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THE MYTH OF THE TWO SHELLEYS

By M. M. Bhalla
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Modern scholarship from Carl H. Grabo to Neville Rogers has built up the myth of the 'Two Shelleys, Shelley the rationalist and sceptic and Shelley the Platonist and mystic'[1] with varying emphasis on the one or the other.[2] With this assumption, or a variation of this assumption, Shelley's career as a poet has been divided into distinct periods in which one of the two Shelleys dominates, with the other existing as an undertone producing incoherence or emotional and intellectual confusion.[3] So strong has been this myth that critics like Newman I. White and Bennet Weaver found it difficult to get rid of it, even when they discovered the mature Shelley dormant in the early writings.[4]

The purpose of this essay is to show that there are not two Shelleys, and that what is often assumed as an evidence for two Shelleys is, in fact, so much evidence for that peculiar approach to human destiny in which Shelley recognizes man existing as both a social being and an imaginative individual. 'To exist' means for Shelley a life lived in two worlds, *the outer* and *the inner*, the sociological and the imaginative, in such a way as to establish multiple relationships between the two. Perhaps this approach to human destiny was natural for a poet who lived in an age of 'Transition'[5] and who wanted to comprehend the significance of life in enlarged rather than limited perspectives. To view man only as a sociological phenomenon, or only as an imaginative being, or even both alternately, would have been to tilt the perspective of human living. But to be concerned with both would have implied a struggle for a synthesis, a vision in terms of which the inter-relatedness between the two could be possible. From *Queen Mab* onwards, Shelley's career as a poet is an attempt to seek that vision. It is true he was not destined by nature to find it, but the desire to seek it exists in his poetry from the beginning. It was only with

Prometheus Unbound that a possible synthesis begins to emerge, but the synthesis is limited to Platonism. I have said 'limited' because I think that whereas Platonism can explain evil as a privation which enlightenment can dispel, it cannot explain the permanent and inscrutable reality of evil as a valuable spur in the moral redemption of man. The Platonic ideas, useful in many ways in fusing Shelley's perceptions about Reality, Man, and Society, are too restrictive to explain the origin of evil—evil that has a functional value in the redemption of Prometheus. A Platonic Paradise can neither explain nor absorb the duality of good and evil.[6] Only theism can do that and, I think, Shelley felt the necessity of moving beyond Platonism to theism to suggest a complete and satisfying vision. *The Boat on The Serchio*, the *Prologue to Hellas*, and the various hints in the unfinished *Triumph of Life* show Shelley progressing towards an individually defined theism to resolve the various problems of human existence.

What evidence is there to support this thesis? For the present I shall only examine the early prose essays of Shelley, most of them posthumously published and conjecturally dated 1815,[7] but, as Newman I. White pointed out, 'may have been written in 1812' or 'it is probable, at any rate, that they were influenced by what was then written and lost.'[8] It is true that these conjecturally dated essays, 'On Love', 'On Life', 'On The Punishment of Death', 'Speculation on Metaphysics', 'Speculations on Morals' etc., are a collection of jottings, notes, and parts of chapters that were meant to be elaborated; but, despite their fragmentary nature, they reveal the trend of Shelley's thinking about the destiny of man. On the one hand he regards man as a social being correlative to a rationally conceived social structure, and on the other as an individual imaginative being correlative to a vaguely defined spiritual principle. That such a distinction exists in Shelley's mind is sufficiently warranted by these essays. In 'Speculations on Morals' he refers to 'a difference between social and individual man. But that this distinction is to be considered definite, or characteristic of one human being compared with another; it denotes rather two classes of agency, common in a degree to every human being.'[9]

Again, in his essay 'Speculations on Metaphysics', he draws a similar distinction, when he says, 'He is not a moral and an intellectual—but also, and pre-eminently, an imaginative being.'[10] Is it because of this distinction that Shelley calls moral science 'the doctrine of the voluntary actions of man, as sentient and social being?'[11] And is not this the distinction in Shelley's mind when he writes in his essay 'A Philosophical View of Reform': 'Lord Bacon, Spinoza, Hobbes, Boyle, Montaigne, regulated the reasoning powers, criticized the past history, exposed the errors by illustrating their causes and their connexions, and anatomized the inmost nature of *social man*'?[12]

Obviously, Shelley recognizes that man exists as both a social being and an imaginative being. As a social being, man is exposed to the influence of 'that legislature created by the general representation of the past feelings of mankind —imperfect as it is from a variety of causes, as it exists in government, the religion and domestic habits.'[13] And this social being receives his 'specific outline' from 'the material external world' and 'can no more escape (the influence of the external world) than the clouds can escape from the stream of wind; and his opinions, which he hopes he has dispassionately secured from all contagion of prejudice and vulgarity, would be found, on examination, to be the inevitable excrescence of the very usages from which he vehemently dissents.'[14] But as an imaginative being, man is a mystery, 'a being of high aspirations "looking before and after", whose "thoughts wander through eternity", disclaiming alliance with transience and decay; incapable of imagining to himself annihilation; existing but in the future and the past; being not what he is, but what he has been and shall be.'[15]

The imaginative being, called in the essay 'On Love', 'soul within our soul that describes a circle around its proper paradise, which pain and sorrow and evil dare not overleap,'[16] is above rational atomic system 'applicable only to the relation which one object bears another, as apprehended by the mind.'[17] In the case of the imaginative being 'internally all is conducted otherwise;[18] the efficiency, the essence, the vitality of actions, derives its colour from what in no way is contributed to from any external source.'[19]

There is 'a spirit' within this being 'at enmity with nothingness and dissolution.'[20] Above decay, chance, mutability and death, it has its own laws, and is essentially free from every altruistic determinism. It intuitively realizes its own existence and all those 'connexions in the train of our successive ideas, which we term our identity.'[21] The search for the knowledge of 'identity' of which the imaginative being is intuitively aware, is an affair of individual contemplation, gradually revealing 'the mind of man and the universe as the great whole.'[22] Shelley terms this knowledge 'love'—'the bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man but everything that exists.'[23] But to know or realize the identity of this being, is not merely to transcend the distinctions of life. It is to apprehend 'one of the operations of the Universal System (of beings),'[24] to arrive at 'unity of life', the 'most refined deduction of the intellectual Philosophy'.[25] How far a conception of this sort was influenced by Wordsworth,[26] Berkeley, and William Drummond[27] is a useful conjecture, but it is more interesting to notice that 'one' of the 'two classes of agency, common in a degree to every human being' is a state of existence above materialistic determinism and its contemplation 'materialism and the popular philosophy of mind and matter alike forbid.'[28]

Yet, in contradistinction to the imaginative being is the social being, determined and determinable by the sociological factors operating in the contemporaneous world. The social being is controlled and consequently regulated by the external circumstances including religion and government. As a correlative to society, the social being is regulated to other social beings. 'The basis of this relation is, undoubtedly, a periodical recurrence of masses of ideas, which our voluntary determinations have, in one peculiar direction, no power to circumscribe or to arrest, and against the recurrence of which they can only imperfectly provide.'[29] It is the determination of relations between social beings in the complex of any society that necessitates the application of moral science. 'We have to regulate our attitude to our fellow beings—hence ethics.'[30] If the aim of any social organization is to ensure the happiness of the persons composing it, then the 'forms according to which human society is administered'[31]

are to be considered as 'perfect or imperfect in proportion to the degree in which they promote this end.'[32] Obviously, any such judgement should begin with a study of the elementary feelings of man as a social being and the nature of the sociological structure in which these elementary feelings grow or take their specific outline. This also explains the necessity of reform, education, enlightenment to equip the social being to receive happiness; but not merely a quantity of happiness without reference to the mode of distribution of it.[33] The appeal of Godwin's secular altruism for Shelley is with reference to the social being weaving into the pattern of social life moral and intellectual problems of human relationships.

One, thus, finds in these early essays not so much evidence for two Shelleys, 'Shelley the rationalist and sceptic and Shelley the Platonist and mystic', as the peculiar attitude of regarding man's existence on two planes: the plane of imaginative being and the plane of social being, without that vision in which the inter-relationship between the two can be established. The Shelleyean attitude is quite akin to the attitude of the Personalist Philosophers of the modern world, particularly Nicolas Berdyaev who recognizes man existing as both an individual and a person. In his book, *Destiny of Man*, Nicolas Berdyaev says, 'Individuality is a naturalistic and biological category while personality is a religious and spiritual one. The individual is produced by the biological generic process; it is born and dies. But personality is not generated, it is created by God. It is God's idea, God's conception, which springs up in Eternity.'[34] Without suggesting any similarities of details between Shelley and Nicolas Berdyaev, for, unlike Nicolas Berdyaev, Shelley is outside the Christian Tradition, one only wishes to point out that Shelley recognizes that man is on one hand a social being, determined or determinable by the naturalistic laws, including those of practised religion; and on the other a free creative being seeking his identity with something 'beyond the sphere of our sorrow'.[35]

Even the letters written round about the *Keswick* period reveal that in Shelley's mind 'ideas, millions of ideas' are associated with one or the other agency of man. New-

man I. White discovered not only 'Shelley's surprising mental maturity in 1811' but also 'the amazing extent to which the mature Shelley was dormant in the youth of eighteen and nineteen.'[36] If, therefore, the stray sentences in the letters to Hogg and Elizabeth Hitchener forecast *The Sensitive Plant*, the central idea of *Prometheus Unbound*, the prose notes on 'Necessity' in *Queen Mab*, and even *Epipsychidion*,[37] it is because in the letters of the period Shelley has stated some of his ideas about the existence of man on the two planes, the social and the imaginative, but has done so without making any clear distinctions and even without knowing the vision within which relationships between the two would be possible. In one strain, Elizabeth Hitchener, as a 'sister of my soul',[38] an imaginative being, receives letters concerning the immortality of being, yet in another strain Shelley writes to her: 'Locke proves that there are no innate ideas, that in consequence, there can be no innate speculative, or practical principles, thus overturning all appeals to feeling in favour of a Deity, since that feeling did not exist; in consequence a time when it began to exist. Since all ideas are derived from the senses, this feeling must have originated from some sensual excitation...Locke proves this by induction too clear to admit of rational objection.'[39]

So, whereas Shelley could believe 'I will live beyond this life'[40] and 'I find you begin to doubt the eternity of the soul: I do not,'[41] he could also suggest with equal conviction that 'the senses are the only inlet of knowledge.'[42] The following extracts from the letters to Elizabeth Hitchener show Shelley arguing about the imaginative being:

> I will say then that all Nature is animated; that microscopic vision, as it has discovered to us millions of animated beings whose pursuits and passions are eagerly followed as our own; so might it, if extended, find that Nature itself is but a mass of organised animation. Perhaps the animative intellect of all this is in a constant rotation of change, perhaps a future state is no other than a different mode of terrestrial existence to which we have fitted ourselves in this mode.[43]
>
> Are we but bubbles which arise from the filth of stagnant pool, merely to be again reabsorbed into the mass of its corruption? I think not: I feel not. Can you prove it? Yet the eternity of

> man has ever been believed. It is not merely one of the dogmas of inconsistent religion though all religions have taken it for their foundation. The Wild American, who never heard of Christ or dreamed of Original Sin, whose 'Great Spirit' was nothing but the Soul of Nature, could not reconcile his feelings to annihilation: he too has his paradise.[44]

Yet along with these extracts, and quite often subsisting by their side, are Shelley's views about man as a sociological phenomenon, related to others on the social plane, receiving his pain and pleasure from the quality of social organization. He comments on friendship, marriage, government, and religion as forms of social relatedness, capable of being understood and analyzed on the rational or empirical plane. The attacks on Christianity,[45] on marriage,[46] and on human selfishness[47] were in fact attacks on certain powerful social modes.

Associated with this position of Shelley with regard to the two classes of agency, common in a degree to every human being, and arising out of it, is the confusing use of the term 'mind', signifying the corresponding faculties involved in the processes of knowing at the two planes. It is not critically illuminating to argue with Ellsworth Bernard, 'And indeed I think that a careful reading of Shelley's work as a whole will show that he regularly means by mind or thought not merely reason, the ratiocinative faculty, the discursive intellect, but all forms of psychic experience as well: sensation, emotion, imagination, will—in a word *consciousness*.'[48] I think Shelley uses the term 'mind' in two different senses corresponding to the two agencies, common in a degree to every human being. With the imaginative being 'mind' signifies intuition, and inward sense, metaphorically expressed as 'a river whose rapid and perpetual stream flows outward . . . . the caverns of the mind are obscure, and shadowy, or pervaded with lustre, beautifully bright indeed, but shining not beyond their portals.'[49] The mind in this respect is a law to itself and always seeks its 'identity' with the 'Universal System' of things. But with the social being Shelley uses the word 'mind' in the tradition of the eighteenth-century philosophers, Locke, Hume, and Hartley. 'The senses are the sources of all knowledge to the Mind.'[50] 'Mind can-

not create, it can only perceive. Mind is the recipient of impressions made on the organs of sense and without the action of external objects we should not only be deprived of all knowledge of the existence of mind but totally incapable of the knowledge of anything. It is evident, therefore, that mind deserves to be considered as an effect rather than the cause of motion. The ideas which suggest themselves too are prompted by the circumstances of our situation, these are the elements of thought, and from the various combinations of these our feeling, opinions and volitions, inevitably result.'[51] Consequently, when thinking about the social relatedness of men, Shelley deifies reason and relegates mind to an inferior position of a mere recipient at the mercy of the external world. It is in this respect that Alfred Cobban was justified in pointing out Shelley's affiliations to the philosophers of the eighteenth-century tradition.[52]

Both these agencies of a human being occupy Shelley's thinking with a good deal of inevitable confusion in his writings. In the early stages he has no vision or system to clearly define the relationships between the two. In fact, both subsist in the early essays and the early poetry. And this lack of an integrating vision is responsible for the often deplored 'emotional incoherence',[53] or 'the emotional and intellectual confusion',[54] or even the critical estimate that there is in Shelley's thinking 'a shift from a pure rationalism to rational empiricism and a further shift to an emotional point of view'.[55] In reality, one does not find 'idealism and Radicalism jockeyed back and forth,'[56] nor two political creeds into which his principal poems can be conveniently divided.[57] What one does find is the progressive development of the possibilities of relating 'two classes of agency, common in a degree to every human being'. That is the struggle in Shelley's poetry and therein lies its significance.

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2. For an emphasis on the former, *see* H. N. Brailsford, *Shelley, Godwin, and Their Circle* (London, fifth impression, 1930); Joseph Barrell, *Shelley and The Thought of His Time* (New Haven, 1947); Kenneth Neil Cameron, *The Young Shelley* (London, 1951). For an emphasis on the latter, *see* James A. Notopoulos, *The Platonism of Shelley* (Durham, 1949); Neville Rogers, *Shelley At Work* (London, 1956).
3. Floyd Stoval in *Desire and Restraint in Shelley* (Durham, 1931), pp. 292-3., divides Shelley's poetry into three distinct periods: 1810-14, the undertaking of a course of action calculated to satisfy some potent desire; 1814-May 1818, the partial or apparent consummation of that desire; and 1818—the last year, the disillusionment or the realization of that failure.
   Joseph Barrell, op. cit. pp. 28-9., considers that reform dominates from 1812 to 17, and idealism dominates from 1817 to 22.
   Carlos H. Baker in *Shelley's Major Poetry* (Princeton, 1948), pp. 39-40, thinks that up to 1817 Shelley preached the necessity of reform; from 1817 to 1819, he became convinced of the necessity of leadership by the wise and just; and by 1819 Shelley reached the conclusion 'that evil was essentially (though not wholly) a deficiency of spiritual vision.'
   A. M. D. Hughes in *The Nascent Mind of Shelley* (Oxford, 1947), p. 204, divides Shelley's poems into two classes: the conflict in the state and the conflict in the soul.
4. Newman I. White, *Shelley, a Biography*, 2 Vols, (London, 1947), Vol. I, p. 194. Bennet Weaver, 'Pre-Promethean Thought in the Prose of Shelley', *Philological Quarterly*, Vol. 27 (1948), pp. 193-208.
5. John Stuart Mill, 'The Spirit Of The Age' (1831), reprinted (Chicago, 1942) with introduction by F. A. Hayek.
6. The concept of the duality of good and evil persists in Shelley from *The Revolt of Islam* onward. Even Prometheus felt that the conflict of good and evil is 'Infinite as is the universe.' Shelley clearly enunciates this concept in the extract now entitled 'Roman Empire at the Time Of Christ' when he says, 'Good and Evil subsist in so intimate a union that few situations of human affairs can be affirmed to contain either of the principles in an unconnected state.' (*Verse and Prose* from the Manuscripts of Percy Bysshe Shelley, edited by Sir John C. E. Shelley-Rolls and Roger Ingpen, London, 1934, privately printed, p. 109).
7. W. M. Rossetti and H. Buxton Forman.
8. Newman I. White, op. cit. Vol. I, pp. 191-2. *See also* Carl H. Grabo, op. cit. p. 134.
9. *Complete Works Of Shelley, Julian Edition*, ed. Roger Ingpen and Walter Peck (London, 1926-9), Vol. x, Vol. vii, p. 82. Hereafter referred to only as *Julian*.
10. Ibid. p. 65.

11. 'Speculations On Morals', Ibid. p. 71.
12. Ibid. p. 8.
13. 'Speculations On Morals', Ibid. p. 82.
14. Ibid. pp. 82-3.
15. 'On Life', *Julian*, Vol. vi, p. 194.
16. 'On Love', Ibid. p. 202.
17. 'On The Punishment Of Death', Ibid. pp. 185-6.
18. In the essay 'Speculations On Metaphysics', *Julian*, Vol. vii, p. 61, Shelley says, 'We are intuitively conscious of our own existence, and of that connection in the train of our successive ideas, which we term our identity. We are conscious of the existence of other minds but not intuitively.' Does Shelley imply that our consciousness of others is empirical?
19. 'Speculations On Morals', Ibid. p. 83.
20. 'On Life', *Julian*, Vol. vi, p. 194.
21. 'Speculations On Metaphysics', *Julian*, Vol. vii, p. 61.
22. Ibid. p. 65.
23. 'On Love', *Julian*, Vol. vi, p. 201.
24. 'Speculations On Metaphysics', *Julian*, Vol. vii, p. 65.
25. 'On Life', *Julian*, Vol. vi, p. 196.
26. F. L. Jones, 'Shelley On Life', *P. M. L. A.*, Vol. 62 (1947), pp. 774-83. '*On Life* is full of ideas and phrases borrowed from *Tintern Abbey* and especially the *Ode*.'
27. George S. Brett, 'Shelley's relation to Berkeley and Drummond' in *Studies in English by Members of the University College, Toronto* (Toronto, 1931).
28. 'On Life', *Julian*, Vol. vi, p. 194.
29. 'Speculations On Metaphysics', *Julian*, Vol. vii, p. 61.
30. 'Speculations On Morals', Ibid. p. 71.
31. Ibid. p. 72.
32. Ibid.
33. *See* 'Speculations On Morals', *Julian*, Vol. vii, p. 72.
34. *Destiny Of Man* (London, 1937), p. 71.
35. Letter to Elizabeth Hitchener, 20 Nov. 1811, *Julian*, Vol. viii, p. 194.
36. Newman I. White, op. cit. Vol. I, p. 194. *See also* Carl H. Grabo, op. cit. p. 22.
37. Ibid. pp. 195-6.
38. Letter to Elizabeth Hitchener, 15 Oct. 1811, *Julian*, Vol. viii, p. 159.
39. Letter to Elizabeth Hitchener, 11 June 1811, Ibid. p. 101.
40. Letter to Elizabeth Hitchener, 26 Dec. 1811, Ibid. p. 226.
41. Letter to Elizabeth Hitchener, 7 Jan. 1812, Ibid. p. 238.

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46. Letters to Hogg, 13, 17, 19 May and 21 June 1811, Ibid. pp. 83-4; pp. 90-1; p. 94; pp. 111-2.
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49. 'Speculations On Metaphysics', *Julian*, Vol. vii, p. 64.
50. 'The Necessity Of Atheism', *Julian*, Vol. v, p. 207.
51. 'A Refutation Of Deism', Ibid. Vol. vi, p. 56.
52. Alfred Cobban, *Edmund Burke and the Revolt Against the Eighteenth Century* (London, 1929), p. 14.
53. D. G. James, *The Romantic Comedy* (Oxford, London, 1948), p. 68.
54. Ibid. p. 67.
55. Joseph Barrell, op. cit. pp. 28-9.
56. Ibid. p. 18.
57. A. M. D. Hughes, op. cit. p. 204.

DOROTHY RICHARDSON AND BERGSON'S *DURÉE*

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Since May Sinclair first described Dorothy Richardson's *Pilgrimage* as a series of indeterminate narratives woven round the protagonist Miriam Henderson whose 'stream of consciousness goes on and on,'[1] later critics[2] have invariably been emphasizing the lack of any aesthetic or philosophic design in her work. But on closer scrutiny one finds that Dorothy Richardson's novels are not entirely devoid of any such design; in fact, they are invested with significant overtones which act as centripetal forces in forging the seemingly chaotic mass of human experience into a unified pattern.

One of these motifs is Dorothy Richardson's persistent concern with the nature of duration, as commonly understood in a typical Bergsonian sense of the word. It may not be quite correct to say that in formulating her notion of *la durée*, she was directly influenced by the French philosopher. In a letter to this author she wrote: 'I was never consciously aware of any specific influence....No doubt Bergson influenced many minds, if only by putting into words something then dawning within the human consciousness: an increased sense of the inadequacy of the clock as a time-measurer.'[3] It should, therefore, be futile to establish any direct relationship when it seems that Bergson and Dorothy Richardson themselves, together with many other contemporary novelists, poets and philosophers, emerged in the first quarter of this century as manifestations of the same *zeitgeist*.

What, therefore, is really significant to note is the fact that interpreted in terms of Bergsonian *durée*, the novels of Dorothy Richardson acquire a new coherence and meaning not hitherto discerned by many critics. *Pilgrimage* is, for instance, more a journey through *la durée* than through space. In *Honeycomb*, the third novel in this series, Miriam Henderson's journey from London to Newlands (where she is to

be governess to Mrs. Corrie's children) is, in fact, a drive through time, in passive contemplation of things past.

> The journey was a long solitary adventure; endless; shielded from thoughts of the new life ahead. . . . Spring—a sudden pang of tender green seen in suburban roadways in April, one day in the Easter holidays, bringing back the forgotten summer. . . . Perhaps spring was coming all the year round. She looked back wondering. This was not the first time that she had been in the country in March. Two years ago, when she had first gone out into the world, it had been March. . . the night journey from Barnes to London, and on down to Harwich, the crossing in a snowstorm, the afternoon journey across Holland—grey sky, flat bright-green fields, long rows of skeleton poplars. . . the spring must have been there, in the darkness. And now, coming to Newlands, she had seen it again.[4]

Miriam's journey from London to Newlands reminds one of Marcel's drive to the Prince de Guermantes',[5] except that whereas in her mind the past flows along the stream of associated memories of springs gone by, in Marcel's the familiar streets of the Champs-Élysées evoke a vision of the associated past and time elapsed.

In *Pilgrimage* Dorothy Richardson, like Proust, is concerned with the problem of finding a clue to *le temps perdu*, and although she does not evolve any explicit theory of time, she finds, none the less, the secret of all art in passive remembrance of things past. Like Proust again, it is one of her tasks to 'find out exactly,' as Miriam reflects during a music concert, 'What kind of experience it is that returns of itself, effortlessly,'[6] for in such a revival alone, would time provide a clue to the reality of aesthetic experience. 'These strange unconsciously noticed things,' she again muses in the course of her daily routine at the Wimpole Street office, 'living on in one, coming together at the right moment, part of a *reality*.'[7]

This durational medium in which the mind shuttles backward and forward, recalling past experiences in the already fading glow of the present moment, is nothing else than *la durée*. It is 'the continuous life of a memory which prolongs the past into the present, the present either containing

within it in a distinct form the ceaselessly growing image of the past, or more probably, showing by its continual change of quality the heavier and still heavier load we drag behind us as we grow older.'[8] This load of the past, growing 'heavier and heavier' with the passage of years, is the central theme of *Pilgrimage*. Such an experience of life obviously cannot be represented by such arbitrary symbols as hours, months and years, hence (to quote Dorothy Richardson), 'the inadequacy of the clock as a time-measurer'.

Unlike James Joyce and Virginia Woolf, Dorothy Richardson has not conducted any experiments with time. She does not choose a day as in *Mrs. Dalloway*, nor its cross-section as in *Ulysses*; nor again does she treat a space of about three hundred years as in *Orlando*, nor all time as in *Finnegans Wake*. She presents in *Pilgrimage* only the normal span of Miriam's adolescence and youth from the age of seventeen to thirty-one. She further indicates such time-intervals as six months at Hanover, fifteen months at Pernes's Junior School, only to imply that such time-divisions are quite inadequate since they try to impose an arbitrary pattern on the dynamic evolution of personality through *la durée*.

After her return from Newlands, as Miriam takes up her lodgings with Mrs. Bailey at Tansley Street, St. Pancras clock, like Big Ben in *Mrs. Dalloway*, becomes a regular intruder into her inner consciousness. This obstrusive nature of external time is suggested in a symbolical incident in which Miriam, deeply engrossed in her song, is rudely accosted by a stranger.

> The figure of a man in an overcoat and a bowler hat loomed towards her on the narrow pathway and stopped...Miriam had a moment's fear; but the man's attitude was deprecating and there was her song....
>
> 'Well', she snapped angrily, coming to a standstill in the moonlit gap.
>
> 'Oh', said the man a little breathlessly in a lame broken tone 'I thought you were going this way.'
>
> 'So I am', retorted Miriam....
>
> The man stepped quickly into the gutter and walked quickly away across the road. St. Pancras church chimed the quarter. Miriam marched angrily forward with shaking limbs.[9]

And then her consciousness, related only to inner duration, again begins to flow regardless of the stranger's interruption and the chiming of St. Pancras.

Time, according to Dorothy Richardson, is a stream and therefore cannot be divided into such pure tenses as the past, present and future. The present moment, which may outwardly appear to have an independent identity of its own, is in truth the shadow of the past projecting itself into the future. This fluid nature of time dawns within her consciousness whenever Miriam descends into the soul's depths in silence and solitude. Walking back home one evening from a literary meeting, she falls into her usually reflective mood:

> And as the grey church drew near, bringing her walk to an end, she had realized for the first time, with a shock of surprise and a desire to drive the thought away, *how powerfully the future flows into the present and how, on entering an experience, one is already beyond it*, so that most occasions are imperfect because no one is really quite within them, save before and afterwards; and then only at the price of solitude.[10]

How close is the intimacy between Dorothy Richardson and Bergson with regard to their conception of time, may be seen from an extract from *Matter and Memory*. 'The essence of time,' says Bergson, 'is that it goes by...what I call "my present" has one foot in my past and another in my future. In my past, first, because "the moment in which I am speaking is already far from me;" in my future, next, because this moment is impending over the future...'[11]

Dorothy Richardson's method bears further resemblance to Bergson's presentation of the present moment of experience in its capacity to reveal both past and future. According to him, the associationists present a completely false picture of our mental processes in treating ideas as simple elements, atomic entities, capable of lending themselves to a mechanical mixture. Bergson does not dispute the contention of the associationists that every idea has a relation of similarity or contingity with the previous mental state. His criticism, however, is based on the objection that such an explanation 'throws no light on the mechanism of association; nor, indeed, does it really tell us anything at all.'[12] The fault with the

associationist theory is that it tries to over-intellectualize ideas. The correct explanation, according to Bergson, lies in 'the undivided unity of perception'.[13] Similarity or contiguity becomes meaningless unless it is itself accounted for. The truth is 'that our entire personality, with the totality of our recollections, is present, undivided within our actual perception. Then, if this perception evokes in turn different memories, it is not by a mechanical adjunction of more and more numerous elements which, while it remains itself unmoved, it attracts around it, but rather by *an expansion of the entire consciousness* which, spreading out over a larger area, discovers the fuller detail of its wealth.'[14]

This expansion of the present moment of experience to its larger dimensions, in an attempt to discover 'the fuller detail of its wealth', is precisely what Dorothy Richardson implies by 'the inner expansibility of space',[15] or the possibility of achieving 'a certain expansion of the consciousness at certain moments'.[16]

The working of Miriam Henderson's associative consciousness cannot be analyzed in terms of 'similarity or contiguity' as its true explanation lies in this inner expansion. In the course of a first meeting with Michael Shatov who delivers a long monologue on Russia, Miriam's mind experiences 'the irrevocable expansion of her consciousness'[17] over a vast space of mental landscape. To aesthetic minds of great sensibility alone is given the capacity to experience such moments of expansion at more frequent intervals and with greater perspicacity. No wonder it is with a feeling of great self-complacence that Miriam compares herself with Mr. Orly. 'One *moment* of my consciousness', she tells Michael, 'is wider and deeper than his has been in the whole of his life.'

The landscape over which the present moment expands is nothing else than *la durée*—a heterogeneous medium in which our states of consciousness are perpetually interpenetrating qualitatively.

Since Dorothy Richardson has categorically denied any direct influence of Bergson on her work, it becomes interesting to observe the close parallelism between her treatment of time and Bergson's *durée.* Analyzed in terms of durational flux, *Pilgrimage* assumes a new significance, not otherwise discernible.

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3. Letter to the author, dated 10 August 1952.

4. Dorothy Richardson, *Honeycomb* (London, 1917), pp. 2-5.

5. Cf. 'I was not traversing the same streets as those who were passing by; I was gliding through a sweet and melancholy past composed of so many different pasts ...': Marcel Proust, *Time Regained*, trans. Stephen Hudson (London, 1931), p. 200.

6. Dorothy Richardson, *Clear Horizon* (London, 1935), p. 75.

7. Dorothy Richardson, *Deadlock* (London, 1921), p. 176.

8. Bergson, *An Introduction to Metaphysics*, trans. T. E. Hulme (London, 1913), p. 38.

9. Dorothy Richardson, *The Tunnel* (London, 1919), pp. 93-4.

10. *Clear Horizon*, p. 147. (Italics mine)

11. Bergson, *Matter and Memory*, trans. N. M. Paul & W. S. Palmer (London, 1911), pp. 176-7. Cf. Dorothy Richardson's statement: 'The present can be judged by the part of the past it brings up,' *Interim* (London, 1919), p. 200.

12. *Matter and Memory*, p. 212.

13. Ibid. p. 215.

14. Ibid. pp. 215-16.

15. *Clear Horizon*, p. 75.

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17. *Deadlock*, p. 49.

18. Dorothy Richardson, *Dawn's Left Hand* (London, 1931), p. 10.

COLERIDGE AND THE BRAHMAN CREED

(Reflections of Indian Thought in Coleridge's Poetry)

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He who may behold, as it were, inaction in action, and action in inaction, is wise amongst mankind.

(Krishna to Arjuna in *The Bhagavad-Gita*)

. . . and at other times I adopt the Brahman Creed, and say—It is better to sit than to stand, it is better to lie than to sit, it is better to sleep than to wake—but death is the best of all.

(Coleridge's Letter to Thelwall, 14 Oct. 1797)

Coleridge's knowledge of the Orient was more profound than has been generally recognized. It was not confined to a few books of historical or travel literature. The 'library-cormorant' was deeply versed in most of the religious and philosophical writings of the East that were engaging the attention of eighteenth-century society. India was being discovered. The 'Bhang' (hemp) and the Brahmans, the *Bhagavad-Gita* and the *Institutes of Hindu Law*[1] were interesting subjects of discussion and Coleridge's inquiring and acquisitive mind was not slow to respond to the influences that were everywhere abroad in the literary climate of his time.

He did not write any Indian poem like Southey's *The Curse of Kehama* or Shelley's *The Indian Serenade* but his notebooks contain many evidences that he had some plans in mind. The list of his projected works includes the Hymns to the Sun and the Moon[2] which were probably inspired by Maurice's *History of Hindostan*.[3]

The third book of Maurice's history gives a clear account of the invasion of India by Bacchus.[4] The *Critical Review* suggested that this study might be 'a very useful clue for every one who wishes to dig in the vast mine of oriental literature.[5] Coleridge perhaps caught the hint and when he drew up his second list of projected works in 1803, he included

'The Conquest of India by Bacchus in Hexameter'[6] which he thought 'might afford scope for a very brilliant poem of the fancy and the understanding.'[7] Some fragments in his poetical works also prove that he was consciously reading Indian literature with a view to collecting materials for his projected works.

The *Oriental Collections*[8] published a description of the Banian tree and the Indian Fakir:

> Near Manjee, a small town at the confluence of the Dewah or Gogra and the Ganges, about 20 miles west of the city of Patna, there is a remarkably large Tree called a Bur or Banian Tree, which has the quality of extending its branches...to a considerable distance from its stem—and of then dropping leafless fibres to the ground...From the opposite pretty high bank of the Ganges, and at the distance of near eight miles, we perceived this tree, of a pyramidical shape...
>
> Under the tree sat a Fakir, a devotee. He has been there 25 years,...[9]

It is very likely that Coleridge read this account and used it in his fragmentary verses which he probably intended to incorporate in one of his projected Indian poems:

> As some vast Tropic tree, itself a wood,
> That crests its head with clouds, beneath the flood
> Feeds its deep roots, and with the bulging flank
> Of its wide base controls the fronting bank...
>
> ....
>
> ...low murmurs stir by fits
> And dark below the horrid Fakir, sits—.
> An Horror from its broad Head's branching wreath
> Broods o'er the rude Idolatory beneath—[10]

Though nothing came of his projects, yet his knowledge of Hindu thought and mythology seems to have left a notable mark on the poetry of his early period, when he was deeply occupied with atheism, deism and other problems concerning the origin and cults of all religions. The pantheism of *The Eolian Harp*, the demonic agencies in *The Ancient Mariner*, the intense longing for deep self-possession and calm repose in *Osorio* and *The Triumph of Loyalty* and

perhaps the principles of transmigration embodied in *Christabel*, partly accrued from his knowledge of Brahmanic literature, for Coleridge 'rarely read or heard anything from which he did not abstract some aspect of thought to be considered, set in its place and eventually transformed by a brain whose range and capacity was astounding, ...'[11]

This aspect of Coleridge's philosophical development has been overlooked, probably because the spell of Brahmanism was subordinated to the overshadowing influence of Western philosophers and was not so powerful as to have urged him to christen any one of his sons after a Brahman. Yet what has often been attributed to Leibnitz, Spinoza and opium came in part from the pantheistic and philosophical statements of the *Bhagavad-Gita*[12] and the *Institutes of Hindu Law*.[13] Coleridge himself acknowledges the tribute he paid to these 'foreign potentates'.[14]

Maurice's *Hindostan* no doubt stimulated Coleridge's interest in the customs and manners of the Brahmans of India but that was not all. Lowes says, 'Coleridge was reading Maurice but he was also going back at first hand to the sources of Maurice's information by following up his footnotes.'[15] Even as late as 1817, his interest in India had not ceased and Coleridge was reading Abbé Dubois' book, *Description of the People of India*,[16] which was translated from the French. Coleridge's annoted copy of Dubois is in the British Museum and probably he used this book for his philosophical lectures in 1819.[17] Also he seems to have borrowed Hodge's *Travels in India*, and *The History of the Hindoos* from the Bristol Library through Lovell and Cottle.[18] Coleridge's brother was in the East India Company and he may have known through him something about the Brahmans and their culture. In Lowes' words, 'With the East India Company and the army in the family, and the British Navy, to what would such a group of "little Actors" fit their tongues?'[19]

The similarity between some of the Brahmans and Coleridge as regards their narcotic habit is so striking that it deserves a brief mention in passing. The Brahmans often took resort to 'bhang' for its pleasing effect on the senses while Coleridge sought for this bliss in the use of opium and

was also fascinated by the exhilarating effect of 'Bhang' which he had read perhaps in Purchas' *Pilgrimage*:

> ...Bangue is another receit of like use, especially with slaves and souldiers, made them drunk-merrie, and so to forget labour.[20]

Colridge was himself trying it with his friend T. Wedgwood for raising his drooping spirits. He wrote to Samuel Purkis in 1803 to obtain it from Sir Joseph Banks:

> I write now to ask a little favour of you. There is a preparation of the Indian Hemp, called Bhang, or Bang, Banghee, the same drug, which the Malayas take and under the influence become most valiant, Draw Causirs, run amuck, etc...[21]

Possibly he was under the influence of 'Bhang' when he jotted down the following entry in his notebook in 1803:

> When in a state of pleasurable and balmy quietness I feel my Cheek and Temple on the nicely made-up pillow...When I sank on my pillow, I was entering that region and realised Faery Land of Sleep—O then what visions have I had, What dreams.[22]

'Bhang' is quite conducive to such visionary and idyllic situations which Coleridge often felt. The emphasis on the green colour, 'a spot of enchantment, a green spot of fountains and flowers and trees...,'[23] and 'some wilderness-plot, green and fountainous,'[24] sometimes makes one doubt whether the laudanum which gave him divine repose might have contained some portions of Indian Bhang whose effect is practically the same as Coleridge realized. One feels floating in the air and everything, as I am told by a Bhang-eater, appears green to the sight.

There is a manuscript in the possession of the Huntington Library which Muirhead thinks to be clearly a part of Coleridge's great work, *Opus Maximum.*[25] It includes an interesting comment by Coleridge on Brahmanism.[26] No date is given but his adverse criticism of the pantheistic philosophy suggests that it was written perhaps in or after the first decade of the nineteenth century when he was a full convert to Platonism and when he had discarded not only the Indian pantheism but all kinds of pantheisms whether of Spinoza or of the Romans and the Greeks.

Nevertheless there are some important points in Coleridge's manuscript commentary that deserve our attention. It proves Coleridge's astonishing range of mind which was deep in all out-of-the-way books. He knew almost all the philosophical and religious writings of the Hindoos particularly those which were translated by Jones and Wilkins, and read them critically. Having discovered kindred thoughts in them, he was struck with delight and wonder in his early poetic career and questioned himself:

> And what then have I seen?
> What are
> These Potentates of Inmost Ind.
>
> (Huntington Library Mss. 8195)

The personality and the additional mystery of secondary impersonations, metamorphoses and incarnations 'danced in and out like wandering flashes from a distant country' and Coleridge came under their influence. His acknowledgement in the manuscript is obvious:

> I have myself paid this debt of homage on my first presentation to these foreign potentates by aid of the great linguists mentioned above (Jones & Wilkins). But having so done I took a second and more leisurely view...
>
> (Huntington Library Mss. 8195)

The spell was short-lived and disappeared on his 'second and more leisurely' reading but its presence cannot be denied especially in his earlier poems.

The English interest in India at the close of the eighteenth century was fairly wide and most of the periodicals, not only those that exclusively dealt with oriental studies, contained accounts of India. On 28 March 1796, Coleridge borrowed from the Bristol Library a copy of *Anthologia Hibernica*, Vol. I, 1793.[27] In this volume there is an article 'On the Birds of Paradise & Phoenix' from Dr. Foster's essay on India in which the description of these birds is given that they have no feet and are always on the wing, pass their lives in the air and feed on this element.[28] The article, Professor Lowes says, is so striking that after reading this Coleridge may have

changed these lines[29] first jotted down in his notebook and later incorporated in *The Eolian Harp*:

> Light cargoes waft of modulated sound
> From viewless Hybla brought, when melodies
> *Like Birds of Paradise* on wings, that aye
> Disport in wild variety of hues
> Murmur around the honey-dropping flowers.
>
> (*Notebooks*, I, entry 51, G. 43)

Coleridge was then revising his *Eolian Harp*; he refers to it as finished on 30 March 1796, and so when the poem was published next month in April, the Birds of Paradise became footless:

> Footless and wild, like Birds of Paradise,
> Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untam'd wing!
>
> (*The Eolian Harp*, 24-5)

But *The Eolian Harp* breathes a deeper influence of the 'Potentates of Inmost Ind'. There is an entry in Coleridge's Gutch Memorandum Notebook:

> *Institutes of Hindu Law or the Ordinances of Menu*, Debrett.
>
> (*Notebooks*, I, entry 302, G. 299)

Institutes of Hindu Law or *The Ordinances of Menu* was translated from the Sanskrit by Sir William Jones and published in 1794 and 1797. It was reviewed in the *British Critic*, December 1796 and January 1797. Coleridge not only made a note of this book in his diary but read the whole of it rather critically. He pointed out to Poole the priestcraft and despotism behind the Hindu system but at the same time acknowledged the merit of the first and the last chapters:

> *Menu's Ordinances* exhibit a mournful picture of an hedious union of Priestcraft and Despotism. The first chapter contains sublimity and next to the first the last is the best.[30]

Coleridge admired parts of the *Hindu Law* because he found his own thoughts reflected in them—thoughts that gave him a sense of the vastness of the universe and corresponded with his notion of sublimity. Thorpe has summed up Cole-

ridge's idea of the sublime and says that literature and the other arts are sublime to him when they convey an impression of infinite power or of an obscure and undefined being.[31] 'Creation of the universe', 'the supreme soul present in all creatures', whether in an albatross or a water-snake, 'the sole eternal mind, infinitely benevolent...with operation most subtle', form the main subjects of discussion in the first and the last chapters of the *Institutes of Hindu Law*. Coleridge for whom metaphysics and facts of mind were darling studies felt inevitably drawn towards them and their echoes may be traced in some lines of *The Eolian Harp*:

> Methinks it should have been impossible
> Not to love all things in a world so filled
> Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
> Is Music slumbering on her instrument.

According to the *Hindu Law* it is the sole self-existing Power which fills the world with his emanations and makes himself discernible to man through the five senses and other principles of Nature. Such ideas strengthened Coleridge's own belief in the unity and universal love of all things which he had already claimed in *Religious Musings*:

> 'Tis the sublime of man,
> Our noontide Majesty, to know ourselves
> Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole!

His mind 'ached to behold and know something great, something one and indivisible'[32] and *The Ordinances of Menu* speak of this oneness and the 'wondrous whole' thus:

> Let every Brahmin with fixed attention consider all nature, both visible and invisible, as existing in the divine spirit; for when he contemplates the boundless universe existing in the divine spirit he cannot give his heart to iniquity.[33]

Coleridge in *The Eolian Harp* thinks, like a true Brahman, of all the world seated in the divine spirit. The whole nature becomes animated; the breeze warbles, and the mute air is 'Music slumbering on her instrument'. But these notes of deeper meaning can be heard by those alone who possess a penetrating intellect to discern the emanations of the

Almighty or in other words who are endowed with Brahmanic contemplation:

> And what if all of animated nature
> Be but organic Harps diversely framed,
> That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps
> Plastic and vast one intellectual breeze,
> At once the Soul of each and God of all?
>
> (*The Eolian Harp.*, 44-48)

The Eolian Harp, besides being a honeymoon poem, is an impulsive attempt of Coleridge's intellect to feel and grasp the unity of the universe through the 'soft floating witchery of sound' produced by that simple lute. The secret power of music enkindles the human body and soul alike making the external internal, and the internal external.

Coleridge's *Eolian Harp*, possibly by 'some flow of associations from the twilight realm of consciousness', is transformed into the symbolic lute of Nared in Hindu mythology which is described in *The Ordinances of Menu* and Maurice's *History of Hindostan.* Maurice gives an allegorical interpretation of the lute ('Vina') of Nared and says, 'I consider Nared, therefore, allegorical...The Orientals indeed seem to have entertained very early and very high conceptions of the amazing power of music, since they make the union of human body and soul to be the result of the energies of harmony.'[34] Coleridge might have also read the following account of Nared in the *Asiatic Researches*:

> A very distinguished son of Brahma, named Nared, bears a strong resemblance to Hermes or Mercury, he was a wise legislator...and a musician of exquisite skill. His invention of the 'vina' or the Indian lute is thus described in the poem entitled *Magha*, 'Nared sat watching from time to time his large vina, which by the impulse of the breeze, yielded notes that pierced successively the regions of his ears and proceeded by musical intervals.'[35]

Southey used this material in his poem, *The Curse of Kehama*, published in 1810:

> The lute of Nared, warbling on the wind,
> All tones of magic harmony combined
> To sooth his troubled mind.[36]

He also added a note that 'the Vina is an Eolian Harp'. When Coleridge published his poem again in the *Sibylline Leaves* in 1817, he called it *The Eolian Harp* and not an *Effusion*, possibly under the influence of Nared. The evidence of his familiarity with the above passage seems strong because the same feelings were expressed later in *The Destiny of Nations*:

> The zephyr-travell'd Harp, that flashes forth
> Jets and low wooings of wild melody
> That sally forth and seek the meeting Ear,

The pantheistic strain of thought is carried further in *The Destiny of Nations* under the dominant influence of Leibnitz and Spinoza, who regarded 'matter and spirit as two fundamental attributes or principal properties of the all-embracing divine essence of the world, the universal substance.'[37] When he wrote,

> But properties are God, the naked mass
> (if mass there be, fantastic guess or ghost)
> Acts only by its inactivity.
>
> (*The Destiny of Nations*, 36-8)

he was still relying solely on the evidence of his senses and reason and had not quite realized their incompatibility with the doctrines of omneity and infinity as he did later when pantheism led him to neo-platonism. He gave every object then a sort of life and passion and motion attending it in order to impress the belief of a unity, as one finds in the lines:

> Some nurse the infant diamond in the mine:
> Some roll the genial juices through the oak:
> Some drive the mutinous clouds to clash in air,
> And rushing on the storm with whirlwind speed,
> Yoke the red lightnings to their volleying car.
> Thus these pursue their never-varying course.
>
> (*The Destiny of Nations*, 50-5)

Generally the Monism of Leibnitz is assumed to have inspired the above lines in Coleridge. But there is a similar passage in the *Bhagavad-Gita* conveying almost the same meaning which Coleridge read with great interest and since

he was repelled by the poetic images of the Indian poets, he seems to have distilled all its harsh-sounding words and images into his own lucid and poetic style. The more I read and compare the *Monad* and the *Bhagavad-Gita* passage, the more strongly I feel the affinity between the two and the former appears to be a perfectly 'Coleridgianized' version of the latter, which is as follows:

> Oh mighty Spirit, behold the wonders of the awful countenance with troubled minds. Of the celestial bands some I see fly to thee for refuge; whilst some afraid with joined hands sing forth thy praise. The Maharshees holy bands hail thee and glorify thy name with adorating praises, the Roodras, the Adeetyas, the Vasoos and all those beings of the world esteemeth good; Asween and Kumar, the Maroots and the Ooshmapas; the Gandharvas and the Yakshas, with the holy tribes of Soors, all stand gazing on thee...[38]

or in Coleridge's words:

> ..alike obedient all
> Evolve the process of eternal good.
>
> (*The Destiny of Nations*, 58-9)

The evidence seems strong because on a loose leaf between ff. 264-5 of the Huntington Mss. of Chapters of the *Opus Maximum* there is an extract from the *Bhagavad-Gita* in J. H. Green's hand[39] which Coleridge admired as 'a piece of taste'[40] in his philosophical lectures.

> Extract from the *Bragavat-greeta* [*Bhagavad-Gita*] or Dialogues of Kreeshna and Arjoon:
>
> I behold O God: Within thy breast the Dews [Devas] assembled, and every specific tribe of beings. I see Brahma that Deity sitting on his lotus-throne: all the Reeshees and heavenly Ooragas. I see thyself, on all sides, of infinite shape, formed with abundant arms, and bellies, and mouths, and eyes; but I can neither discover thy beginning, thy middle, nor again thy end, O Universal Lord, form of the Universe! I see thee with a crown, and armed with club and Chakra, a mass of glory, darting refulgent beams around. I see thee, difficult to be seen, shining on all sides with light immeasurable, like the ardent fire on glorious sun...Thou art prime Supporter of the universal orb! Thou art the never failing and eternal

guardian of religion! Thou art from all beginning, and I esteem Thee Pooroosh, 'I see thee without beginning, without middle, without end; of valour infinite; of arms innumerable; the sun and moon thy eyes; thy mouth a flaming fire, and the whole world shining with thy reflected Glory.'

The Spaces between the heavens and the earth is possessed by thee alone, and every point around: the three regions of the universe, O mighty Spirit! behold the wonders of thy awful Countenance with troubled minds. Of the celestial bands, some I see fly to thee for refuge; whilst some afraid with joined hands, sing forth thy praise. The Maharshees, holy bands, hail thee, and glorify thy name with adorating praises. The Roodras, the Adeetyas, the Vasoos, and all those beings the world esteemeth good; Asween and Koomar, the Maroots and the Ooshmapas, the Gandharvs and the Yakshas—with the holy tribes of hoors [soors], all stand gazing on thee and all alike amazed! The worlds, alike with me, are terrified to behold thy wondrous form gigantic; with many mouths and eyes; with many arms, and legs and breasts; with many bellies and with rows of dreadful teeth! Thus as I see thee, troubling the heavens and shining with such glory! of such various hues, with widely-opened mouths, and bright expanded eyes, I am disturbed within me: my resolution faileth me, O Veeshnoo; and I find no rest! Having beholden[41] [thy dreadful teeth, and gazed on thy countenance, emblem of Time's last fire, I know not which way I turn! I find no peace! Have mercy then O God of Gods! thou mansion of the Universe!

The sons of Dareetarashtra, now with all those rulers of the land, Bheeshma, Dron, the son of Soot, and even the fronts of our army, seem to be precipitating themselves hastily into thy mouths, discovering such frightful rows of teeth! Whilst some appear to stick between thy teeth with their bodies sorely mangled.

As the rapid streams of full flowing rivers roll on to meet ocean's bed; even so these heroes of the human race rush on towards thy flaming mouths. As troops of insects, with increasing speed, seek their own destruction in the flaming fire; even so these people, with swelling fury seek their own destruction. Thou involvest and swallowest them altogether, even unto the last, with thy flaming mouths; whilst the whole world is filled with thy glory, as thy awful beams, O Vishnoo, shine forth on all sides!

Reverence be unto thee, thou most exalted! Deign to make

Extract fm the Bhăgăvăt-greetā or Dialogue of Kreeshnă and Arjŏŏn.-

I behold O God! within thy breast the Dews assembled, & every specific tribe of beings. I see Brahma that deity sitting on his lotus-throne; all the Reeshees and heavenly Ooragas. I see thyself, on all sides, of infinite shape, formed with abundant arms & bellies, and mouths, & eyes; but I can neither discover thy beginning, thy middle, nor again thy end, O universal Lord, form of the universe! I see thee with a crown and armed with club and Chakra, a mass of glory darting refulgent beams around. I see thee, difficult to be seen, shining on all sides with light immeasurable, like the ardent fire or glorious Sun. Thou art the Supreme Being, incorruptible, worthy to be known! Thou art prime supporter of the universal orb! thou art the never failing & eternal guardian of religion! thou art from all beginning, & I esteem thee Pooroosh. I see thee without beginning, without middle, without end; of valour infinite; of arms innumerable; the sun and moon thy eyes, thy mouth a flaming fire, & the whole world shining with thy reflected ...

The first page of an unpublished extract from the Bhagavad-Gita of special interest to Coleridge.

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> known unto me who is this God of awful figure! I am anxious to learn thy source, and ignorant of what thy presence here portendeth.]

The extract copied by Green on the loose leaf is incomplete and slightly incorrect. It comes to an abrupt end although Coleridge wanted to include some more verses from the *Bhagavad-Gita* which I have incorporated above within brackets. In his Ms. Commentary on Brahmanism, he says, 'Here comes in the annexed extract of three pages, ending with the words, "I am anxious to learn thy source and ignorant of what thy presence portendeth." '[42] There may be two possibilities. The third page of the extract is either missing or Green could not copy the remaining part and left it incomplete.

The poet whose endeavours were directed to persons and characters supernatural or at least romantic would have hardly failed to notice in Maurice's *Hindostan* or in *The Ordinances of Menu*, the description of the 'Benevolent genii and fierce giants, blood-thirsty savages, heavenly quiristers, nymphs and demons, huge serpents and snakes of smaller size, birds of mighty being,'[43] forming part of the creations of Brahma. The Indian doctrine of good and evil genii, or daemons, variously operating upon mankind is described by Maurice[44] but Coleridge also knew of the Persian 'Deves' (Demons) and 'Peris' (Fairies) through Dr. Hyde,[45] Herbelot[46] and others. These shadows of imagination gave him the idea of the vastness of the universe and he wrote:

> The Asiatic genii and fairies are always endowed with moral qualities and distinguishable as malignant or benevolent to man. It is this uniform attribution of fixed moral qualities to supernatural agents of Eastern Myth that particularly separates them from the divinities of old Greece.[47]

Perhaps the supernatural agencies in *The Ancient Mariner* mainly borrowed from Josephus and Michael Psellus are partly influenced by the oriental conception of the good and the evil spirits, for 'Nightingales, and snakebirds, and footless birds of Paradise; the fauna of polar and of tropic seas, the dæmons of the elements, stars and their angel guardians...—all sank below the level of Coleridge's conscious

mental processes, and disappeared.'[48] The polar Spirit and his fellow demons in *The Ancient Mariner* are invisible creatures of the South and Maurice tells us that according to ancient Indian geographers, the southern hemisphere is represented as a land of darkness and horrors inhabited by evil demons.[49]

Coleridge very often fell into a mystic mood leading him to strange sensations more or less akin to those of the sophis when it flashed upon his mind that 'the then company, conversation, and every thing had occurred before, with all the precise circumstances; so as to make Reality appear a Semblance,'[50]...Earlier he had spoken to Poole of his feelings that 'the present has appeared like a vivid dream or exact similitude of some past circumstances.' Ideas of immortality and the pre-existence of the soul occupied his mind and he wishes to give vent to such uncommon experiences in poetry when he wrote:

> Oft o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll
> Which makes the present (while the flash doth last)
> Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past,
> Mixed with such feelings, as perplex the soul
> Self-questioned in her sleep; and some have said
> We lived, ere yet this robe of flesh we wore.
>
> (Sonnet on *The Birth of His Son*, 1-6)

The last two lines are of Platonic origin no doubt, but Coleridge was fully familiar with the doctrines of metempsychosis and wanderings of the soul associated with Pythagoras whom he regarded to be the father of philosophy.[51] Through Purchas and others he had also learnt that the belief in the transmigration of the soul was commonly spread through many nations of the world and considered it extremely probable that Pythagoras was the founder of this belief among the Hindus in India.[52]

In a chapter on 'The Transmigration of the Soul' in *The Road to Tryermaine*, Nethercote discusses the various Greek, Roman and Indian sources from which Coleridge derived his knowledge of metempsychosis[53] and thinks it an integrally related subject in explaining the puzzling personality of Geraldine in *Christabel* for 'the previous life of the soul and its rehabilitation of earthly bodies were the subjects in which

Coleridge was sufficiently interested in 1796 to make jottings on them for his notes.'[54] Among the Indian sources, *The Bhagavad-Gita* and *The Ordinances of Menu* provided ample scope for such thoughts and studies and he might have read these verses in the former with some interest:

> But I and thou have passed many births, mine are known to me; but thou knowest not of thine...
>
> (Krishna to Arjuna in the *Bhagavad-Gita*.)

The mystery surrounding *Christabel* remains unsolved and what ideas Coleridge wished to present through his enigmatic characters is difficult to speculate from the fragmentary poem. But still, considering Coleridge's predilection for knowledge revealing the mystery of the soul and the unknown past and his deep interest in the problems of crime and expiation at the time of writing *Christabel*, it may not be injudicious to trace the shadows of these thoughts in the poem.

There are some vague suggestions in *Christabel* hinting at Coleridge's probable intention to embody some principles of transmigration in his characters. He was already impressed by the sublimity of the last chapter of the *Ordinances of Menu* which is on 'The Transmigration and Final Beatitude' and deals with the triple order of the souls:

> Souls endowed with goodness attain always the state of deities; those filled with ambitious passions the condition of men; and those immersed in darkness the nature of beasts...[55]

Nethercote thinks Geraldine to be a victim of some dæmonic possession as the believers in metempsychosis had described.[56] From her behaviour it appears to me that she is a soul that in her previous existence was immersed in darkness and after her bodily death has been endowed with a beastly nature, part woman and part serpent. Bracy's allegoric dream also confirms her reptile existence and in this state she is passing through a sort of purgatorial process in which she acutely suffers in expiation of her former crimes. She is described as unholy and unblest, possessing 'a snake's small eye that blinks dull and shy!'

On the other hand, Christabel's mother has attained the

state of a deity or a guardian angel on account of her virtuous conduct in the past life. Her benevolent and hovering presence is felt throughout the whole poem.

Even Sir Leoline's order for the warriors who had molested Geraldine harks back to the same theme of transmigration:

> And let the recreant traitors seek
> My tourney court—that there and then
> I may dislodge their reptile souls
> From the bodies and forms of men!
>
> (*Christabel*, Part II, 440-3)

Their present bodily state is no doubt of men but their wickedness will bestow upon them the form of reptiles in their next generation. About the transformation of souls into reptiles Coleridge probably knew from an article in the *Philosophical Transactions* entitled, 'An Account of the Brahmins in the Indies, etc...' by Mr. J. Marshall which is devoted to the Indians' belief in metempsychosis. It says, 'They believe that Men's souls, that have not lived so well as they ought, go, as soon as the body dies, not only into Birds and Beasts, but even into basest reptiles, Insects and Plants where they suffer a strong sort of Purgation to expiate their former crimes....'[57]

I have already referred to Coleridge's momentary moods of mysticism which led him to probe deep into the baffling questions of metaphysics. But this was just one of the many phases of his intellectual faculty which was quite powerful to generate in him a spirit of deep absorption, now filling him with disgust and contempt for everything around him and now making him yearn for 'something one and indivisible'. Sometimes he raised and spiritualized his intellect as a Berkleyan when he stood struck with the deepest calm of joy,

> ... gaze till all doth seem
> Less gross than bodily, and of such hues
> As veil the Almighty Spirit, when yet he makes
> Spirits perceive his presence.
>
> (*The Lime-Tree Bower My Prison*, 40-3)

and sometimes he chose to live in a state of vacuum or blankness that gave him deep repose. This habit of apparent idle-

ness he had discovered in the Indian philosophers and when he wrote to Thelwall on 14 October 1797, he had proved upon his pulses the truth of their creed:

> ...and at other times I adopt the Brahman creed and say—It is better to sit than to stand, it is better to lie than to sit, it is better to sleep than to wake—but Death is the best of all!—I should much wish like the Indian Vishnu to float along an infinite ocean cradled in the flower of the Lotos and wake once in a million years for a few minutes—just to know that I was going to sleep a million years more.[58]

Generally opium is blamed as having induced Coleridge to write the above passage. Professor Griggs thinks that the wish he expresses 'to float about along an infinite ocean cradled in the flower of the Lotos' suggests the effect of opium,[59] not at all considering the fact that it was part and parcel of Coleridge's creed and that he had adopted it deliberately. At times he felt inclined to sanctify even myths and superstitions and recognized them as 'ever-varying incarnations of the eternal Life'. He wrote to Godwin:

> At times I dwell on Man with such reverence, resolve all his follies and superstitions into such grand primary laws of intellect, and in such wise so contemplate them as ever-varying incarnations of the eternal Life, that the Lama's Dung-pellet, or the Cow-tail which the dying Brahman clutches convulsively, becomes sanctified and sublime by the feelings which cluster round them.[60]

It has not been pointed out that a part of the above Vishnu-passage Coleridge had transcribed almost word by word from an article in the *Annual Register*, 1782, which he borrowed from the Bristol Library on 10 March 1796.[61] Lowes does not mention this. The article gives some 'Accounts of the Indian Brahmins' and says:

> ...the origin and the end of all things, say the philosophers of India of the present time, is a 'vacuum'. A state of repose is the state of greatest perfection and this is the state after which a wise man aspires. It is better, say the Hindoos, to sit than to walk, and to sleep than to wake; but death is the best of all...[62]

It was to this state of inaction and deep repose that Coleridge often aspired but rarely achieved. The desire of sharing

the experiences of the Indian God came from the bottom of his heart and not from opium. Mr. Potter thinks that Coleridge felt the insufficiency of such an experience for want of action and regretted his temptation to float like the Indian Vishnu.[63] But I do not think Coleridge's longing for this sort of life ever ended in regrets. Instead, he loved it so much that he put it 'as one of his pet notions'[64] in the mouth of Alhadra, the Moorish Woman, in *Osorio*:

> It were a lot divine in some small skiff,
> Along some ocean's boundless solitude,
> To float for ever with a careless course,
> And think myself the only being alive!
>
> (*Osorio*, V, i, 53-6)

What interested him in this Indian metaphysic was the awaking of Vishnu after a 'pleasurable and balmy quietness' of a million years and recreating a world of his own desires. Coleridge's discerning mind could easily find the action—the creative activity behind this apparent inaction. *The Bhagavad-Gita* rather insists on a similar intellectual activity:

> He who may behold, as it were, inaction in action and action in inaction is wise amongst mankind.[65]

Earl Henry's impassioned speech, in Coleridge's unfinished drama, *The Triumph of Loyalty*, begun in 1801, faithfully records his yearning for this God-like existence:

> Oh! there is Joy above the name of Pleasure,
> Deep self-possession, an intense Repose.
> No other than as Eastern Sages feign,
> The God, who floats upon a Lotos Leaf,
> Dreams for a thousand ages; then awaking
> Creates a world, and smiling at the bubble,
> Relapses into bliss.
>
> (*The Triumph of Loyalty*, I, i, 311-17)

Perhaps in *Kubla Khan*, Coleridge himself tried such a mystic surrender which fruitfully ended in a superb action. After having discovered a new faith and a new creed in the example of the Indian God, he acts out of inaction by concentrating on the self and creates his own, desired world of 'sunny pleasure-dome' and 'caves of ice' in a state of deep

self-possession and intense repose. He valued this trance-inducing habit for it transported him to the heights of contemplation in which visions and images rose before him in all vividness.

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2. *The Notebooks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, ed. K. Coburn, Vol. I (in two parts, Notes and Text), 1957; *see* entry 174, G. 169.
3. Thomas Maurice, *History of Hindostan*, 1795. Coleridge was deeply influenced by Maurice's book and in his *Notebooks* he jotted down not only a passage from Maurice but decided to 'Read the whole 107th page of Maurice's 'Indostan'; *See* entry 204, G. 236.
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34. T. Maurice, *History of Hindostan*, I, 40.
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36. R. Southey, *Poetical Works Collected by Himself*, 1837-8. VII, 54.
37. *Encyc. of Religion and Ethics*, iv, 609.
38. *Bhagavad-Gita*, trans. by Charles Wilkins, 1785, ed. Garrott, 1849, pp. 55-7.
39. *See* photo copy of the 1st page of the extract in H. J. Green's hand. Prof. Coburn refers to this extract in her notes to *Philosophical Lectures*, p. 408. I am grateful to the authorities of the Huntington Library who have very kindly allowed me to reproduce the contents of the loose leaf between ff. 264 and 265 of the Mss. HM 8195.
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A VISION (1925 AND 1937)

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I

Begun in 1917, published in 1925, republished with many changes in 1937, *A Vision* was in Yeats' thoughts continuously to the end of his life, and nothing in his last poems suggests that he had exhausted it.

The story of its beginning, in an experiment in automatic writing with which Mrs. Yeats tried to distract him from some gloomy thoughts, may be found in the eighth chapter of Dr. A. N. Jeffares' *W. B. Yeats: Man and Poet.* It has been retold and discussed many times. What sort of telepathy produced the script, how much of self-deception or of fabrication went into it, what exactly was its relation to Yeats' earlier occult studies, whether there was a supernatural communication and in what sense Yeats believed the doctrines he expounded—since most people are amateurs of psychology or the supernatural or both—such questions invite endless discussion. But whatever may be the answers, the substance of the book is there, a part of Yeats' thought, oddly presented but unmistakably related to his poetry. It is not itself poetry in any useful sense of the word, nor is it strictly speaking a philosophical argument. It is a formula for discovering order in the universe, partly implicit in what Yeats had written before and fully applicable to everything he wrote thereafter.

Reduced to its barest abstraction the formula might be expressed: *The variation of opposites is in inverse ratio.* In *A Vision* the same idea is pictured in two gyres on the one axis, one expanding while the other contracts, and is more dramatically phrased in 'Each one lives the other's death, dies the other's life.' Take any entity that you can think of as evolving in time: a completed action, a life, a cycle of incarnations of one spirit, the history of a civilization or of a religion, a sidereal cycle measured by the precession of the equinoxes. Analyze it into pairs of opposites, set them turning on the

gyres of this formula, and they will grind out a symmetrical pattern. Every such gyre will intersect with others on the same scale, and is also both a complex of lesser and a component of greater ones: and so the pattern grows into a cosmic dance, infinitely intricate, each part moving at its own tempo, yet all obedient to the one rhythm of 'death-in-life is life-in-death.'

What then? sang Plato's ghost. What then?

Why should this game be so enthralling, when after all the operations the sum of things remains what it was? The answer, I suppose, is that in all art creative form depends on just such perceptions. The painter dominates nature by finding in it, or imposing on it, a set of forms, triangular or cubic or spiral according to some hidden affinity of his mind; and this structure, neither true nor false objectively, is what integrates his picture. Yeats' wheels and gyres enabled him to see the universe with an artist's vision, and he used them to sort out all his objective knowledge of men and history.

In 1904, in the preface to Lady Gregory's *Gods and Fighting Men*, he had written that it seemed as if 'a period when the influences are those that shape the world is followed by a period when the greater power is in influences that would lure the soul out of the world, out of the body.' These are his major all-pervading 'opposites'. In his own poetry they can be seen from the beginning, as an impulse to create a heroic self out of life lived to the utmost, contending with and more often than not overpowering an impulse to lose himself in absolute being. He calls them the 'antithetical' and the 'primary', and sees everything governed by their conflicting pulls. The 'antithetical' seeks to harmonize all possible experience in itself; its symbol is the full moon, standing opposite the sun and reflecting the sun's lights to the utmost. The 'primary' seeks to be absorbed in universal reality. Its symbol is the no-moon 'hid in her vacant interlunar cave', reflecting no light because no part of her is in opposition to the sun.

All life spins between the full moon and the dark. The pattern is complicated because there are subordinate oppositions and tensions arising from the conflict between inner

history and outer circumstance, and because every life is given its dominant direction by its position in a larger cycle. Thus, a man may have reached a stage when the need to realize and express himself, still powerful, is weakening before the growing need to understand objective reality and submit to it; the darkness is encroaching on the light. All his experience is a part of himself, but he can no longer live by the values of his first quarter when he was led by an image of what he desired to become. But also his life as a whole, in the wheel of incarnations through which his soul is travelling, may be at quite another lunar phase and its general direction will be governed accordingly. And this wheel itself belongs to an era of the human race that is 'primary' or 'antithetical' in relation to a still larger one.

This is a gross over-simplification with many omissions; but however intricately it is worked out the main theme of *A Vision* is simple. By elaborating his oppositions and divisions, Yeats builds the formula into a framework on which his dispassionate intellect can arrange the whole scheme of things.

The poet, however, is much more than a dispassionate intellect. From an absolute standpoint he can see all aims justified and all conflicts resolving themselves as the wheel turns through light and darkness; but a man fully alive in a living world cannot take an absolute standpoint. While Yeats the intellect surveys the whole pattern, Yeats the poet is 'antithetical', living passionately in his moment of time, holding that the abstract becomes not less but more real by embodiment in the concrete. While he was mastering the doctrine, he says:

> My imagination was for a time haunted by figures that, muttering 'the great systems,' held out to me the sun-dried skeletons of birds, and it seemed to me that this image was meant to turn my thoughts to the living bird. That bird signifies the truth when it eats, evacuates, builds its nest, engenders, feeds its young; do not all intelligible truths lie in this passage from egg to dust?

The system is related to the poetry much as the sun-dried skeleton is to the living bird.

II

Nowadays both editions of *A Vision* are out of print and hard to come by, and I do not know of a library in India where they may be read side by side for comparison. These notes, made after reading both at different times, are not by any means exhaustive.

The basic ideas are the same in both versions, and two sections—the application of the system to human character in *The Twenty-Eight Incarnations*, and to world history in *Dove or Swan*—are almost word for word the same. There is a revised account, that seems to me to make the whole picture clearer, of the relation between the man who lives from birth to death and the being, called the Daimon, to whom that life is one of a series of incarnations. Moreover, in the part dealing with the state of the being between death and rebirth, the second version says that the purified soul chooses for itself what its next incarnation shall be and awaits the moment of time for its fulfilment, whereas in the first, the soul would choose to remain for ever in beatitude but is driven back to life by the terror of losing its identity; and

> in certain cycles it can within limits choose its own body, but in most it must accept the choice of others.

There is also a significantly fuller treatment of a conception called the Thirteenth Cone, which provides for the element of freedom, of the unpredictable in a universe that without it would seem to grind mechanically from its winding up to its running down.

Such changes, without fundamentally altering the picture, affect its lighting. There is freedom, though it seems to be exercised somewhere beyond the world of the senses. The spirit world against which the life of man is set as against a background is deeper, more clearly perceived, and though still bewildering is drawn in rather simpler lines. This corresponds to the change in Yeats' latest poetry; he does not seem to have left the world, but moves freely in another world that both interpenetrates ours and recedes into an unknown distance.

It would be difficult to go more fully into these changes without reproducing large parts of both books. But the

greatest change is in the way the doctrine is presented. This measures the distance Yeats had travelled in twelve years.

The dedication of the 1925 version shows how it was bringing the scattered elements of his mind together. Going back to his occult studies of a quarter of a century earlier, he sees the doctrine as the triumphant end of a search begun then. Those studies had been part of a serious endeavour to re-create a philosophy latent in folk tradition and to found his poetry on it.

> ....we were full of a phantasy that has been handed down for generations, and is now an interpretation, now an enlargement of the folklore of the villages. That phantasy did not explain the world to our intellects which were after all very modern, but it recalled certain forgotten methods of meditation....

For himself, he says, he had been looking for a system of thought that would not shackle his creative imagination and yet would 'make all that it created, or could create, part of the one history, and that the soul's.'

In several passages of *Autobiographies* he had written as if he knew that a store of creative energy, perhaps of epic power, would open if only he could find a satisfying conviction, formulated once and for all, to liberate him from abstract argument; and here it was. He knew, he said, that it was not yet perfected; he had written 'nothing of the Beatific Vision, little of sexual love,' but it had given him so much hope of fresh poetry that he must put it aside and begin. Even so, for the moment it sounds as if that hope mattered less than the excitement of the illumination itself. The last paragraph has just such exaltation as might have possessed an initiate at the Eleusinian Mysteries.

> I would forget the wisdom of the East and remember its grossness and its romance. Yet when I wander upon the cliffs, where Augustus and Tiberius wandered, I know that the new intensity that seems to have come into all visible and tangible things is not a reaction from that wisdom but its very self. Yesterday when I saw the dry and lifeless vineyards at the very edge of the motionless sea, or lifting their brown stems from almost inaccessible patches of earth high up on the cliff-

> side or met at the turn of the path the orange and lemon trees in full fruit, or the crimson cactus flower, or felt the sunlight falling between blue and blue, I murmured, as I have countless times, 'I have been part of it always and there is maybe no escape, forgetting and returning life after life like an insect in the roots of the grass.' But murmured it without terror, in exultation almost.

By way of a setting for his doctrine he wrote an elaborate story of Michael Robartes and Owen Aherne. Originally these two were characters in some Pateresque romances of his youth: Robartes a Byronic figure, intellectually and passionately daring, Aherne a contemplative Christian mystic. Robartes had been killed off in one of the early stories, but he was resurrected soon after *A Vision* had begun to take shape, to sing the soul's history to Aherne in *The Phases of the Moon*. Now he is made to discover an ancient manuscript in Cracow and an illiterate tribe in Arabia whose rituals give him some light on its meaning. He works out the doctrines of *A Vision* and asks Aherne to edit his notes; then, fearing that Aherne's 'primary' temperament will misrepresent the meaning, insists that Yeats must take it over.

Since Robartes and Aherne had already appeared as fictions, the story was obviously not meant to hoax the public. A mediaeval reader would have understood the technique. When the moral Gower, for instance, put into a dream setting some realistic and practical advice to young men in love, no one questioned his seriousness on that account. But nowadays facts are the only credentials, and the fictional setting made readers doubtful how to take the doctrine itself. Unfortunately when Yeats gave the facts of its origin later, they sounded no more reassuring.

He explained in 1937 that he had made the story because his wife did not wish to acknowledge her share in the work, nor he himself to claim it as his own in the same sense as his poetry. But besides this, Robartes and Aherne had a kind of right to be in the introduction. They were instruments of his thought, dramatizations through whom he tested the implications of different modes of experience. Before the automatic script was written Robartes had actually thought about its contents; according to Dr. Jeffares (op. cit. pp.

193-8), his notes on some of the leading themes are among Yeats' unpublished manuscripts.

Long ago, Yeats had defined truth as 'the dramatically appropriate utterance of the highest man', and had added that the highest man was to be found 'as Homer found Odysseus when he was looking for a theme'—in other words, by imagination. (*Autobiographies*, p. 90). This is in line with his preference of the living bird to the skeleton. If 'truth' is not an abstraction but the ideal translated into concrete reality, it can best be found by imagining ideal figures at moments of great intensity, and listening to what they say. It was Yeats' way of writing: he escaped the restrictive context of the actual by dramatizing himself into different personae and making them think and feel for him. It seems to me possible that his marriage gave him for the first time an actual context from which he had no need to escape to find his deepest thoughts. If so, it would explain why Robartes and Aherne no longer had to think out his system for him, but could leave it to him to complete.

There follows a story, called *The Dance of the Four Royal Persons*.

> A Caliph who reigned after the death of Haroun Al Raschid discovered one of his companions climbing the wall that encircled the garden of his favourite slave, and because he had believed this companion entirely devoted to his interests, gave himself up to astonishment. After much consideration he offered a large sum of money to anyone who would explain human nature so completely that he would never be astonished again.

The answer was a diagram of the Great Wheel, traced in the sand by the feet of dancers and expounded by the sage Ben Louka. The reader is then plunged into the exposition.

Because the whole Arabian story was dropped, this is left out of the second version. In any case, I doubt if the implication that the doctrine was chiefly valuable for interpreting human action was ever wholly true. It is applied to observable facts in *The Twenty-Eight Incarnations* and in *Dove or Swan*; but these books satisfied Yeats as they stood in 1925 and were unaltered by twelve years' further thought, whereas the effect of the doctrine on his poetry never ceased to grow. Its real value to him was creative rather than interpretative,

but in 1925 the poetry that was to prove this was still unwritten.

The introduction to the second version, dated '1928 and after', shows that the revision of the book went on for years. By 1937 there were many reasons for a fresh presentation. He had read much more philosophy and could relate his system with greater assurance to its parallels in antiquity. An English translation of Spengler had shown him that other contemporary minds besides his own were trying to plot the graph of civilizations. Indeed, history had brought the thought of the age nearer to his own; the idea that a two-thousand-year epoch was hurtling to its end was no longer a crank's hobby-horse but almost a common obsession. And then too, he had lived with his symbols for twelve years and his poetry had justified his faith in their creative power. He assessed their value to himself in measured words:

> They have helped me to hold in a single thought reality and justice.

Although it was impossible to disentangle them altogether from the Robartes story, he no longer hesitated to give the facts of their origin.

The new introduction is a curious miscellany. It gives the true story of the telepathic writings; indicates, without being misleadingly positive, what he thinks about them himself; details the philosophy which they have prompted him to read since the first edition. After this comes a letter to Ezra Pound which is an epitome, in mythological terms, of his whole argument about the 'primary' and the 'antithetical'. Oedipus and Christ: the one outstretched flat on the earth and sinking into it, the other crucified upright and ascending into 'the abstract sky': these are the two scales of a balance on which human history swings.

> What if every two thousand and odd years something happens to the world to make one sacred, the other secular; one wise, the other foolish; one fair, the other foul; one divine, the other devilish?

Then come Michael Robartes and his friends, included frankly as fiction, so that certain of his poems may be intelli-

gible. But they are redrawn: they are not more like life, as an ordinary mind sees life, but he has remembered 'grossness and romance' as he vowed in the earlier dedication, and has removed the preciousness they inherited from his youth. If the drift of his doctrine is valid, the agents through whom 'antithetical' wisdom is preserved must not be mere contemplatives; they must also be a 'ranting, roaring crew' who drink physical life to the lees, and by the standards of the present world they must be moral outcastes. He has taken pains to present them so. At the same time their imagery is richer and wilder, their thought more boldly expressed and its emphasis more strongly on catastrophe and rebirth. Robartes has an egg, the third of those that Leda laid when Zeus had impregnated her. Out of the other two came Castor and Pollux, Helen and Clytemnestra—the love and strife that fired Troy and created Hellenic civilization. The third has been hidden away, its miraculous life unquenched, and from it the new revelation will be hatched that is to supersede Christianity.

This kind of talk harmonized with the times, when all minds were full of the imminence of war. It looks forward to the resurrection of life out of violence. The Robartes' half of Yeats is swept away by it and cries out:

> Dear predatory birds, prepare for war, prepare your kindred and all that you can reach, for how can a nation or a kindred without war become that 'bright particular star' of Shakespeare, that lit the roads in boyhood? Test wit, morality, custom, thought, by Thermopylae; make rich and poor act so to one another that they can stand together there. Love war because of its horror, that belief may be changed, civilization renewed.

Aherne remonstrates reasonably:

> Even if the next divine influx be to kindreds why should war be necessary? Cannot they develop their characteristics some other way?

But his 'primary' commonsense sounds tame and ineffectual against Robartes' swift rhythms and the mounting excitement of prophecy on the verge of fulfilment.

This 1937 introduction has less of the unity of a work of art than that of 1925, but is full of vitality, and his use of

the first person makes it more outspoken. He still thinks of his doctrine as something more like revelation than invention, but acknowledges that he himself is committed to it, here upon this bank and shoal of time. In much of the new material the emphasis is on the end of an epoch; this had always been one of his themes, but it is evident that he is thinking much more catastrophically now. But so was all the world in 1937. It was the age itself that threw this part of his thought into stronger relief.

Though the revisions are considerable they are strikingly unlike what Yeats foresaw in 1925. Both about sexual love and the Beatific Vision he has said less rather than more. This is certainly not because either had come to seem less important, for all his later poetry insists upon them. But in 1938, in a letter to Ethel Mannin, he wrote:

> My 'private philosophy' is the material dealing with individual mind which came to me with that on which the mainly historical *Vision* is based. I have not published it because I only half understand it.

The rest of the letter is mostly about death. It may be that he was sorting into his 'private philosophy', for a separate book, all that bore most directly on his individual destiny, and that if he had lived longer what more he had to say on these two topics would have found a place there.

STRUCTURE COMPLEX OF HOPKINS'S WORDS

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The problem in Gerard Manley Hopkins's vocabulary is not the 'use of words' but, as F. R. Leavis writes, 'the poetic use of them'.[1] Hopkins wanted to be understood by others and he was solicitous about it. He once wrote to Bridges, dated 21 Oct. 1882:

> propitiate Lang, set me right with him; not in the literary way but personally; make him understand that these snags that are in my style are not in my heart and temper.[2]

Nothing indicates more sincerity than this or more genuineness in the poetic use of words. On occasions he gives fairly exhaustive explanations for particular words. In *The Sea and the Skylark* he writes on the bird's song:

> His *rash-fresh* re-winded new skeined score.

Commenting on *rash-fresh* he addresses Bridges, 26 Nov. 1882:

> *Rash-fresh more* (it is dreadful to explain these things in cold blood) means a headlong and exciting new snatch of singing, resumption by the lark of his song, which by turn he gives over and takes up again all day long, and this goes on, the sonnet says, through all time, without ever losing its first freshness, being a thing both new and old.[3]

In *The Lantern out of Doors* he uses the word *wind* for wend and expounds the sense rather subtly to Bridges, dated 15 Feb. 1879:

> I mean that the eye winds only in the sense that its focus or point of sight winds and that coincides with a point of the object and winds with that. For the object, a lantern passing further and further away and bearing now east, now west of one right line, is truly and properly described as winding.[4]

In another letter, also to Bridges, dated 30 May 1878, he

refers to the word *furled* in stanza 2 of *The Loss of the Eurydice*:

> One stroke
> Felled and furled them, the hearts of oak!:

> How are hearts of oak furled? Well, in sand and sea water. ...You are to suppose a stroke or blast in a forest of 'hearts of oak'...which at one blow both lays them low and buries them in broken earth.[5]

Notwithstanding such helpful explanations, there are a few words which are left *unexplained* by the poet. In *The Wreck of the Deutschland* he uses the word *hawling* (stanza 19):

> And the inboard seas run swirling and hawling

as probably an equivalent of 'howling'. In *The Loss of the Eurydice* he uses the word *wildworth* (stanza 24):

> Only the breathing temple and fleet
> Life, this wildworth blown so sweet

probably for the daring courage of the crew. In *Duns Scotus's Oxford* he has the word *rook-racked* to denote rooks perched on rows of trees. In *The Bugler's First Communion* the word *back-wheels* (stanza 11) means either the wheel of Fortune or, in all likelihood, turn, after the analogy of 'right wheel' or 'left wheel' in soldiering.

Hopkins's complex apperceptions naturally led him to word groupings or compound words. He has noun-verb or verb-object combinations like *fathers-forth* (*Pied Beauty*), *fall-gold* (stanza 23, *The Wreck of the Deutschland*), *spendsavour* (*The Candle Indoors*), *wring-world* (*Poem No.* 40). Charles Williams commenting on this magnetic pull of the verb to the noun writes:

> It is as if the imagination, seeking for expression, had found both verb and substantive at one rush, had begun almost to say them at once, and had separated them only because the intellect had reduced the original unity into divided but related sounds.[6]

Hopkins has noun-noun combinations like *sea-swill* (stanza 16, *The Loss of the Eurydice*), *neighbour-nature* (*Duns Scotus's Oxford*), *girlgrace* (*The Leaden Echo and the Golden Echo*). He

has adjective-noun combinations like *silk-sack* (*Hurrahing in Harvest*), *boldboys* (stanza 4, *The Loss of the Eurydice*), *gay-gangs* (*That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire etc.*). The adjectives in these compound words do not merely restrict the meaning of the noun, as adjectives generally do, but add distinctiveness to the word-group in which they occur so that each word-group is in effect a new and individualized word.

Hopkins used the adverb sparingly in his poetry; he did not favour this part of speech as he did, for example, the gerund or participle which he used frequently, e.g. in *The Wreck of the Deutschland*, st. 1: *doing*, st. 17: *wailing*, st. 25: *combating*, st. 26: *cheering* etc. Peters counted twelve instances in the poetry of Hopkins where he used the adverb ending in *ly*.[7] The adverb, however, was used in word-building. He has compound words with an adverb-noun combination like *uproll* and *downcarol* (*St. Winefred's Well*), *afterdraught* (stanza 16, *The Loss of the Eurydice*).

Hopkins has several *asyntactical* formations, such as, 'the O-seal-that-so feature' (*To what serves Mortal Beauty?*), or 'fault-not-found-with good' (*On a piece of music*), or 'throughther' for through and other (*Spelt from Sibyl's Leaves*). At times a perfectly syntactical form was given an amorphous asyntactical shape as the coalesced word, *Amansstrength* (*Harry Ploughman*).

Compound words enabled Hopkins to expand his nuances or to extend the emotive and semantic properties of words. He writes *sea-romp* for waves (stanza 7: *The Wreck of the Deutschland*) *hearse-of-all* for dark (*Spelt from Sibyl's Leaves*), *betweenpie* for 'intervariegates'.[8] (*Poem No.* 47). In larger compound groups the poetic effects are greater than in shorter ones; in each case concept and form fuse into a fairly comprehensive and self-sufficient unit. Thus he writes of 'Miracle-in-Mary-of-flame' (*The Wreck of the Deutschland*, stanza 34); 'drop-of-blood-and-foam-dapple' (*The May Magnificat*, stanza 10); 'beauty-in-the-ghost' (*The Leaden Echo and the Golden Echo*). In these compound words the 'intellect goes speeding to sound the full scope of the imaginative apprehension.'[9]

Charles Williams writing of the line 'And, cast by conscience out, spendsavour salt' (*The Candle Indoors*) states that, '"Cast by conscience out" is not a phrase; it is a word.'[10]

This is precisely true of compound words in Hopkins—each is not a phrase but a word. Each belongs legitimately to the language of poetry or poetic diction and is produced—as all poetic diction which has not become atrophied—by 'the individualized creative faculty, the analogy-perceiving, metaphor-making imagination.'[11]

If we trace the etymology of the words used by the poet we can observe certain pronounced features. Gardner calculates the percentage of Teutonic words in certain poems of Hopkins and strikes upon an average:

In the Second Edition of the Poems:

No. 16	80%
No. 17 LL. 1–18	81%
No. 21	72%
No. 43	81%
No. 50	82%

Average: 79%.[12]

The real point in Hopkins is not the provenance of his words and their number, for apparently he did not always look that way, but frequently to the new shapes, forms and transformations which he could give words. For example, he used the word *sake* much before he knew that there is a German equivalent to that word:

> *Sake* is a word I find it convenient to use: I did not know when I did so first that it is common in German, in the form *sach*.[13]

In the same way he learnt Anglo-Saxon as late as 1882,[14] but he used words in *The Wreck of the Deutschland* composed in 1875 which remind us of *Beowulf*. Henry W. Wells gives us the striking passage from Gummere's translation:

> The *flower* of thy might
> lasts now a while: but ere long it shall be
> that sickness or *sword* thy strength shall minish,
> or *fang* of fire, or flooding billow,
> or bite of blade, or brandished spear,
> or odious age; or the eyes' clear beam
> wax dull and darken: *Death* even thee
> in haste shall o'erwhelm, thou hero of war! (*LL. 1761-68*)

and from *The Wreck of the Deutschland* (stanza 11):

> Some find me a *sword;* some
> The flange and the rail; flame,
> *Fang*, or flood' goes *Death* on drum
> And storms bugle his fame.
> But we dream we are rooted in earth—Dust!
> Flesh falls within sight of us, we though our *flower* the same,
> Wave with the meadow, forget that there must
> The sour scythe cringe, and the blear share come.[15]

There are two points which nullify the view that Hopkins composed some of his lines after the manner of the Anglo-Saxons. First, Hopkins did not know Anglo-Saxon till well advanced in years at least seven years after he composed *The Wreck of the Deutschland*; second, Hopkins's sharp sensibility, as given in a poem like *The Wreck of the Deutschland* with its multitudinous poetic effects, did actually work within a wide range of elemental and complex emotions and ideas such as could not possibly have existed in Anglo-Saxon times.

Involved and many as are the innovations of Hopkins, he still felt that poetry must be composed in living speech or the thew and sinew of language. He admired Dryden for this very quality.[16] In an important letter to Bridges, dated 14 Aug. 1879, he stated that:

> the poetical language of an age shd. be the current language heightened, to any degree heightened....[17]

He discarded stock poetical words like:

> *ere, o'er, wellnigh what time*...because, though dignified, they neither belong to nor ever cd. arise from or be the elevation of, ordinary modern speech.[18]

Twelve years earlier he wrote to Baillie, 15 Sept. 1867, on Swinburne's diction: 'it is too full of *untos* and *thereafters* and *-eths*'.[19] He did not like the use of obsolete words and wrote to Coventry Patmore, dated 16 Aug. 1883: 'I look on archaism as a blight.'[20] Unlike Coleridge who used archaisms deliberately as he did in *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, Hopkins in the exigency of the moment slipped inadvertently at times into old words like *rudred* from Middle English *rudd-redd* or Old English *rudu*: 'Flame-rash rudred Bud...'

(*The Woodlark*). But the poet never affected archaism like Spenser or Doughty,[21] although obsolete words come to his aid in writing, words like *reave* meaning to take away (*Peace*) or *nursle* meaning to rear (*Henry Purcell*).

As the poet's moods and attitudes vary under the purport of his poetry to find *inscape* or particularity or selfhood even in words, he makes new discoveries in language. He finds new relations and joins together different component parts. When he emphasized current language heightened, he realized as Eliot does, that conversational or direct speech can be adapted in poetry provided it is adjusted 'to the moment with infinite variations'.[22] Hopkins takes, for example, common words like 'May' and 'day' and refurbishing them joins them together and thereby practically creates a new word with a high potential. In *Spring* he writes of youth or '*May-day* in girl and boy'. Similarly he makes distinctive and selved the words 'man' and 'sex' into *mansex* (*The Bugler's First Communion*), 'man' and 'wolf' into *manwolf* (*Tom's Garland*), 'man' and 'shape' into *Manshape* (*That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire etc.*).

On occasions Hopkins takes common words and without any daring experiments maintains the order and flow of current speech like in *The Valley of the Elwy:*

> I remember a house where all were good
> To me, God knows, deserving no such thing,

or in *The Soldier*:

> Yes. Why do we all, seeing of a soldier bless him?...,

or in *Felix Randal*:

> Sickness broke him. Impatient he cursed at first,
> but mended Being anointed and all;...

Everyday idioms recur in the poet's mind and in a selective habit he changes a word here or a word there as 'rock-a-bye' into *rock-a-heart* or 'archangel' into *arch-especial* (*Henry Purcell*) or 'well caught' or 'well run' into *well wept* (*The Loss of the Eurydice*, stanza 27) as expounded by Hopkins himself.[23]

Hopkins enlarged his vocabulary and thereby the resources

of language by incorporating words from dialects. His poetry has Scotch words like *rash* meaning 'a wind-driven rainfall' or 'to rush, dash violently' (stanza 19, *The Wreck of the Deutschland*) or *braes* meaning a bank (*Inversnaid*). He uses Welsh words like *voel* meaning a hill (stanza 4, *The Wreck of the Deutschland*). He has a North England word, *dene*, meaning dell or valley (*St. Winefred's Well*). Another North England word is *wuthering* meaning stormy or windswept (*Henry Purcell*). A Devonshire word like *stocks* meaning sheaves is found in *Hurrahing in Harvest*. He uses the word *combes* meaning, as in South-East England, a ravine (*In the Valley of the Elwy*). He has a Lancashire word *throng* in *Ribblesdale*.

Every word in Hopkins has 'its two-fold value in sense and sound'.[24] Inscape is undoubtedly what Hopkins wanted.[25] But he also wanted something more after the poet's manner, for poetry is not merely a matter of intellectual coherence but 'emotional effects'.[26] He had an ear for sound or euphony or the 'music' of ideas 'to be responded to'.[27] It is this which made him omit grammatical essentials which stood in the way of a concordant rhythm. He omitted, for example, the relative pronoun in the construction 'O Hero savest' (*The Loss of the Eurydice*, stanza 28) which Bridges found offensive and contrary to canons of taste.[28]

Hopkins's poetry is replete with words of cadence, such as, 'Goldengrove' (*Spring and Fall*), 'plough down sillion' (*The Windhover*), 'forefalls beat to the burial' (*The Loss of the Eurydice*, stanza 2), 'ground-dubbed ground-hugged' (*The Wreck of the Deutschland*, stanza 26) or 'Stanching, quenching ocean' (stanza 32 of the same poem). He has striking assonance in word groups like 'dandled a sandalled' (*Binsey Poplars*) or 'dingle-a-dangled' (*The Woodlark*). He has other musical contrivances such as alliteration and hypallage in 'wind-lily-locks-laced' (*Harry Ploughman*) or sound and word variation in

> Have air fallen, O fair, fair eave falled (*Henry Purcell*)

or polyphonic combinations like in 'drop-of-blood-and-foam-dapple' (*The May Magnificat*). A good poem which catches the thought of his significant mind in a particular emotional

flux or word-music is *Spelt from Sibyl's Leaves*, where he conveys the inscape of the evening in swelling vowels:

> Earnest, earthless, equal, attuneable, vaulty, voluminous... stupendous
> Evening strains to be time's vast, womb-of-all, home-of-all, hearse-of-all night.

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17. Ibid. p. 89.
18. Ibid. p. 89.
19. *Further Letters*, p. 82.
20. Ibid. p. 148.
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22. T. S. Eliot, *Selected Essays*, 'Rhetoric and Poetic Drama', 1932, p. 38.
23. *Letters* I, p. 53.

24. *Robert Bridges and Contemporary Poets*, ed. A. H. Miles, p. 182.
25. This is the theme of W. A. M. Peters' thesis: *Gerard Manley Hopkins: A Critical Essay towards the Understanding of his Poetry*, 1948.
26. I. A. Richards, *Principles of Literary Criticism*, p. 290.
27. Ibid. Writing on T. S. Eliot, Richards states that his 'music of ideas' is 'to be responded to,' not 'to be pondered or worked out.' This is an important element in poetry. Poetry also deals with 'conscious experience': G. Rostrevor Hamilton, *Poetry and Contemplation*, 1937, p. 20.
28. *Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, ed. Charles Williams, Second Edition, 1930, p. 97, Notes.

TROLLOPE'S POLITICAL NOVELS

(Chronicles of Parliamentary Life)

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THE political novels of Anthony Trollope[1] stand in a class by themselves. They do not seriously treat the significant political issues of his time like George Eliot's *Felix Holt* (1866), nor do they seek to illustrate character through political conflicts like Meredith's *Beauchamp's Career* (1876). It is probable that contemporary political affairs suggested to Trollope some of the political situations he introduced in his novels, such as the parliamentary battles over a Reform Bill in *Phineas Finn*; but he delved into the political milieu only to such extent as was necessary for the portrayal of the outward aspects of political life and the parliamentary system, to serve as a background to his stories. The stage these novels occupy appears similar to that of Disraeli's; but Trollope's novels are not political in the way Disraeli's are. Trollope did not have the advantage of Disraeli's knowledge of the inside life of politics. He did not possess the power of piercing to the core of a political situation or any deep insight into politically minded characters. Nor was Trollope much concerned with political ideas or forces behind the political scene.

In his chronicles of Barsetshire, he has portrayed the social life and personal relations of the clergy in cathedral towns without going into theological controversies or Church doctrines. In the same way, in his political novels he has dealt with the social background of parliamentary life rather than with political theories or the social problems of the day. The period during which Trollope wrote these novels was a period of considerable stir and change in British politics. Soon after the death of Lord Palmerston in 1865, England took rapid strides to be transformed from an agricultural community into an industrial democracy, with an increasing programme of collectivist legislation. The Reform question again became

a live issue,[2] and even though the popular interest in Reform witnessed at this time was not as sensational as that before the First Reform Bill, the Radical and Trade Union leaders had been able to work up a great agitation in the country. John Bright led mammoth meetings and processions in favour of Reform. In industrial centres of the North or Midlands, sometimes as many as 200,000 marched past with banners, or assembled on a moor to clamour for extended franchise. Mass demonstrations were held in the cities, and in London the Hyde Park railings were pulled down by an angry and unruly mob on 23 July 1866. After much agitation, great parliamentary controversy and party manoeuvrings, the Second Reform Bill was passed in 1867 by a Conservative government which carried a Reform measure more liberal than the one the Liberals themselves had proposed. Both the Whiggism and the Conservatism of the earlier period were fast fading into the background. Radicals were becoming a force in politics,[3] and the Trade Unions were gathering strength. Working-class men started entering Parliament,[4] and though the aristocratic element in Parliament was still prominent, the House was fast ceasing to be merely a 'gentlemen's club'. Legislative measures of a far-reaching importance were passed during this period,[5] and Parliament was the scene of exciting political combats between the two great 'parliamentary gladiators', Gladstone and Disraeli. Within a decade after the Second Reform Bill, the political face of England had visibly changed. By the middle of the seventies, English politics had broken away from the Benthamite *laissez-faire*, which had dominated it for nearly half a century.

The novels of Trollope portray little of this change and stir. The political life portrayed in them is on the whole static. Trollope was neither a political thinker nor a social reformer. Defining his political theory in his *Autobiography*,[6] he described himself as 'an advanced, but still, a conservative-Liberal.'

To Trollope, equality was an offensive word, presenting 'to the imaginations of men, ideas of communism, of ruin, and insane democracy.' According to him the Liberal had only a 'tendency towards equality', and was 'glad to be accompanied on his way by the repressive action of a Conser-

vative opponent.' These are the views that he expressed in *The Prime Minister*, where Plantagenet Palliser, the Prime Minister, in whom Trollope created his *beau ideal* of a noble and patriotic statesman, takes Phineas Finn on a ramble on his grounds and defines to him his political creed.[7] Trollope's own speeches and his electoral address at Beverley, where he contested a Parliamentary election in 1869, on the Liberal side, show no burning enthusiasm for the Liberal cause. On the other hand, referring to the 'Conservative feeling', in his electoral address, he said:

> It is useful to us because we should not like to go along without a drag upon the wheel. We should soon come to a mighty smash, and therefore this conservative feeling is very useful, and God forbid that it should perish.[8]

Evidently, Trollope had no deep political feeling. He thought that there could be no vital issues to contest for in Parliament, except the prize of office or the 'Whitehall cake'.

In *Phineas Finn* we read:

> The leaders of our two great parties are to each other exactly as are the two champions of the ring who knock each other about the belt and for five hundred pounds a side once in every two years.[9]

This view of parliamentary politics determines the whole portrayal of political life in Trollope's novels. He regarded parliamentary politics merely as a party game, amusing to watch the way it was played. It provided suitable material for his good-humoured, mild satire. The eminent politicians, the ministers and Prime Ministers he presents in his novels are not men of any high political ideals or strong convictions; they carry no great measures; they only show their skill in parliamentary strategy and party management. The greatest asset for a successful politician, according to Trollope, was a 'thick skin':

> A man destined to sit conspicuously on our Treasury Bench, or on the seat opposite to it should ask the Gods for a thick skin as a first gift.[10]

Phineas Finn was the first novel in which Trollope used

parliamentary life as the main background, and placed his characters in the political arena; but even in some earlier novels, there are occasional references to contemporary political events, and satirical flings at party politics.[11]

Can You Forgive Her serves as a prelude to Trollope's political novels. It introduces the chief characters of his political series—Plantagenet Palliser and his wife Lady Glencora. After preparing the ground for their social and political advancement in *Phineas Finn*, *Phineas Redux* and *Eustace Diamonds*, Trollope presents them at the climax of their political career in *The Prime Minister*. *The Duke's Children* serves as a sort of epilogue to their career.

It was not Trollope's method to serialize the life story of any individual. He spread his canvas very wide. Each of these novels, written at different times, has its own plot. Yet, all of them, taken together, can be read as one big novel. Trollope carefully marks the progressive changes in his characters from one novel to another; the incidents and situations maintain a certain consistency with time sequence. Trollope never cared much for the plot. He had no central idea to run through these novels. His political and social scenes often remain as separate episodes with little connection between them. With a power of realism similar to that of Jane Austen, he lacked her power of construction and of imposing an order and pattern on the picture of life created. When he started his story, he was quite ignorant of how it would end, and could give it any twist he liked at any stage. Hence, the sudden disappearance of important characters in his novels from the scene of action by death or retirement.

Phineas Finn and its sequel *Phineas Redux* are sprawling narratives, providing a mixed dish of politics, love and intrigue, social incidents, hunting, crime and detection. In *Phineas Finn*, Finn, a handsome young Irishman, is launched into the political world. He gets on in politics and society, mainly with the help of influential women and good luck. Towards the end of this novel, he retires from politics for ideological differences, goes back to Ireland, marries his first love, Mary Flood Jones, and settles down as an Inspector of Poor Houses. But he is to be brought back to the political world in *Phineas*

Redux. So his wife, Mary, has to die before he can reappear in London Society. He gets re-elected to Parliament, falls foul of unscrupulous politicians, and learns the power of 'political venom'. He realizes the power of the Press in destroying public reputations and that of influential women in making or breaking public careers. He even gets involved in a murder trial. We thus follow the 'political ups' and 'amorous downs' of Phineas Finn through these two novels, at the end of which, well versed in the 'know-how of politics', he settles down as a middle-aged M.P., after marrying the wealthy Madam Goesler. Plantagenet Palliser becomes Duke of Omnium, the old Duke having been 'gracefully' killed by Trollope.

The first half of *Phineas Redux* deals prominently with the parliamentary excitement of the contests between Gresham and Daubeny over the mythical Church-Disestablishment Bill, but having exhausted this theme, Trollope introduces the improbable murder of Mr. Bonteen to keep up the interest of his narrative.

In *The Prime Minister*, the two parliamentary gladiators, Gresham and Daubeny, suddenly disappear from the scene, to make way for the Prime Ministership of Plantagenet Palliser, who is now the Duke of Omnium. The political theme in this novel, which deals with the troubles of the Prime Minister in the Coalition government, and the struggles of his wife Lady Glencora to keep him in power through social influence, is only loosely linked with the theme of the unhappy marriage of Lopez and Emily Wharton.

In *The Duke's Children*, Trollope kills the Duchess to show the troubles of the widowed Duke. Its theme is the struggle of the Duke against the new ways of life and outlook of his children, and his reluctant submission to the inevitability of changing times. The few political scenes, dealing with Frank Tregear's election, or Sir Timothy's 'parliamentary strategy' in the House of Commons, have little connection with the main plot. They are only tucked in loosely. Trollope had hardly any interest left in delineating politics, and only repeated himself.

In spite of their looseness, Trollope's plots are not improbable. They are not inevitable, but they are not unnatural.

Their very looseness enables Trollope to present a varied picture of life and society.

Trollope had no chance to sit in Parliament, nor did he ever take an active part in politics, except for the unsuccessful attempt in the election at Beverley, which he so realistically reproduced in the scenes of election at Percycross in *Ralph the Heir*. But he possessed extraordinary powers as an accurate observer of men and manners, and had a wonderful capacity to get up a subject. In his novels he shows a considerable knowledge of the parliamentary system of England, of the intricacies of party management, of borough politics, of political drawing-rooms and clubs, and of unscrupulous newspaper editors, who use their organs to make or mar public reputation. But, while Trollope could portray vividly, and in realistic detail, the outskirts of parliamentary life, he was unable to present convincing portraits of important statesmen. He had little insight into their mind and psychology, and outside knowledge could not enable him to understand them much. His novels present a number of ministers and Prime Ministers, but they are thinly sketched, and remain mere lay figures, puppets to play the part assigned to them by the novelist in a fictitious House of Commons.

There is Mr. Monk, who holds high, ministerial offices, and in the end becomes Prime Minister. He is the political mentor of Phineas Finn. He is described as a strong man with high political principles, who puts service before self. Yet, to this man of 'advanced political views', 'equality is an ugly word, and is a bugbear.' He regards the ballot box as 'the grave of all true political opinions'.

Then there is Mr. Mildmay, the Liberal Prime Minister, adored by his party, supported by Mr. Monk, Mr. Gresham and by a gallant 'phalanx of Whig peers'. He is not brilliant, nor eloquent, nor did he 'ever create anything'.

He is succeeded by Mr. Gresham, described as 'the greatest orator in Europe', who, like Gladstone, leads the Liberal party for a number of years, and is supposed to be a valiant champion of the Liberal cause. But, when he makes loud and angry speeches, and fights a battle with Daubeny over the Church Disestablishment issue in *Phineas Redux*, his fight is not for any cause, but a bid for power, just as it is with Daubeny.

Then there is the Duke of St. Bungay, in whom Trollope created an important, veteran statesman, He is called an 'aristocratic pillar of the British Constitutional Republic'. He never spoke in debates but 'was a walking miracle of the wisdom of common sense.' He has been a Cabinet Minister since the time of the First Reform Bill, and has been consulted as to the making of Cabinets for the last five-and-thirty years.' But the political wisdom he imparts to the new Prime Minister, the young Duke of Omnium, whom he has assisted in becoming the head of the Coalition Government is: 'think about your business as a shoemaker thinks of his.' He tells Lord Cantrip:

> One wants in a Prime Minister a good many things, but not very great things. He should be clever but need not be a genius; he should be conscientious but by no means straight-laced; he should be cautious but never timid, bold but never venturesome; he should have a good digestion, genial manners, and above all a thick skin. These are the gifts we want.[13]

Let us now look at Trollope's portrait of his ideal statesman, Plantagenet Palliser, who to him was 'as real as free trade was to Mr. Cobden, or the dominion of a party to Mr. Disraeli.' He is an utter mediocrity. As Prime Minister for three years, his only achievement is that he has somehow carried on the Queen's Government. Except for some sterling personal qualities, a grave dignity and nobility, Plantagenet Palliser has no great qualities. He has no vision, no ambition, no political ideas.

When Trollope portrays such colourless and unconvincing politicians, holding the highest offices of the state, it is evident that his interest in his novels did not lie in the delineation of great parliamentary ideals, or in interpreting the forces that really impel the actions of great statesmen. He regarded statesmen and politicians as ordinary men working in politics, as in any other profession. Lady Glencora seems to be voicing Trollope's own opinion when she says to Mrs. Finn:

> I remember when I used to think that members of the Cabinet were almost gods, and now they seem to me no bigger than the shoe-blacks—only less picturesque.[14]

In presenting his politicians Trollope shows only those of

their traits which reduce them to the stature of ordinary men. In their parliamentary battles in these novels we see mainly exhibitions of ill-temper, arrogance, self-love, greed, jealousy or selfishness, rather than any conflicts of ideals. With no serious issues to be discussed, Trollope's cabinets feed only on small talk and the party meeting is a tame affair.

It is the same with Trollope's House of Commons. In the preface to the Oxford edition of *Phineas Finn*, Sir Shane Leslie writes that Trollope 'taught the British public more about Parliament than Erskine May.' Trollope's House of Commons scenes are undoubtedly more detailed and elaborate than those given by any other novelist, and tell us a great deal about the ways and the procedure of the House. But Trollope could not make his House of Commons significant. There are no serious issues discussed there. The parliamentary battles are only dull long-drawn accounts of manœuvring tricks and 'parliamentary strategy'. Trollope paints the House in all its external paraphernalia and its minutest details. The setting is accurate, but it all seems a puppet show.

Besides the portrayal of 'parliamentary strategy' in the House of Commons, Trollope's novels also show us how the party government works, how patronage is bestowed, how governments are formed and broken. When the Duchess says to Mrs. Finn:

> They should have made me Prime Minister, and have let him be Chancellor of the Exchequer. I begin to see the ways of Government now. I could have done all the dirty work. I could have given away garters and ribbons, and made my bargains while giving them. I could select sleek, easy bishops who wouldn't be troublesome. I could give pensions or withhold them, and make the stupid men peers. I could have the big noblemen at my feet, praying to be Lieutenants of Counties. I could dole out secretaryships and lordships, and never a one without something in return. I could brazen out a job and let the 'People's Banners' and the Slides make their worst of it. And I think I could make myself popular with my party and do the high-flowing patriotic talk for the benefit of the Provinces.[15]

she seems to represent Trollope's own ironical views on the 'ways of Government'.

Trollope's novels also cover thoroughly and comprehensively, if not very penetratingly, many other aspects of the parliamentary life of the day, such as the dominance of the aristocratic element in alliance with the wealthy middle class; the advantages of rank and wealth in a political career; the role of whips and wire-pullers, such as Roby and Ratler, who appear milder versions of Disraeli's Tadpole and Taper, and of unscrupulous place-hunters and social climbers, such as Mr. Bonteen. There are also portraits of different shades of Radicals, such as Mr. Turnbull, the incorruptible, thundering demagogue; Ontario Moggs, the Radical idealist, and Bunce, who represents the opposition of the untutored mass of the British public to all restrictive power. The most lively and convincing political scenes of these novels are the pictures of Borough politics. We have vivid sketches of street politicians and electioneering agents, such as Mr. Trigger and Mr. Pasby. The election scenes are portrayed with all their chicanery, rough and tumble. The portrait of Quintus Slide represents the power of the Press for political blackmail.

In this way Trollope's pictures of the meaner forms of selfishness, sycophancy and stupidity, engendered into that 'fatal drollery called parliamentary government', are no less interesting than Disraeli's.

But the presentation of parliamentary life is not the only standard by which Trollope's merits as a novelist should be judged. His characters cover a wide range of mid-Victorian, middle-class life. There is Mr. Low, a hard-working barrister; Mr. Wharton, the strong-willed solicitor; Mr. Clarkson, the moneylender who fleeces needy members of parliament; Sexty Parker, the speculator, and various others, too numerous to be mentioned, all admirably painted. Trollope did not sound the depths of his characters like George Eliot; but he had the capacity to make them real to us by their constant reappearance from novel to novel, carefully marking the changes in their appearance, views and behaviour that passage of time and different circumstances must bring. With his observant eye for subtle shades of difference in action and behaviour in people, no two persons of Trollope's world

are alike, and even the minor characters appear as individuals. Trollope did not reveal characters by placing them in striking and dramatic situations. His characters reveal themselves by long familiarity, rather than by sudden brilliant flashes.

He has, however, not been very successful in the characters of his heroes, Phineas Finn is neither very convincing, nor admirable. He has none of the idealism, or the crusading zeal of Disraeli's youthful heroes. He is neither a man of principles, nor an unscrupulous place-hunter; neither a faithful lover, nor consistent in hypocrisy. Lord Silverbridge, the hero of *The Duke's Children,* is only an aristocratic version of Phineas Finn. Nor is the character of Plantagenet Palliser the strongest point of the novels. As a politician and a Prime Minister, he is most unconvincing. Actually, the strength of Trollope's character painting in these novels lies in his portraits of women.

Trollope's fine portaiture of women has been noted by many critics. He has been called the 'real Victorian Shakespeare in the matter of women'. He was a thorough Victorian in his belief that women could find full scope for developing their personalities in their sphere of married life. The moment they meddle in things outside this sphere, they bring only trouble and complication. In the affairs of both Lady Laura and Lady Glencora, he seems to point it out.

Trollope thought Lady Laura to be the best character in *Phineas Finn* and its sequel *Phineas Redux*. Lady Laura, the high-minded, influential hostess of Whig drawing-rooms, who wanted to meddle with high politics, 'to discuss reform bills', 'to assist in putting up Mr. This and putting down my Lord That' makes a hopeless, tragic mess of her life. In her fate, Trollope seems to point out the nemesis for those women who cannot control their passion, or those who are led by ambitions outside a woman's sphere. In contrast to Lady Laura is Violet Effingham, a delicately and lovingly drawn feminine figure, intelligent, graceful and vivacious, who tames the wild Lord Chiltern. Madam Goesler is not so convincingly drawn. She often presents a melodramatic figure; but as a sober, unambitious helpmate to her husband, she is a contrast to Lady Glencora.

Lady Glencora is the most outstanding portrait that Trol-

lope has drawn in these novels, and is his masterpiece. She is made so real to us that her death, reported in *The Duke's Children*, comes to us as a tragic shock. As a the portrait of a political hostess, Lady Glencora surpasses any, painted by Disraeli or Mrs. Humphry Ward.

We have seen how Trollope's political novels present a realistic portraiture of the whole panorama of mid-Victorian political life. In his exposition of some of its hollowness and hypocrisy, he shows himself a mild satirist; but his attitude is not that of question or protest or moral superiority. Nor, in presenting the seamy side of politics in his amusing but unflattering portraits of parliamentary life, is Trollope a genuine debunker.

It is the ironic shrug or tolerant good humour and, sometimes, amused disgust of a man who can see through human weaknesses or the hypocrisies of society, but is not indignantly impatient of them. He distinguishes between man's personal character, and his actions as a member of a particular section of society, whose ways he has to follow for practical consideration; but with no bent for psychological delineation, he does not go deep into the causes of such divergence. His political novels are the stories of men working in politics rather than accounts of how politics works on men.

Attempts have been made to identify Trollope's politicians with contemporary politicians, and to show the marked correspondence between the situations in his novels and contemporary political history.[16] For the mid-Victorian reader, such superficial correspondence must have been of great interest, but it is of little significance in the consideration of Trollope's work as a writer of political fiction. He was neither portraying living politicians, nor actual political events and movements. He did not present the forces in politics or an account of political history, as Disraeli did, nor did he intellectualize the political milieu like George Eliot, Meredith or Mrs. Ward. He was a plain story-teller, placing his characters and situations in parliamentary life. These pictures may not give us any deep insight into the politics of the time, but they tell us most vividly and realistically how men and women associated with politics lived and behaved, and how parliamentary institutions worked. They

are admirable in their painting of the parliamentary aristocracy of the time. More than this Trollope did not care to do. And, in spite of his many inaccuracies, his numberless repetitions, his utter disregard for construction, he had the narrative and creative power, and the sense of humour to make these novels thoroughly readable and entertaining.

REFERENCES

1. *Can You Forgive Her* (1846); *Phineas Finn, The Irish Member* (1869), *Ralph the Heir* (1817), *The Eustace Diamonds* (1873); *Phineas Redux* (1874), *The Prime Minister* (1876), and *The Duke's Children* (1880).
   In fact, except for *Phineas Finn, Phineas Redux,* and *The Prime Minister,* the novels mentioned above cannot be seriously treated as political novels, as their main interest does not lie in political characters or political situations. But they (except *Ralph the Heir*), as Michael Sadler points out (*Trollope: A Commentary*, 1945, p. 417), form part of a series, and are linked together by continuing character-study and more loosely by their frequent reference to parliamentary life. In a recent edition of Trollope's novels (*The Oxford Trollope*, 1950), this series is better named as the 'Palliser Series', as the character of Plantagenet Palliser, rather than politics, is the main link through all these novels.
   Ralph the Heir has to be included in any discussion of Trollope's political novels, as it contains the most vivid scenes of a parliamentary election after the Second Reform Bill.
   There are a few passing references to contemporary political affairs in some of Trollope's earlier novels, also, particularly in *Framley Parsonage* (1861), Chs. xx, xxiii; and in *Rachel Ray* (1863).
   The editions of Trollope's works, used for quotations are: *Can You Forgive Her* (2 Vols. London, John Lane, 1907), *Phineas Finn* (New Edition, London: Chapman and Hall, 1877), *Phineas Redux* (2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall, 1874), *The Prime Minister: An Autobiography* (World Classics ed. 1938).
2. This led George Eliot to pose the question, in her novel *Felix Holt,* whether political reform would do any good to the working classes before they were fit, through education and moral reform, for the responsibilities of extended franchise.
3. Meredith has presented many aspects of these political phenomena in *Beauchamp's Career* (1876).
4. In 1874, Alexander Macdonald and Thomas Burt got elected to Parliament and enlisted themselves on the Conservative side.
5. Gladstone's Liberal government of 1868 carried out a programme of civic emancipation and administrative reform, introducing open competition in the civil service, laying the foundations of an efficient bureaucracy. It passed

the Education Act of 1870, and disestablished the Irish Church. Disraeli's government of 1874 carried several measures of a collectivist and even a socialist nature, such as The Factory Acts, The Trade Unions Act of 1875, The Public Health Act of 1876 etc. It also laid the strong foundations of British imperial policy.

6. *An Autobiography*, Ch. vi, pp. 266-9.
7. *The Prime Minister*, Vol. II, Ch. lxvii, pp. 319, 320.
8. *Beverley Recorder*, 31 October 1868, quoted from Lance O. Tungay; 'Trollope and the Beverley election' in *Nineteenth Century Fiction*, June 1950.
9. *Phineas Finn*, Ch. ix, p. 65.
10. *Phineas Redux*, Ch. xxxiii, p. 276.
11. In *Framley Parsonage*, the fight between the 'gods' led by Lord Brock and the 'giants' led by Lord de Terrier and Sidonia, is an obvious reference to the political situation of 1858, when the Whigs led By Lord Palmerston were defeated by the Tories led by Lord Derby and Disraeli.
    In *Rachel Ray*, there is the election at Baslehurst between Mr. Hart, a rich London clothier, and Mr. Butler Cornbury, a local man.
    In *Can You Forgive Her* George Vavasour gets elected to Parliament with the help of an effective election cry; and takes his seat in the House of Commons, which, to his disillusionment, proves a 'dull affair'.
12. *The Prime Minister*, Vol. II, Ch. xli. p. 5.
13. *The Prime Minister*, Vol. II, Ch. x, p. 165.
14. *The Prime Minister*, Vol. II, Ch. lvi, p. 186.
15. *See* R. W. Chapman, 'Personal Names in Trollope's Political Novels' in *Essays mainly on the 19th Century, presented to Sir Humphrey Milford.* (1948). *Also see* the Appendix in *Anthony Trollope* by A. O. J. Cockshut. (1955).

JOYCE'S USE OF INDIAN PHILOSOPHY IN *FINNEGANS WAKE*

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Finnegans Wake is a difficult book. It took James Joyce seventeen years to write and was meant to 'keep the critics busy for three hundred years.'[1] It begins in the middle of one sentence and leaves off in the middle of another. It is circular in design. Its syntax is unorthodox and it is full of neologisms. Its characters, such as they are, keep running in and out of the narrative; sometimes they change their names without the slightest notice. It is no surprise, therefore, that many readers give the book up in despair; others tend to agree with Joyce's own humorous estimates of it as 'an epical forged cheque on the public'.[2] Only a few steadfastly refused to be deterred by the difficulties. They have diligently burrowed through the obscurities of this novel to pluck the heart of its mystery. Among these, the pride of place must be given to Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson. Their *Skeleton Key* will long remain the standard guide for any one who ventures upon the study of this book. Nevertheless, even after the herculean labours of these two scholars, much remains to be done before the pattern of the book becomes clear, especially its dependence on Hindu, Buddhist and Theosophist literature. Western scholars are ordinarily not keen on such a pursuit. Neither their training nor their interest tends that way. Even when forced to take note of these inconvenient details, they are apt to make light of them. Mason and Ellmann, for example, say: 'As a young man Joyce bought and read a number of books of Eastern mysticism and theosophy, sharing for a moment the interest which agitated Europe and America at the end of the nineteenth century.'[3] They emphasize the role of thinkers like Thomas Aquinas, Giordano Bruno and Vico in the study of Joyce who himself did not hide his debt to them. But when it comes to the use he made of Indian material, one is up

against difficulties. Nuggets of Indian thought have to be collected with difficulty because they come in strange shapes and contorted forms. The reader has to be on the look-out for words and phrases, turns of thought and technical jargon 'as cunningly hidden in its maze of confused drapery as a field mouse in a net of coloured ribbons.'[4] But rich rewards await those who embark on this quest with full realization of Joyce's normal silence and perpetual cunning.

Before taking up the matter, however, it will be helpful to know the theme of the book. As in *Pilgrim's Progress*, it is not some individual whose story is told in *Finnegans Wake*. The subject is man as an archetype. The hero is appropriately called HERE COMES EVERYBODY; (or HCE, for short,) the woman, his wife, is ANNA LIVIA PLURABELLA (or ALP, for short); their two sons—Shem and Shaun, (also called Kevin and Jerry), and a daughter called Isabella also come in. Through an examination of their relationships, the author lays bare the nature of human life and the vanity of human wishes. He tries to understand what the nature of life is, how it comes into being, and how it disappears. And he further asks, and answers the question: 'Is death the end of life?'

To many this theme will appear to be too large for a novel; to others the subject will be pointless and perhaps silly. It is the proper domain of metaphysics rather than of art.. But Joyce thought otherwise and we must take the gift that the gods provide us.

Finnegans Wake consists of four books which sometimes overlap in their thoughts and themes. The characters slide in and out without notice but through the entire mass runs a relentless analysis of the warp and woof of that tangled skein of relationships called life.

The first book shows which way Joyce's thought is orientated. This Jesuit-trained student of Thomas Aquinas goes to Buddhism for an answer to the fundamental question—how life turns out to be the troublesome thing it is. He says:

> In the ignorance that implies impression that knits knowledge that finds the name form that whets the wits that convey contacts that sweeten sensation that drives desire that adheres

to attachment that dogs death that bitches birth that entails the ensuance of existentiality.[5]

This hard-hitting close-knit paragraph appears to be a restatement of what the Buddha told the monks:

> And what, monks, is uprising by way of cause? conditioned by ignorance are the constructions; conditioned by the constructions is consciousness; conditioned by consciousness is name and shape; conditioned by name and shape are the six (-sense) spheres; conditioned by the six (sense—) spheres is contact; conditioned by contact is feeling; conditioned by feeling is craving; conditioned by craving is grasping; conditioned by grasping is becoming; conditioned by becoming is birth.[6]

There are many other references to concepts and technicalities which cannot all be taken note of here. But it is significant that the author alludes to the seven sheaths (physical, astral, buddhic, nirvanic, anupadakic and adic) which, Indian thought holds, cover the human soul,[7] to the Lokapalas or World Guardians,[8] to the Mahamanvantara,[9] to the Jain doctrine of Syadvada[10] to the Wardha, the Godaveri, and the Kristna among Indian rivers[11] and prays to the 'bringer of Plurabilities'.[12] His description of the world destruction is deeply coloured by Hindu thought. 'And it is as though', he says, 'where Agni araflamed and Mithra monished and Shiva slew as mayamutras the obluvial waters of our noarchic memory withdrew.[13] It need hardly be pointed out that Agni and Mithra are important Vedic deities, and Shiva is much the most important member of the Hindu pantheon. Joyce has already gone beyond Buddhism to the six systems of Hindu philosophy. That explains his irreverent tone towards the Buddha himself. For example, he refers to him as 'Sankya Moondy' who 'played his mango tricks under the mysttetry, with shady apsaras sheltering in his leaves' licence' and 'his shadowers torrified by the potent bolts of indradiction'.[14] He also pokes fun at that great teacher by insinuating that he was not free from concupiscence: '(be mercy, Mara. A he whence Rahoulas).'[15] As if to mark his allegiance to Hinduism, he also makes much of Artha, Kama, Dharma, Moksha—the four aims of life[16] and he ends on

the note of the *Bhagawat-Gita*: 'We'll meet again, we'll part once more.'[17]

On the whole, it would seem to be true that the Indian Vedas and the systems of philosophy derived therefrom supply the key to the thought in this 'book of Morses' which responds most remarkably to 'the silent query of our world's oldest light'[18]—taking that light to be the Vedas themselves. And he seems to have discovered this oldest light by reading Madame Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled* which assisted a correct valuation of the light that was Asia. Joyce seems to have wished that this source of his thought should be known. Hence his challenge to the Trinity College students: 'Latin me that, my Trinity scholard, out of eure sanscreed into our eryan.'[19]

Book II—the Book of the Sons—deals with the cares, anxieties and hopes of the parents regarding their children. The hopes are illustrated by reference to the dream of Buddha's mother on the eve of his birth. Joyce has garbled the traditional account of the dream as follows: 'Son soptimost of sire six-tusks, of Mayaqueenies sign osure, hevnly buddhy time.'[20] The parental desire to keep children away from the thoughts of love or lust is illustrated by the story of Shakuntala who met her lover Dushyanta when she was out watering her cottage garden containing the Madhavi creeper.[21] Joyce hints at this episode thus: 'That they take no chill. That they ming no murder. That they shall not go meet madhowiatrees.'[22] The education given to the children includes such philosophical topics as 'Sarga' (or world creation), and the nature of the three 'Gunas'—Tamas, Rajas, Sattvas. They learn about Maya Thaya; they are taught about the centres of the Serpentine Fire (called Kundalini) which are: ear, throat, navel, spleen, sacrum, fontenella and inter-temporal eye.[23] The *Upanishads* are mentioned by name and much is made of their well-known formula 'Shanti, shanti, shanti' in 'Thou in shanty; Thou in scanty shanty. Thou in slanty scanty shanty.'[24] In human experience children often turn out wastrels. Joyce illustrates this possibility by irreverent reference to 'Allahballah' and the 'punch of kuaram on the mug of truth.'[25]

Book III—The Book of the People—talks of the tiredness

of parents and ingratitude of the children. The father would rather retire—'erked and skorned and grizzild all over... to isolate i from my multiple Mes.'[26] Meanwhile the son holds forth and shows off before twenty-nine girls who instead of admiring his learning fall for his handsomeness. This scene is illustrated by reference to an episode in the history of the Theosophical Society when Krishnamurty was proclaimed a god despite his disavowal. This gives Joyce an opportunity of talking sex which he does by reference to 'rockcut readers'[27]—the famous murals with their sexy symbolism in mediaeval Indian temples. The parents are left disconsolate with their cry: 'My grief, my ruin, Our Joss-el-Jovan. Our Chris-na-Murty.'[28] The chapter closes with the love life of Tristan and Iseult.[29]

Book IV—Recorso—is one of farewell of the old couple and the beginning of a new aeon. The worn-out father and mother fall back one degree into the past...in the actual fleshly son he once begot buds the future.[30] A new generation is being summoned to become manifest and the words—'Sandhyas, Sandhyas Sandhyas' open the book which has 'a strong coloration of Sanskrit, the language of those Hindu and Buddhist works which have supremely formulated the idea of the cosmic cycles of unending time.'[31] The lord of the risings speaks in Sanskrit and commands the air and fire to go about their work—'Vah, Subarn Sur...thou who agnitest.'[32] The Dubliners (become 'Durbal naras'—or 'weak men') elect to follow the new gods.[33] The new world is 'parasama to himself; atman as evars...as Jambudvipa Vipra (—"Brahmin from Asia") foresaw of him.'[34] The creation of the world is described in terms of the *Rigveda*. Here is Joyce's version 'heaven electing, the dart of desire has gored the heart of secret waters...in this drury world of ours. Father Times and Mother Species boil their kettle with their krutch.'[35] This recalls the famous Hymn of Creation in the *Rigveda*, the relevant part of which has been translated as follows:

> Darkness was in the beginning hidden by darkness; undistinguishable this all was water...Desire in the beginning came upon that...that was the first seed of mind.[36]

Later comes in a whole fragment of Sanskrit of rather a Rabelaisian import: 'A naked Yogpriest clothed of sundust, his oakey doaked with frondest leaves, offtrand to the ewon of her owen. Tasyam kuru salila kriyamu.'[37] Many other philosophical terms like 'Padma', 'adyanta', 'Shavarasanjivan', 'Svanaswap', 'Vayun', 'buddhi', 'sama Sitta' are paraded about. 'Tamas' is thanked, as we are told that 'In that earopean end meets Ind.'[38] Fire is described as 'heptachromatic sevenhued septicoloured", —a description almost literally taken from the *Mundaka-Upanishad*.[39] The tone throughout is one of firm belief in the Sankhya theory: 'yet nobody present here was not there before.'[40] This is the belief described in the *Bhagawat-Gita*, Chapter II, verse 12. The book ends on a note of disenchantment: 'All my life I have been lived among them but now they are becoming loathed to me....I thought you were all glittering with the noblest of carriages. You're only a bumpkin. I thought you great in all things, in guilt and in glory. You're but a puny.'[41] As the heroine melts away, she utters one of the most touching prayers in English literature:

> I go back to you, my cold father, my cold mad father, my cold mad feary father, till the nearsight of the mere size of him, the moyles and moyles of it...makes me seasiltsalsick and I rush, my only, into your arms. My leaves have drifted from me... Carry me along, teddy.[42]

It is thus clear that at every crucial moment, Joyce reclined heavily on the school of Indian philosophy called the Sankhya. Why he made it his own has so far neither been asked nor answered. Events in the life of the author will, however, explain it. He was overtaken by a crisis of faith early in life. By 1898, he had cast off his Christian moorings. Writing on 29 August 1904 to Nora Barnacle (his wife-to-be) he said, 'six years ago, I left the Catholic Church hating it most fervently.'[43] Those were the days of Theosophy and comparative religion. Joyce picked it all up and by 1903 when he reviewed Hall's *Soul of A People* he had become quite familiar with the chief incidents in the life of the Buddha and with the tenets of his philosophy.[44] As time went on, he appears to have gone further and further into Indian thought—especially, into the Sankhya school and its rami-

fications. His use of Indian thought has been noticed before.[45] This is not to say that he 'exchanged an absurdity which was logical and coherent'[46] for an exotic philosophy. But I submit that as Dante erected the superstructure of his *Divine Comedy* on mediaeval Christianity, Joyce chose to erect his *Finnegans Wake*, on the Sankhya system which, while being rigorously logical, is atheistic. It should be no surprise, therefore, if the rationalist in Joyce made it his own creed. It is then not true that he has 'reared his disunited kingdom on the vacuum of his own most intensely doubtful soul.'[47] He has built instead, on the rock of the time-honoured Sankhya philosophy, with a generous measure of Tantricism thrown in. This, according to Joyce, will be the philosophy of the future, and he has taken pains to weave it in the pattern of his *magnum opus*. Of course, there is always a margin of freedom in a writer's use of any material, and Joyce did not mind deviating from the orthodox opinion either in Europe or in Asia—his *Jambudvipa*. But essentially, his HCE is the *Purusha* and his ALP is the *Prakriti* of the Sankhya system; his children are 'you' and 'me.' Because they are all acting their nature, no judgment is to be pronounced on their activities—selfish, sexual, or religious. 'With certain persons,' says F. H. Bradley, 'the intellectual effort to understand the universe is a principal way of experiencing the Deity.'[48] James Joyce was one such person and his attempt to understand the universe is *Finnegans Wake*.

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IMAGERY AND DICTION IN ELIOT'S LATER POETRY

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The change of imagery in Eliot's later poetry marks a significant assurance in his art. Whereas in the earlier verse the apprehensions about life and the universe were transmitted in horizontal dimensions, in the later poetry is sounded a certain depth. Poetry becomes a kind of glass, many-coloured and translucent, permeated by meaning. Helen Gardner rightly says, 'The withdrawal into the inner world of experience brings with it a new kind of imagery: the imagery deriving from dreams, not from observation, and retaining the consequence, the half-understood and deeply-felt significance of dreams, their symbolic truth.'[1] Eliot has aimed at the enlargement of meaning by limiting and reducing imagery to the barest essentials and, therefore, he uses private and evocative symbols. His mind reaches out for analogies and circles, and the principle of the musical form and recurring themes further intensifies the habit. While the images of *The Waste Land* are mostly primordial, those in *Four Quartets* are archetypes of transformation. A primordial image, according to Jung, 'is characterized by a peculiar emotional intensity.'[2] This is true of the Grail-symbolism in *The Waste Land* and various other images in *Ash Wednesday* and *Marina*. But the way the images are inter-related and resolved in the sequence of *Four Quartets* indicates a transformation of the private and the personal into the general and the universal. The symbolism of the axle and the wheel, for instance, links the ego of the poet to an external and universal order. A symbolist poet approaches the symbols not directly but obliquely and, thus, there are many modes of the mind working simultaneously. In Auden, Spender and Day Lewis, new symbols emerge almost invariably on the threshold of the old ones. Katharine Gilbert has discussed some spatial configurations in five recent poets. These represent: a point

or line of division such as a cross-road or door; a course or direction of motion such as a road, stairway, or path through the sky; a place of consummation, such as a mountain top, tower, or position in heavens, a garden or still centre.'[3] The imagery of the 'still centre' is central to the later poetry of Eliot and recurs in the plays as well. We may say that *Four Quartets* is a journey to the 'still centre'.

> At the still point of the turning world. Neither flesh nor fleshless
> Neither from nor towards; at the still point, there the dance is.
> But neither arrest nor movement.

We are here concerned with the birth of the symbol. Stillness can only exist in relation to movement, but in the larger sense there is no movement. The epigraph to *Burnt Norton* reads: 'Upward, downward, the way is one and the same.' To suggest an image or imaginative symbol, Eliot thinks of a revolving wheel[4] and a rotating globe. While the whirling circumference moves, the centre is motionless, signifying the opposed abstractions of time and eternity. The rotating globe is a solid three-dimensional substance where the mystery lies in the mathematical centre. All radii converge to the focal point. The earth revolves but the axis is for ever still. If the axis will ever require motion, its requiring shall be the end of the universe. The *still centre*, thus, is the key symbol having multiple suggestions: the intersection of time with the timeless, God, Logos, Mandala pattern, the pattern of art, the heart of light, the heart of fire. The suggestions are never exhausted. The experiences of the external, physical world are constantly transformed into metaphors and signs of the inner world. Whereas Blake and Rilke attempt too much of a transformation, in Eliot, the reduction to brief images and metaphors (most of the work is done by memory images) shows the working of the many modes of the mind.

The axle-wheel symbolism runs through Eliot's earlier work. Thomas à Becket, in *Murder in the Cathedral*, feels 'that the wheel may turn and still/Be forever still.' In 'Coriolan', too, a reference to the 'still point of the turning world' is given. In *Burnt Norton*, particularly, the *still point* appears and reappears. It is present in the Garlic and Sapphire lyric:

'Garlic and sapphire in the mud/Clot the beeded axle-tree.' Garlic and sapphire are reminiscent of Mallarmé's '*tonnerre et rubis aux moyeux*.' Helen Gardner considers this as an image of variety: 'the soft and the hard, vegetable and the mineral, the living and the petrified and glittering, the common and the precious, the scented and the scentless.'[5] We might also add: the expected and the unexpected, the edible and the inedible; yet both have colour, both are in the earth and are sought for and neither is avoided. The symbol of the *still centre* is present also in 'the trilling wire of the blood', and 'the circulation of the lymph'. The axle-wheel symbolism further recurs in the London-Tube scene:

> In a dim light: neither daylight
> Investing form with lucid stillness
> Turning shadow into transient beauty
> With slow rotation suggesting permanence.[6]

The 'turning world' becomes the 'twittering world'. But an effort to reach stillness is envisaged at the close of the poem: 'And all is always now.' *Burnt Norton* exploits the symbolism to its farthest limit, but the references are implicit in other quartets as well.

In *East Coker*, 'In my beginning is my end,' and 'I am here or there or elsewhere' are other variants of the same symbol. The realization of the timeless spiritual reality is achieved at the 'still point'. The reverse happens if the point is not reached. The seasons and constellations participate in a frenzied dance, bringing the world to the destructive fire. The circumference flies off the axis and the rotating globe is torn asunder. If the pattern is adhered to, even the darkness becomes a warm nourishing womb: 'So the darkness shall be the light, and the stillness the dancing.'

In *The Dry Salvages*, the fragment of Heraclitus is transposed into a different key: 'And the way up is the way down, the way forward is the way back.' The dance is apprehended at the 'point of intersection of the timeless with time.' Eliot reverts to the symbol in a circular way, strictly in keeping with the transitions, variations and recapitulations of the theme. In the last quartet, the circle is once and for all completed. The midwinter spring is an 'unimaginable

zero', which again suggests the 'still point'. The *point* is at the 'unknown remembered gate', 'at the source of the longest river', in 'the voice of the hidden waterfall', and the 'laughter of the children in the apple tree'. The inseparable stillness lies at the junction of 'the two waves of the sea'.

In *Four Quartets*, the image of intersection or cross-road is represented by door, gate, terminus and the like. Katharine Gilbert calls the intersection a moral space. Thus,

> Footfalls echo in the memory
> Down the passage which we did not take
> Toward the door we never opened
> Into the rose-garden. (p. 3)

This is inextricably linked with the rose-garden symbolism. The emotional implications of the rose-garden are numerous since the garden is a place of consummation. It stands, in its ambiguous suggestion, for 'the birth of desire'.[7] Mr. Smidt says that 'We may rightly speculate upon, but we must not infer too much from what the poet himself has given us: namely the frequently recurring episode of an ecstasy of love broken and frustrated, in some vague period of childhood and youth, a scene in an arbour during a shower of rain, a girl with brown hair holding flowers in her arms.'[8] It is the greatness of poetry that a feeling so rich and ambiguous has been suggested in a masterly way. The rose-garden image has various other literary sources; *Alice in Wonderland*, D. H. Lawrence's story 'The Shadow in the Rose-garden', Kipling's story 'They', and Dante's 'First Vision of Beatrice', to name only a few. These references lead to a single sense-impression, the ecstasy of attaining the consummation and the anguish of not doing so. Eliot's employment of imagery is largely determined by his own aesthetics:

> And of course, only a part of an author's imagery comes from his reading. It comes from the whole of his sensitive life since early childhood. Why, for all of us, out of all that we have heard, seen, felt, in a lifetime, do certain images recur, charged with emotion, rather than others? The song of one bird, the scent of one flower, an old woman on a German mountain path, six ruffians seen through an open window playing cards at night at a small French railway junction where there was

a watermill: such memories may have symbolic value, but of what we cannot tell, for they come to represent the depth of feeling into which we cannot peer. We might just as well ask why, when we try to recall visually in some period of the past, we find in our memory just the few meagre arbitrarily chosen sets of snapshots that we do find there, the faded poor souvenirs of passionate moments.[9]

This observation has profound meaning in relation to the rose-garden symbolism. The symbol occurs in *La Figlia che Piange*, *The Burial of the Dead* and *The Family Reunion.*

The 'intersection' image suggests the ground of the ultimate reality: 'Here the intersection of the timeless moments/ Is England and nowhere.' The intersection also functions as a place of decision and farewell and imposes a moral choice: 'In concord at the intersection time/Of meeting nowhere, no before and after'. The sharp contrast between the world of time and eternity is symbolized by the image.

The other dominant spatial imagery is of the 'journey'. The journey image recurs in the third movement of the first three quartets and, in the last one, marks the perpetual exploration. The journey may suggest: movement from the circumference to the centre, from the disc to the axis, from earth to heaven and, finally from *Burnt Norton* to *Little Gidding*. There is an implicit reference to Dante's journey (as in the famous opening line of *The Divine Comedy*), and a religious pilgrimage is envisaged all the way. In *Burnt Norton*, the journey in the world of time is menaced by transient shadows, distractions and cold wind during the nightmarish travelling in the London Tube. In *East Coker*, the central image of journey appears in the third movement; and this image is reinforced by the structural image as: 'Or as, when an underground train in the tube, stops too long between stations,' and in the end: 'We must be still and still moving.' In *The Dry Salvages*, the image recurs, together with those of junction and terminus:

> When the train starts, and the passengers are settled
> To fruit, periodicals and business letters
> . . . .
> Fare forward, travellers! not escaping from the past
> Into different lives, or into any future;

You are not the same people who left the station
Or who will arrive at any terminus. (p. 25)

The progress from the peripheral wanderings to anxious waitings and spiritual journey is well marked. There is also the fruitless voyage of those 'who ended their voyage on the sand, in the sea's lips/ Or in the dark throat which will not reject them.' The journey to calamitous death also can be redeemed by prayer. Death is the condition for rebirth, the end is the beginning. In *Little Gidding*, the passengers do not appear on trains or ships; the journey to the chapel is also the journey to the world's end. In the end of the quartet, the resolution is voiced: 'We shall never cease from exploration.' The journey symbol is completely unfolded in the analogy with Dante's poem: 'And the fire and the rose are one.' The air-earth-water-fire symbolism is derived from Heraclitus and forms a major part of the thematic material of the poem. It has been ingeniously worked out. Air stands for the power of abstraction, the earth for materiality, the water for life-force and the fire for love. These elements form part of each quartet successively. There are images in the pattern if we could find them. The thrush, petrel, porpoise, dove stand for air, water and fire birds. The mouse, wainscot, etc., stand for earth.

The recurrent images which attract attention besides the structural ones, are 'a shaft of sunlight', 'the yew', 'the rose', 'the wild thyme', 'the winter lightning', 'the river', and 'the sea'. G. W. Foster comments on the two kinds of imagery when he says, 'We have been dealing with two major images. The first represented in *The Waste Land* by the grail, in the *Hollow Men* by the eyes, the rose and the star, and in the later poems by the animal image in all its variety.'[10] And Arnold Drew says that 'Few poets have used as many deliberately blurred, greyed, flickering images as Eliot used in *Four Quartets*.'[11] But this is not to say that the meaning is vague or uncertain, but bathed in clear sunlight. The shaft of sunlight, in Eliot, represents a moment of rapt attention, consummation and release. In *The Hollow Men*, the image appears connected with the symbol of the eyes: 'There the eyes are/Sunlight on a broken column.' In *Burnt*

Norton, the image recurs with overwhelming immediacy of appeal:

> Sudden in a shaft of sunlight
> Even while the dust moves
> There rises the hidden laughter
> Of children in the foliage. (p. 8)

What is seen in the shaft of sunlight may be mere illusion or hallucination, but the image arrests the fleeing and fleeting vision of reality. In *The Dry Salvages*, the symbolic use of a shaft of sunlight is stressed: 'The distraction fit lost in the shaft of sunlight.' And in *Little Gidding*, 'The brief Sun flames the ice,' and what spectacle there is, is bathed in sunlight. Sunlight has become a poem, where the meaning of life is incarnated. If Eliot had created no other image, he would still be one of the greatest masters of the poetic image.

Linked with the sunlight image, are other images representing the world of Nature. They are the wild thyme, the winter lightning, the waterfall, rose, clematis, yew, hedgerow, etc. Each assumes symbolic dimensions.

The river and the sea imagery, mainly in their recurrence in *The Dry Salvages*, belong to the self-explanatory world of art. 'The river is within us/The sea is all about us.' Eliot here establishes a link between his individuality and his race, between the personal and the universal, between the intimate and the general. The fusion of the two impulses accounts for the changed imagery of his later verse. This explains why the April scene in *The Waste Land* is vaguely general and represents mostly the experience of the race. But the midwinter scene of *Little Gidding* is replete with the hints and guesses of the poet.

So much for the imagery. Another mode of poetic transformation is *diction*. The power of Eliot's verse lies in his complete mastery over diction in creating magical relationships of sound and sense. This fidelity to the medium of communication is what invariably happens in the great plays of Shakespeare and in the great *Odes* of Keats. In *Four Quartets*, the poet goes beyond words, although the meanings still exist. Eliot achieves this marriage between the permeability of words and the soul of feeling by having a sense of the auditory imagina-

tion. He says, 'What I call the auditory imagination is the feeling for syllable and rhythm, penetrating far below the conscious levels of thought and feeling, invigorating every word; sinking into the most primitive and forgotten, returning to the origin and bringing something back, seeking the beginning and end. It works through meanings certainly, or not without meanings in the ordinary sense, and fuses the old and the obliterated and the trite, the current and the new and surprising, the most ancient and the most civilized mentality.'[12] And further, he says, 'What the great poet has exhausted is merely one form, and not the whole language. The classic poet, on the other hand, exhausts, not a form only, but the language of his time; and when he is wholly a classic poet, the language of his time will be the language in its perfection.'[13] Very few poets have done this; we can name Virgil and Shakespeare. The others, as Mallarmé puts it, 'Donner un sens plus pur aux mots de la tribu', or as the familiar compound ghost in *Little Gidding* puts it, 'Purify the dialect of the tribe.' Eliot has certainly enriched the possibilities of the English language. Every revolution in poetry marks the return to the common speech. Clearly, Eliot realizes this when he says, 'And a language is always changing its development in vocabulary, in syntax, pronunciation and intonation—even in the long run its deterioration—must be accepted by the poet and made the best use of.'[14] Eliot's whole lifetime, as John Simons puts it, 'has been spent in the search of an idiom that would be at once his own and that of the quotidian world of English speech.'[15] In *Four Quartets* and the later plays, the commerce between the old and the new is complete. As Helen Gardner observes, 'In his (Eliot's) earlier poetry, he showed a certain distaste for words with poetic associations, which suggested a limitation in his temperament and a certain lack of confidence in his art. Avoidance of the obvious is not the mark of the highest originality of the genuinely bold artist.'[16] In the later poetry, there is an easy development of naturalness. In Chaucer, Shakespeare and Yeats, too, we find a bold exploration of diction coupled with a great depth of feeling. The silken phrases of *Love's Labour Lost* or *Midsummer Night's Dream* give way to the precision and depth of *Macbeth*. In Chaucer,

too, the romantic diction of the earlier verse gives way to the exact and lucid words of *The Canterbury Tales*. Eliot's earlier verse rebels against the diction of the Georgian poets. Thus, *The Waste Land* shows grand departures and explorations, but it seems as if the poet is continually fleeing from the ghost of romantic traditions. His intense dislike for Shelley and Milton (he has changed his position about the latter), reflects a serious angularity of outlook. But in the later poetry, both the dialectical and the rhetorical, the poetic and the prosaic jostle well together. A casual analysis would show a surprising difference:

> April is the cruellest month, breeding
> Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
> Memory with desire, stirring
> Dull roots with spring rain.
> Winter kept us warm, covering
> Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
> A little life with dried tubers. (*The Waste Land*)

And,

> What is this face, less clear and clearer
> The pulse in the arm less strong and stronger
> Given or lent? more distant than the star and nearer than the eyes?
> (*Marina*)

And finally,

> Midwinter spring is its own season
> Sempiternal though sodden towards sundown,
> Suspended in time, between pole and tropic,
> When the short day is brightest, with frost and fire
> The brief sun flames the ice, on pond and ditches
> In windless cold that is heart's heat,
> Reflecting in a watery mirror
> A glare that is blindness in the early afternoon. (*Little Gidding*)

The quality of diction in the three excerpts is widely different. In the first, the words are dense with physical powers and they have considerable mass in them: *cruellest*, *dull roots*, *dried tubers*. The poet is relying heavily on the deliberately prosaic and, thus, the words have a kind of opacity as opposed to translucence. In the *Marina* passage, the sound-effect of the words is vague and mellifluously

sonorous. Clear becomes clearer, strong stronger. Everything is given, everything lent. In the Midwinter passage, poetry has nothing to learn; it has become fully adroit and flexible as the words become the vehicles of all dimensions of feeling. *Sempiternal* and *sodden* jostle with *sundown; frost* and *fire* meet together. The transitions and shifts are subtler and more gracious because the commerce between the old and the new is familiar and easy throwing them into a new mêleé. *Four Quartets* is a daring attempt to create a new diction to wrap the thoughts and feelings around.

The opening movement of each quartet may well be said to exhibit the characteristic modes of the new diction:

> Time present and time past
> Are both perhaps present in time future,
> And time future contained in time past.
> If all time is eternally present
> All time is unredeemable. (*Burnt Norton*)

The abstract and philosophic nature of the theme is conveyed by the words themselves. There is nothing to suggest the emotional overtones. The key phrases recur: time present, time past, time future. These terms are even anti-poetic in their appeal and are harmonized neatly in the discipline of the four-stressed lines. But as the quartet unfolds into other movements, richly evocative words, endlessly piled adjectives, sensuous verbs, and flickering images blossom forth into the finest poetry, suggesting the abstract and philosophic nature of the theme.

In *East Coker* (first movement), the poet uses the barest reference words, the common and the familiar, the concrete and the precise:

> In my beginning is my end. In succession
> Houses rise and fall, crumble, are extended,
> Are removed, destroyed, restored, or in their place
> Is an open field, or a factory or a by-pass. (*East Coker*)

Here, in place of piled-up adjectives, the verbs are amassed in succession: rise, fall, crumble, extended, removed, destroyed, restored etc. This is followed by such nouns as field, factory, by-pass. The poet is tied to the earth and uses the vocabulary

and syntax of common speech. The materiality of the poem is just a bridge to apprehend the return to reality.

It is, however, in *The Dry Salvages* that a daring, resonant use of diction is disclosed:

> I do not know much about gods; but I think that the river
> Is a strong brown god—sullen, untamed and intractable,
> Patient to some degree, at first recognized as a frontier;
> Useful, trustworthy, as a conveyor of commerce.
> . . . .
> His rhythm was present in the nursery bedroom,
> In the rank ailanthus of the April dooryard,
> In the smell of grapes on the autumn table,
> And the evening circle in the winter gaslight. (*The Dry Salvages*)

Here, the unity of diverse elements in diction is obvious. The adjectives vary in tone-colour. *Sullen*, *untamed*, *intractable* differ from *useful* and *trustworthy*. And later, the rhythm becomes firm and taut and the words are permeated with emotional implications. The shift from the exact and the colourless to the associative and the evocative marks the poet's great mastery of words.

In *Little Gidding*, one is confronted with audacious harmonies, a capacity to traffic with the familiar and the unfamiliar, the old and the new. The words, as B. Rajan says, 'are points of intersection'.[17]

> And every phrase
> And sentence that is right (where every word is at home,
> Taking its place to support the others,
> The word neither diffident nor ostentatious,
> And easy commerce of the old and the new,
> The common word exact without vulgarity,
> The formal word precise but not pedantic,
> The complete consort dancing together)
> Every phrase and every sentence is an end and a beginning,
> Every poem is an epitaph. (*Little Gidding*)

Introducing Marianne Moore, Eliot says that 'Living, the poet is carrying on that struggle for the maintenance of a living language, for the maintenance of its strength, its subtlety, for the preservation of the quality of feeling, which must be

kept up in every generation: Dead, he provides standards for those who take up the struggle after him.'[18] Eliot himself has done unique service to the English language and the generations a hundred years hence would realize that the language has been richer for his efforts.

The imagery and diction of *Four Quartets*, then, constitute the world to be explored; and if explored, to be preserved in their relationships with thought and feeling.

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A NOTE ON WORDSWORTH'S SOUND IMAGERY

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In her study of Wordsworth's imagery, Florence Marsh is confronted with a difficulty as regards the poet's sound images, namely, an identification of the sounds with their sources. 'Since sounds are properties of things,' she writes, 'it may be objected that they should not be made parallel to water and to buildings which are things. I have been able to discover no way out of this difficulty: sounds in the Wordsworthian landscape do have symbolic value and must be regarded as themselves things.' (*Wordsworth's Imagery*, p. 85). The difficulty can be met, if not solved (because such identification is an accepted fact in romantic poetry), by turning to that 'organic sensibility', which was at the root of all Wordsworth's sound images.

The fact that in his many statements on poetry, Wordsworth has remained silent on the significance of sound, has led to the inference that his feeling for the sound of words was not as delicate as his feeling for their sense (J. C. Smith, *A Study of Wordsworth*, p. 61), although he emphasized sensation as the gateway to all poetic experience. This inference is supported by an examination of Wordsworth's sound figures in course of which two noticeable points emerge; one, that his auditory sensibility, unevenly developed, was not without limitations; the other, that the response of 'inward hearing' is geared to a physical stimulus to the inducing of the poetic mind.

Biographical evidence shows that Wordsworth had no ear for music. Coleridge and Quillinan refer to this limitation. Interested neither in 'personal talk' (*Personal Talk*), nor in joyful 'music of humanity' (*Tintern Abbey*), neither in the

tunes of individuals, except when they are expressive of mystery (*The Leech Gatherer, the Highland Girl, The Solitary Reaper*), nor in man-made music, he found delight in phenomenal sounds and sounds of animals, which seemed like 'some natural produce of the air':

> . . . beast and bird, the lamb
> The shepherd's dog, the linnet and the thrush,
> Vied with this waterfall, and made a song
> Which while I listened, seemed like the wild growth
> Or like some natural produce of the air,
> That could not cease to be.
>
> (*It was an April morning*)

Wordsworth had a preference for phenomenal sounds. The wind and the water and the wood, the silence and 'slow-breathing' of Nature, provide recurrent images in his poetry and take on a symbolic significance by their association with powers of 'the living soul'. But what is remarkable is that Wordsworth's response to the 'roaring in the wind all night', and 'sounding cataract', 'the brook of loud stately March' (*Resolution and Independence, Tintern Abbey, The River Duddon*) and such other sounds is highly individual, while his descriptions of animal sounds, bird-songs for example, are conventional. In them Wordsworth is conscious of intensity, pitch and quality or timbre, but he shows no discernment of variety of pitch and tune. This appears more striking when compared with images of visual sensibility where the poet shows perfect perception.

In fact, all bird-songs in Wordsworth's poetry are described in conventional language. J. C. Smith rightly calls them 'conventional', (op. cit. p. 8) while Florence Marsh, praising Wordsworth's 'loving fidelity' in imitating bird-songs, has underestimated their conventional character. (op. cit. p. 88) Sound imitation may have three degrees: imitation of physical sounds, painting or reproduction of natural sounds through speech sounds, and sound metaphors or sound symbols. Wordsworth's fidelity is most successful in the first degree —a proof of his knowledge of pitch, intensity and timbre —but his success in the two other degrees is not very remarkable. In his poetry, the cuckoo warbles, shouts and babbles,

the stockdove broods over its voice, and the magpie chatters, owls shout and hoot, wrens and thrushes sing. (*To the Cuckoo*, *Resolution and Independence*, *The Vale of Esthwaite*, *Prelude*, II, 126). There is no originality in these sound imitations, nor even in such phrases as 'the ethereal minstrel, pilgrim of the sky', while some of the words used reveal a surprising harshness. While capturing the first physical reaction of the bird-song, its pitch and its resounding character—volume and vibration or the pitch and the quality—its two-fold nature, Wordsworth swiftly glides on to the 'visionary hours' and loses the physical awareness of the tune. The lines describing the song of the Cuckoo are:

> While I am lying in the grass
> Thy twofold shout I hear
> From hill to hill it seems to pass
> At once far off and near.

The reader does not receive the words 'shout' and 'pass' without some jarring effect. A bird does not 'shout', nor does it 'babble', as in the next stanza. Again, if its sound seems to 'pass' (pass is a one-way movement), probably there is a Doppler effect and not the effect of resonance, 'at once far off and near'; but since the poet is not able to locate the source (keen auditory sense should not fail to do so, cf. Keats's 'Darkling I listen'), some resounding effect is implied; then 'pass' is an unhappy word introduced for the sake of rhyme. When from meaning we turn to the sound pattern, we halt at the second and the third lines, while the first and fourth lines are flawless in tone. In the first line, the long vowel sound of 'while' is reversed in 'lie' of lying; the long vowel—I—is contrasted to the sharp and short vowel in 'in'; 'n' in 'on' and 'g' in 'grass' repeat the effects of the earlier 'm', 'n', and 'g' sounds in 'lying'; and 'the' has a sound affinity with 'thy' in the next line. In the second line, there is also the same balance of the consonants—t, d, s, t, and vowels—oo, o, ou, ea; but there are four heavy syllables including two heavy stresses, so that the reader must pause after the fourth syllable to balance the sound. The dark consonants are used to convey the sense of a rude physical shock—the 'twofold shout'; the vowels are 'low'

vowels (Keats tones up dark consonants with high vowels as in 'full-throated ease'), which suggest the effect of an unpleasant dullness of physical sensation—a poetic mood ideal for trance or vision—'the visionary hours'—not for keen perception. The poet grasps pitch and intensity and then his mood turns inwards. If we also analyze the third and the fourth lines, we shall similarly find that Wordsworth is conscious of volume and vibration, but not of variation and direction. Hearing is a physical as well as a psychological process, and requires harmonized alertness of the auditory apparatus and the mind. The physical hearer may catch the volume or intensity, pitch, endurance, timbre and the quality of stress of a sound because these have the most intrusive auditory effects, but there is no progression or tonal sequence for him. On the other hand, the mental hearer without complete awareness of physical sensation misses the structural elements of sound and their succession and builds only upon imagination. (Susanne K. Langer, *Feeling and Form*, 135 ff.) This is an explanation of the fact that in Wordsworth's sound imagery, sound does not symbolize the object physically, but becomes identified with it in a process of mystic experience. This leaves the physical awareness of sound in the poet incomplete. For him sound is the stimulant of mood only, a mood, which lays the physical sensation to sleep, turning the physical hearer immediately to an 'inward hearer', apprehending a vision:

> While the fleshy ear,
> Overcome by humblest prelude of that strain,
> Forgot her functions and slept undisturbed.
>
> (*Prelude*, II, 415-17)

The source of sound in Wordsworth is physically invisible, or even if it is visible, it is a part of the 'inscrutable' mystery of life. Since the sound is suggestive of the invisible (*Power of Music*) and stimulates a mood instead of initiating and completing a physical process, in such a mood 'the property and the thing' are one and the same, and sounds are regarded as things. This is the explanation of the difficulty raised by Professor Marsh.

Our findings lead also to two other inferences. Firstly,

Wordsworth evinces little response to tone, despite his great sensitivity to phenomenal sights and sounds. The constant familiarity of such sights and sounds in the lake district and the poet's visionary nature precluded the development of tonal response. If the process of tranquil recollection generates the poetic emotion, it may also sieve out the details of physical sensation. Secondly, Wordsworth quickly passed from the physical impulse of sound to the inward integration of the sensation. (*Tintern Abbey*, 27-29). The sonal sense which cannot feed the imagination as directly as the visual sense, feeds it indirectly by accentuating in the poet's mind the quest for its essence and stimulates the inducement of a poetic mood, a mental climate for a vision.

THE NEW VEIN IN *MANSFIELD PARK*

BY S. M. CHANDA

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IN *Mansfield Park*, produced a year after her great success with *Pride and Prejudice*, Jane Austen tried consciously o break fresh ground. Three gay novels having increased her self-confidence as a writer, she decided to attempt something different—a comedy in serious vein. In the letter in which she speaks of having received the first copies of *Pride and Prejudice*, she says: 'Now I will try and write something else, and it shall be a complete change of subject—ordination.' (To Cassandra, *Jane Austen's Letters*, ed. R. W. Chapman, 2nd ed., p. 298). From the very start *Mansfield Park* was intended to be a novel of moral import.

The clash between Mary Crawford and Fanny Price, who represent two different ways of thinking on all important questions, first shows itself in their debate over whether Edmund should become a clergyman. The issue between them is how Edmund will shape as a man if he devotes himself to the church. The church as a career, which means for Mary nothing but a life of indolence, is to Fanny a disinterested pursuit, requiring the exercise of one's highest faculties. The discussion on ordination, as presented by Jane Austen, running through several pages, is not so much a religious as a cultural question, with bearing on the effect of a profession.

To Jane Austen, a man's profession was a matter of significance, having to do with two aspects of life—avowal of certain principles and beliefs and commitment to a particular kind of work. She shows the importance she attaches to profession in the great comic scene of *Persuasion*, where Mrs. Clay tells Sir Eliott how each profession leaves a mark on a person's face. The point is stressed when, speaking about the professional pride of the Navy, Jane Austen dwells at length on the good effect it makes on personal character. Expressed in her characteristic way, it is in fact a reflection

of the nineteenth-century English belief, noticeable in the writings of some others, that a man's moral life and his loyalty to his profession are interdependent. In the spiritual life of England in the nineteenth century, though faith in religion was on the wane, much of the concern with profession had an ethical tinge about it, being a concern with duty. This view of a man's profession in nineteenth-century England explains in large measure the commotion in *Mansfield Park* over the play incident, which to most of us today seems a storm in a tea-cup. Normally, there can be no objection to putting on plays occasionally by the young people of a house for the members of the family only. Nor is there any reason to believe that the particular play chosen, *Lovers' Vows*, dealing with illicit love and a bastard, is the root of the trouble. In quite a few letters (cf. letters to Cassandra, *Letters*, pp. 33, 70, 82, 94), Jane Austen tells us that amateur theatricals were popular in her home and that she was not at all puritanical. The only explanation therefore of so much being made of the incident is to provide the hero, Edmund, with an opportunity to expound his theory of duty. Edmund should be given a chance to apply his philosophy of the significance of the profession, on which he holds a debate with Mary Crawford, to a concrete case. His objection to the play springs from his disapproval on moral grounds of the idea of acting. A potential clergyman aiming at flawless conduct and sincerity, he looks upon acting as a sort of pretence, associating it instinctively with what one calls hypocrisy. In reply to Mary's words, he says that the man 'who chooses the profession is perhaps the last who would wish to represent it on the stage.' Prejudice against impersonation seems to be the chief reaction of Sir Thomas when he orders the removal of the stage.

The heroine, Fanny, subscribing to this opinion, has affinity with Edmund, sharing his notions of duty. Compared with the other heroines of Jane Austen, she is a moralist, always trying to live up to some cherished principles. Rock-like in her honesty, she has not much to attract the reader as a social being—no vivacity, no physical energy, not even a sharp tongue. In the early chapters, Fanny's deficiency in this respect only sets off Mary Crawford—witty, exuberant

and brimming over with life, kindred in temperament to Elizabeth of *Pride and Prejudice*. Rightly does Lord David Cecil say: 'Fanny is a little wooden, a little charmless and rather a prig.' (*Poets and Story-tellers*, p. 102). But what is significant is that while Elizabeth triumphs in *Pride and Prejudice*, her counterpart in *Mansfield Park*, Mary Crawford, in spite of all her charm, is rejected in favour of Fanny. This intensifies the moral tone of *Mansfield Park*, laying accent on the point that elegance and accomplishments may distinguish one for a while on the social plane but do not contribute to virtue or happiness and so are of no consequence. The only and most unfortunate defect of Mary Crawford which scandalizes Edmund and wipes out our good opinion of her, since we see her through his eyes, is that she does not care for principle in everyday life. Hers are, not faults of temper, but faults of principle. Mary has no reprobation for the offence committed by her brother; she only regrets that he was tactless, extremely clumsy in the execution of his plan and so was tracked down. In her we have a young lady full of pleasant graces but without idealism. It is here that Fanny towers above her. The idea that principle should be valued more than expediency, that in all activities one should be impelled by a sense of duty, is emphasized in the last chapters of the novel. Sir Thomas holds himself guilty of having instructed his children 'theoretically in their religion, but never requiring them to bring it into daily practice.' He finds comfort in the thought that his selfish son Tom Bertram becomes, during his convalescence, a changed man, steady and quiet, wishing to live not merely for himself.

Along with this concept of the 'active principle' is presented another question in *Mansfield Park*—taste in everyday life. Moral fervour alone will not be the panacea. How one lives is as important as what one tries to live up to, the two being inter-related. Her visit to Portsmouth after a long stay at Mansfield Park is for Fanny an unhappy experience. Not that poverty seizes her again after a spell of affluence. In the untidy, unfurnished rooms of that small house, amidst noisy people with loud manners, she finds herself being accorded a cool reception. Her return after a long absence,

during which, she knows, she was hardly in their thoughts, does not create any joyous atmosphere. Dirt and squalor which surround them tell on their minds. Her family shows no desire to know her better, makes no attempt to win her friendship and love. No wonder that it is for her the abode of noise, disorder and impropriety and so a striking contrast to Mansfield Park which stands for elegance, propriety and harmony. Portsmouth's lagging behind Mansfield Park gives a cultural significance to the novel.

Mansfield Park, to my mind, shows a change in its author's general attitude. *Pride and Prejudice* extols certain qualities —liveliness, humour and vivacity, presenting them as factors conducive to happiness and virtue. *Mansfield Park* focusses the reader's attention on their negative role, as traits detracting from the good life. It is significant that the heroine of this novel is infallibly virtuous.

BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY IN *HOWARDS END*

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> *It will be generally admitted that Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is the most sublime noise that has ever penetrated into the ear of man.*
>
> (*Howards End*, Pocket Ed., 1951, p. 32)

E. M. Forster's description and interpretation of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in *Howards End* is highly subjective. It reveals his intensely individualistic approach to music and his endeavour to express it through character and situation—the whole design of the novel itself.

Though certain aspects of Forster's contribution to bringing the novel into association with music ('musicalization' is perhaps too technical a term) have been commented upon by critics, this particular field of inquiry has not yet been fully explored.

The process of Helen Schlegel's appreciation, absorption and perception of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is analogous to Forster's own way of responding to music. As an amateur, Forster is, in the initial stage, less attentive to music and 'woolgathers' most of the time. A professional musician is unlikely to experience these early distractions since music seems to him flowing out of a system. Forster translates sounds into colours. Visual images and goblins pass in a procession before his inward eye. Thus music and painting seem to create in his imagination an integrated image.

> What is the good of the ear if it tells you the same as the eye? Helen's one aim is to translate tunes into the language of painting, and pictures into the language of music.
>
> (*Howards End*, p. 41)

The 'slow start of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony,' says Forster, 'invokes a grey-green tapestry of hunting scenes.' (*Two Cheers for Democracy*, p. 137). Forster, in his own way,

perceives two worlds, of literature and music, of written words and musical sounds fused into one. This fusion is reflected in Helen Schlegel's response to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

In a prefatory note to *A Passage to India* and an Address at Harvard (*Two Cheers*, p. 117), Forster expressed his view of music as 'the deepest of the arts and deep beneath the arts'. Music is the 'the deepest of the arts' as it touches the chord of the reality of emotion and the harmony of life. Lucy Honeychurch, who found the routine of life chaotic 'entered a more *solid world* when she opened the piano.' Forster writes:

> The kingdom of music is not the kingdom of this world; it will accept those whom breeding and intellect and culture have alike rejected.
>
> (*A Room with a View*, Pocket Ed., p. 40)

Music is also 'deep beneath the arts' showing its common inheritance and affinity with other arts, particularly literature. Music, as an experience, is haunting. Yet it is not its haunting quality as much as its strange power of being able to communicate the deep significance of life which is central to Forster's world. To Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson, Bach 'conveyed the essence of the transcendental' more than what Shelley and Plato did:

> Music, returning via them (musicians) to his philosophy convinced him of transcendental truth...
>
> (*Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson*, p. 83)

Forster uses musical scenes and situations to convey the latent meanings of life and promptings of the soul which cannot be adequately expressed through purely literary channels. These scenes reveal that music, through subtleties of tunes and modulations, creates various impressions and kindles sensibility:

> Whether you are like Mrs. Munt, and tap surreptitiously when the tunes come—or like Helen, who can see heroes and shipwrecks in the music's flood; or like Margaret, who can only see the music; or like Tibby, who is profoundly versed in counterpoint, and holds the full score open on his knee; ...in any case, the passion of your life becomes more vivid....
>
> (*Howards End*, p. 33)

Howards End creates before my mind's eye the significant image of the Meenakshi Temple, one of the glories of architecture in India, whose seven massive pillars are so constructed as to give, when beaten appropriately, the seven notes of Indian music. Characters and situations in *Howards End* are deeply influenced by what, in Forster's view, Beethoven does with his Symphony. Forster's statement, recording the major effect of the Symphony on Helen, is very significant:

> The music had summed up to her all that had happened or could happen in her career.
>
> (*Howards End*, p. 36)

Music 'enwrapped' Helen; her attention 'wandered'; she breathlessly visualized the coming and going of goblins. The symbolic, in Forster, is oddly intermingled with the comic. The impact of music was so strong that Helen left the hall mistakenly taking Leonard's umbrella with her. It was a 'summary' of events—past and present:

> Excuse me, says Leonard, but that lady has quite inadvertently taken my umbrella.
>
> (*Howards End*, p. 36)

The umbrella signifies respectability and Leonard craved for its return.

Forster's interpretation of the Symphony, in terms of Helen's view of life, is highly subjective and individual and we find Helen perceiving visual images in the third and fourth movements:

> The music started with a goblin walking quietly over the Universe....Others followed him....They were not aggressive creatures....They merely observed in passing that there was no such thing as splendour or heroism in the world...Panic and emptiness...the goblins were right...
>
> (*Howards End*, p. 34)

Helen is unable to contradict the ugly demons because the Wilcox episode has made her feel the panic and emptiness. Beethoven scatters them, and in come 'the gusts of splendour'. The goblins return. Beethoven, again, brings back youth

and heroism, and thus the Fifth Symphony comes to a close 'amid vast roarings of superhuman joy'.

Forster finds in this performance a view of life. Beethoven takes us to a height from which 'we revaluate not only all music, but all life.' He does not communicate to us, says J. W. N. Sullivan, merely his 'perceptions' or 'experiences', but 'the attitudes based on them' (*Beethoven, His Spiritual Development*, p. 32). The symphony is thus interpreted in terms of Helen's life experience.

Music not merely created visual images for Helen, it made them tangible, gave them form and substance:

> She read it as a tangible statement, which could never be superseded. The notes meant this and that to her, and they could have no other meaning, and life could have no other meaning.
>
> (*Howards End*, p. 36)

The role which music seems to play in Forster's novels as a channel of communication of a view of life is analogous to the function of the Handel passages in *Alps and Sanctuaries* where Samuel Butler employs music for expressing sensations and feelings beyond the scope and capacity of purely literary modes of expression. Virginia Woolf's eight short sketches *Monday or Tuesday* (1920), aim at creating an 'interpretative atmosphere'. In 'the String Quartet', she records, through a series of impressionistic images, the slow movement and lively finale of a Mozart concert. James Joyce's *Ulysses* is a great achievement in creating almost a world of musical sounds. Its structure is musical. Ezra Pound believes that *Ulysses* resembles 'the Sonata, with the two major themes, those of Stephen and Bloom, introduced, developed, combined and recapitulated.'

Forster's way of employing musical devices, it must be said, is very different from those of Proust or Dujardin. Proust and Dujardin both, in repeating a phrase at selected intervals, make use of the leitmotiv. With Proust, it is a thematic device, with Dujardin it is a stylistic device. In fact, with Forster it is not, strictly speaking, a device at all. Music is employed, in the manner of an analogy or metaphor, to convey the delicate subtleties of a view of life.

FLORA ANNIE STEEL'S VIEW OF INDIA

By Daya Patwardhan
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Having no intimate contact with the Indian people, the Anglo-Indians of the last century developed strange notions of India's religions and culture. The Indians were called 'heathens'. The report of the Church Missionary Society for 1862-3 contains the comment: 'There is something less than one Christian to every thousand heathens, and this after European missionaries have been sixty years in the country.' The feeling of the devout Christian is reflected in the regret that the days of wholesale conversion were over. The imaginary Broughton in Trevelyan's *The Competition Wallah* reflects the attitude of the Anglo-Indian towards Hinduism: 'The mass of the people of Hindoostan are of much the same grade intellectually and morally as the mass of the Western population in the darkest centuries of the Christian era.' (p. 295). The religion of the Hindus was barbarous, their gods and goddesses monstrous. The Hindu idol is described in the same book thus: 'This idol is a sacred stone and can perhaps scarcely be dignified with the title of God.' (p. 214).

Many Anglo-Indians were disappointed at the sight of Indian cities. They had expected to pass through a 'succession of lofty streets of temples rich with fretwork, of bazaars blazing with the gorgeous fabrics of the Eastern loom.' They had expected the architecture to be nearly approaching to the European's ideas of comfort. They were disgusted at the sight of the towns and miles and miles of plain countryside. Broughton, represented as a typical Anglo-Indian, found the mud-hovels disgusting, the countryside deserted and therefore ugly, the village women stunted and unattractive.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel (1847-1929), author of 16 novels (6 of Anglo-Indian, 4 of Historical and 6 of British life), 96 short stories, original Indian folk-stories, children's books and 5 other miscellaneous books on India, reveals an alto-

gether different attitude towards India's religions and the Indian countryside. In her *India*, she points out the idea of the one God in Hinduism thus: 'And yet under all the turmoil of almost senseless worship, behind all the thirty thousand and odd deities which are worshipped in India, there is not one Hindu from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas who would not scout the idea of there being more gods than one, and that one Unknowable, Mysterious, Absolute Holiness. The rest are but ideas, founded by man in the vain effort to bring the Incomprehensible into comprehension.' (pp. 67-8). Her views regarding the failure of missionaries to convert are well expressed in the following comment: 'But, in truth, the Hindu standpoint is very hard to attack. Practically all proselytising must be directed against the intolerable mass of superstition and ceremonial which has grown up around its central ideas.' The Hindu temples are not merely heathen places of idol worship to Mrs. Steel as they were to her contemporaries. She tells her English readers that the Hindu temples are not like churches, places of worship. They are simply shrines. This fundamental fact is not grasped by missionaries, observes Mrs. Steel, and therefore they condemn root and branch the system and ritual which seem to them utterly unspiritual.

If the contemporary Anglo-Indian found Indians barbarous, Mrs. Steel showed a great regard for India's philosophy. In her *India through the Ages* she praises in the highest terms the teaching of Bhishma, the philosophy of the Hindus. The East saw light sooner than the West. About India in the days of Harsha, she says, 'For India was in those days more civilized than Europe: its people were refined, bound hand and foot by ritual, consciously conventional in custom.' (p. 70). Referring to a philosophical extract on the limitless Infinite from the *Mahabharata*, she observes: 'We may well pause to ask ourselves how nearer we are to discovering the great secret than those who, nearly three thousand years ago, puzzled themselves over the problem of consciousness, and why when the mind is otherwise engaged, the life agent in the body heareth not.' She admires the *Sankhya* system of Indian philosophy; she is amazed at the scientific and atomic theories of the *Vaisesikas*.

Mrs. Steel has revealed to the English reader the true beauty of the Indian countryside. 'But the real beauty of India lies in the fact that relatively to its population, there is hardly a building in it at all. You may travel through miles on miles of country without coming upon any more solid sign of human inhabitancy than a red hovel or a mud hut.' Mrs. Steel finds ample romance on the Indian road. In the story 'A Debt of Honour' we get a glimpse of the romantic India with the babool and jhund trees; of the quiet countryside unspoilt by any marks of civilization. If there are no huge buildings, no noisy cities in India, Mrs. Steel is the happier for that. Along the road travels the wrinkled Gulabi, a character in the short story 'A Debt of Honour', in a basket carried by her grandchildren to her place of pilgrimage. The sound of the bells that jingle as the basket is carried, the queer old woman with traces of old finery about her frail figure, the story of love and romance that she relates to the young English officer sleeping under a tree,—all create an atmosphere of romance. The story, 'The Hall of Audience', exhibits Mrs. Steel's interest in ancient monuments and the way she could associate an old romance with the present ruins.

It is not the railways built by the British in which the poor Indians travel third class, that make India what she is; nor the Dufferin hospitals and the Victoria Memorial at Calcutta. People who expect India to be like any Western country, who come to see museums, hospitals and war memorials, will be disappointed and will find India dreary as many Englishmen did. 'Such people,' observes Mrs. Steel, will never find India.' 'On the other hand, those who can see in that clear obscure something which appeals to the imagination, which tells them of hidden treasures, of half-forgotten secrets guarded jealously from alien eyes, may go on. For them the gates are open. They will find and love India—as I do.' (*India*, p. 4).

BURTON'S *KASIDAH* OF HAJI ABDU-EL-YEZDI

By S. N. Ray

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Its thirteen editions, published at varying intervals between 1880 and 1923, have failed to secure for Sir Richard Francis Burton's *Kasidah* even a casual mention in any authoritative history of Victorian poetry. Its eclectic thought and general heedlessness of the finer graces of verse and poetic imagery have evidently stood in the way. Yet one cannot help feeling that it deserved better of the critics for its manifest sincerity, refreshing intellectuality, and certain ancillary interests which are not altogether negligible. It is certainly the most earnest attempt ever made by a European to build up a philosophy of life equally on Western and Eastern thought; it is the only Victorian poem to oppose stoicism to 'doubt'; it had possibly something to do with Swinburne's change-over from neo-paganism to humanism.

The *Kasidah* was composed in 1853 during intervals of privacy on Burton's journey back from Medina. Redolent of the loneliness of desert travel, it opens with 'a sore lament that the meetings of this world for ever take place on the highway of separation':

> Why meet we on the bridge of Time
> To change one greeting and then to part?
> We meet to part, yet asks my sprite,
> 'Part we to meet?' . . . .
> Why must we bear this yoke of 'Must'?
> Alas, the birthday's injury!

Then it passes in review the answers to this sphinx-riddle given by the wise and the foolish teachers of humanity, and finds them alike inadequate. 'The contradictions, the infinite sorrowfulness and the dark end of all existence' still stare humanity in the face. Yet looking into his own life as he lives it, a man finds that he is not all forlorn. There is joy for

him in the exercise of his affections and in self-cultivation. It must be on these verities then that man must build his life: 'It is most hard to be a man having his sole consolation in self-cultivation and the pleasures of the affections, but this is unquestionably the best and only ideal.'

> Do what thy manhood bids thee do;
> From none but self expect applause;
> He noblest lives and noblest dies
> Who makes and keeps his self-made laws.
> All other living is living death.

None of the known faiths can be a substitute:

> I've tried them all, I find them all
> So tame, so drear, so dry;
> My gorge ariseth at the thought,
> I commune with myself, I cry.

In this extremity,

> Better the myriad toils and pains
> That make the man to manhood true.
> . . . .
> This be the rule that guideth life:
> With ignorance wage eternal war,
> To know thyself for ever strain;
> The ignorance of thy ignorance
> Is thy fiercest foe, thy deadly bane.
> To seek the true, to glad the heart,
> Such is the life of the Higher Law.
> . . . .
> Then if Nirvana round our life
> With nothingness, 'tis haply best,
> Thy toils and troubles, want and woe
> Find at last their guerdon, Rest.
> . . . .
> Wend now thy way with brow serene
> Fear not thy humble tale to tell.

The whispers of the desert wind and the tinkling of the camel-bell waft you a message of hope and call you to a happy beyond.

Burton had to begin his quest with stupendous negations. There is no God 'uncreated by man in his own image'; the

soul is 'fancy as opposed to the body which is a fact, at best a convenient term denoting the sense of individual identity'; conscience is not the still small voice of God, but 'a geographical and chronological accident'; 'the will is in truth never free'; truth is not absolute, 'not an unchanging name'; law does not postulate a law-giver; Nature was never created, but its material and spiritual principles have existed from all eternity, suffering endless revolution 'without the intervention of a deity'; 'revelation and a future state of rewards and punishments' are puerile fabrications'; 'there are no doors to human knowledge other than the five senses', no incarnation or prophet having ever originated an idea not conceived through the senses; there is no virtue in 'mere belief' and repentance, and no sin in 'mere unbelief'.

The positive ideas, as against these negations, are: the present life is 'all sufficient for an intelligent being'; 'the law under which man is born lays it down that man should travail to better himself'; there is happiness to balance unhappiness in human life, and it is an undeniable fact of experience that 'evil is constantly rising into good'; 'the mind is more than mere brain action, it includes the sentiments which yield joy and cry out against annihilation; by being true to himself, by rejecting 'creed' which is an accident like birth, by following 'the stern commonsense of mankind and Reason, which is 'life's sole arbiter, the magic labyrinth's single clue', eschewing ignorance and error by the light of 'dry reason', man may follow the Higher Law, as Burton calls his philosophy, and attain to *Arhatship*.

The philosophy of the *Kasidah* is in substance a vindication of individual divinity, achieved through a synthesis of Socratic, Stoic and scientific rationalism with Sufism, Jainism and Buddhism. It has been described as 'an eastern version of humanism blended with the sceptical or scientific habit of mind.' So much indeed of Eastern thought has been compressed within its small compass, that the *Kasidah*, on its first appearance, was taken to be 'the work of an Eastern polyglot with cosmopolitan tendencies'.

Burton's use of Eastern thought is openly eclectic. Where Sir William Jones or Edwin Arnold interprets with sympathy, Burton selects according to his need elements of Eastern

thought which would fit into his individual philosophy. He accepts the Sufi's view of the soul that it is superfluous to seek an 'I' within the I, but will have nothing to do with his mysticism or gnosticism. He borrows the Jain idea of 'Chain of the Universe', and Manu's conception of the human body as a house made of bone, blood, muscles and tendons, without making any use of the Jain philosophy or Manu's elaborate code of ethics. He makes extensive use of Buddhism, citing Buddha in support of atheism, adopting the Buddhist hatred of ignorance and repudiation of the ultra-rational element in faith, and building his philosophy of progress on the Buddhist conception of *Arhatship*. But he will have nothing to do with the doctrine of rebirth which Buddhism retains.

Notwithstanding this eclecticism, Burton may be said to have made a more intimate use of Eastern thought than any European orientalist, and on this score alone the *Kasidah* deserves to be redeemed from critical neglect.

Burton's knowledge of the East was primarily acquired in India. During the seven years he spent in the country, coming out as a young officer in the East Indian Army in 1842, Burton gave himself entirely to the study of Eastern philosophy and religion, and perfected himself in Arabic and Islamic doctrine and practice, earning for himself, by the way, the nickname of 'The White Nigger' in the Officers' Mess, and qualifying for his subsequent visit to Mecca and Medina in the disguise of an Afghan pilgrim.

Lady Burton, who edited her husband's works, wrote about the *Kasidah*: 'It will appeal to all large hearts and brains for its depth, its height, its breadth, its pathos, its melancholy and despair. It is the very perfection of romance; it seems as the cry of the soul wandering through space, looking for what it does not find. I do not believe that this poem has its equal; it is unique.' It may be that Lady Burton's estimate is too personal. In integrity of thought and emotion and sheer poetry it is far surpassed by Fitzgerald's *Omar*. But it is impressive in its intrepid intellectuality which gives to the whole something of an emotional overtone. And historically it has the distinction of being the only Stoic poem in the Victorian era, an era which, unsure of itself, might ignore, or compro-

mise with, 'doubt', luxuriate in its unease or break down under its stress, seek refuge from it in art, neo-paganism, or epicureanism, but could never look it squarely in the face. It is surprising that this unique testament of faith has passed into virtual oblivion, notwithstanding its high seriousness, its author's fame as an explorer and as an orientalist, and his known place in Swinburne's affection.

That Burton was a power in Swinburne's life has not been duly recognized in any study of Swinburne's poetic development. The two came together early in 1861, when on the rebound from thwarted love-making, Swinburne had landed on De Sade's

> On n'est point criminel faire la peinture
> Des bizzarres penchants qu' inspire la nature.

His instincts so confirmed, he was 'ashamed no more at the tendencies of his own nature.' Their meeting at Fryston Hall, under the auspices of Monckton Milnes, was designed to be one of those encounters of opposites in which Milnes delighted. But instead of the expected mutual disapproval, 'a fast and enduring friendship' sprang up between 'the Herculean explorer' and 'the frail Pre-Raphaelite model', both being rebels and iconoclasts at heart, and each admiring in the other what he himself lacked. Sustained by exchange of letters, and deepened by close association during Burton's two furloughs home in 1865 and 1869 and later stays in England, even to the violation of the Putneyan captivity, this friendship has been recorded by Swinburne with a rare warmth of feeling in many of his letters, in the Dedication of *Poems and Ballads* (Second Series), in a deeply appreciative sonnet and two feeling elegies. What impressed Swinburne most in Burton's personality were his superb courage and profound wisdom. Burton was to him 'a demigod of daring' superior even to Raleigh, in physical courage, and spiritually.

> A living soul that had the strength to quell
> Hope the spectre and fear the spell,

who 'eyed lifetime and death with unchangeful cheer'. 'The boldest born of the bravest', Burton was the redeemer of

'such as are clothed round with faith that is one with fear.' Burton's 'full soul'

> ...held east and west in poise,
> Weighed man with man, and creed of man's with creed,
> And age with age...
> And found what faith may read not and what may read.

And the East was the fountainhead of his wisdom:

> Still sunward here on earth his flight was bent,
> towards 'the glorious orient glowing, defiant of the dark.'

It was Burton's influence which gave the right direction to Swinburne's aberrant genius in the sixties. Without crossing the fundamental urges of Swinburne's nature, Burton found for them healthier, but still exciting, channels. He endorsed Swinburne's plan of outraging Victorian prudery while Rossetti and Meredith and others demurred to many items in the forthcoming *Poems and Ballads* which Swinburne had set his heart on publishing whole, assured by the success of *Atalanta* that he could carry through his project by the sheer power of his verse. By leading Swinburne a hectic round of sociabilities, and introducing him to the bizarre 'tribal feasts' of the Cannibal Club, Burton drew Swinburne away from the degrading society of Howell, the shady Anglo-Portuguese, and Solomon, the pervert Jewish painter. And though Italy and Mazzini had a great deal to do with it, Swinburne's emergence from neo-paganism to humanism in the late sixties was decisively influenced by Burton.

Certain ideas in Swinburne's *Hymn of Man* and *Hertha* are strongly suggestive of the *Kasidah*. Subscribing to Mazzini's credo that 'Humanity is a Collective Being—a Man who lives and works for men,' *Hymn of Man* has yet no room for Mazzini's God, between whom and the individual man Humanity is mediator. In *Hymn of Man*, in fact, he never existed except in man's fancy: 'the god that ye make you', 'the God of your making'. *Hertha*, which has further outgrown Mazzini, reiterates the idea: 'the God of your fashion', 'the God that ye made', finally, 'the Gods of your fashion'. In blazoning forth this un-Victorian idea of a man-made God, Swinburne may have been heartened to have found

that as early as 1853 the *Kasidah* had made it the cornerstone of its philosophy: 'there is no God uncreated by man in his own image.' Creed, next, is abhorrent equally to Swinburne and Burton. The ethics of *Hertha*, too, are identical with the ethics of the *Kasidah*: 'to be man with thy might' of *Hertha* corresponding exactly to *Kasidah*'s 'Do what thy manhood bids thee do,' and 'man to manhood true'. Finally, the philosophy of *Hertha* which, materializing with Darwinism the pantheism of the East, makes life, change and growth events in a natural, compulsive process of 'becoming', is not unlike the concept of the Jain Chain of the Universe which Burton borrows to symbolize the cosmic law of 'flux'. Personal contact may, indeed, account for these fundamental agreements, but not quite to the exclusion of the possibility of Swinburne's having read the *Kasidah* in manuscript.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Theory of the Novel in England, 1850-70, by H. Richard Stang, pp. xii+251. Routledge and Kegan Paul, London, 1959, 32 sh.

IT IS not clear whether Mr. Stang's book was originally a doctoral dissertation that is now published in book form. Neither he nor the publishers' blurb mentions anything that would suggest a study of that kind. But then, there is the depressingly heavy dependence on authorities apparent in the inordinate frequency of quotation marks, there is the inescapable ubiquity of footnotes (there is hardly a page that has eluded Mr. Stang's *penchant* for them). There is, again, a general absence of liveliness about Mr. Stang's writing, and, finally, there is the twenty-page bibliography. All these together with a certain amount of avoidable repetitiveness indicate a contribution of the order I hinted at.

Having said that, however, one must hasten to add that Mr. Stang has written a timely and valuable book. We are still largely ignorant of the range and perception of the criticism about the novel that the Victorian Age produced. This is one of those instances in which the Twentieth Century is not yet Nineteenth enough. Scholars like Walter Allen and Mark Schorer seem to believe that the first serious critical thinking about the novel in England began in the eighties of the last century, with Henry James and George Moore. Mr. Stang's book should help to correct this persistent misconception, for it conscientiously brings to light a mass of critical material that lies buried away in the files of Victorian periodicals. In this context the portion dealing with the views and theories of Dickens and George Eliot (when she was Miss Evans) among the novelists, and of G. H. Lewes and Leslie Stephen among the critics ('reviewers' would perhaps be an apter description) are particularly rewarding. In her excellent book on George Eliot, Mrs. Joan Bennett, we may remember, had observed: 'The incalculable influence of

George Henry Lewes on George Eliot makes it worth while to attempt to know him even if he were not in his own right so well worth knowing.' It is one of the merits of Mr. Stang's study that he has succeeded in suggesting how well worth knowing G. H. Lewes is in his own right, as one of the foremost critical intelligences active about the novel in the Victorian age.

It is not part of Mr. Stang's purpose to belittle, if that were possible, in any way the importance of Henry James as the major theorist of the novel. That, he says, 'remains unique'. His whole attempt here is to provide some kind of a perspective with which to view the achievement of James the theorist. Much the most convincing portion of the book from this point of view is Part Two, entitled 'The Craft of Fiction'. Mr. Stang quotes at length from Dickens, Trollope, Lewes, Leslie Stephen and others to give us a fair idea of the debate that was carried on in the period on the technique of the novel. In the sub-sections in this part under the titles 'The Disappearing Author', 'Point of View', 'Unity and Structure', 'Organic Unity', are grouped the opinions and ideas of the various critics and novelists engaged in working out 'some of the most important concepts for the criticism of novels as a distinct branch of imaginative literature.' And Mr. Stang rightly feels:

> The idea of point of view, the distinction between rendering and describing a scene, and the whole complicated question of unity in a novel as distinct from a play or any other art-form had been all discussed quite fully by English critics before the publication in 1878 of Henry James's first collected critical essays.

The first of the three parts into which the book is divided is entitled 'The Sacred Office'. Each of its two subdivisions deals with the dignity of the novel as an art form, one from the novelists', the other from the critics', point of view. Thus all the important novelists from Bulwer-Lytton to George Eliot, including Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith, Trollope, are examined for their views on the subject. The work of the critics Roscoe, Bagehot, Dallas, Lewes, Leslie Stephen, Masson, is similarly reviewed in the second, and more valuable, sub-division.

Part Three is again subdivided into two: 'Mid-Victorian Realism' and 'The Cheek of the Young Person'. The former is a somewhat laboured and lengthy account of the different approaches to realism adopted by novelists and critics of the time. The latter subdivision deals with the demands made by Victorian prudery on the novel, and the ways these were met first by the novelists and then by the critics.

In spite of the difficulties suggested in the opening part of this review Mr. Stang is justified in hoping that his book 'will supply a much-needed missing chapter in English literary history.'

R. N. MEHTA

M. S. University of Baroda

Power of Blackness: Hawthorne, Poe, Melville, by H. Levin, pp. 263. Knopf, $ 4·00.

PROFESSOR HARRY LEVIN who was held in high esteem by his preceptor, the late F. O. Matthiessen, has, in this book, applied certain anthropological, psychological and semantic concepts of modern criticism to a study of three major American writers—Hawthorne, Poe and Melville. These concepts are difficult but fascinating and behind them is the assumption that all literature is a form of myth-making. It is through the avenue of myth and symbol that it is possible, as Philip Wheelwright has suggested in *The Burning Fountain*, to have an insight into the spiritual reality underlying a literary work. Professor Levin's aim is, therefore, to explore the spiritual reality in the works of these three writers in order to dispel the often held opinion of the American mind that it is chiefly pragmatic and utilitarian or that 'American life is so thin, so without tradition'—lacking as it does in old castles and estates, those conventional 'items of high civilization'—that it is well-nigh impossible for an American writer to probe into the mystery of life or grasp the ultimate truth about it. As against this myth the author quotes the words of Sherwood Anderson in the chapter entitled 'The Jonah Complex':

There is something else, something you don't see at all, some-

thing you aren't intended to see. Look at that one over here, by the door here, where the light from the window falls upon it. The dark spot by the road that you might not notice at all is, you see, the beginning of everything.

That beginning is, for Professor Levin, the major symbol of 'darkness' which he studies in these writers. Its vast burden of connotation is outlined by him in the first chapter of the book. One really wonders why blackness should have assumed the signification of evil almost all over the world. If to the Christian it is associated with primal darkness as contrasted with the light of creation, can we say what association is there for the non-Christian? We have perhaps to seek an answer in primitive myths associating light with life and darkness with death and evil. But white and black are not so easily definable for, as the author rightly says, 'if devils were as black as they are painted and angels as fair, the problem of evil would be easily solved.' It is, therefore, interesting to see how not only these three writers but also others from Homer to Shaw have used this symbol. So far as the American writers are concerned Professor Levin chooses this symbol 'to look beneath surfaces and face diabolic meanings', to reveal the sombre vision that engages their minds. In the six chapters that he devotes to a very minute and exhaustive study of their works, he traces their preoccupation with the problem of evil which is an outcome of an intense moral sense. It may be said that this obsession with the powers of blackness is due to the influence of the Puritan culture of New England upon them, but that would not be the whole explanation as there are significant differences in their respective uses of the symbol. Here Professor Levin falls back upon relevant psychological evidence from the lives of the writers to support his argument. Thus, the 'camera obscura' which is always behind Hawthorne's haunted mind and the 'skeletons' that he discovers in the 'cupboard' are the products of a moral awareness of a universe filled with crime, guilt and sorrow. Doubt and shadow, similarly, haunt Poe, developing in him a charnel fancy—a fascination for the morbid and the grotesque. Here again it is the spiritual awareness that is the significant factor and it makes us doubt

if Poe was as decadent after all as he has been made out to be by many critics. As the author remarks, 'Poe's cult of blackness is not a horripilation for horripilation's sake; it is a bold attempt to face the true darkness in its most tangible manifestation.' In comparison with Hawthorne and Poe, Melville is likely to appear simpler in his use of the symbol but he is actually more difficult. In *Pierre* or *Moby Dick*, blackness turns out to be 'an irreducible symbol, an archetype of archetypes', showing that 'even blackness has its brilliancy' —we remember Vaughan's description of God as a deep and dazzling darkness—so that ultimately Melville's Jonah-complex can be interpreted as 'the outlook of the reluctant prophet, brought to recognize his responsibilities, forced to propound unwelcome truths.'

Focussing his attention throughout on the essential quality of each of these great writers by a penetrating and perceptive analysis of their works, Professor Levin emphasizes in them what Unamuno calls the tragic sense of life. Unfortunately this tragic sense is often lost sight of: 'Americans take their tragedy lightly, Henry Adams complained; and his complaint was borne out by the relegation of Hawthorne's romances, Poe's tales and Melville's narratives to the children's shelves of public libraries.' This is not surprising in a world dominated by what Ortega y Gasset calls the mass-man. What Professor Levin has admirably succeeded in doing here is to redirect our attention to the 'dark spots by the road' that we might have missed, to renew our interest in 'the symbolic character of our greatest fiction and the dark wisdom of our deeper minds' in order to relegate these writers to their rightful place in a world in which adult living is becoming increasingly precarious.

Because of the scope and method of the book—an experiment in literary iconology—the author is not specifically concerned with literary judgments in the ordinary sense. That does not, however, mean that he shuts out all such discussion and merely hunts his symbol to death. On the contrary, in every chapter there are brief but acute comments on the literary aspects of the works under discussion. As he is concerned with meaning primarily, he discusses form in relation to it. For example, we may cite this about the

interrelationship of character and plot in *The Scarlet Letter*:

> The drama centers less on the colloquies between husband and wife, or those between wife and lover, than on the relationship of lover and husband, each concealing something from the other.

or this convincing explanation of the defect in the structure of *Mardi*:

> The difficulty is that, once he leaves the literal plane, Melville is caught between an allegory which is too narrowly topical in its allusiveness and a symbolism so transcendental that it bodies forth no more than a 'spirit's phantom's phantom'.

Professor Levin would not claim to be the first critic to stress the anti-utilitarian or spiritual quality of these writers. This has been done by more than one critic in recent years, notably by F. O. Matthiessen, Yvor Winters, Marius Bewley, Charles Feidelson Jr., Richard Chase and J. Baird. Professor Levin's indebtedness to *The American Renaissance* can be seen in some of the general ideas and especially in some of the views on allegory and symbolism. But the conclusions of Matthiessen and others are different. Professor Levin's distinction lies especially in his method, in his discovery of a common archetypal symbol in all the three and in his ability to link them together in their quest for metaphysical truth, in their rejection of what is 'blandly materialistic'. His wide knowledge—he is equally at home with Marlowe and Joyce —and critical insight enable him not only to stress the affinity between them but also to suggest how a Faulkner or a Hemingway is related to them or how their moral dilemma was similar to that of the modern existentialists.

The book was designed as a series of lectures and as such its auditory impression is bound to be better than the visual. But notwithstanding this aspect, it is a significant and valuable contribution to recent American criticism.

Utkal University B. DAS

Towards a Theory of Imagination, by S. C. Sen Gupta, pp. ix+315. Oxford University Press, 1959, Rs. 12.50.

DR SEN GUPTA, for decades a Professor of English at the Presidency College of Calcutta and at present Professor at the University of Jabalpur, is the author of well-known books of criticism in English (one on Shaw and another on Shakespearean Comedy) and Bengali; he has also written a commentary on and an introductory essay to a Bengali rendering of the greatest work of Sanskrit Poetics, Ānandavardhana's *Dhanyāloka*. The present work on literary theory from such a scholar merits our close attention.

The author's aim is thus stated in the preface: 'I have tried to explore the nature of the imagination as expressed in prose and poetry.' Again: 'It is the mystery of the poetic imagination that I have tried to fathom.' With this aim in view, he has divided the book into two parts. Part One deals with the ideas of certain aesthetic thinkers such as Plato (chapter i), Coleridge (ii), Pater (iii), Croce (iv), Marx and Engels (v), Alexander (vi), I. A. Richards and several British critics like Empson, Spurgeon, Wilson Knight and Tillyard (vii) and the most powerful thinker in Sanskrit Poetics, Abhinavagupta (viii). These chapters on individual thinkers bring into prominence some broad questions of literary theory which are further argued in the chapters of Part Two, emphasizing theories more than theorists. The chapters in this Part are entitled 'Some paradoxes and platitudes', 'Content and Form', 'Art and Life', 'Poetry and the other Arts'; the last chapter is rather ambitiously called 'The Solution of the Antinomies'. Notes and references, economically organized, have been placed at the end of the book; there is a serviceable index.

In working out his aim, Dr Sen Gupta has centred his discussions on what he considers to be 'the main problem in aesthetics—the relation between form and content, or, to put it in another way, the determination of the place of intellectual activity in creative art.' It is this emphasis on Content and Form which provides a tenuous link between the otherwise disjointed chapters on arbitrarily chosen thinkers and somewhat randomly selected topics. Among the thinkers,

Plato is followed immediately by Coleridge as though between the Greek philosopher and the English Romantic, no other thinker could come within the orbit of Dr Sen Gupta's discussion with authority to shed significant light on the problem of Imagination. While critics of the moment like Caudewell, Wilson Knight and Tillyard have been admitted, seminal thinkers like Aristotle, Thomas Aquinas, and Jung have been overlooked. True, Dr Sen Gupta says in the preface that he is concerned primarily with certain aesthetic principles rather than with the views of particular authors, it would none the less have assisted Dr Sen Gupta's argument better had he displayed a keener appreciation of the historical approach in discussions on concepts and principles. It is difficult to reconcile the avowed claim of Dr Sen Gupta to tread the way to a theory of Imagination with his neglect of Aristotle whose characterization of *phantasia*—the Greek equivalent of the later term *imagination*—as the faculty that co-ordinates the schemata of thought and becomes the cause of Art that is Mimesis, has remained the starting point of most European speculations on the Creative Imagination. Nor is the Greek concept of *phantasia* far removed from the Sanskrit idea of Imagination. There is no word in Sanskrit that can semasiologically be regarded as the exact equivalent of the Greek word *phantasia* or the modern word *imagination*, but, following P. V. Kane (*History of Sanskrit Poetics*, 1951, p. 334 ff.), we can perhaps use the word *Pratibhā* to mean almost the same as imagination. On the authority of Rājasekhara, Bāgbhatta and the *Rasagangādhara*, Kane says: 'Pratibhā is that power whereby the poet sees the subjects of his poem as steeped in beauty and gives to his readers in apt language a vivid picture of the beauty he has seen.... A poet is one who is a seer, a prophet, who sees visions and possesses the additional gift of conveying to others less fortunate through the medium of language the visions he has or the dreams that he dreams.' This definition of the poet is in accord with the meaning that the great Sankara has repeatedly given to the word 'kavi' (the equivalent in Sanskrit and most modern Indian languages of the word 'poet') in his commentary on the *Upanishads*: 'krāntadarshi', 'medhābi', one who sees into life, one within whose vision comes all

knowledge. While Dr Sen Gupta rightly lays emphasis on the problem that Plato postulates of the inter-relationship between *episteme* (knowledge), *noesis* (intellect), and *eikasia* (conjecture), and while he again rightly appreciates Abhinavagupta's analyses of the direct and the oblique meanings of poetic diction and the effect of such meanings on the reader's psychology (rather an out-dated psychology, be it said), his solution of the antinomies would have gained immensely in strength, precision and richness if he had taken account of the Aristotelian and the classical Sanskrit conceptions of the nature of the creative imagination.

In a study of concepts and theories, I find it difficult to reconcile myself to Dr Sen Gupta's occasional employment of a retort or a word-play to serve the purpose of a logical argument. Thus, referring to the charge implicit in Plato that poets are not knowledgeable people, he says: 'The charge of ignorance can be easily disposed of, for if Homer could not fight like Achilles or make laws like Lycurgus, neither could Achilles and Lycurgus write poetry like Homer.' (p. 7) If Plato's is the fallacy of *ignoratio elenchi* (as Dr Sen Gupta suggests in a footnote), our author can be charged with a worse perpetration of the same fallacy here. Considering the relationship between the Good and the Beautiful, Dr Sen Gupta writes: 'What is good in its particular function is beautiful and what does not serve such a purpose is ugly. But does any one expect the panther to be good because it is beautiful?' (p. 46) This too is not an argument but a retort, a retort that deserves the counter-retort, Why not? Blake and the French painter Henri Rousseau actually found the tiger a beautiful creature. Croce remarks that 'Don Quixote is a type but of what is he a type, save of all Don Quixotes? A type, so to speak, of himself.' (p. 69) To this, Dr Sen Gupta's rejoinder is: 'The Don Quixote of Cervantes, although he possesses these characteristics which he might share with others, is a unique figure; unique because he is concrete, because his qualities can never be abstracted from him.' This is almost a deliberate misapprehension of Croce's position in order to score a dubious point, and secondly, Dr Sen Gupta falls into the Bradleyan error of treating a character of fiction as an actual entity. On page 200, he writes:

'Art may be defined as the expression of personality. But if that be so, all persons would be artists, because we all express our personality in characteristic deeds, gestures and words.' *If that be so*, and that is a big 'if'. Even the staunchest adherent of the personalist theory of art will not be guilty of so incautious, so inadequate a definition!

These cavils however must not be taken to imply a serious and radical discontent with the book as a whole which completely succeeds in competently discussing its main objective, viz. the Content-Form question. It is while he discusses the relation between Content and Form that Dr Sen Gupta makes a number of sound observations on the nature of the Imaginative faculty and in insisting on 'the total impression in which form and content, fused into a unity, are equally important', he seems to follow the line of Coleridge's concept of the esemplastic imagination. His observations also on the relation between art and life; on symbols in art; on poetry and the other arts, especially dancing; his competent summaries of the positions of Coleridge, Pater, Marx and Alexander, ought to be stimulating to the student who in the initial stages of his study of literary theory loses his way in the maze of contradictions and controversies. Testifying to the author's catholic taste in art and literature, both Eastern and Western, both modern and classical; clear in the presentation of the major issues; written in precise, unambiguous and nervous prose, this book is a notable contribution to literary theory.

Aligarh University A. Bose

BRIEF NOTICES

Shaw the Novelist, by E. Nageswara Rao, pp. 114. Triveni Publishers, Madras, 1959, Rs. 2.50.

The New Morality in Modern Fiction, by Raj Kumar, pp. 176. Jiwan Prakashan, Delhi, 1959, Rs. 7.50.

The Technique of the Modern English Novel, by Sisir Chattopadhyaya, pp. 265. Firma K. L. Mukhopadhyaya, Calcutta, 1959, Rs. 10.00.

Jawaharlal Nehru, by C. D. Narasimhaiah, pp. x+60. Rao & Raghavan, Mysore, 1959, price not mentioned.

MR. RAO'S BOOK, originally a dissertation submitted for a research degree, examines Shaw's novels under the conviction that 'much of the Shaw of the late teens and early twenties could be understood from a close and systematic study of his "nonage" novels.' If Mr Rao arrives at inferences and conclusions that are too modest to modify, far less to revolutionize, our current notions of Shaw's intellectual preoccupations, it is because of the scholarly sobriety of his approach. It has none the less to be acknowledged that Mr Rao's study can add to our enjoyment of Shaw's plays. What compelling inner necessity drives a writer to practise more than one literary form, why Meredith and Hardy wrote poetry from time to time in the midst of their labours on novels, why Galsworthy, Maugham and Priestley are ambidextrous in their use of the novel and the drama, is a question that can provide one with opportunities to speculate on the nature of creative art. Although, unlike the writers mentioned, Shaw wholly deserted his first love for the second and although Mr Rao himself does not pose the question in his brief study, his analysis of the relationship between Shaw's plays and the novels may provoke one to a consideration of the larger question.

Both Dr Raj Kumar and Dr Sisir Chatterjee (to use the

surname that is more common and less formal than Chattopadhyaya) have written on the modern English novel; Dr Chatterjee on the technique and Dr Raj Kumar on the moral content and attitude of twentieth-century fiction. The recent interest among Indian scholars in the modern Western novel is perhaps a significant symptom of the growing importance of the form in Indian literature. Both the books are Indian publications but while Dr Chatterjee's book is neatly printed in decent format, the physical crudeness of Dr Raj Kumar's book once again confirms our belief that every Indian University must have a liberally financed Publications Division which should maintain at least a reasonable standard of book production for scholarly works sponsored by the university.

Dr Raj Kumar writes about the 'new morality' of modern fiction. Perhaps the morality is not that new seeing that the novelists mostly discussed are Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, Joyce and Huxley (with occasional sprinklings of the works of younger writers like Graham Greene and Ivy Compton-Burnett and obscure works like W. R. Burnett's *Little Caesar* and Joan Temple's *Duologue*), novelists whose attitudes already appear a trifle ossified after the world war of the forties and the cold war of the fifties. Indicating some of the notable ways in which the twentieth-century novel differs from the traditional (but not necessarily arguing that this novel is superior to the old), Dr Kumar perceptively presents the new morality as illustration of Freudian and post-Freudian psychology, mainly with reference to the four major novelists that he has selected but also with apt references to a host of other and lesser-known and now-forgotten writers.

Dr Chatterjee's book, the major portion of which was submitted to and accepted by the University of London as a doctoral thesis, emphasizes the contributions of Henry James, Joseph Conrad, James Joyce and Virginia Woolf to the technique of fiction and, in addition to offering a number of knowledgeable and acuminate analyses and observations, is particularly valuable for the deft use made of the MSS of *Finnegans Wake* and some of Virginia Woolf's works. As examples of Dr Chatterjee's careful and revealing analysis may be mentioned his comparison between *Stephen Hero* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*; his examination of

the evolution of Joyce's literary style through *Dubliners*, the *Portrait*, *Ulysses* and the *Wake*; his argument how the 'Oxen of the Sun' episode of *Ulysses* has been built up on a succession of passages written in different styles such as the Early Anglo-Saxon, the Early Church style, the styles of Mandeville, Defoe, Swift, Sterne, the style of the nineteenth-century scientific jargon, the styles of Landor, Dickens, Ruskin, Carlyle and finally, the modern Yankee slang.

In this brief notice, there is no room for expatiation on the many other merits of Dr Chatterjee's book which is a very well-organized work of scholarship with a carefully drawn up Select Bibliography and a short Index, but this study has to be taken seriously by all students of the modern English novel, particularly the psychological novel.

Professor Narasimhaiah's monograph on Nehru is the first in a projected series (of which he is the General Editor) on Indian Writers and their Work. 'The series aspires,' to quote the words of the General Editor, 'to cover almost all the representative men of letters in Indian languages, although a beginning is made with Indian writers of English.' To this commendable project, this Journal of the Indian Association of English Studies wishes god-speed. In this the first monograph, the series has had an admirable pioneer. Professor Narasimhaiah's previous experience as an editor of Nehru's *Discovery of India* and the Speeches, has enabled him to produce here a compact, sensitive and thoroughly readable study of Nehru's use of the English language.

Aligarh University A. BOSE

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The Editorial Committee welcomes articles on all branches of English Studies of a high standard of scholarship, original investigations and independent and fresh thinking. Contributions, two copies of which are to be sent, must be neatly typewritten in double space on one side of the sheet only. References, based on standard editions of texts, must be placed at the end of the article and must be prepared in conformity with the *MLA Style Sheet.*

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