TIME & ETERNITY IN YEATS' "BYZANTIUM" POEMS

Allan Blondé

> Sometimes looking through the wrong end of the telescope can be fun.
>
> —Rev. Joseph Casey, S. J.

We critical readers are in a strange profession. Literary artists spend their lives collecting their impressions and thoughts, compressing and finally distilling them into diamond bright expressions of compact suggestion; and we approach these multi-meaning integrals of the imagination, armed with our scalpels, eager to begin a dismemberment of the living tissue and an investigation of the bits and pieces. Why do we do it? Mostly because there's a delight in the process itself; taking things apart and seeing them from another perspective can be fun; but let's not forget that when we do this we are looking through the wrong end of the telescope. And it's our responsibility to our readers to make it clear that the comments we make can not substitute for or approach the value of the work of art we are talking about. Our comments serve only in so far as they sensitize our readers to the riches that can be found therein and refer them back to the work of art from which they flow.

When dealing with a source as compact as the two short Byzantium poems by Yeats, it's easy to make this reference for the reader by providing him with the poems themselves. Thus, before the discussion of each stanza of the two poems I am concerned with in this essay I have reproduced that part of the poem being discussed. These reproductions of the primary source can serve as a convenience to the reader who is not thoroughly familiar with the poems and/or as a way of swinging the telescope around from time to time to get a look through the right end.

"Sailing To Byzantium"

(1)

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

The complex nature of William Butler Yeats' vision of the world of time is unmistakably and peremptorily outlined in the opening line of the poem "Sailing to Byzantium," which he completed in 1926. The authoritative protest that "That is no country for old men" not only immediately signals a recognition of a central dichotomy in the world, one between old men and young men, but also implies a disjuncture between the world as 'that' and another world as 'this.'

That country, the world of the young and for the young, is the world of tactile sensuality and of sexual passion. It is a world of "The young in one another's arms," a world which, as Yeats identifies it in the first stanza of the poem, "falls" out of Eden-like innocence and is "crowded" with "flesh," "caught" and "sensual." The passionate and multiple nature of that world is reinforced by the image of the season in which salmon spawn, wherein the salmon falls exhausted yet not before it has begotten new life. The sexual rhythm thus identified is in a larger sense the rhythm of life itself. For Yeats the passionate engagement of the young is the microcosmic parallel to the larger world of "Whatever is begotten, born, and dies." In that country any harmony of the energies in movement suggested by the initial image of the young in one another's arms is overshadowed

by the implication that the rhythm of sexual encounters, a specific component of the world's rhythm, rests upon a ground of opposition, and is constituted by the emergence of conflicting opposites, "Those dying-generations," a phrase which Unterecker obseves is one in which "birth and death are compressed remarkably."[1]

While the world of the young is filled with energy and opposition it is also antithetically a world of neglect. Since it is a world where "Caught in that sensual music all neglect monuments of unageing intellect," it lays its permimeters around the world of the senses, to the exclusion of all rhythms and occurrences beyond that world. Embroiled in their commitment to the present experience, to the world of time, the dynamic and sexually passionate young are unable to transcend "whatever is," or to move to a non-temporal vantage point.

In sum, then, "that country" is a world deprived of the repose, harmony and integration sought after by the old attempting to perceive the eternal, aesthetic "Monuments of unageing intellect" and by all those who are attempting to arrive at a Weltanschauung or unified vision of the world. It is a world that offers no comfort to the narrator or to the poet behind him who was sixty-five years old at the time of writing this poem.

Yeats prepares the reader to ascend to this judgment about the world of the young and to make the transition into another world most cunningly. First he presents the most tactile image of the stanza, "the young in one another's arms." Yet immendiately the sensuality of that image is diminished by the addition of the appositive and allusive "birds in the trees," an image which moves the reader away from attention to the sensuality of the reference to touch and first to the more abstract sense of sight and second to the even more evanescent sound of their song. Second, Yeats adds to the acquisition of this judgment in the reader's mind by the crafty selection of the image of salmon and mackerel. As a less sensuous, more mundane and less harmonious analogue to the romantic youths

it lacks the allurement of that initial image. In addition, a step towards the abstract is taken by the introduction of the generic terms "Fish, flesh, and fowl" who engage in the appropriately generalized activities of being begotten, being born, and dying. As the stanza concludes the reader is presented with the ambiguity of the image-concept of "Monuments of unageing intellect" and with this the progression from the sensual world of time bound tactile reality to one of eternal, idealized and abstract intellect is well under way.

A further point to note, also of import when considering how Yeats maneuvers the reader's consent in the first stanza, is that the ambivalence between "that" country, the world of time, and another country, the world of eternity, is proposed at the very opening of the poem; and despite the narrator later describing himself in the third stanza as still having a heart "sick with desire," he is here at the outset engaged in sharing a judgment of intellect with the reader. The narrator is able to make true judgments because he is no longer under the domination of the sensual appetites; and Yeats via the presentation of this poem-monument also seeks to pursuade the reader of the wisdom of that judgment.

(2)

An aged man is but a paltry thing,
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing
For every tatter in its mortal dress,
Nor is there singing school but studying
Monuments of its own magnificence;
And therefore I have sailed the seas and come
To the holy city of Byzantium.

The second stanza of the poem begins with a clear statment of the problem that confronts the old in the world of the young. With the same simplicity of diction that was found in

the initial image of the first stanza the poem, an old man is portrayed here as "A tattered coat upon a stick." This scare-crow image, as Unterecker identifies it,[2] is not only indicative of the complete withdrawal of the old man from the world of action and passion inhabited by the young, but also indicates that the procession through the world of time and experience has exacted its toll from the man. He is at once isolated not only from the romantic communion of the young but even from the less alluring, yet still active and crowded lives of those occupying the seas of change. Time "tattered" by the winds of change he is even too effete in his scarecrow habit to engage in a confrontation with the lesser energies of the young in their semblance as the "birds in the trees."

The old man's situation, albeit lacking the energies of the young, is not hopeless. The process of birth-death does not absolutely bind one's destiny. As Ellmann argues, "There is always a means of escape from the prison of the antinomies."[3] The way out is not explicated by Yeats; rather it is simply posited. Suddenly and in contradistinction to what has gone before it, Yeats indicates a possible turning point in the man's journey through life by ending the second line of the stanza with the word "unless." In the third line of the stanza Yeats moves the reader into a new and possible world: unless "Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing." This image at once recalls the Psalmist's injunction to "Clap your hands and sing to the Lord," and, in its implied paradoxical meeting of spirit and matter, the Zen koan "What is the sound of one hand clapping?" Moreover, it suggests the existence of a Neitzschean self-will by which the soul is able to move beyond the antinomies of youthful action and old age stasis.

In the following lines the soul engages in self appreciation, studying itself in its multifarious splendor, the "Monuments of its own magnificence." Unlike the school of mackerel which crowd together, moving only in response to the movements of each other, or some other outside the school, "There is no

singing school" for the soul to join with or to be prompted by into this action. It is self-motivated and self-initiated. Yet like the mackerel and the young, who move through the crowded seas in the first stanza of the poem, the self-willed, self-analyzing movement is also a process, a journey through the eternal flux of the seas; and at the end of the journey stands the great city of Byzantium, symbol for the journey's end and the place where the narrator, now speaking of himself for the first time, in an act of Joycean epiphany,[4] has traveled.

Elsewhere Yeats elucidates the meaning here by commenting on the meaning of Byzantium, the great eastern city founded by the Greeks in the seventh century B.C., chosen by the Roman Emperor Constantine in the fourth century as the cite for Constantinople, gaining prominence under the Emperor Justinian (518-27) and reaching its zenith about the year one thousand. Yeats says:

> I think if I could be given a month of Antiquity and leave to spend it where I choose, I would spend it in Byzantium a little before Justinian opened St. Sophia and closed the Academy of Plato. I think I could find in some little wine shop some philosopher worker in mosaic who could answer all my questions, the supernatural descending nearer to him than to Plotinus even[5]

and:

> I think that in early Byzantium, maybe, never before or since, in recorded history, religious, aesthetic, and practical life were one.[6]

For Yeats it would appear that unlike the world in which the young with their physical passion and the old with their spent energies are ever apart, Byzantium is the place where the

cleavage between these existences does not exist.

Because of Yeats' use of Byzantium as the central symbol of the poem Unterecker sees the poem as an historical commentary, wherein the modern world is portrayed as a world of greater conflict than the more harmonious world of Byzantium.[7] Yeats' view of history supports this argument, but as Ellmann observes, each human soul recapitulates within itself the whole development of civilization.[8] For this reason, as well as because the problem that the poem presents in the first two stanzas is responded to by one person, the narrator, whose soul is urged to do what is literally impossible, we can dismiss reading the text as outlining either a longing to regress into history or an attempt to travel to some remote land untroubled by the ills of the modern world. No, rather the journey to Byzantium must be read as journey of the psyche into the inner world of the imagination.

A question remains about the identity of the person making the journey to Byzantium. There is no equation made or suggested between the "I" traveler and either the energetic young or the old man in the poem. While the specific identity of the traveler is revealed only later in the poem, the implied dichotomy, already mentioned, between "that" country and this one suggests that the "I" is an inhabitant of this other world, a world in which the occupant has arrived at an overview of the character of the world of time, and, not liking what he sees, has set sail to Byzantium.

(3)

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

The world of Byzantium is, like the world portrayed in the first two stanzas, a world that embraces opposites, but unlike that other world it is not a succession of opposites in time, where each manifestation cancels out the last and is canceled out by the next. Byzantium, as it is portrayed in the third stanza of Yeats' poem and outlined by him in the comments already cited, is rather an eternal world of simultaneously existing opposites. The "sages" who occupy this new world are those who have made the journey by exercising the imagination, already described as an act of the will, entailing the soul clap its hands and sing. They, like the narrator, have sailed to Byzantium which is an apparently passive journey by sailboat, with sole reliance on the external wind to drive it forward. However, this too can also be understood as an act in which the driving force of the unseen wind which takes them to their destination is an archetype for the all pervading spirit, that internal force the coming of which signals the beginning of a new communal life.[9] In this case, the reader may understand that the journey and the journeyer are, like that of Odysseus and his odyssey, one and the same.

In stanza three the sages who have escaped the world of recurrence to settle in the world of paradoxical unity stand unchanged in the always changing holy fire. Like the burning bush from which Yahweh spoke to Moses, giving Moses the law that would bring both unity and stability to the diversity of the babbling crowds below, and which would be an alternative to the counterfeit golden god which the Isrealites had fashioned for themselves, these sages stand in a golden mosaic. They inhabit a world that possesses the great stability of a "wall" and the boundless energy of "fire," a "mosaic," paradoxically embodying the unity of one picture yet comprised of thousands of tiny bits.

With the third line of this stanza the narrator begins the petition which will occupy him for the remainder of the third

stanza. Here the narrator petitions the sages, and the reader is compelled to infer, on the basis of what has already transpired in the poem, that this is an act of the soul petitioning itself. If this is true then Yeats' idea of the soul is consistent with his notion of the complexity of all things. Not only are there the many standing figures within the one mosaic image that is the soul, but Yeats makes use here of one of the images he frequently uses, that of the gyre, to indicate both the unity and the opposition that exists between the standing sages and the petitioner.

The petition made beginning in the third line of the stanza is for a more complete unity between that facet of the soul which is at one end of the gyre, the "I" not yet gathered into the mosaic, and those who exists at the other end, the sages, those elements of the psyche that have already attained an integretion of action and stability, of multiplicity and oneness. The hoped for process by which this will be realized is reminiscent of the celebrated observation of St. Augustine that "God became man in order that man might become God." The narrator wishes the sages to descend the "gyre" so they might unfasten him from the "dying animal" to which he is still "fastened" and "gather" him into the mosaic structure, the creation of the mind, the "artifice" which is at once the visual work or art on the mosaic wall and eternity which it symbolizes.

Appropriate to the intellectual position of the narrator, now identifying himself in part as the "dying animal," the principal image which describes the narrator's vision, his consciousness of eternity, is visual rather than tactile, a vision of "sages standing... on a wall." To strengthen that impression, however, the image is made more substantial first by an allusion to the auditory, the song which will be sung first by "the singing-masters" then by "the soul;" and second, by the presentation of an image that is most powerful not only because of its tactile alussion to the fire, but also because of its being an analogy to the religious idea of a purgatorial transubstantiation of the soul,

the narrator asks that his heart be "consumed away," because it is "fastened to a dying animal." With this ambiguity, the fire which consumes not the body but the soul, the senses have been synthesized, and "gathered ...Into the artifice of eternity."

Last, by the use of the esoteric symbol of the "gyre," and the cryptic verb "perne," as well as by the selection of the spatially and temporally remote city of Byzantium to inscribe the process, Yeats indicates the elite nature of the situation. To gain entrance to Byzantium one must be a person of imaginative vision.

(4)

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

The fourth and last stanza of the poem is, in its essence, a departure from what has gone before it. Up to this point the narrator has been speaking about what he has experienced, either in the past, in the physical world as a young man or old man, or in the present, in the Byzantium world of the imagination. The unique value of the world of the imagination, as it has been outlined, is that it has the ability to descend into the world still fastened, earthbound, to passing time, and to transform the crowded chaotic seas of experience into an eternal mosaic, the aesthetic world of order.

In this respect Yeats' portrait of the imagination largely conforms to the nineteenth century Romantic idea that the imagination is a refining process which acts upon the world of raw experience, transforming it from a world of divided energies

into a harmonious yet still dynamic pattern. The question of what happens when the process is completed and he who was in the world is freed from his natural body remains. In the fourth stanza the redeeming struggle is finished; the product, gloriously titanic in the making, begins to diminish in value when fully finished. In a world now outside of time, where past, present and future are one, some dynamism remains, but in the harmonious world of the completed work of art, the voice speaks only loud enough "To keep a drowsy Emperor awake" or to entertain and enlighten with its singing those already possessing a refined sensitivity, the "lords and ladies of Byzantium."

Time, the preoccupations of time and those occupations time neglects, the ravages of time and the uses of time as movements to eternity, as well as the relation of the world of time to the world of eternity– these are the themes that Yeats explores in "Sailing to Byzantium." In all but this last motif, there is a certain confidence resulting from the movement forward; but in the last of these, the vigour of eternity in all its splendor, yet essentially static and passive, is laid bare as tarnished. Yeats' reluctance to commit himself entirely to the static world of the completed image is not only indicated by what transpires in the last stanza, but is already prepared for by the enticing images used earlier to outline moments of time in the preceeding stanzas. Lionel Trilling has commented on this point, stating that:

> we can not read the first stanza of "Sailing to Byzantium" without being made aware of the poet's ambivalence towards nature, of how deeply Yeats loves what he says he has rejected.[10]

In the end the reader comes away from the poem feeling deprived of a sustaining vision of the afterlife in eternity. Yeats, too, surely must have felt this loss; and four years after

the completion of "Sailing to Byzantium" he attempted to address the problem in a companion poem which he named "Byzantium" (1930).

Byzantium

(1)

The unpurged images of day recede;
The Emperor's drunken soldiery are abed;
Night resonance recedes, night-walkers' song
After great cathedral gong;
A starlit or a moonlit dome disdains
All that man is,
All mere complexities,
The fury and the mire of human veins.

In this poem Yeats continues to explore the relationship of the imaginative world of eternity to the physical world of time. Tacitly, yet secifically, he addresses himself to the difficulty that "Sailing to Byzantium" implied but did not resolve.

The argument in "Byzantium." proceeds upon somewhat parallel lines to that in "Sailing to Byzantium." Just as the first poem opened with a picture of the complexity of the physical world, with its unsuitability to the conscious organizer, "Byzantium," yet with much greater emphasis on the unseemly, also opens with a description of the physical world. It is a negative world filled with "unpurged images" and "drunken soldiery," a world of "mere complexity" which contains in its channels a "fury" of passion and blood receding into the "mire" of stagnation. In this world a "night walkers' song," itself a resonance of the ringing gong of the great cathedral bell and symbolic of the inner world of the active imagination, must "recede" and the great unifying dome, moonlit or starlit, also suggestive of the world of the imagination, must disdain; yet it does so ineffectively, since Yeats' employment of the conjunction "or" indicates a disdain too weak to be clearly observed.

All is negative here. Unlike the first stanza of "Sailing to Byzantium," where the energies of the young are engaged in physically passionate yet romantic interlocking, no romance exists here; and it is clear that Yeats possesses none of the ambivalence here that he felt in the other poem towards the world of time.

(2)

Before me floats an image, man or shade,
Shade more than man, more image than a shade;
For Hades' bobbin bound in mummy-cloth
May unwind the winding path;
A mouth that has no moisture and no breath
Breathless mouths may summon;
I hail the superhuman;
I call it death-in-life and life-in-death.

In the second stanza the narrator scrutinizes an image before him. Three possibilities are offered to its identity. It may be a man, such as a soldier pictured in the first stanza, still inhabiting the body; it may be a "shade," that is, an insubstantial soul, detached from its natural body and not yet inhabiting a new form;[11] or it may by an image, a substantive product created by the imagination. These possibilities lend a new character to the city of Byzantium and that for which it stands. Unlike the place inhabited by the static transformation depicting a completed work of art in the last stanza of "Sailing to Byzantium," in this new vision Byzantium is a place where the purgatorial process enacted by the imagination is continually taking place and, consequently, it is a place where one might observe a psyche at any stage in that process. As such, Byzantium is not a far off place to which one might sail. Rather, as Yeats see it with Buddhist clarity, it is the other face of the here and now, the world of time.

While three possibilites about the status of the viewed

object exist, the narrator onlooker concludes it to be "more image than a shade." This recongnition is based on the realization that to the narrator, who has attained the higher level of consciousness known as the creative imagination, what looks like a shade, "death-in-life," may be seen as "life-in-death." What looks static and mummified may, at once both doer and receiver, like Jesus the summoner and Lazurus the summoned, "unwind the winding path," the "mummy cloth," the experiential tape of its past existence,[12] disentangle the complexity of the experiential world, and thereby release the energies bound in that labyrinth of confused activity, or impeded in time-bound death; and may, at the last, "summon" forth new life.

Undercutting the dominantly optimistic thrust of this stanza is Yeats' use of the word "May," paralleling his use of the word "unless" in "Sailing to Byzantium;" perhaps serving here as a warning to those waiting for a passively received vision of eternity, as well as serving as an indication of Yeats' epistemology of imaginative possibility. Only through self-assertion, the use of freedom and imagination to decide the identity of what appears before us, may we attain the artist's vision and realize the object before us as the image of the eternal "life-in-death." Thus, the truth about what "is" does, indeed, for Yeats, exist in the creative eye of the beholder.

In one respect the imaginative vision presented here differs significantly from what Yeats presented in "Sailing to Byzantium." In that poem the act of transcending the limitations of time is presented as a movement forward in time, a sailing to the city of Byzantium; and, once there, a request is made to be unfastened from and leave behind the "dying animal," the scared body of past experiences. In this poem, however, imaginative vision is attained in a manner consistent with the great Romantic visionaries. Past experience and the world of the dying animal are not abandoned in order to move into some other highly refined existence. There is no sailing here. There is nowhere to go. In the often quoted words of Alan Watts, "This is it!"[13] For

those who opt to unwind the mummy cloth of past experience eternity presents itself now.

(3)

Miracle, bird or golden handiwork,
More miracle than bird or handiwork,
Planted on the star-lit golden bough,
Can like the cocks of Hades crow,
Or, by the moon embittered, scorn aloud,
In glory of changeless metal
Common bird or petal
And all complexities of mire or blood.

The third stanza of this poem returns us to the image of the bird "set upon the golden bough to sing" appearing in the fourth stanza of "Sailing to Byzantium." However, unlike that bird and paralleling the declamatory mood of the first stanza of this poem, the bird here sings no light entertinment for drowsy people. Nor does it concern itself with the dimensions of time as a sequence, "Of what is past, or passing, or to come," except to crow against them like "Hades' cocks"[14] or to openly scorn the chaotic complexity of the naturnal world of "blood and mire." Nor can this bird be understood, as it was possible to do with the bird in "Sailing to Byzantium," as nothing more, perhaps even less attractive than a bird of the natural world. Yeats makes it quite clear that this bird, like the Holy Spirit often envisioned as a bird, is neither a bird of the natural world nor a mere physically made effigy of that bird. Instead, it is a dynamic vision, a "Miracle," which while active by nature is also stably planted on the golden bough to be glorified in its dynamic immutability.

(4)

At midnight on the Emperor's pavement flit
Flames that no faggot feeds, nor steel has lit,

Nor storm disturbs, flames begotten of flame,
Where blood-begotten spirits come
And all complexities of fury leave,
Dying into a dance,
An agony of trance,
An agony of flame that cannot singe a sleeve.

In the fourth stanza the miracle of the imagination transformed life is envisioned in yet another Christian image of the Holy Spirit. "Flames begotten of flames," like the bird of changeless metal, are non-physical. They are flames that "no steel has lit," but unlike the bird whose rejecting scorn is its chief occupation, the flames embrace "blood begotten spirits" who approach, transforming them into itself. Hence the transformation that was desired from, but not given by the "sages standing in God's holy fire" in "Sailing to Byzantium," is now within "Byzantium" accomplished.

The purgatorial flames that transform in an agony that cannot hurt will do so only if the "blood-begotten spirits come" to it. The transformation wrought by the imagination is not passively or unwantedly received. It is a process that must be sought in agony to be realized. The completion of the process, as envisioned in the fourth stanza of this poem is, therefore, only a possibility for those who inhabit the chaotic world of time.

(5)

Astraddle on the dolphin's mire and blood,
Spirit after spirit! The smithies break the flood,
The golden smithies of the Emperor!
Marbles of the dancing floor
Break bitter furies of complexity,
Those images that yet
Fresh images beget,

That dolphin-torn, that gong-tormented sea.

In the final stanza of "Byzantium" Yeats seems to return to images of objects from the world of time and to images of the process by which those objects are transformed into imaginative constructs, rather than proceeding with an elaboration on or development of the image of the trance-like dance of eternity conveyed in the previous stanza. As Ellman notes about the end of the poem;

> the poet still yields to the fascination for the imperfect and unpurged images not yet arrived at Byzantium.[15]

If I am correct, however, in my assertion that this poem, as its title suggests, is an image of Byzantium alone, a unity of time and eternity, then Ellman's point must be mistaken. Moreover, the central image in the last stanza is that of the sea, a commonly used archetype for eternity. In a storehouse for archetypes which Yeats calls "Anima Mundi" he indicates that he understands the sea as that which is beyond our daily thought. It is the night thought of the imagination which he likened to Wordsworth's "immortal sea which brings us hither." [16] What makes the image here specifically Yeatsian, however, is that it is neither a sea of harmonious tranquility, as it is for Wordsworth, nor a sea filled with the fury of its own energies. Rather, it is a sea made interesting and ambiguous by the presence of a dolphin, a mammal unlike most usual inhabitants of the sea, a whale-like creature, the Yin-Yang complexity of mire 'and' blood. While it is also a sea forever dancing, forever changing, forever tormented by the marking gongs of time, yet, with each new image that arises, with each new flood that kills, the creative imagination, now envisioned as the aesthetic "golden smithies of the Emperor," break and transform the world into the rich patterns of the dancing floor, the

cosmos of dynamic existence.

In "Sailing to Byzantium" Yeats attempted a portrait of eternity based on the common assumption that eternity is somehow an afterlife, an extension in time. But lacking the dynamism of the changing world of time, the portrait of eternity inevitably becomes vacuous, uninteresting and unconvincing. In "Byzantium" Yeats returned to that same city to once again attempt the same portrait, but this time armed with a new vision: the unity of time and eternity, of becoming and being. Perhaps what has happened in these poems has best been related by another poet, T.S. Eliot, who in the last of his "Four Quartets" has proclaimed that:

> We shall not cease from exploration
> And the end of all our exploring
> Will be to arrive where we started
> And know the place for the first time.[17]

NOTES:

1. John Unterecker, *A Reader's Guide to William Butler Yeats*, (New York: Noonday, 1959), p.172.
2. Unterecker, p.173.
3. Richard Ellmann, *The Identity of Yeats*, (New York: Oxford University Press, 1964), p.166.
4. According to Joyce, "a sudden spiritual manifestation." See William Powell Jones, *James Joyce and the Common Reader*, (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1955) p.12.
5. Cited by Richard Brooks in *Modern Poetry & The Tradition*, (New York: Oxford University Press, 1939), p.189.
6. Unterecker, p.172.
7. Unterecker, p.171-172.
8. Ellmann, p.37.
9. The wind as an archetype for an internal spiritual force may be observed in many works of literature. To cite just two examples, in Homer's *Odyssey* (X), Aiolus, the god of wind, gives Odysseus a bag of wind which, if used properly, can be a force to return him home; and in Acts 2:2, to the sound of a great wind the Holy Spirit descends upon the Apostles to imbue them with knowledge and courage.
10. Lionell Trilling, ed., *The Experience of Literature*, (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1979), p.923.
11. In Homer's *Odyssey* (XI), the shades are those who inhabit the land of the dead. They are men vacant of all power and without substance.
12. Ellmann, p.220.
13. See Alan Watts, *This Is It*, (New York: Random House, 1972) as well as his other writings.
14. According to *The Encyclopedia of Religion*, edited by Mircea Eliade (New York: Macmillan, 1987) pp.551-552, the cock was viewed as the herald of the dawn of the new world and of future life.
15. Ellmann, p.222.
16. Cited in Brooks, p.198-199.
17. T. S. Eliot, *The Complete Plays and Poems*, (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1958), p.145.