Guide to
**MODERN WORLD
LITERATURE**

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To the memory of my Father
and
to my Mother

When Scaliger, whole years of Labour past,
Beheld his Lexicon complete at last,
And weary of his task, with wond'ring eyes,
Saw from words pil'd on words a fabric rise,
He curs'd the industry, inertly strong,
In creeping toil that could persist so long,
And if, enrag'd he cried, heav'n meant to shed
Its keenest vengeance on the guilty head,
The drudgery of words the damn'd would know,
Doom'd to write lexicons in endless woe.

From Dr. Johnson's Latin poem 'Know Yourself',
written after revising and enlarging his lexicon, or
dictionary; translated into English by Arthur Murphy,
in his *Life*, 1772.

Contents

Acknowledgements	ix
Introduction	xi
Abbreviations	xxv
African and Caribbean Literature	1
American Literature	25
Arabic Literature	180
Australian Literature	184
Baltic Literature	200
British Literature	211
Bulgarian Literature	346
Canadian Literature	351
Chinese Literature	361
Czechoslovakian Literature	369
Dutch Literature	382
Eastern Minor Literatures	397
Finnish Literature	406
French and Belgian Literature	415
German Literature	541
Greek Literature	676
Hungarian Literature	696
Indian and Pakistani Literature	716
Italian Literature	738
Japanese Literature	793
Jewish Literature	830
Latin American Literature	861
New Zealand Literature	973
Polish Literature	985
Portuguese Literature	1026
Rumanian Literature	1036
Russian Literature	1045
Scandinavian Literature	1097
South African Literature	1146
Spanish Literature	1176
Turkish Literature	1236
Western Minor Literatures	1240
Yugoslav Literature	1296
Select Bibliography	1303
Index	1307

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This third edition of *Guide to Modern World Literature*, first published in 1973, is some 550,000 words longer than the first and second editions; most of it has been rewritten. But I owe a great debt to those who helped me write the original work; that I mention their names here does not mean that they are tainted with my not always orthodox views. The people who helped me most particularly were: my wife, my son-in-law Colin Britt, who made things cheerful at a time when they could hardly be expected to be, my daughters, my late father, my mother. I owe a great debt to my friends Robert Nye and C.H. Sisson: they are the ones with whom I have talked and corresponded about literature over a long period of time most fruitfully (for me). Istvan Siklos helped me with the revised version of the section on Hungarian literature with great generosity – and I should think a good deal of disagreement with my views of some English writers he admires and I do not; Prince Yakamoto performed a similar service with the Japanese section at a rather earlier stage. Others who helped with enquiries, translations and even difficult books were: Cliff Ashby, B.H. Bal, George Barker, Robert Bly, Ronald Bottrall, Keith Brace, Edward Charlesworth, Sally Chilver, James and Angelica Dean, the late Sir William Empson, Giles Gordon, Tony Gottlieb, Robert Graves, Geoffrey Grigson, Fujio Hashima, Ivar Ivask, Solly Jacobson, Patrick Kavanagh, Andrew Maclean, James Mehoke, Wing Commander Vernon ‘Coils’ Pocock, Anthony Powell, the late James Reeves, Michael Schmidt, John and Hilary Spurling, the late Patrick Swift, the late Allen Tate, Anthony Thwaite, the late Anne Tibble, David Wright, Toby Zucker.

The third edition took much longer than I had intended, quite often because I was obstinately determined to acquaint myself more thoroughly with a literature, or even the works of a particular author, than I had heretofore been; this meant that many suffered whilst I was entranced (if getting broker). I realise that this is my life, rather than that of the sufferers, and I apologise to all of them, not least to my wife, who has always, and understandably, regarded me with (almost) silent despair. Another who has regarded me with a despair, necessarily not so silent, has been my editor, Penelope Allport. All I can say about my gratitude to her for her tact and wiles is that I should never have completed this task without them.

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Fortuneswell
1 July 1984

Martin Seymour-Smith

Introduction

I

The scope of this book – which would have been more openly read by certain ‘literary professionals’ had I been able to be more naïve – extends to writers, of all nationalities, who survived 31 December 1899. In certain instances (e.g. Hopkins, Mallarmé) I have had, for obvious reasons, to discuss writers who died before that; but I have strictly limited these. The cut-off date is of course as artificial as it is necessary; but I have tried to make it as little so as possible. I have given an account of the major and most of the minor literary movements of the past century and a half; the names of these will be found in the index. The system of putting ‘q.v.’ after names of literary movements, philosophers, authors and titles of books is intended to be a practical aid to the reader: if he turns to the index he will find the main entry he requires. This should make cross-reference quick and simple.

Complete accuracy in a comprehensive work such as this is, alas, impossible: errors of dating are repeated from reference book to reference book; it is frequently impossible to check the dates of first publication of books without seeing the original editions. . . . I have made every effort to give correct information (e.g. my dates of birth for Tennessee Williams and E. Lasker-Schüler differ from most authorities, but are right). I shall be glad to correct any errors, with acknowledgements, in future editions – as I have done in this third and completely revised edition, which is for the most part rewritten. There is much new matter.

The dates given for dramatic works are usually of publication, not first production.

Dates after individual books are of earliest publication, wherever or in whatever form this took place. The list of abbreviations consists mainly of books in which translations – into the question of whose merits I do not enter – into English of works by writers discussed in the text are conveniently available. It cannot pretend to completeness, since more and more such collections are being published each year; all libraries and bookshops in large cities stock them. Not all books listed are currently in print.

Unsigned translations are my own.

The emphasis, since in the interests of space – even though this edition is twice as long as those of 1973 and 1976 – I have had to place emphases, is on the more universal areas of interest and language-knowledge (English, German, French, Spanish, Russian, Italian); and on the earlier rather than the later part of the period, which may less surely be assessed. But I have discussed some authors I believe to be neglected or misunderstood or underrated (e.g. George Moore, Céline, Ford) at length; and two great literatures that are neglected, at least in Great Britain, the Japanese and the Catalan, have received a fuller treatment.

The book as a whole 'lacks' a 'systematic thesis'. This has annoyed some. But its 'thesis' is literature, which is mysterious and anti-systematic and elusive of ownership (especially of university teachers, as some know). Some will note certain abrupt changes of mind between this and earlier versions about a number of authors. In my view anyone who clung on to their own (often ignorant) interpretations for the sake of doing so would be unfit to write a book. My views of literature are always changing as I seek to diminish my ignorance of it – and so are the readers'! I offer this book not in a 'teaching' spirit but in one of candid sharing. My readers' various views are in reality as 'strong' as my own, but he/she may not be as used to airing them. ... Doubtless all views are shortcomings, but, unaided, they can become worse than that: something authoritarian. I give you mine, and that is an end to it. For those who dislike them, there is much information, too, and information about information.

II

All Western literature has developed, with some national exceptions and variations, to a consistent pattern. In the succeeding brief sketch I have kept definitions as broad as possible: our understanding of literature does not benefit from attempts to narrow down the meaning of terms too precisely: the terms themselves lose their value. They are very useful, but become abstract when allowed to dominate individual achievement. Literature is generated by women and men, not by movements.

By the mid-century realism, particularly in the novel, was well established. Realism in its broadest sense is an essential aim of any work of literature: it simply means verisimilitude to actuality – and points to the aspects of life the author selects as meaningful. But this leaves entirely open the question of how actuality is regarded – as an outward or an inward phenomenon, or both, or whatever. Nineteenth-century realism, the method out of which modern literature developed, does, even though it remains one of the broader literary concepts, have a less vague connotation.

First, realism is essentially a part of romanticism – however much it may sometimes look like a reaction against it, and however certainly the romantic movement may have seemed, in the positivist Fifties, to have collapsed. We are still living in a romantic period – nor, indeed, will there ever be any return to the limitations and artificialities of classicism, which now does no more than reassert itself every so often as a necessary curb to romantic excess or, of course, to laziness and silliness which is ubiquitous but no part of the subject of this book. True literature is 'given', in the first place – that is an essentially romantic notion – but the vast extent of the hard work and 'art' to which this 'given' literature has to be subjected is very well known to writers, if not to their inferior imitators.

Realism has no significant relationship to the literary classicism of antiquity or to the neo-classicism of the eighteenth century. It originates in the age-old tendency towards accuracy of representation (usually manifesting itself as an anti- or non-classical depiction of plebeian life – Cervantes, Jonson, Shakespeare, Smollett – or as regionalism, in Spanish *costumbrismo*), and in philosophical empiricism and all proto-pragmatic or proto-utilitarian inclinations. Nineteenth-century realism, at various times and in various writers, exhibited the following characteristics: objectivity (in the sense of concentration on facts rather than on interpretations of them); lucidity (rather than style or rhetoric); 'ordinary' quotidian experience; a search for an immediate, verifiable truth, even if this be no more than relativistic; secularism; emphasis on the psychological motivations of

the characters, often but certainly not always at the expense of 'plot'. In general the good realist authors (for example, George Eliot, Howells, Henry James, qq.v.) had good, or even idealistic intentions towards their audience; but they refused to uplift their hearts, thus raising false hopes. A few realists (to some extent Flaubert; certainly Maupassant) had more aggressive intentions towards the bourgeois. (Bad intentions towards the bourgeois, which term I use in this book in the specifically Flaubertian – not Marxian – sense, are a characteristic of modern literature, and in so far as the bourgeois read it they have bad intentions towards themselves – but then most writers, too, are bourgeois in this sense of the word, and so know about being bourgeois even if intolerant of *sottise*. If a guide to this guide were required, it would be Flaubert's warm-hearted but crushing *Bouvard et Pécuchet* – and the dictionary of accepted ideas which accompanies it.) But the milieu chosen was emphatically middle-class.

In many countries (but most notably in France) realism turned into naturalism. This term is frequently used, particularly by journalists and reviewers of plays (but also by critics who should know better) as a synonym for realism. This is seriously misleading. Naturalism is a more precise term than realism: a narrowing-down of it. (Zola's programme – described in the account of him – is entirely naturalist; his practice is not.) Naturalist fiction is guided, or thinks it is guided, by the principles of scientific determinism. This arose largely from 'Darwinism', a movement or climate of thought that has less connection with Charles Darwin, from whom it derives its name, than might seem apparent. Darwin had in fact given a new and viable interpretation of the theory of transformation; according to 'Darwinism' he invented and 'proved' it. Actually it went back, as a theory, to at least 550 BC. The naturalists extracted from Darwinism the notion of man-as-animal, of his life as a bloody struggle (they could have found this more definitely and confidently stated in Hobbes' *Leviathan*, as distinct from hypothetically in Darwin; but Darwin seemed scientifically respectable) – 'the strongest, the swiftest and the cunningest live to fight another day', said T.H. Huxley. This persistent fallacy has been given the name of 'Social Darwinism'. In point of fact the 'fittest' may be neither strong, nor swift, nor cunning. . . . The lives of the poor, to the depiction of which the naturalists turned, gave ample justification for such a view. However, in practice the best naturalists (e.g. Zola, Dreiser) have transcended their deterministic programmes. Zola is as romantic as he is naturalistic, and Dreiser is massively puzzled as well as occasionally sentimental: both are naturalists, it is true; but both gain their ultimate effects from their power of psychological penetration.

The so-called neo-romanticism, and then decadence, that manifested itself in nearly all the Western literatures between about 1885 and 1905 was not as remote from either realism or naturalism as may have seemed apparent at the time.

All great literary movements initially offend, are then accepted, later dominate, and finally decline. They all eventually deteriorate: into preciosity, over-aestheticism, over-self-consciousness, trivial scholarship, cultivation of debility and, of course, whatever society may at the time determine as perverse behaviour. . . . The decadent movement (it is really more of a tendency) at the end of the nineteenth century is sometimes called *fin de siècle*, a term I have occasionally employed. It is as much a development, or etiolation, of Parnassianism and Symbolism (both these terms are fully discussed in the section on French literature) as a reaction against positivism and the overtly 'scientific' elements in naturalism. But the effective naturalists were of course more than a little *fin de siècle*, as may be seen in their relish in squalor and decay. And there is nothing whatever 'scientific' about the Bosch-like vivacity of Zola's Rabelaisian crowd scenes. . . .

Symbolism had contained the religious or 'Platonic' impulses inherent in human beings, never completely submergeable, during the realist-naturalist period. The deca-

dent writers – they range from the only partly decadent, like Verlaine, to the wholly decadent, like Dowson – were nearly all ‘religious’ (if only in the sense that they embraced ‘Satanism’ or aspects of it, and died incense-sniffing Catholics). But they viewed civilization as a decay rather than growth: they worshipped entropy, degeneration, disorder; they transformed the romantic cult of the individual into the romantic-decadent cult of the self (narcissism) – hence their interest in or cultivation of homosexuality. They made a cult of the erotic and hurled themselves into hopeless loves. They worshipped the urban and the ugliness it offered – but in a deliberately perverse spirit. They romanticized the then dominant principle of the Second Law of Thermodynamics (‘The Heat Death of the Universe’), seeing it as operative in the evolutionary sphere. They were neurasthenic and deliberately hysterical, and even liked to be blind, syphilitic, consumptive or maimed (though not too much if possible). The mood and the depressive stance persist.

The foregoing are the chief characteristics of decadence in general; no single writer manifests all of them – except, possibly, some entirely trivial one. In its least extreme form this neo-romantic spirit began to pervade the works of realists and naturalists – for example, as I have already remarked, Zola’s novels are increasingly full of deliberate symbolization.

In the course of literary history movements (or tendencies) provoke reactions to themselves; but these reactions absorb the essences, the genuine discoveries, of the movements that have engendered them. To give an over-simple illustration: romanticism at its best contains the essence of classicism. The best neo-romantic writers had learned the important lessons of realism. And it was essentially from neo-romanticism, a sort of romantic revival and confirmation of the original romantic recovery from the eighteenth-century rationalism, that modernism arose. Literature is now, broadly, romantic; but critics – non-creative critics – tend towards positivism. It is a pity that so much criticism arises from an envy of creativity, but it is absolutely vital to understand that this is so. Too often the categories and over-systemizations of critics are a defensive strategy: to take away literature, with its vitality, from the reader by intimidating him/her. This book is certainly written in an attempt to return literature to its real ownership: to the creative and responsible reader, to whom one may confess one’s preferences, but for whom it is sinful to prescribe. Without such readers there would be nothing: everything would lack energy.

Expressionism, which I have fully described in the section on German literature, was a specifically German movement. However, literary modernism can most usefully be described as expressionism: every modern movement after Symbolism (which was in any case nineteenth-century in origin) may conveniently be described as a form of expressionism. It must also be remembered that inasmuch as expressionism really implies ‘inside out’ – i.e. the expression of inner emotion in ‘outer’ terms – so a vast quantity of all literature, of the past as much as of the present, is in that sense ‘expressionist’. Many passages in Shakespeare are expressionist. There is seldom anything completely new about ‘new’ movements. The drama as a whole – it could be argued – is essentially expressionist. There is a strong case for making this a generic term to be applied to all literature. Even vigorous narratives (as in Homer) have their phenomenological equivalents.

Modernism, which often arouses great hostility, has a number of characteristics (the writer who combines every one of them in his work is likely to be a charlatan). Realism remains committed – more or less subtly – to a mimetic theory: literature is an imitation, a photograph, of life. Modernism (in the sense used in this book) is fundamentally non- or anti-mimetic. In its extremest form, modernism may resolutely omit what is ‘essential’ in societal, communal or simply representational terms. On the other hand, it

will stress precisely what is 'unessential' in such terms. This amounts to an emphasis on inner life, and therefore on the life of the individual (cf expressionism). Causality, carefully observed in the nineteenth century, may be deliberately deleted. This does not mean, of course, that it is rejected. It means that it is not an essential part of what the modernist writer is trying to say, or that, at the least, it is not what he/she wants to put emphasis on.

I should explain that the term mimetic, from mimesis, is of necessity used unsightly when it is simply linked to crude realist aspirations. In Auerbach's *Mimesis* the fragmentation of exterior action that has taken place in fiction is seen, fruitfully although often too obscurely, as an essentially mimetic process. That it is such can be very persuasively argued. But we must retain the less subtle distinction between 'photographic' intentions (or expectations), which are simplistic, and 'expressionist' ones, which are not. Much popular literature (pseudo-romantic or 'horror' pulp: *Gone With the Wind* is paradigmatic, for all its sick skill: it manipulates reality in the interests of cash and quick, easy gratification) is simply photographic in intention: it makes the absurd assumption that a narrative can represent life like a photograph which itself only seems to represent what was in the viewfinder of the camera that took it. The assumptions behind 'photographic realism' call for a descriptive unsightliness to match them. . . . We see this unsightliness at its most ugly in the contortions of the wealthy spinner of yarns and manipulated fantasies (e.g. Wouk, Le Carré) when faced with the suspicion that the quality of their work may not be so high as their bank balances; under these unhappy circumstances this kind of writer will even play at being 'modernist' – the late Richard Llewellyn, author of *How Green Was My Valley*, provides a good example of this phenomenon. But anything can happen in literature, and very occasionally (it is very rare) even the purveyor of pulp may have a sort of genius. So it is safest to assert only this: that when merely 'photographic' assumptions are implicit, so is bad faith and ill will. It is easy to see that the great realists of the nineteenth century were by no means merely photographic in their assumptions, even if they did assume the total effectiveness of mimesis. Their imaginations knew very well that they could not take photographs of society. But they chose the photographic method as the most effective metaphor at their disposal. In every case of greatness there is an extra-photographic element in the achievement: in Dickens, a proto-Kafkaesque (q.v.), vitality; in George Eliot, a brooding moral fervour; in Gissing (q.v.), a drabness of atmosphere that is so severe it is richly suggestive. . . .

Modernism as a term is both descriptive and prescriptive; it is also in part whatever you want it to be ('bad', for such old-fashioned critics as F.L. Lucas or Graham Hough; 'good', for 'progressive' critics). Descriptively one can say that modernism is rebellious, anti-traditional, against whatever the ethical norm may be, nihilistic, anti-aesthetic so far as the tradition that is being challenged is pro-aesthetic, primitive (that is why Lévi-Strauss is chic – a matter not relevant to his merits), perverse in the sense that the challenged tradition is normal, and so forth. Modernism is also new – for new's sake. All this is necessary process and has been going on since literature became a self-conscious activity: one divorced, in the minds of its makers and its consumers, from religion and from folklore. But that process was not always subsumed under the name of modernism, with its implication of 'new'. The idea of the new for the sake of the 'new and better' (which is an error) is a relatively recent development: a substitute for the loss of belief, when the sense of that loss became general. The idea of the new then became godlike for many people.

But since the Enlightenment challenge to belief and to the traditional status quo, that status quo has looked increasingly silly and insecure. The game of politics has fallen into disrepute – as Machiavelli perhaps ironically prophesied it would (if he did not, then the

'Machiavel' who so much delighted Marlowe and others of his age certainly did). The idea of a valid order residing in life as it is lived at official level is no longer acceptable. There is a sense of hopelessness at the top, as is the case with members of governments: a good example of this is given by the decision of the Church of England to reject its own liturgy in favour of one written in a mixture of cockney and bureaucratese, thus also rejecting such very distinguished members of itself as C.H. Sisson (q.v.), who has written a scathing book trying to explain why he now has nowhere to go. The wife of the head of this establishment has been quoted in the press as saying that her husband is not 'too religious'. It is a secular age, and one which offers itself as a hopeless sacrificial victim to satirists, were there any of these. . . .

The validly modernistic looks back into the ancient past to discover 'new' connections between the individual and the world. The validly modernistic recognizes change, but rejects progress. The validly modernistic rejects pseudo-modernistic inanity as mere socio-anthropological manifestation ('happenings', the now outdated silliness of the enterprise that was the *nouveau roman*, q.v.); but it accepts the need to set up situations which force people to look into themselves for new values. Realism was the last non-modernistic movement in literature. But it contained the seeds of modernism: when it shaded off into naturalism it began to challenge the status quo. The naturalists thought that they were taking up the values of the scientists, and so, to a certain extent, they were; but they soon transcended them, in the ways I have demonstrated in this book.

The fully-fledged modernisms which followed naturalism had of necessity to flout all established conventions: forms, rules, causality (as described above), conventional character development and the like. History itself has not allowed them to recover from that, so to say, blow to the artistic in themselves. But in fact no valid, no meaningful book (or painting or piece of music) has been entirely chaotic. The imagination generates its own forms, and it is hardly surprising that these forms should partake, for the most part, of myth. In our ending, in these final years of doom and decline, it seems, is our beginning. It makes for a not unexciting inner life.

Another important aspect of modernist writing — and one which puzzles many of its readers, for whom 'time' remains, consciously, a means of manipulating reality into acceptable forms — is its jettisoning of conventional chronology. I have explained this at some length in my treatment of the French *nouveau roman* (q.v.)

It is here that the French philosopher, Henri Bergson, is relevant. Bergson did not 'discover' either unconventional time or stream-of-consciousness; but his philosophy reflected much contemporary thinking. Bergson is part of the neo-romantic reaction against positivism; he also complements the phenomenology of the German philosopher Husserl (discussed with the French *nouveau roman*) inasmuch as he concentrates upon the concrete rather than the abstract (Husserl was not himself at all interested in this problem; but the effect of his work has been to draw attention to perceptual actualities). It is appropriate that Bergson, although not an imaginative writer, should have received the Nobel Prize for Literature (1928): his influence on literature has been wide and deep. He demanded a return to the 'immediate data of consciousness', and he believed that this could be grasped by means of what he called 'intuition'. Like a number of modern novelists he saw character not as 'personality' but as a process of ceaseless becoming.

The actual term stream-of-consciousness originated with Henry James' brother William James (q.v.). Stream-of-consciousness fiction tends to lay emphasis on pre-verbal types of experience; by implication, therefore, this type of fiction regards internal experience as more 'important' than external. (However, stream-of-consciousness can be used simply as an extension of realist technique: the fact that mental minutiae are recorded is not in itself guarantee of a phenomenological approach.) Bergson's attitude was similar:

for him consciousness was duration (*la durée*); intellect conceptualizes this flow into something static; intuition thinks in duration. Sartre (q.v.) has summarized Bergson's position well: 'on going into the past an event does not cease to be; it merely ceases to act and remains "in its place" at its date for eternity. In this way being has been restored to the past, and it is very well done; we even affirm that duration is a multiplicity of interpenetration and that the past is continually organized with the present'.

Bergson is important above all for his anti-intellectuality and his continual suggestion of new ways of seeing ourselves in the world. 'There is one reality, at least', he wrote, 'which we all seize from within, by intuition and not by simple analysis. It is our own personality in its flowing through time — our self which endures.' The relevance of this to the work of Proust (q.v.) is immediately clear.

III

I have referred throughout to a number of concepts, or used certain terms, or made somewhat persistent reference to certain themes which require initial definition, or explanation. Before this, though, I should add that my use of these concepts has been, throughout, deliberately simplistic. There is nothing that is useful that has not been over-analysed by academics, if not trivialized by literary journalists. The concepts I have chosen I have chosen for their usefulness. Most of the questions they here beg are dealt with, if not always answered, in the course of the book itself.

I have categorized some writers as naïve and others as sentimentive. In 1795 Goethe's friend and contemporary, the German poet, dramatist and critic Friedrich Schiller, published his essay *On Naïve and Sentimentive Poetry* (*Über naive und sentimentalische Dichtung*) — I have followed the sensible practice of translating 'sentimentalische' as 'sentimentive'; 'naïve' is misleading, too, but 'simple' does not help; 'sentimentive' is less hopelessly misleading, if only because less familiar, than 'sentimental'. This great essay has not had, in the English-speaking world, the recognition that it deserves. Of all the familiar antitheses — the antique and modern of Schlegel, Dionysian and Apollonian of Nietzsche (q.v.), classical and baroque of Wolfllin — it is the most fruitful. However, the questions of Schiller's exact intentions, and of its significance in its time, are not relevant here. What I have done is to borrow Schiller's terms and to simplify them for the purposes of this book. For, even in my modified and restricted usage, they convey indispensable information that is not contained in the more familiar romantic-classic opposition.

For Schiller the naïve poet is one who is in perfect harmony with nature — with, indeed, the universe; his personality cannot be found in his poetry. He may even seem 'repulsive', 'callous', 'invisible'. The sentimentive poet, on the other hand, has lost his contact with and even his faith in nature, for which he yearns. Naïve poetry (Schiller says) is characteristic of the ancients: an immediate, inspired, detailed representation of the sensuous surface of life. In sentimentive poetry the author is everywhere present; he is self-conscious. The object does 'not possess him utterly'.

On Naïve and Sentimentive Poetry was originally prompted by the example of Goethe, whom Schiller saw, as he saw Shakespeare, as a serene and naïve poet born out of his time. It was Goethe, too, who made the most profound comment on the essay: '... he plagued himself with the design of perfectly separating sentimentive from naïve poetry. ... As if ... sentimentive poetry could exist at all without the naïve ground in which ... it has its root.' One notes Goethe's effortless wisdom as one notes Schiller's tormented and intellectual struggle with himself. Yet both styles of being are equally exemplary.

Schiller was contrasting the objective (naïve) poetry written in the early (progressive) stages of a culture, and the subjective (self-conscious, sentimentive) poetry written in its decline. (If cultures do flourish and decline, and they appear to do so, then our culture is certainly in a state of decline – a flourishing culture cannot throw up a crop of 'horror writers'.) Goethe, again, summed the matter up: 'All eras in a state of decline and dissolution are subjective ... all progressive eras have an objective tendency.' Thus, in the poetry of Shakespeare there is a centrifugal tendency (called 'healthy' by Goethe), an inwards-outwards movement; in most of the poetry of Schiller's contemporaries, and more of that of our century, there is a centripetal tendency, an outwards-inwards movement.

Now Schiller wished to justify his own kind of (sentimentive) poetry in the light of what he felt to be Goethe's naïve poetry. As I have remarked, his precise concerns and (in particular) his programme need not and indeed could not – in this context – be ours.

Here I mean by the naïve writer the writer whose inspiration is above all drawn from his unsophisticated, uncomplicated, direct view of the universe. His view is uncluttered by intellectualization. The naïve writers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have been poor thinkers – this is a point of which I have made a good deal. Hardy, Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson (for example) were all writers of great power – but poor as thinkers. (True, Anderson was something of a sage: but sages are not thinkers.) The naïve writer does not proceed by thought. The phenomenon can still only be explained by recourse to Schiller's distinction. And even where a writer – Pablo Neruda, pioneer random explorer of the unconscious, comes immediately to mind – neither wants nor tries to 'think', Schiller's essay immediately enriches our understanding.

I mean by the sentimentive writer – but always bearing in mind Goethe's stipulation that no work that has not roots in the naïve has any creative status – the writer who is sophisticated, trained in thinking, self-conscious. Thomas Mann is perhaps the prime example in the twentieth century. And more than one critic has found Mann a highly suspect 'great writer'. ...

Of course there is no such thing as a purely naïve writer – any more than there can be a purely sentimentive writer. The last naïve writer was Homer, if Homer existed; but even these works are not wholly naïve. But this applies to the romantic-classical opposition as well. Schiller's distinction is essential; and very important for our time. It reveals not only how the naïve writer (e.g. Hauptmann, q.v.) can wreck and corrupt his work and himself by betraying his impulses, but also how sentimentive writing is becoming increasingly sterile as it draws cunningly away from the naïve; it reveals, too, the nature of the doubts which wrack the sentimentive writer. Astonishingly, there still are a few (a very few) naïve writers. Andrew Young (q.v.) was a wholly naïve poet, though of an older generation; and he wrote little that was really good in the post-war years. James Hanley (q.v.) is perhaps the last naïve novelist in English and is over eighty. But the present has belonged for the most part to the increasingly beleaguered sentimentive writer. A Patrick White (q.v.) can just transcend the grand pretentiousness in his work; but even a William Golding – let alone a Durrell (qq.v.) – cannot. The purely meretricious (and I should not like to say this of Durrell, given his poetry), such as Fowles (q.v.), thrive on the unhappy conflict. But the

wheel has come almost full circle. Once the sentimentive writer was simply modernist; now it is the turn of this kind of writer to be modernist by searching for naïvety (in the Schillerian sense of it)! Myth, dream, belief, affirmation: all these things so reprehensible to the sullen, pseudo-certain positivist mind, saturated as it is with journalistic triviality, are now as 'offensive' as the truly modern was fifty and more years ago. Then Joyce's *Ulysses* (q.v.) shocked and horrified 'traditionalists': the book had to be fought for. Now the very people who take it for granted, as orthodox, are themselves shocked by the lyrical or the genuinely naïve! Emotion has become embarrassing, the feminine absurd. Some substantial part of 'feminism' consists of women's rejection of their own femininity.

The contrast I have occasionally made between 'direct' and 'oblique' poetry is slightly different, although the antithesis is of a similar nature. Clearly direct poetry tends to the naïve, while oblique tends to the sentimentive. Yet the direct poet such as Williams (q.v.) may, in his intellectually bewildered shiftings and juxtapositions of his blocks of poster colour, conceal wistful sentimentive longings. . . . The case of Saint-John Perse (q.v.) gives cause for thought here: is he sentimentive trying to look naïve, or genuinely naïve? Is he direct, or oblique but looking direct? How much cunning is there in his work?

I have very often spoken of works having 'middlebrow' appeal. This is a dangerous but essential concept in an age that is desperate to reject the wildness of the imagination by absorbing it (hence literary prizes, government-sponsored culture-feasts, and so on). One of the chief features of the truly middlebrow literature is that, however 'tragic' or 'modern' it may seem, it consists of material manipulated to satisfy the conscious desires of a pseudo-cultured audience: an audience that still thinks of the world-as-it-is as essentially the best; an audience of individuals who, in varying degrees, reject their endogenous suffering ('decent', externally prompted grief is allowed: in midcult novels relatives die young, girls get raped or crippled, babies are murdered by 'beasts' and/or so on, and it is 'very sad'): that suffering they experience as a result of their failure to attain authenticity. Middlebrow literature is, in Sartre's (q.v.) existentialist sense, slimy, viscous: it helps us to remain filthy swine (*salauds*). Some middlebrow literature is apparently avant garde; at its worst it may not even be intended for reading, but simply for display (hence the phrase 'coffee-table book'). 'Very difficult' books come into this category. The great midcult successes are seldom, probably never, planned. They arise from the innate vulgarity and ignorance or (usually) pretentiousness of their progenitors.

Of course few works are entirely middlebrow; equally, some works are merely tainted with middlebrowism in one or another aspect. Some of the characteristics of the kind of middlebrow literature with which I have been concerned here (where this has not been taken seriously by critics regarded as serious I have happily ignored it), though they never co-exist, are: 'uncanniness', 'weirdness', 'occultness'; 'profundity' in the sense that dictionaries of 'great ideas that have changed the world' are profound; fashionableness — whether in the matter of being sexy or using 'dirty' language or whatever (the 'sopping cunts' of D.M. Thomas); slickness of technique; pseudo-complexity, conferring upon the reader the sense that he is reading a 'difficult' (and therefore 'worthwhile', 'deep') book; potential for discussion at lounge-, drawing-room-, or pub-level (or in the foyers of theatres); liability to excite certain reviewers; the ability to generate such remarks as 'this has changed my life'.

Boulevard culture is of course a term taken over from the theatre: it is a part of middlebrow culture. Gutter culture is 'category writing', romance, horror, and the like, part of the billions of tons of junk shifted profitably towards oblivion each year. This pulp is poisonous, of course, but it carries its own warning signs. It cannot be called harmless, because it is as mentally toxic as the physical pollutants that ecologically aware people wish to eliminate – it is no 'safer' than nuclear waste, and is indeed its mental equivalent. The increasing volume of this deadly pulp is simply a sign of a declining culture; what characterizes it is lack of real energy. Middlebrow literature (which is not of course real literature) has, alas, no more energy than its only supposedly inferior relative. It does pretend to more – and in that sense it is worse. Boulevard culture leads its victims to suppose that they have been taking thought when they have not: they have, as William James once said, simply been rearranging their prejudices. And yet in certain senses it is actually easier to take thought than to pretend to do so. Although I have stated it once, it cannot be too often repeated that literature is nothing if it does not belong to the intelligent and informed general reader. But this reader possesses a modesty which the writer not only does not but perhaps cannot afford to possess. Such modesty makes her or him vulnerable: to the claims of certain (but not all) academic critics, 'the owners of literature', on the one hand (I have already discussed this); and to the delights of middlebrow profundity on the other. Those delights are insidious and corrupting; readers need therefore to be on the lookout. Fortunately the majority – as I know from the letters I receive – are.

The useful term objective correlative was first used by the American painter Washington Allston in 1850; T.S. Eliot revived it in 1919. It has been much criticized as putting either too much or too little emphasis on the objectivity of works of literature. . . . I am not concerned with this; here I mean by it simply: objective equation for personal emotion. If the writer, in expressing a personal emotion about having killed his wife, composes a work about a toad eating dry, red eggs, then that situation is the objective correlative for his emotion at killing his wife. I imply absolutely nothing more by my use of the term: it is purely descriptive. It implies an acceptance of the Freudian formulation of the notion of sublimation, already thoroughly explored by Nietzsche (q.v.), but that is all.

Gnosticism was a 'heresy' which arose at about the time of Jesus Christ. Each record of gnosticism is different, but each one has something in common with the others. Without trying to go deeply into a notoriously difficult subject, all gnosticisms involve the acceptance of the co-existence of good and evil. Death may be overcome only by superior knowledge. Whether gnosticism arose as a result of Christianity, or whether it preceded it – as a form of Greek astralism – is simply not known. But certainly all gnosticisms partake of elements of Greek magic.

The gnosticisms (as they should be called) are mysterious. This is largely because they consist of pessimistic irrational intuitions re-cast in more or less rational form. This was the last desperate fling of sceptical magicians against the certainties being put about (God is good and is watching you personally), to cure the age of its terrible uncertainties, by priests. Augustine, first a gnostic (a Manichean), struggled with noble hysterical zeal to

conquer these tendencies in himself. He ended by being sure about a good God, but unsure about how to explain him – he preached predestination simultaneously with free will (the ideas are compatible, but don't seem to be so). But gnosticism persisted in spite of or perhaps partly because of Augustine. Whenever it seemed to have been put down, up rose its ugly head elsewhere. Its followers were not always intellectual. But it was. It went against the stream; people died only in order to demonstrate their belief that salvation depended on a total rejection of the material world, of creation itself (an accident by which good became imprisoned in the evil of substance).

More recently, in a secular world, gnosticism has arisen again, not only in the form of the popular philosophy known as existentialism (as Hans Jonas, one of the most distinguished writers on gnosticism, has shown) but also as hatred of the world, as nihilism. It lies at the heart of modern nihilism. The nihilism of modernism was the 'heresy' of the old, traditional realism. Critics such as F.L. Lucas – and today, Graham Hough – were desperate to rid good solid old-fashioned realism of this 'unhealthy' heresy; they were convinced that the rot began with an Eliot who was over-influenced by Pound (qq.v.) – they were profoundly ignorant of modernism and its roots. Augustine's feelings about human depravity – he almost enjoyed it, and, though a most radiant man, gloated upon it – are as gnostic as is the naturalism and sense of cultural decay upon which Eliot gloomily dances in *The Waste Land*. The parallels between our own eschatological age and the similar one which saw the invention of Christianity are too important to be missed, although I have not been able to give more than a hint of them throughout the course of this book. They offer food for thought – not the least on the subject of how mankind can do, if it can, without religion.

Madness has always been closely related to literature, if only because not a few writers (such as myself) have been quite widely regarded as being mad. But writers are not more subject to madness than any other section of the community. They are usually sensitive; but then so are many other people (for example, readers). They are simply more prone to hysteria. The phenomenon of so-called 'split personality' has nothing whatever to do with schizophrenia; it is a rare manifestation of hysteria. Hysteria is more wilful than people are led to believe. Writers are wilful people. Hysteria is inevitably 'cured' when no attention is paid to it. But if attention is paid to it (and writers like attention, whatever they may pretend), and it usually and foolishly is, then it can mimic all sorts of illnesses, including what – like the gnosticisms – ought to be called the schizophrenias. The success of R.D. Laing is entirely owed to this. Laing has pretended that because the world is mad therefore 'insane' people are sane. That is ruthless nonsense: it in no way follows, and it happens to be quite untrue. He maintains that mad people, whom he calls schizophrenics (most of his selected schizophrenics were clearly hysterics), are creative. His view of insanity and its function has been very widely influential, especially on writers *manqué*; what I say about it in this book runs counter to what Laing has asserted – so I should explain myself, and explain one or two more fundamental assumptions I have taken.

The world is indeed mad. But its madness does not resemble the madness which cruelly afflicts individuals. The world, as the misunderstood Italian sociologist Pareto saw, is an irrational place pretending to be rational. The world cannot be described as suffering from schizophrenia or affective illness. But people are afflicted either by certain forms of affective disorder (mania, hypomania, depression, various combinations of these

states, blended in with such afflictions as anxiety, panic, fear, disappointment reactions and the like), which was once called 'manic-depressive psychosis', or by one or other of the almost infinite number of the schizophrenias. To make things more difficult, there is also (or is now) a third kind of illness, called schizo-affective – but schizo-affectives are not true schizophrenics. The Americans tended, until the advent of lithium therapy (which alleviates affective illness but is not useful – despite claims – in schizophrenia), to classify people as schizophrenic who were in fact either suffering from affective illness or from hysteria, or who were possibly just exhausted. It has been said, for example, that Berryman and Lowell (qq.v.) suffered from affective disorders as well as alcoholism and other illnesses. Lowell may have been a genuine manic-depressive in the old-fashioned sense (although the use of meprobamate, named in his poetry – as Miltown – would be singularly useless except as a feeble tranquillizer or, more likely, to worsen the effects of alcohol); but what both he and his friend suffered from, mainly, were gross hysteria and hyperbolic self-love. There is no reason to withhold sympathy from either on that account – many of us are or have been in the same case – but it is as well to have the facts straight. The vast majority of American psychiatrists are very awful (as each of them will confirm), and few understood that hallucinations and paranoid ideation could occur in people who were suffering from depression, and from states in which mania and depression were mixed, as well as from schizophrenia (in which they are admittedly more often seen). As readers of this book will learn, many writers from the earlier period were similarly misdiagnosed: Campana (q.v.), for example.

Before the advent of anti-psychotic drugs – rauwolfia was the first, but it had grave disadvantages; really the first effective one was chlorpromazine (largactil), available from the early Fifties – the prognosis for schizophrenia was grim, that for 'manic-depressive psychosis' good. True, you could have one attack of schizophrenia and recover; but you were more likely to get worse. In this terrible illness the personality withdraws into panic and atrocious fear, and finally disintegrates. I do not think that it is in any way a creative illness. I think it is anti-creative. What schizophrenic patients create is child-like and bizarre. The 'word-salads' produced by schizophrenics are documents produced in the most pathetic (and terrifying) fear. The personality withdraws into itself and almost disappears. Not too many writers have been schizophrenics unless their illness has silenced them. In the affective illnesses and in that form of paranoia which is not schizophrenic the personality remains intact, despite temporary lapses into incoherence. The sufferer from mania and depression, and especially perhaps the sufferer from that agonizing form of illness in which the two are combined, is not creatively affected: his creative insights are even enhanced, although at (*pace* Laing, who in any case has never shown any interest in that type of illness – he just likes sick and destructive people, whom he can then call sane by definition) a terrible price.

The nature of schizophrenia, like that of paranoia, is not understood at all (affective illness is very slightly better understood), and no doubt literary insights – particularly in some modern Hebrew fiction – are valuable. There are priceless accounts of schizophrenic collapse in all literatures. But the Laingian idea – an idea I believe to be so misguided as to be positively wicked – that schizophrenia is in some way a positive or 'creative' process is utterly wrong. On the contrary, schizophrenia is a much worse enemy of life, and of the creation of that energy that makes life still worth living, than is, say, cancer – which can produce creative courage and dignity. That a man who has had the opportunity to view patients suffering from schizophrenia should come up with such a notion is extraordinary; and very unkind. That literature which has been modelled on his ideas is junk, worthy only to be shifted, along with the tons of bilge produced every year, through profit to oblivion. It is an insult to the human spirit, and a cruel lie.

For a truly viable (non-commercial) theatre to exist there has to be a truly viable audience. This certainly exists — or existed until a few years ago — in Belgium. The theatre of today is largely in the hands of the directors (hence the term, used pejoratively by me, director's theatre), who do not work in true conjunction with the authors of plays, but rather as more or less commercial entrepreneurs, 'commercial realists' who manipulate such dramatic texts as they decide to exploit to meet the needs of their (alas, mostly middlebrow) audiences. The genuine dramatist has to survive this and to assert himself. All he has on his side is the spirit of the genuine theatre — but this, fortunately, survives along with (and often in the purveyors of) the commercial theatre. There are two tests of a genuine dramatist: his work must be playable on the stage, in some form, at any time during or after his lifetime; and it must stand the test of reading as well as viewing. Perhaps there are a score of twentieth-century dramatists who will fulfil these requirements. I have discussed these and a number of other interesting ones. But it must be remembered that this is a guide to literature and not to the entertainment industry or the history of socio-anthropological phenomena, however intelligently motivated.

Another concept that I have used freely is what I have christened *Künstlerschuld*: 'artist-guilt'. Increasingly in this century poets and writers (Rilke, Mann and Broch are examples) have been beset by the fear that literature fulfils no useful, but only a selfish function. The writers who feel this particular kind of anguish have been or are almost invariably dedicated to literature to the exclusion of everything else (Broch is an exception). The question is, of course, as old as Plato (this was how Aristotle and others understood Plato); but for some writers of the past hundred or so years it has become crucial. Broch tried not to be a writer. At one point Rilke wanted to be a country doctor. Joyce was famously guilty about 'using' his family. Laura Riding 'repudiated' poetry. Mann portrayed the writer as a sick Faustus...

This is of course a relevant theme in an age of 'committed literature' and socialist realism (this is discussed fully in the section devoted to Russian literature; it must, of course, be distinguished from mere social realism, which means no more than it implies). The naïve writer has no doubts: Neruda, the most substantial of those modern poets who lacked a sense of intellectual responsibility, had no difficulty in reconciling his poetry with what he called communism. But it was not really communism. This phenomenon, of *Künstlerschuld*, has never been picked up by critics, perhaps because they would like to be creative writers and think that the life is all delight and ease. But if a hatred or at least a powerful suspicion of what you are is built into your enterprises, as is the case, then this is clearly paradoxical and interesting.

It is towards the truly mysterious — and yet authentic — that the creative writer must now aim. This is why much of the newest poetry and fiction is coming from Latin America: an

exotic and largely unexplored region of the world that well matches our own even more exotic, even less explored regions. Recourse to the purely surreal can now lead to nothing better than the raw material of the dream – which, as it comes into consciousness, is censored, screened. What is needed – we have had it in Rilke, Vallejo and some others – is the real dream: the meaning of the dream in terms of its own original, unknown, mysterious, day-haunting images – not in those of (say) a psycho-analytical interpretation. This truth contains, absorbs and accepts death.

The problem is one of control as well as of inspiration: what kind of control must the writer exercise over his immediate impulses to return to this naïve realm? Here the animal cunning of sentimentive writers such as Vallejo or Rilke can be useful. One thinks in this connection of the cunning art of the ‘primitive’ man who hunts, for food, animals he loves: this is nearer to the required sentimentive than is the cleverness of the regular academic critic – for all the ancient wisdom that is locked up, one might say fossilized, inside the notions with which he so fascinatingly plays.

Blandford Forum
23 June 1984

Martin Seymour-Smith

Abbreviations

- AD: *Absurd Drama*, P. Meyer, 1965
abd.: abridged
ad: adapted
add.: with additional matter
AGD: *Avant-Garde Drama*, 13.F. Dukore and D.C. Gerould, 1969
AL: *Albanian Literature*, S.E. Mann, 1955
AMEP: *Anthology of Modern Estonian Poetry*, W.K. Matthews, 1955
AMHP: *Anthology of Modern Hebrew Poetry*, A. Birman, 1968
AMYP: *Anthology of Modern Yugoslav Poetry*, J. Lavrin, 1963
ANZP: *Anthology of New Zealand Poetry*, V. O'Sullivan, 1970
AP: *Africa in Prose*, O.R. Dathorne and W. Feuser, 1969
ARL: *Anthology of Russian Literature in the Soviet Period*, B.G. Guernsey, 1960
ASP: Apollinaire: *Selected Poems*, O. Bernard, 1965
AU: *Agenda*, vol. 8, no. 2, Ungaretti Special Issue, Spring 1970
AW: *Australian Writing Today*, C. Higham, 1968
AWT: *African Writing Today*, E. Mphahlele, 1967
BAP: Bella Akmadulina: *Fever and Other Poems*, G. Dutton and I. Mezhakov-Koriakin, 1970
BAV: *Book of Australian Verse*, J. Wright, 1956
BEJD: Josef Brodsky: *Elegy for John Donne and Other Poems*, N. Bethell, 1967
BISS: *Penguin Book of Italian Short Stories*, G. Waldman, 1969
BP: Bertolt Brecht: *Plays*, 2 vols, J. Willett and E. Bentley, 1960-62
BRV: *Book of Russian Verse*, C.M. Bowra, 1943
BRV2: *Second Book of Russian Verse*, C.M. Bowra, 1948
BSP: André Breton: *Selected Poems*, K. White, 1969
CCD: *Chief Contemporary Dramatists*, 3 vols, T.H. Dickinson, 1915-30
CDP: *Contemporary Danish Plays*, E. Bredsdorff, 1955
CFP: *Contemporary French Poetry*, A. Aspel and D. Justice, 1965
CGP: *Contemporary German Poetry*, J. Bithell, 1909
CGPD: *Contemporary German Poetry*, B. Deutsch and A. Yarinolinsky, 1923
CIP: *Contemporary Italian Poetry*, C.L. Golino, 1962
CIV: *Contemporary Italian Verse*, G. Singh, 1968
CLP: *Century of Latvian Poetry*, W.K. Matthews, 1957
CP: Anton Chekhov, *Plays*, 1959
CRP: *Anthology of Contemporary Rumanian Poetry*, R. MacGregor-Hastie, 1969
CTP: Albert Camus: *Caligula and Three Other Plays*, S. Gilbert, 1958
CV: *Caribbean Verse*, O.R. Dathorne, 1967
CWT: *Canadian Writing Today*, M. Richler, 1970
DFP: Friedrich Dürrenmatt: *Four Plays*, G. Nellhaus et al, 1964
ed.: edited by

- EOWYO: *Envy and Other Works of Yuri Olesha*, A. MacAndrew, 1963
 ESW: Paul Eluard: *Selected Writings*, L. Alexander, 1951
 FBS: Marcel Raymond: *From Baudelaire to Surrealism*, 1950
 FCP: *Five Centuries of Polish Poetry*, J. Peterkiewicz, Burns Singer and J. Stallworthy, 1970
 FGP: *Four Greek Poets*, E. Keeley and P. Sherrard, 1966
 FMR: *From the Modern Repertoire*, 3 vols, E. Bentley, 1949-56
 Fr.: French
 FSP: *Four Soviet Plays*, B. Blake, 1937
 FTP: Max Frisch: *Three Plays*, M. Bullock, 1962
 FTS: Frank Wedekind: *Five Tragedies of Sex*, B. Fawcett and S. Spender, 1952
 FWT: *French Writing Today*, S.W. Taylor, 1968
 GED: *Anthology of German Expressionist Drama*, W.H. Sokel, 1963
 Ger.: German
 GMS: *Plays of Gregorio Martinez Sierra*, H. Granville-Barker and J.G. Underhill, 1923
 GSP: Michel de Ghelderode: *Seven Plays*, G. Hauger and G. Hopkins, 1960
 GSS: *German Short Stories*, R. Newnham, 1964
 GWT: *German Writing Today*, C. Middleton, 1967
 HE: *Heart of Europe*, T. Mann and H. Kesten, 1943
 HSS: *Hungarian Short Stories*, 1967
 HW: René Char: *Hypnos Waking*, J. Matthews, 1956
 HWL: Joseph Reményi, *Hungarian Writers as Literature*, 1964
 IMPL: *Introduction to Modern Polish Literature*, A. Gillon and L. Krzyzanowski, 1964
 IMSL: *Introduction to Modern Spanish Literature*, K. Schwartz, 1968
 IN: P.J. Jouve: *An Idiom of Night*, K. Bosley, 1968
 IP4: Eugene Ionesco: *4 Plays*, D. Watson, 1958
 IQ: *Italian Quartet*, R. Fulton, 1966
 ISS: *Italian Short Stories*, R. Trevelyan, 1965
 IWT: *Italian Writing Today*, R. Trevelyan, 1967
 JDP: Max Jacob: *Drawings and Poems*, S.J. Collier, 1951
 JLME: Y. Okazakix: *Japanese Literature in the Meiji Era*, V.H. Viglierno, 1955
 LAP: *Anthology of Latin-American Poetry*, D. Fitts, 1942
 LTT: Federico García Lorca: *Three Tragedies*, J. Graham-Luján and R.L. O'Connell, 1961
 LWLF: *An Anthology of Byelorussian Poetry from 1928 until the Present Day*, 1971
 LWT: *Latin-American Writing Today*, J.M. Cohen, 1967
 MAP: *Modern African Prose*, R. Rive, 1964
 MBL: *Introduction to Modern Bulgarian Literature*, N. Kirilov and F. Kirk, 1969
 MBSP: V. Mayakovsky: *The Bedbug and Selected Poetry*, P. Blake, 1961
 MEP: *Modern European Poetry*, W. Barnstone, 1966
 MFC: *Four Modern French Comedies*, A. Bermel, 1960
 MGL: *Introduction to Modern Greek Literature*, M.P. Gianos, 1969
 MGP: *Modern German Poetry*, M. Hamburger and C. Middleton, 1962
 MHP: *Mayakovsky and his Poetry*, H. Marshall, 1965
 MJL: *Modern Japanese Literature*, D. Keene, 1956
 MJS: *Modern Japanese Stories*, I. Morris, 1961
 MPA: *Modern Poetry from Africa*, G. Moore and U. Beier, 1963
 MRD: *Masterpieces of Russian Drama*, 1933
 MRP: *Modern Russian Poetry*, V. Markov and M. Sparks, 1966
 MRPC: *Modern Rumanian Poetry*, N. Catanoy, 1967
 MSP: Oscar Venceslas de Lubicz Milosz: *14 Poems*, K. Rexroth, 1952
 MST: *Modern Spanish Theatre*, M. Benedikt and G.E. Wellwarth, 1968

- MSW: Henri Michaux: *Selected Writings*, R. Ellmann, 1968
 MT: *Modern Theatre*, 6 vols, E. Bentley, 1955-60
 NIP: *The New Italian Poetry*, L. Smith, 1981
 NTE: *The New Theatre in Europe*, R.W. Lorrigan, 1962
 NVSP: *Selected Poems of Neruda and Vallejo*, R. Bly, 1970
 NWC: *New Writing in Czechoslovakia*, G. Theiner, 1969
 NWP: *New Writing from the Philippines*, L. Caspar, 1966
 NWS: *The New Wave Spanish Drama*, G.E. Wellwarth, 1970
 NWY: *New Writing in Yugoslavia*, B. Johnson, 1970
 OBCV: *The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse*, A.J.M. Smith, 1960
 orig: originally
 OW: *Ocean at the Window*, A. Tezla, 1980
 PAWT: *African Writing Today*, E. Mphahlele, 1967
 PBFV3, PBFV4: *Penguin Book of French Verse* 3, 4, A. Hartley, 1957, 1959
 PBGV: *Penguin Book of Greek Verse*, C. Trypanis, 1971
 PC: Anton Chekhov: *Plays*, E. Fen, 1959
 PGV: *Penguin Book of German Verse*, L. Forster, 1957
 PI: *Poem Itself*, S. Burnshaw, 1960
 PIV: *Penguin Book of Italian Verse*, G. Kay, 1965
 PJV: *Penguin Book of Japanese Verse*, G. Bownas and A. Thwaite, 1964
 PKM: Kai Munk: *Five Plays*, R.P. Keigwin, 1953
 PLAV: *Penguin Book of Latin-American Verse*, E. Caracciolo-Trejo, 1971
 PLJ: *Poetry of Living Japan*, D.J. Enright and T. Ninomiya, 1957
 POM: *The Prose of Osip Mandelstam*, C. Brown, 1965
 PNT: *Plays for a New Theatre*, A.S. Weiniger and C.J. Atkinson, 1966
 PP: Alfred French: *The Poets of Prague*, 1969
 PPPP: *Post-War Polish Poetry*, C. Milosz, 1965
 PRP: Robert Pinget: *Plays*, 2 vols, S. Beckett, B. Bray, 1965-7
 PRV: *Penguin Book of Russian Verse*, D. Obolensky, 1965
 ps.: pseudonym of
 PSAY: *Penguin Book of South-African Verse*, J. Cope and U. Krige, 1968
 PSV: *Penguin Book of Spanish Verse*, J.M. Cohen, 1956
 pt.: part
 PTP: Luigi Pirandello: *Three Plays*, A. Livingstone, 1923
 PWT: *Polish Writing Today*, C. Wieniewska, 1967
 rev.: revised
 RP: *Russian Poetry 1917-55*, J. Lindsay, 1956
 RSP: Pierre Reverdy: *Poems*, A. Greet, 1968
 SAWT: *South-African Writing Today*, N. Gordimer and L. Abraham, 1967
 SCO: *Swan, Cygnets and owl*, M.E. Johnson, 1956
 sel.: selected by
 SL: *Soviet Literature, an Anthology*, G. Reavey and M. Slonim, 1933
 SP: Bert Brecht: *Seven Plays*, E. Bentley, 1961
 SSP: *Six Soviet Plays*, E. Lyons, 1934
 SSW: Jules Supervielle: *Selected Writings*, 1967
 TC: Anton Chekhov: *The Tales*, 13 vols, C. Garnett, 1916-22
 TCG: *Penguin Book of Twentieth Century German Verse*, P. Bridgwater, 1963
 TCGV: *Twentieth Century German Verse*, H. Salinger, 1952
 TCSP: *20th Century Scandinavian Poetry*, M.S. Allwood, 1950
 TGBP: *Two Great Belgian Plays about Love*, 1966

- TMCP: *Three Modern Czech Poets*, E. Osers and G. Theiner, 1971
TMP: *Twenty-five Modern Plays*, S.F. Tucker, 1931
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