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PROGRAMME

The following papers were delivered at the Eighth Annual Conference of the Linguistic Circle of Manitoba and North Dakota, held in the Faculty Club at the University of Manitoba, October 30-31, 1964. Professors C. Meredith Jones (Manitoba), G.H. Durrant (Manitoba) and W.I. Morgan (North Dakota) were chairmen of the three sessions for the reading of papers. The annual dinner was held at Zoratti's Restaurant and the principal paper was delivered by Professor Richard Beck of the University of North Dakota on "Iceland - Where Song and Saga Still Flourish". Professor F. Y. St. Clair was prevented by a bereavement in his family from presenting a paper which had been announced and the members of the Circle expressed sympathy to him. In his place, Professor R. A. Caldwell of the University of North Dakota gave a paper, "The Vulgate and Variant Versions of the Historia Regum Britanniae and some Welsh Bruts".

In the absence 1964-65 of the Editor, this number of the Proceedings has been edited by E. G. Berry, University of Manitoba.

THE THEATRE OF PAUL CLAUDEL IN GERMANY

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University of North Dakota

In spite of numerous very aggressive remarks by Claudel on Protestants and on Germany herself, the plays of this Catholic playwright are greatly appreciated even in Germany's most Protestant cities, such as Hamburg or Berlin. Between 1913 and 1964, 150 productions of plays by Claudel were staged in Germany, whereas in France, even if we count studio productions, we arrive at an approximate figure of 50 productions only. Eleven of Claudel's nineteen plays were first performed in Germany, in a German translation.

This success of Claudel's theatre in Germany may appear rather surprising. It would, in fact, be very difficult to find in Claudel's work a positive image of Germany. Some friendly remarks on Beethoven, Wagner and Goethe can be found; but the dramatist's negative and hostile attitude toward Germany is easily discovered. Most critics assert that it was mainly during the First World War that Claudel, when speaking of Germany, showed a face disfigured by hatred. But still in 1948 Claudel states that Germany was not meant

> "pour servir de tête à l'Europe, mais pour lui servir d'âme, en prenant ce mot non pas dans le sens spirituel, grand Dieu! mais dans le sens mécanique; et si le mot d'âme ne vous convient pas, disons le boyau.[1]"

After all, to call a country the 'bowels' of a continent, does not seem too flattering, especially to a person who happens to come from this country; one can also not overhear the stress which, in the above quotation, lies on the exclamation "grand Dieu". In his poem Personnalité de la France, Claudel reveals that France appears to him as the star, the heart of all Europe, of which Germany, in Feuilles de Saints, is nothing but an untidy heap of bowels and entrails. Claudel does not hesitate to call the Germans 'ces idiots de Boches'; they are according to him a race of blacksmiths and manufacturers; their ancestors were dirty redhaired barbarians with enormous feet, living on a diet of potatoes or crusts of dark bread dipped into beer or sour milk. The German nation represents Cain among all peoples. In 1914, the German army reminds Claudel of the Islamic hordes invading Europe and in 1939 Hitler's troops confirm the poet in his belief

that the heathen from across the Rhine are always ready to destroy Christianity. It is France that must save the Christian world from a nation that desires nothing but war, a nation that dwells in the shadow of Protestant churches, a nation of upsetting politics, materialistic science, and religious heresy.

For three years (1911-1914), Claudel served as a Consul of the French Republic in Germany. However, he seems to have remained hostile to any deeper insight into the German mind. He knows only five great Germans and does not know them well. Goethe, whom he calls the "solemn mule", or the "illustrous Philistine from Weimar" belongs, with Kant, Nietzsche, Wagner, and Luther to those "carriers of pestilence and darkness whose names alone fill us with horror". Goethe, Kant, and Nietzsche betray God. In Figures et Paraboles, Goethe is a friend of Judas and the latter acts according to Kant's Categorical Imperative. Nietzsche, a "messenger of Satan" is nil, in poetry, in literature, absolutely nil, as Claudel writes to André Gide. Claudel was, at the end of the 19th century, greatly attracted by Wagner's music, but states in later writings that Wagner's inspiration stems from evil.

As for Luther, Claudel simply calls him a heretic who transformed the Bible into a moral guidance book. In The Satin Slipper, Rodrigue scolds his servant for quoting from the Bible like a Lutheran shopkeeper. Protestants (that is Germans) are sad creatures, grabbing the divine Grace as a dog grabs a piece of meat. According to Claudel, the Germans have been "badly baptized"

After the Second World War, Claudel becomes less aggressive and shows a great desire for peace. But it is not easy to forget his previous violence. Thus Ernst Curtius, the first university lecturer ever to give a lecture on Claudel (1914), states that Claudel's view of Germany, as revealed in Poèmes de Guerre (1918-1920), made it impossible for him to read the French poet's later works.

In France, Claudel had, at the beginning of his literary career, met with much distrust. Generally speaking, he was for a long time considered out of place in French literature; his language was found full of Germanism. In les Documents de la Vie Intellectuelle (October 30, 1930) we read the following question: Must the French learn from their German neighbour to appreciate, as he deserves, their greatest modern poet?

It is thanks to André Gide that Claudel's first translator, Franz Blei, became acquainted with his works. Blei calls Claudel the greatest artistic event of his time. His translations are excellent but they seem the work of an enthusiast who has not bothered to go into details and they thus contain numerous mistakes. Another translator and publisher, Jakob Hegner, translated in 1912 The Tidings brought to Mary, which was, in 1913, performed in Hellerau. As far as his dramatic works are concerned, Claudel has had twelve translators in Germany, and several plays have been translated three times. We should mention Hans Urs von Balthasar who in 1939 made a very fine translation of The Satin Slipper, and Edwin Maria Landau, the editor of the German edition of Claudel's complete works (Kerle Verlag, 1958-62).

It was in Hellerau that Claudel realized that it was possible to bring anti-illusionistic theater to Europe, an art form that he had known through the Japanese No-theater. Wolf Dohrn's production of The Tidings brought to Mary which limited the stage elements to a strict minimum kept the audience in a state of intellectual activity which must be at the basis of all participation in a work of art.

In Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen, Thomas Mann states that he read the play several times in 1913 and received from it the greatest artistic and poetical impression. In 1913, 8,000 copies of the translation were sold.

In 1929, Hegner published a study by Robert Grosche on Paul Claudel, which seems the best study on this author. At the beginning of the twenties, Max Reinhart asked Claudel to write a play for him that would give tremendous possibilities to the producer. Within about five weeks, Claudel wrote le Livre de Christophe Colomb for which Milhaud was to write the music. Reinhart planned to stage the opera at the Salzburg Festival of 1928. This did not materialize, and it was only in 1930 that this work was performed, very successfully, at the Staatsoper Unter den Linden, in Berlin.

In 1945, The Satin Slipper had 45 performances at the

Municipal Theatre of Cologne; in 1947, the same play was performed 48 times in Munich. In 1952, a production of The Tidings brought to Mary was shown 52 times. Claudel's Joan of Arc (music by Honegger), l'Echange, and The Satin Slipper have been shown on German television. This proves that the German audience is generally interested in Claudel's dramatic works. Nevertheless, audiences in Hamburg, Zurich and Munich in 1960, appeared somewhat bored during performances of The Satin Slipper and Break of Noon. It has been said that the Catholic writer is disliked by the Protestant audiences of Northern Germany and of Switzerland. The more serious critics, however, seem to agree that if you believe in the existence of a superior being called God you will also be able to appreciate Claudel. It seems significant that The Satin Slipper exists in a school edition and is read in German non-confessional schools.

The relative ease with which Claudel seems to have conquered the literary world of Germany can be explained by certain affinities of his writings with great German works. German critics find in Claudel elements of Nietzche's thought, of Wagner's world, compare The Satin Slipper with Goethe's Faust, speak of Hölderlin, who, like Claudel, illustrates the myth of impossible love.

This paper does not permit any analysis of these affinities, but we must note that a comparison between Goethe and Claudel reveals that the two poets have many things in common. Both have optimistic confidence in the human being, in life, in nature. Both turn away from the treacherous "connais-toi toi-même". Both are interested in natural science, both instinctively move away from existential fear. Uncomfortable before dark forces and sickly geniuses, both look for honourable positions and have a majestic complacency towards wealth. Both were capable of writing simple poetry in the style of folksongs, but both knew the excesses of symbolism and created works that appear abstract and obscure. For both of them, literature was not the only occupation but they were equally bored with their government jobs.

Claudel came to Germany via different ways. One was opened to him by Franz Blei, the expressionist, the other by Jakob Hegner, the Catholic publisher; we must also mention here the Catholic literary review, Das Hochland, whose editor, Carl Muth, at the turn of the century, wanted to renew Catholic literature in Germany and who had recognized the impact Claudel could have. The expressionist writers Sorge, Marwitz and

Stadler, all three killed during the First World War, seem to have been influenced by Claudel. His influence on specifically Catholic writers is noticeable in the works of Gertrude von Lefort, Elisabeth Langgässer and Konrad Weiss.

Claudel had a definite influence on Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who had read most of his plays several times. In fact, an examination of Hofmannsthal's personal library revealed that the Austrian poet, who had the habit of jotting down notes in the books he was reading, made the most frequent annotations in Shakespeare's and Claudel's plays. Hofmannsthal was deeply impressed with Claudel's La Ville and Tête d'Or, a play he read in 1919, 1920, and 1923. His own play, Der Turm, contains certain lines which are almost translations from Tête d'Or. Both Hofmannsthal and Claudel are descendants of the baroque theatre; Hofmannsthal wrote in the tradition of the teatro del mundo and The Satin Slipper is written in that same tradition.

Claudel's influence on Bertolt Brecht is equally noticeable. According to personal statements of Brecht, The Satin Slipper was the only modern play that ever fascinated him. There are very close parallels between Le Livre de Christophe Colomb and Brecht's play Der Flug der Lindbergs. For further details a book by John Willett, The Theatre of Bertolt Brecht, is of great value. Brecht was especially interested in Claudel's technique of the theatre: Both authors use an announcer, a chorus; both make use of filmstrips and projections.

In the interest that Germany showed in the dramatic writings of Paul Claudel we can distinguish two periods, the first dating from 1913 to 1930 and the second beginning after 1945. Blei had looked upon Claudel as upon the daring "poète d'avant-garde"; Hegner, Grosche and Curtius recognized in Claudel the metaphysical poet; Curtius furthermore saw in Claudel a great European poet. This last vision was unfortunately destroyed by the poet himself, through the publication of Poëmes de Guerre. Claudel, poète d'avant-garde, in whose works the German expressionists had recognized their own desire for a transformation of humanity, and for a renewal of the theatre arts, was in 1945 again considered as such. In the years immediately following the Second World War, Claudel was among the strongly acclaimed foreign authors. Older people rediscovered in him the spirit of the expressionist years; the younger generations admired a technique that they thought very new.

But at the basis of his success lies, after 1945, the fact that Claudel's message is one of joy, of an encouragement to live, and it brings the assurance that human dignity is maintained even in utmost misery. In 1947, Edgar Hederer writes in an open letter to the theatre Kammerspiele in Munich:

> Why should we now play Claudel? Because he says 'yes' in the middle of destruction, because he makes us feel God's hand stopping man's fall. Because he shows the imperfection of our world, the misery of our condition and yet does not lead us into nothingness. Because he does not equate the impossibility of perfection and security with the absurd, because he remains faithful to the world, not against but with God.

The most intense moments of the friendship between the poet Claudel and his German public were the years before the First World War and those following the Second War. To-day, Claudel is considered a classic. He is played, he is read, but although a Düsseldorf production in 1962 of le Livre de Christophe Colomb by the French producer Barrault attracted more spectators than a game of the German Soccer League, we cannot believe that people are moved by him as deeply as they were in 1945 or 1947. After the war, Claudel gave an answer to those who knew existential fear and who found Sartre's answer frightening. To-day, the return of economic stability has led to a certain indifference in spiritual matters. However, German theatres continue to stage productions of Claudel's plays.

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1. Cahiers Paul Claudel, No. 4, "Claudel diplomate" (Paris: Gallimard, 1962), 299.

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ICELAND-WHERE SONG AND SAGA STILL FLOURISH

Richard Beck, Professor of Scandinavian Languages and Literature, University of North Dakota

The creative genius of the early Icelanders found, as is well known, a lasting expression in the three main branches of Old Icelandic literature: The Eddic poems, the skaldic or court poetry and the Sagas, all of them long since far-famed in the realm of literature and scholarship.

The significance of the Eddic poems is excellently summed up by Professor Lee M. Hollander in the opening words of the introduction to his monumental translation of The Poetic Edda: "What the Vedas are for India, and the Homeric poems for the Greek world, that the Edda signifies for the Teutonic race: it is a repository, in poetic form, of the mythology and much of their heroic lore, bodying forth both the ethical views and the cultural life of the North during Heathen times."

The skaldic or court poetry differs fundamentally from the Eddic poems, notably in subject-matter and metrical form. Nevertheless, these two main branches of Old Icelandic poetry may be said to be boughs on the same tree, in the sense that they have their roots deep in the same cultural soil. Without minimizing the pictorial quality and the sonorous rhythmical effect of the skaldic poems, generally speaking, they have much greater historical than literary value.

Equally important a contribution to world literature as the Eddic poems and the skaldic poetry are the Icelandic sagas; they are unique, since they alone are a thoroughly Icelandic production, without, it seems, a literary counterpart. That is not least true of the large group commonly known as Íslendingasogur (The Icelandic Family Sagas), some thirty-five in number. They are cultural-historical documents of first importance, and at the same time acknowledged literary masterpieces, at any rate the best of them, with respect to effective plot-construction, life-like character delineation, and concise and forceful style.

This rich ancient literature of Iceland is of first importance in the literary history of the world, not only because of its great inherent merit, but because of its influence as well. These writings, especially the Edda and the Sagas, have been a fountain of living water. Leading Scand-

inavian poets, Ibsen, Bjørnson and Selma Lagerlöf included, owed to the saga literature a great debt. English writers from Thomas Gray down to John Masefield, the present Poet-Laureate, have found in Old Icelandic literature themes worthy of their genius. And these are but a few instances of the fructifying power of the Edda and the Sagas.

However, as might be expected, nowhere has the influence of the classical Icelandic literature been felt more strongly than in Iceland itself. There this remarkable literature has been a vital force in keeping alive down through the centuries, not only a keen literary interest and appreciation, but also a notable literary activity on the part of the Icelanders. One can go so far as to say, without any exaggeration, that it was largely the ancient literature, in song and story, which kept the Icelandic nation alive through all the onslaughts of adversity which were its fate for centuries.

To point up the continuity of the Icelandic language and literature down through the ages, it has been rightly observed that Egill Skallagrímsson, the rugged Viking and the greatest skaldic poet of the 9th century, and the Reverend Matthías Jochumsson, leading poet and hymnologist of the latter half of the 19th century and the first quarter of the 20th century, could readily exchange verse lines and understand each other completely across the gulf of time separating them.

Actually, from the time of the Saga-Age to the present day, literary activity in Iceland has never ceased. At times, of course, the fire of creative literary production has burnt low, but there have always been living embers on the hearth. Every century produced some writers of note. The ancient literature never lost its hold on the people, but continued to be its source of strength and inspiration.

The period from about 1300, following in the wake of the loss of Icelandic independence, down to the first half of the 16th century, produced relatively little of literary significance in prose, but some notable poetry, including the sacred poem Lilja (The Lily) by the monk Eysteinn Ásgrímsson; it is an eloquent and masterfully constructed interpretation of the prevailing medieval religious teachings.

After 1300 there also arose in Iceland the rímur, metrical romances, which remained extremely popular down to the 19th century. Even to this day they have their admirers and adherents. The basic metre

is the alliterated, four-line stanza, doubtless foreign in origin; the rhyme schemes, however, are so numerous that over two thousand varieties have been recorded, eloquently bespeaking the ingenuity and metrical skill of the authors. The metaphorical and descriptive expressions of skaldic verse, the kennings, appear here in great abundance. While notable for their metrical variety, the rímur are generally lacking in genuine poetic quality; their significance is primarily cultural-historical and linguistic.

Although it produced some important poems, the period from 1300 to 1550 is especially noteworthy for the extensive copying and compiling of the old sagas; romances and other fictitious tales flourished. Certainly, our debt to the Icelandic scribes, named and unnamed, from that period, is inestimable. No one who has any real appreciation of those treasures, least of all an Icelander, can examine the Icelandic manuscripts in the Arna-Magnean Collection in Copenhagen, without feeling in his heart a surge of gratitude to the industrious scribes who preserved these treasurer for prosperity.

The 16th and 17th centuries were characterized by a renewal of interest in historical and antiquarian studies, which later were to bear fruit in a general revival of Scandinavian literature. In the light of that circumstance, it is not surprising that the leading Icelandic poets of the era were men well versed in ancient and historic lore, in whose works the time-honored tradition of Icelandic poetry runs strong. The most noted poet of the 17th century was the Reverend Hallgrímur Pétursson, whose influence on religious and moral life in Iceland connot be estimated. With his inspired Passíusálmar (Passion Hymns), which have appeared in more than 50 editions, he established himself not only as the outstanding Icelandic writer of sacred poetry in his day, but also as one of the great Lutheran hymn writers of all time.

During the 18th century the Enlightenment reached Iceland, and found vigorous expression in the literature of the day, side by side with pronounced nationalism and interest in the past. The leading poet of the period was the Reverend Jón Thorláksson, who greatly enriched Icelandic literature with his notable translations of Milton's Paradise Lost and Klopstock's Messias, the former being particularily successful. Fluently rendered into the elevated verse-form of many of the Eddic poems, these translations paved the way for the poets of the following century. Thorláksson is, therefore, to be remembered as the great pioneer in the realm of modern Icelandic

translations.

The 19th century, especially after 1830, is a remarkable period in the history of Icelandic literature. Two main currents vitalized Icelandic poetry of the period: on the one hand, influences from abroad, notably the Romantic Movement; on the other hand, renewed and strengthened interest in the native Icelandic literary heritage and tradition. It was only natural that the Romantic Movement, with its nationalism and its strong and idealistic interest in the past, should turn the eyes of Icelandic poets to the history of their nation and lead to a renewed study of its rich ancient literature, which in turn, with its classic restraint, saved them, virtually without exception, from the aberrations and excesses of many of the Romantic poets elsewhere.

This is clearly seen in the poems of the pioneer Romantic poet in Iceland, Bjarni Thorarensen, and, although in a somewhat different sense, in the poetry of his younger contemporary, Jónas Hallgrímsson, where the characteristic Romantic love of beauty and of nature finds exquisite and delicate expression. During the latter part of the 19th century, many poets carried on, more or less, the traditions of Thorarensen and Hallgrímsson. Another notable literary figure during the first half of the 19th century was Jón Thoroddsen, the first modern Icelandic novelist.

In any discussion of Icelandic literature, it is of fundamental importance to remember that it has always been and still is the property of the common people, who have made a varied and significant contribution to it. As a result, there were during the 19th century a number of important so-called "un-schooled" poets, along with their more learned brethren in the professions. This is also true of present-day Iceland.

The Realistic Movement, as was to be expected, found its way to Iceland during the last quarter of the 19th century, and left its mark on the works of a number of the gifted poets and prose writers of the day. Nevertheless, it did not bring about any sharp or lasting cleavage in Icelandic literature, which has always been rooted in the realities of life, showing in many ways its closeness to the soil. The native tradition more than held its own. In turn, during the last decades of the 19th century, many Icelandic poets wrote in the spirit of Neo-Romanticism.

The truth of the matter is that the works of Icelandic poets of the second half of the last century reflect numerous tendencies and are,

therefore, not readily classified. A striking illustration is the fact that the greatest Icelandic poets of the period (although they all lived well into the 20th century), Matthías Jochumsson, Einar Benediktsson and Stephan G. Stephansson may, by and large, be characterized respectively as a Romanticist, and a Realist, though the classification would apply fully only to the first-named. During the latter half of the 19th century, the novel and the short story came in a large measure into their own in Icelandic literature and were the favorite form of expression for many gifted writers. Icelandic drama also had its pioneer during that period in Indridi Einarsson, who has had a number of worthy successors.

The 20th century has been a very rich period in Icelandic literature. Lyric poetry has flourished abundantly, representing widely varied literary tendencies. Generally speaking, however, the national note has been strong in the poetry of the period, not least in the works of such outstanding poets as Jakob Thorarensen, Davíd Stefánsson, and Tómas Gudmundsson. Icelandic fiction has also flourished richly since the turn of the century, and, no less than the poetry, represents varied and conflicting tendencies, a constant interplay of the old and the new. The same is true, though in a more limited degree, of the drama, which since the turn of the century has had some notable exponents, the greatest of whom was Jóhann Sigurjónsson, whose Fjalla-Eyvindur (Eyvind of the Hills) has been staged in many countries and translated into a number of languages.

Among the gifted novelists, the most widely known Icelandic authors of the day are Gunnar Gunnarsson, Gudmundur Kamban, Kristmann Gudmundsson, and Halldór Kiljan Laxness. Several of their important works have been translated into other languages, including English.

Laxness, the first Icelandic writer to win the Nobel Prize in Literature, is, of course, the best known of these, an exceptionally gifted writer, whose great mastery of the language, penetrating psychological insight, and rare narrative ability are strikingly revealed in such works of his as Independent People. In the splendid address which he made in Stockholm upon receiving the Nobel Prize, Laxness said: "It is a great good fortune for a poet to be born and reared in a country where the nation has been saturated with the spirit of poetry for centuries and possesses great literary wealth from days of old."

Here the famed novelist strikes at the very root of Icelandic literary achievement down through the centuries, its unbroken con-

tinuity, and at the same time points up the other basic characteristic, that it has always been and still is the common property of all the people. In those solid foundations, the flourishing literature of present-day Iceland is firmly anchored.

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ARCHITECTURAL IMAGERY IN THE POETRY OF PINDAR

James Russell, Classics Department, University of Manitoba

In coining his metaphors Pindar draws upon a vast number of subjects--sea-faring, music, flowers, the weather, and archery, to name some of his favorite themes. To these we must also add architecture. Every other ode in fact contains at least one minor image which may be attributed to the inspiration of the builder's art.

Many of these architectural figures are derived from obvious parts of a building such as the gateway or the wall. Such metaphors are seldom very elaborate and are to be found in other poets. The "wall of wood" [1], for example, is an effective metaphor to depict the pyre upon which Coronis was destined to burn, but was employed by Bacchylides in a similar context[2]. Of "gateway" metaphors there is no lack of examples. In one poem the ornate architectural metaphor of the opening strophe which likens the ensuing ode to the columned facade of a splendid megaron hall is alluded to later in the poem in the second strophe where Pindar greets the victorious mules of his triumphant patron by "flinging wide the gates of song" in their honour[3]. This scene of wide-open gates to welcome the victor's arrival recalls also the ninth Nemean Ode composed in honour of Chromios of Etna at whose victory celebrations "the doors flung open wide are too narrow for all the guests"[4]. On other occasions Pindar employs the figure of the gateway or porch as a colourful device for rendering place-names. Aegina becomes for instance "the vestibule of Aeacus[5]", Corinth is appropriately referred to as "at the gates of the sea"[6], while an even grander example is that of Tiryns, "the Cyclopean porch of Eurystheus"[7]. These, and other such examples which abound in the odes and fragments, are frequently little more than clichés which have their parallels in Greek poetry from the epics of Homer onwards and are remarkable in Pindar's poetry more for their frequency than for their originality.

Much more original and elaborate architectural images, however, are to be found in Pindar's allusions to temple architecture. In a time of great building activity in many parts of Greece and Sicily he must have become quite familiar with the art of the architect and his assistants, the mason and the sculptor. In his age the temple was easily the most developed and exciting form of architecture; so it is hardly surprising that Pindar's boldest architectural metaphors should be so full of details which are best attributed to temple construction, or at least to buildings which embody the basic features of a temple. From his strong Dorian attachments and the fact that his patrons almost invariably belong to those parts of the Greek world which preferred the Doric order, it is natural to assume that the facades visualized in his poetry are of that order.

Thus the laying of temple foundations provided Pindar with several striking metaphors. In one he depicts how Jason "laid the foundation of wise words"[8], an apt image in a situation where a moderate and discreet speech was essential to allay the fears of his opponent, Pelias. Such metaphors indeed become all the more impressive when the skill and care with which the Greeks laid their temple foundations is taken into consideration. Consequently a "foundation" image is a fitting way to honour a young athlete's first success[9], and equally suitable in describing the "foundations" laid long ago by an older victor, but only recently crowned with success[10]. It is interesting to see in this latter case a half conscious complement to the foundation metaphor from the beginning of the strophe in the phrase "akron pandoxias", i.e. the superstructure which embellishes the stout foundations already laid, containing perhaps an echo of the architectural term <u>akrotérion</u>, the ornamental pinnacle of the triangular pediment. Another colourful use of this figure carries us into the next stage of construction, the building of walls. This occurs in his fragmentary <u>encomium</u> on Thebes where "golden foundation for sacred songs has already been laid"[11]; and so he must urge his listeners "to erect a wall of words, a varied ornament of sound".

Perhaps the most developed employment of a "foundation" metaphor appears in the opening lines of the seventh Pythian, as much a celebration of architectural brilliance as of athletic prowess. The ode, consisting of a mere strophe, antistrophe, and epode, was written in honour of Megacles, a young scion of the Alcmaeonid family, one of the most distinguished families at Athens. He had won the chariot race at Delphi in 486 B.C. As so often in Pindar the opening lines set the tone of the whole poem. First of all there is the noble epithet <u>megalopólies</u>, a distinction

reserved only for Syracuse[12], and in this unique instance Athens. In the case of Athens what reasons could have prompted him to glorify a city which had not yet reached the eminent position which it was to win in the succeeding generation? Obviously of course there was the memory of Marathon four years before. But there was an incident even more relevant to an architectural poem such as this. The Athenians had undertaken the building of a great marble temple on the Acropolis as a fitting abode for their patron goddess. In all probability they were even then engaged in laying the great terraces and marble stylobate of what would have been the Parthenon had not the events of 480 B.C. intervened[13]. Even less ambiguous as a hint of architectural grandeur is the mention of the Athenian family, the Alcmaeonidae. The key to this reference in the second line of the strophe is to be found in the same line of the antistrophe where Pindar tells how this family rebuilt and beautified the temple of Apollo at Delphi. Few Greeks, and least of all those who attended the Games, could have been ignorant of such facts. The previous temple had been burnt in 548 B.C. and the temple authorities had let the contract to have it rebuilt in stone. The work had continued slowly for many years until the Alcmaeonids, probably for political reasons, had taken over the contact, and far from completing it in stone, had arranged for the masonry and sculpture to be finished in marble. Though the date of the completion of the temple is in doubt it cannot have been very long before the date of this ode[14]. To the visitors to the sanctuary the gleaming splendour of the newly-finished marble east end of the temple must have presented a striking contrast to the dowdy stone-work of the rear. With good reason then does Pindar open his poem thus; "The magnificent city of Athens is the fairest prelude of song which the mighty family of Alcmaeonids can lay as a foundation of songs in honour of their steeds."

From the foundations we pass to the erection of the columns and the cella walls. Sometimes the verb "orthoûn" or a compound will suggest the image[15]. The columns in turn are sometimes turned into simple metaphors such as that which describes Hector as "the dauntless column of Troy"[16], where kíōn is a variant of Homer's <u>hérkos</u>, itself an architectural image. More original but equally simple is his graphic metaphor of Etna as a "column that soars aloft to heaven"[17]. Still another "column" metaphor describes Aegina as an island established by divine ordinance--"kíona daimonían"[18]. Such images as these are undoubtedly inspired by the sure and massive strength of the Archaic Doric columns. In a similar context where an island is established on columns may be cited the splendid figures of the four massive columns rising from the earth's depths to provide the

solid and permanent support of their capitals to the wandering island of Delos[19]. Another bright image of a roof supported on its columns is to be found in the parable of the oak-tree in Pythian IV[20]. There the supports are wooden--a fact which serves to remind us of the normal material for secular buildings probably even in Pindar's time.

Quite the most elaborate metaphor derived from the construction of fine buildings, however, appears in the opening lines of Olympian VI. Pindar opens the ode with an account of building a splendid hall with golden columns to support the fair-walled porch. The scene can easily be conceived; not a temple this time, to be sure, but some royal hall such as only a tyrant could afford. The poem, as we would expect of such a luxuriant image, is destined for Syracuse and reflects the opulence and grandeur of that capital of the western Greeks. The victor on this occasion is not Hieron himself, but a member of his court, Hagesias. Noble deeds are like palaces with firm foundations and solid supports. But there is more to a palace than this; there is more to doughty deeds than the fact of their performance. Pindar completes the metaphor of the palace so well begun by adding as the finishing touch "a facade which shines afar". In Hagesias' case of course the "shining facade" will be Pindar's poetry. Thus the metaphor is really a most vivid variation of the familiar poetic adage

" . . . neque,
si chartae sileant quod bene feceris,
mercedem tuleris"

or, to render it in Pindar's fashion, "when some noble achievement is begun, it is for us (the poets) to build a front of song to shine afar."[21]

From the many examples quoted it is clear that Pindar was deeply affected by the skill and beauty of the architect's craft. His lifetime was an era of great building activity amongst the Greeks. During the first half of the fifth century temple architecture reached its full maturity and the increasing popularity of marble as the normal material for construction must have enhanced the appearance of Greek temples enormously. In Sicily in particular, magnificent architecture was a byproduct of the rivalry and wealth of the various tyrants. This competition in grandeur reached its climax in the spacious dimensions of Temple G at Selinus, Olympian Zeus at Acragas and Athena at Syracuse--all under construction during Pindar's visits to the Sicilian courts. While the building activities of the mainland cities could not match the wealthy tyrannies of the west, the Panhellenic shrines were beautified by numerous dedications, treasuries and lesser gifts. Three of the most exciting architectural novelties were the

great cult temples at Delphi, Olympia, and in the recently discovered sanctuary of Poseidon at Isthmia. In fact the temples of Apollo at Delphi and Zeus at Olympia mark, as it were, the architectural limits of Pindar's poetic career. Pindar's admiration for these great national sanctuaries and the richness and variety of their ornaments is frequently evident in his writings. Sometimes it is the rows of statues dedicated by graceful victors in memory of their triumphs which suggest his metaphor. He talks for instance of erecting a "Muses' monument of song".[22] He employs the same image to describe the surpassing qualities of his ode which becomes "a monument whiter than Parian marble"[23]. This superiority of song to the other arts finds its fullest expression in yet another metaphor derived from the statues dedicated at one of the great sanctuaries[24]. "No sculptor am I," he sings triumphantly, "that merely produces statues doomed to linger on their pedestals." How Pindar might have expanded the metaphor if he had known of the sad fate of those same statues compared to the renown which his poetry was to win!

Delphi especially seems to have impressed Pindar, as it has impressed others through the ages. His references to Delphi are not only more numerous than his mention of other sites but they are more vivid[25]. Pindar's delight in the sights at Delphi includes not only the natural beauties of the place but also the works of man, whether it be such minutiae as the bronze-mouthed spout of the fountain of Castalia or the impressive array of treasuries which by this time flanked the Sacred Way. It was one such treasury that Pindar clearly had in mind when he wrote Pythian VI as a "treasure house of song" in honour of Xenocrates who had won the chariot race at Delphi[26]. Here too the metaphor stresses the enduring qualities of song in contrast to the treasury of stone perched precariously on the cliff side, ever liable to be swept into the abyss by some winter storm or by some rushing landslide--a fate which most buildings at Delphi were bound to suffer sooner or later. In a manner recalling the "megaron" metaphor of Olympian VI Pindar closes this extended vision of a Delphic treasury with a scene of tranquillity, bringing us back to the lasting worth of a poetic treasury (such as Pindar can bestow) whose forefront "with serene brightness" will proclaim the message of Xenocrates' victory.

While the immediate purpose of the paper was to discuss Pindar's use of the architectural imagery, it should also be remarked in closing that he also makes direct references to architectural features on several occasions[27]. In any case the abundant employment of figures derived from the architecture of his day demonstrates to a remarkable degree

the fact that brilliance in one medium of art can serve to enrich the works of another.

Footnotes

All references to Pindar, except where otherwise indicated, are to the edition of B. Snell (Leipzig: B.G. Teubner, 1953); O = Olympian, P = Pythian, N = Nemean, I = Isthmian.

1. P III, 38. 2. Bacchylides III, 49. 3. O VI, 26. 4. N IX, 2.
5. N V, 53. 6. N X, 27. 7. Fr. 169 (Bergk), cf. also O IX, 86; O XIII, 5.
8. P IV, 138. 9. N II, 4. 10. N I, 8. 11. Fr. 194 (Bergk).
12. P II, 1. 13. Dinsmoor, Amer. Journ. of Archaeol. 38 (1934), pp. 408-448. 14. Literary references in Herodotus, V, 62, and Aristotle, Ath. Pol., XIX, 4. Fullest archaeological account, Homolle, Fouilles de Delphes III, 5 fasc. 19 and La Coste-Messelière, Bulletin de Correspondance Hellénique LXX (1946), pp. 271 ff. 15. O III, 3, O VII, 21. 16. O II, 81.
17 P I, 19. 18. O VIII, 27, cf. also I V, 44-45 where Aegina is also alluded to, but this time as well-built tower. 19. Frs. 87-88 (Bergk).
20. P IV, 267. 21. O VI, 3-4. 22. N VIII, 47. 23. N IV, 81.
24. N V, 1-3. 25. See especially Paean VIII and Pythians, passim.
26. P VI, 7-18, cf. also O VI, 65 for possible reference to Treasuries at Olympia. 27. O XIII, 21, P XI, 4, Fr. 75 (Bergk) - an interesting reference to the agora at Athens.

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MANGLED METAPHORS

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With mangled metaphors, as with almost any other phenomenon, there exists a small body of popular knowledge which is invariably displayed when the opening occurs. Mention mixed metaphors, and someone will knowingly cite the impassioned speaker's peroration: "I smell a rat, I see it floating in the air, I propose to nip it in the bud." Most French examples come from the lips of an imaginary pompous ass by the name of Joseph Prud'homme, who a century ago amused Parisians by his

crystallizations of bourgeois bumbledom. His masterpiece: "Le Char de l'Etat navigue sur un volcan," remains a classic. The term "mangled metaphors" for me covers a considerable multitude of linguistic sins, a few of which I hope to show you by means of abundant examples.

First would be the use of a well worn idiomatic expression by someone who has never really accurately grasped its meaning, and whose use of it consequently produces only an approximate indication of what the speaker probably intended to suggest. As Northrop Frye once phrased it in my hearing: "These people take a few words and throw them in the general direction of an idea." Obviously nothing but vague inaccuracy can result from such a procedure.

For example, while assembling my lunch recently, I pressed the button of the chocolate milk faucet and received a half glassful of milk. I of course trumpeted my dissatisfaction to the waitress who told me to take two half glassfuls. I naturally quoted these instructions to the cashier. She explained that the tank was empty. I scouted the theory of an empty tank since I did receive a half glassful at each attempt. "Well," she retorted, "it's on its last legs." This I contend was a rather slipshod use of an idiom. Similarly vague, I submit, was the thinking of the woman whom I once heard paying tribute to the energy and reliability of a friend. She said enthusiastically: "You don't have to pull the wool over her eyes to get her to a meeting." The hirsute struggle suggested by this tribute seems to me so chaotic as to defy description.

An equally hazy outlook on idioms was, I feel, illustrated by a youthful colleague of mine (not a language man, I hasten to add) who, in the Faculty Lounge, belligerently stated: "I certainly kicked my class over the coals this morning." We all gathered that something violent had occured. I similarly recall another young teacher lamenting a pupil's addiction to physical sports and ruefully saying: "You couldn't keep him away from them with a ten-foot pole." This remark reminds me of the vaudeville comic (I think that it was Ed Wynn) who confessed to owning an eleven-foot pole which he regularly used for touching people whom you wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole. Quite apparently the people responsible for these efforts (using the word responsible very loosely) had never taken the trouble really to learn the exact meaning, or just as important, the precise form of the idioms which they were attempting to use.

Neglect to learn the exact meanings of idioms seems to me to be increasing as more and more people are becoming half educated and consequently perhaps in a position where they feel the need or desire to manipulate the language more daringly and more imaginatively than a really ignorant man would do. They however lack disciplined learning.

More fundamentally, the idiom itself has perhaps become so rounded with use, so conventionalized, that its literal meaning has virtually disappeared. Idioms are actually quite vulnerable in this respect. As ways of life change, familiar and meaningful phenomena may vanish or become so limited and localized as to be mere curiosities. For example the disappearance of the horse has left us with the orphan idiom: "To give free rein to." Students now quite frequently spell rein as reign and I suppose will do so with increasing frequency as the horse recedes farther away from real life.

The simple failure to learn the exact form of an idiom I find even more jarring than not seizing the precise sense. This is because the image is frequently quite changed, usually with more or less ludicrous results for the sensitized listener. A very good example of this sort of blunder came to me from a French lady who was learning English. Wishing to suggest that her interlocutor was attempting to delude and make fun of her she expostulated: "Sir, I think that you are twisting my foot." In English we say: "I think you are pulling my leg." Perhaps she was a very modest soul.

My first theory is, then, that the persons who involve themselves in linguistic morasses are, in general, those who dash headlong into them because they have only an approximate idea of what they really intend to say. They often, as well, launch into their sentences with an incomplete grasp of either the exact form or the precise meaning of the idiom with which they propose to express their hazy conceptions. As Dickens' feckless philosopher Mr. Micawber almost said: "Result, disaster!"

Much more baffling and on occasion quite hilarious are the situations produced when some heroic linguistic bungler (usually in all innocence) seizes upon two somewhat similar idiom forms and, ramming them together in a ruthless telescoping, produces a hybrid, bastard monster which leaves me at least so aghast that I rarely even protest the "cold-blooded murder of the English tongue."

These violences occur in practically every company and can be catalogued, much as Cyrano de Bergerac categorized the commentators on his nose, in a dozen ways. First the descriptive. A voluble but academically ignorant friend of mine, while describing two busy men, said: "They are both tied right up to the ears." An ordinarily intelligent Fourth Year history student once opined in my presence: "Justice in the United States has gone completely to the pots." This I suppose on the theory that every dog has his pot. A Fifth Year Honours English girl derided a critical study which she had read in the damning words: "That is not worth two hills of beans." A mature friend of mine almost startled me under the dinner table as she described a dilapidated car. "It had," she stated, "definitely seen the worse for wear." I was disrespectful enough to copy down that one in her very presence.

The warm tribute in church or service club circles provides a rich source of these hybrid howlers. The genial chairman salutes the feminine dinner visitors saying: "I extend a hearty welcome to you in coming here tonight." Or he lauds two estimable pillars of the ladies' auxiliary for the harmonious nature of their group in this notable jumble: "To that atmosphere these two ladies have played a splendid part." The capper in this line of tribute I culled from a glowing newspaper account of a young local minister's work with his district young people. Praising this worthy clergyman, the writer (obviously blessed with a very shaky sense of direction) wrote: "He is the guiding light behind more than four hundred young people." He might also of course have been a driving force in front of them.

Do not let us forget the condemnatory sally. "He completely knocked the wind out of my sail" struck me as being as good an excuse as any for failure, although it would leave any yachtsman quite nonplussed. "Your explanation is ridiculous," fulminated a bewildered listener, "I can't make hide nor hair of it." Making a silk purse out of a sow's ear would I suppose be quite beyond such a person. "I was furious at him," raged another heavily miffed citizen, "I could have torn him from limb to limb." I guess that would be just as painful as being torn shred from shred.

"A boor," exclaimed an irate friend, "is too often admired and buckled down to." I naturally had to knuckle under to such wrath. "Many people are not really honest;" wrote an earnest Third Year student commenting on the bilious nature of Moliere's misanthropist, "they seem

to be honest before your face, but behind your back they rob you on all sides." Most vivid of all these condemnations is one which fell on my startled ears from the lips of a bristling American lady commenting on Senator MacCarthy and his ways. "We'll just give him enough rope," she snorted, "and let him sink himself." The image of the senator headed for the bottom swathed in a heavy cocoon of cordage seemed an intriguing one to me.

We can however be quite as befuddled in praise as in disapprobation, as is proved by the completely earnest linguistic bumbler who attempted to flatter a friend by ejaculating: "Your generosity exceeds only your good looks." Or the appreciative chairman who praised his committee as follows: "They stand ready to face the challenge with which they are now charged." Obviously a full brother of Mrs. Malaprop, this same chairman completely ratified his sub-committee's actions in the words: "This procedure is excellent, enabling groups to carry their objective through." One wishes the chairman had done the same with his reasoning.

The would-be analytic remark also has its pitfalls. When his committee wondered if their particular request might upset an invited speaker, the chairman jauntily reassured them. "That," he said, "wouldn't faze him two hoots." I suppose that one hoot simply wasn't worth mentioning. A kindly critic summed up his subject of analysis in these gracious words: "He is a man of open mind, able to see both sides of the picture at once." In addition to being open-minded, I would suggest that this paragon must have been blessed with extremely wide-angle vision; or perhaps he was cross-eyed. A student of the classics recapitulated his consideration of Virgil's love poetry by stating: "When it comes to love Virgil goes the last straw." The emphasis on straw suggests that this fellow certainly knew what made Virgil's tick. On the other hand, the essence of hopelessness seems to be distilled by the Job's comforter who warned his friend: "You are only butting your head against a blank wall." Similarly despondent was the victim of eye strain who sadly reported: "I cannot read very much at a long time."

A further special kind of confused remark, one in which negative and affirmative forms are jumbled and ludicrously reversed, may next be illustrated. A rare mixture of irritation and confusion appears in this additional student comment on Moliere's misanthropist. The comment runs: "He is outraged when he loses his lawsuit, for he felt that he didn't stand a chance of losing it." The main emphasis in such self contradicting

hodge-podges is usually one of utter confusion. An earnest old lady describing the splendid outfits of children's clothing prepared by her friends for charitable purposes enthusiastically declared regarding these superlayettes: "If Queen Elizabeth has any better clothes for Prince Andrew, I doubt it."

And now a few membra disjecta of which you may make what you can.

> "Oh yes, it has done a world for me"; "he could not stand for it when critics made bad light of his work"; "he waxed loud and long"; "then came Napoleon's successor who traded in on his name"; "he was making money hand over glove" (Goldfinger, I suppose); "everybody chipped a dollar to give him a present"; "this remark raised a red herring"; "he finally pulled his wits together"; "he decided to fold up up shop"; "that comes by her honestly"; "she is praised to great heights by the poet".

When we wonder why people who are obviously clothed and apparently in their right mind should be guilty of such scandalous treatment of our idiomatic heritage, two general ideas occur to me.

First, I fear that we must admit that our age is marked by a regrettable decrease in respect and admiration regarding fine or even exact expression. People who can begin and coherently end a complete sentence seem to become rarer every hour. But of course individuals who are quite accustomed to flitting from one idea to another in completely irresponsible fashion will obviously experience no difficulty in changing idiomatic horses in mid-sentence.

Secondly, as we have just seen, a sad number of people apparently fail to recognize that our idioms are not merely big words, as it were, but are especially vivid forms usually based on highly specific images. As idioms lose their pristine reality or even literality they become increasingly vulnerable in the mouths of unimaginative speakers. The next development should, to my mind, be the disappearance of the unhappy idiom concerned. In proportion as appreciation of fine and incisive language diminishes, so respect for exact expression probably decreases. I deplore this fact. It may be democracy where every man may speak the thing he will. But surely everyone need not speak it badly. So I raise my voice in protest as did a friend of mine who was asked if a certain action would be taken, and who staunchly retorted: "Not over my dead body!"

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SHAKESPEARE AND THE MEANINGS OF "MEASURE"

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Shakespeare's Measure for Measure has been regarded by various schools of criticism as a "difficult play", a "problem play", an "unpleasant play", a "dark comedy", and, more recently, as a morality play depicting the conflict and reconciliation, in human terms, of the abstract concepts of Justice and Mercy, of the Old Testament law of "an eye for an eye" and the New Testament law of Love. It is all of these, but it is a typical expression of humanism in being much more, and the play's wide-ranging implications are centred on the various connotations of the word "measure".

"Measure" is a unit of length, or area, or quantity, or time. The term is applied to the pattern of rhythm in poetry or music, to a musical melody or "mode", or to a "rest" of specified length. It is the basis of harmony, determined by the "measure" of difference between notes. It is the distance between two fencers, determined by their "reach" when lunging. It is a criterion of evaluation. We take the "measure" of a person when we gauge his abilities or character with a view to what we may expect of him, as Duke Vincentio takes the measure of his deputy, Angelo, in Scenes i and iii of Act I. "Measure" is a rule of judgement, as in Sidney's translation of Psalm vi, "Lord, let not thy rage of my due punishment become the measure." It is the standard of what is commensurate or adequate or duly proportioned, especially as applied to the satisfaction of appetites, as the NED informs us. It is also symmetry. "Measure is that which perfecteth all things", writes Hooker in Book V of his Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity. We observe "measure" when we are moderate or restrained in action, and among Shakespeare's contemporaries the word was synonymous with "temperance". "Measure is a merry mean" according to Richard Redeless, and "He that forsaketh measure, measure forsaketh him" is one of the proverbs included in Fergusson's collection of maxims, published in 1598. Shakespear uses the word in all of the above senses: as moderation or

temperance in the opening lines of Antony and Cleopatra--"Nay, but this dotage of our general's/O'erflows the measure", as the pattern of music and dancing at the Capulet's ball, where Romeo and his friends intend to "measure them a measure and be gone." (I, iv, 10) Frequently he plays on the meanings of the word, as in "Justice always whirls in equal measure" (LLL, iv, iii, 384) or in the invitation to the dance at the close of As You Like It --

> Play, music, and you brides and bridegrooms all,
> With measure heaped in joy, to the measures fall.
> (V, iv, 184-5)

The play's title is an obvious allusion to Matthew 7; 2:

> For with what judgement ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you again.

In the context of the play, as in the Sermon on the Mount, the significance of the phrase "measure for measure" is not limited to a statement of the principle of poetic justice, proverbially associated with retribution rather than with the love of one's enemies. The play's resolution clearly demonstrates the superiority of "grace" over the "justice" of the lex talionis.

In addition to the Christion concept of "Grace", however, Shakespeare is here concerned with classical concepts of public and private virtue as set forth in the works of Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero, and in the innumerable commentaries on them. For Aristotle, "general justice", is the supreme virtue. It is distinguished from though it does not exclude retributive justice, restitution and equity. Like the other Aristotelean virtues, general justice is founded on "measure" in the sense of moderation. It is "perfect virtue because it prectises perfect virtue", according to the Ethics, and,

> It is perfect in a special way, because the man who possesses justice is capable of practising it towards a second party and not merely in his own case . . . So the saying of Bias, "Office will prove the man" has found favour with the world. For to accept office is to enter into relations with others and to become one

> member of an association. And for just this reason -- that a relation is established with others -- justice is the only virtue which is regarded as benefiting someone else than its possessor.

This is very close to Duke Vincentio's words on justice and office in the expository scenes of Act I, and especially in his charge to Angelo as he turns over his authority to him as deputy during his absence:

> Thyself and thy belongings
> Are not thine own so proper as to waste
> Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
> Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
> Not light them for ourselves; for if our virtues
> Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
> As if we had them not. (I. i. 30-35)

Later, the Duke asserts that "the office will prove the man":

> I have on Angelo imposed the office
> . . . .
> . . . . Hence, we shall see
> If power change purpose, what these seemers be.
> (I, iii, 40-55)

Aristotle's "Justice" is a public virtue, the private counterpart of which is "Temperance". The play poses certain questions regarding the nature and function of both Justice and Temperance, and in the end denies that "measure" alone, either in the sense of "an eye for an eye" or in that of the ideal mean which is a balance of opposites, can suffice to establish and maintain perfect peace, order and good government in the commonwealth or the individual soul. Ultimate harmony, that peace which passeth all understanding, is the gift of God's grace, that Mercy which is not strained to any set "measure" and is the bounty of the supreme Christian virtue of love, the one virtue which transcends the law of the mean. But while Shakespeare never loses sight of this higher frame of reference, of those patterns of perfection, both Christian and Platonic, laid up in heaven, he does not resolve his dramatic conflict by turning corrupt Vienna into a Utopia, nor its rakes, bawds and other citizens who

fall short of the glory of God into saints. In the temporal world, only an imperfect image of the ideal is attainable. Therefore he sets about to create an approximation or semblance of Plato's celestial harmony in state and individual by modulating their discordant elements towards a centre of reconciliation.

The process is most clearly demonstrated in the pattern of characterization and its development. The pattern is the dialectical one of excess, defect, and balance as related to sexual appetite in the private, justice in the public sphere. The appointment of Angelo provides for the inter-relationship of these themes. On the one hand his strict administration of the laws may be expected to counterbalance Duke Vincentio's former laxity and restore the climate of opinion in Vienna to that respect for law and order in which "measure" in the exercise of authority can prevail. On the other, his reputation for an almost puritanical chastity counterbalances the notorious sexual license of Vienna's citizens, and his rule may be expected to lead them back to the paths of righteousness by precept and example as well as the exercise of authority. Theoretically, this is all very sound, but complications develop when, in the private sphere, Angelo's nature swings from one extreme to the other, undergoing not a modification but an insurrection.

In the Ethics Aristotle defines Temperance as the mean between the excess of overindulgence and the defect of insensibility, which are the opposed poles of intemperance. Temperance is the moderate gratification of natural physical appetites in the proper time and at the proper place. Over-indulgence is defined as having two sub-categories, incontinency and licentiousness, the latter a persisting predisposition to the immoderate gratification of the senses which is more properly called "intemperance". Incontinence is a less serious departure from the mean, since it is not a habit but an occasional lapse to which the reason does not assent. The true intemperance of license, on the other hand, is incurable. It is an excess so much a part of the individual's natural composition as to be a largely unconscious habit, a natural unnaturalness, unaccompanied by guilt since the reason, being weak or corrupt, does not tell this type of intemperate man that his action is wrong. There is hope, however, for the incontinent man, whose reason can be appealed to. He must strive to establish the habit of temperance and to maintain it with fortitude, and if he succeeds he is more virtuous than his opposite in intemperance, the insensible man, though less consistently continent. In

achieving restraint he has overcome a natural disposition to excess, while the insensible man who remains continent has merely followed his own bent and done nothing to remedy his defect. Such a man cannot be called truly temperate; however free he may be from license, he has failed to achieve "measure" in his gratification of appetite.

Claudio, the first victim of the newly resurrected "law against lovers", is not licentious but merely incontinent. He knows that his error is an error, and that his restraint by the law, as he freely admits when Lucio questions him on his way to prison, is the result of his lack of self-restraint. His friend Lucio, on the other hand, suffers from Aristotle's true intemperance of license. His excess is ingrained, and is reinforced by accompanying defects of prudence and responsibility. That he regards sexual gratification as both a pleasure-giving and a natural activity and does not recognize that it is so only within bounds is indicated by his reply to Isabella's query as to the nature of the charge against her brother Claudio:

> ...that for which, if I myself might be his judge,
> He should receive his punishment in thanks.
> He hath got his friend with child. (I, iv, 27-29)

Isabella has just arrived at a nunnery to commence her novitiate but has not yet formally entered it. Her first words to the sister who has welcomed her and informed her of the convent's rules about conversation with the opposite sex mark her as occupying an ethical position at the opposite pole from that of Lucio and his associates:

> Isa. And have you nuns no further privileges?
> Franc. Are not these large enough?
> Isa. Yes, truly, I speak not as desiring more,
> But rather wishing a more strict restraint.
> (I, iv, 1-4)

Angelo's reputation, which he himself is convinced is a just one until events prove that it is not, gives evidence that he is defective in sensibility. His blood is said to be "very snow-broth"; he will scarcely admit that it flows, or that his appetite "is more to bread than stone." Lucio states bluntly that Angelo "never feels / The wanton strings and motions of the sense". (I, iv, 58-61)

In his public function as in his private morality, Angelo proves himself excessive in rigidity and deficient in humanity. For him moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue, and his interpretation of the meaning of justice is wholly legalistic. In this, as in his negative sexual virtue and later, his positive sexual vice, he knows no "measure".

The interesting thing about the play's underworld characters is that, in addition to providing the humour of the play, they arouse our sympathy. The appetites which man shares with the animals are as much a part of his nature as the soul which marks his kinship with the angels, and no amount of "correction" and pulling down of houses can alter that fundamental fact, as Pompey, their spokesman, points out in his own defence. Mrs. Overdone's brothel and Isabella's convent are equidistant from the centre of temperance, towards which both abuse and denial of the sexual appetite must be modified.

The rapprochement begins when Lucio, the 'vice', visits Isabella, the protagonist of chastity, to inform her that her brother has just been arrested on a morals charge. "Hail, virgin!" is Lucio's greeting as the representatives of the extreme of restraint and the extreme of license confront each other. Having informed Claudio's sister of the seriousness of his situation, Lucio takes her to Angelo to plead for her brother's life, in a scene which further demonstrates the deficient sensibility and the legalistic bias of both judge and petitioner.

In the first moments of her audience, Isabella's pleading seems half-hearted. Hesitantly she introduces the parallel between human and divine justice by asking Angelo to let the fault, and not her brother, be condemned. When this plea fails, Isabella beseeches Angelo to show Claudio that mercy he might desire in similar circumstances. In response, he displays once more the resentment he had shown when Escalus suggested that even he might be capable of sin and thus have need of mercy. He attempts to dismiss Isabella with the rebuke, "Your brother is a forfeit of the Law / And you but waste your words." At the word "forfeit" Isabella takes fire and launches into her famous speech beginning, "Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once." Her embarrasment disappears when the question is no longer one of chastity _versus_ sexual license but the larger one of justice _versus_ mercy. Isabella shows herself to be capable of passion as well as eloquence in her angry and scornful attack on the _hubris_ of the man who enjoys playing the role not of a loving but of a vengeful God. She ends

by extenuating her brother's fault as precisely what it is, a "natural guiltiness" to which even an Angelo might be liable -- how liable we discover immediately after her departure.

Both representatives of negative virtue have moved one step from the extreme of insensibility. Isabella's anger has proved her capable of passion, and the flesh, whose relevance to her concerns she has attempted to deny, has fulfilled, though she is not yet aware of it, its natural feminine function of attracting a man. Angelo, in succumbing to natural if reprehensible desire, has ceased to be a walking iceberg. But Angelo's nature perverts the "right, true ends of love." Lust and guilt are not the only aspects of his nature revealed in his soliloquy of agonized self-appraisal. What is shocking about his surrender to fleshly desire is that his desire cannot be transmuted into love because it cannot rise above himself. He has fallen in love with the female counterpart of his god-like self-image, and his desire for Isabella is not a true "going forth" of love but merely a projection of his self-enchantment. His second soliloquy, immediately preceeding Isabella's second visit, expresses remorse without repentance. Fallen angel as he is, his pride will not let him accept his imperfections as the measure of his kinship with common humanity. He is still a man of extremes. If he cannot be an angel he will become a devil, taking as his private text, "Evil, be thou my good", and in public, writing "good angel on the devil's horn."

As Angelo's perception of his own depravity had resulted in an outburst of self-disgust, so Isabella's enlightenment as to his intentions results in an outrage which knows no measure. Her "Lawful mercy / Is nothing kin to foul redemption" is sound enough doctrine, but her "More than our brother is our chastity" marks her as sharing in Angelo's self-righteousness and her virtue, like Angelo's love, as self-regarding.

Meanwhile, Duke Vincentio, disguised as a friar, has been admonishing Claudio to "Be absolute for death!" As Duke, he has no intention of permitting such a miscarriage of justice as allowing Claudio to die for consummating his marriage prematurely, but as friar he recognizes that Claudio's love of the pleasures of the world and the flesh is excessive and that his imbalance needs correction through understanding of the vanity of temporal pleasures in the frame of reference of eternity. When he learns what bitter medicine of hope is left him, Clausio's weakness, his terror of the physical aspects of death, demonstrate his need of the Duke's

instruction. Isabella's bitter denunciation of Claudio for daring to weigh his life against her honour demonstrates that she finds it easier to preach than to practise charity. Isabella's mercy is still theoretical; it has not proved itself by "going forth" of her.

But the Duke has a remedy for them both. Love, which according to Plato brought order out of chaos by tempering into harmony the opposition of the elements, will also bring order to Vienna by bringing excess and defect into the measure of temperance. Mariana, the maid to whom Angelo has been betrothed and whom he has deserted, agrees to take Isabella's place in the midnight assignation with Angelo which is the price of Claudio's life. Mariana's is the love which is beyond measure, which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." She is not a part of the life of Vienna, but lives in a country house or "grange" which, as is mentioned twice, is located at St. Luke's. The reason for this iteration is apparent when we turn from St. Matthew's version of the Sermon on the Mount, so frequently alluded to in *Measure for Measure*, to St. Luke's. Both include the command, "Love your enemies!", but the latter is more emphatic about the necessity of forgiveness and demands a more generous "good measure" of love -- a measure "pressed down, shaken together, and running over." (*Luke*, 6: 38)

It is only when Isabella can identify herself with Mariana in another context than that of the bed-trick, when she can kneel with her to sue for Angelo as she had once sued to him for her brother, that righteousness and mercy are reconciled in her heart.

At the end of Act IV the Duke, meeting Isabella, tells her bluntly that in spite of Mariana's willing sacrifice of her "honour", Angelo has given order for Claudio's death. Immediately after breaking the news he seemingly offers her an opportunity for vengeance, though his words can bear another interpretation. He urges her to lay her grievances before the Duke, whose return is imminent, and continues:

> If you can, pace your wisdom
> In that good path that I would wish it go,
> And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
> Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
> And general honour. (IV, iii, 147-51)

In intention, this speech is parallel to the Duke's charge to Angelo to administer justice in Vienna "as to your soul seems good." Isabella will demand such justice as is imaged in her bosom, such vengeance as will reflect her heart. It is not enough, for the Duke's purposes or Shakespeare's, that she excuse the insult of an *attempted* seduction; she must also forgive Angelo for an injury she believes him to have actually committed. For this reason she must be convinced of Claudio's death.

In resuming his authority the Duke accepts the responsibilities of his office. During the course of the play he has become what Escalus had called him earlier, a "gentleman of all temperance", but he has also learned to accept the world, with all its imperfections, as *his* world, for which he, in common with but to a greater degree than its other citizens, is responsible. He has learned Prospero's lesson that "the life removed", however much he may love it, is not for the governor. He knows now, thanks to Lucio, that calumny is a hazard of office and is ready to accept the uncomfortable consequences of fortitude in firm but moderate rule. It is in terms of responsibility and moderation in governor and governed that he proceeds to bring about the various resolutions of the denouement.

Among the characters, each extreme is confronted with its opposite, with which, conditioned and modified by the various "probations" of the play, it is now in a state to be reconciled. Those who accept this reconciliation, and their own responsibility for their actions, according to the degree of their acceptance are pardoned or rewarded. Those who do not, notably Lucio, have responsibility thrust upon them, but in a spirit of restitution rather than retribution.

Angelo, whose conception of justice is still the rigid one of "measure for measure", is redeemed by a double grace -- the Grace of Providence, which, through the agency of the Duke, has prevented him from actually committing the intended evil, and the imputed grace of love, which forgives even his trespasses of intention. The "bed-trick", which had made him guilty of the precise fault for which he had condemned Claudio and saved him from the greater sin of enforced violation of Isabella's chastity, is also the means of revealing to him the image and instrument of heavenly justice in Mariana's love and Isabella's forgiveness.

To those on stage, who are unaware of the facts, the Duke's sentence on Angelo:

> We do condemn thee to the very block
> Where Claudio stooped to death, and with like haste.
> (V, i, 419-420)

is indeed "measure for measure", and as such Angelo accepts it. When Mariana begs Isabella to join her in pleading for Angelo's pardon, the Duke insists that such importunity is "against all sense" (i.e., it is both unnatural and illogical) and warns Isabella that if she should "kneel down in mercy of this fact" her brother's spirit would rise from its grave in horror, since Angelo "dies for Claudio's death". But in spite of this appeal not only to her natural feelings but to her sense of righteousness and, perhaps, self-righteousness as well, Isabella does kneel down.

Significantly, she begins her speech by acknowledging that without either intent or act on her part, she is in part responsible for Angelo's offense, by reason of being what she is, not "a thing enskied and sainted" as Lucio had termed her, but a woman. In doing so, Isabella accepts the flesh as part of man's nature and asserts her identity with humanity in flesh as well as spirit. It is true that her growth in grace has made her more than ever fitted to become the bride of Christ, but as a comedy, Measure for Measure is concerned with earthly felicity, and as allegory, with the reconciliation of the earthly with the heavenly. Therefore, the suggestion that she is to marry the Duke should not shock us if we have been paying attention to what the play is about. The fifth-act marriages are symbols of the reconciliation of extremes in the harmony in which "measure answers measure", a reconciliation by which an ethical polity may be established in Vienna, as well as the reconciliation of divine justice and human error. Love is here, as in The Symposium, the mediator between God and Man, marriage the image of the spiritual union between Christ and the body of his church. The conclusion of Measure for Measure is patterned after Plato's celestial harmony as described in the Timaeus, composed not "of elements which are still in a state of discord", but of "differing notes of higher and lower pitch, which disagreed once" and "are now reconciled." This play, then, has a double frame of reverence -- the eternal and heavenly, which is beyond measure, and the temporal and earthly, in which "measure", in all its senses, is the means to harmony.