

**The Tale-Teller and Day-Dreaming  
in  
Jonathan Swift's *A Tale of a Tub***

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## 要 約

### 「桶物語」―語り手の白昼夢―

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ジョナサン・スウィフト著、「桶物語」評論においては、その語り手の空想癖が、しばしば、指摘されてきた。フロイドは、詩人の詩作活動と空想活動を比較研究している。「幸福な人間は決して空想しない。……充たされなかった願望こそ空想を生み出す原動力であって、空想というものは、どれもこれも、願望充足であり、人を満足させてくれぬ現実を修正することなのである。」しかし、この心理学者は、用心深く、古代叙事詩人や悲劇詩人のように既成素材―民族の文学的財宝―を「料理する詩人」を、この比較から除外する。

スウィフト自身、自らの才能に相応しい生涯を送ったとは思わなかった作家であり、「桶物語」の語り手も、文壇でかえりみられることもなく、屋根裏部屋で、空腹をかかえながら、宗教界、学界の腐敗を弾劾する物語を書き、この作品こそが、国家、宗教を救うことができると力みかえっている、流行おくれの三文文士である。

小論は、フロイドの研究を、この語り手に適用することによって、スウィフトと語り手の関係、或いは、距離に新しい観点から光をあてて、スウィフトの作家としての「料理力」を再検討しようとするものである。

（フロイドの言葉は、高橋義孝氏訳、「空想することと詩人」より引用）

In his letter to John Gay dated July 10, 1732, Swift complains of his friends's lack of his "rule *Vive la bagatelle*," concerned with drinking and eating, starting from Pope's "abstemiousness."<sup>1</sup> Such trifles as food, clothes, excrement, urine, belching, and the smell of the human body fill Swift's works, sometimes, but not always, accompanied by delight, to expose the inescapable limitations of man, "Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,/A being darkly wise, and rudely great."<sup>2</sup> Whether Swift uses scatological imagery for satiric purposes "with Rabelaisian gusto,"<sup>3</sup> or through his concept of excrement, as Mikhail Bakhtin contends, "as something *intermediate between earth and body*" or something which combines "the grave and birth in their lightest, most comic, least terrifying form,"<sup>4</sup> the "bagatelle" of vexation always hangs over the questions of Swift's intentions, his mentality, and his personae, so much so that Swift and his works have frequently been subject to psycho-analytic scrutiny.

Phyllis Greenacre calls *Gulliver's Travels* "the acting out of Lemuel's masturbatory fantasies, which like the character of Swift, are closely interwoven with anal preoccupations and ambitions rather than with genital ones."<sup>5</sup> Aldous Huxley, in comparison with Rabelais' whole-hearted acceptance of human reality where divine mystics, Dante, Petrarch, and Cavalcanti are not exempt from dung, offal and sexuality, denounces Swift's "hatred of bowels" as subhuman immaturity or childishness.<sup>6</sup> Kathleen Williams views *A Tale of a Tub* as "Swift's plunge into the chaos of mindless experience," where the Teller is to express "fantasy, unreality."<sup>7</sup> John M. Bullitt discusses the Teller's "converting imagination" which substitutes "the nonessential for the essential."<sup>8</sup> John R. Clark emphasizes the schizophrenic nature of the Teller, labelling him as "a veritable archetype of 'Sufficiency,' . . . withdrawn into singularity—where [he] sleep [s] and dream [s] or engage [s] in private occult study."<sup>9</sup>

Now, Freud contends, it is remembered, that happy people never make fantasies, only unsatisfied ones, and he continues:

Unsatisfied wishes are the driving power behind phantasies; every separate phantasy contains the fulfilment of a wish, and improves on unsatisfactory reality. The impelling wishes vary according to the sex, character and circumstances of the creator; they may be easily divided, however, into two principal groups. Either they are ambitious wishes, serving to exalt the person creating them, or they are erotic. In young women erotic wishes dominate the phantasies almost exclusively, for their ambition is generally comprised in their erotic longings; in young men egoistic and ambitious wishes assert themselves plainly enough alongside their erotic desires. But we will not lay stress on the distinction between these two trends; we prefer to emphasize the fact that they are often united.<sup>10</sup>

Swift's life is not always a happy one, rather, a series of disappointments. First, he had to tear himself free from the enchantments of the Muse; next, he broke away from his

dependence on William Temple, making his own way in the Church. He had love affairs but he never married. Finally, the fall of the Tories, for whom he had served as editor of the *Examiner* and as brilliant political journalist in support of important policies, aside from the reputed anger of Queen Anne against *A Tale of a Tub*, put an end to all his hopes of preferment in England. He had to live his unwilling life amid Irish poverty and abject miseries.

*A Tale of a Tub* is, in a way, a projection of Swift's ambition and dissatisfaction via the Tale-Teller's fantasizing which constantly substitutes "the nonessential for the essential," ultimately to be made by Swift to expose the essential. The work is, according to the author's own account in the "Apology," prefixed to the fifth edition in 1710, a youthful work, written by him when he was "young, his *Invention at the Height, and his Reading fresh in his Head*."<sup>11</sup> Herbert Davis thinks it "fairly certain" that Swift first conceived the plan of a satire on the corruptions in religion at Kilroot,<sup>12</sup> to the prebend of which he was appointed in 1695 and where he remained till May, 1696. To borrow Swift's own words, "*the greatest Part of that Book was finished . . . in 1696, which is eight Years before it was published*." The author, then, was in his twenties, ambitious for the reputation of a wit, "*resolved to proceed in a manner, that should be altogether new, the World having been already too long nauseated with endless Repetitions upon every Subject*," and ambitious also for serving the public with "*a Satyr, that should be useful and diverting*."<sup>13</sup> Together with Swift's crossed love for Jane Waring at Kilroot and his later frustration at Lord Sunderland's fall from power<sup>14</sup> and Temple's death in 1699, his psyche was pregnant with dissatisfactions, ready to be projected and sublimated into an imaginative work.

The Tale-Teller is, of course, Swift's vehicle convenient enough. He is also a writer, ambitious of rescuing Commonwealth with his book, though at the moment of writing neglected by the new generation of hack-writers. Proud of being "*the freshest Modern*,"<sup>15</sup> as he swears to Prince Posterity: "What I am going to say is literally true this Minute I am writing" (p. 22), he too frequently reminds the reader of the "date-stamp"<sup>16</sup> which he gives to his comment. He is poor and hungry, as he himself testifies:

the shrewdest Pieces of this Treatise, were conceived in Bed, in a Garret: At other times (for a Reason best known to my self) I thought fit to sharpen my Invention with Hunger; and in general, the whole Work was begun, continued, and ended, Under a long Course of Physick, and a great want of Money. (p. 27)

The narrator is no longer young, plagued with diseases and unrewarded for his service. His quill is

worn to the Pith in the Service of the State . . . From an Understanding and a Conscience, threadbare and ragged with perpetual turning; From a Head broken in a hundred places, by the Malignants of the opposite Factions, and from a Body spent with Poxes ill cured, by trusting to Bawds and Surgeons, who, (as it afterwards appeared) were profess'd Enemies to Me and the Government, and revenged

their Party's Quarrel upon my Nose and Shins. Four-score and eleven Pamphlets have I writ under three Reigns, and for Service of six and thirty Factions. But finding the State has no farther Occasion for Me and my Ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into Speculations more becoming a Philosopher, having, to my unspeakable Comfort, passed a long Life, with a Conscience void of Offence.

(p. 42)

Indeed, his book is a product of his speculations, sharpened by dissatisfactions with lack of food, money, and power. In other words, his "Thoughts and [his] Studies" (p. 42) are constantly projected in terms of such daily necessities as food and clothes. He compares wisdom to such trifles as cheese, sack-posset, a hen, and a nut:

'Tis a *cheese*, which by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the courser Coat: and whereof to a judicious Palate, the *Maggots* are the best, 'Tis a *Sack-Posset*, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter. *Wisdom* is a *Hen*, whose *Cackling* we must value and consider, because it is attended with an *Egg* : But then, lastly, 'tis a *Nut*, which unless you chuse with Judgment, may cost you a Tooth, and pay you with nothing but a *Worm*. (p. 40)

Again, he employs food images for explaining distinguishing marks of the "*True Modern Critick*":

The *True Criticks* are known by their Talent of swarming about the noblest Writers, to which they are carried meerly by Instinct, as a Rat to the best Cheese, or a Wasp to the fairest Fruit. (p. 63) A *True Critick*, in the Perusal of a Book, is like a *Dog* at a Feast, whose Thoughts and Stomach are wholly set upon what the Guests *fling away*, and consequently, is apt to *Snarl* most, when there are the fewest *Bones*. (p. 64)

He compares digressions to "*Soups and Ollio's, Fricassées and Ragousts*" (p. 90), and his "discourse" to his "entertainment at a Meal" (p. 117).

The Teller the historian presents Peter in his allegorical history of the Christian Church as inventor of "*Universal Pickle*" (p. 67) or holy water, which can preserve "Houses, Gardens, Towns, Men, Women, Children, and Cattle . . . as Sound as Insects in Amber" (p. 67). The schism over the theory of Transubstantiation is outrageously reduced to absurdity by Peter's forcing crusts of bread for mutton upon his brothers, Martin and Jack. Peter says:

*Bread . . . is the Staff of Life: in which Bread is contained, inclusivè, the Quintessence of Beef, Mutton, Veal, Venison, Partridge, Plum-pudding, and Custard: And to render all compleat, there is intermingled a due Quantity of Water, whose Crudities are also corrected by Yeast or Barm, thro' which means it becomes a wholesome fermented Liquor, diffused thro' the Mass of the Bread.* (p. 72)

The narrator's confidence in his work as "so daring an Attempt; never atchieved or undertaken before, but by a certain Author called *Homer*" occasions him to be indulged in the fantasy where he is revealing the "*Arcanum*," by the assistance of which he has ventured upon this work, comparable to the ancient genius':

*You take fair correct Copies, well bound in Calfs Skin, and Lettered at the Back, of all Modern Bodies of Arts and Sciences whatsoever, and in what Language you please. These you distil in balneo Mariae, infusing Quintessence of Poppy Q. S. together with three Pints of Lethe, to be had from the Apothecaries. You cleanse away carefully the Sordes and Caput mortuum, letting all that is volatile evaporate. You preserve only the first Running, which is again to be distilled seventeen times, till what remains will amount to about two Drams. This you keep in a Glass Viol Hermetically sealed, for one and twenty Days. Then you begin your Catholick Treatise, taking every Morning fasting, (first shaking the Viol) three Drops of this Elixir, snuffing it strongly up your Nose. It will dilate it self about the Brain (where there is any) in fourteen Minutes, and you immediately perceive in your Head an infinite Number of Abstracts, Summaries, Compendiums, Extracts, Collections, Medulla's, Excerpta quaedam's Florilegia's and the like, all disposed into great Order, and reducible upon Paper.* (pp. 78-79)

His harangue on *Homer* raises serious doubts about his rationality itself. He erroneously acknowledges *Homer* as the inventor of the compass, gun-powder, and the circulation of the blood. However, his greatest attack upon the ancient comes from his dissatisfaction with his "long Dissertation upon *Tea*" (p. 80). Likewise, his denouncement of reason as villain is illustrated in terms of food:

He that can with *Epicurus* content his Ideas with the *Films* and *Images* that fly off upon his Senses from the *Superficies* of Things; Such a Man truly wise, creams off Nature, leaving the Sower and the Dregs, for Philosophy and Reason to lap up. (p. 110)

Now, with a full knowledge of the hard reality of hunger, poverty, and neglect of his merit, he luxuriates in his theory of the superficies, born of his hallucinatory condition, though unacceptable and absurd in view of tradition and "the common Forms" (p. 108), and concludes:

This is the Sublime and refined Point of Felicity, called, *the Possession of being well deceived*; The Serene Peaceful State of being a Fool among Knaves. (p. 110)

The Tale-Teller briefs on the mental state and pleasures of self-delusion and fantasizing, indeed:

But when a Man's Fancy gets *astride* on his Reason, when Imagination is at Cuffs with the Senses, and common Understanding, as well as Common Sense, is Kickt out of Doors; the first Proselyte he

makes, is Himself, and when that is once compass'd, the Difficulty is not so great in bringing over others; A strong Delusion always operating from *without*, as vigorously as from *within*. For, Cant and Vision are to the Ear and the Eye, the same that Tickling is to the Touch. (p. 108)

To his senses it is manifest that fiction is more advantageous than truth because "Imagination can build nobler Scenes, and produce more wonderful Revolution than Fortune or Nature will be at Expence to furnish" (p. 108).

Delusion "from within" is definitely associated with scatology. It originates, the Modern theorist complacently contends, in "vapours" issuing up from the lower faculties of the body, of "the same Substance and Effect" as "the Fumes issuing from a Jakes," to disturb and transpose the brain, and to "water the Invention, and render it fruitful" (pp. 102–103). According to his "Physico–logical" (p. 37) theory, "all those mighty Revolutions, "under the influence of "single Men," that have happened in "*Empire*, in *Philosophy*, and in *Religion*" (p. 108) are reduced to the effect of the "vapours," or, in a Freudian sense, sexual impulses, unsatisfied. When the hallucinator relates his story of Henry IV, he marvels that "the same Principle that influences a *Bully* to break the Windows of a Whore, who has jilted him, naturally stirs up a Great Prince to raise mighty Armies, and dream of nothing but Sieges, Battles, and Victories" (p. 104). He concludes his discussion of the effect of the "vapours" upon the "mighty Revolutions" in terms of "the collected part of the *Semen*, raised and enflamed, . . . adust," and scatology:

Of such mighty Consequence it is, where those Exhalations fix; and of so little, from whence they proceed. The same Spirits which in their superior Progress would conquer a Kingdom, descending upon the *Anus*, conclude in a *Fistula*. (p. 104)

For furnishing the employment for "this Redundancy of *Vapours*," timing is the vital factor in his view:

one Man chusing a proper Juncture, leaps into a Gulph, from thence proceeds a Hero, and is called the Saver of his Country; Another atchieves the same Enterprise, but unluckily timing it, has left the Brand of *Madness*, fixt as a Reproach upon his Memory. (pp. 110–111)

The former Bedlamite, now, enthusiastically recommends the appointment of the commissioners to "Inspect into *Bedlam*, and the Parts adjacent," examine its inhabitants' talents, and employ them, "now buried, or at least misapplied," for the public benefit (pp. 111&113).

Delusion "from without," indeed, as vigorously as delusion "from within," projects itself into the "Physico–logical" theory of the superficialities in respect of clothing:

Is not Religion a *Cloak*, Honesty a *Pair of Shoes*, worn out in the Dirt, Self–love a *Surtout*, Vanity a *Shirt*, and Conscience a *Pair of Breeches*, which, tho' a Cover for Lewdness as well as Nastiness, is easily slipt down for the Service of both. (p. 47)

The reduction of the "Acquirements of [the] Mind" to items of clothing being admitted, it follows that "the common Forms" of humanity are turned upside down: that is, "*Suits of Cloaths*" are in reality "Rational Creatures, or Men" and "the Soul [is] the outward, and the Body the inward Cloathing," with the former "of daily Creation and Circumfusion" (pp. 47–48). Figures of power are dragged down to certain items of clothing. A gold chain, a red gown, and a white rod, with a great horse, make a Lord-Mayor: "certain Ermins and Furs" are styled a judge, and "an apt Conjunction of Lawn and black Sattin, we intitle a Bishop" (p. 47). Naturally, the original coats or the Christian faith of the three brothers in the allegorical history of the Christian Church must undergo, in spite of their father's will, as many decorations and distortions as fashions of the *grand monde* of the superfluities, whose idol is the tailor.

Thus, after the soul is defined as the outward clothing, subject to transient fashions, the Tale-Teller safely launches into his fantasy of Aeolism. All things are reduced to wind: even "the *Forma informans* of Man, by the Name of [either] *Spiritus*, *Animus*, *Afflatus*, or *Anima*," is nothing but wind, for life is only "the *Breath* of our Nostrils." Wind works out "*Mysteries*" of sexual intercourse, "giving Occasion for those happy Epithets of *Turgidus*, and *Inflatus*, apply'd either to the *Emittent*, or Recipient Organs" (p. 95). The "*Quinta essentia*" of wind is communicated by "Belching" in religion and learning, "the Sourer the better" (p. 97), by means of bellows and secret fennels. Jack, the reputed founder of "that Epidemick Sect of *AEolists*," is presented not only as a madman, who has "calculated the first Revolutions of his Brain so prudently" as to raise it, but also a hallucinator who has succeeded in building up "a new and strange Variety of Conceptions":

the Fruitfulness of his Imagination led him into certain Notions, which, altho' in Appearance very unaccountable, were not without their Mysteries and their Meanings. . . . Nor do I at all question, but they will furnish Plenty of noble Matter for such, whose converting Imaginations dispose them to reduce all Things into *Types*: who can make *Shadows*, no thanks to the Sun; and then mold them into Substances, no thanks to Philosophy; whose peculiar Talent lies in fixing Tropes and Allegories to the *Letter*, and refining what is Literal into Figure and Mystery. (p. 121)

Jack, no less unsatisfied with his torn coat and Peter's treatment of him than the Hack with his situation, holds that sensory verification is a negative criterion: he walks about with his eyes shut, insisting that "*the Eyes of the Understanding see best, when those of the Senses are out of the way*" (p. 123). In spite of Jack's antipathy against Peter, the brothers have the misfortunes to resemble each other in humour, disposition, shape, size and mien because "the Phrenzy and the Spleen of both [have] the same Foundation" (p. 127) and also because Jack's rags "bear a kind of mock Resemblance to [Peter's] Finery" (p. 128). Martin, who tries to keep "the Substance of the Stuff" of his coat uninjured with his father's will as guide (p. 85), is separated from the two. He alone, somewhat, restores "the common Forms," tradition, "Moderation" (p. 88), and sanity within and without.



Though the narrator insists on the pleasures of fancy and proudly confesses that his "Imaginations are hard-mouth'd, and exceedingly disposed to run away with his *Reason* which [he has] observed from long Experience, to be a very light Rider, and easily shook off" (p. 114), he often presents death images to madness as well as to his hallucination. In his attempt to rationalize the existence of the two devils in Aeolism—the "*Camelion*" and "*Moulinavent*"—he says:

And, whereas the mind of Man, when he gives the Spur and Bridle to his Thoughts, doth never stop, but naturally sallies out into both extreams of High and Low, of Good and Evil; His first Flight of Fancy, commonly transports Him to Idea's of what is most Perfect, finished, and exalted; till having soared out of his own Reach and Sight, not well perceiving how near the Frontiers of Height and Depth, border upon each other: With the same Course and wing, he falls down plum into the lowest Bottom of Things.

The fall of his fancy is further illustrated by the fall of "a dead Bird of Paradise, to the Ground" (p. 99). As the footless bird of Paradise is believed to keep on flying until it dies, hallucinations and madness are sure to die an Icarian death soon, either Henry IV's, Peter's, Jack's or the hack's, which arise from unsatisfied wishes with "*a rainy Day, a drunken Vigil, a Fit of the Spleen, a Course of Physick, a sleepy Sunday, an ill Run at Dice, a long Taylor's Bill, a Beggar's Purse, a factious Head, a hot Sun, costive Dyet, Want of Books, and a just Contempt of Learning*" (p. 116). Fame, which the hack aspires for, alive, is compared to "a Fruit grafted on the Body," never ripened "till the *Stock* is in the Earth" and, again, to "a Bird of Prey" pursuing "the Scent of a *Carcass*" and pleased with the sound effect of "the Echo of a hollow Vault" (p. 118). Writing after the subject is exhausted is analogized to "the Ghost of Wit" (p. 133).

As befits the "short Memory" (p. 84) of the modern age, the historian is unable even to finish his history of the three brothers because he has "lost" or "misaid" the remaining part of the manuscript, particulars of which "have now slid out of [his] Memory" (pp. 130–131). Finally, in his "Conclusion" he points out similarities between books and "Dress, and Dyet, and Diversions" by illustrating "the present Relish of Courteous Readers" as that of a fly: "a *Fly* driven from a *Honey-pot*, will immediately, with very good Appetite alight, and finish his Meal on an Excrement" (pp. 132–133). He acknowledges the real value of modern writings and his own as "Nothing" (p. 133), into which his "disappointment" (p. 134) has been projected. In his "Disposure of Employments of the Brain," he has made a model arrangement for fantasizing: "I have thought fit to make *Invention* the *Master*, and to give *Method* and *Reason*, the Office of its *Lacquays*" (p. 134). Vapours, enthusiasm, modern wit or inventions are all wind, death and nothing, that is, a release of egotistical wishes.

Swift the author knows how to "soften the egotistical character of the day-dream by changes and disguises, and . . . bribe us by the offer of a purely formal, that is, aesthetic, pleasure in the presentation of his phantasies"<sup>17</sup> by showing the Tale-Teller acting out his fantasies, in terms of such daily items as "Dress, Dyet, and Diversions"—immediate

objects of his unsatisfied wishes on account of his poverty, hunger, and lack of power. Corruptions in religion and learning, great achievements made by "Single Men" in the world, are, thus, dragged down to the level of such trifles as food, clothing, excrement, and, finally, death or "Nothing" by means of Swift's satiric technique of *meiosis*. The Modern Writer is kept strictly, of his own accord, within the realm of imagination, which Swift's contemporary psychologists thought merely to be a "passive, mirror-like faculty,"<sup>18</sup> concerned only with our knowledge of the external world, on the physico-logical dimension of things. After all, what he tells is a trifle, a tale of a tub. Being "a Servant of the Modern Way," the persona falls into his own forgetfulness as if complacently to say, "And Universal Darkness buries All,"<sup>19</sup> while the real author, far from being mad, restores essentials out of such ridiculous trifles as food, clothes, excrement, etc.—nonessentials, which the modern brain has substituted for essentials, and thus presents the tragic situation of the modern age wallowing in corruptions of religion and learning in the "lightest, most comic, least terrifying form." Furthermore, he lets live in the reader's memory, at least, one way-out—how Martin deals with the corruptions of his coat and goes back to "the common Forms," his original faith, and sanity. The Tale-Teller is, indeed, Swift's *alter ego* in disguise and at the same time his folly and madness are Swift's bribery to the reader under his "rule *Vive la bagatelle*." As the whole work is a great metaphor constructed of the "coats of skins," with which God clothed Adam and Eve, after they had eaten of the Tree of Knowledge,<sup>20</sup> it may not be too much to say that Swift, on the side of tradition, especially the tradition of learned trifles, collected wisdom, and the Anglican *via media*, or in the Freudian sense, the "ready-made material,"<sup>21</sup> discovered, in fact, two centuries before the psychologist of the sub-conscious, that there are some connections and also distinctions between the poet and the day-dreamer, and that he made splendid satiric use of them in his *A Tale of a Tub*, demanding the reader to see what they are, laughing.

#### Notes

1. Jonathan Swift, *The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift*, ed. Harold Williams (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1965), IV, 40.
2. Alexander Pope, *An Essay on Man* II. 3–4.
3. Sidney Shrager, *Scatology in Modern Drama* (New York: Irvington Publishers, 1982), p. 19.
4. Mikhail Bakhtin, *Rabelais and His World*, trans. Helene Iswolsky (Cambridge, Mass.: The M. I. T. Press, 1968), p. 174.
5. Phyllis Greenacre, M. D., *Swift and Carroll: A Psychoanalytic Study of Two Lives* (New York: International Universities Press, 1955), p. 115.
6. Aldous Huxley, *Do What You Will: Essays* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1939), pp. 103–105.
7. Kathleen Williams, *Jonathan Swift and the Age of Compromise* (Lawrence and London: The University Press of Kansas, 1968), p. 133.
8. John M. Bullitt, *Jonathan Swift and the Anatomy of Satire* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1953), p. 148.
9. John R. Clark, *Form and Frenzy in Swift's Tale of a Tub* (Ithaca and London: Cornell University Press, 1970), pp. 117&19.

10. Sigmund Freud, "The Poet and Day-Dreaming," in Sigmund Freud, *Collected Papers*, trans. Joan Riviere (New York: Basic Books, 1959), IV, 176-177.
11. Jonathan Swift, *A Tale of a Tub With Other Early Works 1696-1707*, in *The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift*, ed. Herbert Davis (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1965), I, 1. All references to Swift's prose works are to this edition.
12. Herbert Davis, "The Introduction," in Jonathan Swift, *A Tale of a Tub With Other Early Works 1696-1707*, p. xvi.
13. Jonathan Swift, *A Tale of a Tub With Other Early Works 1696-1707*, p. 1.
14. Herbert Davis, p. xviii.
15. Jonathan Swift, *A Tale of a Tub With Other Early Works 1696-1707*, p. 81 Hereafter only the pagination will be given in parentheses after the quotation.
16. Sigmund Freud, p. 177. Freud emphasizes the importance of the relationship between phantasies and time.
17. Ibid., p. 183.
18. Donald F. Bond, "The Neo-classical Psychology of the Imagination," *ELH*, IV (1937), 248.
19. Alexander Pope, *The Dunciad* IV. 656.
20. *Genesis* 3: 21.
21. Sigmund Freud, p. 183.

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