

Newcastle, 1914, by Edward Wadsworth. The work appeared as an illustration in the first issue of the journal *Blast*. The vorticalist fascination with machines and abstraction, influenced by the Italian futurists, is seen in this woodcut, named after the English industrial city.

ernist era, and some are more than mere declarations of doctrine. The vorticalist manifesto and Loy's "Feminist Manifesto," for example, cross poetry with poster art, creatively manipulating words on the page for maximum effect. In their jagged typography, wild energy, and radical individualism turned to a collective purpose, these modernist manifestos helped advance and now exemplify elements of innovative art through the twentieth century and into the twenty-first.

For more documents, images, and contexts related to this subject, see "Modernist Experiment" in the supplemental ebook.

T. E. HULME

Although he published only six poems during his brief life, T. E. Hulme (1883–1917), English poet, philosopher, and critic, was one of the strongest intellectual forces behind the development of modernism. In this essay, probably composed in either 1911 or 1912 and probably delivered as a lecture in 1912, Hulme prophe-
sies a "dry, hard, classical verse" that exhibits precision, clarity, and freshness. He sharply repudiates the "spilt religion" of Romanticism, responsible for vagueness in the arts. Hulme sees human beings as limited and capable of improvement only

of tradition, but her typographically experimental "Feminist Manifesto" and her sexually defiant poetry also mark a break with the movement's misogyny and jingoism. Marinetti, Pound, and Lewis—despite their progressive prewar views on many social and artistic matters—later embraced fascism, believing it would help advance their cultural ideals.

Modernist manifestos take on a variety of different forms. Some are individual statements, such as Hulme's lecture "Romanticism and Classicism." Others are meant to be declarations on behalf of an emergent group or movement, such as "A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste" or the *Blast* manifesto. Occasionally, and paradoxically, a manifesto is a nonpublic declaration, unpublished in the author's lifetime, as in the case of Loy's "Feminist Manifesto." Although the manifesto is not an art form in the same sense as a poem or painting is, manifestos became an important literary genre in the mod-

through the influence of tradition. These ideas were an important influence on the thought and poetry of T. S. Eliot. Hulme's views of conventional language, the visual image, and verbal exactitude also shaped the imagism and vorticism of Ezra Pound and others.

Hulme was born in Staffordshire, England, and attended St. John's College, Cambridge, from which he was expelled for rebellious behavior in 1904 without finishing his degree. He lived mainly in London, where, befriending Pound and other poets and artists, he became a central figure of the prewar avant-garde. A critic of pacifism, Hulme enlisted as a private in the army when World War I broke out in 1914, and was killed in battle in 1917. First published posthumously in *Speculations* (1924), this essay is excerpted from *The Collected Writings of T. E. Hulme* (1994), ed. Karen Csengeri.

From Romanticism and Classicism

I want to maintain that after a hundred years of romanticism, we are in for a classical revival, and that the particular weapon of this new classical spirit, when it works in verse, will be fancy. * * *

I know that in using the words 'classic' and 'romantic' I am doing a dangerous thing. They represent five or six different kinds of antitheses, and while I may be using them in one sense you may be interpreting them in another. In this present connection I am using them in a perfectly precise and limited sense. I ought really to have coined a couple of new words, but I prefer to use the ones I have used, as I then conform to the practice of the group of polemical writers who make most use of them at the present day, and have almost succeeded in making them political catchwords. I mean Maurras, Lasserre and all the group connected with *l'Action Française*.¹

At the present time this is the particular group with which the distinction is most vital. Because it has become a party symbol. If you asked a man of a certain set whether he preferred the classics or the romantics, you could deduce from that what his politics were.

The best way of gliding into a proper definition of my terms would be to start with a set of people who are prepared to fight about it—for in them you will have no vagueness. (Other people take the infamous attitude of the person with catholic tastes who says he likes both.)

About a year ago, a man whose name I think was Fauchois gave a lecture at the Odéon on Racine,² in the course of which he made some disparaging remarks about his dullness, lack of invention and the rest of it. This caused an immediate riot: fights took place all over the house; several people were arrested and imprisoned, and the rest of the series of lectures took place with hundreds of gendarmes³ and detectives scattered all over the place. These people interrupted because the classical ideal is a living thing to them and Racine is the great classic. That is what I call a real vital interest in literature.

1. Charles Maurras (1868–1952) and Pierre Lasserre (1867–1930) were intellectuals associated with *l'Action Française*, a reactionary political movement that denigrated Romanticism and supported the Catholic Church as a force for order. (T. S. Eliot also fell under the movement's influence.)

2. Jean Racine (1639–1699), French tragic playwright associated with classicism. The riot occurred at a lecture delivered by French playwright René Fauchois (1882–1962) at the Odéon Theater, Paris, on November 3, 1910.

3. Police officers (French).

They regard romanticism as an awful disease from which France had just recovered.

The thing is complicated in their case by the fact that it was romanticism that made the revolution.⁴ They hate the revolution, so they hate romanticism.

I make no apology for dragging in politics here; romanticism both in England and France is associated with certain political views, and it is in taking a concrete example of the working out of a principle in action that you can get its best definition.

What was the positive principle behind all the other principles of '89? I am talking here of the revolution in as far as it was an idea; I leave out material causes—they only produce the forces. The barriers which could easily have resisted or guided these forces had been previously rotted away by ideas. This always seems to be the case in successful changes; the privileged class is beaten only when it has lost faith in itself, when it has itself been penetrated with the ideas which are working against it.

It was not the rights of man—that was a good solid practical war-cry. The thing which created enthusiasm, which made the revolution practically a new religion, was something more positive than that. People of all classes, people who stood to lose by it, were in a positive ferment about the idea of liberty. There must have been some idea which enabled them to think that something positive could come out of so essentially negative a thing. There was, and here I get my definition of romanticism. They had been taught by Rousseau⁵ that man was by nature good, that it was only bad laws and customs that had suppressed him. Remove all these and the infinite possibilities of man would have a chance. This is what made them think that something positive could come out of disorder, this is what created the religious enthusiasm. Here is the root of all romanticism: that man, the individual, is an infinite reservoir of possibilities; and if you can so rearrange society by the destruction of oppressive order then these possibilities will have a chance and you will get Progress.

One can define the classical quite clearly as the exact opposite to this. Man is an extraordinarily fixed and limited animal whose nature is absolutely constant. It is only by tradition and organisation that anything decent can be got out of him.

T.S. Eliot

* * *

Put shortly, these are the two views, then. One, that man is intrinsically good, spoilt by circumstance; and the other that he is intrinsically limited, but disciplined by order and tradition to something fairly decent. To the one party man's nature is like a well, to the other like a bucket. The view which regards man as a well, a reservoir full of possibilities, I call the romantic; the one which regards him as a very finite and fixed creature, I call the classical.

One may note here that the Church has always taken the classical view since the defeat of the Pelagian heresy⁶ and the adoption of the sane classical dogma of original sin.

It would be a mistake to identify the classical view with that of materialism. On the contrary it is absolutely identical with the normal religious atti-

tude. I should put it in this way: That part of the fixed nature of man is the belief in the Deity. This should be as fixed and true for every man as belief in the existence of matter and in the objective world. It is parallel to appetite, the instinct of sex, and all the other fixed qualities. Now at certain times, by the use of either force or rhetoric, these instincts have been suppressed—in Florence under Savonarola, in Geneva under Calvin, and here under the Roundheads.⁷ The inevitable result of such a process is that the repressed instinct bursts out in some abnormal direction. So with religion. By the perverted rhetoric of Rationalism, your natural instincts are suppressed and you are converted into an agnostic. Just as in the case of the other instincts, Nature has her revenge. The instincts that find their right and proper outlet in religion must come out in some other way. You don't believe in a God, so you begin to believe that man is a god. You don't believe in Heaven, so you begin to believe in a heaven on earth. In other words, you get romanticism. The concepts that are right and proper in their own sphere are spread over, and so mess up, falsify and blur the clear outlines of human experience. It is like pouring a pot of treacle⁸ over the dinner table. Romanticism, then, and this is the best definition I can give of it, is spilt religion.

I must now shirk the difficulty of saying exactly what I mean by romantic and classical in verse. I can only say that it means the result of these two attitudes towards the cosmos, towards man, in so far as it gets reflected in verse. The romantic, because he thinks man infinite, must always be talking about the infinite; and as there is always the bitter contrast between what you think you ought to be able to do and what man actually can, it always tends, in its later stages at any rate, to be gloomy. I really can't go any further than to say it is the reflection of these two temperaments, and point out examples of the different spirits. On the one hand I would take such diverse people as Horace, most of the Elizabethans and the writers of the Augustan age, and on the other side Lamartine, Hugo, parts of Keats, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley and Swinburne.⁹

* * *

What I mean by classical in verse, then, is this. That even in the most imaginative flights there is always a holding back, a reservation. The classical poet never forgets this finiteness, this limit of man. He remembers always that he is mixed up with earth. He may jump, but he always returns back; he never flies away into the circumambient gas.

You might say if you wished that the whole of the romantic attitude seems to crystallise in verse round metaphors of flight. Hugo is always flying, flying over abysses, flying up into the eternal gases. The word infinite in every other line.

7. Puritan members of the Parliamentary Party during the English Civil War (1642–51), named for their short haircuts. Girolamo Savonarola (1452–1498), Dominican monk who denounced the extravagance of the Renaissance. John Calvin (1509–1564), Protestant theologian who stressed the predestination and the depravity of humankind.

8. Molasses (British).

9. Horace (65–8 B.C.E.), Roman poet. "The Elizabethans": English poets and playwrights (such as Shakespeare) writing during the reign of Queen

Elizabeth I (1558–1603). "The Augustan age": the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, when English writers such as John Dryden (1631–1700) and Alexander Pope (1688–1744) embraced a classicism likened to the Augustan Age of Rome. Alphonse Lamartine (1790–1869), French poet and politician. Victor Hugo (1802–1885), French poet and novelist. John Keats (1795–1821), Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834), George Gordon (Lord) Byron (1788–1824), Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822), Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837–1909), English poets.

4. The French Revolution (1789–99).

5. Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712–1778), Swiss-born French writer and philosopher whose ideas greatly influenced the leaders of the French Rev-

olution and the development of Romanticism.

6. Controversial Church doctrine denying the transmission of original sin, named after the theologian Pelagius (ca. 354–after 418).

In the classical attitude you never seem to swing right along to the infinite nothing. If you say an extravagant thing which does exceed the limits inside which you know man to be fastened, yet there is always conveyed in some way at the end an impression of yourself standing outside it, and not quite believing it, or consciously putting it forward as a flourish. You never go blindly into an atmosphere more than the truth, an atmosphere too rarefied for man to breathe for long. You are always faithful to the conception of a limit. It is a question of pitch; in romantic verse you move at a certain pitch of rhetoric which you know, man being what he is, to be a little high-flutin. The kind of thing you get in Hugo or Swinburne. In the coming classical reaction that will feel just wrong.

* * *

I object even to the best of the romantics. I object still more to the receptive attitude.¹ I object to the sloppiness which doesn't consider that a poem is a poem unless it is moaning or whining about something or other. I always think in this connection of the last line of a poem of John Webster's which ends with a request I cordially endorse:

'End your moan and come away.'²

The thing has got so bad now that a poem which is all dry and hard, a properly classical poem, would not be considered poetry at all. How many people now can lay their hands on their hearts and say they like either Horace or Pope? They feel a kind of chill when they read them.

The dry hardness which you get in the classics is absolutely repugnant to them. Poetry that isn't damp isn't poetry at all. They cannot see that accurate description is a legitimate object of verse. Verse to them always means a bringing in of some of the emotions that are grouped round the word infinite.

The essence of poetry to most people is that it must lead them to a beyond of some kind. Verse strictly confined to the earthly and the definite (Keats is full of it) might seem to them to be excellent writing, excellent craftsmanship, but not poetry. So much has romanticism debauched us, that, without some form of vagueness, we deny the highest.

In the classic it is always the light of ordinary day, never the light that never was on land or sea. It is always perfectly human and never exaggerated: man is always man and never a god.

But the awful result of romanticism is that, accustomed to this strange light, you can never live without it. Its effect on you is that of a drug.

* * *

It is essential to prove that beauty may be in small, dry things.

The great aim is accurate, precise and definite description. The first thing is to recognise how extraordinarily difficult this is. It is no mere matter of carefulness; you have to use language, and language is by its very nature a communal thing; that is, it expresses never the exact thing but a compromise—that which is common to you, me and everybody. But each man sees a little differently, and to get out clearly and exactly what he does

1. Elsewhere in the essay, Hulme claims that every sort of verse has an accompanying receptive attitude by which readers come to expect certain qualities from poetry. These receptive attitudes, he explains, sometimes outlast the poetry from

which they develop.

2. From *The Duchess of Malfi* (1623) 4.2, by the English dramatist John Webster (ca. 1580—ca. 1625).

see, he must have a terrific struggle with language, whether it be with words or the technique of other arts. Language has its own special nature, its own conventions and communal ideas. It is only by a concentrated effort of the mind that you can hold it fixed to your own purpose. I always think that the fundamental process at the back of all the arts might be represented by the following metaphor. You know what I call architect's curves—flat pieces of wood with all different kinds of curvature. By a suitable selection from these you can draw approximately any curve you like. The artist I take to be the man who simply can't bear the idea of that 'approximately'. He will get the exact curve of what he sees whether it be an object or an idea in the mind. I shall here have to change my metaphor a little to get the process in his mind. Suppose that instead of your curved pieces of wood you have a springy piece of steel of the same types of curvature as the wood. Now the state of tension or concentration of mind, if he is doing anything really good in this struggle against the ingrained habit of the technique, may be represented by a man employing all his fingers to bend the steel out of its own curve and into the exact curve which you want. Something different to what it would assume naturally.

* * *

This is the point I aim at, then, in my argument. I prophesy that a period of dry, hard, classical verse is coming. I have met the preliminary objection founded on the bad romantic aesthetic that in such verse, from which the infinite is excluded, you cannot have the essence of poetry at all.

* * *

Poetry * * * is a compromise for a language of intuition which would hand over sensations bodily. It always endeavours to arrest you, and to make you continuously see a physical thing, to prevent you gliding through an abstract process. It chooses fresh epithets and fresh metaphors, not so much because they are new, and we are tired of the old, but because the old cease to convey a physical thing and become abstract counters. A poet says a ship 'coursed the seas' to get a physical image, instead of the counter word 'sailed'. Visual meanings can only be transferred by the new bowl of metaphor; prose is an old pot that lets them leak out. Images in verse are not mere decoration, but the very essence of an intuitive language. Verse is a pedestrian taking you over the ground, prose—a train which delivers you at a destination.

* * *

The point is that exactly the same activity is at work as in the highest verse. That is the avoidance of conventional language in order to get the exact curve of the thing.

* * *

A powerfully imaginative mind seizes and combines at the same instant all the important ideas of its poem or picture, and while it works with one of them, it is at the same instant working with and modifying all in their relation to it and never losing sight of their bearings on each other—as the motion of a snake's body goes through all parts at once and its volition acts at the same instant in coils which go contrary ways.

A romantic movement must have an end of the very nature of the thing. It may be deplored, but it can't be helped—wonder must cease to be wonder.

I guard myself here from all the consequences of the analogy, but it expresses at any rate the inevitableness of the process. A literature of wonder must have an end as inevitably as a strange land loses its strangeness when one lives in it. Think of the lost ecstasy of the Elizabethans. 'Oh my America, my new found land,'³ think of what it meant to them and of what it means to us. Wonder can only be the attitude of a man passing from one stage to another, it can never be a permanently fixed thing.

1911–12

1924

3. Line 27 of John Donne's "To His Mistress Going to Bed."

F. S. FLINT AND EZRA POUND

In the March 1913 issue of *Poetry* magazine, the English poet and translator F. S. Flint published an article summarizing an interview with an unidentified "imagiste"—surely Ezra Pound. The article, partly dictated and rewritten by Pound, famously states the three principles of imagism—directness, economy, musical rhythm—which Pound later said he and the poets H. D. and Richard Aldington had agreed on in 1912. Flint's prefatory piece was followed in the same issue by Pound's manifesto, "A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste." There Pound defines the image and issues injunctions and admonitions to help poets strip their verse of unnecessary rhetoric and abstraction. Poets, he argues, should write direct, musically cadenced, image-grounded verse.

Born in London, F. S. Flint (1885–1960) worked in the British civil service, translated poetry (mostly French), and eventually published volumes of his own imagist poetry. Ezra Pound (1885–1972) was born in Hailey, Idaho, and was educated at the University of Pennsylvania and Hamilton College. During his twelve years in London, from 1908 to 1920, where he became closely associated with W. B. Yeats and T. E. Hulme, he was the most vigorous entrepreneur of literary modernism, helping James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, and other writers launch their careers. In London he also began producing material for his major work, the massive poem *The Cantos*. Living briefly in Paris and then for twenty years in Italy as an ardent supporter of the Fascist regime, he was arrested for treason in 1945, having made Rome Radio broadcasts against the U.S. war effort. He spent twelve years, from 1946 to 1958, in a Washington, D.C., asylum for the criminally insane before returning to Italy, where he fell into an almost complete public silence until the end of his life.

Imagisme¹

Some curiosity has been aroused concerning *Imagisme*, and as I was unable to find anything definite about it in print, I sought out an *imagiste*, with

1. In response to many requests for information regarding *Imagism* and the *Imagistes*, we publish this note by Mr. Flint, supplementing it with further exemplification by Mr. Pound. It will be seen

from these that *Imagism* is not necessarily associated with Hellenic subjects, or with *vers libre* as a prescribed form ["Editor's Note" from original]. "*Vers libre*": free verse (French).

intent to discover whether the group itself knew anything about the "movement." I gleaned these facts.

The *imagistes* admitted that they were contemporaries of the Post Impressionists and the Futurists; but they had nothing in common with these schools. They had not published a manifesto. They were not a revolutionary school; their only endeavor was to write in accordance with the best tradition, as they found it in the best writers of all time,—in Sappho, Catullus, Villon.² They seemed to be absolutely intolerant of all poetry that was not written in such endeavor, ignorance of the best tradition forming no excuse. They had a few rules, drawn up for their own satisfaction only, and they had not published them. They were:

1. Direct treatment of the "thing," whether subjective or objective.
2. To use absolutely no word that did not contribute to the presentation.
3. As regarding rhythm: to compose in sequence of the musical phrase, not in sequence of a metronome.

By these standards they judged all poetry, and found most of it wanting. They held also a certain 'Doctrine of the Image,' which they had not committed to writing; they said that it did not concern the public, and would provoke useless discussion.

The devices whereby they persuaded approaching poetasters to attend their instruction were:

1. They showed him his own thought already splendidly expressed in some classic (and the school musters altogether a most formidable erudition).
2. They re-wrote, his verses before his eyes, using about ten words to his fifty.

Even their opponents admit of them—ruefully—"At least they do keep bad poets from writing!"

I found among them an earnestness that is amazing to one accustomed to the usual London air of poetic dilettantism. They consider that Art is all science, all religion, philosophy and metaphysic. It is true that *snobisme* may be urged against them; but it is at least *snobisme* in its most dynamic form, with a great deal of sound sense and energy behind it; and they are stricter with themselves than with any outsider.

F. S. Flint

A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste

An "Image" is that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time. I use the term "complex" rather in the technical sense employed by the newer psychologists, such as Hart,¹ though we might not agree absolutely in our application.

It is the presentation of such a "complex" instantaneously which gives that sense of sudden liberation; that sense of freedom from time limits and space limits; that sense of sudden growth, which we experience in the presence of the greatest works of art.

2. François Villon (1431–after 1463), French poet. Sappho (fl. ca. 610–ca. 580 B.C.E.), Greek poet. Catullus (ca. 84–ca. 54 B.C.E.), Roman poet.
1. British psychologist Bernard Hart (1879–

1966) discusses "the complex" in *The Psychology of Insanity* (1912), a book that helped popularize psychoanalysis.

Easter, 1916

*By William Butler
Yeats*

김민지, 김성주, 박정인, 박현재, 이지현, 임혁규



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Easter, 1916

William Butler Yeats

I have met them at close of day
Coming with vivid faces
From counter or desk among grey
Eighteenth-century houses.
I have passed with a nod of the head
Or polite meaningless words,
Or have lingered awhile and said
Polite meaningless words,
And thought before I had done
Of a mocking tale or a gibe
To please a companion
Around the fire at the club,
Being certain that they and I
But lived where motley is worn:
All changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

That woman's days were spent
In ignorant good-will,
Her nights in argument
Until her voice grew shrill.
What voice more sweet than hers
When, young and beautiful,
She rode to harriers?
This man had kept a school
And rode our wingèd horse;
This other his helper and friend
Was coming into his force;
He might have won fame in the end,
So sensitive his nature seemed,
So daring and sweet his thought.
This other man I had dreamed
A drunken, vainglorious lout.
He had done most bitter wrong
To some who are near my heart,
Yet I number him in the song;
He, too, has resigned his part
In the casual comedy;
He, too, has been changed in his turn,
Transformed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

Easter, 1916

William Butler Yeats

Hearts with one purpose alone
Through summer and winter seem
Enchanted to a stone
To trouble the living stream.
The horse that comes from the road,
The rider, the birds that range
From cloud to tumbling cloud,
Minute by minute they change;
A shadow of cloud on the stream
Changes minute by minute;
A horse-hoof slides on the brim,
And a horse splashes within it;
The long-legged moor-hens dive,
And hens to moor-cocks call;
Minute by minute they live:
The stone's in the midst of all.

Too long a sacrifice
Can make a stone of the heart.
O when may it suffice?
That is Heaven's part, our part
To murmur name upon name,
As a mother names her child
When sleep at last has come
On limbs that had run wild.
What is it but nightfall?
No, no, not night but death;
Was it needless death after all?
For England may keep faith
For all that is done and said.
We know their dream; enough
To know they dreamed and are dead;
And what if excess of love
Bewildered them till they died?
I write it out in a verse—
MacDonagh and MacBride
And Connolly and Pearse
Now and in time to be,
Wherever green is worn,
Are changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

About the Poet



William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)



아일랜드 시인이자 극작가 &
아일랜드 민족주의 정치가

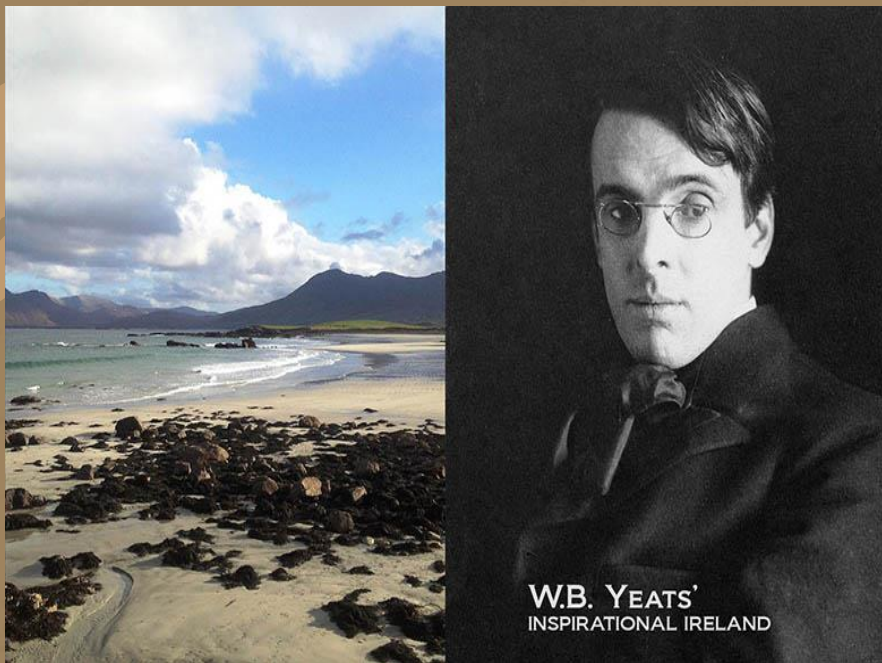


20세기 영문학과 아일랜드 문학에 있어서
가장 영향력 있는 인물 중 한명으로 평가



1923년 노벨문학상 수상 →
영국 & 아일랜드 시인으로서 확고한 인정

About the Poet



W. B. Yeats & Ireland



Early works: 라파엘 전파의 영향으로
몽환적이고 낭만적인 주제를 다룸

Later works: 건조하고 딱딱한 남성적인 경향 &
구체성을 지닌 심상



Sligo, Ireland 풍경, 분위기, 환경
→ 그의 작품에 상당한 영향



Easter, 1916:
the Tragic Story of the 1916 Easter Rising

Background of the Poem



The Easter Rising (1916)

- 아일랜드 독립을 위한 부활절 투쟁
(also called "Easter Rebellion")
- **Easter Monday, April 24, 1916, in Dublin**
1200여명의 아일랜드 독립군이 더블린
중앙우체국을 비롯하여 주요 시설 습격하면서 시작
- 6일간 지속된 격렬한 전투에서 항쟁
But, 영국군이 무차별 사격과 무력으로 진압
→ 2600명 가량이 다치고 485명이 사망

Background of the Poem



The Easter Rising (1916)

- “Easter, 1916”은 The Easter Rising 사건에 대한 Yeats의 충격과 애도, 봉기에서 싸운 이들에 대한 존경의 감정을 서술
- The Easter Rising :
“A terrible beauty is born” 구절 반복
- 군사적인 실패로 기록되었지만 영국의 지배에 대한 아일랜드인의 첫 반항의 의의

Theme



Sacrifice & Immortality

- 평범한 사람들의 영웅적인 행동
- 민족운동가들의 비극적이고 끔찍한 최후
- **Easter Rising**의 순교자들의 숭고한 정신을 기림
- 희생을 통한 불멸
(미래의 혁명가들에게 영향력 행사, 영감을 주며 영원히 살 것)



Ambivalence

- 구절 **"A terrible beauty is born"** 반복
- 반란군의 아일랜드에 대한 열정과 애국심 찬양
- 영웅적으로 보기에는 성급하고 어리석었던 면을 탄식
- **"Was it needless death after all?"** 의문제기

Form Analysis

"Easter, 1916" is divided into 4 stanzas of different lengths:

Stanza 1: 16 lines

Stanza 2: 24 lines

Stanza 3: 16 lines

Stanza 4: 24 lines

-> The Easter Rising took place on **April 24, 1916**.

: signifies the importance of Easter Rising ?

Rhyme Scheme>

Overall rhyme scheme: ABABDCDEFEF, etc. [**ABAB pattern**]

Deviation from rhyme scheme- emphasize word 'death'

To murmur name upon name,
As a mother names her child
When sleep at last has come
On limbs that had run wild.
What is it but nightfall?
No, no, not night but death;
Was it needless death after all?

Meter>

A mix of loose iambic tetrameter and iambic trimeter.

Form Analysis

Alliteration>

ex) **C**asual **c**omedy

Assonance>

ex) a shad**o**w of cl**o**ud on the stream

Symbol>

ex) **The winged horse** = poet (Greek myth)

Stone = dedicated to one purpose, unchanging

Allusion>

ex) allusion of a woman and three men who actually participated in Easter Rising in Stanza 2

Oxymoron>

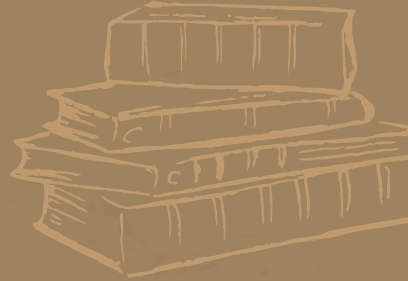
ex) Terrible beauty

Repetition>

ex) A terrible beauty is born

Stanza Analysis: Stanza 1

I have met them at close of day
Coming with vivid faces
From counter or desk among grey
Eighteenth-century houses.
I have passed with a nod of the head
Or polite meaningless words,
Or have lingered awhile and said
Polite meaningless words,
And thought before I had done
Of a mocking tale or a gibe
To please a companion
Around the fire at the club,
Being certain that they and I
But lived where motley is worn:
All changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.



Stanza 1 Summary

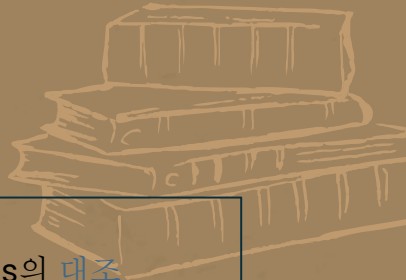
The 1st stanza describes **Dublin**, where the revolutionaries lived and worked. The speaker remembers how he and the rebels exchanged pleasantries on the street or talked at the “club.”

→ At the beginning of the poem, the speaker knows of the rebels but is **indifferent** to their cause.

Stanza Analysis: Stanza 1

I have met them at close of day
Coming with vivid faces
From counter or desk among grey
Eighteenth-century houses.

I have passed with a nod of the
head
Or polite meaningless words,
Or have lingered awhile and said
Polite meaningless words,



- “vivid” faces 와 “grey” surroundings의 대조

→ 평범하고 일상적인 장소에서 생활하지만 내면에 격렬한 열정 또는 감정이 자리잡고 있는 revolutionaries들의 모습

- 화자와 revolutionaries와의 대조

→ 화자는 지나치는 사람들과 깊은 대화를 하는 것이 아니라 그저 “pass”하고 머리를 “nod”하거나 “polite meaningless words”를 주고 받는다. 이는 화자가 다른 이들에게 무관심한 태도를 보여준다.

- “polite meaningless words” 반복 → 무의미성 강조

Stanza Analysis: Stanza 1

And thought before I had done
Of a **mocking tale or a gibe**
To please a companion
Around the fire at the club,
Being certain that they and I
But lived where **motley** is worn:

All changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

- "mocking tale or a gibe"

→ 혁명가들을 심각하게 받아들이지 않는 화자의 태도를 보여줌

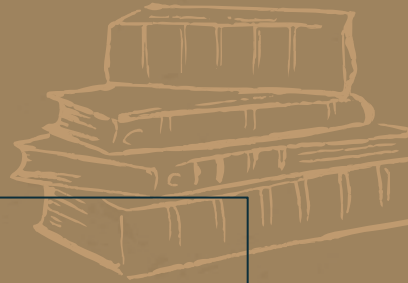
- "motley": 얼룩덜룩한 (광대의 옷)

→ 화자가 혁명가들을 comic한 인물로 보았음

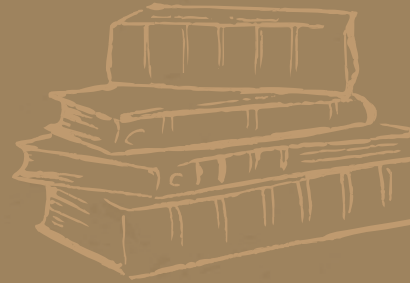
- "A terrible beauty is born" (연마다) 반복

→ Oxymoron

→ Easter Rising에 관한 Yeats의 견해. 피해를 입은 사람들로 인해 "terrible" + 독립을 향한 소망이 담긴 "beauty"



Stanza Analysis: Stanza 2



That woman's days were spent
In ignorant good-will,
Her nights in argument
Until her voice grew shrill.
What voice more sweet than hers
When, young and beautiful,
She rode to harriers?
This man had kept a school
And rode our wingèd horse;
This other his helper and friend
Was coming into his force;
He might have won fame in the end,
So sensitive his nature seemed,
So daring and sweet his thought.
This other man I had dreamed
A drunken, vainglorious lout.

He had done most bitter wrong
To some who are near my heart,
Yet I number him in the song;
He, too, has resigned his part
In the casual comedy;
He, too, has been changed in his
turn,
Transformed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

Stanza 2 Summary

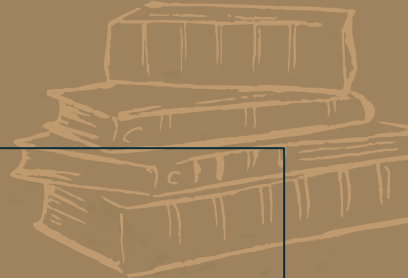
Yeats mentions **actual historical figures** who were part of the Easter Rising.

Stanza Analysis: Stanza 2

That **woman**'s days were spent
In ignorant good-will,
Her nights in argument
Until her voice grew **shrill**.
What voice more **sweet** than hers
When, young and beautiful,
She rode to harriers?

This **man** had kept a school
And rode our **wingèd horse**;

This **other** his helper and friend
Was **coming into his force**;
He might have won fame in the end,
So sensitive his nature seemed,
So **daring and sweet** his thought.



Woman: **Constance Gore-Booth**

“Shrill” / “Sweet” **목소리의 대조** → 독립투사가 되어 변한 것에 대한 **안타까움**. 말을 타고 사냥하던 “sweet”했던 여인이 아일랜드의 독립에 관해 논쟁하며 “shrill” 목소리를 갖게 됨

Man: **Padraic Pearse** (시인)

“Winged horse”: **페가수스**. 뮤즈의 말.

Man: **Thomas MacDonagh** (시인)

필력이 무르익기 시작(‘coming into his force’)했던 그를 보면서 예이츠는 그가 천성이 감성적이기 때문에 더 오래 살았더라면 **명성을 얻었을지도 모르겠다고** 말함

Stanza Analysis: Stanza 2

This **other man** I had dreamed
A **drunken, vainglorious lout**.
He had done most bitter wrong
To **some who are near my heart**,
Yet I number him in the **song**;

He, too, has resigned his part
In the **casual comedy**;
He, too, has **been changed** in his turn,
Transformed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.



Other man: **John MacBride**

“drunken vainglorious lout”: MacBride는 **Maud Gonne**과 결혼한 사이였기에 Yeats가 부정적으로 표현. 그럼에도 불구하고 Easter Rising에 참여했기에 시에 포함.

* Maud Gonne: Yeats가 사랑했던 사람이자 그의 뮤즈.

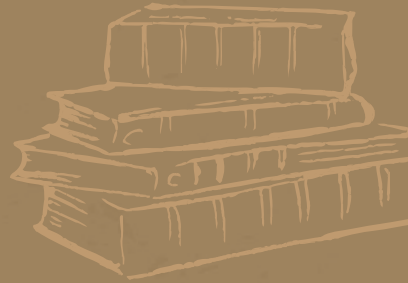
“Song”: **elegy** (이 시)

“casual comedy”: **인간의 삶**

“Been changed”: Easter Rising에 참여하면서 사람들이 변화함→ 평범하던 이들이 개인의 단위를 벗어나 공동의 소망을 담은 반란에 참여하며 **그들이 갖는 의미가 변화**하였음을 보여줌.

Stanza Analysis: Stanza 3

Hearts with one purpose alone
Through summer and winter seem
Enchanted to a stone
To trouble the living stream.
The horse that comes from the road,
The rider, the birds that range
From cloud to tumbling cloud,
Minute by minute they change;
A shadow of cloud on the stream
Changes minute by minute;
A horse-hoof slides on the brim,
And a horse plashes within it;
The long-legged moor-hens dive,
And hens to moor-cocks call;
Minute by minute they live:
The stone's in the midst of all.

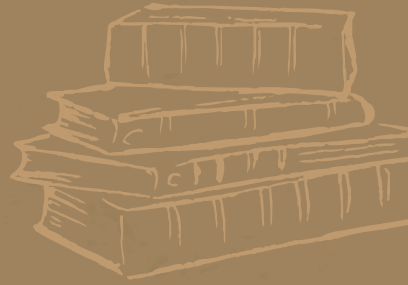


Stanza 3 Summary

The 3rd stanza introduces an extended **pastoral metaphor**. The hearts of these rebels are compared to **a stone** that **“troubles”** a stream of history.

In order to emphasize the unchanging nature of the rebels, Yeats goes through a variety of images that do change. They **contrast** the rebels’ hearts.

Stanza Analysis: Stanza 3



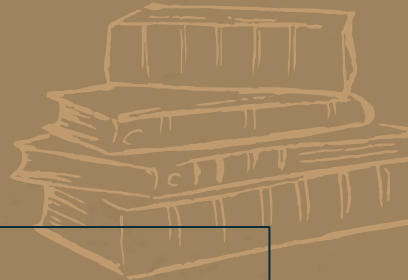
Hearts with one purpose alone
Through summer and winter seem
Enchanted to a stone
To trouble the living stream.

“one purpose”: Rebellion

‘투쟁’이라는 한가지 목적에만 전념하는 사람들의 모습을 “a stone”에 빗대어 표현함.

→ “Hearts”의 **immovable, soulless, inanimate**한 특성을 잘 드러냄.

Stanza Analysis: Stanza 3



The horse that comes from the road,
The rider, the birds that range
From cloud to tumbling cloud,
Minute by minute they change;
A shadow of cloud on the stream
Changes minute by minute;
A horse-hoof slides on the brim,
And a horse plashes within it;
The long-legged moor-hens dive,
And hens to moor-cocks call;
Minute by minute they live:

The stone's in the midst of all.

존재의 시시각각 변화하는 이미지를 드러내면서 “Hearts”, “a stone”의 정적인, 생동감 없는 이미지와 대조하고 있음.

존재들의 시시각각 변하는 특성을 강조하고 있음.

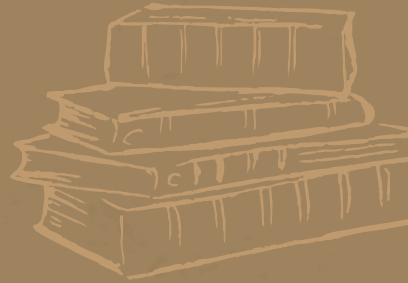
Change와 live가 서로 대응하여, 변화하는 존재는 생동감있는, 살아있는 존재이며, 그렇지 못한 돌과 사람들(Hearts)은 변화하지 못하는, 영혼이 없는(inanimate, soulless), 죽은 존재라는 해석이 가능함.

→ 돌이 변화의 흐름을 방해함. 변화하는 존재들 사이에서 명확히 대비됨.

Stanza Analysis: Stanza 4

Too long a sacrifice
Can make a stone of the heart.
O when may it suffice?
That is Heaven's part, our part
To murmur name upon name,
As a mother names her child
When sleep at last has come
On limbs that had run wild.
What is it but nightfall?
No, no, not night but death;
Was it needless death after all?
For England may keep faith
For all that is done and said.
We know their dream; enough
To know they dreamed and are dead;

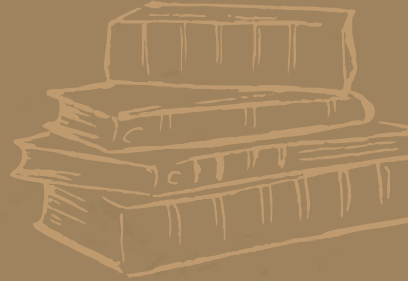
And what if excess of love
Bewildered them till they died?
I write it out in a verse—
MacDonagh and MacBride
And Connolly and Pearse
Now and in time to be,
Wherever green is worn,
Are changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.



Stanza 4 Summary

In the final stanza, Yeats asks the significant question about the Rising and the subsequent executions: “**Was it needless death after all?**” and Yeats reconciles himself to the fact that “**wherever green is worn,**” people will remember the sacrifices of the rebels of 1916.

Stanza Analysis: Stanza 4



Too long a sacrifice

Can make a stone of the heart.
O when may it suffice?

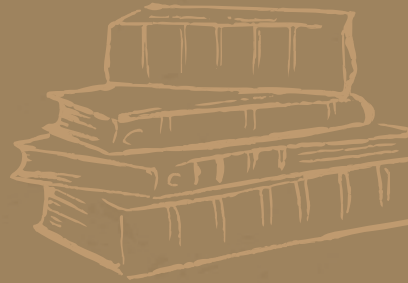
오랜 희생은 마음이 돌이 되어 사람들의 마음에 해로운 영향을 끼침.

That is Heaven's part, our part
To murmur name upon name,
As a mother names her child
When sleep at last has come
On limbs that had run wild.

이름 위에 이름을 부르는 것 = 위로 = 한 많은 사람들을 달랠

수면은 죽음을 비유하는 것으로, 주변의 변화하는 사건들 사이에서 변하지 못했기 때문에 죽음

Stanza Analysis: Stanza 4



What is it but nightfall?
No, no, not night but death;
Was it needless death after all?
For England may keep faith
For all that is done and said.
We know their **dream;** enough
To know they dreamed and are dead;

화자가 말 한 것을 고침 → 아이를 타이르는 일보다 더 중요한 **death**에 관한 문제에 대해 생각함.

당시 자치정부를 인정해 달라는 법안의 통과가 진행 중이었는데, 제 1차 세계대전의 발발로 미결정 상태로 남게 됨.

dream: 독립

Stanza Analysis: Stanza 4

And what if **excess of love**
Bewildered them till they died?

I write it out in a verse-
MacDonagh and MacBride
And Connolly and Pearse

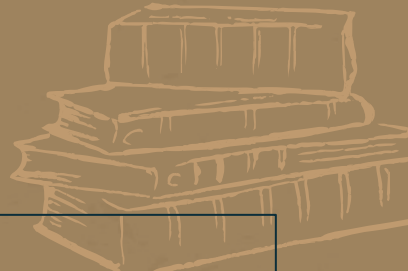
Now and in time to be,
Wherever **green** is worn,
Are changed, changed utterly:

A terrible beauty is born.

영웅적인 꿈을 가진 사람들은 대의명분, 나라, 꿈에 대한 극도의 헌신, “**excess of love**”로 혼란을 겪으며 그 불가능성의 결과로 죽은 것은 아닌지 묻고 있음.

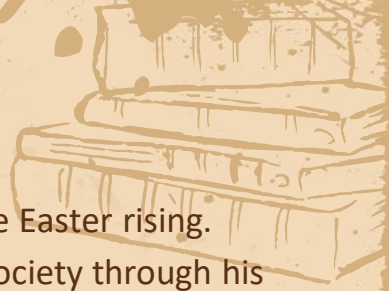
Easter Rising에 참여한 사람들의 이름을 밝히며 stanza 2에서 언급한 “the song”, 즉, 이 시를 완성하고 있음.

green을 입은 사람들로 대표되는 아일랜드의 정신이 어디에 있든 간에 그 사람들은 영원히 바뀔 것이라고 계속해서 말하고 있음.



Discussion Questions

1. There is ambivalence and uncertainty in Yeats' attitude when it comes to describing the Easter rising. What meaning do you think Yeats was trying to convey to the readers about the Irish society through his poem?
2. This poem is composed of 4 stanzas, with 16-24-16-24 line structure. Considering that Easter rising took place on 1916 August 24th, what do you think was the reason Yeats closely resembled the form of the poem with the date of the uprising?
3. In the poem, 'the stone' symbolizes the revolutionaries' unchanging dedication and passion for Easter Rising. How could 'the stone' provide a lesson to the modern readers in an ever-changing, transient contemporary society?



Sources

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