

A Resource for W. B. Yeats (1865-1939)

Search: 'W. B. Yeats' in Entire Document, AFTER 1880 = 9,688 results

Search: 'W. B. Yeats' as a Keyword, AFTER 1880 = 1,334 results

Search: 'W. B. Yeats' as a Keyword AND 'Secret Rose' in Entire Document, AFTER 1880 = 19 results

Title: MR. W. B. YEATS'S LATEST BOOK

Details: *The Freeman's Journal and Daily Commercial Advertiser*, 10 April 1897; n.p.

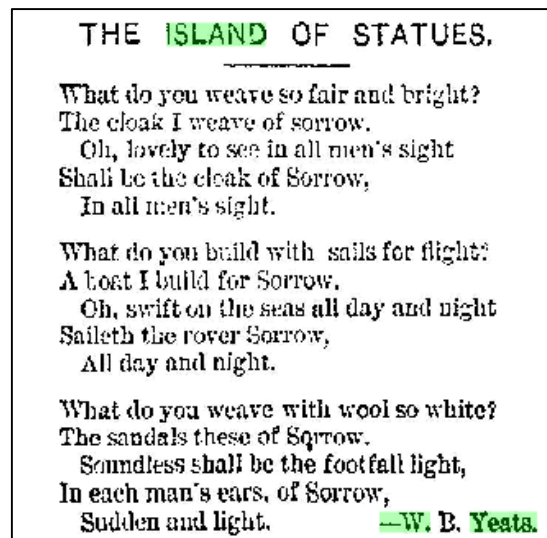
Title: NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

Details: *The Illustrated London News*, 24 April 1897; pg. 569

Title: MR W. B. YEATS

Details: *The Aberdeen Press and Journal*, 16 May 1923; pg. 6

Search: 'W. B. Yeats' as a Keyword AND 'island' in Entire Document, AFTER 1886 = 52 results



The Island of Statues, *The Atchison Daily Champion*, 7 May 1889; pg. 8

Title: THE ISLAND OF STATUES

Details: *The Wisconsin State Register*, 15 June 1889; n.p.

Title: BOOKS OF THE DAY

Details: *Freeman's Journal and Daily Commercial Advertiser*, 26 August 1892; n.p.

Search: 'W. B. Yeats' as a Keyword AND 'Irish Literary Theatre' in Entire Document, AFTER 1885 = 10 results

Title: THE IRISH LITERARY THEATRE

Details: *The Freeman's Journal and Daily Commercial Advertiser*, 1 June 1899; n.p.

Title: LITERARY NOTES

Details: *The Morning Post*, 15 February 1900; pg. 2

Title: YEATS AND THE IRISH DRAMA

Details: *The Listener*, 2 March 1939; pg. 484

Search: 'W. B. Yeats' as a Keyword AND 'Maud Gonne' in Entire Document, AFTER 1885 = 84 results

Title: YEATS MEMOIRS

Details: *Aberdeen Press and Journal*, 18 November 1926; pg. 2

Title: TRIBUTES TO YEATS
Details: The Times Literary Supplement, 3 August 1940; pg. 376

Title: THE WISDOM OF W. B. YEATS
Details: The Listener, 21 December 1950; pg. 790

Come into the garden, Maud by C. P. SHON. Includes a portrait of W. B. Yeats and a poem.

'The Garden, Maud', The Financial Times, 11 January 1973; pg. 10

Title: BEAUTY AND THE BEASTLY SIDE OF MAUD
Details: The Daily Mail, 22 February 1979; pg. 7

Search: 'W. B. Yeats' as a Keyword AND 'symbolism' in Entire Document, AFTER 1885 = 47 results
Title: YEATSIAN FANTASY
Details: The Times Literary Supplement, 22 January 1938; pg. 56

Title: YEATS'S USE OF SYMBOLISM
Details: The Times Literary Supplement, 24 January 1958; pg. 43

Title: A POET'S SYMBOLISM
Details: The Economist, 25 January 1958; pg. 305

Search: 'W. B. Yeats' as a Keyword AND 'Hyde-Lees' in Entire Document, AFTER 1915 = 20 results

Mad as the mist and snow. Anthony Burgess on a revised and discriminating life of W B Yeats. Includes a portrait of W. B. Yeats.

'Mad as the Mist and Snow', The Independent, 28 January 1989; pg. 29

Title: WOMEN WHO LOVED AND LOST WILLIAM
Details: *The Daily Mail*, 8 March 1997; pg. 38-39

Title: ACCIDENTAL WIFE
Details: *The Times Literary Supplement*, 15 November 2002; pg. 5

Title: A POET OF SPIRIT, AND OF THE FLESH
Details: *The Daily Mail*, 24 October 2003; pg. 58-59

Search: 'W. B. Yeats' AND 'Great' as Keywords, AFTER 1920 = 64 results
Title: MR W. B. YEATS HONOURED BY ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY
Details: *The Courier and Argus*, 11 July 1924; pg. 4



'A Great Poet of the English-speaking world', *The Illustrated London News*, 6 March 1943; pg. 258

Title: POETIC PLAY OF GREAT POWER
Details: *The Times*, 30 August 1955; pg. 5

Title: SENATOR YEATS
Details: *The Times*, 4 January 1962; pg. 11

Search: 'W. B. Yeats' as a Keyword AND 'Senator' in Entire Document, AFTER 1921 = 54 results
Title: POETIC REFUSALS
Details: *Punch*, 29 July 1925; pg. 94

Title: MR. YEATS ON IRISH CENSORSHIP
Details: *The Sunday Times*, 21 October 1928; pg. 21

Title: MR. W. B. YEATS ON IRISH LITERATURE
Details: *The Times*, 9 November 1926; pg. 16

Search: 'W. B. Yeats' as a Keyword AND 'Nobel Prize' in Entire Document, ON 1923 = 9 results
Title: NOBEL PRIZE FOR MR W. B. YEATS
Details: *The Courier and Argus*, 15 November 1923; pg. 5

Title: HONOUR FOR BRITISH POET
Details: *The Evening Telegraph and Post*, 15 November 1923; pg. 9

Title: MR. W. B. YEATS
Details: *The Daily Mail*, 15 November 1923; pg. 7

Search: 'W. B. Yeats' as a Keyword AND 'Ben Bulben' in Entire Document, AFTER 1925 = 19 results

Title: UNDER BEN BULBEN

Details: *The Times Literary Supplement*, 21 January 1965; pg. 47



**BLIND
BITTER
LAND**

It is 50 years this month
since **W.B. Yeats's** death.

DENIS DONOGHUE
reassesses the poet's political
commitment and unswerving
nationalism, relating both to
present-day Irish politics.

'Blind Bitter Land', *The Listener*, 12 January 1989; pg. 6

Search: 'W. B. Yeats' AND 'new poems' as Keywords, AFTER 1927 = 10 results

Title: MR. YEATS'S NEW POEMS

Details: *The Times Literary Supplement*, 1 March 1928; pg. 146

Title: MR. YEATS'S NEW POEMS

Details: *The Sunday Times*, 4 March 1928; pg. 8

Title: MR. YEATS'S NEW POEMS

Details: *The Times Literary Supplement*, 5 October 1933; pg. 666

Honour to Yeats

The *Winding Stair*. By **W. B. Yeats**. Macmillan. 6s.

MR. YEATS' **NEW** VOLUME OF **POEMS** will not disappoint admirers of *The Tower*. If there is no single poem in *The Winding Stair* as impressive as the title poem of *The Tower*, the themes of that volume are developed here much further, and the feeling of rage in *The Tower* which seemed largely directed against old age is here developed into something not only fine, but also holy.

Mr. Yeats' latest poems are all lyrical. His lyricism has become more inspired, more direct, with age. But *The Winding Stair* has also a breadth of range which we have come to expect more often in dramatic or narrative than in lyrical poetry. For example, the poems called 'Blood and the Moon', 'Cocle and Ballylee', 'At Algeciras', 'Byzantium', and the series called 'Words for Music Perhaps', and the short epigrammatic poems, all deal with different aspects of experience, and the cumulative effect of these poems put together in a volume is dramatic.

If one considers these poems in the light of all that Mr. Yeats has written, one finds, first, that in his last poems Yeats has abandoned none of the symbolism of his earlier work, but he now uses this symbolism with an almost arrogant freedom, and he never loses himself in its complexities; and secondly, that the interest of his latest poems is in every way more human. Indeed, his poetic growth seems to be away from the purely mystical towards human reality; but the mysticism is not left behind, it is used to intensify his vision of the human. The result is so powerful and so consistent that the **new poems** make much of Yeats' earlier poetry—even poems like 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree'—seem pale and shadowy.

Yeats' mysticism, instead of becoming more involved with his age, has become far simpler through its contact with humanity. The allusions to Celtic names still puzzle us occasionally, but the argument becomes magnificently clear in lines such as:

No longer in Lethaez foliage caught
Begin the preparation for your death
And from the fortieth winter by that thought
Test every work of intellect or faith
And everything that your own hands have wrought,
And call those works extravagance of breath
That are not suited to such men as come
Proud, open-eyed and laughing to the tomb.

'Honour to Yeats', 11 October 1933; pg. xi

Search: 'W. B. Yeats' as a Keyword AND 'Death' in Entire Document, ON 1939 = 11 results

Title: W. B. YEATS

Details: *The Sunday Times*, 5 February 1939; pg. 6

Title: MR. W. B. YEATS

Details: *The Times*, 9 February 1939; pg. 19

Title: CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Details: *The Listener*, 9 March 1939; pg. 543

Title: W. B. YEATS

Details: *The Times Literary Supplement*, 22 July 1939; pg. 438

Search: 'W. B. Yeats' as a Keyword AND 'memory' in Entire Document, AFTER 1940 = 43 results



'W. B. Yeats comes home to Sligo', *The Picture Post*, 9 October 1948; pg. 10

Title: A GENIUS, A FOOL

Details: *The Times Literary Supplement*, 11 April 1997; pg. 21

Title: IRELAND'S HIGH PRIEST OF POETRY

Details: *The Times*, 20 September 2003; pg. 13

Search: 'W. B. Yeats' as a Keyword AND 'eulogy' in Entire Document, AFTER 1939 = 2 results

The Yeats I Knew

By W. J. TURNER

IT is very difficult to speak of a famous man one has known. Some lingering human contact affects one's manner, as it would in the man's presence. Nor is it possible even to be as free as one might be in his absence during his lifetime; since while a man lives he is, even when older and renowned, still a contemporary of whom there is the competitive urge to find something disparaging to say. While Yeats lived (he was born in 1865 and died at the age of seventy-four) I had never been a passionate admirer of his poetry. I had read much of his early work at the British Museum when I was still a young man of about twenty-four but I have never bought a single volume of his poems, and hardly knew his later work. I had bought Eliot, Hopkins and Ezra Pound, but not Yeats, Bridges, Hardy or Masefield. Yeats was not my idea of a poet, and I remember that some time after I knew him well personally—which was not until about 1935—I had shocked his friends, Dorothy Wellesley and Hilda Matheson, by suddenly bursting out, in the middle of a eulogy of theirs on Yeats, with the words, 'Yeats is not a great poet'. My remark was quite sincere, but it was ignorant, with a belated youthful arrogance; yet there is in it still a certain personal meaning. Yeats is not my kind of poet, not my natural taste in poetry; he is an acquired taste and a taste I have only lately succeeded in acquiring, after his death in 1939. The judgment of poets upon other poets is apt to be askew. Their deepest admiration is necessarily towards the poetry they themselves want to write, even if they never succeed in doing it. So they are likely to incline most to poetry—however imperfect—which points in their own direction, or poetry which opens up new methods, or forms from which they imagine they may profit. When I read Mr. C. M. Bowra's fine essay on Yeats in *The Heritage of Symbolism* I recognised a sounder judgment than my own, and found myself warmed to enthusiasm by virtues which he pointed out and which I had not discovered for myself.

The generous sympathy which Yeats showed to me—while part of that magnanimous spirit and intellectual curiosity, instinctive in him towards younger artists—must have had some natural basis. I often wondered whether he had the slightest inkling of the lack of an adequate appreciation in me of his poetry; but now I think that so gifted and sensitive a man would undoubtedly have been aware of the slightest tepidity and he must have instinctively known that I was a potential if not an actual admirer. Also, there is that other indefinable and far more subtle relationship between men, that of pure liking. One does not often definitely like people and I liked Yeats for himself. He was an extraordinarily distinct and likeable personality—bizarre, fantastic and incredible. I mean literally incredible because he would tell stories about ghosts and spooks that were frankly unbelievable. But he did not tell them to one's superficial intelligence, to be assessed by it as one would read a company report. No, they sprang spontaneously out of an inner cave, like the witch of Endor, and one did not need to be a Saul to be completely bowled over. Yeats's conversation was usually a rare form of poetry, which I much relished. It had a bouquet like a very fine wine. A good specimen of it occurs in Yeats's letter to Florence Farr dated April 21, 1908, from 18 Woburn Buildings, Euston Road, London, where I was once, as a young man, taken to see Yeats by an American photographer named Scherill Schell. Yeats writes: 'Here is Conder's [Conder, the painter] account of

how he came to enjoy music first. "I never understood it until one day I thought it was like pink satin, I was going home one night in Paris. There was a decadent poet with me. He had a revolver. He fired through keyholes. He shot off several bolts. Then a policeman took him away. His mistress was with him and I said, 'Come with me and sleep on the sofa'. She slept on the sofa and I went to my room. In the middle of the night I heard a sound of broken glass. She

had climbed through the skylight and was calling to the police to protect her from me. A friend said nobody can help you now but the Archbishop of Paris and when he came next day to the prison the Archbishop was dressed in pink satin". That is how I came to understand music'.

There have been innumerable attempts to define poetry, but that story of Yeats's has essential poetry, a poetry which poets only occasionally achieve. And if I was lacking in proper appreciation of the brilliantly composed printed poems of Yeats, I enjoyed his talk immensely and I drank in with all my pores the words of that witch-inspired apparition with his blue Celtic ring and utter obliviousness to mechanical matter, of that tall, mocking figure which looked as if it had suddenly appeared straight from some mythological scene. And you could pour cold water on it—as I have heard Professor James Jeans and Dr. Artur Schnabel do—without the slightest effect. Humbug would have vanished before them, but poetry is not to be extinguished by cold reason; it is only to be eclipsed by wilder imagination.

Therefore, somewhat against my will, I had to admit that Yeats was a great poet. And I had another reason for liking him. He had a genuine hatred of the lies and treachery of democracy. Consequently, he was accused by those fools who blind themselves with labels, of being a fascist. The truth is that Yeats was an individualist and looked everywhere for quality and character. A good standard producer had no interest for him, nor a soundly reasoned

argument. What he would remember in a conversation with a brilliant talker such as 'A.E.' (George Russell) was the sort of thing he relates in his *Trembling of the Veil*: 'Russell has just come in from a long walk on the Two Rock Mountain, very full of conversation with an old religious beggar, who kept repeating, "God possesses the Heavens, but He covets the earth—He covets the earth"'. Typical of Yeats is this story in his book *Autobiographies*: 'We were sitting round the fire one night, and a member, a woman, tells a dream that she had just had. She dreamed that she saw monks digging in a garden. They dug down till they found a coffin, and when they took off the lid she saw that in the coffin lay a beautiful young man in a dress of gold brocade. The young man railed against the glory of the world and, when he had finished, the monks closed the coffin reverently, and buried it once more. They smoothed the ground, and then went on with their gardening'.

Matthew Arnold, who invented the word, had something of the philistine in him. Yeats had nothing. To be with him was as refreshing as to be alone on an uninhabited coast. I have often wished that there had been a stenographer present to take down our conversation on the many occasions at the Savile Club when Yeats and I lunched together at one of our small tables. I say our conversation, but it was almost entirely his. I do not talk at lunch, or at any other meal—at least not until I have drunk and eaten. This may have been why Yeats was drawn



Sir William Rothenstein's portrait of W. B. Yeats in 1923.

'The Yeats I Knew', *The Listener*, 3 October 1946; pg. 443