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Book Reviews

Music in Shakespearean Tragedy by F. W. Sternfeld. London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1963. Pp. xxii + 334. \$8.00.

Grateful as we must be to Sternfeld for assembling 334 pages in "yet another book on Shakespeare" we can only conclude that in presenting "more riddles than answers" the obvious unwieldiness of the material (*how* it can really serve "students of the history of music and also lovers and producers of Shakespeare" is difficult to imagine) does not entirely mitigate its acknowledged imperfections. Despite the fly leaf blurb that "an essential part of this book are its forty-two music examples . . . supplemented by eight facsimiles of the originals" (stated again p. xix) there are really only settings for 15 different Shakespearean items offered and all of these were hitherto known. The strength of Sternfeld's book, and it has great merit in this respect which must not be overlooked though it must certainly be kept in its true focus, is in its assembly of all variants known to Sternfeld of these fifteen settings. This is the real wealth of the musical examples and facsimiles and this appeals necessarily to students of the history of music, who will, nevertheless, miss examples from *Macbeth*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus* and *Julius Caesar* provided on the same basis—"possible tunes that could be fitted" with "contemporaneous flavour."

The shortcomings of the book are indicated early by Sternfeld's dismissal of Webster's songs in the *Duchess of Malfi* because "they are not sung by a major character" (p. 14) when they are so crucial to a fuller understanding of how musically and dramatically madness was presented on the King's Men Jacobean stage. Sternfeld's consideration of Ophelia's mad songs (pp. 57-59) and mention of Edgar's (p. 166) would have profounder relevance if compared with madness and music in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi* and Fletcher's *The Mad Lover*, *The Pilgrim*, and *The Passionate Madman*. This lack of careful consideration of other dramatists' handling of similar musical topics mars Sternfeld's comments on Desdemona's willow song (pp. 24-25), Mariana's moated grange song (p. 89), and Katherine's Orpheus song (p. 81). To consider the latter two as "magic" songs (see Chapter IV, "Magic Songs") is not only to ignore the close relation between love melancholy songs, but more disastrously to confuse the role of such songs with songs of obviously magical significance such as the *Tempest* provides. Not to include discussion of *Macbeth's* songs and dances in the chapter on "Magic Songs" on the basis that there is "fairly general agreement that [they] were interpolations from Middleton's *Witch*" (a point thrown to the world for discussion by Flatter in *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, 1959-1960) is really begging the point. Whether borrowed from Middleton and Jonson or not, they are there, have dramatic significance for Jacobean and Restoration times, and invite comparison with witchcraft and "wayward faerie" songs elsewhere in Jacobean drama.

Chapters V and VI—"Adult Songs and Robert Armin . . . from *Hamlet* to

Othello”—seek to understand “the remarkable maturing of [Shakespeare’s] art” by tracing the career of Robert Armin to sing the adult songs from 1599 on. The danger of using such an enigmatical Ariadne’s thread is at once obvious in one of the least satisfactory parts of the book:

That [Desdemona] would seek solace in music is understandable. But that she would sing herself rather than call an attendant was distinctly unconventional. [Ophelia??] Nor does the irregularity of *Othello* in respect of the use of music end there. The play is equally exceptional in regard to adult song. Othello’s clown-servant has no song, whereas Iago, the bluff soldier, sings twice (II.iii). Iago’s performance raises several questions to which no generally agreed answers have been found. Who was the first Iago? What were his motives and what sort of character and personality lay behind them? Finally, what kind of a tragedy is *Othello*? (p. 142)

From there it is an easy stage to

The hypothesis that Armin played the part of Iago deserves credence. Admittedly, the two drinking songs in Act II could be sung, after a fashion, by most actors. Still, among the principal actors named in the Folio of 1623 Armin was clearly the best adult singer up to 1610/11. The pompous part of Falstaff apparently fitted both Kemp and Lowin; the sly, insinuating part of Iago would have favoured, one ventures to think, the character and slight size of Armin (p. 143);

and the author is lost in an uncritical maze of his own creating—“How many thin men and fat men had Lady Macbeth’s company!”

Chapter VII is likewise on a difficult basis: “Blank Verse, Prose and Songs in *King Lear*.” To state categorically that the “course of Lear’s development from king to madman and his recovery to true regal stature is mirrored in the prosody” (p. 161) on the basis of a so-called “consensus of modern editorial practice . . . notably the *New Cambridge Shakespeare*, ed. Duthie 1960” (footnote p. 160), does not itself negate the “need to decide whether verse is *spoken or sung* [my italics], since none of the lyrics are marked as songs in the Q or F texts.” It cannot but make the judicious grieve to see listed as lyrics on pp. 174-175 (as the first of 8 appendices to Chapter VII) “Have more than thou showest,” “That lord that counselled thee,” “Fools had ne’er less grace in a year,” “He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,” “The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,” “A fox when one has caught her,” “Fathers that wear rags,” “That sir which serves and seeks for gain,” “The codpiece that will house,” “When priests are more in word than matter”—the very stuff of proverbs which in themselves break down the artificial verse/prose distinction arbitrarily set up by Sternfeld.

The basic trouble with chapters V, VI, and VII is the attempt to find a unifying thread for random musical comments when what was called for was a detailed analysis, play by play within its own terms, of the use of music in Shakespearean tragedy.

With Chapters VIII and IX—“Instrumental Music: Part One *Tamburlaine*, *Richard II*, *Troilus and Cressida* . . . Part Two Stringed versus Wind Instruments”—whatever attempt the author has hitherto made to keep within the title of his book is abandoned, and the range is *Tamburlaine*, *Henry VI*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *The Spanish Tragedy*, *All’s Well*, *Faustus*, 2 *Henry IV*, *Troilus*

and *Cressida*, *Richard II*, *Cynthia's Revels*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Pericles*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, *Thyestes*, *Gorboduc*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Hengist*, *The Tempest*, *The Winter's Tale*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Midas*, *David and Bethsabe*, *When You See Me*, *Mucedorus*, *Henry VIII*. The last section of all—"VI. Heavenly Music on the Stage"—is heavily derivative, with nothing new to contribute except the erroneous idea that Gonzalo does not hear the "Solemn and strange music" of *Tempest*, III. iii, when his line "Marvellous sweet music" is clearly unequivocal.

Chapter X—"A Retrospect of Scholarship on Shakespeare and Music"—is a useful working bibliography marred by serious omissions and by Sternfeld's habit of awarding good and bad marks. Sternfeld takes for granted all the work that has gone into rediscovering, identifying, and describing important manuscripts of the period. His reference to MSS (B. M. Add. MSS. 24665 and 15117 in particular), without foliation, and without consideration of the *total* contents of the MSS, is unscholarly.

On checking the bibliography, which is by no means restricted to Shakespearian tragedy and which includes such standard works of reference as Bentley, Burney, Chambers, Hawkins, Kittredge, McKerrow, Pollard, I find from A to F the following important works missing: Adams 1907, Andrews 1925-6, Arkwright 1906, Bantock 1914, Bell 1854, Blom 1947, Brotanek 1902, Brown 1920-1, Bukofzer 1952, 1955, Bullen 1887-1889, Camden 1962, Carpenter 1950, Castel Nuovo-Tedesco 1940, Chappell 1840, 1867, Collier, 1845, Cummings 1882, Diem 1919, Dodds 1941, Dodge 1907-8, Dolmetsch 1898, 1916, Duckles 1954, Duncan 1905, Eastcott 1793, Eggar 1958, Emden 1926, Emslie 1953, Evans 1897, Fellows 1933, 1946, 1949, Firth 1907, 1909, 1911, 1912, Flatter 1959, Fleay 1884, Flood 1918, Förster 1928, Fraser 1952, 1953.

On checking the "Index of Lyrics," which contains many items that are not at all Shakespearian, I find the following omissions:

Come my Celia let us prove	<i>Musique</i> , p. 119	
Do me right and dub me knight	<i>Shakespeare Quarterly</i>	1956
Farewell, dear heart	<i>Jour. of Amer. Musicol.</i>	1957
From the hag and hungry goblin	<i>Shakespeare Quarterly</i>	1961
God Lyaeus, ever young	<i>Musique</i> , p. 142	
Have I caught thee,	<i>Shakespeare Quarterly</i>	1960
Take, O, take those lips away	<i>Musique</i> , p. 114	
Tell me where is fancy bred	<i>Notes & Queries</i>	1958
A thousand kisses buys my heart	<i>Notes & Queries</i>	1963

The book shows every indication of having been assembled from a series of articles somewhat loosely and hastily thrown together (see Preface xix-xx). Sternfeld is to be congratulated on securing the palaeographical assistance of Miss Crum, Mr. Hawood, and Mrs. Poulton; the bibliographical assistance of Dr. Andrews, Sydney Beck, Thurston Dart, and Dr. McManaway; assistance on individual songs from Miss Gardner and Dr. Frank Harrison, and critical comments on substance and detail from David Greer, Mrs. Robertson-Bromley, Ernest Schanzer, Virgil Thompson, and Dr. D. P. Walker, and finally the perusal of the entire typescript, together with criticisms, by the late Professor F. P. Wilson. "Needless to say, such imperfections as remain are [his] own." The impetus which this publication will give to further studies in the field can hardly be over-estimated.

JOHN P. CUTTS

Picasso's Guernica: The Genesis of a Painting by Rudolf Arnheim. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1963. Pp. 139; 2 color plates, 73 figures in black and white. \$8.50.

The author, who is professor of psychology at Sarah Lawrence College, has published many articles on the psychology of art, visual perception, and aesthetics. In these fields he is internationally recognized and his *Art and Visual Perception* and *Film as Art* are books that have made significant contributions. Expectations therefore should be high that in his latest work Arnheim will, if not entirely clarify matters, at least uniquely enlighten readers concerning the genesis and meaning of Picasso's greatest masterpiece. However, some will probably find Arnheim's recapitulation of Picasso's creative process, as well as his explanation of *Guernica's* meaning, less than satisfying.

Of course, the author appreciates the role of mystery in art. He knows that no explanation could or should completely satisfy. In his first chapter, "Notes on Creativity," perhaps the best in the book, he quotes Paul Valéry, ". . . there are functions that prefer the shadow to the light." However, Arnheim believes that while it may be dangerous for the artist himself to delve into such matters, it most certainly is rewarding to others. No matter what the artist may feel, for various reasons (perhaps since Shaftesbury in the 18th century suggested that "the beautifying not the beautified is the really beautiful") most of us wish not only to admire the end product, but also to spy upon the creative process. This curiosity surely has been sharpened in recent years by our sensitivity to the temporal dimension of the so-called spatial arts; witness Klee's observation that the lines defining shapes are after all moving points; or Picasso's insistence that no painting can be settled before hand, that every painting changes while the artist is at work and, moreover, continues to change in the mind of the spectator *after* it is finished. Indeed, the true subject of Picasso's art may well be this flux of transformations. As Arnheim points out, perhaps the painter's own concept of his work is serial. He quotes the artist: "I never do a painting as a work of art. . . . It's an experiment in time. I number them and date them. Maybe one day someone will be grateful." Furthermore, no artist before Picasso had ever made and carefully catalogued and preserved such an extensive series of preparations as Picasso did for *Guernica*. One might also cite Picasso's recent series of transformations based upon Delacroix, Velasquez, and Manet, as well as his celebration of flux in the formal and iconographical ambiguities of Cubism.

But how can one then be expected to elucidate what is so protean, what is so intentionally baffling to the mind and metamorphic to the eye? Arnheim rightly warns us against easy solutions, the Freudian for example, that reduces a work of art to some simple basic motivation. Instead he suggests that the creative act is cognitive, that it is visual thinking controlled by certain principles, a thinking that leads to, not away from, reality. Particularly helpful is Arnheim's insistence that every work of art asserts a "primary or reality level" at which it must be interpreted. Reality, of course, has many levels, and more than one dimension of meaning, and so too does art. Arnheim's important point is that every work both defines for itself, and proceeds from, a more or less single reality level even though including perhaps lower and higher levels. It is this primary stratum which must be understood first and foremost. In relation to *Guernica* therefore, Goitein's attempt in *Art and the Unconscious* (1948) to explain the painting as a

revelation of the "sado-necrophilic delights of the unconscious" incorrectly reduces the work to a private psychic level—something perhaps suitable for Picasso's etching *Minotauremachie* (1935), but completely inappropriate to a large scale public statement. On the other hand, Juan Larrea's apocalyptic Jungian exegesis is, in its all inclusiveness, equally mistaken. *Guernica*, to be properly felt and understood, demands to be seen as a public and even political statement having to do with the immense hurt of war. Arnheim goes on to put it this way:

When we ask: why did the artist do this? We are not trying to find out the personal reasons that made him select a particular subject and present it in a particular way. Our interest . . . is concerned with the task rather than the person who accomplished it. Given a particular assignment, why did it induce Picasso to select the subject matter he did? Why did it make him present the subject in this particular way? And what sort of visual thinking led him from the first concept to the finished work? The answers should tell us something about Picasso as an artist. They should tell us even more about the creative process in general.

Unfortunately, this reviewer was disappointed by some of the answers. First, the iconographical analysis seems superficial. Unquestionably, the key figure in *Guernica* is the Bull. Arnheim admits that Picasso initially appeared uncertain as to what character, good or evil, the Bull should assume, but he concludes that after a very short period of experimentation, the animal is revealed as an "ideal benevolent power . . . a symbol of hope." If in the finished version the Bull looks anything but ideal, the reader is reminded that in several of the artist's preparatory sketches he appears strikingly handsome. As to Picasso's early indecision: "Since the artist thinks by means of the shapes he creates, he is not likely first to define his ideas neatly in the abstract and later to search for the proper form that will make them visible. He will rather try to determine what he is thinking by experimenting with forms that will show his eyes the consequences of various thoughts." Agreed. But when the Bull later loses his "good looks" is the author's idea convincing that this change was essential because the picture style necessarily excluded such "classical beauty?" If so, what about the handsome classical profile of the woman with the lamp? Moreover, why shouldn't Picasso prefer a ferocious beast symbolic of "brutality and darkness," to use his very own interpretation of the animal? After all, doesn't the evil, monstrous, and incredibly cruel bull appear repeatedly in his work? To counter this argument Arnheim suggests that the painter could have been aware of Bertolt Brecht's theory of revolutionary, communist drama which demanded scenes that would inspire action. If the Bull represented brutality, he reasons, the painting would merely present an image of "callousness, destruction and distress" leading not to action but to a "sentimental despair." This assumption is certainly unwarranted, if for no other reason than the remarkable presence of the woman with the lamp. Furthermore, it would seem that when Picasso did paint what might be called a "communist picture," *Massacre in Korea* (1951), he unquestionably gave us a "sentimental" scene devoid of any symbol of hope.

In this reviewer's opinion, another area of weakness is Arnheim's formal analysis of *Guernica*. Aside from his excellent observation concerning the dramatic tension that arises out of the antagonism between the painting's leftward current and the observer's natural rightward reading of it, the author has little

that is new to offer. Is there not also a significant collision of organic shapes and wedge-shaped geometric planes? Aren't there important backward and forward pressures in addition to lateral movements in the picture? Doesn't the preliminary scaffold of vertical and diagonal lines seen in the first state and retained in all the others merit some discussion? When one considers Arnheim's approach, which takes the understanding of the finished picture as the pre-condition for the interpretation of Picasso's creative process, hasty assumptions and sketchy formulations concerning both meaning and form become especially disturbing. Thus, no matter how perceptive the separate analyses of the preparatory drawings for *Guernica* might be, the careful reader remains skeptical.

Nonetheless, the author's conclusions, stated in his final chapter, are helpful. They may seem commonplace, but they are all the more important because in our age of hyper-intellectualism the obvious is too often ignored. Moreover, Arnheim's conclusions, commonplace or not, have the real distinction of being the fruit of years of scholarship.

To quote Arnheim: Picasso's

visual thinking, then, was goal-directed throughout. However, the goal was neither perceptual harmony nor originality. Harmony was needed to provide the work with readable, unified sense. Originality was needed to make the work correspond exactly to the particular painter's concept. . . . But, as always in the arts, beauty and originality were only means to the end of making a vision visible. . . . While the work was going on, there were changes of emphasis and proportion, and there were many experiments in trying to define the content by working out its shape. A germinal idea, precise in its general tenor but unsettled in its aspects, acquired its final character by being tested against a variety of possible visual realizations. When, at the end, the artist was willing to rest his case on what his eyes and hands had arrived at, he had become able to see what he meant.

VICTOR H. MIESEL

The University of Michigan

Sir Constantine Huygens and Britain: 1596-1687: A Pattern of Cultural Exchange by A. G. H. Bachrach. Vol. I, 1596-1619. Leiden: the University Press; London: Oxford University Press, 1962. Pp. xii + 238; 10 plates, 2 figures. \$6.10.

This book is the first of three volumes to deal with the life and times of Constantine Huygens and his place in Anglo-Dutch cultural relations. In the initial volume Professor Bachrach presents a clear, orderly picture of the extremely complicated and tumultuous social, economic, religious and political events which swirled around England and Holland. Even though limited to the first twenty-three years of Huygens' life, the account of parental influences and youthful education and training establishes the existence of many ties with England. There emerges a clear image of a man too long overshadowed by his illustrious father, Christiaan (the elder), the diplomat, and by his own son, Christiaan (the younger), the scientist. His personality, cast of mind, and intel-

lectual achievements have been virtually ignored, but the author has corrected this historical defect. Mainly on the basis of fifteen letters that Constantine wrote to his parents while he was in England in 1618, Professor Bachrach has revealed an articulate young man developing into a strong Anglophile.

These letters and other correspondence offer ample material to tell of Constantine's English activities. He is seen spending his time within the orbit of such important men as Sir Dudley Carleton and Ambassador Noel de Caron; he meets the heir-apparent, Charles, and is presented to King James, for whom he is honored to play his lute. The political intrigues whirling close to him are a bit beyond his scope, and he prefers to see in England a unity and piety lacking in his homeland. Oxford and Cambridge are much more memorable than are the stately homes and mansions.

The literary side of Constantine is dutifully recorded, and his Latin verses are held up for examination. Through them the young Dutchman provides sure evidence of his adverse feelings for a Holland he believes overrun with pettiness and acrimony and of his favorable feelings for an England he considers an ordered, stable nation. These juvenilia presage his mounting concern with literature and help account in part for his future efforts to make John Donne's poetry known on the Continent.

Professor Bachrach has lavished meticulous care on his rare and valuable source material and has managed to squeeze out everything of significance. His dependable scholarship opens promising areas for further study and research. The copious illustrations are most welcome, as is the voluminous appendix.

Anglo-Dutch literary and cultural cross-currents in the 17th and 18th centuries have been bypassed until recent times, and this book helps rectify the mistake. It is the first in the General Series of the Publications of the Sir Thomas Browne Institute, Leiden, marking a most prosperous beginning.

S. A. GOLDEN

Wayne State University

James Gibbons Huneker: Critic of the Seven Arts by Arnold T. Schwab. Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1963. Pp. xii + 384; 24 plates. \$8.25.

As a breathless, one-man gazette of the seven arts in as many countries, New York's James Huneker (1860-1921) yields readers of this first biography a hectic personal odyssey, replete with three wives and an array of sirens culminating in Mary Garden, and an index crammed with the names of continental Romanticism and especially the *fin de siècle*,—or, more precisely, with "iconoclasts," "egoists," "anarchs," "unicorns" and "peacocks." It is the index of Huneker's forays abroad, from his first trip to Paris as a piano student (1878), and of what the florid aesthetic tabloid—variously, the *New York Recorder*, *Morning Advertiser*, *Sun*, *Times*, and *World*—unfolded to American readers in hearty yellow splashes. It is an index of the exotic cultural news of the day—not invariably good news—as a Philadelphia-born "Bedouin" led his genteel readership a merry chase from Baudelaire to Wedekind, bearing aloft his not too flinty touchstone of the mystical and preferably diseased. Huneker's career (and Schwab's book) is the record of the provinces' catching up (sometimes with their own, for if Huneker derided Whitman as the effusive apostle of the "third sex," his chro-

matic prose for Edward MacDowell's sonatas was proper advertisement and applause). But the "Raconteur" of Decadent town topics in the dailies was no real critic, whatever his role as critical midwife—to borrow his term for George Sand—to Mencken in his free-lance hedonism and linguistic animation, Nathan in his high acid content, Brooks in his prophesying in the Puritan wilderness, and to Lewisohn, Van Vechten, and most Americans in the cavalcade of "ivory apes" he marshaled endlessly. And Schwab is loyal enough to his subject not to be a very exacting critic either.

First, the book details Huneker's bohemian private life—the lean income, the contending wife and common-law wife, the headline escapades of the bachelor smart-set; also, the oceans of Pilsner at Lüchow's and dizzying conversation on the foibles of divinities (the gaudy succession of pianistic and operatic celebrities); the hale fellowship in the city room at the *Times* and the pilgrimages to Bayreuth, to Viennese cafes, to Velázquez, to the Flemish, the beloved Dutch and forbidding German Gothic masters in municipal museums, and to Huneker's favorite city, the Bruges of Rodenbach's *Bruges-la-morte*. Schwab's documentation includes interviews with Huneker's widow, Huneker's correspondence and nearly everything written to or about him by his own subjects. We read that Conrad, whose novels he promoted as reverberating "sea shells," reciprocated with a joy in the "lightness of surface touch playing over the deeper meaning of your criticism"; Huneker wasn't shallow, although one was "dazzled" at first. And Maeterlinck, whose symbolism, interior dialogue and pauses like "vestibules to woeful edifices," prompted some of Huneker's most thorough and evocative appreciation, commended his enlightenment while noting he was "a little too much slave to ephemeral fashions."

Schwab's main achievement is his charting of these fashions as Huneker received and vended them, although the subjects of Huneker's books are explicit witness to his critical and stylistic models. To the French Symbolists and impressionist painters Huneker owed his critical prose poems and most of his values, beginning with the disfranchisement of morality and "ideas" in art. There is the "word painting" of Baudelaire's and Gautier's art criticism and the essays as "Promenades" of Remy de Gourmont. There is the method of analogy or commixing of the arts from the Wagnerian trauma, from Huysmans on Moreau, and from the Straussian tone poem. There is an infinitude of Paterian susceptibility and something of the luminosity and esoteric erudition of Anatole France (in a far more convulsive prose). Thus Huysmans wrote in "furious fanfares of scarlet" language, Flaubert's *Salammbô* was an "opera in words," and Huneker himself engraved *Mezzotints in Modern Music*. The paragon Flaubert, after Chateaubriand's "sultry enharmonics of the senses . . . the very bones of French literature today," rated highest among French stylists, followed by Gautier. Nearer home were the examples of Boston's "pagan" music critic Philip Hale and of Symons and George Moore, putting the sybarites of opera into prose, in England. Among English stylists Ruskin, Newman, and Moore, first for the sexual honesty of his Parisian-bred naturalism, later for the lacquered style and spiritual upheaval of *The Brook Kerith*, were favorites; and Huneker was always humble before the Jamesian "jungle of inversions, suspensions, elisions, repetitions, echoes, transpositions, transformations, in which the heads of young adjectives gaze despairingly and from afar at verbs that come thundering in

Teutonic fashion at the close of sentences leagues long. . . . It is the fiction of the future."

But the courier of aestheticism had a message for his artist *Übermensch* as well as for his reader. Huneker never tired of quoting Turgenev's counsel to Flaubert, "After all, you are Flaubert." And this is pretty much the sum of his critical theory and his enjoiners to the heroes of indecorousness and sedition, the whole glittering *ballo in maschera* of phosphorescent vitalists his "books of supermen" were interrelating in a Nietzschean pantheon. Huneker was above all cupbearer to the gods who gratified the mystical will, chief among them Chopin, Liszt, Stendhal, Flaubert, Tchaikovsky, Wagner, the Impressionists, Baudelaire, Cézanne, Rodin, Ibsen, Strindberg, and Shaw. Anti-democratic, skeptical of Zola's socialism, Huneker was happiest with the luxuriating satire and sheer prodigiousness of Balzac, the psychological malice of Stendhal, the complete unsentimental education in Flaubert, the individualism and contradictions of Ibsen's "character symphonies," the Nietzschean self-aggrandizement of Richard Strauss, the "ironical buccaneering" of Shaw—although in the last case man took a thrashing from superman. (Schwab's Shavian chapter is a romp: an American editor of Shaw, as of Ibsen and Baudelaire, Huneker was shrewdly receptive to the characterful comedy in *Caesar and Cleopatra* or *Candida* but averse to the stranglehold of "sterile" thesis elsewhere, the mere "Gilbertian satire" or sermons to "overmen and underwomen," so that Shaw stooped noticeably to his errors and "ruffian idolatries" and Beerbohm flayed him as a "drunken helot." Huneker's conclusions were that Shaw's equally inaccurate biographer Chesterton was "much more gifted" than Shaw, that "bravery is Bernard's trump card," and that the brother of Herbert Beerbohm Tree was "an actor too.")

But for Huneker there was no limit on unicorns, especially if they were engendered by earlier unicorns. Legitimate enough were the musical settings of Maeterlinck by Loeffler, Debussy, and Février. In addition, Debussy's orchestration disclosed the "silver-tipped greys of Claude Monet," Mussorgsky's "asymmetry" was Dostoievskian, and the Catholicism in pursuit of James Joyce (in his "terrifying" *Portrait of the Artist*) was, well, Huneker's own, and the glorious malady and reclamation of Verlaine, Huysmans, *et al.* In view of his training, the most congenial anarchists were Chopin and the pianists after Liszt, those "birds of prey and pedals," to whose technique and temperament Huneker accorded everlasting pages of the most rarefied discrimination. Teresa Carreño was a feminine anarchist, not the less qualified by her union with the bestriding male one d'Albert, along with Olive Fremstad and the various ripe Violas of the day. And to them all Huneker brought a boundless affectibility, psychological inquisitiveness, and suggestible, smitten prose. Although with the musicians he sometimes mixed informed structural analysis with the flash-bulb impressionism, most of Huneker's essays (and the chattering biographies) are in the vein of the "Brahmsody": rhapsodies or variations on the artist's themes or moods or merely on his peregrinations among the Philistines.

Schwab's book methodically extracts most of Huneker's accomplishment. He did awaken both to Gorky and the Celtic revival, Yeats's poetry in which "the heroic is seen as in a bewitched mirror, the cries of the dying are muffled by the harmonies of a soul that sits and wonders and faces the past, never the present." He did cock a far-sighted eye at the Post-Impressionists and Matisse, at Munch and the bizarre Austrian expressionist Alfred Kubin (although pre-

dictably at a loss with abstract developments), and a reliable ear to the mastery of *Falstaff* and to Strauss and Schillings at the Strauss Festival at Stuttgart, where he heard one Mizzi Jeritza sing the first Ariadne. And he remembered Poe. With a more discerning and truculent judgment in opera than in literature, he could be incomparably sportive on the "true spirituality" of Massenet's *Cléopâtre* and *Thaïs* ("Thighs") or on the "howling beer vats" of German opera. He was a warlock with metaphor when he professed that Anton Rubinstein played with "lion-like velvet paws" or evoked Huysmans' rhythms of distilled remorse moving "as in a penitential procession" or talked of Brahmsian fantasy "brewed in a homely Teutonic kettle" or of *The Weavers* as a "chorale of malediction and woe" with one leitmotiv—hunger. Consigning reaction to the "democrats," always unassuming and mindful that critics are only "the contemporaries of genius," Huneker made a comparatively generous investment even with artists who unnerved or repelled him (Schönberg, Gauguin). And of sheer bookishness, brought to bear in interlarded quotations and allusions, there is a ream in every chapter, besides handy catalogues of all the artist-celibates and artist-alcoholics, all the violin prodigies and "Chopinzees," all the outmoded Parisian academicians of whatever craft, all the collaborations of Duse and D'Annunzio. In one short essay Huneker mentions eight French, five English, four Russian, and three American novelists; an American, an English and a French poet; three playwrights of three countries; eleven nationalist but "cosmopolitan" critics; Carlyle, Hals and Vermeer;—and the subject is "The Great American Novel."

What readers of Schwab's book might not discover is how little worth reading Huneker really is. Schwab is up against it with the short musical fictions of "melomaniacs," "visionaries," "pipers of dreams," and "masters of cobwebs"—attempts to approximate Wagner, Baudelaire, and Strauss in silly conceits about the nihilistic, hallucinatory worlds of lonely artists ridden by absinthe, Chopin, off-stage Immolations, delusions of being progeny of Liszt, of desecrating the fourth dimension in tone, or of securing musical phraseology in prose. Schwab lauds their inventiveness—and one early story, "The Lord's Prayer in the Key of B," does attain a Poesque economy and compulsion—but the rest is not Hoffmann, whom Schwab invokes, but a diluted Satanism plus Wagner's inventiveness and Huneker's melomania. Schwab's chapter on the erotic novel *Painted Veils* rounds out the racy biographical impact on Huneker's writing and affirms his heralding of the deliverance of the twenties. It is also proof of the permanent screen that remained between Huneker and the artist, for despite the formal promise of the operatic Istar's unveiling, the book is an artificial tissue of metaphysical conundrums, arty *mots*, malodorous melodrama, passages of Pierre Louÿs narcissism, and fantasies of fornication out of Huneker's own impotence—the whole inferior even to Pitts Sanborn's *Prima Donna*.

But Schwab's real oversight, especially in the hymnic final chapter, is Huneker's limitations as critic, or—what he was piecemeal and chaotically—as cultural historian: the dispensing with systematic and broadly valid social or technical criteria beyond the morbidity or grotesquerie whereby Félicien Rops emerges as a peer of Grünewald; the absence of anything like orderliness and logic from the arbitrary, fitful and repetitious paragraphs, all chiming on the same complacent note of mastership; the faith in paradox, epigram, and slogan; the mouthfuls of "rutilant" diction as Huneker wallows before his Circes; the dangling participle exceeded only by dangling insights; and the gossipist's certainty that

Wagner's possibly Hebraic parentage and the "Parsifallic" alliance with Ludwig II make for a reasonable essay on the music drama (by the measure, say, of Krehbiel's or Henderson's or Aldrich's writings on sources and form).

The truth is that, for sensibility or scintillation, Huneker is easily ranked, among drama critics of his time, by James and Beerbohm at least; among music critics, by nearly all those Schwab subordinates to him—Krehbiel, Finck, the droll stylist Henderson—whose lesser liberality and modernity are outbalanced by a larger discipline, historical scope and scholarship, and sustained analytical cogency. Moreover, in both the theater and the concert hall—not to mention at the writing desk—Huneker is quite dwarfed by Bernard Shaw. Probably the drama criticism, at least, is still readable for students inclining either to the French parlor realists or *Die versunkene Glocke*. And the Lisztiana which passes as a biography does manage to annotate all twelve symphonic poems without histrionicism and to compile the viable opinions of Hale, Finck, Henderson, and Weingartner.

Like his friend Dvořák, Huneker was the discoverer of a "new world"—Europe—but as he found Dvořák's symphony a thematic composite of the old world, so he himself was the very type, in his hurly-burly conversance with continental philosophers and aesthetes, of the intellectually naïve and too exuberant American of his time. He was nothing if not the quick and enterprising undergraduate, rarely erring with major artists but unsure of their mainsprings and unsound in benevolently multiplying their number indefinitely, until a few of the unicorns were indeed, as Paul Elmer More asserted, merely "rhinoceroses snouting in the mud." Huneker was perhaps the pure fool of his own *Parsifal* studies, more sensual than spiritual, irradiated by the glow of Monsalvat, but puerile withal. Mencken's introduction to the selected essays and Brooks' late piece, "Huneker in Retrospect," remain the most winning memoirs of Huneker (one suspects that Huneker was, paradoxically, an unhappy model for the Brooks of *Makers and Finders*). The best criticism of Huneker is in *On Native Grounds* and Morton D. Zabel's passage in *Literary Opinion in America* (the latter missing from Schwab's exhaustive bibliography). But Schwab's book allows Huneker to speak for himself, at length. By a curious twist of the "pathos of distance," the voice of the colossal journalist seems a very small one. If Huneker was "critic of the seven arts," he was about one-seventh critic of each.

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Borodin by Serge Dianin (tr. Robert Lord). London: Oxford University Press, 1963. Pp. 356. \$12.00.

Although that group of pioneer Russian composers known collectively as "the Great Five" has been the subject of innumerable books and monographs, studies of individual members have concentrated more upon Rimsky-Korsakov and Mussorgsky. This circumstance is not surprising, because only the music of Rimsky and Mussorgsky is still heard frequently in concert programs, and *Boris Godunov*, the masterpiece of the second of these men, is receiving ever increasing acclaim, especially since its reintroduction in Mussorgsky's original guise.

Three other Russian composers of varying talents completed the Five: Cui, a minor composer whose music is scarcely worthy of serious consideration; Balakirev, mentor and only professional musician of the group; and Borodin, a moderately gifted composer, whose music compares very favorably with that of Rimsky-Korsakov and shows the most authentic nationalistic inspiration of any save that of Mussorgsky.

Borodin had not, up to 1955, been the subject of a truly critical biography. In that year Serge Dianin, son of Borodin's adopted daughter, published in a Russian edition *Life and Letters of Borodin*, the fruit of a lifetime of delving into family letters and archives. The present book is a revision and translation of this work. The author's method is meticulously scholarly, since even the most trivial of facts is carefully documented. Dianin's close connection from childhood with relatives and associates of Borodin's gives him, obviously, an intimacy of knowledge not available to other biographers. His book will be a valuable tool and source of authentic information for all future students of Borodin's life and works.

Critical biographies tend to fall into two quite contrasting categories: the encyclopedic, and the diverting-though-serious. Only a few authors manage to turn out the second variety, since the talents of sleuth, critic, and raconteur need to be combined in one person if the writer is to entertain while he informs. Alfred Einstein, Catherine Drinker Bowen, and Karl Geiringer are outstanding biographers who prove that such scholarly legerdemain is possible. In remarking that Mr. Dianin does not belong to this charmed group, I intend no disparagement of him or his book; I seek, rather, to indicate the audience to which his biography of Borodin is directed: serious students of late 19th century Russian music and confirmed Russophiles. Anyone else is likely to be wearied by the mass of detail, and find himself wondering if this minor Russian composer is worth all the commotion.

The book is presented in two major sections. The first is devoted to the most detailed biographical data, the second to a classification and "analysis" of Borodin's music.

The composer was the illegitimate son of Prince Luka Gedianov, who had a protracted love affair with Avdotya Konstantinovna Antonova. One of the happier products of this liaison was Sasha Borodin, who first saw this world in 1833, the same year as Johannes Brahms. In accord with the custom of the day, Prince Luka registered his illegitimate son as the legal son of his servant, Porfiry Borodin, but apparently continued to see a great deal of the boy, since Borodin spoke of remembering his father well. As for Avdotya, hints of her love life suggested by the bare facts of Dianin's chaste narration prompt the suspicion that she might have made Lolita or Liz Taylor look like an amateur. "Shortly after their acquaintance, Avdotya moved in there with him," one reads; later, "Shortly afterwards Avdotya became attached to another man," or "Avdotya's next affair was with a retired teacher of German," and so on.

The circumstances of Borodin's birth and upbringing, unconventional as they might seem today, were certainly not extraordinary in Czarist Russia, and Sasha seems to have emerged from them into a prosaic and exemplary maturity. He took degrees in chemistry and remained an active chemist throughout his life. As a musician, he was even more of an amateur than his three colleagues (excepting Balakirev) in the Great Five, since he was almost entirely self-taught, and

never, like Rimsky-Korsakov, forsook his former profession for the prestigious mantle of Conservatory Professor. His music was composed sporadically, informally, and is modest in both amount and quality.

The opera *Prince Igor* is probably his best work, at the same time that it is his best known one. Aside from two earlier operas, *The Valiant Knights* and *The Tsar's Bride*, both unpublished and not preserved, the ballet-opera *Mlada* is the sole remaining work in this category. Everyone knows, of course, the Polovtsian Dances from *Prince Igor*, which exemplify so vividly Borodin's finest talents. Lamentably, this opera, along with numerous, equally colorful ones of Rimsky-Korsakov, has all but disappeared from the repertoire.

Of works for large orchestra, there are three symphonies and the tone poem, *In the Steppes of Central Asia*, all valued highly by Mr. Dianin.

Aside from *Prince Igor*, Borodin's best music, in my experience, is to be found among the chamber works and the songs. There are four string trios, a piano quintet, and two string quartets, together with a half dozen miscellaneous chamber compositions. My own first acquaintance with this music came through the second string quartet (1881), which was a great favorite of amateur quartet players in my youth. I have vivid recollections of tempering the three upper parts to the struggles of various amateur cellists striving to master their solo in the well-known "Nocturne" of the third movement, a piece which was a cellist's *tour de force* of yesteryear. Both of the string quartets, and all of the other chamber works that I have heard, are tuneful, ingratiating, cleverly written music. The cello is often emphasized, since this instrument was Borodin's own.

Dianin's commentary on Borodin's music is extensive and designed to give those unacquainted with it a blow-by-blow description. As program notes, his remarks are admirable, the only question being whether the music merits the pains.

As a suggestion for future activity, I suggest that the author turn himself to a biography of Avdotya Konstantinovna Antonova, and that this be an uncritical chronicle.

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A Second Census of "Finnegans Wake": An Index of the Characters and Their Roles by Adaline Glasheen. Evanston, Ill.: Northwestern University Press, 1963. Pp. lxxvi + 285. \$7.50.

A First-Draft Version of "Finnegans Wake," ed. David Hayman. Austin: University of Texas Press, 1963. Pp. 330; 9 plates. \$6.00.

The study of *Finnegans Wake* has always been, and probably for some time will continue to be, closely tied to its explication, an emphasis which is demanded by the work itself and which legitimately draws suspicion on discussions of it which do not depend heavily on paraphrase and exegesis. A series of books, beginning with *Our Examination* and including Campbell and Robinson's *Skeleton Key*, Hodgart and Worthington on song, Glasheen on the characters, and (most notably) Atherton on the sources, has by and large used traditional methods of dealing with the final text to arrive at an understanding of what Joyce was up to.

There is another way to get at the book, however, based in part upon the mere existence in the British Museum of a vast body of working drafts for it and in part upon the assumption (first fostered by Joyce himself, when he agreed to allow his book to be called "Work in Progress") that part of the essence of the *Wake* is its becoming and that therefore a valid and indeed necessary approach to its explication is by studies of its genesis, development, and revision. It might even be argued that the second method fits the unique *donnée* of the book better than the more traditional first. Be that as it may, both kinds of study are indispensable. But, while the ground rules of *explication de texte* are clear, those dealing with what might be called *explication de vouloir* have to be made up as people go along.

There is no doubt, for instance, what a census ought to do. Not only did Mrs. Glasheen's first one indicate what the second had to be, but the method itself—a dictionary of proper names—is understandable, necessary and traditional. The *Second Census* is a revised and extended version of the first; it adds biographical and narrative material and represents additional years of Mrs. Glasheen at work changing her mind and understanding Joyce's. The census itself has been enlarged from 146 to 285 pages; many old entries have new citations to the text. The synopsis of the *Wake* is now 37 pages instead of four and a half. The table of character correspondences ("Who Is Who When Everybody Is Somebody Else") has also grown.

Users of the first *Census* will already know that, despite the subsequent publication of Hart's *Concordance to "Finnegans Wake,"* the *Census* has retained its usefulness as a word list of another kind. Often (e. g., the entry for Magrath) the certainty of the first *Census* has given way to a caution born of increased familiarity with the text. And the extended synopsis shows a resultant increased sensitivity and insight; it is full of tender concern for Joyce's text; one can anywhere read the synopsis without stumbling over idiosyncratic distortion or simplification of what is on Joyce's page. One could wish a continuing expansion so that Glasheen might someday come to supersede the *Skeleton Key*.

Professor Hayman's *First-Draft Version* is a product of the *ab origine* method. The Joycean will know immediately what his book contains, and be thankful, and recognize it as a dismally difficult labor in which one second of astigmatism calls all in doubt. Others may expect a more homogeneous book than it can be, or a different sort of book than it is, and an explanation of its contents is necessary. Hayman's book prints in the main the earliest available drafts of all the chapters of the *Wake*, even where genuine first drafts apparently do not exist (notably in parts of II.i-iii). But the genesis of the *Wake* was such that these drafts do not all date from the same period, or anything like it: some of them come from 1923 and are mighty like to prose; others come from 1937, by which time Joyce had learned to write Wakeschrift pretty much straight off. The book is therefore nothing like what one might expect from a first draft written in, say, seventeen months instead of seventeen years; and therefore the chronology of the British Museum MSS, which is set out in a draft catalogue of 45 pages serving as an appendix, is a necessary complement to the texts themselves.

The 250 or so pages of actual texts are a typesetter's nightmare. To represent different levels of composition, they are set in four typefaces (Roman, bold Roman, italic, and bold italic), any one of which may be lined through to indicate Joyce's cancellations. Square or pointed brackets are used to indicate additions

within additions or substitutions within substitutions. Doubtful words are asterisked. The margins contain references to *Wake* and MS page numbers; tails contain footnotes. Pages reproducing complex MSS, where Joyce is indecisive or having creative troubles (e.g., most of MS 47472a), thus become, at least for me, more nearly opaque than the MSS themselves. But other pages of relatively fluent MS (e.g., most of MS 47480), even though there are extensive corrections and additions, become as simple in these reproductions as they can probably be made. However, the sensitivity to Joyce's creative rush implied by the typographical complexity is quite factitious; it is still necessary to see the MS page to get a proper idea of how the book was composed. Hayman makes a valiant attempt to show this, but he fails.

An even more important question is the accuracy of the transcriptions. They are certainly better than 99% accurate. As Hayman asserts in his introduction: "The reader for whom the perfect text of a particular passage is absolutely essential should check my transcriptions against either the original manuscript or a micro-film copy." It is not easy to imagine anybody using this book at all who would *not* want a perfect text; but, even though there are many places (about seven per page in a distributed check) where I would quarrel with Hayman's readings, his transcriptions are worth more than his disclaimer allows, even if his book serves only as a working copy (for which mundane purpose, by the way, it is bargain-priced).

Hayman's introduction is concerned with grander problems than these. It contains a history of the evolution of the entire book and a very brief summary of Joyce's methods of composition. It also explains points like why a "first-draft" version sometimes prints second drafts. One such example is ALP's letter. Originally, Joyce intended the letter for I. v.; but the eventual place for it is in IV. Hayman prints the first draft of the letter with I. v and a second draft with IV, representing the more advanced state of IV at the time of its composition by choosing a more advanced state of the letter. Such violation of the strict meaning of "first-draft" seems justified.

But there are not quite parallel decisions elsewhere. The first draft text of several chapters is so elementary that, to approximate the final version even in a primitive state, Hayman prints also the second draft version. Apropos of part of II. i, for instance, Hayman says: "Joyce's method of composing [these early drafts] was so chaotic as to make it impossible to render a consecutive first-draft version. I am therefore not including these pages here." The reader of this book is thus denied a look at the chaos preceding order which often makes the order all the more impressive. A first draft, in Hayman's usage, becomes that draft which first looks recognizably like the final draft. Those scratchpad beginnings which the *Wake* may have had *in toto* and which are amply illustrated in *Scribbledehobble* as well as I. vii and II. i-iii are thus conveniently disregarded by the method Hayman has selected. Furthermore, while I am inclined to agree with Hayman's implicit assumption that Joyce practiced true conservation of MS matter, of genuine starts as opposed to fits, such fits as we do possess are valuable and symptomatic; and it is in any case unwise to speak confidently of the initial stages of composition of the *Wake*, since we may not, in fact, have many of them.

In other places (for example, III. iii), but for much the same reasons, a certain falsification of Joyce's intentions occurs. Some MSS simply trail off; they belong often to what Hayman calls Joyce's "revise-and-complete" method. We ought

in these instances, the argument goes, to assume that a second stage is already leapfrogging in the creative mind, not that the flow simply stopped. Joyce's mind is working both forward and backward; he drops things in the middle and starts all over again with his first notion of how a passage was going revised in the light of what he now wants to do with what he has set down. The falsification occurs in combining as "firsts" the products of several such dependent re-seeings.

Chapter III.iv raises still another problem. The early MSS for this chapter were written probably within two months, but not necessarily in the order of the final version. Yet the order in which the drafts are printed is the final order. Here, as elsewhere, is an opportunity to resist the gravitational pull of the final version and to publish in order-of-composition sequence. Thus we would have some genuine data on the process of composition, instead of an injudicious hope that this "simple" early text can serve as a summary of the *Wake*, an error made much less justifiably here than by the *Skeleton Key*, which often summarized *transition* versions rather than the *Wake* itself, though at least it summarized something structurally identical and something Joyce chose to publish. But Hayman imposes textual coherence as if these early versions were publishable, or even final.

Hayman's book, then, is not a true first-draft version, nor does it represent *Finnegans Wake* as it ever existed at anything like one time in Joyce's mind. Its typographical awkwardness suggests strongly that the only useful way to publish many of Joyce's MSS is by photographic facsimile, preferably in color. Yet this book will probably be the basic text for Hayman's far more ambitious project: a study of the entire evolution of the *Wake*. And it may well be that Hayman has gotten off on the wrong foot

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