations, just as much as it cannot be shown to be completely groundless (viii). Can could cultivate Cassirer's *Logik der Kulturwissenschaften* a "meta-science of the sciences of culture." Any rigorously systematic conceptual framework is really referred to as a science (ix). The rapprochement between idealism and naturalism is not limited to Cassirer's Dewey. How like him! Nietzsche and Susan Sontag were (x) determined to avoid a return to the intuition flouting between mind and matter while salvaging the more like the legitimate claims of idealism from the shipwreck of its negation positivities. Meanwhile, more than were at home with the philosophical concepts of naturalism, we devote an equally serious determination to avoid crude and facile attempts at reducing the world of the mind to nothing but the workings of natural processes, in short, to do justice to the claims of idealism, here the thought especially of J. H. Woodbridge and George H. Mead. From an early behavioristic analysis of mind as experience, Dewey moves more and more toward the conviction that "experience" is too subjective a word to stand for the dominant features of mental phenomena. It is highly significant that, late in his life, he realized that "culture" is a far more accurate word for the objective and cooperative features of mind in its natural setting than was the earlier word "experience." He has arrived at the same basic conviction that underlies Cassirer's philosophy of symbolic forms—that culture is its manifold forms in "mind's place in nature" (xi). Cassirer was under the influence of Dilthey's so-called *Geisteswissenschaft*, which we awkwardly (xii) translate as "the social sciences." In his last writings Dilthey had already come to the conclusion that it would be better to name these sciences of human affairs *Kulturanthropologie* (xiii).

The philosophy study of culture is the prominent among the disciplines. The division of philosophy into three main fields—metaphysics, physics, and ethics—was already complete in antiquity, Kant still recognized this threefold division as valid, declaring that it conforms perfectly to the nature of things and permits of no improvement! ("Grundriss zur Metaphysik der Sitten," *Verk.*, IV, 245 (1)). It was mathematics and mathematical natural science which fashioned the ideal of knowledge of this age. On the strength of this cutting vision, Bohme attempted to supply the missing systematic unity between ethics and geometry. No longer is the human world to be state within the state (xiv). Psychology, metaphysics, and ethics are not simply a new total of geometric arrangements and mechanical laws, but as organic whole of structures and powers; mathematical physics sinks to a mere abstraction. Nature's true reality lies in the interplay of psychic events and organic structures. The path of philosophy leads past the world of practical consequences to aesthetic intuition. "Nature is a poem, wrapped in secret and woven from the unspeakable" (xv). The philosophy of culture which came to expression in Romanticism developed from this guiding vision in Schelling's system (xvi). The "land of fantasy," of which Schelling speaks, and the field of strictly logical knowledge are constantly influencing each other. Instead of being distinct domains of knowledge, they involve each other. (17). The highest state of classical physics was the principle of causality, as contrasted in the famous hypothesis of the "Laplacian state." In his *Die Philosophie der Sprache* (1888) Cassirer showed that the assumption of complete determinism

has pleased and moved me strangely, all (I mean) that relates to Pascal. He is a man born two thousand years after his time! The pamphlet proves what I have always maintained, that any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he heard and saw with veracity. Of Mr Boswell's truth I have not the least suspicion (1019), because I am sure he could invent nothing of this kind! (Nelson Nicholson quoted Gray: "I like this book, for one sees the author in too foolish to have invented it"). The true title of this part of his work is, a Dialogue between a Greengoose and a Hero (1020).

418. To the Duke of Grafton: ...the same delicacy of mind that induced you to confer this favour, the Regius Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge on me, unsolicited and unexpected, may perhaps make you averse to receive my sincerest thanks and grateful acknowledgments (1034).

419. To Mary Ansbrough: You see there are princes (or ministers) left in the world, that know how to do things handsomely (1035).

420. To Wharton: I have told you the outside of the matter & all the manner: for the inside you know easily enough to guess at, & you will guess right! i.e. the influence of Stenhouse with the Duke of Grafton (1038).

421. To Mason: it is only to tell you, that I (who modern history and languages in a little shop of mine at Cambridge, if you will recommend me any customers (1039).

422. To Nicholson: Mr Brackett has broke his neck.... (your humble servant) have kissed the "B" hand for his execution.... I can assure you, that I had no hand at all in his fall, & almost as little in the second happy event (1040).

423. To Nicholson to Gray: The king and his cabinet council are grown into great favour with me, and I believe if I was in parliament I should vote with them right or wrong all the next session (1041).... My mother says you have forgot her, but is enough of a Christian to send you her compliments and congratulations (1042).

424. Mason to Gray: I send the inscription of your Brother [Nicholas] Lord Regius Professor of Greek at Samuel Hallifax (Professor of Arabic) may perhaps help me to construct, for as Yourself I take for granted that all Your skill in the learned Languages transpired in the King's... you gave his Majesty's little finger, & you rose up a more (1043) modern Schollar, with nothing left but a little Lincolne jargon.... it is all Hebrew Greek to me (1044).

425. To Nicholson: poor [Joseph] Spence was found drown'd in his own garden at Byfield; probably (being paralytic) he fell into the water, & had no one near to help him; so History has lost two of her chief superlatives at once! Spence had been Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, as had Brackett at Cambridge (1045).

426. To Mason: The King of Denmark is a genteel lively figure, not made by nature for a Poet; but surrounded by a pack of Knaves, whose interest it is to make him one, if they can (1047).

429. To Nicholson: I have read an 8th volume of Shenstone's letters. poor Man! he was always wishing for money, for fame, & other distinctions, & his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, & in a place, of his taste had already; but I'm not only enjoy'd, but People of note came to see & comment it! Of Walpole to Cole on 14 June 1729: "Mr Shenstone's Letters, which, though containing nothing but trifles, amused me greatly.... Poor man! he wanted to have all the world talk of him for the pretty place (1047) he had made, and which he seems to have made only that it might be talked of!"

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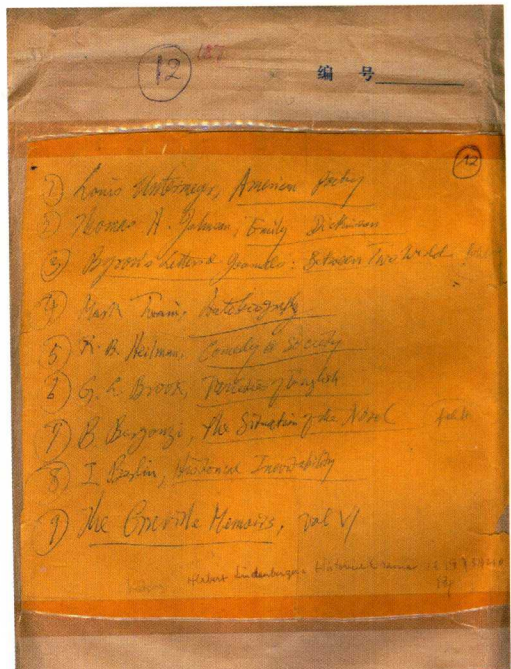
this gave a couple of half-dressed young ladies an opportunity to take refuge behind a screen undiscovered.... I stripped to the skin and began my practice.... I capered back and forth from one end of the room to the other on all fours, Sandy applauding with enthusiasm: I walked upright and growled and snarled and snarled.... I danced a lumbering dance with my paws bent and my imaginary snout sniffing from side to side, I did everything a bear could do and many things which no bear could ever do and no bear with any dignity would want to do, anyway.... At last, standing on my head, I paused in that attitude to take a minute's rest.... then Sandy spoke up with excited interest and said: "Mama Sam, has you ever used a dried herring?" "No, what's that?" "It's a fish." "...Any-thing peculiar about it?" "Yes, when you bet you dey in, dey gets 'em innards and all!" (38) There was a smothered burst of feminine snickers from behind the screen! All the strength went out of me and I toppled forward like an undermined tower and brought the screen down with my weight, burying the young ladies under it. In their fright they discharged a couple of piercing screams—and possibly others—but I did not wait to count. I snatched my clothes and fled to the dark hall below, Sandy following.... I swore Sandy to eternal silence.... I could not have faced the giddy company after my adventure.... The house was still and everybody asleep when I finally ventured home.... Pinned to my pillow I found a slip of paper.... "You probably couldn't have played bear but you played bare very well—oh, very very well!".... I was under four mocking eyes.... I suspected all girls' eyes of being the ones so dreaded. During several weeks I could not look any young lady in the face; I dropped my eyes in confusion when any one of them smiled upon me and gave me greeting; I said to myself, "that is one of them," and got quickly away.... I had never guessed those girls out and was no longer hoping or expecting to do it. One of the prettiest girls in the village at the time of my mishap was Mary Wilson (39).... forty-seven years later I arrived in Cambridge on a lecturing tour. As I entered the hotel, met.... Mary Wilson, now a widow.... We sat down and talked.... with reverent hands we unburied our dead, the mates of our youth.... We searched the dusty chambers of our memories and dragged forth incident after incident.... and finally Mary said, suddenly, and without leading up: "Tell me! what is the special peculiarity of dried herrings?" "...At—last! I've found one of you, anyway! Who was the other girl?" (40).

Ch.11: ...that detail has survived the wear of 50 years.... The truth is, a person's memory has no more sense than his conscience and no appreciation whatever of value and proportion (50).

Ch.12: By my teachings I perfectly well knew what all that wild rumpus was for—Sam had come to get into the... With every glare of lightning I shivered (58) and shrank together in mortal terror, and in the interval of black darkness that followed I poured out my lamentations over my lost condition, and my supplications for just one more chance, with as energy and feeling and sincerity quite foreign to my nature. But in the morning I saw that it was a false alarm and concluded once to resume business at the old stand and wait for another reminder (69).

Ch.13: Mary Miller was not my first sweetheart but I think she was the first one that furnished me a broken heart. I fell in love with her when she was 18 and I 9—but she scorned me.... I soon transferred my worship to Artemisia Briggs, who was a year older than Mary. When I revealed my passion to her she did not scoff at it.... She said she did not want to be pestered by children (73). Her father kept a grocery shop and he was the most civilized little chap in the town for, although we never saw him eating candy, we supposed that it was, nevertheless, an ordinary diet (74).

Ch.16: Jelly had white hair, and not much of it; two sets of choker; a cataract of chin (79).



CONTENTS

No. 181

1. Qian's Table of Contents	2
2. <i>Italian Quarterly</i> (Winter 1975)	3
3. <i>Modern Language Notes</i> (MLN, Mar. 1974)	4
4. Neville Rogers, <i>Shelley at Work</i>	5
5. Arthur O. Lovejoy, <i>Reflections on Human Nature</i>	13
6. Walter Pater	
<i>The Renaissance</i>	33
<i>Appreciations</i>	37
7. Philip Roth, <i>Our Gang</i>	42
8. Winifred Nowottny, <i>The Language Poets Use</i>	45
9. Thomas Wright, <i>The Life of Edward Fitzgerald</i>	56
10. E. V. Lucas, <i>Reading, Writing, and Remembering</i>	57
11. A. M. Terhune(ed.), <i>The Life of Edward Fitzgerald</i>	57
12. A. C. Benson, <i>Edward Fitzgerald</i>	59
13. William Aldis Wright, <i>More Letters of Edward Fitzgerald</i>	62
14. William Aldis Wright (ed.), <i>Letters of Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble</i>	69
15. F. R. Barton (ed.), <i>Edward Fitzgerald and Bernard Barton</i>	74
16. Sigmund Freud, <i>Vorlesungen zur Einführung in die Psychoanalyse</i>	75
17. Thomas Dekker, <i>Dramatic Works: The Honest Whore</i>	78
18. Wilfred Trotter, <i>Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War</i>	84
19. W. E. Collinson, <i>The German Language Today</i>	95
20. <i>The Oxford Book of Seventeenth Century Verse</i>	100
21. Text without Author or Title (pages missing)	121
<i>Vol. II</i>	124
<i>Vol. III</i>	129
22. Charles and Mary Lamb, <i>Works</i>	130
<i>Specimens of English Dramatic Poets Who Lived About the Time of Shakespeare</i>	130
<i>Extracts from the Garrick Plays</i>	136
<i>Letters</i>	139
23. Leslie A. Marchand, <i>Byron</i>	164
<i>Vol. I</i>	164
<i>Vol. II</i>	181
<i>Vol. III</i>	199

24. Alfred Adler, <i>The Practice and Theory of Individual Psychology</i>	206
---	-----

No. 182

1. Qian's Table of Contents	210
2. Frank Brady and F. A. Pottle, <i>Boswell on the Grand Tour</i>	211
3. Compton Mackenzie, <i>Thin Ice</i>	217
4. John Masters, <i>Bugles and a Tiger</i>	218
5. D. H. Lawrence, <i>Sex, Literature, and Censorship</i>	221
6. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, <i>Collected Letters</i>	227
<i>Vol. I</i>	227
<i>Vol. II</i>	237
7. R. H. Super, <i>Walter Savage Landor</i>	245
8. Henry Fielding, <i>An Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews</i>	250
9. Simon Nowell-Smith, <i>The Legend of the Master</i>	254

No. 183

1. Ernst Cassirer, <i>The Logic of the Humanities</i>	259
2. Paget Toynbee and Leonhard Whibley (ed.), <i>Correspondence of Thomas Gray</i> ..	264
<i>Vol. I</i>	264
<i>Vol. II</i>	276
<i>Vol. III</i>	286
3. Nathaniel Hawthorne, <i>The American Notebooks</i>	293
4. <i>The Reader's Digest Treasury of Modern Quotations</i>	299
5. William K. Wimsatt, Jr. and Cleanth Brooks, <i>Literary Criticism: A Short History</i>	314
6. David Lodge (ed.), <i>Twentieth Century Literary Criticism: A Reader</i>	346
7. St. John Damascene, <i>Barlaam and Ioasaph</i>	365
8. Samuel Butler, <i>Ernest Pontifex, or the Way of All Flesh</i> ..	369
9. Charles Morris, <i>Signs, Language and Behavior</i>	382
10. Jonathan Swift, <i>Gulliver's Travels, A Tale of a Tub, Battle of the Books</i> (etc.) ..	385
<i>Part I</i>	385
<i>Part II</i>	389
<i>Part III</i>	395
<i>Part IV</i>	400
11. John Passmore	
<i>Philosophical Reasoning</i>	410
<i>A Hundred Years of Philosophy</i>	416
12. James Schermerhorn, <i>1500 Anecdotes and Stories for After Dinner</i>	

<i>Speaking</i>	424
13. H. D. Thoreau, <i>Walden and Other Writings</i>	427
14. Virginia Woolf, <i>A Writer's Diary</i>	438
15. John Hayward, <i>The Oxford Book of Nineteenth Century English Verse</i>	446
16. Francis Bacon	
<i>Selections</i>	460
<i>Essays</i>	465

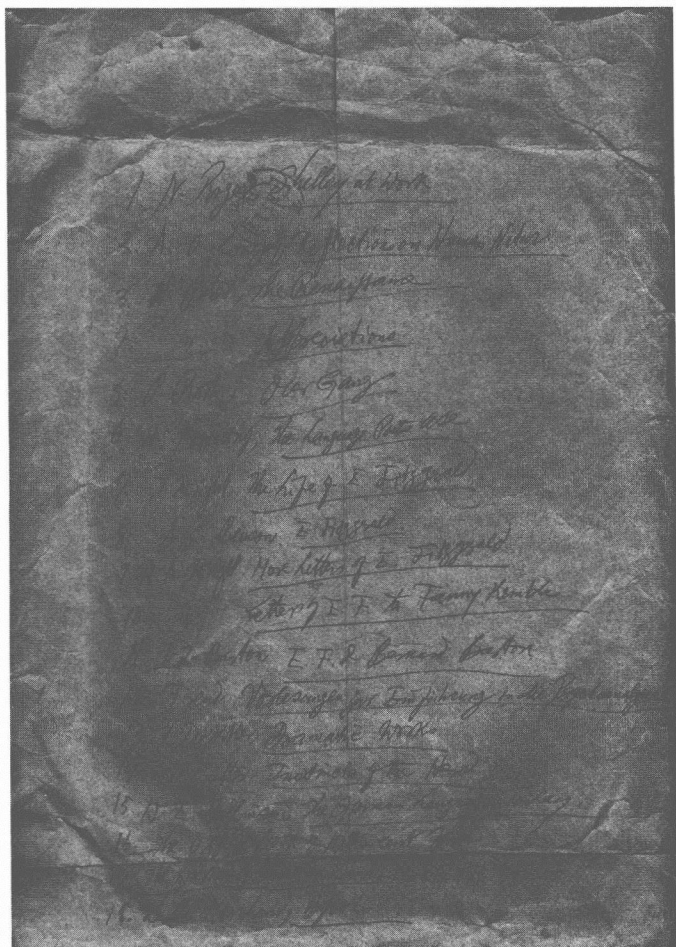
No. 184

1. Qian's Table of Contents	486
2. Louis Untermeyer (ed.)	
<i>American Poetry from the Beginning to Whitman</i>	487
<i>Modern American Poetry</i> (4th Revised Edition)	497
3. Thomas H. Johnson, <i>Emily Dickinson</i>	506
4. Leslie A. Marchand (ed.), <i>"Between Two Worlds": Byron's Letters and Journals</i>	512
5. Mark Twain, <i>Autobiography</i>	524
6. R. B. Heilman, <i>The Ways of the World: Comedy and Society</i>	536
7. G. L. Brook, <i>Varieties of English</i>	549
8. Bernard Bergonzi, <i>The Situation of the Novel</i>	560
9. Isaiah Berlin, <i>Historical Inevitability</i>	576
10. Charles C. F. Greville, <i>The Greville Memoirs, Vol. VI</i>	579
11. Herbert Lindenberger, <i>Historical Drama</i>	583
Author Index	585
Title Index	586

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No.181



original size: 230 × 305 mm

1. N. Rogers, Shelley at Work
2. A. O. Lovejoy, Reflection on Human Nature
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10. " Letters of E. F. to Fanny Kemble
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14. W. Trotter, Instincts of the Heart
15. N. E. Collinson, The German Language Today
16. The Oxford Book of 17th-cent. Verse
17. The Works of Charles Lamb, IV, VI, VII
18. Leahy Merchants, Epics

ITALIAN QUARTERLY, Winter 1975

A "scientific" Marxist sees ideals of altruism and justice as no base on which to build the socialist society, but simply as psychological by-products of a given form of economic structure(5). Turati's letter to the Central Committee of the Partito Operaio Italiano, Nov. 9, 1890: "We are the heresy that protests, you are the martyr that demonstrates"(6).

Itale Sveve, La Coscienza di Zeno. "La vita semiglia un pece alla malattia come precede per crisi e lisi ed ha i giornalieri miglieramenti e peggioramenti. A differenza delle altre malattie la vita è sempre mortale. Ne sopporta cure"(Opera Omnia, ed. Bruno Maier, Milan: dall'Oglio, Vol. II, p. 954). Any cure would cancel the meaning of life. As Sveve wrote to Valerie Jahier: "E perchè voler curare la nostra malattia! Davvero dobbiamo togliere all'umanità quelle che essa ha di meglio. Io crede sicuramente che il vero successo che mi ha data la pace è consistito in questa convinzione... Non c'è cura che valga"(I, 859). Cf. Zeno: "Da lungo tempo io sapevo che la mia salute non poteva essere alta che la mia convinzione"(II, 953). Maier, Itale Sveve (1961), p. 54, quotes him: "...teorizzare sulla vita non giova a nulla, ch'è nessuno sa vivere!" "Eppoi il tempo, per me, non è quella cosa impensabile che non s'arresta mai. Da me, solo da me, ritorna"(II, 807). Joyce said to him in a conversation: "Psicoanalisi? Me se ne abbiamo bisogno teniamoci alla confessione"(III, 725).

The early Italian discoverers and disseminators of American literature—Mario Praz, Emilio Cecchi, Carlo Linati, Elie Vitterini, and Cesare Pavese—all found it to be barbaric or primitive. Praz: "L'umanità non ricominciò soltanto con Noè: senza bisogno di un secondo Diluvio Universale Dio concesse all'uomo di cominciare daccapo la propria storia un'altra volta, di trovarsi di nuovo davanti a una pagina bianca, mettendo a sua disposizione quel vergine continente di favolose riserve che era l'America." Academic critics, —Praz, Cecchi and Linati—held that barbarism carried to the extremes of Hemingway and Stein is in fact anti-literature. Much of Praz's criticism of American literature has been collected in Cronache letterarie anglosassoni, 4 vols. (39). He calls Emily Dickinson "una primitiva"(II, 155); Whitman "quest'uomo esuberante e indiscriminato come un fenomeno della Natura, e assolutamente privo di misura e di gusto"(IV, 224). "Tut Hemingway has not read Pirandello, so that his boxers are not suffering from metaphysical languors. And he knows next to nothing about the history of religion, so that his matadores in the act of stabbing the bull between its horns are not reminded, like Metherlant's, of Mithra's sacrifice. One is indeed at a loss to imagine what his readings may have been"(Quoted in "Hemingway in Italy", pp. 1088-1089)(41). On Erskine Caldwell's ignorance: "È la forza degli scrittori americani questa leggerezza del loro bagaglio culturale. Possono volare per cieli mai solcati; perchè il passato, la cultura, non pesa loro affatto. Con sì o no quindi chili (stavo per dire: grammi) di bagaglio culturale, so vola dappertutto"(II, 263-4). On James Baldwin: "Se il cane fosse dotato di favella e di espressioni articolate, scriverebbe opere simili a quelle di Baldwin"(IV, 338). For Praz, Eliot and Pound are not American writers, and the good sense and equilibrium of Edmund Wilson make him seem more Latin than Anglo-saxon(48). Of Wilson: "È vero che egli ha utilizzato scoperte altrui, ma quale critico americano non l'ha fatto, e facendolo, l'ha fatto con quella chiarezza?"(IV, 251). He believes that Leslie Fiedler derives the idea of his Love and Death in the American Novel from his own Romantic Agency: "L'esempio permette anche d'illustrare un altro fatto che mi è capitato di osservare a proposito di molta critica americana: che il punto di partenza non è di solito americano, il nucleo è fornito da uno spunto o più che uno spunto di provenienza europea, che il critico americano sviluppa alle estreme conseguenze, fino magari alla riduzione all'assurdo"(IV, 262)(49).

MLN, March 1974.

J.-P. Vernant, ed, *Divination et Rationalité*
1975of
Encounter
April
1977
p. 38

Bird-omens. Sinister has two different, though related, meanings: a. the topographical or spatial meaning, i.e., the position of the bird, at rest or in flight, in relation to the right- or left-hand side of the observer, and b. the mantic value of the bird, its lucky or unlucky character. In the latter sense, sinister is a mere synonym of "good" or "evil omen" (depending, of course, on the favorable or unfavorable significance attributed to the left side). In Rome, where the left was considered auspicious and the right inauspicious, and consequently "sinister" usually meant "of good omen" (133); there was, however, a mantic rule concerning ravens (in contradistinction to other birds), according to which the raven flying from the right was considered a good omen. Thus, the Romans, much to Cicero's amusement, called "sinister corvus" the raven coming from the right, which, in fact, should have been called "dexter" (according to sense a; but in sense b it would have meant "ill-boding"). The "left raven" is typographically "right" (Cicero, *De Divinatione*, II. xxxix, 82-3) (134). Cicero observes that the Romans considered omens appearing on or from the left to be good, while Greeks and "barbarians" preferred those of the right: "Ita nobis sinistra videntur, Graecis et barbaris dextra meliora. Haec quanta dissensio est!" Actually the Greek and Roman seers agreed that these birds (and other "signs of fate") which appeared from the East were propitious. The Greek diviners placed themselves facing the North, while Roman augurs faced the South; thus, the latter considered a good omen to be a bird that came from their left ("sinistra avis"), whereas the former deemed propitious the bird flying from their right ("dexterior ornithes") (Cf. Ludwig Hepp, *Thierorakel und Orakelthiere in alter und neuer Zeit*, 1838, pp. 12-6) (135). In the Romance languages, although terms denoting the left usually carry a pejorative meaning, there are also examples of favorable acceptations in words derived from the adjective sinexter. Les Evangiles des quenouilles: "Se une femme veult que son mari ou amy l'aime fort, elle doit mettre une feuille de gauguier cueillie la nuit St Jehan... en son soulier senestre" (quoted in Littre under "ganguier"); Petrarcha, Sonette clvi: "quel destre corvo e qual manca cornice/Canti 'l mie fate?" (Camerini comments: "Il y a le destre di corvo era di sinistro augurio, siccome il sinistro della cornacchia... Cioè corvo dà ree augurie canti il male che mi dee seguire?"). But even the Romans were not consistent. The presages of the crow (as different from those of the raven) were usually interpreted according to the typically Latin belief. Plautus: "Picus et cornix ab laeva, parra ad dextera consueant"; Cicero: "Quid augur, cur a dextera corvus, a sinistra cornix, faciam ratum?" (*ib.*, 85) (137) — the "left crow" was considered a good omen. In The Middle Ages, some considered the crow flying towards (not from) the left to be a bad omen. The Roman de Renart provides an example: "Les riens qui plus le desconforte, / Ce fut quant il vint à la porte, / Entre un traisne et un sapin, / A veu l'Oisel saint Martin, / Assés hucha, à destre, à destre, / Mais li Oisiaus vint à senestre" (136). Structure means the self-contained, self-regulating system of transformations that can be shown to make up a work of art. Jean Piaget, Le Structuralisme (1968) Eng. tr., p. 5: "...a structure is a system of transformations... the structure is preserved or enriched by the interplay of its transformation laws, which never yield results external to the system or employ elements which are external to it. In short, the notion of structure is comprised of three key ideas: the idea of wholeness, the idea of transformation, and the idea of self-regulation" (146).

Paul Shovey, Platonism Ancient & Modern, 227: "In Shelley's Prometheus III.iii. 49 ff. the Platonism is better than the syntax... Alas for & Epipsychidion contain no less the Renaissance Gospel of Platonic Love (cf. Michelangelo: 'The Night of one fair')

Neville Rogers, Shelley At Work (1956).

Preface: Shelley's representative poetry is essentially a poetry of ideas, and those ideas were fed "more by the literature he read than from emotional experiences of a purely personal character" (Carl Grabo, The Magic Plant, 1936, p. 36) (vi).

Shelley once remarked, replying to Thomas Medwin: "The source of poetry is native and involuntary but requires severe labour in its development"----- Medwin was commenting on his constant "o^ontimentⁱ and self-hypercriticism" (Revised Life of Shelley, ed. H. Buxton Forman, p. 347). Twenty-eight of his working notebooks survive in England and America; it is in them that we really meet the poet in his workshop. The figure lurking there is something very much more substantial than the inspired author writer of well-anthologized and apparently effortless lyrics who is most commonly taken to constitute the true, the total Shelley(1). As Mary Shelley tells us, "he never wandered about without a book and without implements of writing" (Thomas Hutchinson, The Complete Poetical Works of Shelley, p. 605). Unfortunately when the inspiration did come it was liable to visit him with a strength that was frequently beyond his management. What appears to be a string of easily-captured vers donnés was the result of severe labour(2). The drafts and memoranda which fill his notebooks for the most part are little more than a welter of near-illegibility and conflicting corrections built up in tiers. Trelawny's description of a single page is by no means untypical: "It was a frightful scrawl... it might have been taken for a sketch of a marsh overgrown with bulrushes and the blots for wild ducks" (Recollections of the Last Days and of Shelley and Byron, in Humbert Wolfe, ed., The Life of P.B. Shelley, II, 197). Sometime too---perhaps when he is out of doors---his ink runs out and a draft will degenerate into a series of pen-sketches eked out with a pencil; some of the pages written wholly in pencil become have so severely rubbed in the course of years as to be quite indecipherable. Not uncommonly ink and pencil conflict upon a page: satirical lines on the Lake Poets, for example, emerge in pencil from under lines written in ink for "A Vision of the Sea", and over the pencil draft of three stanzas for the "Ode to the West Wind" we find drafted in ink the Italian prose story "Una Favola"(3). He frequently turns the book upside down and sideways as he works on it(4). When, in addition to writing running forwards or in reverse, Shelley elects to write a few notes or lines of verses with the book turned to the right or to the left confusion reaches a climax(6).

What Mary brought into her "Note on Prometheus Unbound" (Hutchinson, p. 293) appears in the notebook as a footnote to the draft preface for The Cenci: "... in the Greek Shakespeare Sophocles we find this image, pollas d' ödous élthonta phrontídes plánois (Oedip. Tyran., 67; a line of almost unfathomable depth of poetry; yet how simple are the images in which it is arrayed! 'Coming to many ways' inexact; having come by many ways in the wanderings of careful thought.' ... What a picture does this line suggest of the mind as a wilderness of intricate paths, wide as the universe, which is here made its symbol; a world within a world which he who seeks some knowledge with respect to what he ought to do searches throughout..." (15). A propos of the Prometheus Unbound, Shelley drafted a dialogue between himself, or some supporter of his, and a baffled critic. The critic says: "A strange fellow... but there is a kind of method in his madness that I should be glad to see unravelled(16)... If we could, for the sake of some truth---an Ariadne, vanquish the monster, of his thought I fear lest we should find no thread to guide us *face sublines my love*" but an etherialized Don Juan like pursuit of successive incarnations." (cf. 41.79)

back through the labyrinth which led us to its den. We should have arrived at a conclusion & forgotten the premises which led to it. We should have scaled the ladder inaccessible with a, which is immediately withdrawn.... The mechanical philosophy of the day which is popular because it is superficial and intelligible because it is conversant alone with the grosser objects of our thoughts"(17). Truth is not to be expressed in ordinary language: "the deep truth is imageless"(Prometheus Unbound, II. iv. 116, Hutchinson, p. 257) (18). A memorandum: "The spring rebels not against winter but it succeeds it---the dawn rebels not against night but it disperses it"(20). "Note on The Revolt of Islam": "I am formed, if for anything not in common with the herd of mankind, to apprehend minute and remote distinctions of feeling, whether relative to external nature or the living beings which surround us..." (Hutchinson, p. 163). He "read and finished Coleridge's Wideman's Tale" (P. J. Jones, ed. The Shelley Manuscripts, p. 87). He seems to have adopted Coleridge's formula: "To make the external internal, the internal external, to make Nature thought and thought Nature---this is the mystery of genius in the fine arts" (Biographia Literaria, ed. J. Shawcross, II, 258) (25). "Spirit of Nature! all-sufficing Power, Necessity! Thou mother of the world!" (Queen Mab, vi. 197-8, Hutchinson, p. 873). Shelley's intellect stood firm upon the doctrine of Necessity, but his instincts rebelled against its cold, unrelieved gloom. The idea of the New Birth breaks away from it, and holds that evil must perish of its own corruption, and decay becomes regeneration. In his unpublished poem "The Voyage" there is a significant phrase on "all the vice & fear/ Which kings & laws & priests & conquerors spread/ On the woe-fertilized world" (italics mine) (29). A weakness in this view is its inconsistency---a belief in predestination combined with a limited allowance for the power of human will. To Miss Hitchener: "I have long been convinced of the eventual omnipotence of mind over matter; adequacy of motive is sufficient to anything, and my golden age is when the present potency will become omnipotence... Will it not be the task of human reason, human powers...?" (Complete Works, the Julian Editions, VIII, 160). Here we have one of the central ideas of Prometheus Unbound (30). There is a shift of the original emphasis upon Necessity in its more materialistic form towards a "spirit of Nature" or World Soul conceived as Mind: an approximation to the Platonic idea of Mind as "the ruling power that persuaded Necessity to bring the greater part of created things to perfection" (Timaeus 48a). This in Queen Mab is the "pervading spirit co-eternal with the universe"---Shelley's substitute for God. The conception of the universe as a sentient organism, making possible the feeling of a union between the poet's soul and the soul of nature, becomes both a theme and a principle in Shelley's poetry (31). Just as in Lucretius, the "Spirit of Nature", identified originally with Necessity, became identified more and more with love and love was viewed as a cosmic force: "All things are recreated, and the flame/ Of consentaneous love inspires all life" (viii. 107-8, Hutchinson, p. 886). Wielding this cosmic force the World Soul becomes the Absolute, the cause of causes (the "Life of Life" in Prometheus Unbound), the One that is eternal (the "The one remains, the many change and pass" in Adonais, "I change but I cannot die" in The Clouds) (33).

Shelley's quest for an idealised object of love is early perceptible in his affection for his sisters and then for his cousin Harriet Grove. Epipsychidion 236-8: "I questioned every tongueless wind that flew/ Over my tower of mourning, if it knew/ Whither 'twas fled, this soul out of my soul" (Hutchinson, p. 459) (37).

The roses arose early to Pliny, & they
 * *El Principe Constante*, Act. I: "A florecer las rosas madrugaron/
 y para envejecerse florecieron / cuna" etc.
I blossomed to grow red & they found a cradle etc. (p. 220)

879. The pervasive idea of Love as a fount of poetry. Shelley read in 1813 and again in 1814 C.M. Wieland's romance Agathon, a kaleidoscope of Platonism (39). He read Rousseau's La Nouvelle Heloise in 1816 (40). The phrase "intellectual beauty" does not occur in Plato; it seems to have been coined by Plotinus and to have first appeared in Enneads, V.viii. Possibly Shelley had noticed the phrase in Bernay's French translation in "beauté intellectuelle" which occurs several times in Bernay's French version of Agathon. He deliberately interpolated the phrase "the wide sea of intellectual" in translating the Symposium, 210 d: "the wide sea of intellectual beauty". There is a great difference between the Shelleyan lover and the Platonic one. Whereas the former is constantly seeking on this earth for the shadow of an abstract, eternal Beauty, the latter starts with the shadow of earthly Beauty and immediately transcends it in a dialectical pursuit of its shadows in morals and sciences. In the Symposium, 210a-210d Plato (41) describes the progressive ascent of the lover from particular beauties to Beauty itself, each step being attained by the use of reason alone, there being only in the preliminary stage a suggestion of the senses. In the "Hymn" it is from feeling that Shelley makes his approach to Intellectual Beauty, and the poem might well be regarded as the climax of years of feeling (42). On the cruelty of Love in "Lines: 'When the Lamp is Shattered'": "O Love! who bewailest/The frailty of all things here,/Why choose you the frailest/For your cradle, your home and your bier" (Hutchinson, p. 747). The last line comes straight from a line of Calderon about the withering of roses, "cuna y sepulcro en un botón hallaron" (they found a cradle and a bier in a bud) (50). In his translation of the Symposium, 196b, we read: "Let us now consider the virtue and power of Love" for aretés Eros---not merely "virtute" but also "poêw." Cf Cavalcanti's Canzone d'Amore: "sua vertute e sua potenza" (52). Diotima's reply in the Symposium, 202d as rendered by Shelley: "A great Daemon, Socrates; and everything daemoniacal holds an intermediate place between what is divine and what is mortal" (59). Epipsychidion, 267: "In many mortal forms I rashly sought/The shadow of that idol of my thought" seems to be an adaptation of Aeschylus, Prometheus Vincit, 210: "One form, under many forms names"---a quotation jotted at the end of a notebook (63).

The Daemon of the World, i. 100-1: "Where the vast snake Eternity/In charmed sleep doth ever lie" (Hutchinson, p. 3). Old Testament associations tend to tie the snake in our minds to the conception of evil. But the symbol to which Shelley is referring is the drakon ouroboros, the tail-eating serpent whose figure signifies Eternity because it is without beginning or end. Its origins are very early and it is prominent in the alchemical writings of Hermes Trismegistus, the Egyptian Thoth, from whom, all Greek philosophy was derived. In Hermetic literature it became a symbol of the Platonic formula ev to pan which makes its appearance in Adonais: "The One remains, the many change and pass. More than once the Snake appears on Prometheus Unbound as the representative of the One (II.iii.97; IV.565-7). As such it also represents the principle of the Good; this happens notably in the first canto of Laon and Cythna where Evil, correspondingly, is represented by its adversary the Eagle, both daemons of the Shelleyan mid-space (69). In a note in Queen Mab (on vii. 135-6, Hutchinson, p. 914), Christ is divided between daimon and kakodaimon: "the hypocritical Daemon, who announces Himself as the God of compassion and peace, even whilst he stretches forth his blood-red hand, with the sword of discord..." and "the other who stands in the far-

8 of dactyl's doctrine "un seul amour" i.e. all love is fundamentally the same, there are no types but one type. "This theory enables a dialectic relation to pass almost imperceptibly from the physical to the spiritual & back again" (Conor Cruise & Brian, Human Chryso - p. 28)

✓ cf. E. R. Curtius, Europäische Literatur und lateinische Mittelalter, S. 138 ff. (Schiff und Neptun).

foremost list of those true heroes who have died in the glorious martyrdom of liberty." Shelley could never quite make up his mind about Christ. In this, as in many things, he will always defy those who have labelled him too neatly. To set this latter conception of Christ beside, for example, certain passage from Prometheus Unbound and Hellas is to realize that the Hound of Heaven was often very close at his heels---a point curiously missed by Francis Thompson for whom the total Shelley amounted to little more than a delightful, though heretical and mischievous, Peter Pan (71). In Epipsychidion, as in Alastor, we have a strong consciousness of two daemons, the good and the bad, the one striving to lead the soul from the earthly concrete plane of love to heights of Intellectual Beauty where it might become a part of the World Love if not actually identifiable with it, the other striving to drag it down to the abyss (73). In early 1822 Shelley experienced a revulsion against the Epipsychidion mood of the year before: he was in the disillusioned mood foreseen in the rejected Preface; by 18 June he could confess to John Gisborne the errors of his own quest for Beauty: "The error consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is perhaps eternal" (Julian ed., X. 401). The visionary had awakened with a start: "the shadow of the idol of his thought" had vanished or, as he put it, Emilia Viviani had proved "a cloud instead of a Juno." As the shrewd Irishwoman Lady Mountcashel wrote to Mary: "I believe that her chief talent was for intriguing and the fire was more in her head than in her heart" (79). What a contrast between Goethe's heroine and the heroine of Epipsychidion! "Poor thing", Shelley had written of the latter in a letter to Claire Clairmont, "she suffers dreadfully in her prison" (Julian ed., X. 259-60). But --- alas for the idealization of and the teaching of Shelley-the-Liberator! --- in the end she had tamely submitted to a mariage de convenance and had even degenerated, like other idolized friends of Shelley's, into a would-be borrower of money (Newman Ivey White, Shelley, pp. 323-5, though there is disagreement from Emilia's biographer, see Marchesa Enrica Viviani della Robbia, Vita di una donna, pp. 1330-2). Gretchen, on the other hand, declining the offers of escape made by Mephistopheles the kakodaimon, was still faithful to the "likeness of what is eternal": "Sie ist gerichtet!" cries the evil daemon, and indeed on the mortal plane she is condemned. But from above, in the famous, untranslatable play upon the word, comes the cry: "Sie ist gerettet" (Faust, I. 4611) (80).

The most cursory glance through Shelley's mss would reveal his intense concern with boats. The Boat or "bark" or "ship", like the Daemon, was a symbol belonging equally to Shelley's mortal life and to his visionary world (91). The Tasso quotation in A Defence of Poetry: "Only God and the Poet deserve the name of Creator" (Non merita il nome di creatore se non Iddio e il Poeta) (Julian ed., II. 138), does not appear verbatim in Tasso. Shelley is thought to have come across it given as an utterance by Tasso in J. C. Hobhouse's Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold, p. 26). "A man cannot say 'I will compose poetry'... the mind in creation is as a fading coal" (II. 135). What the Boat symbolized for Shelley above all was the aspiration of Man's soul in its quest for Love and Beauty, the aspiration to swim into "Realms where the air we breathe is love, / Which in the winds and on the waves doth move, / Harmonising this earth with what we feel above" (Prometheus Unbound, II. v. 95-7, Hutchinson, p. 260). This symbolical use of the Boat has a Neoplatonic origin (Carl Grabo, Prometheus Unbound: An

Interpretation, p.89). Synesius upon Porphyry: "But the soul(96) in its first descent derives this spirit from the planetary spheres, and entering as a boat associates itself with the corporeal world, earnestly contending that it may either at the same time draw the spirit after it on its flight or that they may not abide in conjunction"(97). "To One Singing": "My spirit like a charmed bark doth swim/Upon the liquid waves of thy sweet singing,/Far far away into the regions dim//Of rapture—as a boat with swift sails winging/Its way adown some many-winding river/Speeds through dark forests o'er the waters swinging"(Hutchinson, p.594); Prometheus Unbound, II.v.72-3: "My soul is an enchanted boat/Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float/Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing"; Queen Mab, ix.162: "Death is a gate of dreariness and gloom/That leads to azure isles and beaming skies"---it is towards this final port his "spirit's bark is driven"(104). Shelley's vision-scene of "A pleasure-dome surmounted by a crescent" ("Fragments of an Unfinished Drama", Hutchinson, p.531) owes much to the famous lines in "Kubla Khan": "It was a miracle of rare device,/A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice"(110). Cf Coleridge on imagination as "a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I AM"(Bio.Lit., ed. Shawcross, I.202) with Shelley's Tasso-quotation(111) "Ode to Heaven": "ever-canopying dome"(Hutchinson, p.639); Laon and Cythna, I.lv.620: "That solitary dome, that dome of woven light"(116). As an image that divides so for something that divides the seen from the unseen, the known from the unknown, the Veil suggests itself quite naturally to poets. The Veil becomes a natural accoutrement of the ideal object of love, and it is as a Veiled Maid that the Beloved appears in various poems, e.g. in Alastor(121). Laon and Cythna, XII.xv: "She smiled on me and nothing then we said,/But each upon the other's countenance fed/Looks of insatiate love; the mighty veil/Which does divide the living from the dead/Was almost rent, the world grew dim and pale,---/All light in Heaven or Earth beside out love did fail." Queen Mab, i.180-7: "And yet it is permitted me to rend/The veil of mortal of frailty" etc. Sonnet: "Lift not the painted veil which those who live/Call Life: though unreal shapes be pictured there,/And it but mimic all we would believe/With colours idly spread,---behind lurk Fear/And Hope, twin Destinies; who ever weave/Their shadows o'er the chasm, sightless and drear./..." The Veil symbolizes the illusory world of impermanence or "Mutability" that hides or half hides the ideal world of reality. "Mutabilitie" was one of the symbolic personifications in The Faerie Queene. "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty": "From all we hear and all we see/Doubt, chance and mutability"(123). In his Ariadne-quest, pursuing love on the idealized, abstract plane, Shelley had sometimes seen a vision of what lay beyond the Veil and the chasm; his sorrow was his discovery that love on the near side of the Veil, when encountered in its earthly, concrete embodiment, too often proved something that merely mimicked what he would believe. Prometheus Unbound, III.iii.113 ff.: "Dath is the veil (those which who live call life; They sleep, and it is lifted" etc.(Hutchinson, p.267); III.iv.190 ff.(p.272): "The painted veil, by those who were called life,/Which mimicked, as with colours idly spread,/All men believed or hoped, is torn aside;/The loathsome mask is fallen, the man remains/Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man/Equal, unclassed, tribelss and nationless,/Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king/Over himself..."(124). A Defence of Poetry: "Man is an instrument over which a series of external and internal