

Northrop Frye and Edmund Blunden

Robert D. Denham

EDMUND BLUNDEN (1896 to 1974) was Frye's tutor at Merton College, Oxford University, during the two separate academic years Frye studied there, 1936–37 and 1938–39. Blunden was a poet, teacher, and critic, a survivor of two years in the trenches at Ypres, Somme, and Passchaendaele in World War I, and a close friend of Siegfried Sassoon, another of the so-called war poets, who, like Blunden, was decorated for bravery. He was a professor of English at the University of Tokyo (1924 to 1927), and on returning to England he had a brief career as a literary journalist, writing for the *Nation* and the *Times Literary Supplement* before taking up the position as Fellow and Tutor in English at Merton College in 1931. Blunden was extraordinarily prolific as a poet, prose writer, and journalist. Brownlee Jean Kirkpatrick's bibliography of Blunden contains 3,988 entries, including more than three thousand contributions to periodicals and newspapers. Even so, Ms Kirkpatrick confesses that her bibliography is far from complete (xiii). In 1956 he succeeded Robert Graves as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, a crowning achievement of a life devoted to literature. Blunden was a polymath, as Frye would turn out to be, and much, perhaps most, of his critical writing centred on the nineteenth-century poets and

ROBERT D. DENHAM attended Davidson College (BA) and the University of Chicago (MA, PhD). He taught English at Emory and Henry College and at Roanoke College, where he was the John P. Fishwick Professor of English. From 1986 to 1988 he was Director of English Programs and Director of the Association of Departments of English for the Modern Language Association in New York City. He has written and edited more than thirty books about and by Northrop Frye. He retired from teaching in 2004 and presently lives with his wife, an artist, in the mountains of southwestern Virginia.

essayists. He wrote books and monographs, which we would characterize today as largely historical and biographical, on Clare, Keats, Wordsworth, Coleridge, the Shelleys (Percy and Mary), Byron, and Lamb. In this respect, with Frye's obsessive attention to Blake, Blunden and Frye were congenial spirits who viewed the Romantic revolution as a central turning point in European culture.¹

Blunden was a small man. The editor and publisher Sir Rupert Hart-Davis recalls that when he first met Blunden in 1932 he was struck by the aptness of Robert Graves's description of Blunden as "a cross between Julius Caesar and a bird." Hart-Davis goes on to say that Blunden's "tiny frame, his shyness, his quick-darting eyes and gestures, had all the grace and agility of a wren, which his noble nose suggested the dominance of the Latin poets he read and loved" (Rothkopf 4–5)

The relationship between Frye and his Oxford tutor was, like most human relations, complex. Frye's attitudes toward Blunden emerge from his correspondence with Helen Kemp (she became Helen Frye in 1937). This correspondence (cw 1–2) is our primary source. As for Blunden's view of Frye, this is more difficult to untangle. Other than Frye's statements about Blunden in the Frye–Kemp letters from 1936 to 1939, Frye makes only a half dozen or so references to his tutor in his other writing,² all of which are inconsequential for understanding the Frye–Blunden relationship. In addition to the Frye–Kemp correspondence, our sources are limited to an interview, a few letters from Blunden to Frye, and Barry Webb's excellent biography of Blunden.

After Frye had completed his BA studies at Victoria College in 1932, he set out to complete a second bachelor's degree, this one in theology from Emmanuel College, Victoria's sister institution at the University of Toronto.

1 Frye wrote an expansive essay on Romanticism when he was twenty. See cw 3: 11–83.

2 In a 1942 diary entry, Frye mentions Blunden in passing: "I'd like to write an article on Everyman prudery sometime. Geoffrey of Monmouth; the translator's smug sneer on p. 248. Malory, according to Blunden" (cw 8: 33). The meaning here is uncertain, but perhaps Frye is remembering a remark of Blunden's that the Everyman edition of Malory's *Arthur* had been bowdlerized. There's another passing reference in Frye's foreword to Robin Harris's *English Studies at Toronto* (cw 7: 595, 597). In his 1952 diary he remarks that Douglas LePan had visited Blunden in Tokyo (cw 8: 504). Still another reference comes in a review of C. Day Lewis's translation of Virgil's *Georgics*: Frye writes that the translation has "much in common with the best of the English bucolic school: with Shanks, Blunden, Edward Thomas, and Victoria Sackville-West's *The Land*" (cw 29: 79). Then in a review of Robert Graves's *Collected Poems* Frye writes that Graves is closer in technique to Blunden than to Eliot (cw 29: 114).

Following three years of study there, he received a \$1,500 scholarship from the Royal Society of Canada to spend a year at Oxford studying the symbolism of Blake's prophetic works. This meant that Frye would enrol in a program leading to still another bachelor's degree.³ Pelham Edgar, Frye's mentor at Victoria, who saw Frye as a potential colleague at Victoria, was the motivating force that pushed Frye's successful application for the Royal Society scholarship. After a year at Merton College, Frye spent the academic year 1937–38 teaching at Victoria and then returned to Oxford for a second year. His relationship with Blunden begins, then, in the fall of 1936. The present essay explores that relationship.

Nazi sentiments?

Frye set sail for England in early September 1936 to begin his Oxford studies, arriving in London on 15 September. On 11 October he went up from London to Oxford, where he began his tutorials with Blunden. A week or so before he had taken the train to Cheltenham to visit Jackson Knight, the brother of G. Wilson Knight, whom Frye had known from Trinity College, University of Toronto, and whose work he admired. Wilson Knight was a friend of Blunden. Frye reported to Helen that he very much disliked Jackson Knight's politics—"more sympathetic to Fascism than Communism, full of a mystical devotion to the army, which he regards as the embodiment of ideal character training, and inclined to regard the Oxford Group very seriously" (cw 2: 588).⁴ On 3 November 1936 he wrote to Helen that "practically everyone in England is either a Fascist or a right-wing sympathizer, and I obviously can't assume that everyone I talk to shares in the main my own views, as I could in Canada" (cw 2: 622). This is clearly hyperbole, but Frye sensed something political was in the air, and it wasn't Communism. Among the British elite was a band of Nazi sympathizers. The British Union of Fascists claimed fifty thousand members at one point, but even with those numbers it was never more than a fringe political movement. Paul Lashmar says, "From King Edward VIII downwards, there was a widespread view that only a powerful Germany could hold back the threat of Bolshevism, and that Britain should be supporting Hitler, not preparing to attack him" (para. 4). Blunden held that view in the late 1930s.

3 On application and after the payment of a fee, the BA degree at Oxford was changed to an MA degree. Frye received his MA in 1940.

4 The founder of the Oxford Group, a Christian organization also known as Moral Rearmament Movement, was an evangelist named Frank Buchman. Before World War II Buchman had a number of contacts with the Nazi party in Germany. What appealed to Buchman about Nazism was that it had been able to ward off a Communist revolution in Germany.

Frye had a particularly hostile reaction to a young poet, Francis Berry, much admired by the Knights. On 5 October he wrote to Helen about his having met Berry:

In the evening he [Jackson Knight] brought in a repulsive youth named Berry, who is a poet the Knights are patronizing. This person took us over to his house to hear Beethoven's 9th on the radio. He worships Beethoven, largely because he accepts a sort of Nietzschean strong-man philosophy—admires Hitler, of course. Along with this goes a nature mysticism like Lawrence—if you ever get around to reading Lawrence's *Plumed Serpent*, you will see how closely an exaggerated respect for nature and her works is bound up with Fascism and its belief in war as a purgation of the spirit. The poem this ape read us was full of Lawrence's kind of pot au feu philosophy—he admired volcanoes for one thing, and was ecstatic about being part of a huge stewing cooking hellbroth. Knight prefers him, as a poet, to Day Lewis, whom he also knows, I think with some justification—as there's no doubt the son of a sod can write, and write superbly. Only, he represents everything in this world I detest and fear. When a man goes to the edge of a precipice, part of him wants to jump over, and when civilization approaches a precipice, there is always a group seized with an insane desire for suicide. That's what the Fascists represent, and what he represents. Now I object to being told that, because the law of gravitation is so much greater than I, I ought to smash my brains out as a sacrifice to it. Knight said: "He's a very nice boy, but I'm afraid you rather hate him." I said fervently that I did. However, we're not the worse friends for that, if you understand what I mean. Knight explained that he [Berry] was really on his worst behavior, as he hadn't too much self-confidence and what he had he lost after five minutes with me.⁵ (CW 2: 589)

How did Blunden fit into what was essentially a peripheral movement of the British elite advancing pro-Hitler sentiments? In an interview with Valerie Schatzker, Frye reported that Blunden "was a rather shy, diffident man." At least he and Frye had those traits in common. But then Frye added, signaling an enormous difference, "for some bloody reason, which I've never figured out, he was pro-Nazi. I didn't know who to blame for that." He told Schatzker, "I seemed to meet fascists everywhere I turned in Oxford, so I was politically and socially extremely unhappy for that time

⁵ At the time Berry had published two books of poems, *Gospel of Fire*, with an introduction by G. Wilson Knight, and *Snake in the Moon*.

that I was there. If you read Howard K. Smith's *Last Train from Berlin* (he's a CBS announcer and he was a classmate of mine at Oxford) the first chapter is about his experiences at Merton College and it will give you some idea of what I myself found extremely uncongenial about the place" (cw 24: 600). In a letter to Helen (28 May 1937) Frye wrote that "Blunden came back from Germany full of enthusiasm for the Nazis" (cw 2: 757).

In 1939 Blunden was accused of being a Nazi sympathizer. Was he in fact pro-Nazi? Here is the way his political views are presented on the Edmund Blunden website, established by his family:

In April 1940 Edmund wrote to the *Times* to deplore plans to bomb German cities, fearing for the inevitable killing and wounding of civilians. As a result, Annie's [Annie was the German wife of Blunden's brother] home in Tonbridge was raided by the police who took all [his wife] Sylva's letters to Edmund, and returned to the house to go through all Edmund's books. Edmund told the Warden of Merton that he had already written to his old Commanding Officer [Colonel Harrison in Blunden's *Undertones of War*] to offer his services, and soon found himself in uniform again as an officer in the University's Officers Training Corps.

Blunden was not interested in politics but was vehemently opposed to war. He refused to be drawn into the politics of pacifism. His refusal to politically engage in the late 1930's led to him being labelled a Nazi and subsequently, in the 1950s, a communist, following his visit to China, shortly after the end of the Korean war. His belief in the fundamental goodness of the ordinary man and the need to avoid war at all costs, consistently led him to being politically misunderstood, particularly during the tumultuous events of the 1930s. He used his writing, public speaking and visits to Germany in an ambassadorial attempt to influence opinion against any recurrence of the 1914–18 conflagration. This was emphatically not a political voice but one that believed in bringing nations together by talking to each other and building strong human ties. He was convinced that were his battle-weary generation in positions of power, war would naturally be averted. He was devastated when it became clear that lessons from the tragedy of the Great War were being ignored and in many cases trodden upon. ("Edmund Blunden")

This presents Blunden's political beliefs in their most sympathetic light. It is true that Blunden had deep emotional scars from having served in

Was he in fact
pro-Nazi?

the trenches in World War I, and he devoutly wished for a repetition of anything but that. On the question of how to prevent another world war, a vocal portion of the anti-Communist British elite sided with Hitler, especially before 1939. Frye reported to Valerie Schatzker that Oswald Mosley, who had been a member of the Labour government of 1929 but had resigned to join the British Union of Fascists, had provided a scholarship for a student to recruit fellow Oxford undergraduates to the Fascist movement. "I felt," Frye said, "that if England had not been forced into an anti-Hitler position it would have gone in a very sinister direction or at least the intellectual leadership would have done so" (CW 24: 601). It was not as if there were political group-think at Oxford: "of course there were very intense left-wing people both in Merton College and elsewhere. Howard Smith was one, and another was a tough egg from Yorkshire who came home drunk to his room and found about four or five Fascists roughing it up. So his head cleared and he went into action and pretty soon the air was thick with Fascists flying out the windows" (CW 24: 601). But the air might not have been so thick with Fascists as Frye imagined, and his unqualified opinion that Blunden was pro-Nazi no doubt needs qualification. Barry Webb, Blunden's biographer, after examining Blunden's diaries and a number of documents relating to his alleged pro-Hitler stance, concludes that his criticism of the British government, his failure to criticize Hitler publicly, his apparent respect for Mosley, and his several trips to Germany could very well lead one to suspect that he had Nazi sympathies. Webb agrees with the assessment of the Blunden family document quoted above, that Blunden had a strong pacifist streak and that all of his attitudes toward Germany were coloured by his having survived two hellish years in the trenches.⁶ Frye himself was very much aware that war is hell: his older brother Howard had been blown up by an artillery shell near Amiens on 18 August 1918. Frye visited Amiens during the break between terms during his second year at Oxford: "Well, now I'm in Amiens. This is the town my brother was killed in: only I don't know whether he's buried near here or in the Canadian cemetery at Vimy. Or rather, I don't know where his cross is: I suppose the bomb that hit him did the burying" (CW 2: 837). In any event, for Webb, the diaries Blunden kept for three years beginning in September 1939 reveal that his position toward Nazism was ambivalent at best (215–20, 224–27): Blunden "refused to condemn Hitler's political manoeuvres, complaining that slogans such as 'He's got to be stopped' were considered 'one of

⁶ Blunden's memoir of his World War I years is *Undertones of War* (1928). In 1996 Martin Taylor brought together a collection of Blunden's World War I poems, *Overtones of War*.

the laws of Nature like Guinness is good for you.' Whatever gloss might have been put on Hitler's actions in Poland, Edmund maintained that 'he did not want to be the first to strike out in the *Western* war, and he has not been.' He described a speech of Hitler's as 'marvellously honest and humane'" (224).

Quoting this last phrase and giving a more balanced account of Blunden's position than that offered by the family's website, Jeffrey Meyers says "More naive than malign, Blunden made some extremely foolish political statements during the prewar years at Merton. Motivated by a blind desire to avoid the inevitable European conflict, he supported Franco during the Spanish Civil War, was pro-German and anti-Semitic (despite his lifelong friendship with the bountifully generous Sassoon), sympathized with the British Nazi Oswald Mosley, and defended Hitler as 'marvellously honest and humane'" (61).

On the basis of Frye's letters to Helen Kemp, it appears that Frye and Blunden engaged in very little political discussion. In a letter of 28 May 1937 he did say, in a passage already quoted, "Blunden came back from Germany full of enthusiasm for the Nazis. Poor Oxford always finds itself on the wrong side of a revolution—it gets more Fascist every day" (cw 2: 757). Blunden had traveled to Göttingen, Marburg, and Heidelberg in April 1937, and he went to Germany on three other occasions between August 1935 and August 1939. When Oxford decided against sending a representative to the University of Göttingen's bicentennial celebration in May of 1937, Blunden wrote a strong letter to the *Times* deploring the decision by Oxford to boycott a cultural event that was basically British in its foundation: the university had been established by George II in 1734. Because of the *Times* letter both he and his wife Sylva were called Nazis (Webb 215–17). But again, even though there is very little evidence that Blunden and Frye ever talked politics, Frye's intuitions about Blunden's pro-Hitler sympathies have a good deal of supporting evidence.

According to Blunden's biographer,

Edmund's war experience had given him a seated distrust of politics and politicians, making him generally reticent to voice political opinions. When he did so he laid himself wide open to misunderstanding for he spoke as a romantic idealist and not as a practical thinker. He never entered the arena of party politics, for he never formulated a political code. He was driven by one passion—the avoidance of war. (Webb 187)

Blunden had suffered severe mental and emotional wounds during the war, and it is a miracle he survived at all. Today he would be diagnosed as suffering traumatic stress syndrome.

The relationship
seems to have
gotten off to a
good start.

Blunden as tutor: 1936–37

Regarding other aspects of Frye's perception of Blunden, we have to rely on the letters he wrote to Helen Kemp during his Oxford years. After arriving in Oxford and being promptly introduced to his tutor, he relayed to Helen his initial impressions: "Blunden seems a very good head and quite prepared to be friendly. Gentle soul on the whole, I should think, but with an unfortunate propensity to assume I know more about the subject than he does" (cw 2: 599). The tutorial system required Frye to write a weekly essay on some topic that he and Blunden would discuss, Blunden ostensibly critiquing what Frye had written. After Frye has launched into his first paper, he writes to Helen: "It was on Chaucer's early poems, which are all in the usual symbolic, visionary form of medieval poetry, and as that happens to be the kind of poetry I know how to read, the paper grew and grew as I worked on it—I spent every waking hour of Saturday, Sunday and Monday on it, practically." "Blunden said very flattering things about it," Frye reports, "but he obviously isn't very fresh on Chaucer."⁷ That spurred a comment on the weakness of the tutorial system: "the tutor has to pretend to know everything when he doesn't, like a public school teacher. Not that Blunden bothers to pretend much" (cw 2: 603). The relationship seems to have gotten off to a good start. "I think he likes me," Frye writes to Helen, "and spoke of taking me out to see Blenheim palace. However, he absolutely declines to take the initiative in deciding what papers I am to write." The self-assured Frye then says to Helen, "Next week I tackle *Troilus and Criseyde*, & may do something with Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* too. I should be rather good on the Shakespeare—I just gave that play a careful reading almost exactly a year ago, and it did something to me—seemed to numb something in me, or paralyze a nerve centre somewhere. I've never been the same man since" (cw 2: 603). By the end of October 1936 Frye insists to Helen that he has been working very hard, although he did not seem to be getting much more than polite murmurs from Blunden:

⁷ In 1938, when Frye was back in Toronto between his two stints at Oxford, he read a paper on Chaucer to the Graduate English Club at the University of Toronto, a paper originally written for his Oxford tutor, Edmund Blunden (Ayre 147). A portion of this paper appears in "A Reconsideration of Chaucer," now published in *Northrop Frye's Student Essays* (cw 3). "A Reconsideration of Chaucer," a revision and expansion of the earlier paper, incorporates about three fifths of the essay Frye wrote for Blunden on Chaucer's early poems in October 1936, and it is about 50 percent longer than the earlier effort, a handwritten manuscript in the Northrop Frye Fonds (1991 accession, box 37, file 4). Frye wrote three essays on Chaucer for Blunden, and it seems likely that "A Reconsideration of Chaucer" incorporates portions of the other two papers, which have not been preserved.

The work is going strong—I keep putting a hell of a lot of work into my papers. I have just finished the *Troilus and Criseyde* thing. I didn't get into the Shakespeare, as there were 8000 lines of the Chaucer, and I think I worked as hard over it as I ever did over those theological essays that used to bring in such an impressive list of firsts.⁸ I think Blunden approves all right, but his main interest is in things like natural imagery of the 19th c. type. I can't write about that intelligently, as I don't think in those terms, and neither did Chaucer. So what Blunden says is that the paper is a very fine piece of work, that Chaucer was quite a poet, that that picture on the wall he bought for ten pounds at an auction, and the catalogue described it as School of Poussin and dated it around 1710: would I give him an opinion on the date? also the next time I pass St. Aldate's Church,⁹ would I take a look at the font cover there, which has been varnished out of existence, and which looks medieval, but is, he thinks, sixteenth-century Flemish work done in a medieval tradition, and let him know what I think about it? So I get up and stare solemnly at his bloody picture, and then announce that my opinion on the date of a bastard Poussin is not worth a damn, and that my qualifications for pronouncing on Flemish font covers are exactly nil. Well, no, I let him down easier than that, so that he thinks I know far more about it than I actually do—you know my methods, Watson. I can see where I shall have to marry you and make you live with me at Oxford next year in sheer self-defence. (CW 2: 610–11)

A decade later Frye writes to Pelham Edgar, his Victoria College mentor, that Blunden “listened patiently and wisely to my burlblings for a good many tutorial hours” (*Selected Letters* 37). Frye provided Helen with fairly regular although sketchy accounts of his Monday evening tutorials. He and Blunden initially tried to take the measure of each other. A month into the term, it is clear that Blunden considers Frye a precocious student, and Frye must have been pleased when the discussion in one tutorial turned to Blake: “I've got a piano moved in. I ordered a typewriter, but it didn't come, so I think I'll let it go—Blunden never asks to see my papers.... Blunden improves. He threw flowers at my feet yesterday, I think because my paper was clever, vague and short—*Canterbury Tales*. Told me I'd made

8 These are the fifteen papers that are extant that Frye wrote for his Emmanuel College classes. They are published in CW 3.

9 A fourteenth-century church, restored in 1863, located just within the old South Gate of the town of Oxford.

a real contribution to criticism, etc. etc., and then talked about Blake for the rest of the hour” (CW 2: 623). A week later he reports on an incident involving Blunden and Rodney Baine, a Rhodes Scholar from Mississippi, one of several Rhodes Scholars in the small circle of friends Frye had already begun to foster.¹⁰ He writes to Helen,

I had a tutorial again with Blunden last night. Blunden was vague again—obviously doesn’t quite know what to do with me but would like to be helpful. I shall have to be careful with that man. I mentioned Skelton, and referred to a very bad editor of Skelton as a congenital idiot. Blunden was tickled—he had written a very unfavourable review of that very edition, and had received a rather abusive letter from the said editor in consequence. It was the right remark, but I could just as easily have made it about one of his friends. Speaking of wrong remarks, this man Baine made one, I think. Recently Blunden gave a very good lecture on a minor 18th century poet called Young, and had a swell time quoting bad passages from him, quoting jokes on him, and setting his inflated ideas beside his achievements. As we were coming out of the lecture, I said to Baine: “There’s no doubt that a bad poet provides better material for a good lecture than a good one.” This went away down into Baine’s subconsciousness somewhere, and next day he had a tutorial with Blunden, who asked him something about the lectures he was attending. Baine started a long harangue which went definitely to show that most of the lecturing around here was extremely bad, and after complaining lustily for ten minutes, suddenly realized that it was high time to start exempting present company. So, realizing like many a good scholar before him, that the best way of saying exactly the right thing would be to quote me, he said: “I enjoyed your lecture on Young very much, but then I suppose it’s easier to lecture on a bad poet than a good one.” (CW 2: 630–31)

Frye might well have been mistaken in saying that Blunden didn’t know what to do with him. Blunden’s tutorial presence was anything but assertive. Frye was precocious, to be sure, but Blunden never lectured to his students in tutorials, preferring for them to make their own discoveries. On the subsequent tutorial (16 November), Frye read Blunden a paper on Wyatt that he had thrown together rather hurriedly. He tells Helen that

¹⁰ Frye’s circle of friends early on included fellow Canadian Douglas LePan, Joseph Reid, a Rhodes scholar from Manitoba, another Rhodes scholars from the United States, Alba Warren of Texas, and Mike Joseph from Australia.

“Blunden said he had noticed that all his students who really understood what poetry was about liked Wyatt, which was no doubt a compliment. That man must listen to my papers more carefully than I thought” (CW 2: 634). Blunden *was* a great listener. Frye then reports on another case of plagiarism:

I was listening to a lecture of his on Chesterton last Wednesday in which I suddenly heard a paraphrase of a passage in the last paper I read him, followed by an application of the general principle it embodied to Chesterton. After the lecture he nodded cheerfully at me and said: “I stole from you, but unwillingly: and it was only petty larceny anyhow.” I’m just going to take what Blake there is over to him: I want the “favorable half-yearly report” [to the Royal Society] to get to Ottawa before the end of term. (CW 2: 634)

And then we get a change in tone.

I have decided not to write a paper for Blunden tonight. I’m going to go in and twist his neck with my bare hands. I’ve scared the shit out of him, in the Burwash phrase,¹¹ and I’m just beginning to realize it, and to comprehend why he gives me that dying-duck reproachful stare every time I finish reading a paper to him. He returned the Blake with the remark that it was pretty stiff going for him, as he wasn’t much accustomed to thinking in philosophical terms. I could have told him that there was a little girl in Toronto who could follow it all right, without making any more claims as a philosopher and far less as a student of English literature. So I think I’ll start cooing to him. (CW 2: 647–48)

Frye has said nothing to Helen about his having been reproved by Blunden, and the histrionic proposal of neck-wringing is certainly not justified by Blunden’s having little to say about Frye’s Blake thesis. He says something similarly judgmental after he has taken his end-of-term exams: “I was examined last day of term by all the dons and the warden, the process being known as a donrag.¹² Said donrag lasted ninety seconds, & consisted of a speech by Blunden and a purr from the warden.... I don’t think Blunden liked my thesis much—he said something vague about all the sentences being the same length—what I think he really resents is the irrefutable proof that Blake had a brain. I am afraid I shall have to ignore him and just go ahead” (CW 2:

11 Burwash was an undergraduate men’s residence hall at Victoria College.

12 An end of term evaluation in which the tutors (“dons”) would “rag” on their students.

659). Frye's assumption here that Blunden does not know much about Blake is difficult to sustain. Blunden could not have written the following sentence in his introduction to John Clare's *Poems Chiefly from Manuscript* without a substantial knowledge of Blake: "In this sort of pathos, so indefinable and intimate, William Blake and only he can be said to resemble him" (quoted in Webb 120). Too, he was struck by the Blakean qualities of Christopher Smart's *Jubilate Agno* and "was intrigued," says Webb, "by the possibility of Blake having read it" (212). Moreover, he had an encyclopedic knowledge of the Blake bibliography, a fact of which his friend the great Blake scholar and bibliophile Sir Geoffrey Keynes was well aware (Webb 250). In 1953 Blunden published *A Bibliographical Study of William Blake's Notebook*. Nine years earlier he had reviewed Jacob Bronowski's *A Man without a Mask: William Blake, 1757–1827*. Finally, Blunden later devoted a chapter to Blake in his *Sons of Light: A Series of Lectures on English Writers* (1949). Blunden's knowledge of Blake is clearly at this point both broader and deeper than Frye acknowledges to Helen. Whatever the reasons for Frye's sometimes rather petulant outbursts, Blunden does not seem to be aware of them. We learn that in early December Blunden offers to lend Frye money so he can go to Blackpool at Christmas (CW 2: 654), and in January Frye revealed to Helen that "Blunden was very pleased with my exam and said nice things" and that he had asked Frye over for supper (CW 2: 680).

The record of the essays that Frye wrote for Blunden is incomplete, but during the first year he presented, in addition to the Chaucer essays (the only ones that survived), papers on Wyatt and Fulke Greville, and he appears to have written essays on Sidney and Lyly as well. For his second-year tutorials (1938–39), he read papers on Crashaw and Herbert; on Vaughan, Traherne, Herrick, Marvell, and Cowley; on the Dark Ages; on the character book; on *King Lear*; on the anatomy; and on the history of the language. After his first year, he wrote to Roy Daniells that "Blunden is so much like God—very inspiring to talk to as long as you do the talking" (*Selected Letters* 19). And Frye did a great deal of talking. If his estimate of producing five to six thousand words per week is accurate (*Selected Letters* 19), his steady output resulted in some one hundred thousand words altogether. Frye sent the papers he had written during his first year to Pelham Edgar, who in turn passed them along to Roy Daniells. Neither they nor his second-year papers ever turned up.¹³ What was preserved was a 1937 paper on T. S. Eliot, which Frye presented to the Bodley Club. He writes Helen that he'd "spent most of the week trying to write a paper on T. S. Eliot, and for some

13 They are not in the Pelham Edgar Papers at the Victoria University Library in Toronto nor in the Roy Daniells Papers at the University of British Columbia.

reason, although I eventually wrote quite a good paper, I took an enormous time writing it—began to worry about the sentence rhythms and echoing vowels and things to the most morbid extent, so I don't think I shall try to write a paper for Blunden this week" (CW 2: 699). There is no evidence that Frye read the Eliot paper to Blunden or that Blunden read it himself, which is a pity. It would be instructive to learn what Blunden, whose interests were rooted in nature imagery and in the nineteenth-century pastoral tradition and who had little concern, at least in 1937, for the modernists, would have had to say about Frye's reading of Eliot. The twenty-four-year-old Frye has a remarkably mature understanding of the contours of Eliot's career, and his intuitions about the direction that Eliot's poetry would take after 1937—into the world of *Four Quartets*—is almost clairvoyant.¹⁴

Although Frye writes to Roy Daniells that Blunden "got very tired" at listening to his papers, in December 1936 he tells Pelham Edgar that Blunden was "quite satisfied" with his work (*Selected Letters* 19). And in an end-of-year report to Walter T. Brown, principal of Victoria College, Frye writes, "I have been working at Oxford I should think fairly well—at least my tutor Mr. Blunden has given me quite good term reports and seems to be interested in me, so I should like very much to be able to complete the course next year" (*Selected Letters* 16). He reports also that Blunden had promised to introduce him to Geoffrey Keynes, which in fact Blunden, who had formed a lasting friendship with Keynes, did. In another end-of-year report to Pelham Edgar, Frye says about his Blake manuscript that "Mr. Blunden has high hopes for its publication and suggests Faber & Faber as a first venture. I don't really think that it will finally not be accepted." Blunden, who had "considerable hope for publication," recommended that Frye send half of his manuscript to Faber and Faber (*Selected Letters* 18).

If Blunden was initially enthusiastic about Frye's Blake project, by the second year his zeal has been redirected. He sees that Frye has the ability to earn a first in the "schools" (university exams), and so he encouraged him to postpone the Blake and concentrate on his exams. Here is Frye's account of the matter to Edward W. Wallace, president and chancellor of Victoria University:

When I came to Oxford [for my second year] Blunden was quite determined, for so mild a man, that I should postpone trying to get the Blake published and concentrate on my exams. All his overseas students turned up with seconds and thirds

14 See "T. S. Eliot and Other Observations," CW 3: 417–29.

If Blunden was initially enthusiastic about Frye's Blake project, by the second year his zeal has been redirected.

last year, so he's backing me this year. I think I may say, after deliberate and mature reflection, that I do not care two hoots on a penny whistle whether I get a first or not: yet I worked fairly hard last term. The sort of glib precocity one needs for examinations does not appeal to me much as a goal; but now that I have discovered that I can make a fairly good teacher I have something tangible to work for. I not only have a vocation: I am beginning to find out what the word "vocation" means. (*Selected Letters* 26)

Frye, of course, is advertising himself for a teaching position at Victoria College.

During his two-year sojourn in Oxford, Frye got involved with a Canadian graphic artist living in London and Oxford, Elizabeth Fraser. When she and Frye met, she was illustrating a book entitled *Plato's Academy* by Pan Aristophon. At the same time she was doing some drawings of medieval wall paintings in English churches, medical illustrations, and poster and carpet designs, always living, it appears, on the brink of insolvency. This elusive artist befriended Frye during his Oxford years, and at the same time she was having a relationship with John Johnson, printer for Oxford University Press. Fraser was a close friend of the wife of Frye's undergraduate mentor, Pelham Edgar. A pipe-smoking free spirit, she was fourteen years older than Frye. During the early part of his second term (February 1937), Frye is responsible for her path crossing Blunden's as both she and Blunden were interested in the wall paintings in local churches.

Well, last Tuesday [Elizabeth Fraser] and a wall-painting restorer named Long and I went to a town near here called Abingdon, where there's a church with a series of figures on each side of the chancel ceiling. They are kings and prophets alternately, leading up to Christ and the Virgin in the last panel (some of them are out of place), with a tree of Jesse running horizontally underneath them. The Christ is a beautiful Lily Crucifix—his body is in an attitude of crucifixion, but there's no cross—just a lily plant covering him. Late 14th century. Varnished out of sight, and some disappeared when they took the roof off in 1872 and put it back on again. Well, Blunden hasn't seen these, although they're in the next town and he (or his wife) has written a book on church architecture in England. So he's coming to see them this week, and he's coming to tea afterwards, and Elizabeth is coming too. "He probably hates churches," says Elizabeth. Poor Blunden—but if I didn't bully

him somebody else would—he’s always being bullied by somebody. (CW 2: 688)

In some ways Blunden was a very unconventional tutor. Although Frye appears to have read a good portion of his papers aloud, this was not Blunden’s standard procedure. Those he tutored would frequently not read their papers at all, and his tutorials would often take place during walks along the River Cherwell. Students tended to congregate in Blunden’s rooms or at his table in various pubs around Oxford. It was less conventional for students to invite their tutors to tea in their rooms, but Frye asked Blunden to tea on two occasions, and there may have been more.

Blunden came to tea the other day: Mrs. couldn’t, or at any rate didn’t. Mostly shop talk about the 18th c.: I tried to prevent it becoming a free tutorial, but Blunden seemed to like it, and as politics is out it’s just as well. Blunden told me that if I got a fellowship at All Souls’ I should jump at it and bring you over: this after he’d just finished telling me what stupid mugs they were at All Souls’ and what bloody books they wrote. Poor old Blunden: I think he really does hate Oxford, but he feels he oughtn’t. (CW 2: 822)

Blunden and his wife Sylva also invited Frye to dinner. It is clear that their relationship develops in a positive direction as they become more familiar with each other and as Frye becomes better mannered. That sense emerges in the middle of an account Frye sent Helen about his paper on Fulke Greville:

There’s a minor Elizabethan poet named Fulke Greville—a great favorite of Roy’s [Roy Daniells’s] as well as mine, a very intellectual poet and frightfully obscure at times—quite the thing for a Blake student to be interested in. After my first tutorial this term I said: “I shall be reading Sidney and Lyly this week, and will probably bring you a paper on Fulke Greville: is that all right?” He said: “Er—oh, yes—certainly—except that I haven’t read much Greville—Aldous Huxley is very interested in Greville: he started talking about him once, and all I could muster in the way of quotation was”—he quoted two lines—“it wasn’t much, but I think I had even that counted to me for righteousness” [Romans 4:3]. Blunden and I are definitely going to get along well this term—he’s used to me now, and probably my manners are better than they were at first. I went to supper with him one night, with Mike Joseph, the Catholic New Zealander, and had a good time. Sherry, white burgundy, and Madeira. Mrs.

Blunden is small, dark, Armenian, and intentionally vivacious, with large brilliant eyes and a kind of electric intelligence that turns on and off¹⁵... Fulke Greville has been keeping me busy—like Blake, his religious, philosophical & political views are all in one piece, and it would take at least a month's solid work to read all of him and tie him all up in a neat little sack. I had only a week—there's no good modern edition (Roy [Daniells] wants to do one, but I'm afraid various people are beating him to it) and there was a baldheaded johnny who had reserved all the books in the Bodleian, so I had to beg all the books from him. I had one of my seizures, and worked every day until my eyes gave out for a week on that paper. Blunden liked it very much, I think. These essays I'm doing are mostly publishable, I should imagine: certainly I've collected a lot of material for future books. (CW 2: 688–9)

One of the essays was on the anatomy as a form of prose fiction, which Frye read to Blunden on 8 February 1937. His interest in the anatomy as a prose genre went back to his teenage years. During the summer after his third year at Victoria College—the summer of 1932—“an embryonic anatomy theory,” he says, “began to shape itself in my notes” (CW 25: 28).¹⁶ The archetypal anatomy was Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, a book Frye likely first encountered in Herbert Davis's course on satire that he signed up for during his second year at Emmanuel College (1934–35).¹⁷ By the time he comes to write “An Inquiry into the Art Forms of Prose Fiction” (CW 3: 383–400), he has the matter and manner of Burton's *Anatomy* firmly in his possession. Frye's ideas on the anatomy continue to gestate during his Oxford years: he writes to Helen (9 February 1937) that he has read his “anatomy paper” to his tutor (CW 2: 693). This paper was doubtless “An Inquiry into the Art Forms of Prose Fiction” (CW 2: 383–400), or at least a portion of it.

Frye is not modest about the value of what he has written for Blunden. He reports to Helen, in reference to his anatomy paper, that Blunden “said I had two-hundred very saleable pages there, but that Jane Austen's admirers would just read my one sentence on her and conclude that there was

15 Sylva Norman (she had changed her name from Nahabedian) was a novelist and critic. The marriage lasted from 1933 to 1945.

16 Frye was nineteen at the beginning of the summer of 1932; he turned twenty on 15 July.

17 Ayre reports that it was in this course that Frye “launched into” Burton's book (107). Frye probably read the two-volume edition published by J.M. Dent in 1932 (Everyman's Library). In any event, this is the edition with Frye's annotations that is now in the Northrop Frye Library at Victoria University.

rape afoot” (CW 2: 693). It seems unlikely that the anatomy paper would have run to two-hundred pages, although as a student Frye could get long-winded: as a fourth-year undergraduate he wrote a paper on Romanticism that ran to more than thirty thousand words. “Blunden lives,” Frye goes on to say, “somewhat like Ned Pratt, in mortal terror of the scholars, including at times me. It’s probably the effect of living with Nichol Smith.¹⁸ Anyway, he asked me what he should lecture on next term, so I drew up all the harmless names I could think of in the 17th c: he said he was tired of the 18th and 19th and was afraid of the scholars of the 16th” (CW 2: 693). Frye is inflating his ego here, but the “saleable pages” remark, the comment on scholars, and Blunden’s request of Frye that he suggest lecture topics for the coming year do more than suggest the high opinion Blunden had of the young Frye. So does Blunden’s estimate that Frye is capable of producing an edition of *Piers Plowman*, as in this report to Helen:

Blunden I’ve stopped writing papers for—we’ve become quite good friends. He was complaining yesterday that anthologists seemed to be interested only in his very early poems, and said that most people on meeting him expected to see a rustic of sixty-five [Blunden was forty at the time]. He’s a shrewd lad: I told him I wanted to write an essay on the *Piers Plowman* poems after I got through with Blake, as they were the nearest thing to the Blake Prophecies in English literature. He told me I’d have to learn to edit texts, and said if I could prefix my essay on the *Piers Plowman* poems to an edition of them, however bad, I might make fifty pounds, but if I just published the essay I’d be “out three pounds nineteen six and several drinks.” (CW 2: 713–14)

As his biographer notes, Blunden did not teach in the traditional sense: “[H]e was an accessible fund of knowledge, made literature come alive, listened intently and encouraged creativity. It is difficult to find a student who was unaffected by the experience” (Webb 186).

Blunden as tutor: 1938–39

After marrying Helen Kemp on 24 August 1937, Frye spends the 1937–38 academic year as a junior instructor at Victoria College. In late September 1938 he sets out for his second year at Oxford, leaving Montreal on the *Empress of Britain* after having visited briefly with his aunt Hatty Layhew

18 David Nichol Smith was Merton Professor of English Literature at Oxford University.

The spectre of war haunts the letters he writes on the voyage over, and the signs of a nation preparing for war greet him as he enters the English Channel.

before he sailed. The spectre of war haunts the letters he writes on the voyage over, and the signs of a nation preparing for war greet him as he enters the English Channel. For his second stint at Merton, he takes up residence in a boarding house some distance from the college, sharing a suite with Rodney Baine and Mike Joseph, both of whom were also tutored by Blunden and both of whom belonged to a relatively large number of Blunden's pupils who became university English professors. In addition to Frye (Toronto), Baine (Georgia), and Joseph (New Zealand), there were Douglas Le Pan (Toronto), Jack Garrett (New Zealand), and Paul Engle (Iowa).¹⁹

The day after he arrives in Oxford he goes to see Blunden, and he gets to work immediately, writing papers on the seventeenth-century poets. Blunden continues to advise him to postpone his Blake thesis and to study for the "schools"—examinations for the degree. His first week back Frye attends lectures by David Nichol Smith, the Merton Professor of English at Oxford, and J. R. R. Tolkien, but finds little to recommend either. "Nichol Smith," he writes Helen, "wouldn't be bad for my sort of job: getting one point per lecture hammered home, but to me he's prolix & dull." Then,

there's Tolkien on Beowulf, dealing with a most insanely complicated problem which involves Anglo-Saxon genealogies, early Danish histories, monkish chronicles in Latin, Icelandic Eddas and Swedish folk-lore. Imagine my delivery at its very worst: top speed, unintelligible burble, great complexity of ideas and endless references to things unknown, mixed in with a lot of Latin and Anglo-Saxon and a lot of difficult proper names which aren't spelled, and you have Tolkien on Beowulf. (CW 2: 794–5).

Frye also reports that he was writing a paper on the Dark Ages, apparently for J. N. Bryson, his Anglo-Saxon tutor from Balliol College and a friend of Blunden, and he attended lectures by C. S. Lewis, apparently on the Renaissance.

In November 1938 Frye grumbles to Helen that he has "been working like hell on my papers for Blunden, who seems delighted with them and suggests a harder one each week. Last week I tied myself in fearful knots over a paper on the character book which expanded to the size of a minor Legouis & Cazamian,²⁰ only more detailed. That drew a suggestion for exploring

¹⁹ Engle had traveled with Blunden to Germany on one of his trips as a cultural ambassador (Webb 215).

²⁰ Emile H. Legouis and Louis Cazamian, *A History of English Literature* (New York: Macmillan, 1929). The book had more than fifteen hundred pages.

17th c. scientific works, so I'm quitting work for the term, as far as extras are concerned" (CW 2: 809). Frye does, however, give a talk on "A Short History of the Devil" to the Bodley Club.²¹

Frye's circle of friends expands to include three more Rhodes scholars—Alan Jarvis, from the University of Toronto; Charles Bell, from Mississippi, who has set up a ménage with Mildred Winfree; and Tom Allen, from Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario. Allen has a piano, so Frye, Stephen Corder, and an unnamed cellist form a trio and frequently congregate in Allen's room to play Haydn, Brahms, Ravel, Mendelssohn, and Schumann. "The trio and the dark beer," Frye reports later, "will be the only two things I'll miss next year." He actually sends back more detailed reports of his musical activities and gallery tours than of his literary studies. In October he goes with Alan Jarvis to see Sir Michael Sadler's art collection, sending Helen what amounts to a gallery guide. He also meets the artist David Jones at Champion Hall and writes a review of the Canadian exhibition at the Tate Gallery for the *Canadian Forum*. Helen wants Eric Newton, art critic of the Manchester Guardian, to review the show as well, which he eventually does, Frye having served as intermediary. In November Frye takes a day-trip to London with Mike Joseph to see *Guernica*, a Chirico show, and another exhibition of modern paintings. *Guernica*, which was shown along with its preliminary drawings, especially impressed him.

During Frye's second year at Merton, Blunden continues to heap praise: "I had an idea," he writes to Helen,

there'd be a lot of exams when I got back. There were, but I deliberately skipped the first (well, I overslept) today, and when I went to see Blunden today he told me that things like collections [term examinations] didn't exist for me. He was very friendly and complimentary all round. I really wasn't ready for anything like a test, so I was relieved in one way, though I'd rather have liked a chance at a £20 scholarship, not that it could have been awarded to me on the strength of what I could write at the moment. Blunden said I'd made a big hit with Geoffrey Keynes, which astounded me—I thought I'd made a complete fool of myself. Then he rambled on to the incredible amount of work some people managed to get done, Hitler being an example ... the year is going to have its difficulties. Then I went to see Bryson, who ignored exams too, and is getting me to come with a New

²¹ The paper is not extant, but a rather complete summary of the talk is preserved in the minutes of the Bodley Club. See "Frye and the Bodley Club" in Denham, *Handbook* 283–86.

College scholar, and says he's going to push me ahead rather rapidly, starting with the Pearl. (CW 2: 789)

In October Frye writes to Helen,

I've had one tutorial with Blunden and everything seems O.K. I did so little writing last year that now my sentences creak and groan when I try fitting them together. It takes incessant practice. My handwriting is if possible even worse than usual. But if I write & write & write all this year maybe I'll be able to write schools with fair glibness. Blunden—or did I tell you?—was quite firm on my shelving the Blake and getting to work on schools. I still don't like the idea, but I'm docile. My first paper, on Crashaw & Herbert, was badly written, I thought, but Blunden said he saw no falling off in skill, and that if anything my exegesis had improved. (CW 2: 794)

Frye concludes his letter with an anecdote about a Lancastrian student named Bernard Mellor, "who had me to tea the other day and whom I asked up later—he was writing a paper on Blake. He said he was tired of getting papers back from Blunden with the note 'see H. N. Frye about this' scribbled on them—it's happened twice already" (CW 2: 797).

In February 1939 Frye writes to Helen that

Blunden continues vague and complimentary. He says things like "I wish you'd write these things down, just as you say them: I think there's something to be said for a book of table-talk," or "I don't care about a paper: it's enough just to get you talking." But he doesn't seem to remember what I've told him particularly. He gave me a book last time: a translation of Keats' *Hyperion* into Latin.²² I think it may mean he feels I should be reading more Latin: I actually do think he's oblique enough for that. Neither he nor I have expressed any particular interest in Keats.²³ I haven't done much for him lately: I've been working on a history of language paper I'm worried about, and I think I've broken its back. (CW 2: 855)

By the end of the academic year it is clear that Frye has earned Blunden's confidence. He has had a role in the production of a play by the Merton Dramatic Society in which Mrs Blunden played his wife. After the theatre performance he writes to Helen that "Blunden's respect for me has gone away up, I can see that. If only I knew something about cricket

²² *Keatsii Hyperionis*, trans. Carolus Merivale (London: Macmillan, 1863).

²³ Blunden, however, did have an intense interest in Keats. His bibliography lists scores and scores of books, monographs, and reviews of Keats.

I think Blunden would be quite fond of me” (CW 2: 870). Blunden was an obsessive cricketer. Frye feels secure enough to ask Blunden to lend him money for passage back to Canada and is taken aside by Blunden and asked to “knock some sense” into the head of a fellow student (CW 2: 877).

During the second week of June, Frye wrote his examinations and sat for his viva voce, earning a first, the only Merton student for the year to achieve such a mark in English literature. Blunden foresaw the potential Frye had for achieving such a rank, and his inclination all along seems to have been to get out of Frye’s way and let him develop the powers he already had.

Coda

In 1947 Blunden returned to Japan as a cultural advisor for the British liaison mission, which served as a diplomatic mission until the embassy was re-established in 1952 by the Treaty of San Francisco. Blunden had been a professor of English at the University of Tokyo, 1924 to 1927. From 1947 to 1950 he gave more than six hundred lectures throughout Japan. 1947 was also the year that *Fearful Symmetry* was published. Frye mailed a copy to Blunden, which arrived the very day he was to depart for Japan. That coincidence generated this postcard.

c/o *Times*, Printing House Square, London, E.C.4.

6 Nov^r. 1947.

With great pleasure I received the book [*Fearful Symmetry*] this morning, and with perplexity—for I leave today with family for Japan and am in the same old Christmas-tree condition as when once in the Elder War we were about to move ... I think that I will have the book kept safely for my return when I can sit down to it with the necessary library in reach and then I’ll write you a proper letter of thanks. You will know I still recall vividly yr. devotion to Blake at Oxford and I rejoice in the spectacle of such constancy of imaginative endeavour—in these days of rapid zests and desertions. We all read Miss Sitwell’s first eloquent appreciation of the *Blake*²⁴ which must have been a most welcome press cutting. I’ve been away from *T.L.S.* latterly but know that a review is in hand there.²⁵ Hope

24 Edith Sitwell’s review of *Fearful Symmetry*: “William Blake,” *Spectator* 179 (10 October 1947): 466.

25 “Elucidation of Blake” by an anonymous reviewer appeared in *TLS*, 10 January 1948: 25.

you are well and merry. Merton is unchanged in much, but men come & go: you will have heard that H.W. Garrod, who seems the exception, has had his portrait done by R. Moynihan for the panelled room where you attended Collections. It's a speaking likeness, & a work of art.²⁶ Every good wish, & thanks indeed. EBlunden.

Almost two months later, Blunden, having settled in, wrote again:

U.K. Liaison Mission, British Embassy, Tokyo, 31 Jan. 1948

My dear Norrie

About the time when Miss Sitwell was giving your *Blake* the right send-off in England and while a review was in gestation for the Times Lit. Supp. I was hurriedly getting my bits and pieces in order (and it is a job to get anything done even slowly in England lately) for my appointment here. I do not know whether I shall be able to receive the copy you so handsomely sent for me before my return to England & that may be a year away; but probably another copy will be coming out here among new books acquired for Tokyo needs, and I look forward to sitting with your final interpretations in that copy. W.B. [William Blake] has a way of reaching Japan also. May you be receiving lots of interesting appreciations of this long matured essay.

Observe that my escape from teaching was a fantasy! For I am lecturing and chattering and scrawling away in that service almost more than ever. The Foreign Office thought that someone from England should come out to help in the revival of studies in Japan & the Supreme Commander approved. This venture appears to be well liked by the Japanese, but I have the personal advantage of finding many old friends still alive and some of them eminent in the university world here. Moreover I have a small daughter who is impudence aged 2 and I am wicked enough to let her do some charming.

²⁶ Garrod, a classics scholar, was a fellow at Merton College for more than sixty years. Blunden thought that he was a model of what a university don should be. The two had rooms on the same staircase of Fellows Quad. Rodrigo Moynihan's oil portrait of Garrod can be seen at https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/H._W._Garrod.

Jack Garrett like yourself remains part of my Merton for my time.²⁷ You heard that we lost poor Deane Jones with frightful suddenness.²⁸ He drove himself with a sort of religious intensity. Garrod's letter to me just received is a proof that Fellows Quad stands, and that a steady flow of irony and double negatives is available there.

I must break off—Guests for supper, conversation will include Blake, and Oxford.

Best thanks and wishes

Yours ever

EBlunden

Works Cited

Abbreviations for Northrop Frye's Collected Works and Selected Letters

cw 2 = *The Correspondence of Northrop Frye and Helen Kemp, 1932–1939*, vol. 2. Ed. Robert D. Denham. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1996.

cw 3 = *Northrop Frye's Student Essays, 1932–1938*. Ed. Robert D. Denham. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1997.

cw 7 = *Northrop Frye's Writings on Education*. Eds. Jean O'Grady and Goldwin French. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2000.

cw 8 = *The Diaries of Northrop Frye, 1942–1955*. Ed. Robert D. Denham. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2001.

cw 24 = *Interviews with Northrop Frye*. Ed. Jean O'Grady. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2008.

cw 29 = *Northrop Frye on Twentieth-Century Literature*. Ed. Glen Robert Gill. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2010.

Selected Letters = *Selected Letters, 1934–1991*. Ed. Robert D. Denham. West Jefferson and London: McFarland, 2009.

27 Garrett was a Rhodes Scholar from Alberta, who studied at Merton College, 1937–40; he taught at the University of Alberta, the University of Toronto, and Canterbury College in New Zealand.

28 Jones was a Fellow and Senior Tutor at Merton College from 1921 until his death in 1947. Frye wrote that next to Blunden he was "much the brightest spot in the college" (CW 2: 714).

- Ayre, John. *Northrop Frye: A Biography*. Toronto: Random House of Canada, 1989.
- Berry, Francis. *Gospel of Fire*. London: Mathews and Marrott, 1933.
- . *Snake in the Moon*. London: Williams and Norgate, 1936.
- Blunden, Edward. *Overtones of War: Poems of the First World War*. Ed. Martin Taylor. London: Duckworth, 1996.
- . *Sons of Light: A Series of Lectures on English Writers*. Tokyo: Hosei UP, 1949.
- . *Undertones of War*. Garden City: Doubleday, Dorrance, 1929.
- Denham, Robert D. *The Northrop Frye Handbook: A Biographical and Bibliographic Guide*. Jefferson and London: McFarland, 2012.
- “Edmund Blunden.” www.edmundblunden.org.
- Kirkpatrick, Brownlee Jean. *A Bibliography of Edmund Blunden*. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1979.
- Lashmar, Paul. “The Who’s Who of British Nazis.” www.rense.com/ufo6/nazisym.htm.
- Rothkopf, Carol Z. “Edmund Blunden’s Memories of War.” *Columbia Library Columns* 39: 2 (February 1990): 3–10.
- Webb, Barry. *Edmund Blunden: A Biography*. New Haven: Yale UP, 1990.