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EDITORIAL

The warm response that the first number of OJES received from different quarters has indeed been very encouraging. We take this opportunity to thank all those readers, teachers of English, editors of scholarly journals, both Indian and foreign, who have sent us messages of appreciation.

S. K. K.
V. A. S.

THE ROMANTIC NECESSITY IN LITERARY NATURALISM : JACK LONDON

By

Jay Gurian

Jack London is a puzzle only so long as criticism views him from the alleged opposition of naturalism and romanticism. From such a view Alfred Kazin is led to remark of London and Upton Sinclair: "For the curious thing about these leading Socialist 'fictioneers' is that they were the most romantic novelists of their time."[1] But there is no fundamental mutual exclusiveness between modern romanticism and the modern view of a causative natural universe. In another paragraph Kazin unwittingly takes the curiousness out of the thing in London's case, when he says: "His heroes stormed the heights of their own minds, and shouted that they were storming the world."[2] Modern romanticism may be defined as the storming by private vision and power to comprehend and affect the universe; and London is, very simply, a romantic in his exultation of private visions which he takes to be visions of the modern world.

But, as every Nineteenth Century man came to fear, and as every Twentieth Century man has come to know, there are two worlds against which to storm: the supernatural and the natural. Perhaps, in keeping with the modern temper, these had better be called "forces". Faust fought the devil, but could not win against the supernatural force; Santiago, in Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* fought old age, the marlin's strength and will, and finally the marauder sharks, but could not win against these natural forces. Yet both these men are "heroes" of a private struggle against the forces that enclose them.

In the same way, Jack London's men fight, as heroes, against the forces enclosing them. But here we find a curious ambiguity, and the ambiguity leads us to ask the question: "Which of London's men are really his heroes?" For London depicts protagonists fighting to win in a causative naturalist universe; but he also depicts antagonists fighting to overcome the causative naturalist universe and to affirm beliefs not possible within the dialectic of that universe. This is an especially important question to ask, when inquir-

ing into the naturalism of London, because he exalts the individual hero beyond the degree usual in modern writers.

For example, in *The Sea-Wolf* London presents two heroes: the titan Wolf Larsen, and the "sissy" Humphrey Van Weyden. Wolf Larsen's

> height was probably five feet ten inches, or ten and a half; but my first impression, or feel of the man, was not of this, but of his strength. And yet, while he was of massive build, with broad shoulders and deep chest, I would not characterize his strength as massive.... What I am trying to express is this strength itself, more as a thing apart from his physical semblance. It was a strength we are wont to associate with things primitive, with wild animals, and the creatures we imagine our tree-dwelling prototypes to have been—a strength savage, ferocious, alone in itself, the essence of life in that it is the potency of motion, the elemental stuff itself out of which the many forms of life have been molded.
>
> In fact, though this strength pervaded every action of his, it seemed but the advertisement of a greater strength that lurked within, that lay dormant and no more than stirred from time to time, but which might arouse, at any moment, terrible and compelling, like the rage of a lion or the wrath of a storm.[3]

This man of indomitable strength, who literally snaps men's arms and legs with little effort, who emerges from a forecastle brawl—of which he is the victim—with no bruises, has a great weakness, however: he is worried. And what is he worried about? He is worried about his own philosophy. The narrator, Humphrey, asks the atheist and Darwinian Wolf Larsen: "What do you believe, then?" And Wolf replies with apparent certainty:

> I believe that life is a mess....It is like yeast, a ferment, a thing that moves and may move for a minute, an hour, or a year, or a hundred years, but that in the end will cease to move. The big eat the little that they may continue to move, the strong eat the weak that they may retain their strength. The lucky eat the most and move the longest, that is all."[4]

But there is much evidence that Larsen is worried about his philosophy. He reads in the great classics—Shakespeare, Tennyson, Poe, De Quincey, Darwin, Tyndall, Bulfinch's *Age of Fable,* to name a few. And even more, there is evidence that Jack London himself is worried about Larsen's philosophy. For, though the first half of *The Sea-Wolf* is Larsen's story—the story of the strong man dominating the ship's little universe—it increasingly becomes the narrator's story as well. Humphrey Van Weyden is a man of civilization. He calls himself a "temperamental idealist" who tries to put into speech "a something felt, a something like the strains of music heard in sleep, a something that convinced yet transcended utterance."[5] In a few short weeks "Hump", as he is called, rises from bumbling cabin boy to effective first mate. As he himself notes, he is no longer "Sissy" Van Weyden, and

> could never be quite the same man I had been. While my hope and faith in human life still survived Wolf Larsen's destructive criticism, he had nevertheless been a cause of change.... He had opened up for me the world of the real, of which I had known practically nothing and from which I had always shrunk. I had learned to look more closely at life as it was lived.....[6]

And Hump learns to defend himself against the threat of a knifing, learns to answer Wolf's cruelty with strong-minded assertions of principle.

Out of all this there begins to emerge a picture of two hero-types: Larsen, accepting the naturalist universe, thereby fighting his fight only to be its master; and Hump, rejecting the naturalist universe, retaining his idealist philosophy and learning to fight the "good fight" against the naturalist universe.

This ambiguity of heroes will be seen most strikingly in *Martin Eden.* But in *The Call of the Wild,* London is able to avoid the ambiguity by the fortunate stroke of using a non-human hero. Buck, the massive and powerful domestic animal, is gradually converted by the necessity to survive, (which London here calls The Law of Club and Fang), into

the " dominant primordial beast ". In Buck's universe as in Wolf Larsen's it is survive or die: " He must master or be mastered; while to show mercy was a weakness. . . . Kill or be killed, eat or be eaten, was the law; and this mandate, down out of the depths of Time, he obeyed."[7] And so, gifted by nature with intelligence, physical strength and will, Buck conquers Spitz, his enemy, in a fight-to-the death, leads his pack of dogs in sled-harness, protects the man who saves him from the inhumanity of his former owners, avenges this man's death by killing his killers, then, compulsorily, answers " the call of the wild " by becoming the dominant primordial beast in wolfland. There is no ambiguity in Buck, the conquering hero in the naturalist universe: he does not read the philosophers and poets, he does not suddenly develop fatal cancer. In a word, he is only an animal, so he is only natural. *The Call of the Wild* is, from beginning to end, a perfect parable of a biologically and environmentally determined universe. There are no holes in its argument: Buck's highest achievement is to kill, because that is the " law of club and fang ", and finally he achieves the killing of man, " the noblest game of all ".[8]

But at the same time *The Call of the Wild* also suggests the truth that a *wholly* naturalist human hero—operating in a wholly naturalist universe—is an impossibility. For then there could be no hero—no private vision—in a scheme that by definition precluded the possibility of private variation. Such a scheme, if absolutely applied, would remove from humans their faculty for abstraction, and for choice—the faculties that raise them above the animal world. So we shall see in *Martin Eden* how London's own creeds of socialism and private knowledge force romanticism into naturalism.

The hero-struggling is the basic plot of literature. The private hero (or the mass as hero)[9] either submits to supernature, or to the workings of natural forces, or fights them. If he fights, his personal conflict stands fair chance to be worthy of " story ". If he submits, there is no conflict, there is no story—there is no literature.

In these terms, what is it that Martin Eden fights in his universe? And what kind of a hero is Martin Eden in the first place? Since *Martin Eden* is so directly autobiographical, I think it is legitimate to turn for help to a critical

comment made about London himself. In *The Liberation of American Literature,* V. F. Calverton says:

> ....he did not stop short with the petty bourgeois ideology of individualism but advanced to the collective philosophy of socialism. Had he stopped where most of his contemporaries did, and taken his stand upon an individualistic base, notwithstanding the personal energy he possessed, in all likelihood he would have been driven into the camp of the pessimists. Instead, convinced as he became that socialism and not individualism was the philosophy that America, that the world, should adopt, he was able to escape in part that spiritual *cul de sac* in which most of his contemporaries were caught.[10]

We must notice, to be fair, that Calverton is speaking as a Marxist literary critic; as such, he has every reason to find less despair in London than the author's general instability and ultimate suicide might indicate. Calverton implies a consistency of view in London, a clarity of dedication, that the novelist probably lacked. London's life, as I glean it from Irving Stone's *Sailor on Horseback* and from other sources, was apparently a shambles of idealizations that personal neuroses kept confusing and defeating. Nevertheless, Calverton seems to have described exactly the twin themes of London's autobiographical creation: the active theme, that rampant jungle law individualism was a "spiritual *cul de sac*", and the implied theme, that a "collective philosophy of socialism" (or more accurately something like it, something mutually committing and brotherhood-begetting) might provide fulfillment. Through the bifocal lens of these themes, Martin Eden's suicide becomes clearer: the sea is the logical *cul de sac* and Martin's struggle to drown himself, his insistence on a permanent place in obvious nature, becomes the logical last conquest of the all-conquering "survival of the fittest" beast. As we know from reading the novel, Martin Eden storms all the worlds before him, conquers each in turn, only to find that each victory carries within it the self-defeat of a blank future. As Martin himself says repeatedly, "Work performed", and as he asks himself in a dozen variations: "So what?"

But all this needs statement in terms of the naturalism and romanticism which I have been trying to prove necessarily interactive in the mode of literary naturalism. Martin

Eden is, then, the protagonist storming the world as the hero of the Darwin-Spencer philosophy of individual survival; like Wolf Larsen, he is hero in the naturalist universe because he is its perfect embodiment. To the "petty bourgeois" assembled in the home of his sweetheart Ruth's father, Martin says:

> You still believe in equality, and yet you do the work of the corporations, and the corporations, from day to day, are busily engaged in burying equality. And you call me a Socialist because I want equality, because I affirm just what you live up to. . . . As for myself, I am an individualist. I believe the race is to the swift, the battle to the strong. Such is the lesson I have learned from biology, or at least I think I have learned from biology. As I said, I am an individualist, and individualism is the hereditary and eternal foe of socialism.[11]

What Martin objects to is the hypocrisy, not the creed, of the bourgeois class. It is this hypocrisy, this shrinking in the face of total commitment to the jungle law, that he comes to hate in Ruth, and that eventually causes him to freeze her out of his life when finally he has succeeded in the bourgeois world (by becoming a commercially successful author) and so has become acceptable to Ruth's family, and to Ruth herself.

In a word, Martin develops a strange idealism. He thinks of himself, after his tirade against the bourgeois, as "an intellectual moralist", and he finds "more offending to him than platitudinous pomposity. . . . the morality of those about him, which was a curious hotch-potch of the economic, the metaphysical, the sentimental, and the imitative". (217) The story of Martin Eden is, pretty consistently, the story of the growth of this "intellectual morality", and the still-birth of any "spiritual morality". This latter term is inadequate to what I mean, but I juxtapose it to the first term as a convenient way of expressing the "brotherhood" inherent in the Socialism which London admired. In the beginning, we see a "blond beast" type who might go either way: might become the protagonist in a naturalist universe—like Wolf Larsen—or might become the antagonist against a naturalist universe—like Humphrey Van Weyden. As he first

walks into the bourgeois world, London tells us, Martin shows in his eyes "expression such as wild animals betray when they fear the trap". (2) And he is animal-like; at their first meeting, Ruth feels that "his intense virility seemed to surge out from him [and] impinge upon her". (9) Martin sees his past primitive life in terms of the women he has conquered: "....frowsy, shuffling creatures from the pavements of Whitechapel, gin-bloated hags of the stews, and all the vast Hell's following of harpies....the scrapings of the ports, the scum and slime of the human pit". (5) Then he sees Ruth as the antithesis of "the human pit"—as civilized and ideally human: "Here was intellectual life, he thought, and here was beauty, warm and wonderful as he had never dreamed it could be....Here was something to live for, to win to, to fight for—ay, to die for..". (7) And as Martin's eyes fall on the many books in the Morse household, in him rises "a wistfulness and yearning as promptly as the yearning leaps into the eyes of a starving man at the sight of food". (3) Martin is hearing the heroic calls to the higher realms of life—intellection, beauty, truth; and he answers this call of the unwild by determining, heroically enough, to live, fight, win and if necessary, die to achieve them. The "high-pitched dominance of his nature" will not allow him to play second fiddle and so he will "win to the walk of life whereon she trod". (14).

Intensely, Martin explores philosophy, science, mathematics; he wills himself forward despite lack of money and sometimes lack of food. Finally he makes "the great discovery". It is interesting that he makes it through "the knot of worldly socialists and working-class philosophers that held forth in the City Hall Park on warm afternoons". (89) We might expect that the great discovery would be socialist brotherhood commitment; and it does *sound* like the discovery of no less than Platonic idealism:

> What, in a way, most profoundly impressed Martin, was the correlation of knowledge—of all knowledge ....All things were related to all other things from the farthermost star in the wastes of space to the myriads of atoms in the grain of sand under one's foot....He drew up lists of the most incongruous of things and was unhappy until he succeeded in establishing kinship between them

> all—kinship between love, poetry, earthquakes, fire, rattlesnakes. . . . Thus, he unified the universe and held it up and looked at it. . . . not as a terrified traveller in the thick of mysteries seeking an unknown goal. . . . And the more he knew, the more passionately he admired the universe, and life, and his own life in the midst of it all. (91-92).

In one reading, this is the universe of the Theaetetus or of the Transcendentalists. But there is a joker in the philosophical deck: Herbert Spencer. Martin discovers order in the Darwin-Spencer naturalist universe, where " the battle is to the strong ", and individual striving and survival alone count. The " intellectual morality " which he develops confines him in this universe, and the " spiritual morality " that he might have embraced from his many exposures seems empty and worthless to him.

His first conquest is the bourgeois; but he finds that " He was disappointed in his goal, in the persons he had climbed to be with. On the other hand, he was encouraged with his successes. The climb had been easier than he expected. He was superior to the climb. . . . " (205) Thus encouraged, his " high-pitched dominance " goes on to conquer the field of writing. After his " great discovery " he proclaims to himself: " But cheer up, Martin, my boy. You'll write yet. You know a little, a very little, and you're on the right road now to know more. Some day, if you're lucky, you may come pretty close to knowing all that may be known. Then you will write." (92)[12]

And write he does, despite the discouragement that when " he brought his great discovery to Ruth, sharing with her all his joy and wonder. . . . she did not seem to be so enthusiastic over it ". (93) He reads every experience as confirmation of what Spencer has taught him; every experience feeds his compulsion to write Spencer's truths in successful story. For example, when he works with Joe Dawson at a resort laundry, he calls the work " a great battle that continued under the electric lights ". (128) But the battle deadens him, makes him feel like a " work beast ", and he leaves it.

He conquers the commercial (bourgeois) market, to become a capitalist himself. Yet the same ironic process of

disillusion that taught him the bankruptcy of the bourgeois-Ruth world of qualified individual commitment, teaches him now the bankruptcy of his writing success. The publishers and magazines that would not use his stuff earlier now compete individualistically and predatorily for it. They exploit his friend Bressenden's poem "Ephemera", degrading it by professional, commercial promotion. Brissenden, who had no illusions about life—who, that is, placed absolutely no value on life or the world, had not wanted his poem published; and seeing its prostitution, after Brissenden's suicide, Martin begins to accept Brissenden's pessimism:

> "Pretty good thing you died, Briss, old man," Martin murmured, letting the magazine slip between his knees to the floor.
>
> The cheapness and vulgarity of it was nauseating, and Martin noted apathetically that he was not nauseated very much. He wished he could get angry, but did not have the energy to try. He was too numb. . . . After all, what did it matter? It was on a par with all the rest that Brissenden had condemned in bourgeois society.
>
> "Poor Briss," Martin communed, "he would never have forgiven me." (290)

By this time Martin is apathetic in the face of his writing success and numb from realising the emptiness of it. He has succeeded in his rampant individuality only to find the success worthless. And so he begins a half-hearted re-exploration of values. He stops at a Bricklayer's Picnic, where he meets Lizzie, the factory girl who had wanted him early in the story and who, it turns out, still loves him. He thrills to the fight that Lizzie's escort starts with him; and he wins Lizzie away, with the help of his admiring working class friends. Lizzie's loyalty makes her "great and noble" in his eyes; he tells her sincerely: "You are a ray of light to me in a very dark world." (303) From her first glance, "he knew she was his, that all he had to do was say 'Come', and she would go with him all over the world wherever he led." (300)

But this fully dedicated love—("You could do anything with me. You could throw me in the dirt an' walk on me.

An' you're the only man in the world that can".)—now looks to Martin like more of the same "battle to the strong" conquest; he says, "And it's just because of that that I'm not going to." (303)

And he doesn't. From this point on Martin in effect gives up his naturalist philosophy. He begins doing penitential acts of altruism: sends Lizzie to night school, buys Maria (his faithful landlady) the house in which he rooms and the chicken farm she craves; gives his sister Gertrude all the money he owes her and more, and even agrees to pay for the remodelling of her husband's Cash Store, (though he thoroughly hates Bernard), on the promise that Gertrude will never have to overwork again. Finally, he buys Joe Dawson a laundry. But we see Martin's altruism, and his emptiness, most forcefully when Kreis, a member of the group with whom Martin had shared one night of intense intellectual excitement, comes to ask for a thousand dollars. When Martin gives him the check, in payment, he says, for the great night, Kreis offers to provide many more such events. And Martin says: "Too late. That night was the one night for me. I was in paradise. . . . I shall never live at such a pitch again. I'm done with Philosophy. I want never to hear another word of it." (323)

The hero has fallen, having conquered—nothing. Finally he tries, but without enthusiasm, to recapture his violent zest for individual fulfillment by returning to the South Seas. En route, he drowns himself. The commitment to others that he half-heartedly began to play out, toward the end, did not open up to him the realisation that mutuality was worth living for. He did not quite learn, or perhaps could not quite bear to believe, that he might turn about and fight the false universe he had accepted. On the fly-leaf of a copy of *Martin Eden* that London is supposed to have sent to Upton Sinclair, the author wrote: "One of my motifs in *Martin Eden* was an attack on individualism."[13]

In sum, *Martin Eden* is London's fullest working out of the naturalist philosophy, because Martin enacts the truth-and-consequences dialectic of the causative natural force which denies abstract morality and deity. Martin's is the private vision of the naturalist universe—his is the romance

of naturalism. Without Martin to storm this universe, conquer its obstacles, and look around from the summit to find—nothing, London could not have expressed his theme: he would have been writing merely a biological, sociological and psychological essay. In short, the romantic hero is necessary to literary naturalism; without this hero, literary naturalism is deprived of its art value and is stymied at the level of exposition.

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1. Alfred Kazin, *On Native Grounds* (New York, 1942), p. 110.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 115.
3. Jack London, *The Sea-Wolf* (New York, 1904), pp. 18-19.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 50.
5. *Ibid.*, pp. 83, 50.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 156.
7. Jack London, *The Call of the Wild* (New York, 1914), p. 153.
8. *Ibid.*, p. 154.
9. The mass as hero, as seen in *Germinal*, by Zola and in the horrifying massacre chapters that end *The Iron Heel*, might well be analysed on the same basis as the private hero. But practical limitations have forced me to leave this analysis out of the paper and to content myself with only the private hero who, as in *The Iron Heel*, ultimately symbolizes the fight of the mass.
10. V. F. Calverton, *The Liberation of American Literature* (New York, 1932), p. 419.
11. Jack London, *Martin Eden* (London, 1946), p. 217. Because of the number of the references to *Martin Eden*, all further citations will appear in the text of the paper.
12. This is one example of Martin's narcissism; his continual habit of addressing himself in the mirror suggests the destructive "self-concentration" that his philosophy leads to.
13. Cited in Irving Stone, *Sailor on Horseback* (Cambridge, 1938), p. 259.

THE LATENT MOTIVE FOR FERDINAND'S CONDUCT IN *THE DUCHESS OF MALFI*

BY

J. S. SASTRI

THE elucidation of the hidden motive of Ferdinand for the persecution and murder of the Duchess of Malfi by Prof. Clifford Leech, is anything but a strained rationalisation of individual hunch.[1] Examining the reasons explicitly stated by the Duke later in the play, he finds them discrepant and inadequate to explain his conduct. He argues, 'If the action of the play is to be comprehensible, we must assume in Ferdinand an incestuous passion of which he is not fully aware.'[2] He explains that the driving force for Ferdinand's revenge is repressed passion for his sister.

F. L. Lucas, is not inclined to accept such a view.[3] Of Ferdinand, he writes:

> It has been suggested to me that he is really in love with his sister. This is an ingenious idea, though it seems to me out of the question that Webster meant his audience to take that view. The analysis that Ferdinand gives of his own motives at the end of Act IV, though muddled, is clearly intended to be accepted as true. The Elizabethan audience was simple and would certainly have swallowed it. If today we are apt to feel that his alleged motives are inadequate, it is partly that Webster failed to make us conceive vividly enough the importance of 'The infinite mass of treasure' by giving it more prominence; partly that we find it difficult to imagine the violence of family pride in a sixteenth century Spaniard or Italian.
>
> I do not believe, then, that Webster meant us to hunt for more motives in Ferdinand's heart than he has set down in Ferdinand's mouth. Yet when one reads *The Fair Maid of the Inn* with its brother confessedly half-enamoured of his sister and passionately jealous of her lover, and then turns to the

> frenzies with which Ferdinand (unlike the Cardinal) hears of his sister's seduction, the agonized remorse with which he sees her dead, *it is hard to be positive that some such motive had never crossed Webster's own mind.* It is merely a suggestion, and an inessential one: it can be taken or left; but it does not seem impossible in the part-author of *The Fair Maid of the Inn,*[4] the friend and collaborator of John Ford.[5]

This quotation is interesting evidence that a few of the readers of the play atleast, suspect a subconscious longing for the Duchess in Ferdinand's mind. More significant, however, is the open mind of F. L. Lucas, who does not rule out completely any other explanation of the Duke's conduct, while holding his opinion. The positive comment that he makes on the lines

> Damn her! That body of hers,
> While that my blood ran pure in't, was more worth
> Than that which thou would'st comfort, call'd a soul.
> —(IV. I. 160-162)

is to the effect that they suggest a physical passion for his sister. This comment shows a slight shifting of position by F. L. Lucas and suggests a line of investigation that may explain the conduct of the Duke. It is in the utterance of Ferdinand before his death that authentic clues to the motive of his conduct can be gathered, since dying men tell no lies. He exclaims remorsefully:

> My sister, O my sister! There's the cause on it.
> Whether we fall by *ambition, blood, or lust,*
> *Like diamonds* we are cut with our own dust.
> (V. V. 99-101)

Avarice and family honour which are the explicit motives for Ferdinand's conduct are significantly underlined in 'ambition' 'diamonds' and 'blood', while 'lust' suggests another possible motive that was operating in him. The unrevealed areas of his mind have to be discovered, in the words of Polonius, only 'with assays of bias' and by indirect means.

The motive of illicit passion is not found in any of the sources to which Webster is indebted for his play. No suggestion of this kind is made by Bandello nor by Belleforest (whose clerical attitude would have recoiled in horror from any impious motive like incest), nor by Paynter. As a matter of fact, in the original, the chief persecutor is the Cardinal, who is the older of the two brothers and the Duke does not figure very much at all. If any suspicion of repressed longing for the Duchess is created, it is entirely due to Webster's handling of the theme.

The impression of the Duchess as a monument of patience and passivity, wrapped in twilight and melancholy, accounting the world as but 'a tedious theatre' (IV. I. 108) and waiting for deliverance through death, is produced only in the latter half of the play. This impression over-shadows and perhaps, even obliterates the more attractive and throbbing qualities that are revealed in her. She is, indeed, a challenge, capable of exciting passion in any man. The numerous references to the Duchess as a widow convey an implicit suggestion of her being an eligible and legitimate prize for any enterprising suitor, while her beauty and youth are emphasized in various passages. Antonio says in praise of the Duchess

> She throws upon a man so sweet a look,
> That it were able to raise one to a galliard
> That lay in a dead palsy, and to dote
> On that sweet countenance. (I. I. 218-21)

> But his qualification
> But in that look
> There speaketh so divine a continence
> As cuts off all lascivious and vain hope.
> (I. I. 221-23)

should be taken with reserve as the interested testimony of a loyal employee who refrains from speaking anything derogatory to the self-respect of his mistress. When summoned into her presence, he addresses her as 'your beauteous excellence' (I. I. 450) evoking a gratified response from the Duchess:

'Indeed, I thank you: I look young for your sake' (I. I. 451-52) and later in the wooing scene the declaration: 'And

only do appear to you a young widow.' (I. I. 564)

To Ferdinand the Duchess is not only his sister but a 'lusty widow' (I. I. 414) (a phrase that glances at her youthfulness and the lower passions), who reminds him of 'witches ere they arrive at twenty years', (I. I. 374). The youthfulness of the Duchess which is obviously in Ferdinand's mind recalls the actual Duchess of Malfi, who was only 'a girl of nineteen or twenty at the time of the death of the Duke of Malfi'.[6] After he comes to know of the secret marriage of the Duchess, he thinks of 'her fault and beauty blended together' (III. III. 72) and Ferdinand's cry of remorse on seeing the murdered Duchess, 'Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young,' (IV. II. 311) dwells, essentially on her youth and beauty even in death. The Duchess herself, is no less conscious of these endowments in her plea to Ferdinand against being 'cased up like a holy relic', (III. II. 165). For she modesty declares:

> I have youth
> And a little beauty. (III. II. 165-166)

These natural graces are set off to greater advantage by a charming gaiety of temper, with just a touch of wilfulness and enterprise that make her exquisitely provocative. The brief interlude of badinage and abandon in Act III. Scene 11, reveals a disposition capable of sprightliness. The prohibition of her marriage by her brothers is a challenge to her and disregarding the consequences of her action, she declares defiantly:

> Shall all this move me? If all my royal kindred
> Lay in my way unto this marriage
> I'd make them my low foot-steps: (I. I. 415-417)

and promptly sets about wooing Antonio. Antonio's lovemaking is in the nature of a command performance in which the Duchess as the senior partner is free and forward, making unabashed overtures and encouraging him with the words

> This is flesh and blood, Sir;
> 'Tis not a figure cut in alabaster
> Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man!
> (I. I. 560-62)

Cariola's remark

> Whether the spirit of greatness or of woman
> Reign most in her, I know not: but it shows
> A fearful madness. (I. I. 620-22)

is a prophetic commentary on the wilfulness of the Duchess. Such is the woman placed in opposition to Duke Ferdinand.

Significantly enough, of the major characters in the play, Ferdinand alone is without a wife. The Cardinal has a substitute for a wife in Julia, Antonio marries the Duchess, while Bosola is merely a hired assassin who participates in the action without getting involved in it. Ferdinand who is the pivot of the action of the play stands alone and isolated.

Ferdinand is described as 'perverse' (I. I. 186) and betrays a diseased mind quite early in the play. After a few casual remarks on jousting and horsemanship, his mind strays on to Julia and her looseness. He tells her husband Castruccio, "Why, ther's *wit* were able to *undo* all the chirurgeons o' the city: for although gallants should quarrel and had drawn their *weapons* and were ready *to go to it,* yet her persuasions would make them *put up*". (I. I. 121-25) (*Italics mine*). Ostensibly, a tribute to Julia's powers of persuasion, this equivocal passage conveys a distinctly lewd suggestion and a suspicion of repressed desire in Ferdinand.

The suspicion is confirmed when he tells Bosola,

> She is a young widow,
> (Yet) I would not have her marry again'
> (I. I. 256-57)

and adds with savage ferocity

> Do not ask the reason, but be satisfied,
> I say I would not. (I. I. 299-300)

Prof. Leech has noted, among other things, the emotional excitement and abnormal behaviour of Ferdinand, whenever he thinks of or is in the presence of the Duchess. Such violent frenzy can only be the uncontrolled manifestation of sub-conscious feelings on a conscious plane. It would seem that Ferdinand is preoccupied with thoughts of the Duchess. The homily on the folly of a second marriage by the Arragonian brothers in Act I scene I, shows Ferdinand much more

agitated than the Cardinal, not only in the violence of the language used, which is indecent and at times obscenely suggestive, but in the nature of the advice as well. Whereas the Cardinal contents himself with a few general observations, on discretion, self-control and honour, Ferdinand's speech is an impassioned sermon on incontinence. If the preservation of family honour is Ferdinand's main concern, then, it is as much the interest of the Cardinal who does not get excited at all. It is difficult to escape the feeling that Ferdinand gets charged and suffers tension in the Duchess' presence, while his inflexible opposition to her marriage raises a doubt whether Ferdinand himself is not in love with her.

The behaviour of the Duke after he gets intelligence of the birth of a child to the Duchess is truly lunatic. In Act II scene V, he enters flourishing a letter from Bosola and shouts that he has 'grown mad with it'. (II. V. 3). The violent transport of anger, causing him to rave and rant and abuse his sister as a whore and a strumpet is as undignified as it is intemperate.

The Duke's imagination turns morbid and sees his sister 'in the shameful act of sin', (II. V. 57), conjuring up pictures of 'strong-thighed barge-men', 'one of the wood-yard' and 'some lovely squire', any one of whom 'could leap his sister'. There is throughout this scene a strong suggestion of inverted feelings in Ferdinand and that this rage is due to frustration. His accusations of lust and treachery against his sister and the violent punishments that he threatens to devise, emphasise that he is haunted by the image of his sister, who has become an obsession with him. There is even a suspicion that the Cardinal guesses the real cause of Ferdinand's emotional outbursts when he utters

> You have divers men who never yet expressed
> Their strong desire for rest, but by unrest
> (II. V. 80-81)

Likewise, the insistent accusations against the Duchess of immorality are indicative of a similar feeling in him, a repressed incestuous desire. Bosola is no less shrewd than the Cardinal in probing into the cause of the Duke's explosions. While advising the Duke to refrain from further cruelty to

the Duchess, he makes a pointed reference to 'her delicate skin'. (IV. I. 58) and promptly provokes a strong reaction suggesting physical passion.

> Damn her: That body of hers,
> While that my blood ran pure in it, was more worth
> Than that which thou would'st comfort, called a soul. (IV. I. 160-62)

The protracted torment of the Duchess and the calculated attempts to bring about psychic derangement and utter despair, by offering her a dead man's hand to kiss, showing the faked images of Antonio and her children as dead and letting loose a crowd of madmen around her ears to howl and talk bawdry, betray an unrelenting vindictiveness which emanates from thwarted feeling or deep-seated jealousy.

Even the remorseful utterance of Ferdinand, 'Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young' (IV. II. 311) savours of a feeling for a lost image. It is her youth and beauty that occur to him, and not the fact that she was murdered under his orders. The Duchess alive, was a source of delicious anguish to Ferdinand, but dead, nothing but vacuity stares him in the face. The total loss of what he most desired, through his own blood-thirsty action, fills him with a sense of guilt and breaks out in the form of madness—wolf-madness—since he pursued her like a wolf thirsting for her blood.

The unexpressed passion of Ferdinand for the Duchess is thrown into bolder relief by the explicit portrayal of other illicit attachments in the play. The most conspicuous is the Cardinal's liaison with Julia, while the straight-forward business deal proposed by Delio to Julia

> I would wish you
> At such times as you are non-resident
> With your husband, my mistress (II. IV. 100-102)

is admirably cool, explicit and uninhibited, contrasting in every respect with the pent up longing and frenzied outbursts of the Duke. The winding way adopted by Julia to declare her passion to Bosola and her threat to shoot him for giving her a love potion, is ludicrous in the extreme. But her confession

> Had you been there i'the street,
> Under my chamber window, even there, I should have courted you. (V. II. 215-17)

is another exposition of unlawful passion on a small scale. These three minor episodes, taken together, constitute variations on the theme of illicit love and serve as a foil to throw into greater prominence the unspoken incestuous longing of Ferdinand.

That such a motive was partly responsible for Ferdinand's sadism is reinforced by the effective use of symbolism by Webster. Warning his sister against rushing into a dishonourable marriage, he claps his hand on the dagger at his waist and says with sinister equivocation

> This was my father's poniard: do you see?
> I'd be loath to see it look rusty, (I. I. 402-3)

and later extends the same dagger to the Duchess to kill herself, with the exhortation

> Die then quickly. (III. II. 85)

The sexual implications of the symbol of the dagger which Ferdinand consistently uses become quite evident.

The ghastly incident of thrusting a dead man's hand in a dark chamber for the Duchess to kiss (Act IV. Sec. I) during her imprisonment is another powerful symbolic representation of the incestuous inclinations of the Duke. It is perhaps not without significance that he refers to the ring on the dead hand. It is not mentioned casually, but pointedly, three times within the space of half a dozen lines, demanding attention.

Ferd: Here's a hand
To which you have vowed much love: the *ring* upon it you gave. (Gives her a dead man's hand).

Duch: I affectionately kiss it.

Ferd: Pray, do, and bury the print of it in your heart. I will leave this *ring* with you for a love token, And the

hand as sure as the *ring,* (IV. I. 54-60). (*Italics mine*). 'The hand with the ring on it' is a concrete representation of the obscene gesture that usually accompanied contemptuous expressions like "A Spanish fig".

The repressed passion of the Duke reveals itself covertly in the imagery employed by him.[7] All the major images that he uses, whenever he speaks to or of the Duchess, are gross and at times violent and they evoke sexual suggestions. In the stormy interview with his sister, warning her against incontinence, the Duke says

> Their livers are more spotted,
> Than Laban's sheep (I. I. 358-59)

The statement conveys, primarily, the idea of intemperate and reprehensible passion. But it also carries with it a subtler and no less powerful association of the trick adopted by Jacob to increase his flocks. ("And the flocks *conceived* before the rods and *brought forth* cattle ring streaked, speckled and spotted". *Genesis,* Chap. XXX Ver. 39). Ferdinand's utterance very naturally recalls to our mind the vividly obscene image used by Iago in "Even now, now, very now, an old black ram is tupping your white ewe" (*Othello* Act I. II. 188-89). The suspicion that Ferdinand's mind is preoccupied with thoughts of sex, of conception and birth, is borne out by his utterance only eight lines earlier. "You *know* already what man is". (I. I. 350, *Italics mine*). This passage is not a mere airy generalization on the nature of man. Ferdinand, evidently, employs "*know*" in the Biblical sense, to know a person in an intimately physical way.

The imagery employed by Ferdinand after he learns of the marriage of the Duchess is in consonance with thwarted passion and a consequent desire for revenge.

> and here it shall stick
> Till of her bleeding heart, I make a sponge
> To wipe it out (II. V. 20-22)

raves Ferdinand, clutching the horoscope of the Duchess' child near his heart.

The horrible forms of death conjured up by the fiery imagination of Ferdinand are truly scorching even as descriptive images.

> I would have their bodies
> Burnt in a coal-pit with the ventage stopped,
> That their cursed smoke might not ascend to heaven;
> Or dip the sheets they lie in in pitch or sulphur
> Wrap them in it, and then light them like a match;
> (II. V. 90-94)

After discovering her guilty lover, Ferdinand promises to

> find scorpions to string my whips
> And fix her in a general eclipse (II. V. 104-105)

suggesting physical pain and annihilation.

> Her guilt treads on
> Hot-burning coulters. (III. I. 69-70),

remarks the Duke under his breath, in an image drawn from mediaeval ordeals when the Duchess moots the question of her reputation with him. The suggestion of physical torture implicit in the image indicates the direction in which his mind is tending. He refers to the Duchess as

> A hollow bullet
> Filled with unquenchable wildfire (III. II. 139-140)

and orders Bosola to go to Milan

> To feed a fire as great as my revenge,
> Which ne'er will slack, till it have spent its fuel.
> (IV. I. 183-184)

A cursory glance at the images employed by Ferdinand after he learns of the secret marriage of the Duchess will reveal that they are, by and large, free from any suggestion of passion and sex. They are all violent, destructive and physically painful in character; most of them have some bearing on the natural elements of fire, air, water and earth. They produce the impression that the violence of his revenge can only be

matched by the fury and might of the elements which find such repeated expression in his utterances.

Before closing the examination of imagery, a few remarks may be made on the integrated image of the horse which acquires a structural and thematic significance in the play. Mr. G. W. Davies has elucidated convincingly how it helps to secure the unity of the play, which appears sprawling and loosely-knit according to conventional canons and dramatically effective in suggesting the opposition between Antonio and Bosola. After a few preliminary remarks on jousting and his "Spanish jennet" (I. I. 127) Ferdinand compliments Antonio on his horsemanship and seeks his opinion of French riders and equestrian skill, (I. I. 153-160) thereby associating a man of humble birth with nobility. Likewise, by the appointment of a malcontent like Bosola to the provisorship of the horse of the Duchess and as a spy, he creates a posture of opposition between good and evil. Bosola's corruption "grew out of horsedung". (I. I. 340) The use of apricots that "did ripen in horsedung". (II. I. 174) to ascertain the pregnancy of the Duchess and the deaths of Antonio and Ferdinand who groans, "give me some *wet-hay*: I am *broken-winded*" (V. V. 91) at the hands of Bosola complete the function and cycle of the horse image. In addition to these dramatic moments in the play, there are scattered references throughout to horses and riding, albeit, of the most casual and unobtrusive kind.

There is, for example, the homily spoken by Bosola when Antonio twits him with his melancholy.

"I look no higher than I can reach, they are the gods that must ride on winged horses. A lawyer's mule of slow pace will both suit my disposition and business; for, mark me, when a man's mind rides faster than his horse can gallop, they quickly both tire". (II. 1. 105-109).

While scoffing at popular superstitutions, Delio touches on "the stumbling of a horse" (II. II. 95) as an evil omen. His contempt for Castruccio's lack of equestrian skill is expressed in the lines

> "I never knew man and beast, of a horse and a knight,
>
> So weary of each other. If he had had a good back

He would have undertook to have borne his horse"
(II. IV. 75-77)

Bosola informs the Duchess that the Duke told him

as he mounted into the saddle,
You were undone. (III. II. 202-203)

and later, that Pluto, "when he's sent on the devil's errand, he rides post and comes in by scuttles". (III. II. 295-296).

Ferdinand orders "an hundred and fifty of an horse" (III. III. 87) to be mustered to apprehend the Duchess on her way to Loretto.

In the mad fray that proves fatal to the Duke, he demands like Richard III, "Give me a fresh horse", (V. V. 65). These recurring references to the horse link the scenes together and produce a sense of unity of the play.

I venture to think, that the image of the horse is assigned a symbolic function by Webster and the numerous references to the animal are reminders of the incestuous inclination of the Duke. Beneath Ferdinand's ostensible love of horses, the horse-image is associated in his mind with sex and its satisfaction. The very first words spoken by Ferdinand are, "who took the ring oftenest". The question refers to a form of jousting popular during the early seventeenth century, in which the rider tried to catch a ring on the tip of his lance. Apart from the obvious sexual implication contained in the question, the ring and the lance were common cant expressions for parts of the human anatomy[8] and the significance of the question could be more readily grasped by Webster's audience than by us. With these ideas is associated the horse which bears the armed competitor in the tilts. The horse is inseparably connected with "riding" "mounting" "vaulting" and "leaping", all of which were common slang for a man's superior posture over a woman.[9] Fardinand says later in the play.

Till I know who leaps my sister, I'll not stir, (II. V. 103)

using an expression intimately associated with the horse. So in the first five words spoken by the Duke, Webster gives us

an insight into the morbid propensity of Ferdinand, while embodying the notion of sex in the horse image. That this deduction is no idle or offensive speculation is confirmed by the opinion of Ferdinand himself, who declares that his speedy "Spanish Jennet" was "begot by the wind". (I. I. 130) The Elder Pliny states in his *Natural History* that a mare might conceive by the wind and beget a foal of amazing speed. The scornful laughter of one of the lords at the jibbing of the Duke's horse in the ring, is disapproved by Ferdinand who catches the double entente in the line "he reels from the tilt often." (I. I. 131).

To Ferdinand the horse is the symbol of sex and that notion manifests itself when he rails against the marriage of the Duchess.

> She hath had most cunning bawds to *serve her turn,*
> And more conveyances for lust,
> Than towns of garrison for *service.* (II. V. 14-16).

The manifest meaning of "serve her turn" is to satisfy her need, and that of "service" is military service. But these terms carry an unmistakable secondary suggestion of deliberately chosen farmyard metaphor of a horse serving a mare. That this figure was not accidental is further proved by the phrase "her turn" with the implication of a "turn in the bed", which could be seized by Webster's audience without any difficulty. (Cf. "Never count the turns" *Cymbeline*: II. IV. 142), and

> *Messenger*: He's bound unto Octavia.
> *Cleopatra*: For what good turn?

Messenger: For the best turn i' the bed, (*Antony & Cleopatra* II. V. 58-60) The expression also suggests a cognate phrase "turn to" which in Elizabethan parlance meant" to seek sexually":

> Cf: The ewes being rank
> In the end of Autumn turned to the rams" (The Merchant of Venice I. III. 78-80).

The metaphor of "service" used by the Duke seems like a faint and far-away echo of a line from an earlier play of

jealousy and thwarted love, "You'll have your daughter *covered* with a Barbary horse". (*Othello,* I. I. 112-113). where the horse is employed as a sex symbol.

The close examination of an innocuous passage of the Duke on horses will make it clear that the horse is associated with sex impulses in the mind of Ferdinand. "You are a good horseman, Antonio; you have excellent riders in France. What do you think of good horsemanship?" (I. I. 153-55). If we bear in mind that horseman, rider and horsemanship were common cant of the age and were obscene synonyms, the opinion sought by the Duke acquires an entirely different colour. The question of Ferdinand is reminiscent of a statement by the Constable of France to the Dauphin, "you have good judgment in horsemanship". (Henry V. III. VII. 56) Eric Partridge has worked out and explained the entire conversation between the Dauphin and the Constable and has shown how the animal is identified with a mistress and embodies various sexual implications.[10]

The Duchess of Malfi provides sufficient internal evidence for believing that the deeper cause of the Duke's revenge is the unspoken and perhaps unconscious love for his sister. Disappointed greed could, conceivably, cause murder. But the stark vindictiveness and protracted torment of the person to be destroyed can only emanate from thwarted love or deep-seated jealousy. I believe that Duke Ferdinand is afflicted with both.

I have used as my text, *The The Duchess of Malfi,* edited by Louis B. Wright, A Folger Library General Reader's Edition, Washington Square Press, Inc. New York. All my line references are to this edition.

1. Clifford Leech: *John Webster,* (Hogarth Press, London 1951) Chapter III.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 100.

3. F. L. Lucas: Ed: *The Duchess of Malfi,* (Chatto and Windus, London, 1958).

4. The play is assigned to Fletcher by G. E. Bentley in his *Jacobean and Caroline Stage,* Vol. III (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1956) pp. 337 & 388.

5. F. L. Lucas: Ed: *The Duchess of Malfi,* (Chatto and Windus, London 1958) pp. 33 and 34.

6. *Ibid.*, p. 18.

7. H. T. Price in his article *The Function of Imagery in Webster* (PMLA Vol. LXX No. 4 Pt. I. September 1955) examines the imagery and establishes the correspondence between " the figure-in-words " the "figure-in-action," as also the polarity between appearance and reality in *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfi.*

8. Eric Partridge: *Shakespear's Bawdy* pp. 138 & 179.

9. *Ibid.*, pp. 140, 156 and 179.

10. *Ibid.*, pp. 48 and 49.

ROBERT PENN WARREN'S VISION OF TIME

BY

LARRY GODFREY

In the list of works that make up the body of Robert Penn Warren's poetry one finds a frequent recurrence of a time entity and of a more abstract time concept. Some of the references to the time persona remain with us after we have read Warren: " the awful responsibility of Time," " tide and tooth Time is," " blunt experiment of Time," " Time's concatenation and carnal conventicle," " the turpitude of Time." But more than these there is a basic preoccupation with time in the poetry of Warren which has been missed all too frequently by his critics.

Warren has fared well at the hands of the critics. As early as 1944, F. O. Matthiesson saw in him the possibilities of a new American poetry[1]. Certainly his poetry has been appreciated and generally well understood. To vastly simplify matters the glossator might reduce criticism of Warren's poetry to two main streams. There seem to be those who see his poetry as a part of his larger quest into the nature and meaning of evil—as one critic puts it, a treatment of " the antinomical claims of Puritanism and hedonism"[2]. On the other side are those who see Warren's poetry as an extensive and varied treatment of the quest for knowledge of self[3]. Between these two views there can be no quarrel.

There are, however, several critics who have dealt more particularly with the time concept in Warren's poetry. Leonard Casper includes this in his discussion,[4] and Ruth Herschberger makes this a central point in her critique[5]. Certainly the part played by time in Warren's poetry, the part which he has allotted it, is much larger than has been pointed out by any critics to date.

There seems to be a tendency among literary critics to feel the impact of one aspect, one part, of a poet's work so strongly that they concentrate on it to the exclusion of the totality of the poet's scope. Such concentration will be a problem of this discussion. Certainly one would not wish to suggest that Warren's vision of time is the most important aspect of his poetry, the core of his work. But

it is central to any discussion of his investigation of evil or of his treatment of the quest for knowledge of self. His vision of time will be treated as the major theme in this discussion. Perhaps in the future Warren will resolve his own questionings (for his poetry does not always answer itself) and explain more fully how his time-obsession fits into his total vision.

Probably the most significant beginning is some statement of Warren's concept of time. He is difficult to pin down, as the varying time images of the above opening paragraph will attest. Yet, throughout his work he shows himself as seeing time, not as a series of events connected in a chain-like sequence, but as a vast mesh made up of all the past, which converges upon a constantly changing present. This present can find definition only in relation to what has gone before and what is to come.

This convergence of Time on the present is what has been called the impingement of time past on time present. As each moment of the present finds definition in relation to the past, it becomes a part of that past. Because the past of each individual is constantly converging upon his present, it is a part of that individual. It makes him what he is; it *is* he.

> But you can't forget, not anything that happens,
> For forgetting is just another kind of remembering
> . . . . . .
> For if a thing is just an awful remembering
> That comes from you deep inside, then you can't say, " Stop,"
> For it's already happened, and deep inside, and it's you[6].

Indeed, this impingement of time past on time present runs throughout *Brother to Dragons.* It is the undeniable claim of the past which makes Lilburn Lewis commit the crime in the meat-house, which makes him, for the black evil of his heart, a brother to dragons. There seems to be an umbilical cord, never severed, which ties him to his mother in the grave and compels him, as his Uncle Thomas Jefferson says, to chop a nigger to defend her spoons. The mother, Lucy Jefferson Lewis, explains, " And the babe took suck, and for that infected nourishment loved me—"[7]

This theme running through *Brother to Dragons* prompted Leonard Casper to say, " Only through ratification of past fault, acknowledgement of the ' filth of fate,' the history of human condition can the joy of despite be earned"[8].

This theme is made even more apparent in " The Ballad of Billie Potts " where the past not only impinges on the present but sucks the protagonist back into its web.

Billie lived with his father, Big Billie Potts, and his mother in the land between the rivers. Big Billie ran a ferry on the river and an inn for travellers, but supplemented his income by ambush murders and robberies of his guests. Little Billie got mixed up in the illicit side of his father's business and had to run West to escape the law. He went West to seek a new identity, but couldn't escape his past.

> There is always another country and always another place.
> There is always another name and another face.
> And the name and the face are you, and you
> The name and the face, and the stream you gaze into
> Will show the adoring face, show the lips that lift to you
> As you lean with the implacable thirst of self.
> As you lean to the image which is yourself,
> To set the lip to lip, fix eye on bulging eye,
> To drink not of the stream but of your deep identity,
> But water is water and it flows,
> Under the image on the water the water coils and goes
> And its own beginning and its end only the water knows[9].

In the West Little Billie Potts grew big and stout with a " big black beard growing down to his guts," but he couldn't escape his past.

> Therefore you tried to remember when you had last had whatever it was you had lost;
> But it was a long time back.
> And you decided to retrace your steps from that point,
> But it was a long way back.

It was nevertheless, absolutely essential to make the effort,
And since you had never been a man to be deterred by difficult circumstances,
You came back.
For there is no place like home[10].

When Billie got home Ma and Pa didn't recognize him, and he teased and played the joke out. They still didn't know their son when the old woman gave the old man a straight look and told him to take the young gentleman down to the spring to get fresh water.

And Little Billie gets down on his knees
And props his hands in the same old place
To sup the water at his ease;
And the star is gone but there is his face.
"Just help yoreself," Big Billie said:
Then set the hatchet in his head[11].

Little Billie was drawn back home into the past only to meet a violent death. He might have known that the past he returned to would do him no good, but there was that something he had lost.

But perhaps what you lost was lost in the pool long ago
When childlike you lost it and then in your innocence rose to go
After kneeling as now, with your thirst beneath the leaves;
And years it lies here and dreams in the depth and grieves,
More faithful than mother or father in the light or dark of the leaves[12].

As a child Little Billie had knelt, Narcissus-like, gazing into the pool, searching "with the implacable thirst for self." There he had lost the selfhood in search of which, years later, he would return to resume that fateful pose and gaze into the darkness of the pool. He had to return to the pool, for therein had faithfully lain for years the image which was himself. In the past of this pool was the knowledge of self that he so desperately craved, and he had to accept, to embrace this knowledge, even if it was a knowledge of dark evil,

for that knowledge, that past was little Billie. He had to kneel, like a sacrificial animal, before the stained altar of his past. This is the inevitability of Time's hold.

And yet the theme recurs over and over in whole poems, not just in scattered lines. Always the protagonists in Warren's poems are tortured by their sense of the impingement of the past. They may be seeking meaning in life through a knowledge of self; they may be seeking individual definition in the whole of life's scheme through an understanding of evil, but always there is the disjunction between past and present. Old values are no longer adequate, and yet, seeking definition in terms of new values, new beliefs, they are deterred by the haunting intrusion of the past. This is one of the main motifs in *Eleven Poems on the same Theme.*

A brief examination of " Original Sin: A Short Story" will indicate the prominent part the time theme plays. In this poem the concept of original sin, inherited from the Omaha grandfather with the wen on his forehead, follows the protagonist throughout life:

> But there it stood, after all the timetables, all the maps,
> In the crepuscular clutter of *always, always or perhaps*[13].

Taken very literally as the difficulty of escaping a religious concept learned in youth, or taken in a more transcendent sense as the impossibility of escaping a burden all men must carry, the poem still echos the encroachment of Time:

> " Oh, nothing is lost, ever lost! at last you understood[14]."

The temptation at this point is to continue this discursive listing of examples. However, there are further facets of Warren's vision of time that demand examination. Tied to this basic concept of Time's unpitying encroachment is another idea recurrent in his poetry. This corollary theme can probably best be stated as the promise of youth's innocence lost in time. The attraction to the old home in Little Billie's story is his primitive response to the emptiness he felt with the loss of youth's innocence. This promise of youth is never quite clarified in the poems; it goes little further than " summer's wishes, winter's wisdom." Perhaps Warren isn't sure himself what the promise is that is violated by Time.

What was that promise when, after the dying was done,
All the long years before, like burnt paper, flared into black,
And the house shrunk to silence, the odor of flowers near gone?
Recollection of childhood was natural: cold gust at the back.
What door on the dark flings open, then suddenly bangs?
Yes, something was lost in between, but its long, the way back.
You sleep, but in sleep hear a door that creacks where it bangs[15].

Again in his vision "down the tube and darkening corridor of Time" of the Kentucky boy that might have been himself, he cries, "Listen! Say: Listen! I know—Oh. I know— let me tell you!"[16] But the boy doesn't, can't understand, for the poet doesn't tell him, really. He must learn of Time's betrayal himself. Soon enough the promise of youth's innocence will be broken.

Warren often employs a simple nostalgia for time past to indicate the quest for the innocence of which Time has robbed us, and to indicate the impingement of time past. Some of the nostalgia couches a deep yearning as in this recollection of threshing day:

And the years go by like a breath, or eye-blink,
And all history lives in the head again,
And I shut my eyes and I see that scene,
And name each item, but cannot think
What, in their urgency, they must mean,

But know, even now, on this foreign shore,
In blaze of sun and the heat's stare,
A heart-stab blessed past joy or despair,
As I see, in the mind's dark, once more,
That field, pale, under starlit air[17].

Surely enough has been said now to demonstrate Warren's obsessive preoccupation with time and his development of a time concept. The impingement of time past on the present and the lost promise of youth's innocence are

both summed up in Warren's lyric longing for the past. But the nostalgia has brought us full circle, and still Warren has said little of original significance. What he has said is lyrically beautiful, but any sensitive person has felt and known Time's hold.

Warren's real significance comes in his resolution of the enigma of time which he has created. His real vision of time is the promise of the future, buried even in the darkness of the past. Only through acceptance of the past, only through acceptance of what it tells us can we face the future. Only in a full recognition of our involvement with the guilt of the past, can we recover our wholeness in the future. As was said earlier in this discussion, the present can find definition only in relation to what has gone before and what is to come. Jefferson learned this in *Brother to Dragons:*

> . . . . I should hope to find courage to say
> That the dream of the future is not
> Better than the fact of the past, no matter how terrible.
> For without the fact of the past we cannot dream the future[18].

In the past—the past that robbed us of the promise of youth, the past that oppressively closes in on each moment of present—in this past lies all the knowledge that makes the future meaningful.

> For nothing we had,
> Nothing we were,
> Is lost.
> All is redeemed,
> In knowledge[19].

Unfortunately what is said here cannot completely explain what Warren is doing. This discussion has isolated only one strain of thought in a poetry that is rich and full of thought. Also it has tended to ignore Warren's artistic skill, the ever-apparent understanding of theory that enables him to successfully couch philosophical concepts in verse. The task of integrating the various strains of Warren's thought is yet to be done. And because he is yet an active poet, the body of poetry with which critics have to work and the thought it contains are always changing. What has been the

basic contention of this discussion however, in spite of recognition of these limitations, is that there is real importance in the time concept in the poetry of Robert Penn Warren.

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1. F. O. Matthiesson, " American Poetry Now," *KR*, VI (November 1944), pp. 683-696.

2. Norman Kelvin, " The Failure of Robert Penn Warren," *ColE*, XVIII (April 1957), p. 355.

3. Arthur Mizener, " Four Poets," *PR*, XI (Summer 1944), pp. 357-360.

4. Leonard Casper, " Golden Eye, Unwinking," *Perspective*, X (Winter 1959), pp. 201-208.

5. Ruth Herschberger, " Poised Between the Two Alarms . . .," *Accent Anthology* (ed., Kercher Quinn, Charles Shattuck), (New York, 1946), pp. 201-208.

6. Robert Penn Warren, *Brother to Dragons* (New York, 1953), p. 72.

7. *Ibid.*, p. 188.

8. Leonard Casper, *Perspective*, X, p. 208.

9. Robert Penn Warren, " The Ballad of Billie Potts," *Selected Poems*, (New York, 1944), p. 9.

10. *Ibid.*, p. 12.

11. *Ibid.*, p. 13.

12. *Ibid.*, p. 14.

13. Robert Penn Warren, " Original Sin : A Short Story," *Eleven Poems on the Same Theme*, (Norfolk, 1942), no pagination.

14. *Ibid.*

15. Robert Penn Warren, " What Was the Promise That Smiled from the Maples at Evening ?" *Promises*, (New York, 1955), p. 18.

16. Robert Penn Warren, " A Vision: Circa 1880," *You, Emperors and Others*, (New York, 1958), p. 32.

17. Warren, " Hands are Paid," *Promises*, p. 81.

18. Warren, *Brother to Dragons*, p. 193.

19. *Ibid.*, p. 195.

MILTON AND THE ORIENT

BY

M. NAIMUDDIN SIDDIQUI

So far no specific study has been made of that important section of Milton's poetry which deals with the history and geography of the orient, either as part of a recurrent imagistic pattern, or as a means of providing a spatial and temporal dimension to the cosmic drama of *Paradise Lost*. Frequent reference has, however, been made to the obvious literary value of oriental history and geography as a source of euphonious, evocative, exotic place-names. But for Milton the significance of the orient extends far beyond the purely musical or mnemonic value of its place-names. The exploration of some of the deeper levels of this significance, especially with reference to *Paradise Lost*, will certainly help in the understanding of Milton's craftsmanship.

Milton's preference for the Ptolemaic conception of the centrality of the earth, which harmonised with his idea of man's microcosmic position and with the Biblical narrative, leads him to attach a special importance to the orient not only in its associations with the birth of Christianity, but also as the locus of the most significant act in human history—the Sin and Fall of Man. The question of Milton's literal interpretation of the account of the Garden of Eden in the Book of Genesis,[1] which is part of the larger problem of Biblical interpretation, need not be discussed at this point. His amplification of the Biblical account was perhaps based on utopian writings, travel literature, and the *De Ave Phoenice* of Lactantius,[2] whom he has cited in his *Commonplace Book*.[3] The Garden of Eden represents "the whole tract or district of Western Asia," on the eastern side of which is the "Assyrian Garden"[4] of Paradise. Milton's account of the location of the Garden of Eden is specific:

> *Eden* stretched her Line
> From *Auran* Eastward to the Royal Towrs
> *of Great Seleucia* (*P.L.*, IV, 210-12)

The Garden of Eden has a thematic centrality, and as the scene of Man's first act of disobedience, it assumes a cosmic significance. When Eve eats the Forbidden Fruit

> Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
> Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe,
> That all was lost. (*P.L.*, IX, 782-84)

Similarly when Adam accepts Eve's offer of " that fair enticing Fruit,"

> Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again
> In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,
> Skie lowr'd, and muttering Thunder, som sad drops
> Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin
> Original. (*P.L.*, IX, 1000-1004)

Milton's abundant and recurring allusion to the history and geography of the orient has another level of significance: it is used as a corrective to his persistent propensity for the concrete, and as a means of counterbalancing the excessive matter-of-factness in *Paradise Lost*. One of the basic problems of *Paradise Lost* was that of soaring " above the Aonian Mount,"[5] of surpassing the classical, secular epic, and of sustaining the flight on a level as far removed as possible from the commonplace, familiar world. But a vague, ethereal conception of his settings or his *dramatis personae* was impossible for Milton, chiefly because of his distrust of the abstract and his predilection for the concrete. We have a very early example of this tendency in the Nativity Ode, where he speaks of " Heavn's high Councel-Table,"[6] " the helmed Cherubim,"[7] " the sworded Seraphim,"[8] the " Gates " of heaven's " high Palace Hall,"[9] " the world's last session,"[10] and " th'infernall jail"[11]. Incidentally, the idea of sitting " in councel " is so persistent in Milton, and is so closely connected with his public life, that it will be wrong to surmise, as Theodore Howard Banks has done, that it is " probably derivative " and to trace it to Phineas Fletcher's line:

> That Trine one with himself in Councell sits
> (*The Purple Island*, I, st. 44)[12]

This propensity for the concrete is equally noticeable in *Paradise Lost* and leads to a matter-of-factness of detail which could have destroyed the illusion of sublimity and led to bathos, had it not been transmuted by detail and imagery of an entirely different nature. There are, for instance, references to the "table" laid by Eve for Raphael in the Garden of Eden, of which the latter speaks thus:

with these various fruits the Trees of God
Have heap'd this Table. (*P.L.*, V, 390-91)

A few lines later Milton says that

at Table Eve
Ministerd naked. (*Ibid.*, 443-44)

Raphael and Adam are described as having their repast of " the choicest fruits of Paradise";

so down they sat
And to thir viands fell, nor seemingly
The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger. (*P.L.*, V, 432-37)

What saves this description from degenerating into the mock-heroic is the transmutation of its concreteness by the use of the hypnosis of sound, the rich associational power of place-names mainly oriental. Another example of Milton's method for the transmutation of the concrete by its juxtaposition with images drawn from oriental geography is his account of Satan in " his solitary flight " in Book II of *Paradise Lost*. The description of the gates of Hell has a characteristic matter-of-factness of detail:

at last appeer
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,
And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were
Brass,
Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock. (*P.L.*, II, 643-46)

This concreteness of detail, however, does not jar upon the reader's imagination or break the illusion because of its close juxtaposition with a simile about Satan's figure looming large in the background:

As when far off at sea a Fleet descri'd
Hangs in the Clouds, by Aequinoctial Winds
Close sailing from *Bengala*, or the Iles
Of *Ternate* and *Tidore*, whence Merchants bring
Thir spicie Drugs. (*P.L.*, II, 636-40)

Milton could have mentioned any fleet familiar in European history or travel books, to suggest the gigantic proportions and majesty of Satan,but he has deliberately avoided all connotations of commonness and familiarity, and has imparted to an otherwise unpoetic factualness of detail an atmosphere of blurred, magnified remoteness and mystery.

A similar stylistic device is adopted by Milton in his account of Satan alighting upon the convex of this world's " outermost orb. " He

> Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey. (*P.L.*, III, 441)

Here again is a perilous commonness of detail, but the situation is saved because Satan has been compared to a vulture, whose habitat is a *terra incognita* for Milton's readers;

> As when a Vulture on *Imaus* bred,
> Whose snowie ridge the roving *Tartar* bounds
> Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey
> To gorge the flesh of Lambs or Yeanling Kids
> On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs
> Of *Ganges* or *Hydaspes*, *Indian* streams. (*P.L.*, III, 431-36)

The aptness of comparison between a vulture and Satan " bent on his prey " would have been equally evident if the vulture's habitat had been some familiar European region; but it is the specific geographical connotation—the hypnosis of words like Imaus, Ganges and Hydaspes—that has transfigured the vulture and by juxtaposition the image of Satan walking " up and down alone."

In a large number of similes, where comparison becomes subservient to the need for transmutation of the matter-of-fact, Milton uses images drawn from oriental geography—for instance, in his description of the odorous sweets of the Garden of Eden which entertain the Fiend at his approach:

> As when to them who sail
> Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are past
> *Mozambic*, off at Sea North-East Winds blow
> *Sabean* Odours from the spicie shoare
> *Of Arabie* the blest. (*P.L.*, IV, 159-63)

Though Milton does not explicitly believe in an allegorical interpretation of the Biblical narrative, he is sometimes forced to remind the reader that he should not take it too literally,and should not connect the homely concreteness of its detail with objects of everyday life. An example of this is the Biblical account of Adam and Eve hiding their nakedness after their Fall:

> And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves garments.[13]

Milton feels that the fig-tree should be dissociated from common and trivial connotations, and to attain this dissociation, he again makes use of imagery drawn from oriental geography:

> there soon they chose
> The Figtree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
> But such as at this day to *Indians* known
> In *Malabar* or *Decan* spreds her Armes. (*P.L.*, IX, 1100-1104)

The passages quoted above focus attention on a vital problem of craftsmanship in *Paradise Lost:* faced with the alternatives of a blurred vagueness and concreteness of detail, Milton chose the latter. His choice was determined by his own propensity for the concrete, which led to a frank anthropomorphism and to a literal interpretation of the Biblical eschatology. In his *De Doctrina Christiana* Milton defends his anthropomorphism in these words:

> 'Our safest way is to form in our mind such a conception of God, as shall correspond with his own delineation and representation of himself in the sacred writings. For granting that both in the literal and figurative descriptions of God, he is exhibited not as he really is, but in such a manner as may be within the scope of our comprehensions, yet we ought to entertain such a conception of him, as he, in condescending to accommodate himself to our capacities, has shown that he desires we should conceive.'[14]

But while his God and angels appear and behave like human beings, the only way to save them from degenerating into common mortals was to elevate them to an existential plane which was remote, mysterious and sublime.

Similarly, Adam and Eve had to be magnified into epic proportions. Even Satan, before his forcible "depotentiation," as Jung calls it,[15] had to be magnified into a heroic antagonist of God. And the poem was to aim at something higher than a "middle flight," was to deal with "things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime."[16] All this needed some alchemy which could transmute the matter-of-fact, physically conceivable details of the Biblical story and sustain an atmosphere of sublimity. As the above examples prove, Milton found this alchemy in geography, especially the geography of the orient, which for his readers had different levels of significance, as the cradle of ancient civilisations, the home of Christianity, the region of fabulous wealth and magnificence, the destination of voyages of discovery, and the emporium of world trade.

Milton's statement in the Preface to his *Brief History of Moscovia*, that " the study of Geography is both profitable and delightful "[17] gives a very imperfect idea of the extent and significance of his poetic adaptation of geography. The great range and almost cartographic accuracy of his geographical allusions points to his familiarity with maps and with numerous authorities on the subject. A strong case has, however, been made out by R. R. Cawley that in preference to other writers, Milton " used Peter Heylyn's *Cosmographie* for various passages in his poetry."[18]

Milton seems to have made use of geography, chiefly oriental, for another purpose—for providing a spatial dimension to the epic, in order to balance the cosmic immensities where the chief protagonists dwell, with the infinitesimal earth, which does not remain infinitesimal, but creates the illusion of a vast expanse almost as impressive as outer space. The centrality of the earth required a corresponding prominence in terms of space. And Adam, unheroic, domesticated, unoccupied, had to be placed in magnificent surroundings so that he might gain respectability in comparison with the heroic, adventurous Satan.

Along with a depth and breadth in terms of space, Milton also felt the need for a corresponding depth and compass in terms of time, in order to balance the timelessness of the cosmic entities with an expanse of time as vast as history could make it, so that the mortality of the archetypal man could appear less conspicuous in comparison with the immortality of the great protagonists. The theme of

the Fall of Man, as an isolated moment in human history, needed a historical perspective in order to assume the magnitude that it deserved. Besides, in the company of the great protagonists, Adam was reduced to the position of a mere pawn in the great game of revenge and redemption. To raise him to a status of comparative importance it was necessary to surround him with the glory of the great civilisations that arose after the Fall. And quite inevitably, Milton's panoramic vision of history was focussed on the orient as the centre of the ancient civilisations. In the Eleventh Book of *Paradise Lost* Michael shows Adam a vision of " all Earth's kingdoms and their glory ":

> His Eye might there command wherever stood
> City of old or modern Fame, the Seat
> Of mightiest Empire, from the destind Walls
> Of *Cambalu*, seat of *Cathaian Can*
> And *Samarchand* by *Oxus*, *Temirs* Throne,
> To *Paquin* of *Sinaean* Kings, and thence
> To *Agra* and *Lahor* of great *Mogul*
> Down to the golden *Chersonese*, or where
> The *Persian* in *Ecbatan* sate, or since
> In *Hispahan*, (385-94)

It is significant that there are only two lines on Europe, added apparently without much imaginative excitement:

> On *Europe* thence, and where *Rome* was to sway
> The World. (*Ibid.*, 404-5)

This points to a distinct stratification in Milton's historical consciousness. Rome, in spite of its humanistic appeal for him, belongs to a stratum far below " Samarchand by Oxus " or " the golden Chersonese." The magic of sound, the associational value, the remoteness in terms of space and time, seem to be Milton's criteria for the choice of place-names. He ranges over the entire history of civilisation to give a vastness of perspective and historical continuity to his subject. His frequent references to Egypt are meant not only to evoke Biblical reminiscences, but also to give the reader a sense of the immensity of time, of antiquity almost as impressive as eternity. His description of Satan's followers " hovering on wing " after his speech in the First Book of *Paradise Lost* takes the reader back to ancient Egyptian history:

As when the potent Rod
Of *Amram's* Son in *Egypt's* evill day
Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of *Locusts*, warping on the Eastern Wind,
That ore the Realm of impious *Pharaoh* hung
Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of *Nile*.
(*P.L.*, I, 338-43)

A significant example of Milton's persistent interest in early Egyptian history is his allusion to the Egyptian gods in the Nativity Ode:

The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,
Isis and *Orus* and the Dog *Anubis* hast.
Nor is *Osiris* seen
In *Memphian* Grove, or Green (ll.211-14)

They are mentioned again in *Paradise Lost* in almost identical terms:

After these appear'd
A crew who under Names of old Renown,
Osiris, *Isis*, *Orus* and their Train
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
Fanatic *Egypt* and her Priests, to seek
Thir wandering Gods disguis'd in brutish forms
Rather then human..... (*P.L.*, I, 476-82)

It may be pointed out here, as a minor critical heresy, that the long span of years that separates the Nativity Ode from *Paradise Lost* has made no basic change in Milton's historical consciousness; while his historical allusions in the latter poem are inevitably richer and more precise in detail, the fixity, the exteriority, of his historical knowledge has not changed. The Egyptian gods continue to be just " brutish;" they have not assumed any special symbolic or sociological significance.

Milton also uses allusions to oriental history to emphasise the passage and continuity of time. In the lines from the Eleventh Book of *Paradise Lost* quoted above, there is a pointed reference to " city of old or modern fame " (l.386), and later (ll.392-94) he mentions both the ancient and modern capitals of Persia:

or where
The *Persian* in *Ecbatan* sate, or since
In *Hispahan*.....

In *Paradise Lost* oriental history again provides Milton with a wealth of allusion which he uses for building up a sense of the flux and continuity of time; the emphasis on the decline and fall of the ancient empires of the east and the emergence of new ones seems to point, not so much to the law of mutability, as to the continuity of human history. In Book III of *Paradise Regained* Satan shows the Son of God the ancient empires of the earth now decayed:

> here thou behold'st
> *Assyria* and her Empires antient bounds
> *Araxes* and the *Caspian* lake, thence on
> As far as *Indus* East, *Euphrates* West,
> And off beyond; to South the *Persian* Bay,
> And inaccessible the *Arabian* drouth.
> (*Paradise Regained*, III, 269-74)

Then, linking the past with the present, he comes down to later times, and describes armies marching:

> the flower and choice
> Of many provinces from bound to bound;
> From *Arachosia*, from *Candaor* East,
> And *Margiana* to the *Hyrcanian* cliffs
> Of *Caucasus*, and dark *Iberian* dales,
> From *Atropatia* and the neighbouring plains
> Of *Adiabene*, *Media*, and the South
> Of *Susiana* to *Balsara's* hav'n. (*P.R.* III, 314-21)

The orient has also a profound conceptual relationship with Milton's archetypal images. The largest number of his visual images are those of light, and in his heliocentric vision of the world, the orient, as the sun's "chamber"[19] becomes a focal point of inspiration. His use of the word "orient" has several correlated levels of significance—in its Elizabethan sense of "lustrous," its Latin sense of "rising" (*oriens*), and an intensification of these two senses in phrases like "the brightening orient beam."[20] Milton's awareness of the omnipotence of light is not a development of his later life, and is not a consequence of his blindness, though blindness certainly accounts for the greater frequency and intensity of his images of light in *Paradise Lost*. The persistence of the imagery of light is indicated by the use of as many as 26 such images in the 244 lines of an early poem like the Nativity Ode.[21] In the *Song on May Morning:*

the bright morning star
Comes dancing from the East (ll. 1-2)

In his use of phrases like " the orient sun,"[22] " orient Beams,"[23] and " orient Light "[24] Milton is perhaps thinking less of the etymological meaning of the word " orient " and more of the region as the source of light. Besides being a recurrent visual image, light also has theological connotations for Milton. In his invocation to " holy light " in Book III of *Paradise Lost* the theological and the personal connotations are fused together. In Raphael's account of the creation of the world, there is the same insistence on the quintessential character of light:

> Let ther be Light, said God, and forthwith Light
> Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure
> Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native East
> To journie through the airie gloom began.
> (*P.L.*, VII, 243-46)

It is through his imagery of light that Milton's habitual concretion of the abstract is to a great extent neutralised. And in the visualisation of luminous immensities, as well as of " barbaric pearl and gold "[25] the orient was at the core of his inspiration.

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1. *Genesis*, 2 : 8–20.
2. Cf. James Holly Hanford, *The Chronology of Milton's Private Studies*, PMLA, XXXVI, No. 2, June 1921, p. 266.
3. *Works (Columbia University Press)*, Vol. XVIII.
4. *Paradise Lost*, IV, 285.
5. *Paradise Lost*, 1, 15.
6. *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, 10.
7. *Ibid.*,112.
8. *Ibid.*, 113.
9. *Ibid.*, 148.
10. *Ibid.*, 163.
11. *Ibid.*, 233.
12. Theodore Howard Banks, *Milton's Imagery*, New York, 1954, pp. 1-2.
13. *Genesis*, 3 : 7.
14. *De Doctrina Christiana*, *Works*,XIV, pp. 31 and 33.
15. C. G. Jung, Introduction to *Lucifer and Prometheus* by R. J. Zwi Werblowsky, 1952. p. X.

16. *P. L.* I, 16.
17. *Works*, X, p. 327.
18. R. R. Cawley, *Milton and the Literature of Travel*, 1951, p. 11.
19. *Comus*, 101.
20. *P.L.*, II, 399.
21. They occur in ll. 8. 9, 19, 20, 21, 23, 36, 62, 69, 73, 75, 79, 81, 83, 84, 103, 110, 111, 114, 145, 146, 223, 229, 231, 236, and 240.
22. *P.L.*, V, 175.
23. *P.L.*, VI, 15.
24. *P.L.*, VII, 254.
25. *P.L.*, II, 4.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE—A STUDY IN FEMININE SENSIBILITY

BY

ANITA S. KUMAR

ALTHOUGH critics have often stressed Charlotte Bronte's fiery imagination and romantic background,[1] no attempt has so far been made to assess her work in terms of her feminine sensibilities. Interpreting her writings from this point of view, it is easy to discern in her creative sensibility an unmistakable under-current of feminism, which conditions her entire attitude to aesthetic experience. Viewed in terms of this feminism, her work acquires a new significance and relevance.

An examination of Charlotte Bronte's background should help us understand more adequately the genesis of her innate feminine outlook on life. Daughter of a clergyman, she had better schooling than most other women of her time. She went abroad to learn French and German, her ambition being to start a school of her own for " the gentlemen's daughters ". But having failed in this project, she became a governess much against her inherent inclination, this being the only profession open to ' respectable ' women of her time. Being too much of an individualist, and endowed with a subtle and utile form of intelligence, she rebelled against her fate. The pressure of various restrictions and humiliations, imposed on her sex, found an outlet in her writings, and she let her bitterness overflow in her novels.[2]

It becomes easy to understand her pre-occupation with the treatment meted out to governesses, their hampered positions, lonely lives, their dependence on other people's bounty, their privations and sufferings. Their peculiar isolation is voiced by Mrs. Pryor to Caroline. " I was early given to understand that ' as I was not their equal ', so I could not expect ' to have their sympathy '. It was in no sort concealed from me that I was held a ' burden and restraint in society '. The gentlemen, I found, regarded me as a ' tabooed woman ', ... The servants.....detested me: Why, I could never clearly comprehend ".[3]

Charlotte Bronte's novels, thus, inadvertently became instruments in furbishing material about masculine aggression and the shoddy position of her sex. She was indeed fiercely eloquent[4] against the prevailing social injustice in society where the women "must ever be kept in a sort of isolation".[5] She wanted to implant certain prerogatives not generally allowed to the women of her time, and so with merciless perspicacity she beat at the innocuous, maudlin limitations prescribed for gentle-women's behaviour. She viewed the narrow circle of a woman's life with intrepidity and rebelled against the male concept of true womanhood: "If only men could see us as we really are, they would be a little amazed; but the cleverest, the acutest men are often under an illusion about women: they do not read them in a true light; they misapprehend them, both for good and evil; their good woman is a queer thing, half doll, half angel; their bad woman almost always a fiend. Then to hear them fall into ecstasies with each other's creations, worshipping the heroine of such a poem—novel—drama, thinking it fine —divine."[6]

She did not want her novels to be just a pastiche of such "half doll, half angel" creatures. She was determined to destroy the male "illusion about women", to free them from these shackles and present them as they were—neither as aberrant females, nor as paragons of virtue. So deep had become her distrust of the conventional heroine—naively virtuous and depressingly docile—that she made it a point to divest her heroines of their external physical beauty. Jane Eyre is a small-statured plain young woman; Lucy Snowe is no beauty, nor does Francis Henri entertain any pretensions to it. Instead, these plain but sensible heroines are endowed with mental agility and bovine pride in abstract reason to whose guiding voice they turn when in trouble. Their sharp mind and incisive intelligence is their chief attraction.

However, Miss Bronte does not make her women prodigies of learning and scholarship, because "novelists should never allow themselves to weary of the study of real life".[7] In 'real life' women were often not given the opportunity of cultivated scholarship or professional learning, and Charlotte Bronte felt a strong sense of duty to represent life as she actually saw it.[8]

Unlike Jane Austen's heroines, these young women are not out for husband hunting. Marriage is not their ultimate goal and they have no dread of becoming old maids even though they are aware of its horrors. They are capable and willing to work for their livelihood and economic independence. Jane Eyre works for her living till the very day of her wedding.[9] Francis Henri cannot bear her economic dependence on her husband: "Think of my marrying you to be kept by you Monsieur! I could not do it. ....people who are only in each other's company for amusement, never like each other so well, nor esteem each other so highly, as those who work together....."[10] Lucy Snowe becomes a successful "Directrice" of a school, performing the dual role of a happily married wife and a successful working woman. Shirley is perhaps the only one who does not earn her livelihood, as she has already achieved economic independence.

Charlotte Bronte anticipated Virginia Woolf's emphasis on economic independence for women,[11] before they could claim any respect and recognition in society. So strongly did Miss Bronte feel concerned about the need for economic independence for women of her time, that she wrote to Mr. William, her publisher, about it. "Your daughters, as much as your sons, should aim at making their way honourably through life. Do not wish to keep them at home. Believe me, teachers may be hardworked, ill-paid and despised, but the girl who stays at home doing nothing is worse off than the hardest-wrought and worst-paid drudge in school".[12] The same intense desire makes her protest in *Shirley*:

"Look at the numerous families of girls in this neighbourhood....the brothers of these girls are everyone in business or in professions; they have something to do; their sisters have no earthly employment, but household work".[13]

In fact, Charlotte Bronte's women characters assume an attitude of complete freedom. They are economically independent and emotionally mature. No wonder, to many they appear unprecedentedly bold in their expression of deeply-felt emotions. Being intensely passionate, though intelligent, they respond to their senses and emotions uninhibitedly. They become livid with jealousy and burn with rage, and blossom out with kindliness and affection. Sincere

in emotional relationships, they have the courage to speak out. Lucy Snowe cries aloud: "My heart will break".[14] Jane Eyre bursts out: "If God had gifted me with some beauty and much wealth, I should have made it as hard for you to leave me, as it is now for me to leave you".[15]

The authoress, as quaint, grave and quiet as her heroines, was essentially motivated by an intense urge to restore the same privileges of mind and action to her women as were considered the sole monopoly of men. However, her heroines retain their modesty. Never do they act as forward, bold hussies. That would have gone against the grain of her stoic strength[16] and puritan background. The mates they select are strong and mature men, capable of offering intellectual companionship and spiritual satisfaction. She dispenses with physical charm in her heroes as readily as beauty in her heroines. Rochester, always "dark, strong and stern", is maimed and blind when Jane finally marries him. Louis is grave and serious, and Paul Emmanuel is a "small, thin and ugly man". But they are made of a firm mould, eager to choose women of gift and intelligence.

It was this intense urge to indentify herself closely with the problems of her sex that caused her to appeal to men of her time: "Men of Yorkshire..... Men of England! look at your poor girls, many of them fading around you, dropping off in consumption or decline; or what is worse, degenerating to sour old maids....wretched, because life is a desert to them; or,....worst of all, reduced to strive, ...to gain position or consideration by marriage, which to celibacy is denied. Fathers! Cannot you alter these things?"[17]

Yet Charlotte Bronte was no puerile, ambulant social reformer. It would be erroneous to say that she wrote with reform as her prime motive. She was, in fact, temperamentally much too reticent to indulge in social platitudes. But her sensitive mind could not submit unreservedly to the social disabilities inflicted on women of her time. This latent feminine *point de vue* may not always emerge overtly on the surface, but it remains none-the-less a fundamental mode of perception, conditioning her entire creative processes. It may not, therefore, be an exaggeration to say that she is, even though unintentionally, to a great extent "the pioneer of the movement for the independence of women".[18]

1. Herbert Read, *Charlotte Bronte and Emily Bronte, Collected Essays in Literary Criticism* (London, 1950), p. 297.

Herbert Read asserts that most of C. Bronte's novels produce "full catharsis of the emotions" because of her solitary life on Haworth Moors and romantic background.

2. Note Virginia Woolf's comment on Charlotte Bronte's novels. "In ..... Jane Eyre we are conscious of a woman's presence of some one resenting the treatment of her sex and pleading for its rights." Virginia Woolf, *Granite and Rainbow* (London, 1958), pp. 79-80.

3. Charlotte Bronte, *Shirley* (World's Classics, London, 1907), pp. 374-75.

4. " ..... there's a fire and fury raging in that little woman, a rage scorching her heart .....," wrote Thackeray to Mary Holmes. Gordon Ray, *Letters, Vol. III* (London, 1946), p. 12.

5. Charlotte Bronte, *Shirley*, pp. 375-76.

6. *Ibid*, pp. 350-51.

7. Charlotte Bronte, *Professor* (Penguin Edition, London, 1948), p. 152.

8. Mrs. Gaskell, *Life of Charlotte Bronte*, (London, 1857), Chapt. XXVI. She stresses the strong urge and sense of duty in Charlotte Bronte to depict life as she actually saw it.

9. Charlotte Bronte, *Jane Eyre* (London, 1920), p. 330.

10. Charlotte Bronte, Professor, p. 216.

11. *Virginia Woolf, Room of One's Own*, (London, 1959).

12. Clement Shorter, *The Brontes*, (London, 1908), p. 368.

13. Charlotte Bronte, *Shirley*, p. 390.

14. Charlotte Bronte, *Villete*, (London, 1948), p. 466.

15. Charlotte Bronte, *Jane Eyre*, p. 309.

16. Marion H. Spielmann, *The Inner History of the Bronte-Heger Letters*, (London, 1913). These letters reveal how intense her own suffering had been, and the heroic strength required to master her passions.

17. Charlotte Bronte, *Shirley*, p. 392.

18. E. F. Benson, *Charlotte Bronte*, (London, 1936), p. 85.

DEISM IN JAMES THOMSON'S *THE SEASONS*[1]

BY

TAQI ALI MIRZA

DEISM was a firmly established mode of thought by the time Thomson set out to work on *Winter*[2]. It was now universally accepted that God was the First Cause at whose command creation had taken place and Cosmos had entered on its life. The fabric of the universe was supposed to stand in the same relation to God as an instrument bears to its maker. The heavens were His handiwork; He brought the world into being, and fixed its laws. He gave it the energy which would serve for all time as the driving force of its mechanism. He was the ultimate source of matter and motion, and could, if necessary, interfere with the working of the universe. According to the Deistic conception, " Nature could work itself out in obedience to laws originally given."[3] Deism did not invest Nature with an independent eternal existence of its own. At the same time, God was not reduced " to a mere abstraction, an impersonal substratum of the universe. He is really a person, standing over against the world and man."[4]

The seventeenth century movement of intellectual clarification in England had culminated in the founding of the Royal Society in 1660. One interesting feature of the movement, however, was that the new thought was often applied to the confirmation of faith. Many of the thinkers and scientists were either divines or devout Christians themselves. " Science had its victories no less renowned than faith, but in no spirit of rivalry, and this confidence in united purposes is impressive and moving."[5] The heavens, seen through the telescope, seemed to proclaim their great Original, and the least particle, seen through the microscope, was an argument of God's existence. An astronomer who was not devout was thought to be mad. This " natural " religion, however, was not, in any way, in conflict with the " revealed " religion, except to the bigoted, orthodox few. Indeed, the Christianity of the Cambridge Platonists seemed to merge with the physico-theology of the new class of scientist-divines on the one hand and, on the other, with the Newtonianism of the new Science[6]. For, they all believed that by getting closer to Nature, they would only be getting closer to God, without, in any manner, challenging the basis of

accepted faith. " Even the orthodox clergy accepted the new cosmology of infinite space."[7] The perfection of the scheme of things was representative of God, and this typically Deistic position is stated by Addison when he says : " We exist in Place and Time; the Divine Being fills the immensity of space with his Presence, and inhabits Eternity."[8] The work of philosophers like Locke, whose philosophy seems to have a mechanistic bias, and Shaftesbury, whose position was that of an enthusiastic Deist, represented the commonly accepted view of the time that the study of Nature was the study of Divinity. Newton had said in his *Opticks*, " For so far as we can know by natural Philosophy what is the first cause, what Power he has over us, what benefits we receive from him, so far our Duty towards him, as well as towards one another, will appear to us by the Light of Nature."[9] Locke thought that " the works of Nature everywhere sufficiently evidenced a Deity." Shaftesbury was struck by " the exquisite fittingness of everything in the world, and the starry universe,"[10] and he found that " everything is governed, ordered, or regulated for the best, by a designing Principle, or Mind, necessarily good and permanent."[11] Thus Science played a notable part in developing a divinized notion of Nature, the chief characteristics of which appeared to be design, order and law. The great Machine of the Universe seemed only to point to the Divine Mechanic. The harmony between Science and Religion is further evidenced by the writings of Thomas Burnet who wrote, " We do naturally think of God, and his greatness, and whatsoever hath but the shadow and appearance of the Infinite, as all things have that are too big for our comprehension, they fill and over-bear the mind with their Excess, and cast it into a pleasing kind of stupor and admiration;"[12] John Ray, who considered Nature to be " the finished and unimprovable product of divine wisdom, omnipotence, and benevolence;"[13] and William Derham, whose book[14] went into twelve editions within half a century, and was translated into French, Swedish and German.[15]

It is highly unlikely that Thomson was not in touch with this Deistic thought when he first wrote *Winter*. He had been a student of Divinity at Edinburgh University and must have become aware at that time of the Deistic controversy which, " though essentially philosophical rather than religious,"[16] was then current. Among his *Juvenilia*,

too, are several poems, *The Works and Wonders of Almighty Power*, *A Paraphrase of Psalm CIV* and *Hymn to the Power of God* which indicate the Deistic tendencies in his work :

> " But thought is lost in its immensity;
> Imagination wastes its strength in vain;
> And fancy tires, and turns within itself,
> Struck with the amazing depth of Deity."[17]

and

> " How many are thy wondrous works, O Lord!
> They of thy wisdom solid proof afford:
> .....
> Thy vital Spirit makes all things live below,
> The fact of nature with new beauties glow."[18]

and,

> " O you, ye high harmonious spheres,
> Your powerful mover sing;
> To him, your circling course steers,
> Your tuneful praises bring.
> Ungrateful mortals, catch the sound,
> And in your numerous lays
> To all the listening world around
> The God of nature praise."[19]

The indebtedness of Thomson to contemporary writers—to Shaftesbury,a passage from whose *The Moralists, a Philosophical Rhapsody* appears to have been merely paraphrased in *The Works and Wonders of Almighty Power;* and to John Norris, who appears to have inspired *Upon Happiness* as also some of the ideas in the *Preface* to the Second Edition of *Winter*—has been brought out by Professor Drennon.[20] And yet, the first version of *Winter* (March, 1726) is largely free from Deistic thought. In the second, and much enlarged, edition of *Winter* and the other parts constituting *The Seasons* (1730), however, Deism assumes an importance which would make it difficult to dismiss it as mere " digressions."[21] It is true, as Leslie Stephen points out, that Thomson's descriptions and his commentary fall into separate compartments,[22] but it would be an error to dismiss the Deistic content of the poem as something extraneous and not a part of the basic scheme. The period between the publication of the first edition of *Winter* (1726) and the collected edition of *The Seasons* (1730) must have been, for Thomson, one of

considerable importance, as far as the development of his thought is concerned. It was during this period that Newton died (1727), and the death of the great scientist must have strengthened the thought which was taking shape in the young poet's mind. In any case it inspired one of his chief poems, *To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton* (1727), where he speaks of the scientist,

> " Who, while on this dim spot where mortals toil
> Clouded in dust, from motion's simple laws
> Could trace the secret hand of Providence
> Wide-working through this universal frame."[23]

and asks the question:

> " .....For could he
> Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
> The finished university of things
> In all its order, magnitude, and parts
> Forbear incessant to adore that Power
> Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole?"[24]

It was also during this period that Thomson made the acquaintance of several persons of considerable social and intellectual standing, among them, Aaron Hill, a thinker and philosopher of no mean standing. In a passage in *Winter* (the second edition, not the first), Thomson refers to his friendship with these men, one of whom probably is Aaron Hill:

> " Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
> The winter-glooms with friends of pliant soul,
> Or blithe or solemn, as the theme inspired:
>
> With them would search if nature's boundless frame
> Was called, late-rising, from the void of night,
> Or sprung eternal from the Eternal Mind;
> Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end."
> (*Winter*, ll.572-578)

It would be wrong to think that Thomson's involvement with the Deistic thought of his time was nothing less than a disaster. To himself, and his contemporaries, the development was natural and proper.[25] In fact, Thomson became more and more involved with the idea of " evolutionary

Deism ", " progressivism " and a kind of Pythagoreanism. Thomson's Deism had a deeply moral basis, unlike the superficial " whatever is, is right " variety of Pope, inspired by Shaftesbury. It would not be difficult to cite several passages from *The Seasons* in support of this statement:

> " Yet Providence, that ever-waking Eye,
> Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
> Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe
> Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate "
> (*Winter*, ll.1020-23).

> " Enough for us to know that this dark state,
> In wayward passions lost and vain pursuits,
> This infancy of being, cannot prove
> The final issue of the works of God,
> By boundless love and perfect wisdom formed,
> And ever rising with the rising mind."
> (*Summer*, ll.1800-1805).

> " . . . . . I solitary court
> The *inspiring* breeze, and *meditate the book of Nature*,
> Ever open, aiming thence
> Warm from the heart *to learn the moral song* "
> (*Autumn*, ll.669-672,italics mine)

> " Since God is ever present, ever felt,
> In the void waste as in the city full,
> And where he vital spreads, there must be joy "
> (*A Hymn*, ll.105-107)

" I know of no subject more elevating, more amusing, more ready to awake the poetic enthusiasm, the philosophical reflection, and the moral sentiment, than the works of Nature."[26]

Professor David Daiches has rightly pointed out that although the ideas expressed in *The Seasons* are not new,yet the sensibility reflected in the poem shows a new kind of awareness.[27]

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1. All references to *The Seasons* are given in the body of the text itself, within parentheses, and are from the Oxford Edition of *The Complete Poetical Works of James Thomson*, edited by J. Logie Robertson, Oxford University Press, 1908, which, as far as *The Seasons* is concerned, is a variorum edition. References to other works of Thomson are given in the footnotes.

2. Dr. Johnson's surmise (*Lives of the Poets*, Vol. 2, p. 366) that Thomson had the draft of *Winter* ready when he came to London from Scotland in 1725 has been found incorrect. G. C. Macaulay (*James Thomson*, English Men of Letters Series, London 1910, p. 15) has found definite evidence that Thomson did not set to work on *Winter* until he had been several months in London.

3. *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*, T. and T. Clark, (New York 1911) Vol., IV pp. 533-543.

4. *Ibid.*, Vol. IV, pp. 533-543.

5. A. R. Humphreys, *The Augustan World*, (London, 1954), p. 204.

6. Bonamy Dobree, *English Literature in the Early Eighteenth Century*. (Oxford, 1959) p. 19.

7. *Ibid., p.* 20.

8. Addison, *The Spectator*, p. 531.

9. Newton, *Opticks*, bk. iii., pt. 1, p. 405. (London 1931).

10. *Works, Vol.* II. pp. 344-5.

11. *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 370.

12. Thomas Burnet, *Sacred Theory of the Earth* (1684), p. 139.

13. John Ray, *The Wisdom of God in the Creation* (1701), p. 48.

14. William Derham, *Physico-Theology, Or a Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God from His Works of Creation* (1713).

15. Basil Willey, *The Eighteenth Century Background*, (London, 1940) p. 39.

16. *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*, T. and T. Clark (New York, 1911), Vol. IV, p. 538.

17. James Thomson, *The Works and Wonders of Almighty Power*, ll. 9-12.

18. James Thomson, *A Paraphrase of Psalm* CIV, ll.88 ff.

19. James Thomson, *Hymn on the Power of God*, ll. 25-32.

20. *Modern Philology*,XXXII, 1 (August 1934), pp. 33-36; *PMLA*, LIII, 4 (December 1938) pp. 1094-1101.

21. *Cambridge History of English Literature* (Cambridge, 1932), Vol. X, p. 103.

22. Leslie Stephen, *English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century* (London, 1920), p. 132.

23. *To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton* (1727), ll. 13-16.

24. *Ibid.*, ll. 138-143.

25. Bonamy Dobree, *English Literature in the Early Eighteenth Century* (Oxford, 1959), p. 489.

26. *Preface* to the second edition of *Winter* (June 1726), *Thomson's Poetical Works* (Oxford), p. 240.

27. David Daiches, *A Critical History of English Literature* (London, 1960), Vol. II, p. 653.

JACK KEROUAC AND EXISTENTIALIST ANXIETY

BY

T. G. VAIDYANATHAN

If Norman Mailer has been the chief philosopher-spokesman and propagandist for the Beat movement, Kerouac has certainly been its high priest and prophet. Kerouac's fiction has, in its obsessive themes, its hypochodriacal heroes, its assortment of pathetic saints, psychopaths and drug addicts, enacted the Beat drama in its most virulent colours and given the era its most distinctive fiction. It was certainly a relief to turn to him after all the drama of the soul and the body and the bedroom of Tennessee Williams and after all the naturalistic ardour of John O'Hara in giving us the social scene. Instead, Kerouac, experimenting with prose, experimenting with life, has given us a fiction that conveys the sombre undertones under much complex gaiety, and has renewed the hope that life, while dangerous, can still be lived—on the road—if one has a car and a friend and a girl. All of this found its most memorable expression in *On the Road* where Dean Moriarty has a car (if he hasn't he steals one), friends (Sal Paradise, Carlo Marx, Old Bull Lee) and girls (Marylou, Camille, Inez) and many roads—" the holyboy road, madman road, rainbow road, guppy road, any road[1]." And, more than all this, he has the faith that St. Paul declares is required to move mountains.

Dean is among the greatest and the saddest of fictional figures: one thinks of Don Quixote and Hamlet and certainly Dean alternates furiously between being " a mad city-Hamlet and a road-going Quixote." It is primarily Dean's spiritual drama that is being enacted for us in the novel and it is his anguished quest after " IT " that endows all the ' mad rides ' across the face of America, all the ' mad conversations ' and all the shattered marriages and broken lives in the book with a meaning and a purpose. Otherwise the book might have become too painful to bear and possibly deteriorated into a reckless desperation and a sense of being at the end of one's tether. The terror and the sense of an overwhelming misery that the novel generates in spite of its surface gaiety is really the tension of supporting Dean along the road of his relentless quest into the yawning dimensions of the moment, where anchoring himself precariously on the perch of memory, he recalls in a manner reminiscent

of Proust—that " archaeologist of absence "—the brittle details of a vanished past. Hence the endless recalls, the ritualistic punctuality of Dean with his ruthless schedules, his obsessive recapitulation of the past even when that past is no more remote than the *previous lived experience*![2]

So Dean's mind in *On the Road* knows no respite,caught as it is in the viper coils of the Now, in its endless remembering, " its excited joy in talking and living to the blank tranced end of all innumerable riotous angelic particulars that had been lurking in our souls all our lives;"[3] but, briefly, in the ride through Mexico on a womb-like jungle night Dean does achieve a semblance of peace as he and Sal are taken over by " billions of insects " until " the dead bugs mingled with my (Sal's) blood."[4] But when the Vision Glorious of a prophetic white horse, " immense and phosphorescent," does emerge to pace majestically past their car the great Dean is asleep and the vision passes. However Dean awakens to an illusion of creation day morning time and significantly he makes a present of his wrist-watch to a Mexican child inviting her to enter Time. But whether this experience[5] has been crucial for Dean or not we are left in doubt by Kerouac, because, increasingly, (like Mrs. Moore in Forster's *A Passage to India* after her experience in the Marabar caves) Dean becomes silent. " He (Dean) couldn't talk any more."[6] Has Dean achieved " IT "? " Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent."[7]

There is one significant aspect of Kerouac's work which may help to illuminate not only a great deal of Beat literature, but also that aspect of the American social scene of which Kerouac is such an ominous portent. This aspect is the particular form of anxiety that runs as a dark thread through his whole work. Paul Tillich, the American existentialist and theologian, has distinguished three separate forms of anxiety: (a) The anxiety of fate and death;(b) the anxiety of emptiness and meaninglessness and (c) the anxiety of guilt and condemnation.[8] The first type of anxiety undermines man's ontic self-affiirmation; the second type, man's spiritual self-affirmation; the third, man's moral self-affirmation. We suggest that it is the second form of anxiety that is to be found as a powerful groundswell in Kerouac's work (always bearing in mind, of course, that any one form of anxiety always involves and evokes the other two, because man is a psychic totality however estranged he may appear from his

essential self). This form of anxiety is " aroused by the threat of non-being to the special contents of the spiritual life. A belief breaks down through external events or inner processes. One is cut off from creative participation in a sphere of culture; one feels frustrated about something which one had passionately affirmed; one is driven from devotion to one object to devotion to another, because the meaning of each of them vanishes and the creative eros is transformed into indifference or aversion. *Everything is tried and nothing satisfies.*"[9] Countless illustrations could be adduced from Kerouac's work to show how his chief characters all suffer from this loss of a spiritual centre resulting in a breakdown of meaning and relatedness. One has only to think of Dean Moriarty, Sal Paradise and a score of others in *On the Road* whose pathological greed for " experience " and failure to form stable relationships must be put down to a failure of spiritual self-affirmation. It is their lack of a spiritual centre that has led them to the abysses of total despair. Hence the desparate revelry, the all-night parties, the mad shuttling back and forth across the country always in search of the lost *something* which will give meaning to life.

Two reactions are possible at this stage: either a desperate clinging to what Tillich calls " affirmations which are not yet undercut, be these traditions, autonomous convictions and emotional preferences,"[11] (in Kerouac's words, " because I (Sal) like too many things and get all confused and hung-up running from one falling star to another till I drop,")[11] or an attempt to break out of the solipsistic wire-cage by identification with something trans-individual at the cost of personal freedom (escape from freedom, in Erich Fromm's sense) and self-identity. In the latter case there would no longer be loneliness, existentialist doubt or despair but "participation" and aflirmation of the spiritual life through the gain in meaning. But meaning has been saved through the sacrifice of the self and this sacrifice leaves its scar on the newly-won certitude in the form of a fanatical self-assertiveness. Here is Dean Moriarty in *On the Road*:

> The second day everything came to me, EVERYTHING I'd ever done or known or read or heard of or conjectured came back to me and rearranged itself in my mind in a brand-new logical way .....I had understood everything by then, my whole life was decided, I knew I loved

> Marylou, I knew I had to find my father wherever he is and save him, I knew you were my buddy et cetera, I knew how great Carlo is. I knew a thousand things about everybody everywhere.[13]

Again:

> You see what I mean? God exists without qualms. As we roll along this way I am positive beyond doubt that everything will be taken care of for us—that even you as you drive, fearful of the wheel—the thing will go along, of itself and you won't go off the road and I can sleep. Furthermore we know America, we're at home; I can go anywhere in America and get what I want because it's the same in every corner, I know the people, I know what they do. We give and take and go in the incredibly complicated sweetness zigzagging every side.[14]

It becomes abundantly clear that the self-affirmation and meaning have been bought at too great a price. There are, it seems, no more questions to be asked and answers to be given ("I knew.....I know.....I am positive beyond doubt.....") because the entire sphere of questions and answers has been left behind in the march through the golden gates of certainty. Even more: a kind of Bergsonian contempt is developed for the cautious processes of the intellect with its penchant for "questions and answers." So that "Everything is fine. God exists, we know time. Everything since the Greeks has been predicated wrong. You can't make it with geometry and geometrical systems of thinking. It's all *this*... And not only that but we both understand that I couldn't have time to explain why I know and you know God exists."[15]

Many people seem puzzled that the Beats should have veered towards so Oriental a thing as Zen Buddhism. But given all these premisses it was inevitable. So Japhy in *The Dharma Bums* tells the narrator "The secret of this kind of climbing is like Zen. Don't think. Just dance along. It's the easiest thing in the world, actually walking on flat ground which is monotonous. The cute little problems present themselves at each step and yet you never hesitate and you find yourself on some other boulder you picked out for no special reason at all, just like Zen."[16]

" Cute little problems " is Kerouac's phrase now for the baffling problems of human existence, and sometimes he shows even less consideration for the intellect and its logical procedures as when Morley in *The Dharma Bums* is made unintelligible because intelligibility is frowned upon as slavery to the intellect. Hostility to the mind turns into obscurity and emotional fanaticism but fanaticism is merely the correlative to spiritual self-surrender and so it begets even greater anxiety and hysteria. This way lies madness. Indeed we are told that Dean in *On the Road* is " headed for his ideal fate which is compulsive psychosis dashed with a jigger of psychopathic irresponsibility and violence,"[17] Another of the characters in *On the Road*, Old Bull Lee, had, we are told " seven separate personalities each growing worse and worse on the way down, till finally he was a raving idiot and had to be restrained with chains. The top personality was an English Lord, the bottom, the idiot. Halfway he was an old Negro who stood in line, waiting with everyone else, and said, " Some's bastards, some's ain't, that the score."[18] Compuslive psychosis, psychopathic irresponsibility and violence (and Norman Mailer estimates that there are at least ten million Americans including many " politicians, professional soldiers, newspaper columnists, entertainers artists, jazz musicians, call-girls, promiscuous homosexuals and half the executives of Hollywood, television and advertising "[19] who are more or less psychopathic) ominously loom across the horizon of America and the Dean Moriartys and the Old Bull Lees are rapidly increasing in number. We may well ask with Carlo Marx in *On the Road* " Whither goest thou, America ?"[20]

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1. Jack Kerouac, *On the Road* (New York, 1958), p. 206.

2. This feature of Kerouac's *On the Road* is important and it is symptomatic of the whole movement. Paul Goodman in *Growing Up Absurd* writes " .....the Beats make a social ritual of reminiscing and retelling. Meeting in a group, they retell exactly what happened, each one adding his details, *with the aim of proving that something happened*, and perhaps they can recapture the experience of it, if indeed anything was experienced; just as at a later date, this meeting at which the retelling is occurring will be retold." Paul Goodman, *Growing Up Absurd* (London 1961), p. 184.

3. *On the Road*, p. 172.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 242.

5. I owe this reading of Dean's Mexico experience to Warren Tallman's most perceptive essay entitled " Kerouac's Sound," published in *Evergreen Review*, Vol. IV, No. 11, and reprinted in *A Casebook on the Beat*, edited by Thomas Parkinson (New York, 1961), pp. 215-229.

6. *On the Road*, p. 251.

7. Originally a saying of the Buddha's cited by Ludwig Wittgenstein in his *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* (London, 1922), Proposition 7.

8. Paul Tillich, *The Courage to Be* (London, 1955), p. 42.

9. *Ibid.*, pp. 44-45.

10. "It would take all night to tell about Old Bull Lee; let's just say now, he was a teacher, and it may be said that he had every right to teach because he spent all his time learning; and the things he learned were what he considered to be and called "the facts of life." which he learned not only out of necessity but because he wanted to. He dragged his long, thin body around the entire United States and most of Europe and North Africa in his time, only to see what was going on; he married a White Russian countess in Yugoslavia; [ran] with the international cocaine set of the thirties..He was an exterminator in Chicago, a bartender in NewYork, a summons-server in Newark..In Istanbul he threaded his way through crowds of opium addicts and rug sellers, looking for the facts. In English hotels he read Spengler and Marquis de Sade....*He did all these merely for the experience.*" Jack Kerouac, *On the Road* (New York, 1958), p. 119. (Italics mine)

11. *The Courage to Be*, p. 46.

12. *On the Road*, p. 104.

13. *Ibid.*, p. 1[illegible]2.

14. *Ibid.*, p. 100.

15. *Ibid.*, pp. 99-100.

16. Jack Kerouac, *The Dharma Bums* (New York, 1959), p. 52.

17. *On the Road*, p. 122.

18. *Ibid.*, p. 120.

19. Norman Mailer, *Advertisements for Myself* (New York, 1959), p. 310.

20. *On the Road*, p. 99.

A NOTE ON THE *MARABAR CAVES* IN E. M. FORSTER'S *A PASSAGE TO INDIA*

BY

V. A. SHAHANE

ALTHOUGH competent critics like Lionel Trilling, Elizabeth Bowen, Middleton Murry, James McConkey, J. B. Beer, K. W. Gransden have commented with intelligence and sensibility on the intricate problem of the 'Marabar Caves' in E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India* (1924), the position and the role of the 'Caves' in Forster's liberal classic continues to remain a highly complex and controversial problem. Critical opinion on the function of the Marabar Caves in the novel is widely divided. Whereas Middleton Murry emphasizes the philosophical content of the novel by declaring that "a cave of Marabar is the symbol of the Universe for Mr. Forster....To be or not to be....was once the question. But now, Oh-boum or bou-oum....",[1] R. A. Brower writes that the "Caves stand for a type of religious experience accessible only to a peculiar type of oriental intelligence."[2] The Marabar Caves, according to Gertrude White,[3] symbolize chaos and darkness and the Marabar echo is the inverted voice of negation and nullity. E. M. Forster's philosopher-friend Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson on reading *A Passage to India* asked the pertinent question: "What did happen in the Caves?"[4] An adequately satisfying answer to this complex question is central to the problem of discovering the true meaning of the novel.

I intend to present in this brief paper a comparative assessment of the geographical, historical, archaeological position of the Barabar (Marabar) Caves and their imaginative recreation in the world of Forster's fiction. I also wish to present the points of Forster's agreement with and departure from the facts of archaeology in terms of his objectives and the needs warranted by the logic of his artistic presentation and structural motifs in *A Passage to India.*

From the 'Author's Notes' appended to the Everyman edition we learn that Marabar is only another name for the Barabar Caves situated near Gaya in the State of Bihar in North-East India. The Barabar Caves are located among

the Barabar Hills which, according to the official district Gazetteer of Gaya compiled by L. S. S. O'Malley, I.C.S., "are to the north of the headquarters lying between 25° 0′ and 25° 3′ N., 85° 1′ and 85° 5 E. and stretching 6 to 8 miles east of the Bela railway station".[5] Forster has stated that the Marabar Caves in the novel are in actuality the Barabar Caves in Bihar. O'Malley describes very accurately the situation of the Barabar Caves:

> "In the southern corner of the valley there is a low ridge of granite rock, about 500 feet long, from 100 to 200 feet thick, and 30 to 35 feet in height, in which some remarkable caves have been cut in the solid rock."[6]

Though the descriptions of the caves in the *Gaya District Gazetteer* (Chap. IX and X) and the Reports of the *Archaeological Survey of India,* Vols. I, VIII and XVI,[7] in certain respects, agree with the portrayal in *A Passage to India,* E. M. Forster and these archaeologists differ widely in relation to the period to which the caves historically belong. Whereas Forster deliberately calls the caves "older than all spirit",[8] archaeological experts like Francis Buchanan, General Cunningham, state that the caves date back to the third century B.C. E. M. Forster as well as O'Malley emphasize the high quality of polish of one of the Barabar caves. Forster writes: "....the walls of the circular chamber have been most marvellously polished".[9] "The whole of the interior", writes O'Malley, "has been chiselled to a wonderful polish, which shows the proficiency with which the Indian masons of the third century B.C. were able to deal with such intractable material as the hard granite of the Barabar hills".[10] He also writes about the period to which the caves historically belong: "That the caves date back to the early age is proved by an inscription on a sunken tablet at the western corner of the entrance recording the dedication of the caves by Asoka himself".[11]

Whereas E. M. Forster for fitting the caves into the meaningful pattern of the novel (the fictitious world of *A Passage to India*) deliberately dissociates the caves from any relationship with Buddhism or Hinduism, all archaeological evidence goes to prove their close relationship with the Buddhists and the Hindus. Forster makes a negative refer-

ence to the Buddha in the context of the Marabar: "Even Buddha, who must have passed this way down to the Bo Tree of Gaya, has left no legend of struggle or victory in the Marabar".[12] But all the details regarding dimensions, dates, topography, figures, inscriptions, quality of the rock and peculiarities of workmanship recorded in the old and new Reports of the *Archaeological Survey of India, The Imperial Gazetteer of India,*[13] the *District Gazetteers of Patna and Gaya* and the *Journal of Francis Buchanan* (1812)[14] clearly reveal the historical fact that the group of Barabar Caves—the Sudama, the Lomashrihi, the Nagarjuni, the Vapika, the Kawa-dol—is closely associated with the Buddhist monks and Brahmin ascetics. For instance the Sudama Cave, one of the four of the Barabar group, has on the eastern doorway "an inscription of ancient Pali character, recording the dedication of the cave by Asoka".[15] Although Forster calls the Barabar caves "older than all spirit", General Cunningham points out that some of them were excavated in the reign of Asoka".[16] The Nagarjuni group dates back to 231 B.C., to the reign of Dasaratha, Asoka's grandson.

Whereas Forster writes that "Hinduism has scratched and plastered a few rocks",[17] the archaeologists identify the vicinity of the Kawa-dol hill with the Buddhistic monastery of *Sitabhadra,* which also includes many Hindu Brahmanical figures, for instance, the four-armed *Durga* slaying the buffalo-demon, *Mahishasura.*[18] There is also a Shaivite Hindu temple in the Nagarjuni hills. In the vicinity of the Kawa-dol hill are also found the ruins of a Buddhist shrine having a colossal statue of *Gautam Buddha,* "seated in the act of invoking the earth when he was attacked by *Mara* and his host of evil powers".[19]

The source of the nomenclature—the Barabar hills—is also interesting in relation to the physical map. The name 'Barabar', says Cunningham, is "apparently a corruption of *bara-awara* (meaning the great enclosure), a designation applied to a valley in which the caves are situated having a strong defensive position".[20] But archaeological evidence in relation to the name is rather conflicting and therefore not fully reliable.

Forster's description of the Kawa-dol cave towards the close of Chap. XII in *A Passage to India* almost entirely

agrees with the factual description of this cave in the *Archaeological Survey of India Reports*. Forster writes about the Kawa-dol as "a bubble-shaped cave" having a boulder which "because of its hollowness sways in the wind, and even moves when a crow perches upon it: hence its name and the name of its stupendous pedestal—the Kawa-dol".[21] The description of Kawa-dol in the Reports of the *Archaeological Survey of India* has many points of resemblance with Forster's portrayal. *The Archaeological Survey of India Reports* explains the source of the name—'Kawa-dol':

> "It is a detached hill rising abruptly from the planes to the height of about 500 feet; it is formed entirely of huge masses of granite piled precipitously one above the other and is crowned by a gigantic bloc of stone, which is quite inaccessible. It is said that this pinnacle was formerly topped by another block, which was so perfectly balanced that it used to rock even when a crow alighted on it, and from this circumstance the hill acquired the name of Kanwa-dol, or the crow's swing or rocking stone".[22]

Francis Buchanan, the well-known scholar, who conducted a walking tour in Gaya District in 1811 writes in his Journal (20th November 1811):

> "I went about ten miles to Kawa-dol, an immense rock of white and black granite. The people at a distance pretend that its name is derived from a rocking stone that was on its top so nicely balanced as to be movable by the weight of a crow. This, they say, fell down about fifty years ago, but the most respectable people say that their fathers never remembered such a stone, nor do they believe that it ever existed".[23]

Forster's description agrees with as well as departs from the reports in Archaeological Surveys and factual accounts. Although Forster describes this "Bubble-shaped cave that has neither ceiling nor floor, and mirrors its own darkness in every direction infinitely",[24] all historical, archaeological and factual evidence proves its close association with Buddhism and Hinduism.

Although the Barabar Caves are closely linked up with various phases of the Hindu and Buddhist art and faith, yet Forster quite justifiably dissociates them completely from Hinduism and Buddhism in order to fit them into the logic and design of *A Passage to India.* The most plausible of all the interpretations of the caves, in my view, is the one that identifies them with the voice of negation and nullity; chaos and primeval darkness. Since the Marabar caves are intended to signify the powers of darkness, nihilism, negation, collapse of will and human relationships, and primeval evil, it is obviously necessary to isolate them from the Hindu or Buddhistic faiths. In this regard it is interesting to note the legend that is attributed to the name *Gaya,* the district in which the Barabar caves are situated. O'Malley quotes a legend from the *Vayu-Purana,* which states that "*Gaya* was the name of an *Asura* or demon of giant size",[25] who was prevailed upon to offer his body as a sacrifice. This act of sacrifice transformed his character and consequently *Gaya* became a holy place. It is a story of the transformation of evil into good and the earlier part of this legend accords with the spirit of Forster's interpretation of the Caves as embodiments of evil and negation in *A Passage to India.*

The crux of the problem in *A Passage to India* is: 'What did happen in the caves?' This question leads us to an appraisal of Mrs. Moore's and Adela Quested's experience of the Marabar. The Marabar plays a central role in *A Passage to India.* The Marabar echo shatters almost every character in the novel physically or mentally except Professor Narayan Godbole, the Hindu mystic. It results in the physical and spiritual breakdown of Mrs. Moore, the awful hallucination of Adela Quested, the ugly upsurge of a feeling of isolation between Aziz and Fielding, Ronny and Adela, the English and the Indians. The Marabar is the voice of chaos and Old Night, evil and negation, primeval darkness and primitive horror. Forster's fictitious and metaphysical portrayal of the Caves shows, as J. B. Beer has pointed out, the sense of "hostility of rock".[26] They are described as "fists and fingers thrust above the advancing soil. . . ."[27] Therefore, a visitor "finds it difficult to discuss the caves, or to keep them apart in his mind". Forster's recurrent use of the adjective "extraordinary" in relation to the caves, according to Professor Frank Kermode,[28] is "significant and effective". "Nothing, nothing attaches to them." writes

Froster, " Nothing is inside them, they were sealed up before the creation of pestilence or treasure; if mankind grew curious and excavated, nothing, nothing would be added to the sum of good or evil ".[29] The caves, in my view, symbolise Ancient Night and primeval darkness. They stand for the negation of self. One strikes a match in that darkness, " immediately another flame rises in the depths of the rock and moves towards the surface like an imprisoned spirit ". The two flames never unite. Thus the self in the Christian mystic, Mrs. Moore, or the self in the Christian rationalist, Adela Quested, encounters the " hostile " flame in the depth of the rock and, unable to forge any unity, recoils from the rock in sheer horror. The flames " expire " and the " cave is dark again, like all the caves ".

The second crucial question about the happening in the caves concerns the alleged assault on Adela Quested. Did Aziz really commit the assault? Of course, not. If not, why did Adela then believe he did so? One must carefully consider the background of her entry into the caves and her mental state. She enters the cave thinking of her proposed marital union with Ronny and the problems it will give rise to: " As she toiled over a rock that resembled an inverted saucer, she thought, ' what about love?' "[30] To her the Marabar speaks of the horror of union by force and fear. She realised suddenly that she did not love Ronny: " The discovery had come so suddenly that she felt like a mountaineer whose rope had broken. Not to love the man one's going to marry ! Not to find it out till this moment! "[31] Her self recoils from the hostile rock, which echoes the voice of forced union without love. This echo resounds in her ear and impels her to level the charge of attempted rape against Aziz. This echo is silenced only in the course of the trial when the image of Mrs. Moore appears before her mind's eye.

Adela Quested, like Lucy Honeychurch in *A Room With A View,* is a muddled heroine. Adela's muddled state in relation to Ronny Heaslop is brought in close touch with her muddle in regard to Aziz—the union of force assuming the garb of an attempted assault.

In the courtroom she reconstructs the entire Marabar episode in her mind and her memory, reinforced by Mrs. Moore's image, impels her to withdraw the charge against Aziz. She is suddenly released from a sense of unreality which had clouded her mind. She realises the truth about her responses to Ronny as well as the bare facts of the Marabar episode. She is no longer haunted by the echo. She experiences a dual sense of release—from her misconceived notion of union with Ronny and also from her mistaken notion of the assault said to have been committed by Aziz.

Forster's muddled heroines ultimately seem to secure release from their muddled state and get at a dual sense of reality. Adela Quested realised the truth of the Marabar echo in terms of her 'self' recoiling from the hostile rock of Ancient darkness and also its malicious effect upon her mind expressed in the charge of attempted rape. This dual reality dawned upon her as soon as the echo was silenced. The echo symbolises the culmination of horror in the novel, which is in many ways, linked up with the goblin foot-ball in the performance of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony[32] *in Howards End.*

The Marabar thus is an echo of evil and negation. The Christian mystic in Mrs. Moore or the Christian rationalist in Adela Quested is unable to contain and control the challenge of the Marabar. Aziz is totally ignorant of the latent malevolent power of the Marabar. Professor Godbole alone, reinforced by the telepathic appeal of Mrs. Moore and her wasp, is shown capable of temporarily overcoming the evil unleashed by the Marabar. In this context 'Temple', the third part reveals the aftermath of the Marabar. The symbolic interpretation of events in 'Temple' calls for detailed treatment, which may form the subject-matter of a separate essay.[33]

My objective in presenting this paper is limited only to a comparative assessment of the factual, physical, historical position of the 'caves' and their imaginative recreation in the world of Forster's art. It is quite obvious that Forster does not adhere to the real historical context of the 'caves' but this departure from historical facts does not at all minimise the value of his artistic presentation. The notion that he is not faithful to the facts of history and archaeology, is

misconceived because he reveals his adherence to the higher laws formulated by his art, by the world of his imagination and his visionary powers. Therefore his portrayal of the Marabar Caves, though departing from the factual Barabar Caves, is yet true to the realities of his visionary world partially reflected in *A Passage to India.*

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2. R. A. Brower, *The Fields of Light* (New York, 1951) p. 191

3. Gertrude White, '*A Passage to India*—Analysis and Revaluation,' PMLA Vol. LXVIII, No. 4, 1953, p. 647.

4. E. M. Forster, *Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson*, 1934, p. 216.

5. L.S.S.O'Malley, *Bengal District Gazetteer:* Gaya, Calcutta, 1906 p. 201.

6. *Ibid.*, p. 202.

7. *Reports of Archaeological Survey of India*, Vol. I, p. 40, Vol. VIII p. 41, Vol. XVI, p. 46-50.

8. E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India*, (1947 Edition), p. 124.

9. *Ibid.*, p. 125

10. O'Malley, *Gaya District Gazetteer*, 1906, Chapter XIX, p. 202.

11. *Ibid.*, p. 203 (Also vide: Reports—*Archaeological Survey of India* Vol. I, p. 40, Vol. III, p. 30).

12. E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India*, p. 124.

13. *The Imperial Gazetteer of India* (Oxford, 1908), Vol. XII, p. 194.

14. *Journal of Francis Buchanan*—1811-12 (Editor: V. H. Jackson), Patna, 1925, p. 11.

15. O'Malley, *Gaya District Gazetteer*, p. 202.

16. Cunningham, Sir A., *Archaeological Survey of India*, Vol. I, p. 40-41.

17. E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India*, p. 124.

18. *Gaya District Gazetteer*, p. 227.

19. *Ibid.*, p. 228.

20. *Archaeolocal Survey of India*, Vol.I, p. 40 and also *Gaya District Gazetteer*, p. 25.

21. E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India*, p. 126.

22. *Report of the Archaeological Survey*, Bengal Circle, also Vide *Gaya District Gazetteer*, p. 227, 1901-02, p. 41.

23. *Journal of Francis Buchanan* (Hamilton), Editor: V. H. Jackson, Government Printing, Bihar, 1925, p. 12.

24. E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India*, p. 125.

25. O'Malley, *Gaya District Gazetteer*, p. 1-2.

26. J. B. Beer, *The Achievement of E M. Forster*, 1962, p. 148.

27. E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India*, p. 125.

28. Frank Kermode, ' Mr. E. M. Forster as a Symbolist,' *The Listener*, (London), 2 January 1958, p. 17.

29. E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India*, p. 124-125.

30. *Ibid.*, p. 152.

31. *Ibid.*, p. 152.

32. E. M. Forster, *Howards End*, 1910, Chapter V.

33. My paper on " Symbolism in *A Passage to India*: 'Temple' " is due to be published soon in *English studies*, (Groningen).

BERGSON AND THE STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS NOVEL, by S. K. Kumar. Blackie & Son, 1962; 18d. 6d; pp. 174.

In his attempt at a new philosophical interpretation of the basic ideas inherent in the stream of consciousness novel Dr. S. K. Kumar in his handsomely printed *Bergson and the Stream of Consciousness Novel* achieves a rare combination of first rate literary research and an immensely readable, sound criticism.

Dr. Kumar's principal argument is that the Bergsonian concepts of *la durée*, *memoire involontaire* and intuition offer the most convincing and plausible interpretation of the technique and the idea of the stream of consciousness novel. He evaluates the intrinsic merits of the other interpretations offered by several critics. In this regard he points out the inadequacies of the psychological interpretation in terms of the psychoanalytical findings of Jung, Adler and Freud. Nor does Dr. Kumar accept the value aspect of the interpretation propounded by H. J. Muller and Prof. Weidle. He strongly argues that the French philosopher's theories alone provide a " useful clue to the understanding of the new technique." This is partly due to the fact that Bergsonism "attempts to reach out beyond the limits of psychoanalysis." Dr. Kumar also examines the validity of the symbolistic interpretation given by Edmund Wilson and finds it extremely inadequate since it falls short of the various " protagonists' preoccupation with the ultimate nature of reality." This is obviously true since durational flux is more Bergsonian than symbolistic in character.

The chapter on Bergson's theory of the novel is the most cogently argued of all the sections of this book. Its value is also enhanced by the novelty of its material as well as by the refreshing originality of approach. Bergson's theories of time, memory and consciousness are expounded with a sense of subtlety as well as clarity—a fair combination of literary merits which seems to be a reflection of Bergson's own qualities of combining the elements of poetry with those of philosophy. Dr. Kumar argues that Bergson's presentation of the human scene approximates to and is in tune with the ideas and sensibility of modern writers. This chapter also becomes the *sine qua non* of the essential thesis of the book—

the testing ground to judge the argument of the subsequent chapters which deal with the achievement of Dorothy Richardson, Virginia Woolf and James Joyce from this particular angle.

Dr. Kumar argues that Dorothy Richardson's interest in Bergson might have been aroused " through three possible channels: Proust, the Symbolists and May Sinclair." The narrative in Proust indicates a " withdrawal from external phenomenon " and an absorption in " introspective musings," and this new way of expression as well as the work of the French symbolists influenced the poetic temperament of Dorothy Richardson. The third possible influence is believed to be that of May Sinclair whose novels reveal a philosophical mind at work. Thus Dr. Kumar maps out the possible intellectual relationship between Bergsonism and the work of Dorothy Richardson.

It is perhaps not so difficult to argue the case of the Bergsonian flux in relation to Dorothy Richardson as it is in the case of Virginia Woolf, since there is negative evidence indicating that Mrs. Woolf did not read a single line of Bergson. Thus the challenge faced by Dr. Kumar in this context brings out the best in his argumentative powers and his capacity for intellectual analysis supported by a skilful handling of literary evidence. Since a " Negative Note " in this context was already published in *Essays in Criticism*, Dr. Kumar's task had become more complicated than what might be anticipated, but he argues his point of view with cogent reasoning and a disarming felicity of expression.

He also expounds his idea of the polarity of aesthetic forces operating in the novels of Virginia Woolf in terms of the conflict between the Bergsonian *la duree* and the mathematical instant. Her experiment in the field of novel-writing, argues Dr. Kumar, is basically philosophical in nature and provides the real clue to her aesthetic impulses. The parallel drawn between Mr. Ramsay's intellect (*To The Lighthouse*) and the keyboard of a piano is a typically Bergsonian metaphor. And Virginia Woolf's own statement that " movement and change are the essence of our being—rigidity is death; conformity is death " offers a clear and convincing parallel to Bergson's ideas revealed on a philosophical and metaphysical plane.

The last chapter on James Joyce makes a valuable contribution to this particular aspect of Joyce and also to his linguistic experiments—in the "laboratory of the word"—, his exposition of " the hoary imbecility of correct English " and his endeavour to restore the " prelogical functions " to language. Especially interesting is Dr. Kumar's interpretation and analysis of the aesthetic theory of Stephen Dedalus in terms of Bergson's aesthetic. Bergson's ideas in his essay 'Intellectual Effort' are shown in relation to the aesthetic beliefs of Stephen Dedalus and the parallels between their viewpoints are demonstrated with a skilful presentation of literary evidence.

Thus the essence of the work of Dorothy Richardson, Virginia Woolf and James Joyce—the stream—is shown in close relationship with the metaphysical concept of reality embedded in the Bergsonian concept of flux. All these arguments converge on the main thesis—that of paralellism between Bergsonian flux and the twentieth century technique of the stream of consciousness. Although the stream of consciousness technique seems to emerge from a deep awareness of the reality, its fortunes may have to be viewed with dismay rather than a sense of optimism. The treatment of such a complex problem as Bergsonian flux and the stream of consciousness technique, in concentrated as well as readable form, requires an acute power of perception and also a capacity for clear and lucid expression—the qualities which, it seems to me, lend significance to Dr. Kumar's book.

V. A. SHAHANE

FAULKNER, by Michael Millgate (Writers and Critics series), Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh and London, 1961; Price, 3 sh. 6d., pp. 120.

The critic who reviews books about books must often feel the frustration of being held at two arm's lengths from the real stuff. Such is the tension in reviewing Michael Millgate's "introductory study " to the works of William Faulkner. Yet this, perhaps, is the highest praise that can be given to a critic—that he inspires his reader to turn to the works of his subject.

Millgate opens his second chapter by declaring his intention to treat the novels as "separate entities," and yet there is a theme of sorts tracing its way through some excellent comment on the various novels and short stories of Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha saga. To assume that Faulkner differs from all other novelists in his ultimate concern with the individual human being is naive; still Millgate makes clear that some of the most memorable Faulkner characters—Thomas Sutpen, Flem Snopes, and Quentin Compson—meet with disaster when they "attempt to make human flesh and blood conform to the rigid contours of an abstract idea." Millgate clarifies this theme while rejecting with Irving Howe the comparison sometimes made of the Yoknapatawpha novels to Balzac's *Comedie Humaine:* Balzac looks outward from his individual characters to a panoramic view of nineteenth century French society, while Faulkner looks in from his "little postage stamp of native soil" to the anguish and struggle of the human heart. As Irving Howe puts it, "In the end he offers less an opinion about society than a view of man."

Millgate's book is not the gilt job of so many "series critics." However, like all honest and courageous critics, he must sometimes go wrong, and so he seems to have done in his characterization of Jim Bond of *Absalom, Absalom!* as the "final degradation of his line." Faulkner's intention in this part-Negro remnant of the Sutpen line is neither fatalistic nor so simple as Millgate's glib phrase would imply. Quentin's room-mate, the objective outsider, ends the tragic story of Sutpen's rise and fall with a simple but pointed elegy.

> I think that in time the Jim Bonds are going to conquer the western hemisphere. Of course it won't quite be in our time and of course as they spread toward the poles they will bleach out again like the rabbits and birds do, so they won't show up so sharp against the snow. But it will still be Jim Bond; and so in a few thousand years, I who regard you will also have sprung from the lions of African kings.

The luxury of devoting thirteeen biographical pages to the chapter, "Faulkner and Mississippi", is a more serious criticism. The critical insignificance of Ward L. Miner's *The World of William Faulkner* and of Robert Cough-

lan's *The Private World of William Faulkner* should have convinced Millgate of the futility of interpreting the art through the man or his state.

In spite of these minor criticisms, however, Millgate's study is a vaulable addition to the body of Faulkner criticism which, aside from about three good books and a number of articles on individual works, is a virtual wasteland.

LARRY GODFREY

HEMINGWAY, by Stewart Sanderson (Writers and Critics series), Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh and London, 1961; Price, 3sh. 6d., pp. 120.

Hemingway's explosive death last year in the tranquil quiet of his Idaho mountain home marked the end of a life in which violence was no stranger. Some few tongue-clickers hastened to condemn; whole schools of critics were sent burrowing back to the books, and all America—with much of the world—sincerely mourned the passing of a great man and a great artist. Because Hemingway was the last and the greatest of the "Lost Generation" and because his work has been such a pervasive influence wherever it is read, his death marks the end of a literary epoch. Now begins in earnest the never-ending task of assessment and evaluation. Though Stewart Sanderson's book was written before Hemingway's death, and though it is no more than a "sympathetic introduction" to Hemingway and his work, it may be considered an invitation to each reader and critic to return to the novels and short stories of this master craftsman and to decide for himself.

Certainly Sanderson's study is a helpful guide: it finds a theory of unity in a body of work which extends over a life time and employs three major literary forms (Hemingway even wrote a play, *The Fifth Column*). Sanderson sees this unifying principle in Hemingway's heroic code: "the qualities which make this up are honesty, courage, compassion, and a kind of decent manners . . ." One should not forget that the notion of a heroic code in Hemingway was first expressed by Edmund Wilson in his remarkable 1939 essay, "Gauge of Morale." Sanderson's merit lies in having developed this idea and in having applied it through-

out Hemingway's work. He traces the development of the code from its earliest inception to its ultimate conclusion in *Across the River and into the Trees*, where he finds " a rule of life that has power to endure and even to conquer the final fact of death."

Though Sanderson's book appears surprisingly enthusiastic in view of the recent critical climate that tends to a slight devaluation of Hemingway's work, if not of his influence,there can be no doubt of its value for anyone interested in Hemingway and American literature.

LARRY GODFREY

D. H. LAWRENCE by Anthony Beal. Oliver and Boyd. Price 3 sh. 6d.

We have been given a pleasant pamphlet on Lawrence by Mr. Beal. Something like a Baedekar, pointing out what should be read, what others have to say about the high spots of achievement and what to make of it all. Indeed, even better than Baedeker, which is supposed to stimulate travel, the reader is given potted versions of the major novels and some of the tales—to spare him the trouble of travelling to Lawrence at all.

This is just the kind of " populariser " that should never be perpetrated. It is all the more regrettable that it should have been attempted by the editor of the selected literary criticism of Lawrence. Surely, even a nodding acquaintance with Lawrence, to say nothing of his powerful reflective bursts, would make one chary of such " neatness."

Nor is it a matter of a lack of effort. Mr. Beal has worked hard enough. His bibliography is pretty complete (though Keynes and Cauldwell are missed) and the concluding chapter, with its appreciation of Leavis, has hints of awareness—which are about the only helpful things in the book.

What has gone wrong is that the whole approach, not merely to Lawrence but to literature, is that of substitute, of abridgement, of lack of respect for the new reader. Which is why it breaks down.

There is little enough that one can get to grips with, even to disagree. Failure to recognize the tense and evolving relationship of Lawrence to Christianity (the " Man Who Died " and " The Woman who Rode Away " are scarcely mentioned) and to the working-class England where he had his roots ("The Flying Fish " and the letters of that period are not mentioned at all) is a grave blemish, though.

There is also a rather alarming lack of discrimination and of taste in the odd notice of the occurrence of tea at different points in *Women in Love*, especially after moments of what can be called daemonism. What is an outstanding example of the Lawrentian balance of polarities seems to Mr. Beal almost bathos or at best a question of ability to be " real!"

The failure of the pamphlet poses a problem: can Lawrence, or for that matter any great master of art, be " popularised "? Most probably not. Literature is not science, not cognition of the intricacies of arrival which can at times be left out to give the unequipped reader an understanding of the end-result. Science can and has been popularised, often enough by top-level scientists themselves—Einstein is the great example that comes at once to mind. This cannot be done for literature, with its immediacy and its mimesis. Here it is a question of insight, of tradition and of textual consideration, which is what the great critics have provided. Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* is the conspicuous instance which comes to mind of the disaster of digests and the like. With all the disagreement in the world, how very much more is gained from the slender essay by Eliot on *Hamlet*.

Seeing the name of Snow among the advisory editors of the series of which Mr. Beal's work is one, there can be some excuse for holding that this may be among the attempts to make the notorious " two cultures " cohere. If this is so then Heaven help the scientists and God save the artists—from the Establishment!

M. Sen

THOM GUNN *Fighting Terms*, (Faber and Faber, London, 1962).

This short volume of poetry, *Fighting Terms*, by Thom Gunn, is an example of a " tough " school of literature which has developed in the last decade. Distinct and separate from the free verse and experimental processes seen in the disciples of e. e. cummings and others, Thom Gunn combines strict poetical forms with the cynical approach of post-war disillusionment. Part of this disillusionment is perhaps seen in the themes of such selections as " The Secret Sharer " or " Round and Round ", which discuss the question of personal identity and the relationship of the individual to the rest of the world. The majority of his poems–there are but twenty-three—are concerned with love, concurrent with this process of self-discovery. Gunn spurns convention, as the title suggests, by treating love as a battle, political or military, as in " The Beach Head " and " Captain in Time of Peace ", and as a cold relentless struggle shown in " To His Cynical Mistress ' and " La Prisonniere." Love is almost a privilege of the conquerer in the first, or a gruesome, morbid relationship in the second.

Thom Gunn is not a romantic; he may be classed with Yvor Winters, under whom he has studied at California, in the " school " of poetry which emphasizes the rational element —a statement, in which feeling is held under strict restraint. The ultimate in his anti-romantic theory may well be expressed in the concluding poem, " Incident on a Journey ", with the repeated phrase " I regret nothing ". Indeed, Gunn regrets neither his cynicism nor his acceptance of the harsh realities of life.

PETER P. BOYER

THE MODERN WRITER AND HIS WORLD by G. S. Fraser, Rupa and Co., pp. 326, Rs. 8.00.

Mr. Fraser's book is an attempt at providing undergraduates—he had Japanese students particularly in mind—with " a fairly clear guide-book to modern tendencies " in English literature. His survey of the literature produced in England in the first half of the present century is patterned on Dr. Joad's guides to philosophy and Mr. G. D. H. Cole's

popular books on economic theory. He has, of necessity, had to direct his attention to those writers who express vividly the mood of the time, and to keep out others who lack the illustrative value he was looking for.

Mr. Fraser has divided his book into five chapters—an introductory chapter entitled " The Background of Ideas," and a chapter each on the novel, the drama, poetry and the trends of criticism. This means that certain significant fields of literary activity which have engaged the attention of some important writers, the short story and biography, for instance, have been completely overlooked. Mr. Fraser's fondness for categorising has resulted in certain writers, quite important from the point of view of the bulk of their produce, popular estimation and even merit, being ignored altogether. This weakness is particularly in evidence in the chapters on poetry and the novel. Another shortcoming Mr. Fraser's book seems to suffer from is that, despite the title, no attempt is made at giving the necessary social background. No mention is made of the great impact which new knowledge in psychology and anthropology has made on contemporary literature. The result is that no complete well-worked out central idea emerges from the book.

Within these limitations, however, Mr. Fraser's survey is an excellent one, completer even than Mr. Scott-James's *Fifty Years of English Literature.* The writers and books he does deal with are examined with the thoroughness and insight characteristic of modern academic criticism. There is an interesting section dealing with the historical sense in modern literature. Mr. Fraser has very rightly pointed out that many modern writers—Yeats, Joyce and Eliot—(to mention a few) show a great awareness, on the one hand, of living in a period of peculiar crisis, and on the other, of the eternally recurrent pattern in history. A deviation from this stand-point is to be found in certain other writers who attribute the anxiety of living in the modern age not to any set of events, but to something intrinsic in the human condition itself. This " existentialist " attitude, both in its theistic and atheistic versions, transcends the merely historical attitude to human expreience.

Mr. Fraser traces the immediate ancestry of the modern novel to Henry James and H. G. Wells, who were " at opposite poles in their conception of the novel, its form and its function." There are some modern novelists who build,

like James, their thinking into their work, while there are others who, like Wells, use the novel " to propound, to advocate, to discuss some philosophy of life." Mr. Fraser divides the novelists of the 1930s into four categories—those who deal with symbolic melodrama, like Graham Greene; the writers of documentary novels, like Isherwood; the social allegorists like Rex Warner; and those who make the novel a vehicle for farcical comedy, like Evelyn Waugh. The chapter ends with an account of the chief figures in English fiction in the 1940s, Nigel Balchin, George Orwell, Elizabeth Bowen and Angus Wilson among them.

Mr. Fraser begins his account of contemporary poetry with an examination of *fin de siecle* decadence, and " the emergence into the poetic consciousness of the great gulf between the world of poetry and the world of everyday life." Yeats has admirably summed up the poetic situation at the turn of the centruy: " Then in 1900 everybody got down off his stilts: henceforth nobody drank absinthe with his black coffee: nobody went mad; nobody committed suicide: nobody joined the catholic church; or if they did I have forgotten." The first decade of the present century saw " a kind of recrudescence, a false fitful afterglow," the only figures of importance being Rudyard Kipling and Thomas Hardy. Georgian poetry was little better. It only provided, in the words of Eliot " a considerable number of pleasing anthology pieces." Mr. Fraser examines in some detail the work of Ezra Pound who gave a new psychological immediacy to poetry, Eliot and Yeats, " the last of the great romantics and the most fortunately placed of modern poets."

In what is probably the best organized chapter of the book, " The Trends of Criticism," Mr. Fraser traces modern criticism back to Matthew Arnold, who, with his insistence on all literary criticism being essentially " a censure of the age," laid down the basic critical approach of the period under review. Finally, there is an extremely perceptive assessment of the work done by the critics of the Bloomsbury group and the Cambridge school led by Dr. Leavis and Dr. I. A. Richards.

This is an Indian edition of Frazer's *The Modern Writer and His World*, originally published in England by Curtis Brown Ltd.

TAQI ALI MIRZA

INDIAN WRITING IN ENGLISH by K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar. Asia Publishing House; 1962, Rs. 18.50, pp. 440.

Indian writing in English, commonly termed Indo-Anglian literature, is more than a century and a half old. The volume of Indo-Anglian literature is enormous, commensurate with the period and the number of writers. Most of it, however, had had only a contemporary significance. Quality, too, was extremely uneven. A few writers of quality and distinction like Tagore and Toru Dutt shone above the average to make a contribution of lasting value. Critical self-assessment has been singularly absent, although both as genuine literature and as an expression of cross-cultural contacts such a study is thoroughly warranted. The present book, though long overdue, is out at an appropriate time,since the attitude of Indians towards English at present seems far more favourable than what it was in the early years after the independence. Professor K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, of Andhra University, was invited by the university of Leeds to deliver a series of lectures on Indo-Anglian literature in 1959. The present book has substantially grown out of the material he collected for this assignment. Iyengar does not feel very comfortable about the use of the term " Indo-Anglian." He denies having coined it, a charge which has often been brought against him. Clarifying his position, he says that the term was used as early as 1883 to describe a volume printed in Calcutta containing " Specimen Compositions from Native Students." Whatever Iyengar may say in his defence, it is but obvious that he has been responsible more than anybody else for giving wide currency to this often-abused but convenient term.

Iyengar goes to great lengths to defend and justify the independent existence of Indo-Anglian literature. His defence is broadly centred around the argument: if there can be an American literature, a Canadian literature, and an Australian literature, why not an Indo-Anglian literature? However, he simplifies it to such an extent that the whole picture becomes blurred. He pleads that the time has come when we should think no more of Indo-Anglian literature as the result of misdirected efforts, but as a distinctly legitimate literature grown out of the Indian soil and nourished by its culture and traditions.

The book has twenty-one chapters. It begins with the "Beginnings"—Raja Ram Mohan Roy and others—and concludes with the poets of the present generation, P. Lal, Raghavendra Rao, Leo Fredricks, Mary Erulkar, Dom Moraes, and several Aurobindoites like K. D. Sethna. In between are massed all kinds of dramatists, novelists, journalists, historians, and political writers. But the book suffers from an inexcusable lack of proportion. One feels that a lot of unnecessary material has been included at the expense of writers who should have been discussed in greater detail.

The first three chapters are, by and large, a study in the social, historical, and political conditions of the India of the early 19th century. The author discusses the significant role played by the early pioneers like Raja Ram Mohan Roy and Keshab Chandra Sen in giving a good start to the study of English in India.

Tagore has been studied so well and by so many that the two chapters of Iyengar appear to be rather hackneyed and superficial. They contribute nothing new to the Tagore scholarship either by way of facts or of interpretation. Particularly interesting would have been a discussion of Tagore's influence on modern Indian literatures, an aspect which Iyengar has completely ignored. It is not quite clear why the author should have devoted one whole chapter to Tagore, the playwright, when actually all his plays are but transformations of his poetry; and in any case his fame will eventually rest on his poetry alone.

Iyengar devotes three full chapters (one-eighth of the entire book) to Aurobindo Ghose. A whole chapter is devoted to *Savitri*. Keeping in view the purpose and the range of the book, it is difficult to understand how Iyengar can justify such a lavish treatment of an individual writer. No wonder that the book suffers from a singular lack of proportion. As far as the analysis of Aurobindo's works and the evaluation of his contribution to Indo-Anglian literature are concerned, Iyengar, the devotee(?), is too overwhelmed by the philosophy of the Master to be fair and objective in his assessment. He compares the three parts of of *Savitri* with *Divine Comedy*, *Paradise Lost*, *and Paradise Regained* respectively (p. 171). Praising the book in superlative terms, he pleads that it is the greatest epic the world has ever known. He is highly impressed by "its sheer

sweep, its amazing modernity, its pervasive mystical quality and its singular poetic power." "Sri Aurobindo," he continues, "has imposed his empire on all knowledges and spiritual disciplines, and it is not surprising that we catch echoes—echoes that become new voices—or mark parallels —parallels that merge in the womb of Truth at infinity's distance."

The chapter on Gandhi is again an illogically conceived flop. It deals primarily with Gandhain philosophy of which much better expositions have already been made by other writers. A discussion of the technique of his writing, and lack of his influence on Indo-Anglian writers in general, would have been more to the point. Iyengar has completely ignored the fact that Gandhism has been one of the most dominant influences on many contemporary Indian literatures. It is well that he writes in the very first sentence that "Gandhi was no writer, properly so called, nor was he at any time particularly interested in the art of writing." And yet he chooses to devote a separate chapter to Gandhian literature. Most of what we find in this chapter could easily have been indexed in the checklist, and the space thus saved would have enabled him to treat in some detail the writers whom he casually dismisses in a paragraph or two.

If the chapter on Gandhi is a semi-popular, journalistic rambling, that on Nehru is only slightly better. Most of what Iyengar says about Nehru may be identified with the major lineaments of his biography. It is difficult to see how and where Nehru, the leader, becomes a creative writer.

The chapter on Mulk Raj Anand is more or less of an expository nature. Iyengar does a neat job of giving *resume*s of various novels, but we have to bear in mind that this does not, in itself, constitute critical assessment.

In R. K. Narayan, Iyengar seems to have found a novelist to his taste. Although his basic approach and the method of treatment still remain the same, his observations on Narayan's power of creating life-like people show that he knows his Narayan well. His analysis of the novels can serve as a good introduction to one who is about to embark on "discovering" Narayan. He traces the growth of the city of Malgudi which is at the centre of the world created by Narayan. He is right when he says that once Narayan moves out of Malgudi, he loses the sureness of his touch.

The present book should be considered more as a pioneering effort and as a reference book than as criticism, since it raises no significant critical problems nor does it solve any. Iyengar's principal contribution in the book lies in neatly compressing in about four hundred pages the whole gamut of Indo-Anglian literature.

NIRMAL MUKERJI

KEY TO MODERN POETRY, by Lawrence Durrell. Originally published by Curtis Brown Ltd., London; published in India by Rupa & Co., Calcutta, Allahabad, Bombay Rs. 5/-, pp. 196.

Interpretation of the modern mind and assessment of its most concentrated expressions found in its baffling poetry have always presented a challenge and a fascination to ambitious critical intelligence. Critics like Charles Williams, F. R. Leavis, C. Day Lewis, Louis MacNeice, Cleanth Brooks, David Daiches, Francis Scarfe and others have attempted the formidable task attacking the subject from various angles. But no one so far has so successfully and with such compression and clarity expounded the problem, as Lawrence Durrell has done in his " Key to Modern Poetry." The book really brings under one single cover the series of his lectures on modern poetry which he had delivered while he was Lecturer in English Literature attached to the British Council in Argentina during 1948. As these were composed as talks, they possess a refresing simplicity and an admirable naturalness which are usually missing in more ponderous and deliberately written critical treatises.

Mr. Durrell does a great service to the reader of modern poetry by devoting the first four chapters to the discussion of the shifting and illusive frame of reference which alone can make the modern poetic imagination intelligible and meaningful. The transformation of the mechanist notions of space, time, psyche, and ego into vitalistic concepts, with its inevitable effect on language, symbols, and rhythms is presented with ease and precision and is supported by copious quotations. The diffusion of the ego and of time are the central concepts which emerge in this analysis and explain the reasons of the metaphysical and mystical awareness which has begun to dominate Eliot, Auden and others.

The six chapters survey the poetic stream with all its tributaries from the 1890s to the beginning of the Second World War. It is a study remarkable for its grasp and for the numerous suggestive hints provoking a desire for a closer and deeper analysis. Durrell has not left out any poet of note, nor has he neglected minor poets, to whom also he has done real justice with just a few strokes of the brush.

The study is certainly an outcome of profound learning; but still more, it is a work of a critic who has felt the modern poetic spirit with all its prismatic variety and its uncanny depths. The printing however is most disappointing. It is full of errors, showing a deplorable disregard for accuracy. It does a great injustice to Mr. Durrell whose compelling analysis makes us ignore these defects of the printers.

B. N. JOSHI

GALSWORTHY'S PLAYS—A CRITICAL SURVEY by A. D. Choudhuri, D.Phil,; Orient Longmans, Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, New Delhi; Rs. 6/-; pp. 191.

Galsworthy's art and vision always present an exciting prospect. They invite fresh exploration and invariably repay the attempt by a revelation of amazing depths. Mr. Choudhuri has shown the truth of this assertion by bringing to light the profundity of insight which characterizes his plays. The study is certainly praiseworthy, more so because it is amply documented.

Mr. Choudhuri establishes the fact that Galsworthy possessed not only the zeal of a social reformer but also the earnestness of a humanist who seeks for an integration between man and his surrounding. He proves this thesis by examining each and every play of the dramatist and also all his playlets.

Mr. Choudhuri devotes a special chapter to the comparative study of Shaw, Granville-Barker, and Galsworthy and points out how Galsworthy " with his detached and judicial temperament may have a place between the two." He points out that Galsworthy is a " great humanist " who " stands for fair play, human understanding and fellow-feeling."

While examining the philosophy of Galsworthy, Mr. Choudhuri has rightly discussed his relation with Ibsen and shown that the English dramatist was as much stirred by the injustice to man by the society as it had happened with Ibsen. But all the time, the author has insisted on the effect of Galsworthy's gentlemanly restraint on his art and craft. It appears however that too much stress is given on the temperamental restraint, rather than the underlying passion which burns with an outraged sense of justice.

The craft of Galsworthy's plays is given sufficient attention though it seems that this aspect should have received a deeper study. The writer has devoted a special chapter to the contemporary theatre climate. The abundance of information presented here greatly helps in giving the reader a better grasp of the limitations and possibilities of the modern playwright.

The study is obviously done as a dissertation and possesses the character of a patiently documented learned treatise. Even then the writer's deep interest and his graceful style make the work highly appealing, in addition to its obvious use for the students of Galsworthy.

B. N. Joshi

HEYWOOD (A PROSE SHAKESPEARE), by Dr. M. N. Rama Sarma, Blackie & Son Ltd., 1962. Price Rs. 5/-, sh.7/6 pp. 155.

An actor and playwright in his own day, Thomas Heywood had lain securely under the dust of ages, until the critical endeavours of scholars like Drs. Una Ellis-Fermor, F. S. Boas, T. S. Eliot and Prof. Clifford Leech brought about a revival of interest in the dramatists of the Jacobean age in recent times. In his own right he deserves attention —having tried his hand at various types of plays like the romance, the chronicle—history and the domestic drama. That attention, curiously enough, has been withheld from him and he exists as a museum-piece. His prose acquires an intense poetic quality in dramatic moments and he is superb in portraying English domestic scenes excelling those of his contemporaries like Ben Jonson and Dekker.

The book under review is concerned with an exposition and appraisal of Heywood's contribution to the English drama, with special reference to his masterpiece *A Woman Killed with Kindness*. Dr. Sarma devotes two chapters to an examination of the domestic drama dealing with bourgeois life, manners, moralities and ethics, for appreciating *A Woman* in the right perspective, and recognising its superiority over its predecessor like *Arden of Ferversham* and *The Yorkshire Tragedy*. Considerable space is given to setting forth the problems suggested by a *A Woman* and to a lucid and instructive comparison of the play with others of a like theme, *viz.*, marital unfaithfulness. It is this part of the book that is most valuable. Dr. Sarma infers that the different treatments given to the theme of adultery in *Othello*, in Ford's *Loves Sacrifice* and Heywood's *A Woman*, are suggestive of the distinctive moral and ethical standards of the writers. This idea naturally leads him on to a discussion of Heywood's predilection for moralising and creating postures of opposition between good and evil in his plays. His observations on " the homiletic tradition " in the plays and his examination of Heywood's powers of characterisation and the employment of technical devices and artifices for dramatic effect will be appreciated greatly by students of Heywood.

The value of the book does not lie in the critical opinions that it endorses, but in its simplicity, and its lucid and analytical exposition of the salient features that a reader of Heywood is expected to know. This book should be particularly welcome to the Indian student whose courses of study include a knowledge of Heywood.

J. S. SASTRI

ARTHUR MILLER by Dennis Welland (Writers and Critics series), Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh and London, 1961; Price, 3sh. 6d. pp. 124.

Mr. Welland's book on Arthur Miller is painstakingly complete; it is only his judgements on the playwright that are partisan and sometimes downright obfuscating. For instance, his disagreement with the widely accepted verdict on *Death of a Salesman* that the playwright is either " a tragic artist confused by Marxism " or " a Marxist confused by tragedy " leads him to such extravagances as: " One of the

best defences of it was written eighteen years before the play itself by Aldous Huxley in an esssy called ' Tragedy and the Whole Truth ' ". Two pages later he declares that Willy Loman is an ' inner-directed ' man whose efforts to ' adjust ' to an ' other-directed ' society result in ' anomie '!

Even for the relatively poor *The Crucible* of which Kenneth Tynan declared that " the play often resembles the trial scene in *Saint Joan* with the Inquisitor's speech deleted " Mr. Welland has kind words. It has " very considerable dramatic power "; " the best technical achievement " of the play is in Miller's " communication of [a] faith "—" the simple faith of a country woman"; and then, Mr. Welland's clincher: "[the play] insists so relentlessly on the precariousness of the foothold of goodness in a world swept by a wind of evil blowing at hurricane force." This kind of verdict is obviously too Tolstoyan to bear much critical scrutiny.

All this is not to deny that Mr. Welland is often very perceptive. His discussion of *A View from the Bridge* by introducing the Greek concept of ' polis ' to which, Mr. Welland says, Eddie (in the play) belongs, is interesting for throwing light on Miller's work where ' the Family ' plays such a large part. Mr. Welland also, very rightly, praises *The Misfits* as " Miller's most mature and complex treatment of sex to date." On the whole, Mr. Welland's book, while disappointing about the major plays, is often accurate and interesting on those aspects of Miller's work which, while not being desparately topical like *The Crucible*, may well prove to be the more enduring part of his work.

T. G. VAIDYANATHAN

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, (Vols. 1-2) by David Daiches. Secker and Warburg, London; Price £5; pp. 1169.

In an age of specialisation it may no longer be considered wise to undertake an assessment of the entire stream of English literature from Beowulf to Joyce and Lawrence. It is now generally assumed that such ambitious projects should be undertaken only on a much larger canvas, and on a collaborative basis, each contributor displaying the fruits of his laborious researches (with or without any re-

levance to the overall pattern). Let it be said at the very outset that Professor Daiches's *History of English Literature* is a major literary achievement since, unlike most multi-volume histories of English literature., it presents the subject as an ingeniously integrated continuous whole, with hardly any patches of padding or dullness. It is indeed amazing to see how the author has managed to compress a wealth of critical comment within the compass of a thousand pages.

In fact, Dr. Daiches's earlier critical work seems to have achieved consummation in this book. A critic who had already written—and very successfully too—about Milton, Burns, Virginia Woolf, modern poetry, modern fiction, besides individual essays on Scott, Jane Austen, etc. (included in *Literary Essays*) was now ripe to present an orchestrated valuation of the entire range of English literature.

This *Critical History* is directed to students of literature and general readers; in fact, the author explicitly states in the preface that it "is one man's history of English literature; it is intended less as a work of reference than as a work of description, explanation, and critical interpretation." This is what makes it more readable than most other histories conceived on "higher" planes. Dr. Daiches never fails to make his comments refreshingly incisive, unpredictably witty and persuasively provocative. He has his own favourites (and who hasn't?), and then he can choose to spread himself more luxuriantly on the canvas. Scott and Burns, for instance, have never had a more generous critic (and for obvious reasons, of course), but it must be admitted that the "defence" never lacks logical conviction. Burns (he gets twelve pages) emerges in an entirely new light. "No man," observes Daiches, "has ever captured the feminine delight in prospective motherhood combined with the feminine joy in sexual surrender as Burns ..... Nor has any poet so powerfully and simply expressed the combination of tenderness and swagger, which is a purely male attitude towards love." Scott, Daiches argues, should not be understood as a mere romancer—his primary concern, in fact, was "with the impact of the past on the present and the relation of both to individual psychology."

The best chapters in the book are undoubtedly on Shakespeare and Milton. As a critic who has never been susceptible to bias in any form, he presents these major writers

in a strikingly fresh and balanced perspective. There is a plethora of new critical insights in this part of the book. Shakespeare's tragedies are analysed in terms of guilt and justice, while Milton's *Paradise Lost* acquires a new meaning in terms of " tragic ambiguity ". The subject of this great epic, he remarks, " is less the logical justification of the ways of God to men than the essential and tragic ambiguity of the human animal."

It is only the last chapter—" Epilogue; After the Victorians "—that seems to trail off rather inconclusively. And, surprisingly enough, the contemporary period has always been this critic's special field of enquiry. How one wishes, therefore, that Professor Daiches had written a little more expansively about his contemporaries. But then he may very well expect his readers to refer to his more specialised and well-rounded studies of modern poetry and modern novel, published earlier (*Novel and the Modern World*; *Poetry and the Modern World*).

A Critical History of English Literature is certainly a work of rare scholarship, uncompromising integrity and sound judgment.

WHITMAN (Writers and Critics Series), by Geoffrey Dutton. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh-London, available in India from M/s Blackie & Son, Bombay-Madras; Price 3/6d; pp. 120.

Whitman has still not been fully reclaimed from prejudice—both of his indiscriminate apologists and relentless critics. Most of the re-assessments of his work have been lop-sided, and perhaps none has made any effort to view him dispassionately and objectively. Presumably this is due to the fact that he has so long been under heavy fire from Baudelaire, Hawthorne, Melville, Rossetti, Henry James and Eliot that it is becoming increasingly impossible for critics to view his work in its " original, unsullied form." Indeed there is much in Whitman that is drab, chaotic, and charged with insincere emotion (especially when he chooses to expound, in terms of rhetoric, his " great concept of democracy ".) But he is none-the-less a poet whose influence on contemporary writing has been very palpable. Geoffrey Dutton's presentation of Whitman is completely free from " mockery or adulation;" he has been able to view him as the creator of a new myth, the exponent of a new aesthetic

theory, and as a prose-writer of great sensitivity and charm. Altogether a useful and illuminating book on a difficult subject.

SHAKESPEARE SURVEY, edited by Allardyce Nicoll. Vols. 13-14-15. Cambridge University Press, London; available in India from M/s Macmillan & Co., Ltd., Madras-Bombay; Price 27s. 6d. each; pp. 181, 180, 195.

Vol. 13 of *Shakespeare Survey* (an annual survey of Shakespearian Study and Production) centres round the theme of *King Lear*, and makes a significant contribution to the expository and valuatory material already available on the play. In an illuminating paper on " The Catharsis of *King Lear*," Stampfer shows that " the final penultimate tragedy of Lear is not the tragedy of *hubris*, but the tragedy of penance." After pointing out the fallacy in Bradley's and Empson's interpretation of Lear's last speech, Walton analyses it in terms of the general theme of knowledge and ignorance which constitutes the central meaning of the play. But the most outstanding essay in this volume is undoubtedly Kenneth Muir's thesis that " the mental illness of Lear has nothing supernatural about it." Here is a collection of articles which throw much new light on *King Lear;* this volume should indeed be of special use to the students of this play.

Volume 4 deals with Shakespeare's relationship to, and contrast with, his contemporaries. The opening essay presents an incisive assessment of the critical writing on Elizabethan and Jacobean drama since 1900—a commendable performance in compression and organisation of vast material. Amongst the important contributors of this volume are Harold Jenkins (" The Tragedy of Revenge in Shakespeare and Webster ") and Nicholas Brooke (" Marlowe as Provocative Agent in Shakespeare's Early Plays "). Webster, according to Jenkins, is not primarily concerned with the conflict between good and evil, but between life and death. This is what makes his " a smaller and less harmonious vision than Shakespeare's ..... It stresses suffering , but not reconciliation and forgiveness." Marlowe, according to Brooke, seems to have been to Shakespeare " not only a great poet, but the inescapable imaginative creator of something initially alien which he could only assimilate with difficulty, through a process of imitative re-creation merging into critical parody."

Volume 15 presents another important aspect of Shakespeare's genius—his poems, songs and music. The first section of this survey presents a judiciously organised resume of the twentieth century studies in Shakespeare's songs, sonnets and poems. One, however, feels that appropriate reference should have been made to William Empson's interpretation of Shakespeare's sonnets in terms of his various types of ambiguity. Hapgood's paper "Shakespeare and the Ritualists" deals perceptively with a comparatively less familiar aspect of Shakespeare's dramatic attitude.

Shakespeare Survey must now be recognised as perhaps the only authentic organ of Shakespearean criticism today. It offers its readers annually the results of painstaking researches into the various fields of Shakespearean studies.

BURNS—*A study of the poems and songs*, by Thomas Crawford. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh and London (available in India from M/s Blackie & Son, Bombay-Madras); Price 35 shillings; pp. 400.

Burns has never received any serious critical attention. Most of the books so far published on this subject are of a biographical nature (the only exception being Dr. Daiches's *Robert Burns*, 1952). One of the major hurdles in approaching Burns is his language (indeed this has been a serious barrier for even many Scots). But the linguistic obstacles are no greater than those that separate us from Chaucer or Gower. Crawford's critical study of Burns should be welcome particularly because it suggests possibilities of a new approach and understanding of this great Scottish poet. Presenting his work in a chronological sequence of growth and development, the author tries to discuss the social, political, satirical and religious strains in Burns's poetry. The chapter entitled "Categories and Motifs" sets out to appraise the diverse themes in his love-songs, for Crawford seems to stress that Burns was essentially a song-maker, in the Greek sense of the word. Burns, according to this critic, was fundamentally concerned with three aspects of human experience—the physical desire which is paramount in human nature, the comradeship between man and man, and the uniqueness and sanctity of individual human beings.

Crawford's *Robert Burns* is a fresh and illuminating study, almost definitive in its range of critical comment.

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I MEET RAJAJI

BY

MONICA FELTON

For more than forty years Chakravarti Rajagopalachari has been one of the most brilliant, controversial and unpredictable figures in Indian public life. Rajaji —as most people in India call him—was an intimate friend of Mahatma Gandhi, took a leading part in guiding the activities of the Indian National Congress, and when independence was achieved succeeded Lord Mountbatten as Governor-general of India. Monica Felton first met Rajaji in 1956, a week before his seventy-seventh birthday, at his home in Madras, where he was living in retirement, too fragile, it seemed, ever to take an active part in affairs again. Yet his curiosity was fresh and searching, the whole of his attention fixed on the future.

This book is the story of a contest of wills between an eager would-be-biographer and a subject who always —or nearly always—said no. But although Rajaji was seldom willing to talk about himself, there was scarcely any other subject that he did not talk about. He was, it soon appeared, ceaselessly active: pleading for the abolition of nuclear weapons, agitating for the retention of English as the official language of the Indian Union, criticising the policies of the Congress government, and finally forming a new political party.

By presenting Rajaji through his conversations with her, Mrs. Felton has succeeded in capturing the special decisive flavour of the man, and in vividly conveying to her readers the Indian atmosphere and approach to current problems.

$8\frac{3}{4}$ x $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. 208 pages, Rs. 15.

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