POETRY OF A FRAGMENTED UNIVERSE
--AN APPROACH TO MODERN ENGLISH POETRY

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The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

--Matthew Arnold

In "The Theatre of Revolt" Brustein has approached modern drama from a romantic point of view. And this is the motivation to have me make a study on modern English poetry with the same idea in mind. The contents, however, contained in modern English poetry are so profound and rich that it is impossible to survey the whole body of modern English poetry in this paper, thus, when this paper only taking part of works as examples to justify some ideas in modern English poetry, some poets' works are omitted. The poetic works discussed in this paper are those of the following poets: Edward Fitzgerald (1809-1883), Matthew Arnold (1822-1888), George Meredith (1828-1909), Christina Rossetti (1830-1894), Thomas Hardy (1840-1899), G. M. Hopkins (1844-1889), Robert Bridges (1844-1930), A. E. Housman (1859-1936), W. B. Yeats, Wilfred Owen (1893-1918), W. H. Auden (1907-1974), and Dylan Thomas (1914-1953). These poets' works in the history of English literature appear mostly in, or, after the mid-Victorian age, an age of economic prosperity and religious controversy. From then on, English literature enters into its modern period. The controversial disputes of the traditional religious beliefs, scientific discoveries and development, and the industrialized
society caused great impact upon human life both in the mid-Victorian age as in the contemporary period. Literary works, completed in these conditions and reflecting human life, express various human feelings and emotions. Goethe, in a conversation with Eckermann in 1820, originated a view of the antinomy classicism vs. romanticism by equating classicism with health and romanticism with sickness. Goethe's idea has remained current in the twentieth century. A comparison can be made between Goethe's idea and the idea of M. Praz in "The Romantic Agony," published in 1933. Generally, twentieth century critics have come to see romanticism as an emphasis upon a poetics of personal emotion and logically incommensurable inspiration. This paper tries to explore essentially some romantic contents in modern English poetry.

Modern English poetry, just as modern drama starting in the rebellious voice of Nietzsche (1844-1900) declaring that God was dead, looks up to a new firmament after the bankruptcy of the traditional concepts of human values. It rather more intimately pays attention to multiple individual feelings, having the realm of modern English poetry blossomed in its most colorful ways. It cannot, however, be forgotten that the edifice of modern English poetry is set up upon the ruins of traditional cultures, and that modern English poetry is painful issue from human souls when their spiritual pillars are lost and the new standard of conduct has not been set up, when the mood of nostalgia of lost happiness dwells upon them, when a new order and harmony is desired, and when the falling into the abyss of nihilism and depression tortures them. Robert Bridges has written a poem about the song sung by nightingale, showing a process of creativity similar to the creation of modern literary works.

**NIGHTINGALES**

Beautiful must be the mountains whence you come,  
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams where-  
from  
Ye learn your song:  

Where are those starry woods? O might I wander  
there,  
Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air  
Bloom the year long!
Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams:
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,
A throe of the heart,
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,
No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,
For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark nocturnal secret; and then,
As night is withdrawn
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of May,
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
Welcome the dawn.

So far as the poem says, the process of modern poets' creation of poetry is lonely and alienated. Modern poetry is not one of the voices of birds' choir, but is individual realization of "dark nocturnal secret," "the voice of desire," and "a throe of the heart." Just as told in Greek Mythology, nightingale is a kind of bird with profound pains; its song is a reflection upon its tragic history and an aspiration for happiness. The situation of nightingales is approximately akin to that of modern poets, and the creativity mentioned in the poem can in a way justify the way of modern poets' creation of poetry.

After studying the poets mentioned in the beginning, I'll analyze and classify their works in several phases to acquire some thoughts implied in the modern English poetry. These ideas are: 1) Nostalgia of the lost paradise, 2) Torments of the fallen angels, 3) Aestheticism in human conceptions of life, 4) Some reflections upon humanitarianism, 5) Evocation of traditional faith, and 6) Elevation of human tragic spirit.

1

Nostalgia of the Lost Paradise

The lost paradise, a term derived from Milton, has the connotation that under the protection of traditional faith, human life
shows a way of leisure and innocence. This kind of life reflected in a tormented situation appears much sweeter just as the idea expressed by Boethius and Dante that "there is no greater sorrow than remembering, in misery, the happy time." These nostalgic notes strike again and again and resound human feelings sad and sweet. Here I take poems by W. B. Yeats and Dylan Thomas as examples to justify this idea.

"Fern Hill" by Dylan Thomas is a poem reminiscent of the life in his childhood. This life is solid and rich, full of vitality, innocence and happiness. It is viewed from the point of view of a child who, in Wordsworth's mind, is "father of the Man," because "Heaven lies about us in our infancy!" In the fourth stanza of "Fern Hill" the poet uses "Adam" as an image to suggest that his happiness in the childhood is comparable to that of Adam in Eden. Accordingly, the adult poet is akin to Adam exiled from Eden—he has lost his paradise now. The feelings of nostalgia of the lost paradise more than all turn up between lines when the painful thrroe of poet's heart is felt. As early as the second stanza, Dylan Thomas seems unconsciously to show up his sentimental emotion when he uses a subordinate clause as adjective to modify the sun in his childhood. He says,

In the sun that is young once only,
    Time let me play and be
    Golden in the mercy of his means, (11. 12-14)

"The sun that is young once only" is associated with the "time" that "let me play and be / Golden in the mercy of his means." Then, when the young sun disappeared, the time for me to play and be golden is past too. If we put this image of sun and that of Adam together, it is easy to know the poet has the idea of the lost paradise in his mind. Although this poem is issued from a child's mouth in light and lively tone and tempo, it connotes sadness and sorrow when it mentions the fleeting moments:

    And the sabbath rang slowly
    In the pebbles of the holy streams. (11. 17-18)

In the fading sabbath and the running streams, an image of paradise seems to appear vaguely as an illusion.

W. B. Yeats in "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" shows his longing
in the first line as well as the last line of the poem. These lines are as follows:

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,

............

While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Though the tense of verb in this poem is different from that in "Fern Hill," the former using future tense, the latter, past tense, the life pattern longed for is of the same kind, the secluded life in nature, which cannot be found in towns or cities of "roadway" and "pavements." This secluded life on a lake isle as described, no matter whether it is the original life of human ancestry or an image of the happy life in poet's mind, is a kind of miniature of life in Eden that itself is a secluded area in the world. Nevertheless, this nostalgia of the lost paradise or the aspiration for a harmonious order forms an intense atmosphere and presents a sharp contrast against modern life in another poem by Yeats, "A Prayer for My Daughter." The concrete picture of this lost paradise can be seen and felt in the sixth and the ninth stanzas, and the worldly image of this paradise appears in the last stanza of the poem. The following stanzas illustrate:

May she become a flourishing hidden tree
That all her thoughts may like the linnet be,
And have no business but dispensing round
Their magnanimities of sound,
Nor but in merriment begin a chase,
Nor but in merriment a quarrel.
O may she live like some green laurel
Rooted in one dear perpetual place. (Stanza 6)

Considering that, all hatred driven hence,
The soul recovers radical innocence
And learns at last that it is self-delighting,
Self-appeasing, self-affrighting,
And that its won sweet will is Heaven's will;
She can, though every face should scowl
And every windy quarter howl
Or every bellows burst, be happy still. (Stanza 9)
And may her bridegroom bring her to a house
Where all 's accustomed, ceremonious;
For arrogance and hatred are the wares
Peddled in the thoroughfares,
How but in custom and in ceremony
Are innocence and beauty born?
Ceremony's a name for the rich horn,
And custom for the spreading laurel tree. (Stanza 10)

In the ninth stanza, we can see "radical innocence," "self-delighting, self-appeasing, self-affrighting," and "Heaven's will" are the sources of happiness. Then, with this happiness as a prevailing atmosphere and flashing back to the sixth stanza, we find a paradise in a concrete way, a hidden laurel tree with singing linnet on it and rooted in one dear perpetual place. This Eden, when transformed into worldly image, comes forth in custom and ceremony as described in the tenth and last stanza. Thus, we can see Heaven-image is the central theme of these three poems.

2

Torments of the Fallen Angels

The fallen angels' torments can be found in W. B. Yeats's and George Meredith's works. In "The Second Coming," Yeats pictures for us the present world, out of which, as Yeats prophecies in the poem, a still worse or more terrible future will come. The first stanza presents a world like this:

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the center cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

This world is the one after the paradise is lost: Yeats says that "the ceremony of innocence is drowned" by "the blood-dimmed tide." Here, "the ceremony of innocence" is referring to the life of Eden as interpreted in the previous section. The first two lines show
an image which is explained in the succeeding two lines. They mean that the traditional faith that united all things together is cast away, only "anarchy" left upon the world. The last two lines easily give rise to the ideas associated with Satan when Milton in his "Paradise Lost" describes the state of all the fallen angels and, especially, Satan, who is "full of passionate intensity," when he persuades the fallen angels to revolt God once more in the hell. Thus, when paradise is lost, hell is on the earth. Here, inescapably, the statements uttered by Mephistophilis in Christopher Marlowe's "The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus" (ca. 1588) come into mind. In Scene V, from line 121 to line 132, the border line between Heaven and Hell is drawn by the devil:

Faustus: First will I question with thee about hell.
Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?
Mephistophilis: Under the heavens.
F.: Aye, but whereabout?
M.: Within the bowels of these elements,
   Where we are tortured and remain for ever:
   Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
   In one self place; for where we are is hell,
   And where hell is, there must we ever be:
   And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
   And every creature shall be purified,
   All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

In short, the place without heavenly happiness is hell. Further, Yeats in another poem "Sailing to Byzantium" has part of his mind dwelling upon the hellish image of world:

That is no country for old men. The young
In one another's arms, birds in the trees,
--Those dying generations--at their song,
The salmon-falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,
Fish, flesh, or fowl, commend all summer long
Whatever is begotten, born, and dies.
Caught in that sensual music all neglect
Monuments of unageing intellect. (Stanza 1)

This is a picture of the sensual world in which "all neglect monuments of unageing Intellect." This world is the one of "dying generations," similar to the world into which Doctor Faustus has
fallen by means of the black magic taught by devils, the world of transitory "vain pleasure," the world which is regarded by Mephistopheles as hell itself, and, also, the world at last Doctor Faustus desperately hopes that he never knew. In addition, there is another torture hellish if compared to heavenly love enjoyed by Adam.

George Meredith has written a long poem, "Modern Love," a sequence of sixteen-line sonnets. This is an analysis of the sufferings of a man and wife whose marriage is breaking up. In the state of lack of communication, a love now on the death-bed, becomes impossible, helpless, and bitterly painful. Of course, the title of this poem in a way is a very ironic twist commenting on "modern love," if there is love still. In this long sequence of poems, there are many death-images used to exact the situation between a man and his wife. And the impossibility of love is also one of the major themes in modern literature, this death-in-life kind of love is also one of the universal relationships between man and woman which can especially be found in some modern problem plays by Ibsen and Chekhov.

3

Aestheticism in Human Concepts of Life

In the latter period of the nineteenth century, Walter Pater, the famous writer of THE RENAISSANCE, and his followers asserted that, in stead of echoing the mid-Victorian Carlyle's call to duty and social responsibilities, the sensitive individual's only responsibility is to enjoy fully "this short day of frost and sun," to find the most precious moments of his life in the pursuit of his sensations, especially those sensations provoked by works of art. And this idea reaches its highest pitch when the doctrine of "art for art's sake" was so often preached in the nineties. With a view to seeking compensation for the drabness of ordinary life, the poets of the aesthetic movement connote in their poetry melancholy suggestiveness, ant bourgeois sensationalism, heady ritualism, histrionic world-weariness, or mere emotional debauchery. In this tradition, we can find the poetry of Thomas Hardy, Edward Fitzgerald's translation of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, the poetry of A. E. Housman, and Christina Rossetti.

In Thomas Hardy's "Neutral Tones," an identical situation is
found in human feelings and in nature, that is, the natural scenery delicately projects the state of human mind. Some words used in the poem suggest a parallel application of subjective mood and objective situation, such as "winter," "ash," "starving," "God," "sun," "die," and "grayish leaves." It is obvious that the God in the world of this poem has no more power in revitalizing the dying things of both nature and human beings. And the sun, in the pagan myth, the source of life, becomes the object chidden by God, cursed by God, and under this sun, no vitality is found: human beings without love for each other, the unleaving ash tree on the starving sod. This kind of identifying one's self with fleeting natural moments can be recognized more remarkably in Edward Fitzgerald's beautiful translation of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. The following are some stanzas from this long poem written in Persia in the twelfth century.

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—"Open, then, the Door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more." (Stanza 3)

And David's lips are locked; but in divine
High-piping Pehlevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That sallow cheek of hers to incarnadine. (Stanza 6)

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling;
The bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing. (Stanza 7)

Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one. (Stanza 8)

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say,
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobad away. (Stanza 9)

Time, an element in all tragedies, plays a double role, which
brings us every beautiful things, and which takes them away one by one without showing mercy, even kings being under its scythe. The image of time as a bird on the wing is ancient. There is a famous image of time in the following lines as the seventeenth century poet Andrew Marvell creates in his famous poem, "To His Coy Mistress,"

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity. (11. 21-24)

Under the threatening of time, Marvell's response to life is reasoned out and in a way identical with Omar Khayyam's:

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapped power.
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life:
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

This poem was written in 1681, following the ideas Rubaiyat preached already in the twelfth century Persia, and anticipating the popular view of life in the latter nineteenth century and early twentieth century—enjoyment of the present hour. This sort of idea, accordingly, becomes dominant in A. E. Housman's poetry. One of Housman's favorite themes is that nature is beautiful but indifferent and is to be enjoyed while we are still able to enjoy it and that love, friendship, and conviviality cannot last and may well result in betrayal or death, but are likewise to be relished while there is time. This feeling is expressed compactly and movingly in one of his poems:
This tragical time-element is much more realized when Death's shadow comes into poetry. Death almost becomes the only theme in Christina Rossetti's poetry, poems like "Song," "After Death," "Uphill," "A life's Parallels," and "Sleeping at Last." And in her "An Apple Gathering," we can find a very appropriate interpretation of an aesthetic view of life:

I plucked pink blossoms from mine apple tree
   And wore them all that evening in my hair:
Then in due season when I went to see
   I found no apples there. (Stanza 1)

4

Some Reflections on Humanitarianism

Humanitarianism is provoked in the overwhelming sound of the industrialized world, asking for men's proper role in the world, and having men realize their human capabilities as individuals. In 1940, W. H. Auden wrote a very famous poem, "Musée des Beaux Arts," suggesting the feelings of indifference among human beings in an ironic way.

Musée des Beaux Arts

About suffering they were never wrong,
The old Masters: how well they understood
its human position; how it takes place
While some one else is eating or opening a window
or just walking dully along;
How, when the aged are reverently, passionately
waiting
For the miraculous birth, there always must be
Children who did not specially want it to happen,
skating
On a pond at the edge of the wood:
They never forgot
That even the dreadful martyrdom must run its course
Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot
Where the dogs go on with their doggy life and the
torturer's horse
Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.

In Bruegnel's Icarus, for instance: how everything
turns away
Quite leisurely from the disaster; the plowman may
Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,
But for him it was not an important failure; the sun
shone
As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the
green
Water; the expensive delicate ship that must have
seen
Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky,
Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on.

If it is true that "human position" in "suffering" is neglected as indifferently as described in the poem, relentless must be the human being. Is it that the human being has already imprisoned his compassion for the suffering only because that he has seen so much suffering that he is no longer moved by it? This poem, like most modern literary works, doesn't offer us any solution of problem of life. The readers have to think it over, or, even, to think it out for themselves. There is another poem by Auden, with the title of "The Unknown Citizen." In this poem, Auden ironically asks modern society for a definition of human happiness. The citizen in the poem, without a name and with only a figure as his label, meets each and every of the requirements of the society. In other
words, society offers him everything society can afford. All the
data concerning him can be found from the report by "the Bureau of
Statistics," and can be proved to be reliable. But Auden con-
cludes the poem with very amusing lines:

Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd:
Had anything been wrong, we should certainly have
heard.

Nevertheless, we can hear some overtones from reading these lines:
Can happiness be counted and reported by a computer? Is the
modern society an idealized institute for human happiness? Is
happiness derived exclusively from a physical situation? Here
again the problem of "human position" arises. Maybe, the answer
can be got when going back to John Ruskin. John Ruskin in his
famous book, THE STONES OF VENICE, gives some conceptions
of humanitarianism. He says,

And observe, you are put to stern choice in this
matter. You must either make a tool of the
creature, or a man of him. You cannot make
both. Men were not intended to work with the
accuracy of tools, to be precise and perfect in
all their actions. If you will have that pre-
sision out of them, and their fingers
measure degrees like cogwheels, and their
arms strike curves like compasses, you must
unhumanize them.

With Ruskin's statements in mind, we will know that this passage
is a serious criticism against modern society that is composed of
innumerable "unknown citizens," who act as victims to it.

In addition, we can find in Alfred Owen's poetry very strikingly
indignant humanitarian thinking. Owen is one of the modern
war poets who lived in the First World War and also died in it as a
brave soldier when he was only twenty-six. Through his poetry
Owen points to the worthiness of life and the waste and the indigna-
tion felt for the human beings in the war.

**Greater Love**
Red lips are not so red
   As the stained stones kissed by the English dead.
Kindness of wooed and wooer
Seems shame to their love pure.
O Love, your eyes lose lure
     When I behold eyes blinded in my stead!

Your slender attitude
   Trembles not exquisite like limbs knife skewed,
Rolling and rolling there
Where God seems not to care;
Till the fierce love they bear
     Cramps them in death's extreme decrepitude.

Your voice sings not so soft--
   Though even as wind murmuring through raftered loft--
Your dear voice is not dear,
Gentle, and evening clear,
As theirs whom none now hear,
     Now earth has stopped their piteous mouths that coughed.

Heart, you were never hot
   Nor large, nor full like hearts made great with shot;
And though your hand be pale,
Paler are all which trail
Your cross through flame and hail,
     Weep, you may weep, for you may touch them not.

In this poem, the speaker tells his love that his fellow soldiers on the battlefield show "greater love" for their fellow people as compared with her love for him. How can the speaker prove that soldiers' love is greater than a love's? Owen uses the technique of contrast, which is an often-adopted device to show general characteristics of two things. But this contrast device used in this poem is rather ironic and bitter. If we classify these two kinds of love according to what the poem offers, we can know that his love with lips and luring eyes is kind; that she has a trembling but exquisite slender figure and gentle, soft and dear voice; that she has a heart so full of love that it is hot and large; and that she with a trustworthy cross weeps over the dead soldiers because she cannot touch
them with her pale hands any more; and we can know what the speaker saw on the battlefield are stones stained with the dead English soldiers' blood, the blinded eyes, knife-skewed trembling limbs rolling on the battle-field, the piteous mouths that coughed until death stopped them, hearts hot and large made with shot; and pale hands which rail cross for their country fellows through flame and hail. When putting these two different sorts of people together, and the cruel warfare and tender love in comparison, the contrast is bitterly embarrassing and ironic, especially when "cross" is mentioned. It is because in the second stanza Owen says that the battlefield is a place "where God seems not to care;" and then, "the fierce love they bear" transforms them into "God" that is echoed in the last stanza, the concluding part of the poem. In the last stanza when the lines "And though your hand be pale, / Paler are all which trail / Your cross through flame and hail," come forth as the climactic point Owen can truly justify why these dead soldiers can show greater love, because here the cross-image is apparently referring to Jesus Christ who died for all the human beings on the cross. Therefore, Owen in these lines compares these dead English soldiers to Jesus, and compares what they did on the battlefield to what Christ the saviour did. Both soldiers and Jesus Christ show "greater love" in sacrificing themselves for others. Thus, it is true that what Owen wants to evoke is "the pity of war" as he himself called it, his irony of modern warfare, his compassion for his fellow men, and a sense of personal involvement in all human suffering.

5

Evocation of Traditional Faith

Poems praising God are not many. Some of them are written by G. M. Hopkins, a Catholic father in nineteenth century. He shows devoted faith in God in his poetry.

God's Grandeur

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
    And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared
    with toil;
    And wears man's smudge and shares man's
    smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;
    There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went
    Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs--
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
    World broods with warm breast and with ah!
    bright wings.

Though the development of industry has polluted human conditions,
but God's power is omnipotent, showing fresh and original beauty
through layers of dirty and ugliness. In this poem, the poet points
out God still takes care of His creatures and creation: in the last two
lines Hopkins compares the Holy Ghost to a big hen who takes care
of Her Children and the world with worm breast and wings. The
same idea appears as the theme of Hopkins's other poetry, such as
"The Starlight Night," "Spring," "The Lantern Out of Doors," and
"Pied Beauty," and there is a poem by him "The Windhover" with
a subtitle, "To Christ Our Lord," describing the masculinity of God,

    Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride,
    plume, here
    Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then,
    a billion
    Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

In this poem Hopkins sees God's grandeur through great nature. It
is a truth that what a chevalier does is lovely but, in the meantime,
dangerous, as the image of fire represents. Here Hopkins has God
personified in the image of chevalier, which is one of Hopkins'
method in praising God. Thus, it is not difficult to find that what
Hopkins points out through his poetry is that Eden doesn't disappear
from the world, only that we neglect its existence.

Elevation of Human Tragic Spirit
There are not many such kinds of poetry praising a paradise in the modern world as pointed out in the previous section. Most of the modern poetry express the human mood after the disappearance of paradise: Human beings are no more full of religious faith, having too much of sorrow, nostalgia, pains, and longings. Under this pressure of emotional burden, the wise poets offer a certain quality of a tragic hero, which set up a kind of view of life and of universe, to help modern people live and fit modern conditions. The following are three poems from Hopkins, Arnold and Yeats respectively used as exemplaries to justify the tragic spirit and insight accessible to modern people.

There is a short poem by Hopkins, pointing out that the changing course of both human life and natural life is cruel, but it is true; when human beings are familiar with it, they should accept it as fact of life and, instead of being depressed, obtain some wisdom from it.

Spring and Fall: to a Young Child

Margaret, are you grieving
Over Golden grove unleaveing?
Leaves, like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Ah! as the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;
And yet you will weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name;
Sorrow's springs are the same.
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:
It is the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.

Both the young and the aged feel mournful for an unleafing tree. But there is difference between them. It is because the sorrow of the young is an expression of innocent feelings, her cutting pain of losing the beautiful is due to her beautiful visions of the world; but the aged, sophistication or wisdom is after knowing the world. This kind of wisdom is implied in the tone of the
speaker of the poem. The poet is no longer weeping when facing
the unleaving tree and the innocent child now, but tells the truth to
Margaret the young. When it is accepted as a fact not as an ab-
surdity of life, man can live calmly. This idea is also recognized
in Arnold's "Dover Beach." The poet says,

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow,
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea. (Stanza 3)

Sophocles regarded "the turbid ebb and flow of human misery" as a
truth and wrote his many great tragedies that set up human dignity
and elevate human beings beyond their misery. And what Arnold
finds after realizing the same human situation, is being "true to one
another." Among the "naked shingles of the world," after the with-
drawing and retreating of faith, human beings should transform the
religious faith of the past into mutual trust. And depending upon
this moral strength, man can live. What has been described in
this poem is also an adult experience, without the sentimentality
of the one who can only look back to the past paradise, and the
positive way that can practically help men to live in composure.

In addition, W. B. Yeats proposes that eternity of arts and
religion and the gaiety of the tragic hero to be the contents of
modern people's life. In his "Sailing to Byzantium," Yeats says
that he cannot live with those who indulge themselves in the sensual
life and who forgot the spiritual achievement they have to attain;
the mortal flesh associated with the sensual life should be con-
sumed away by "the holyfire"--wisdom of the sages--only the
human souls left to sing that "unageing intellect." The following
are the last two stanzas of the poem pointing out the way Yeats
adopted to live:

O sages standing in God's holy fire
As in the gold mosaic of a wall,
Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre,
and be the singing-masters of my soul.
Consume my heart away; sick with desire
And fastened to a dying animal
It knows not what it is; and gather me
Into the artifice of eternity. (Stanza 3)

Once out of nature I shall never take
My bodily form from any natural thing,
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
Of hammered gold and gold enameling
To keep a drowsy Emperor awake;
Or set upon a golden bough to sing
To lords and ladies of Byzantium
Of what is past, or passing, or to come. (Stanza 4)

The God mentioned in the third stanza is obviously the Christian God, the God in Byzantium kept from the religious Middle Ages is still possessing of some metaphysical power and can "gather me into the artifice of eternity." The art of the Greeks, possessing eternal achievement, can be some prophet "to sing of what is past, or passing, or to come." Thus, what the poet points to in the search of spiritual eternity is not limited to either traditional Christianity or paganism. Both are good in helping men fit in their lives. The function of human wisdom in Yeats's "Lapis Lazuli" shows in its most significant way. In the first stanza, Yeats states that painters, musicians, poets, and actors do their works and are "gay." They never feel sad and stop working even when they are playing a tragedy like Hamlet or King Lear. Why? Yeats gives the answer:

They know that Hamlet and Lear are gay;
Gaiety transfiguring all that dread.
All men have aimed at, found and lost;
Black out; Heaven blazing into the head:
Tragedy wrought to its uttermost.
Though Hamlet rambles and Lear rages,
And all the drop-scenes drop at once
Upon a hundred thousand stages,
It cannot grow by an inch or an ounce.

This is the dignity and wisdom the tragical hero has earned after his failure in the physical situation. In the second stanza the poet points out that even the perfect arts cannot last forever, "stood but a day,"
All things fall and are built again,
And these that build them again are gay.

Thus, in the first two stanzas Yeats has showed some facts to justify that the artists and literary men will not stop working because their works will be destroyed, or the actors will stop playing because the play they are performing is a tragedy. All of them are still going to work gayly instead of falling into actionless sorrow. In the last two stanzas, Yeats concludes with the oriental philosophy of the retired Chinese scholars', who as hermits go out of the world and into nature to live on a peaceful long life upon the mountains with musical instruments on their knees to accompany them:

There, on the mountain and the sky,
On all the tragic scene they stare.
One asks for mournful melodies;
Accomplished fingers begin to play.
Their eyes mid many wrinkles, their eyes,
Their ancient, glittering eyes, are gay.

This wisdom of being gay is hard to attain as connoted in the image of climbing mountains and that of old age. But it can transcend human suffering and help men reach a higher state of living. As critics say that poets universalize as well as express their times; they see society in change, limited by history and apocalypse; they imaging men alienated from society in exile and fear (so all men always to some degree are). They can also see society in relation to permanent standards are realities that transcend civilization and make it possible. Such a view was taken by Longinus, one of the greatest of critics of poetry, in a permanently noble passage: 18

What is it they saw, those godlike writers who in their work aim at what is greatest and overlook precision in every detail? This, among other things: that nature judged man to be no lowly or ignoble creature when she brought us into this life and into the whole universe as into a great celebration, to be spectators of her whole performance and most ambitious actors. She implanted at once into our souls an invincible love for all that is great and more divine than ourselves. That is why the whole universe gives insufficient scope
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to man's power of contemplation and reflection, but his thoughts often pass beyond the boundaries of the surrounding world. Anyone who looks at life in all its aspects will see how far the remarkable, the great, and the beautiful predominate in all things, and he will soon understand to what end we have been born.

As a conclusion, it seems that on the surface these six phases discussed above have nothing to do with each other but, to see at close quarters, they are rather like separate radii from a single center, each illustrating in its own way some kind of consequence resulting from a ruined religious universe. Thus, when the God is dead and the universe is religiously fragmented, a heap of "broken images" are seen scattered on the earth. And this paper intends to show several pieces of those broken images picked up in this fragmented universe and try to patch them up to get a rational comprehension of them as a whole.

NOTES

1. This stanza is derived from Matthew Arnold's poem, "Dover Beach," and used as an image of the transition from an ordered world to a fragmented one. This poem quoted in this paper come from MODERN VERSE, ed. by Oscar Williams.

2. Brustein in THE THEATRE OF REVOLT studies the modern drama with the view that romanticism is the essential concept of modern life as reflected in the modern drama. So, I have the idea to approach modern English poetry with the same conception as a tentative study.

3. This poem is quoted from MODERN VERSE; and later, only the poems not quoted from this anthology will be given special note.

4. This famous passage is derived from Dante's DIVINE COMEDY, P. 24. ed. by charles Eliot. (Inferno, Canto, V, Line 121.) The original is as follows:

Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.

But we can also find the same idea in Boethius's *De consolatione philosophiae*, Book II, 4, 4; and in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressyde*, Book III, Line 1625. Also, this idea resounds in Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*, Line 75 and in Longfellow's *Inferno*, Canto V, Line 121.

5. Wordsworth in "Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood" has quoted from his another poem "My Heart Leaps up" the following lines:

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

And also in the fifth stanza Wordsworth says that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy!"

6. This kind of innocent happy life can be found in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book IV. In the following I quote a stanza from Dylan Thomas's "Fern Hill,"

And then to awake, and the farm, like a wanderer white  
With the dew, come back, the cock on his shoulder:  
it was all  
Shining, it was Adam and maiden,  
The sky gathered again  
And the sun grew round that very day.  
So it must have been after the birth of the simple light  
In the first, spinning place, the spellbound horses walking warm  
Out of the whinnying green stable  
On to the fields of praise.

7. This secluded life is responding to the one described by Yeats in "Lapis Lazuli" of the last section. Only the latter one is accompanied by a kind of tragic wisdom.

8. Milton in *Paradise Lost*, Book 1, has described Satan with following statements that Satan used to persuade his fallen angels to revolt God once more:

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost—th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield. Line 105.

9. This passage is quoted from MILESTONES OF THE DRAMA ed. by H. L. Cohen, p. 143.

10. Faustus in Marlowe's DR. FAUSTUS, says in the last Scene, "For vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity."

11. In PARADISE LOST, Milton describes the love enjoyed by Adam and Eve with following lines from Book IV,

Imparadis'd in one another's arms.

With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change; all please alike.

12. In the Eden as Milton describes in PARADISE LOST, communication is emphasized and here used as a contrast to the situation of lack of communication in modern love:

Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows.

--Book IV, Line 71.

13. The plays like Ibsen's HEDDA GABLER, ROSMERSHOLM; Chekhov's THE THREE SISTERS; THE SEA GULL.

14. Here we can find a natural surrounding of love enjoyed in the Eden:

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful ev'ning mild; then silent night
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heavem, her starry train.

--Paradise Lost, Book IV, Line 639.
15. This stanza is quoted from ENGLISH VERSE AND AN INTRODUCTION TO POETRY, edited by John Hayward, p. 135.

16. This is from PRINCETON ENCYCLOPEDIA OF POETRY AND POETICS, ed. by Alex Preminger p. 779.

17. This is derived from T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land." In The Burial of the Dead, the first section of the poem, poet says:

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of Man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cocket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water.

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY


