

Chapter 1 : The Countess Cathleen, Manuscript Materials

The Countess Cathleen is a verse drama by William Butler Yeats in blank verse (with some lyrics). It was dedicated to Maud Gonne, the object of his affections for many years.

There is an alcove at the back with curtains; in it a bed, and on the bed is the body of MARY with candles round it. Thanks to that lie I told about her ships And that about the herdsman lying sick, We shall be too much thronged with souls to-morrow. What has she in her coffers now but mice? When the night fell and I had shaped myself Into the image of the man-headed owl, I hurried to the cliffs of Donegal, And saw with all their canvas full of wind And rushing through the parti-coloured sea Those ships that bring the woman grain and meal. Three days for traffic. Come in, come in, you are welcome. That is my wife. She mocked at my great masters, And would not deal with them. Now there she is; She does not even know she was a fool, So great a fool she was. Though that sounds simple, for her tongue grew rank With all the lies that she had heard in chapel. Draw to the curtain. Since the drought came they drift about in a throng, Like autumn leaves blown by the dreary winds. Who will come deal with us? They are out of spirit, Sir, with lack of food, Save four or five. Here, sir, is one of these; The others will gain courage in good time. I come to deal--if you give honest price. The angels think him safe. I ask three hundred crowns. You have read there That no mere lapse of days can make me yours. And I was once alone with him at midnight. I will not trust my mother after this. There is this crack in you--two hundred crowns. Has no one got a better soul than that? If only for the credit of your parishes, Traffic with us. What will you give for mine? And if there is a letter, that is no reason Why I should have less money than the others. Woman, have sense--come, Come. Is this a time to haggle at the price? There, take it up. She takes them and goes into the crowd. Come, deal, deal, deal. Here, take my soul, for I am tired of it. I do not ask a price. Not ask a price? How can you sell your soul without a price? I would not listen to his broken wits; His love for Countess Cathleen has so crazed him He hardly understands what he is saying. We cannot take your soul, for it is hers. Seeing it cannot help her I have grown tired of it. Begone from me I may not touch it. Is your power so small? And must I bear it with me all my days? May you be scorned and mocked! His gaze has filled me, brother, With shaking and a dreadful fear. I, too, grow weary, But there is something moving in my heart Whereby I know that what we seek the most Is drawing near--our labour will soon end. Come, deal, deal, deal, deal, deal; are you all dumb? What, will you keep me from our ancient home And from the eternal revelry? They say you beat the woman down too low. I offer this great price: There is but little set down here against her. God bless you, Sir. Oh, sir, a pain went through me! That name is like a fire to all damned souls. How she screamed out! And maybe we shall scream so. I tell you there is no such place as hell. Can such a trifle turn you from your profit? Master, I am afraid. Give me my soul again.

Chapter 2 : The Countess Cathleen by William Butler Yeats. Search eText, Read Online, Study, Discuss.

Based on what Yeats believed was an Irish folktale, The Countess Cathleen tells of an Irish noblewoman who, during a time of famine, sells her soul to devils so that her people might have bread. As paradoxical as it may seem, the least autobiographical of literary works are often the most personally revealing.

Additional Information In lieu of an abstract, here is a brief excerpt of the content: It speaks of Yeats as a classic dramatist who cuts everything away from the dramatic situation. There exists in each play "a single knot, a rather loose one, which is untied in a single movement. The former writes for actors, the latter for elocutionists. The praise of Yeats sounds weakly, as from an echo chamber. To claim that drama results from the overlapping of literature and theater is to repeat another truism, one no less deadly to an understanding of what Yeats really accomplished than the reference to an "undramatic tendency that is more or less evident in all Mr. The plot counts for nothing, and the characters have but the outer semblance of men. They are mere symbols that enclose a mood, and lack the vital blend of action, thought, and emotion that belong to complete and complex humanity. In the one-act plays that began with *Four Plays for Dancers*, Yeats did his most serious thinking about the contribution that forms the way in which drama moves to its resolution-makes to the theater. These plays are organically whole; they say what the theme demands must be said; and then they conclude. They do not ramble in the 1. They benefit from the tight, coherent shaping that Yeats has provided. All this is worth saying. But structure is only one element of a play, and it is at least controversial whether firm structure is intrinsic to the success of a dramatic work. The real issue rests with the dramatic qualities of the plays. Do they contribute to modern drama more than the historical curiosity the plays of the man who directed the Abbey Theatre? Are they more than the by-product of a brilliant career the plays of a poet who, only incidentally, wrote for the theater? Are they more than the dramatic meditations that Bentley admires? In short, are they truly plays? Great drama deals with conflict, and its universal implications arise from the specific actions of characters who are confronted by specific situations. A dramatist courageous enough to have convictions cannot afford to talk about them. The dramatic personae who populate his mind must be significantly involved in the moments of time that he chooses for them. Yeats wrote many plays, and kept rewriting them to the end of his life. They are uneven in quality and in the popularity that they achieved. But none of them deal with You are not currently authenticated. View freely available titles:

Chapter 3 : The Countess Cathleen, Manuscript Materials (W. B. Yeats)

The Countess Cathleen, verse drama by William Butler Yeats, published in and performed in Like many of Yeats's plays, The Countess Cathleen was inspired by Irish folklore. In a time of famine, demons sent by Satan come to Ireland to buy the souls of the starving people.

As for its importance to the Irish Theatre there is only one thing to be said: But first to speak of its production in general terms: They did not quote poetical passages out of modern drama-there were no passages that were dramatic enough to be memorable. After the production and publication of "The Countess Cathleen", one was made aware that lines in a modern play had become quotable "Yet leave me now for I am desolate. I heard a whisper from beyond the thunder, or The years like great black oxen tread the world, And God the herdsman goads them on behind, And I am broken by their passing feet. Ireland, remember, had no theatre at the time. In London the theatre was prosaic and conventional, but there was a growing desire for imaginative plays. To some extent this was met by the Stage Society made up of players and producers who did out-of-the-way plays over the years. Irish writers living in London at the time, W. Yeats, George Moore, Edward Martyn, and, unconnected with the theatre, Lionel Johnson, came into the movement for a new deal in the theatre. With the intuition of genius Yeats knew that his native country was the place to initiate imaginative drama. The people there had only an artificial interest in the type of play that was fashionable in London. They had imaginative speech and a dramatic way of expressing themselves; moreover in Ireland, myth and legend, the primal stuff of drama, were still current. And so in the eighteen nineties, Yeats and his colleagues cast around for a way of creating a drama for Ireland, a drama that in conception and language would have more import than what Londoners, or for that matter, Parisians sat through. Let me repeat the names of the writers who committed themselves to the venture that was to make Irish drama outstanding in the English-speaking world-William Butler Yeats, Edward Martyn, George Moore, Lionel Johnson. Physically there were theatres in Dublin "the Royal, the Gaiety, the Queens. But there was no Irish Theatre in the sense that there was a Norse and a Danish Theatre, a theatre that included authors and players Irish dramatists emigrated to London: The native companies were amateur, playing in small halls, the plays they produced being supplied them by London agencies. And now, noting its historic importance, we will take a look at the background of the first production of "The Countess Cathleen. It is worthwhile considering this title: But bear in mind that the players and the director were from the London theatres. It gave three productions and then subsided, leaving a wake which had to be followed and which was followed. The cast, in both cases, were from London theatres. As the fable of "The Countess Cathleen" became a matter of controversy, it should be given here. There is a famine in the country at some unspecified time. Agents of the Evil One, in the guise of merchants, go among them, enticing starving people to sell their souls for what would keep their bodies alive. The supplies purchased by a great lady with all her wealth are lost to her. The Countess Cathleen offers her own soul to the dark merchants. Eager to obtain such an exceptional soul they pay her a sum great enough to buy the food that is needed until the next harvest. The people are saved from the evil commerce and the Countess Cathleen dies. It has the elements of a folk-tale. But is there an Irish folk tale that this plot could be derived from? If, at the time of the production it could be shown that there was, there would have been no controversy. But about a woman entering into a compact with demons to prevent traffic in souls there is no folk-tale. However, there is one called "The Woman Who went to Hell" that tells how, inadvertently, a mother sold her unborn child to the devil, and then went down to hell to rescue his soul. Such a story goes to show that a belief in a compact with the powers of evil with a great personal sacrifice to nullify it was in the religious consciousness of Irish people. Well, to the badly equipped but expectant city came two plays by Irish authors, the one that had the most consequence being "The Countess Cathleen". The production in was associated with a rising national movement "a movement that stressed the cultural rather than the political idea. And here were plays based on Irish themes and written by Irish dramatists for production, not in London but in Dublin. It gave rise to the sort of excitement that makes for a dramatic movement. This excitement was immensely added to by the emergence of the controversy already referred to. On a mere hearing of its content

the Cardinal condemned "The Countess Cathleen". On the other side, those who saw in it the promise of an Irish Theatre with all the increment to the national movement it was likely to bring, demonstrated for the production. Twenty years afterwards one could meet some citizen who said somewhat shamefacedly, "I was in the picket of the Antient Concert Rooms when "The Countess Cathleen" was performed", or proudly, "I was a steward during the production of "The Countess Cathleen". The action turns on a noble woman selling her soul so that a whole community might be saved from selling theirs. But could the Countess Cathleen, guarded as she was by spiritual powers make such a bargain. It is a nice theological problem; it is taken care of very neatly in the play itself "The Light of Lights Looks always on the motive, not the deed, The Shadow of Shadows on the deed alone. The condemnation, however, was for historical, not for theological reasons. Records of famine showed, it was held, that Irish people starved rather than change their religion. This point was to be made afterwards in a short, dull play in Irish which title may be translated "Faith and Famine". The play was condemned and the hall picketed by Catholic students because of what was regarded as a slur on the loyalty of the Irish people to their traditional faith. I may say that in subsequent productions the point was not brought up. But if the play is not the dramatization of a legend it is the dramatization of a person who was to become a legend. Dedicated to Maud Gonne, the beautiful woman to whom Yeats was from his early manhood to his old age, who was to be the leading part in his next venture into the theatre, the one-act play. Yeats himself appears as the devotee of Druidism, the poet Aleel. In ten years from the first production of "The Countess Cathleen", a company of native players with an excellent director, Willie Fay, and a wonderful teacher and practitioner of speech, Frank Fay, emerged from the little halls and the nationalist clubs. The company was non-professional: Very wisely they concentrated on speech, and so were fitted for the next offering of poetic plays. Then when Yeats joined his vision to theirs, the Irish Theatre was founded. The plays he wrote thereafter were really for the theatre. They are not civil yet. How different from the harp-like tones of "The Countess Cathleen" "Look no more on the half-closed gates of Hell, But speak to me, whose mind is smitten of God, That it may be no more with mortal things, And tell of her who lies here. His performance of the title role in Richard II in was unanimously acclaimed. Steel and Camera Three programs; in the latter he portrayed Dylan Thomas. Several years in British repertory preceded her appearances in major productions in Dublin, Glasgow and London. At the Edinburgh festival in he played the leading role in Playboy of the Western World. He starred frequently on TV. He is the producer of a soon to be released film: Wicked John and the Devil. He is presently working on a film: The Wooden Indian, and an opera:

Chapter 4 : German addresses are blocked - blog.quintoapp.com

The Countess Cathleen and her companions arrive, searching for the way to her castle. The peasants bitterly complain to her of their state, and she gives them what she is left in her purse after.

Chapter 5 : Full text of "The Countess Cathleen"

*The Countess Cathleen [William Butler Yeats, W. B. Yeats] on blog.quintoapp.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. William Butler Yeats was born near Dublin in , and was encouraged from a young age to pursue a life in the arts.*

Chapter 6 : The Countess Cathleen Summary - blog.quintoapp.com

The Countess Cathleen is not only the first play written by William Butler Yeats, but also the first play of the great Irish Renaissance. It is fundamentally a charming peasant fable, embroidered.

Chapter 7 : The Countess Cathleen: Tradition Records at the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem

Countess Cathleen and self-sacrifice. Hello!:) Currently I'm writing a paper about Yeats in the time from the late s until During my research about a play of his, namely the "Countess Cathleen" I came about an interessting topic/idea, I would

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like to share.

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The Countess Cathleen. The Cornell Yeats edition gives literatim transcriptions and photographic reproductions of all the holographic materials pertaining to the writing, revising, and rewriting of 'The Countess Cathleen' from to

Chapter 9 : The Countess Cathleen | play by Yeats | blog.quintoapp.com

From the show performed at Radio City New York.