

REFERENCE BOOKS

Bakker, A. SVD. 1975. Outlines of English and American Literature. Percetakan Offset Arnoldus, Ende.

Barnard, Ellsworth. 1952. Edwin Arlington Robinson: A Critical Study. Macmillan, New York.

Bayon, Nina. et all. 1985. The Norton Anthology of American Literature. W. W. Norton & Company, New York.

Blair, Walter. 1949. The Literature of United States : An Anthology and A History, Single Volume Edition. Scott , Foressman and Company, New York.

Boulton, Marjorie. 1970. The Anatomy of Poetry. Routledge and Keagen Paul Ltd., London.

Casiega, Albert B. 1974. Man in Search of Meaning. De La Salle College, Manila.

Chatman, Seymour. 1968. An Introduction to The Language of Poetry. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Conolly, Francis X. 1960. Poetry: Its Power and Wisdom . Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Coxe, Louise. 1969. Edwin Arlington Robinson : The Life of Poetry. Pegasus, New York.

- Current, Richard N. 1966. American History: A Survey Second Edition. Alfred A. Knof Inc., New York.
- Davidoff, Linda L. 1987. Introduction to Psychology Third Edition. McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York.
- De Mott, Benjamin. 1978. America in Literature. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
- Forester, Norman et all. 1962. American Poetry and Prose Volume III. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.
- Frank, Marcella. 1972. Modern English Part II. Prentice-Hall Inc., Englewood Cliff.
- Gregory, Horace and Zaturenska, Marya. 1946. A History of American Poetry. Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York.
- Griffith, A. Phillips. 1984. Philosophy and Literature. Cambridge University Press, Cambridge.
- Gura, Timothy and Lee, Charlotte I. 1982. Oral Interpretation Sixth Edition. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.
- Hadi, Sutrisno. 1987. Metodologi Research Jilid I. Yayasan Penerbitan Fakultas Psikologi UGM, Yogyakarta.
- Hadiwijoyo, Harun. 1980. Sari Sejarah Filsafat Barat 2. Penerbit Kanisius, Yogyakarta.

- Hall, Calvin S. 1985. Introduction to Theories of Personality. John Willey & Sons Inc., New York.
- Harmon, William and Holman, Hugh. 1986. A Handbook to Literature Fifth Edition. Macmillan Publishing Company, New York.
- Hermans, Theo. 1982. The Structure of Modernist Poetry. Croom Helm, London.
- Hollingworth, GE. MA. 1967. A Primer Of Literary Criticism. University Tutorial Press. Ltd., London.
- Hornby, AS. 1974. Oxford Advanced Learner's Dictionary. Oxford University Press, Oxford.
- Jacobs, Henry E. and Roberts, Edgar V. 1989. Literature : An Introduction to Reading and Writing. Prentice-Hall Inc. Englewood Cliff.
- Kreymborg, Alfred. 1943. A History of American Poetry : Our Singing Strength. Tudor Publishing Company, New York.
- Langer, Susan K. 1962. Philosophical Sketches : A Study of The Human Mind in Relation to Feeling Explored Through Art, Language and Symbol. The John Hopkin's Press, Baltimore.
- Lidz, Theodore. 1968. The Person : His Development Throughout The Life Cycle. Basic Modern Books Inc, N Y.

Little, Graham. 1966. Approach To Literature Third Edition
Science Press, Sidney.

Pritchard, William H. 1981. Lives of Modern Poets. Oxford
University Press, New York.

Shaw, Harry. 1972. Dictionary of Literary Terms. McGraw-
Hill Book Company, Singapore.

Stumpf, Samuel Enoch. 1989. Philosophy: History and Pro-
blems. McGraw-Hill Book Company, Singapore.

Untermayer, Louis. 1958. Modern American Poetry. Harcourt,
Brace & World Inc., New York.

Warren, Austin and Wellek, Rene. 1978. Theory of Litera -
ture. Cox and Wyman Ltd., London.

APPENDIX 1

The Brief Biography of Edwin Arlington Robinson

Robinson was born in Head Tide, Maine, December 22, 1869. In the following year his family moved to Gardiner, "Tilbury Town", the named and true environment of so many of his poems, which was his boyhood home and where his father became a director of local bank. After graduated from Gardiner High School, he did odd jobs and started to write verse. Three years later in 1891, he entered Harvard Colledge, but after two years at Harvard he was obliged to terminate his formal education upon the death of his father. Because of the sudden collapse of his family's fortune, he removed back to Gardiner until 1897. During those times, he wrote poetry, short stories that were destroyed later, and translated Sophocles' Antigone with Harry de Forrest Smith. In 1896 he had privately published his first two books of poems, The Torrent and The Night Before and The Children of The Night. In 1896 when he was enjoying his first book, it was also a gloomy year for him because of the death of his mother.

During in 1896 he lived from one town to another town, in New York, Cambridge, Gardiner, Winthrop, Maine. From January until June, 1899 he was employed in administrative office at Havard, in September his brother Dean died. Finally, he had settled himself in the neighborhood of Gramercy Park, New York in October, 1899.

In New York he got the job as a time checker in the subway from the autumn of 1903 to the late summer of 1904. 'The poverty he had to face with the same reticence with which he viewed a turn of good fortune or notoriety (for his friend Joseph Lewis French had sold a feature story of "The Poet in The Subway" to the Sunday World) had their likeness in the current of melodrama and the quickening contrasts of images - of lights and shadows that run their courses through his poetry.' (Horace Gregory and Marya Zaturenska 1946 : 114). And it should be remembered that immediately following Robinson's experience in the subway came public recognition of his gift by Theodore Roosevelt. In his actual meeting with the President, the superficial layers of Robinson's shyness dropped away.

'The President's recognition brought Robinson an appointment to a desk in the Custom House in Wall Street which he held from 1905 to 1909, but Roosevelt's praise of his poetry in the Outlook had the not unexpected result of awakening the resentment and distrust of professional critics.' (Gregory and Zaturenska 1946 : 115). He occupied his position in Custom Service for four years, in 1909 he resigned and in the same year his brother Herman died. Robinson never married but he may well have been in love with the woman who married his older brother. Women were interesting and important to him, as was love, which the poems, notably the Arthurian trilogy, clearly

show.

Paul Elmer More was the only critic of the day, who did not distrust about Robinson's work, at last in 1911 secured Robinson the privilege of staying rent-free during the summer months at the MacDowell Colony, the hospitality of Edward MacDowell's widow helped to create a suitable atmosphere for the writing of his poems. All through his life he inspired the protective instincts of others, and it was this secret charm that had kept him afloat in the most difficult years of his life. The MacDowell Colony became his true home, during he lived there three times he got Award of Pulitzer Price, in 1922 for Collected Poems, in 1924 for The Man Who Died Twice, in 1927 for his sensational success of Tristram. He spent his life in MacDowell Colony until the cancer caused his death in April 5, 1935.

APPENDIX 2

The Ten Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson

CLIFF KLINGENHAGEN

Cliff Klingenhagen had me in to dine
With him one day; and after soup and meat,
And all the other things there were to eat,
Cliff took two glasses and filled one with wine
And one with wormwood. Then, without a sign
For to choose at all; he took the draught
Of bitterness himself, and lightly quaffed
It off, and said the other one was mine.

And when I asked him what the deuce he meant
By doing that, he only looked at me
And grinned, and said it was a way of his
And though I know the fellow, I have spent
Long time a-wondering when I shall be
As happy as Cliff Klingenhagen is.

REUBEN BRIGHT

Because he was a butcher and thereby
Did earn an honest living (and did right)
I would not have you think that Reuben Bright
Was any more a brute than you or I;
For when they told him that his wife must die,
He stared at them and shook with grief and fright,
And cried like a great baby half that night,
And made the women cry to see him cry.

And after she was dead, and he had paid
The singers and the sexton and the rest,
He packed a lot of things that she had made
Most mournfully away in an old chest
Of hers, and put some chopped-up cedar boughs
In with them, and tore down the slaughter-house.

RICHARD CORY

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him:
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
"Good morning," and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich - yes, richer than a king--
And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

BEWICK FINZER

Time was when his half million drew
The breath of six per cent;
But soon the worm of what-was-not
Fed hard on his content;
And something crumbled in his brain
When his half million went.

Time passed, and filled along with his
The place of many more;
Time came, and hardly one of us
Had credence to restore,
From what appeared one day, the man
Whom had known before.

The broken voice, the withered neck,
The coat worn out with care,
The cleanliness of indigence,
The brilliance of despair,
The fond imponderable dreams
Of affluence,—all were there.

Poor Finzer, with his dreams and schemes,
Fares hard now in the race,
With heart and eyes that have a task
When he looks in the face
Of one who might so easily
Have been in Finzer's place.

He comes unfailing for the loan
We give and then forget;
He comes, and probably for years
Will he be coming yet,—
Familiar as an old mistake,
And futile as regret.

MR. FLOOD'S PARTY

Old Eben Flood, climbing alone one night
Over the hill between the town below
And the forsaken upland hermitage
That held as much as he should ever know
On earth again of home, paused warily.
The road was his with not a native near;
And Eben, having leisure, said aloud,
For no man else in Tilbury Town to hear:

"Well, Mr. Flood, we have the harvest moon
Again, and we may not have many more;
The bird is on the wing, the poet says,
And you and I have said it here before.
Drink to the bird." He raised up to the light
The jug that he had gone so far to fill,
And answered huskily: "Well, Mr. Flood,
Since you propose it, I believe I will."

Alone, as if enduring to the end
A valiant armor of scarred hopes outworn,
He stood there in the middle of the road
Like Roland's ghost winding a silent horn.
Below him, in the town among the trees,
Where friends of other days had honored him,
A phantom salutation of the dead
Rang thinly till old Eben's eyes were dim.

Then, as a mother lays her sleeping child
Down tenderly, fearing it may awake,
He set the jug down slowly at his feast
With trembling care, knowing that most things break;
And only when assured that on firm earth
It stood, as the uncertain lives of men

Assuredly did not, he paced away,
And with his hand extended paused again:

"Well, Mr. Flood, we have not met like this
In a long time; and many a change has come
To both of us, I fear, since last it was
We had a drop together. Welcome home!"
Convivially returning with himself,
Again he raised the jug up to the light;
And with an acquiescent quaver said:
"Well, Mr. Flood, if you insist, I might.

"Only a very little, Mr. Flood—
For auld lang syne. No more, sir; that will do."
So, for the time, apparently it did,
And Eben evidently thought so too;
For soon amid silver loneliness
Of night he lifted up his voice and sang,
Secure, with only two moons listening,
Until the whole harmonious landscape rang—

"For auld lang syne." The weary throat gave out,
The last word wavered; and the song being done,
He raised again the jug regretfully
And shook his head, and was again alone.
There was not much that was ahead of him,
And there was nothing in the town below—
Where strangers would have shut the many doors
That many friends had opened long ago.

LUKE HAVERGAL

Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal,
There were the vines cling crimson on the wall,
And in the twilight wait for what will come.
The leaves will whisper there of her, and some,
Like flying words, will strike you as they fall;
But go, and if you listen, she will call.
Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal—
Luke Havergal.

No, there is not a dawn in eastern skies
To rift the fiery night that's in your eyes;
But there, where western glooms are gathering,
The dark will end the dark, if anything:
God slays himself with every leaf that flies,
And hell is more than half of paradise.
No, there is not a dawn in eastern skies—
In eastern skies.

Out of a grave I come to tell you this,
Out of a grave I come to quench the kiss
That flames upon your forehead with a glow
That blinds you to the way that you must go.
Yes, there is yet one way to where she is,
Bitter, but one that faith may never miss.
Out of a grave I come to tell you this—
To tell you this.

There is the western gate, Luke Havergal,
There are the crimson leaves upon the wall.
Go, for the winds are tearing them away,—
Nor think to riddle the dead words they say,

Nor any more to feel them as they fall:
But go, and if you trust her she will call.
There is the western gate, Luke Havergal—
Luke Havergal.

MINIVER CHEEVY

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
He wept that he was ever born,
And he had reasons,

Miniver loved the days of old
When swords were bright and steeds were
prancing:
The vision of warrior bold
Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
And dreamed, and rested from his labors;
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fragrant;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;

He missed the medieval grace
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
But sore annoyed was he without it;
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
And kept on drinking

AARON STARK

Withal a meagre man was Aaron Stark—
Cursed and unkempt, shrewd, shrivelled, and morose.
A miser was he, with a miser's nose,
And eyes like little dollars in the dark.
His thin, pinched mouth was nothing but a mark;
And when he spoke there came like sullen blows.
Through scattered fangs a few snarled words and close,
As if a cur were chary of its bark.

Glad for the murmur of his hard renown,
Year after year he shambled through the town—
A loveless exile moving with a staff;
And oftentimes there crept into his ears
A sound of alien pity, touched with tears—
And then (and only then) did Aaron laugh.

JOHN EVERELDOWN

"Where are you going to-night, to-night,—
Where are you going, John Evereldown?
There's never the sign of a star in sight,
Nor a lamp that's nearer than Tilbury Town.
Why do you stare as a dead man might?
Where are you pointing away from the light?
And where are you going to-night, to-night,—
Where are you going, John Evereldown?"

"Right through the forest, where none can
see,
There's where I'm going, to Tilbury Town.
The men are asleep,—or awake, may be,—
But the women are calling John Evereldown.
Ever and ever they call for me,
And while they call can a man be free?
So right through the forest, where none can see,
There's where I'm going, to Tilbury Town."

"But why are you going so late, so late,—
Why are you going, John Evereldown?
Though the road be smooth and the way be
straight,
There are two long leagues to Tilbury Town.
Come in by the fire old man, and wait!
Why do you chatter out there by the gate?
And why are you going so late, so late,—
Why are you going, John Evereldown?"

"I follow the women wherever they call,—
That's why I'm going to Tilbury Town.
God knows if I pray to be done with it all,
But God is no friend to John Evereldown."

So the clouds may come and the rain may fall,
The shadows may creep and the dead men
crawl,--

But I follow the women wherever they call,
And that's why I'm going to Tilbury Town."

FLAMMONDE

The man Flammonde, from God knows where,
With firm address and foreign air.
With news of nations in his talk
And something royal in his walk,
With glint of iron in his eyes,
But never doubt, nor yet surprise,
Appeared, and stayed, and held his head
As one by kings accredited.

Erect, with his alert repose
About him, and about his clothes,
He pictured all tradition hears
Of what we owe to fifty years.
His cleansing heritage of taste
Paraded neither want nor waste;
And what he needed for his fee
To live, he borrowed graciously.

He never told us what he was,
Or what mischance, or other cause,
Had banished him from better days
To play the Prince of Castaways.
Meanwhile he played surpassing well
A part, for most, unplayable;
In fine, one pauses, half afraid
To say for certain that he played.

For that, one may as well forego
Conviction as to yes or no;
Nor can I say just how intense
Would then have been the difference
To several, who, having striven
In vain to get what he was given,
Would see the stranger taken on
By friends not easy to be won.

Moreover, many a malcontent
He soothed and found munificent;
His courtesy beguiled and foiled
Suspicion that his years were soiled;
His mien distinguished any crowd,
His credit strengthened when he bowed;
And women, young and old, were fond
Of looking at the man Flammonde.

There was a woman in our town
On whom the fashion was to frown;
But while our talk renewed the tinge
Of a long-faded scarlet fringe,
The man Flammonde saw none of that,
And what he saw we wondered at—
That none of us, in her distress,
Could hide or find our littleness.

There was a boy that all agreed
Had shut within him the rare seed
Of learning. We could understand,
But none of us could lift a hand.
The man Flammonde appraised the youth,
And told a few of us the truth;
And thereby, for a little gold,
A flowered future was unrolled.

There were two citizens who fought
For years and years, and over nought;
They made life awkward for their friends,
And shortened their own dividends.
The man Flammonde said what was wrong
Should be made right; nor was it long
Before they were again in line,
And had each other in to dine.

And these I mention are but four
Of many out of many more.
So much for them. But what of him--
So firm in every look and limb?
What small satanic sort of kink
Was in his brain? What broken link
Withheld him from the destinies
That came so near to being his?

What was he, when we came to sift
His meaning, and to note the drift
Of incommunicable ways
That make us ponder while we prise?
Why was it that his charm revealed
Somehow the surface of a shield?
What was it that we never caught?
What was he, and what was he not?

How much it was of him we met
We cannot ever know; nor yet
Shall all he gave us quite atone
For what was his, and his alone;
Nor need we now, since he knew best,
Nourish an ethical unrest:
Rarely at once will nature give
The power to be Flammonde and live.

We cannot know how much we learn
From those who never will return,
Until a flash of unforeseen
Remembrance falls on what has been.
We've each a darkening hill to climb;
And this is why, from time to time
In Tilbury Town, we look beyond
Horizons for the man Flammonde.