

a category. Mr. Golden's psychology, as glib as his history is perceptive, contributes in this book to that easy and fatal way of thinking, and thus mars an otherwise excellent work.



Boys' Towns in Italy: At the end of World War II, Monsignor J. Patrick Carroll-Abbing set out to feed and clothe the street boys of Italy. That good work has occupied the life of this good, Jesuit-trained Irishman for over twenty years. In that time he has given aid and succor to thousands of homeless, underprivileged boys. At present, thanks to his efforts, there are nine Boys' Towns in Italy and thirty-one day centers that provide supplementary help. Monsignor Carroll-Abbing has been properly honored by the Italian government, the Vatican, Notre Dame University, and the United Nations.

It seems almost an act of cruelty, in view of all that, to speak unkindly of Carroll-Abbing's new book, *But for the Grace of God* (Delacorte, \$5.95). Unfortunately, however, it has many defects. It is, to begin with, an autobiography—a difficult form that Carroll-Abbing has by no means mastered. He is, no doubt, a modest man, but he has written an embarrassing, anecdotal account of triumph after triumph: the way he defeats a critic on a train; the way his charm thaws stiff-backed adversaries; the way his gentle understanding overcomes all obstacles.

Unfortunately, too, the primary mood of the book is all too mawkish: American colonels are heroes, old countesses who extend dinner invitations are villains, and the world is divided into the immediately recognizable wise and kind and the equally recognizable bad and stupid—although some of these last are susceptible to persuasion when it is directed at their heads by an Irish priest.

And, as a literary point, difficulties of organization are handled with incredible casualness: transitions such as "My mind goes back to . . ." or "Strange how seemingly unimportant things can remain indelibly printed on one's memory" are made to carry a load that is far beyond their powers.

Monsignor Carroll-Abbing and his staff raise privately in the U.S. the approximately \$300,000 a year it takes to support their worthy cause. This requires extensive work in the profession of public relations. The book shows the strain of that kind of effort.

—WALTER GUZZARDI, JR.

Coming January 1, 1966

SR's World Travel Calendar

SR/December 25, 1965

Elizabethan in the Round

In Search of Christopher Marlowe: A Pictorial Biography, by A. D. Wraight and Virginia F. Stern (Vanguard, 376 pp. \$12.50), presents through narrative and picture the most complete account to date of Marlowe the man and places him graphically within his age. Bernard Grebanier is the author of, among other books, "The Heart of Hamlet," "The Truth About Shylock," and "The Great Shakespeare Forgery."

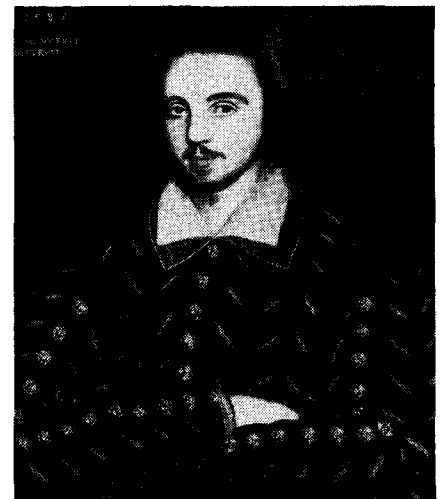
By BERNARD GREBANIER

THERE is always a great deal of profitless discussion as to whether Marlowe might not have equaled or surpassed Shakespeare had the former's life not been ended at twenty-nine by the thrust of a twelve-penny dagger. (There are, of course, even a few people who insist that he *was* Shakespeare.) But, after all, who has equaled Shakespeare? For all his formidable gifts Marlowe, unlike Shakespeare, was not particularly interested in human nature—least of all in women—and never displayed any psychological insight into the workings of character. To say this is not to disparage him. He was certainly Shakespeare's greatest predecessor in the theater and prepared the way for him; as a poet he was mightily to influence Milton (who, in turn, influenced almost all other great English poets). Paradoxically, though he is historically so important a figure in the drama, it is as a poet—one of our best and most inspired—that his immortality is assured.

During 1964 there was a profusion of publications on Shakespeare in celebration of his quadricentennial, though with the exception of a book or two (like Ivor Brown's excellent *How Shakespeare Spent the Day*) few of them made any contribution. It was perhaps inevitable that in the midst of the to-do it should have been generally overlooked that the same year was also the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Marlowe. Now in this work, already published in England, A. D. Wraight and Virginia Stern have managed to do for him in 1965 what no one did the previous year for Shakespeare—give us a brilliant, original, and highly creative work on every aspect of the writer's life. It is not only the product of the most painstaking research and thought—it has everything

that the admirer or student of Marlowe could wish to have—but it is also a book beautifully conceived and exquisitely put together, the fruit of a collaboration astonishing in harmony and unity.

A teacher at Dulwich College Preparatory School (which itself has ties with Marlowe, for Dulwich College was founded by Ned Alleyn, the man who enacted his heroes on the stage), Mrs. Wraight has traced step by step her subject's life from its beginnings at Canterbury, where he was born in February 1564 the son of a cobbler, to fatal May 30, 1593, when he kept a rendezvous at Deptford with three shady rascals who had obviously well planned the death meted out to him that day. Nothing is omitted. We see him as a pupil first at the King's School in his native town; then as an Archbishop Parker scholar at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he went in 1580 and presently was able to spend suspiciously large sums of money; as a spy in the Queen's service and going abroad for that work; as the genius who came to London in 1587 and took it by storm with his *Tamburlaine*; as the third party in a duel ending in the death of the man who provoked it. We meet and get to know all we need to know about the people with whom Marlowe was involved: the Walsinghams, Tom Watson, Sir Walter Raleigh, the other members of the dangerous "School of Night," Robert Greene, Thomas Kyd, Richard Baines, and scores of others. All the documents are here: the list of scholars at the King's School and at Cambridge; the record of



—From the book.

Christopher Marlowe—"a peaceable, tranquil, and patriotic citizen"?

Marlowe's M.A.; the Privy Council's letter to Cambridge on his behalf; a manuscript of "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love" and of Raleigh's reply to it; Marlowe's manuscript of a scene from *The Massacre of Paris*; his signature; the warrant for his arrest in May 1593; the Coroner's Inquisition after his murder (this document is the famous one so dramatically unearthed forty years ago by Leslie Hotson—perhaps the most important biographical discovery of a lost record in our time); the entry in the burial register at St. Nicholas, Deptford; Richard Baines's charges of atheism against Marlowe—all these and many more are quoted in full and their originals photographed for the curious eye. Mrs. Wraight has also filled in a thousand fascinating details; e.g., what Canterbury was like in Marlowe's youth and Cambridge in his student days there; the preoccupations of a spy in Elizabeth's day, Marlowe's extollers and vilifiers, etc.

Half of this wonderful book is made up of pictures, many of them cunningly chosen to fill out the poet's biography and his lines. (One of the most remarkable feats of this collaboration is to make evident what one never suspected—that Marlowe drew heavily upon familiar scenes for some of his most telling effects.) There are magnificent studies by Mrs. Stern, a free-lance photographer who is American by birth and education, of the old parts of Canterbury and its

cathedral, the King's School, many places in Cambridge (including such a room as Marlowe must have had), Rheims (where he was sent as a spy), the Tower of London, Scadbury (where he lived briefly in happy seclusion until a summons to appear before the Star Chamber brought him out), and numerous other places relevant to his life or works. There are portraits of many Elizabethans, most of which will be new to the reader: Sidney, Spenser, Raleigh, Francis Walsingham, Lady Walsingham, Ned Alleyn, Hunsdon, Drayton, Chapman, Florio—to mention a few. There are innumerable woodcuts and maps from the period, and many scenes from modern productions of Marlowe's plays. A treasure-house, the book fascinates on every page. But nothing is more exciting than two full-page portraits of Marlowe himself, to whose appearance there was

not until recently even a clue. One, found only in 1953, is of him at twenty-one. The other, the so-called "Grafton" portrait, has been in some quarters accepted as of Shakespeare; the authors establish that it is of Marlowe too, a few years later. The history of both paintings is fully recounted.

The splendid contributions to our knowledge of Marlowe begun by Hotson and continued by Brooke, Boas, Bakeless, and Norman have now been rounded out and capped by this joy of a book. If one must take exception to any facet of it, it is the authors' effort to alter our conception of Marlowe as a wild, reckless youth who threw his life away, by implying he was a peaceable, tranquil, and patriotic citizen. Not only do his works belie the attempt, but even the portraits so brilliantly proved to be his say otherwise. Look again at those eyes, ladies!

The Sanctification of the Ordinary

Re Joyce, by Anthony Burgess (Norton. 272 pp. \$5), provides clues to much that, for many readers, eludes comprehension in the work of James Joyce. A. M. Sullivan is a poet and student of Irish history.

By A. M. SULLIVAN

"MY BOOK," writes Anthony Burgess, "does not pretend to scholarship, only to a desire to help the average reader who wants to know Joyce's work but has been scared off by the professors." The author is too modest about his scholarship. Recognizing the combination of the comic and the cosmic in Joyce, he proceeds with his self-imposed task of unraveling meaning by scrutinizing the layers of a mind that was encyclopedic in dimension. Joyce's wide-ranging intellect could reverence the wisdom of St. Thomas Aquinas with its Aristotelian discipline, ape the ribald laughter of Rabelais, indulge in mockery of Catholic ritual, and play the jongleur singing his doubletalk in four or five languages.

There have been numerous explicators of Joyce, but Burgess has done what many others have failed to do, or neglected to attempt: he has defined the perimeter of Joyce's adventure in both *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. Some light has been shed by Padraic and Mary Colum, by Oliver St. John Gogarty, and by Henry Morton Robinson and Joseph Campbell in their examinations of the Joycean techniques; it took Burgess to place Joyce's satire in its proper orbit.

In the first chapter, "Solemnizations," he says, "His [Joyce's] prose . . . often looks odd when its intelligibility is not in doubt. It is a special kind of oddness which he shares with a poet—Gerard Manley Hopkins. These two, the renegade Catholic and the Catholic convert, the Jesuit-taught and the Jesuit teacher, have more in common than critics have been prepared to notice." That Joyce was influenced in his wrenching of diction by Hopkins's poetry Burgess denies, although he offers evidence that at times Joyce "seems to parody Hopkins." He pursues the relationship further: "There is more to it than a love of packed sentences and a dislike of hyphens. . . . Joyce talked of 'epiphanies,' Hopkins of 'inscapes'; Joyce adopted Aquinas as his philosopher, Hopkins took Duns Scotus; the one rejected the church (or thought he did), the other gave up all for it (or tried to; literature got in the way).

"Joyce, without blasphemy," continues Burgess, "saw his function as priest-like—the solemnization of drab days, and sanctification of the ordinary." I quarrel with his use of the word "blasphemy," which is harder to define either legally or canonically than "obscenity"; the courts absolved Joyce of obscenity, and God alone knows what constitutes blasphemy. Burgess stresses that there was in Joyce a Catholicism that could not be erased by verbal renunciation or by mockery, any more than a child can deny his paternity by throwing stones at his father.

Both mischief and mysticism, Burgess points out, are always in evidence behind Joyce's verbal posturing. The



—Culver.

James Joyce—"a mind that sheltered angels."