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Kitty Scoular

THE LATINITY OF ANDREW MARVELL

Between Marvell and, say, Thomas Gray, a change had come over the kind of Latinity possessed by English poets, which is reflected in their poems. The change may be described partly as one of exclusion of almost all but classical texts from interest, though doubtless thorough comparative study of the kind of classical education received by Marvell or Milton at Cambridge, and by Gray a hundred years later, would throw up some interesting facts. Just as the uses to which Marvell put his Latin were in part less academic, more public, so the sorts of Latin literature he read were more diverse, not only those revealed by J. B. Leishman's study of classical analogues[1] but those disclosed by other scholars recently at work on the relation of Marvell's reading of Renaissance Latin works to his poetry.

My own research has indicated his indebtedness to emblem-literature for symbolic associations, and in particular to Hermann Hugo's striking amalgam of traditional ascetic attitudes with Ovidian form and hyperbolic conceits.[2] For Renaissance writers, imitation of classical authors frequently meant embellishment and the complication of effects. The emblematists were particularly prone to this sort of elaboration—the selection of an image with a classical base, and in the verses accompanying the picture, a sometimes intricate drawing forth of the implications of the analogy. Take for example an emblem in Aneau's *Picta Poesis* (Leyden, 1552) based on the Ovidian myth of Pan pursuing Syrinx. The sixteenth-century illustrators of Ovid were particularly fond of representing the moment of transformation, when nymph becomes plant : Aneau's motto is *Amorum conversio ad*

studia ('the conversion of love into meditation'). What we have here is a brief allegory which is also the explanation of a process. As Leishman demonstrated, while the school Latin curriculum encouraged the school boy 'to transmute and contemporise what he admired in the classics', few poets achieved Marvell's 'witty, individual transmutation' of classical material.[3] Aneau's emblem indicates that the turn given to the classical tale by Marvell was part of the public store of meanings during the Renaissance period; but the particular wit and neatness are all Marvell's own :

> When we have run our Passions heat,
> Love hither makes his best retreat . . .
> And *Pan* did after *Syrinx* speed,
> Not as a Nymph, but for a Reed.

When one examines the seventeenth-century elaboration of other Ovidian themes, one is consistently struck by Marvell's ability to compress, and to make immediately relevant to his context what had originally belonged to another more expansive context. Take, for example, the Ovidian *topos* of time's changes in *Metamorphoses*, Book XV, which fed so much Renaissance poetry. 'All things are in a state of flux, and everything is brought into being with a changing nature. Time itself flows on in constant motion, just like a river. For neither the river nor the swift hour can stop its course . . . (lines 178-81).[4] Hermann Hugo's variation on the theme, in *Pia Desideria* (Antwerp, 1624), I. XIII, is part of a meditation on Job X. 22, and combines the Ovidian river-metaphor for time with the association of the hours with the sun's chariot (*Metamorphoses* II. 45), drawn by winged horses.

> Sed tempus rapidis volat irreparabile pennis,
> Fluminis inque nodum lubricus annus abit.
> Menstruus impulsis rapitur quoque solibus orbis,
> Et fugiunt, nullo fraeno tenente, dies.
> Denique praecipitis rota concita vertitur horae,
> Nec remeare potest, qua semel hora fuit.

(But time flies irreparably on rapid wings; the fleeting year vanishes like a river; the course of the months is hurried on as the sun drives across the sky, and the days flee with no rein to hold them back. The quickly-moving wheel of the swift hour revolves, and that which was once an hour cannot return).

These verses were the basis for one of Francis Quarles' *Emblems* (1635), III. XIII, and its accompanying verse-triplets :

> My following eye can hardly make a shift
> To count my winged hours; they fly so swift,
> They scarce deserve the bounteous name of gift.
>
> The secret wheels of hurrying time do give
> So short a warning, and so fast they drive,
> That I am dead before I seem to live.[5]

Quarles has transformed Hugo's lines, which are much closer to Ovid (he has made much of the Ovidian conceit of *tempus edax rerum)* into a more traditional *memento mori*, yet with a meditating self at the centre, and he has expanded on Hugo's concluding exhortation to repent while there is still time. What is particularly interesting in contrast is Marvell's transference, in *To His Coy Mistress*, of Ovid's imagery from a generally meditative context into the critical context of *carpe diem* :

> But at my back I alwaies hear
> Times winged Charriot hurrying near . . .
> Now let us sport us while we may;
> And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
> Rather at once our Time devour,
> Than languish in his slow-chapt pow'r.

Again there is a selective compression of classical tropes, and one for which I have not found a direct analogue, though two emblems in Henricus Oraeus, *Aeroplastes Theo-sophicus* (1620) come close: in both, Time rides in a chariot; in one, it is Time himself who is winged, in the other his horses, representing day and night.

It is well-known that the Jesuit movement cultivated the writing of neo-Latin religious verse, both independently, and

as an accompaniment to emblematic images; and there is no doubt that not only Crashaw but Marvell was familiar with this sort of writing in general, yet outdid it in particular instances. Take his *Upon the Hill and Grove at Bill-borow*, that tissue of conceits. His whole treatment of the landscape sees it in paradoxical terms which were frequently expressed emblematically with the motto, *Ex bello pax* ('Peace out of war': the usual image was that of a helmet become a bee-hive).[6] The epigram accompanying a picture of armour hung on a tree in the collection *Caroli Ruaei E Societate Jesu Carminum Libri Quattuor* (Paris, 1630) is however particularly suggestive :

> Arma, sub antiquo defixit pendula trunco
> Victor, pacificis munera grata Deis.
> Crista riget, radiunt clipei, septemplicis aera.
> Tabidus infuscat ferrea tela cruor.
> Qui suspensa videt miretur & horreat hostis,
> Nec iusto imprudens gaudeat absque metu:
> Quod nunc illa, quibus prope concidit, arma quiescunt;
> Non hac lassa facit, sed miserata manus.[7]

(The victor hung up arms on the ancient tree-trunk as gifts pleasing to the gods of peace. The helmet-crest bristles, the brass of the sevenfold shield glows. Dried gore encrusts the iron weapons. Let him marvel who sees these hanging and the enemy shudder. Nor let the imprudent rejoice without just reverence: because now these arms rest which only recently cut (men) down: nor does the hand rest from fatigue, but from pity.)

Marvell has in his poem transferred this kind of sentiment to the trees themselves on the territories of the retired General Fairfax :

> Upon its crest this Mountain grave
> A plump of aged Trees does wave.
> No hostile hand durst ere invade
> With impious Steel the sacred Shade,
> For something alwaies did appear
> Of the *great Masters* terrour there:
> And Men could hear his Armour still
> Ratling through all the Grove and Hill.

Ruaeus' Motto was : 'Suspensione armorum ad pacem concessa/Trophaeum armorum'. In Marvell's poem,

> Nor are our Trunks enow to bear
> The *Trophees* of one fertile Year.

Still another example of vernacular complication of a neo-Latin theme can be observed by setting Marvell's *The Coronet* alongside a whole group of poems on Christ's crown of thorns, in *Epigrammatum Libri Tres* (1619, Dilingae 1623), of Jacob Biderman, S. J., and *Pia Hilaria, Variaque Carmina* (Dilingae 1623, bound with Biderman's volume), by Angelinus Gazaeus. Take, for example, Gazaeus' poem entitled, 'Choice of a crown of gold or of thorns' ('Optio coronae aureae, vel spineae'). The poem exhorts the reader sermonically to choose either : there is a sharp distinction between those who elect suffering in this world and those 'empty of merit' whose choice is involved in 'snaky blood' ('vipereo sanguine'). Marvell's *The Coronet* has often been described as his most overtly Puritan poem theologically, expressing his sense that even the best human efforts to please God are lacking in merit. The two crowns in his poem are not alternatives for man but apparent opposites in man's behaviour towards God—'the thorns with which I long, too long, With many a piercing wound, My Saviours head have crown'd', and 'So rich a chaplet... As never yet the king of Glory wore.' Yet these apparent opposites do not remain opposed : both are tainted, for even man's righteousness is corrupted by 'Fame and Interest'. The dialectics of Marvell's poem, as well as its comment on the human predicament, are much subtler, much more sombre.

Finally I shall consider two interesting instances of ways in which awareness of the range of Marvell's knowledge of post-classical as well as classical Latin may throw light on disputed textual cruces. Two lines of *To His Coy Mistress* have always been problematic, 33-34. In his *Metaphysical Poetry, Donne to Butler*, Grierson printed them

Now, therefore, while the youthful hew
Sits on thy skin like morning (dew).

In the second line, the 1681 Folio had printed *glew*, but like other editors before him Grierson could not find sufficient sense in the word, and amended it. In a note, he did record the possible meanings of *glew*: 1) glow; 2) the exudation of a tree, for example, 'plum-tree glue'. Margoliouth offered in his first edition of *The Poems and Letters* (1927) *lew*, meaning 'warmth', as a tentative emendation, but withdrew it in his second edition (1952). Philological authority has reiterated that *glew* could mean 'glow', from Henry Bradley in 1927 to Helge Kokeritz; but the plain reader has come to know the poem best as Grierson printed it. So it may come as a shock to this reader to discover in the new Penguin text, *The Complete Poems* (1972), edited by Elizabeth Story Donno,

Now therefore while the youthful glue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew . . .

and find in the notes that this reading has the authority of two manuscripts behind it. One, Bodleian MS *Don. b. 8*, made by Sir William Haward in 1672, reads:

Now then whil'st ye youthfull Glue
Stickes on your Cheeke, like Morning Dew.[8]

The other, Bodleian *Eng. poet. d. 49*, which most probably belonged to William Popple, Marvell's nephew, has MS emendations of the printed Folio text, which give the reading

Now therefore, while the youthful glew
Sits on thy skin like morning dew.

That is, both MSS prove Cooke's (1726) conjectural emendation of the Folio *glew* to *dew* to be sound, but retain *glew* in line 33.

What has troubled Marvell's editors as much as anything is, I suppose, the prosaic association of *glue*. They cannot believe that Marvell committed what looks like a Clevelandism in the middle of this among all poems. Even Mr Kelliher, who has studied the Haward version, surmises (for other

reasons also, let it be said) that this was probably an earlier version of Marvell's poem; and Pierre Legouis also supports the idea.[9] 'This identity (between the Haward MS and *Eng. poet d. 49)* invites us to make Marvell responsible for "glew" at least in an earlier version, for he may well not have felt happy about it.'

I am going to surmise that Marvell was considerably happier than we are about it, because he was familiar, as Donne was, with devotional use of the word *glue* with which we have lost touch. Surprisingly enough, there is plenty of evidence in OED for this use. But perhaps a mediating poem was 'The Ecstasy' :

> Our hands were firmely cimented
> With a fast balme, which thence did spring...
>
> So to'entergraft our hands, as yet
> Was all the meanes to make us one.

Behind this, I think, lies the phrase *the glue of love* used figuratively in the prose of St Augustine and St Jerome, when they discuss the attachment of the soul to material things or to God. The context is sometimes anguished. 'But let not my soul be fastened to these things with the glue of love through the senses of the body', wrote Augustine in *Confessions* IV ('laudet te ex illis anima mea, deus, creator omnium, sed non eis infigatur glutine amore per sensus corporis' ; cf. Jerome, *Epistles* III. 3 : 'caritatis gluten haerens', 'the adhesive glue of charity'). Consultation of Liddle and Short's *Latin Dictionary* reveals that *gluten* was used figuratively also by Prudentius in his *Cathamerinon*. The source for this, as for other images in the medieval rhetoric of love, seems to be Cicero's *De Amicitia* (IX. 32): 'For if utility were to glue together a friendship, it would also dissolve it when the situation changed' (Nam si utilitas amicitias conglutinaret, eadem comutata dissolveret'.) Shakespeare seems to have been writing within this area of meaning in *3 Henry VI*, II. vi. 5 :

> My Love and Feare, glew'd many Friends to thee,
> And now I fall.

With St Bernard, however, the idea took mystical wings (it is instructive to compare this passage with Donne's) :

> God and man have not the same substance of nature, and, therefore, cannot be said to be one. And yet, if they are attached to each other by the glue of love, they may, with perfect truth, be said to be one spirit.[10]

Is it significant that St Bernard's Victorian translator avoided *glue* and wrote *tie* ?

From the OED we discover that this image from medieval devotion was scattered through English sermons, from the Elizabethan *Homilies*, appointed to be read regularly in churches, onwards. Nor was *gluten* rendered as 'tie'.[11] This background in the language of divine love should make the secular use by seventeenth-century love-poets more comprehensible : was it not guite natural to materialise the glue of love half-humorously as bodily moisture, when one is writing not of divine love but of sexual union? I conjecture, then, that Marvell wrote *glew* and was pleased with what he wrote, both before and after. The verb appears in a libertine context in Marvell's 'Daphnis and Chloe'—'Sudden Parting closer glews'—but the meaning is still psychological. Here, as in Donne's poem, the lovers' sweat is a sign of excitement, poised between desire and act.

This is not the only variant, however, upon the poem that we all know. *Eng. Poet. d. 49* also gives us

> And tear our pleasures with rough strife,
> Through the iron grates of life.

Interestingly enough, Tennyson had wished that Marvell had written this, as more striking to the ear. But does it make sense? Mrs E.S. Donno uses a rather negative argument in the notes to her edition—in western literary tradition, the gates of life are not made of iron, but of horn and ivory, whereas 'iron' is commonly used with 'grates'. The iron

gate of death in *The Faerie Queene*, III. vi which she describes does not seem to be very relevant either. Let me offer another sort of solution to the riddle, again from what can be called the classical rhetoric of love. Ovid in his *Amores* I.IX offers an extended comparison between a soldier and a lover:

> ille graves urbes, hic durae limen amicae
> absidet; hic portas frangit, at ille fores.

(The one besieges mighty towns, the other the threshold of an unyielding mistress; the other breaks doors, the one gates.)

Marvell's variation on this military conceit is most remarkable for the fact that the mistress is not, even in a playful sense, the victim of the lover's onslaught, as she had been from Ovid to Secundus, but that her sweetness and his strength together make 'one ball' which will tear through 'the grates of life'. Now there is one sense of *grates* which associates it with a besieged city. OED defines the *portcullis* as 'a strong and heavy frame or grating, suspended by chains, and made to slide up and down in vertical grooves at the sides of the gateway of a fortress or fortified town, so as to be quickly let down as a defence against assault'. Life then is a city from which the lovers are so far shut out, but to which they will set siege, breaking through the iron opposition at its entrance. (*Iron* is the Horatian attribute of Fate opposing human desires—'Fate does iron wedges drive'). Recent interpretation has given 'the g(r)ates of life' an allegorical meaning, as the female labia. But what is notable about *To His Coy Mistress*, in contrast to Carew's *The Rapture*, for example, is that though one is bound to feel the strong sexual reference in the last lines, the mystery of union is not dismembered. Marvell was fascinated by such effects at the intense points of life—a kingfisher is immaterialised as a 'saphir-winged mist'—when distinctness is transcended, for a moment at least. This is still one more demonstration of Marvell's complication of the ideas and expressions he

had come across in his Latin reading, in order to express his own very special way of viewing life.

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NOTES AND REFERENCES

[1] In *The Art of Marvell's Poetry* (1965).

[2] Kitty Scoular, *Natural Magic* (Oxford, 1965); 'New Light on Marvell's "Dialogue between the Body and Soul"' *Renaissance Quarterly* (1970),

[3] Leishman, op. cit., pp. 89-90.

[4] cuncta fluunt, omnisque vagans formatur imago;
ipsa quoque adsuo labuntur tempora motu,
non secus ac flumen; neque enim consistere flumen
ned levis hora potest...

[5] Denis Davison, *Notes and Queries* NS 5 (1958), had commented on the Quarles line on time.

[6] For example, Alciati, *Emblemata* (1551 ff.) clxxvii; Whitney, *Choice of Emblemes* (Leyden, 1586); G. Rollenhagen, *Nucleus Emblematium* (Cologne, 1611), 78.

[7] p. 218.

[8] Hilton Kelliher, *Notes and Queries*, NS 17 (July 1970).

[9] *Poems and Letters* edited by Pierre Legouis and E. E. Duncan-Jones, revision of Margoliouth's edition (Oxford, 1971).

[10] From St Bernard's commentary on the Song of Songs, Migne, *Patrologia Latina*, Vol. 183, col. 1125B :

Quo contra homo et Deus, quia unicus non sunt substantiae vel naturae; unum quidem dici non possint, unicus tamen spiritus certa et absoluta veritate dicuntur, so sibi *glutino amoris inhaereant.* Quam quidem unitatem non tam essentiarum cohaerentia facit, quam conniventia voluntatum.

[11] OED has examples of *glue* used figuratively as a noun (glue of love) from *Ayenbit* (1340) Bauldwin (1547-64), St Jerome in translation (1608)and the sermons of R. Bruce (1589) and Bishop Brownrig (1659); as a verb, in the same figuative context, from the *Homilies* (1547), Brownrig (1659), and Dryden's *Fables* (1700) :

(She) Then to the heart ador'd devoutly glew'd
Her lips.

Another relevant example is from the scientist Nehemiah Grew (1701) : 'The Flesh will glew together, with its own Native Balm'.

Z. A. Usmani

THE QUEST FOR VALUES IN MARVELL

Marvell's major poems, which apparently look quite disparate, are united at least in their quest for some inclusive value through a contemplation of the ironical realities of the human situation in the 'prospect' of temporal existence. That the quest remains a quest is owing to Marvell's peculiar quality of detached wit which, while it makes him measure—to borrow his own phrase—with a 'double heart', one possibility of experience against the other, prevents him from plunging whole-heartedly into the dizzy regions of experience. It is his strength as well as his weakness, this detached wit which involves 'a recognition, implicit in the expression of every experience, of other kinds of experience which are possible' (Eliot). It protects him from falling into self-flattering indulgence, be it idealistic or libertinistic, but it also narrows down his range and renders him incapable of exploring a wide variety of experience from the inside.

At the outset, it must be admitted that while Marvell's contemplation of the ironical realities of the human situation would not offer any easy solutions or evasions it would also not make any case for a paralysing dilemma of the will. The poet seems to recognize that man must make decisions, whether in favour of contemplation or of action—and for him the two supplement and complement each other—in order to enhance and augment his existence, though he points out that every decision costs something and thus leads to a restriction of human existence and even to its extinction in the end. He seems to have all appreciation for human responsiveness through which man discovers and creates his values in time in spite of the fact that their absolute form of

fulfilment lies outside time. Since only limited fulfilment is possible and for that too some price has to be paid, it can be sought for good only through humility and 'puritanical' self-discipline. Marvell suggests the need for these virtues through a contemplation of the ironical, conflicting possibilities of experience, and with a detached wit that would evaluate one possibility in terms of the other without invalidating any. Let us begin with the possibility of realizing an absolute ideal.

The absolute ideal is one which can never be fulfilled in the 'prospect' of temporal existence; Fate makes the fulfilment an 'Impossibility'—and Fate is not merely an external force—but what matters is the human potentiality for realizing such an ideal. This is how Marvell arrives at *The Definition of Love*, of perfect Love :

> My Love is of a birth as rare
> As 'tis for object strange and high:
> It was begotten by despair
> Upon Impossibility.
> Magnanimous Despair alone
> Could show me so divine a thing,
> Where feeble Hope could ne'r have flown
> But vainly flapt its Tinsel Wing.

'Magnanimous Despair' is in fact a positive factor in the discovery of such a divine and eternal value for which man aspires not only in spite of but also because of the fact that its fulfilment is an 'Impossibility'. It is an 'Impossibility' because it goes against the very scheme of things laid down by Fate for space-time existence—an 'Impossibility'

> Unless the giddy Heaven fall,
> And Earth some new Convulsion tear;
> And, us to joyn, the World should all
> Be cramp'd into a *Planisphere*.

Again, it is an 'Impossibility' because what is perfect cannot partake of the imperfect and 'oblique' relations of a closed world :

As Lines so Loves *oblique* may well
Themselves in every Angle greet;
But ours so truly *Paralel,*
Though infinite can never meet.

Either there is no fulfilment, or if there is any, it belongs to a different order, and so the Love remains 'the Conjunction of the Mind,/And the Opposition of the Stars'. It must not be forgotten that the poet has the potentiality for the physical kind of fulfilment too, which remains undiminished

(And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended Soul is fixt);

but Fate denies this fulfilment and forces him to set his ideal on the plane of eternal desiccation, in the 'Desarts of vast Eternity' itself. If it had not been for Fate the Love could not have become 'so divine a thing'. 'Material Fate and spiritual love, though apparently in complete opposition, are in reality two aspects of the same situation....If the "stars" were not so completely opposed, the love could not reach such heroic stature'.[1] And yet such a conception of ideal value does not imply any romantic heroism. It does not, in so far as it is arrived at through a knowledge of necessity and involves the adjusting and disciplining of human aspirations according to this knowledge.

Man has the potentiality of aspiring for an absolute ideal. With this potentiality he must strive to shape the real into a value-pattern as inclusive and as close to the ideal as is possible without disregarding the claims of necessity, for if he disregards them it would be the end of him and of every thing he hopes for. Thus in *The Picture of Little T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers* little T. C. who, on the emblematical level, is herself a 'bud' in the 'prospect' of temporal existence is encouraged in her attempts to order the natural provided that she spares the 'Buds' and her 'Chaster Laws' do not violate the law of Flora who decrees the continuation and renewal of life as a necessity.[2] In fact little T. C. embodies such a dazzling promise of ideal perfection, associated with

our notions of beauty, charity, propriety and delight, that the poet wants to contemplate her 'Glories from some shade', with some detachment; and as he does it his adoration for the idealized child is mingled with a tender concern for this 'young beauty of the Woods'. Absolute notions of ideal perfection demand that T. C. ought to be single, and we can visualize her 'Triumph' over 'wanton love'—'his Bow broke and Ensigns torn'—but since an imposition of the ideal and its 'Chaster Laws' in an absolute form implies a rejection of marriage it would amount to a 'Killing' of future 'Infants', even of future 'T.C.s.', and a negation of the life-principle in this mortal world where in any case T.C.'s 'triumph' is doomed. With all her potentialities for the ideal she can 'Reform the errours of the Spring'—perhaps by a judicious bouquet arrangement in the immediate context—and, by emblematical implication, of the human order too only in a limited way, only in accordance with the dictates of necessity, represented in this case by the Laws of Flora. In her child-like zeal for the absolute ideal she must not kill the 'Buds' or 'Infants', for that would go against the justification of the existential scheme and even against the justification of her own bud-like existence. She seems to be born for a 'high cause', 'every verdant thing' charms itself at her 'Beauty', and 'all our hopes' of a realizable perfection are centred upon her; but our concern is that the child must not seek absolute and unrealizable perfection—

> Lest *Flora* angry at thy crime,
> To kill her Infants in their prime,
> Do quickly make th' Example Yours;
> And, ere we see,
> Nip in the blossome all our hopes and Thee.

The poet's advice to little T. C. falls in line with his conception of puritanical discipline which involves the wisdom of moulding idealistic potentialities according to considerations of necessity arising out of the ironical realities of one's situation in real life; which involves, in other words, the

wisdom of humility—so much praised by him in Cromwell and in the Fairfaxes. Puritanical discipline involving the wisdom of humility is the lesson of *Upon Appleton House*, a poem which is concerned, in spite of its uncontrolled wit, with the quest for ultimate values, innocence and salvation. In this poem Maria Fairfax whose 'higher beauties' make nature beautiful but whose chastity does not imply a rejection of marriage is the emblem of the ideal moulding itself into the real and yet transcending it. Maria Fairfax succeeds where little T. C. would fail.

The Picture of little T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers invokes an emblematical contemplation of man's quest for values in the 'prospect' of temporal existence and its ironical realities, little T. C. herself representing the idealizing aspect of man.

In *The Nymph complaining for the death of her Faun* the 'Nymph' is another emblematical figure of this type; she is concerned with the quest for a better love which exists only as a possibility kept alive by the death of the 'Faun' who might have behaved, 'Had it liv'd long', like 'inconstant Sylvio'. In her quest the weeping 'Nymph' can only look forward to her death and her subsequent transformation into a weeping statue, a permanent emblem of the quest in the world of time. The idealizing aspect of man is doomed, by Fate, to a martyrdom; but the testimony of its heroic potentialities is always an inspiration for our efforts of ordering life on earth. Thus the hero in *The Unfortunate Lover* dies—

> Yet dying leaves a perfume here,
> And music within every ear.

Ideal values cannot be realized without cramping the earth 'into a *Planisphere*', without 'Annihilating all that's made', without 'squaring and hewing' nature to an abstraction, for such values must be 'Costing not less than everything'. But man must always be an 'Architect', and with his potentiality of structuring experiential reality into ideal value-patterns he must make a choice of structuring it into

realizable value-patterns in view of the demands of his situation, which is what puritanical discipline means to Marvell. In his quest for values the poet makes precise the difference between the unrealizable, absolute values that belong to the order of eternity and the realizable, limited values that belong to the order of time by exploring, evoking and judging them in terms of one another. The choice between them is not a simple either-or because in both cases it costs something. Yet the choice must be made and its price paid for.

To His Coy Mistress underscores the choice—that of fulfilling love through the destructive brevity of sense life—and the effort with which it is made instead of any libertinistic argument of the 'Gather ye rosebuds' type, for the poem is in fact a rejection of mere epicureanism. In this sense it is quite a 'puritanical' poem. The lover would have chosen the noble ideal of platonic love with its indefinetely delayed fulfilment and followed it even at the cost of being ridiculous if we had 'but world enough and time'. But we haven't. Then the gates of life are iron, the grave will end everything, 'Time's winged Charriot' is hurrying near:

> And yonder all before us lye
> Desarts of vast Eternity.

The necessity of the situation demands another choice, though this too would cost terribly. Not only in this sense that the assertion of life's energies would accelerate the inherent destructive mechanism, as the images of the 'youthful hew. . . .like morning dew' and of 'am'rous birds of prey' suggest, but also in this sense that, as Professor S. L. Goldberg points out,[3] this assertion, this tearing of 'Pleasures with rough strife, Thorough the Iron gates of life' would also demand 'the price of every thing else their love consists in'; all its tenderness, courtesy, understanding, passion, lightness of touch would be sacrificed for the sake of the necessity of surrendering to the blind, impulsive act of its fulfilment. All these values would be sacrificed; but

that the speaker retains the potentiality of realizing them just as he retains the potentiality of realizing platonic love is testified by the self-mocking absurdity of the final statement of choice :

> Thus, though we cannot make our sun
> Stand still, yet we will make him run.

In passing we may remind ourselves of the *Horatian Ode* where 'restless' Cromwell with all his potentialities for the 'Arts of Peace' sacrifices the tender values for the sake of the necessity of casting 'the Kingdom old into another mould' and becomes 'The force of angry Heavens flame', while Charles, 'the Royal Actor', is forced to adorn 'The Tragic Scaffold' and to bow 'his comely Head' for the fatal stroke after trying 'with his Keener eye... the Axes edge'. The poet has a good deal of sympathy for Charles; but he commends Cromwell, the 'greater spirit', though he recognizes throughout the grim irony of the 'Arts' he has chosen to profess. Hence the advice at the end :

> And for the last effect
> Still keep thy sword erect:
> Besides the force it has to fright
> The spirits of the shady Night,
> The same *Arts* that did *gain*
> A pow'r must it *maintain.*

Cromwell moulds his idealistic potentialities according to the necessity of securing 'religion and liberty, as later poems with their rigid stance of political commitment to Cromwell point out. In his case puritanical discipline means that he has to do some sacrificial 'squaring and hewing' not only on the body politic but first and foremost on his own nature, so as to restrict his own existence willingly :

> For all delight of life thou then didst lose,
> When to command, thou didst thyself depose;
> Resigning up thy privacy so dear,
> To turn the headstrong people's charioteer.
> For to be Cromwell was a greater thing,

Than ought below, or yet above a King;
Therefore thou rather didst thyself depress,
Yeilding to rule, because it made thee less.
(*The First Anniversary of the Government under O. C.*)

In his quest for values man has to pay the price for 'squaring and hewing' nature in so far as his own existence partakes of it. This is actually the price he has to pay for having a soul along with the body. The body-soul complex places him in a peculiar, alienated position between pure corporeality and pure spirituality and denies him the innocent security of either. With its propensity for both good and evil it places him in a world of tensions and conflicts, which paradoxically ensures the dynamic life of virtue (cf. Milton's treatment of this theme). 'Active Virtue' is possible just because a militant (puritanical) soul 'does fence/The Batteries of alluring Sense'. But if we consider the soul as the principle of consciousness, which fundamentally it is, then all this battle is of the Soul's own making in as much as without the Soul the Body would have been only a part of innocent nature. It is the Soul that 'builds up' the body for suffering the feverish strains of an experiencing consciousness. The Soul and the Body may accuse each other, but significantly enough, the Body has the last word in this debate :

What but a Soul could have the wit
To build me up for Sin so fit?
So Architects do square and hew
Green Trees that in the Forest grew.

On the level of the quest for values, history is 'squaring and hewing'. It is redeemed from its meaningless cycles when the 'squaring and hewing' of nature or experiential reality is done for the purpose of shaping it into meaningful and inclusive values, for which a 'squaring and hewing' of human nature itself is the first and foremost necessity. History is redeemed by disciplined efforts of the body-soul complex which transform man into an instrument of God,

of course not without the necessary sacrifices that the 'squaring and hewing' involves. But perhaps, on the level of our quest, history has its beginnings in 'mowing', which involves, in Marvell's vision, an unsophisticated, pastoral consciousness only dimly lit up by a value-aspiring soul that begins by setting nature at a distance. Marvell's pastoralism is much more primitive and is different from the sophisticated pastoralism of the classical tradition with its cult of 'innocent' permissiveness and also from the equally sophisticated pastoralism of the biblical tradition with its cult of soul-saving. In its pristine, idealized from it is marked by a pre-sexual and pre-Christian, innocent and sensuous delight in the life of nature. In its unidealized form it focuses on the Mower who is associated with the primitive, crude, half-blind activity of living for destroying and being destroyed. In *Appleton House*, a poem which, in its quest for values, recapitulates history, the soldiers of the Civil war are alluded to as Mowers who cut the innocent birds along with the grass. Marvell brings out the contrast between the Mower-consciousness and the Gardner-consciousness which has a sophisticated concern for values and is engaged in a sophisticated structuring of nature. There are the Mower poems and there are the Garden poems; then there is *The Mower against the Gardens* in which the Mower complains against 'Luxurious Man' tyrannizing over and corrupting the 'wild and fragrant Innocence' of nature. As for the idealized garden its chief value lies in being a place of retreat, contemplation and refreshment through trial of our potentialities for innocent and idealized pastoralism. But more of this later on.

The emergence in the pastoral consciousness of the soul, whether in the form of Christian concerns (symbolized by the figure of Pan) or in the form of sexual passion (as 'Juliana comes ...') causes a terrible disturbance and calls for a sophisticated structuring of experience into a new and complex value-system, which the pastoral consciousness is

unable t odo. Its response would be a child-like either-or (as in *Clorinda and Damon* and in *A Dialogue between Thyrsis and Dorinda*) or a frustrated, self-destructive activity (as in *Mower's Song* and in *Damon the Mower*).

> Alas! I look for ease in vain,
> When remedies themselves complain,

cries Damon the Mower. Death alone can cure one 'Whom Juliana's eyes do wound . . . . For Death thou art a Mower too'. This sums up the predicament of the unsophisticated pastoral consciousness.

In time the pastoral consciousness must yield to the sophisticated, 'architectural' consciousness or the Gardner-consciousness which must be subjected to 'Puritanical' discipline for the structuring of experiential reality into meaningful and inclusive values in the face of Death the Mower and Sin, the 'traitor worm'. For this discipline the life of action must be combined with the life of contemplation and the two must supplement and complement each other. The life of contemplation is necessary for an exploration and evaluation of human potentialities for the business of shaping and ordering life according to necessity in the 'prospect' of temporal existence. Freedom is the knowledge of potentiality and the knowledge of necessity; the rest is God's Grace which comes into action when these two knowledges result in the wisdom of humility.

Contemplation which leads to the discovery of potential values has always been the concern of religion and art without which history would not acquire any ultimate meaning. Marvell has a special regard for religio-aesthetic structures built up with 'puritanical' discipline involving humility. His 'garden' symbolizes such structures. Its lesser world emblematically represents the greater world in its essence and in 'more decent order tame.' Here we are closed off from the outside world for indulging in meditation, though the meditation often ripples out with insights that apply to the outside world and to areas of experience not

directly available to us here. Here Marvell's detached wit turns its weakness into strength. To acknowledge this one needs to be reminded only of the poet's meditation on the 'Trees' in *The Garden*.

It need not be emphasized that Marvell's 'garden' does not belong to the tradition of *Jouissance;* it certainly belongs to the tradition of meditative *Solitude*. His 'garden' is different from 'loose nature', on which a Comus may draw for a libertinistic argument, for such 'loose nature' is distrusted and brought under Fairfaxian discipline in *Appleton House;* it is different from the classical garden of 'innocent' sexuality where 'Luxurious Man', 'that sov'raign thing and proud' corrupts nature to 'bring his Vice in use', for such a garden is condemned in *The Mower against the Gardens;* and it is also different from the biblical garden of the Earthly Paradise where 'Man' walked *with* a 'Mate'. Being a place of retreat, repose, contemplation and refreshment it is associated with various levels of possible experience. Two levels in particular : one of a pre-sexual, or rather a-sexual, innocent and sensuous delight of pure relationship with natural beauty, and the other, a higher one, of transcendence of the world of senses through an affirmation of the 'higher beauties' of the Intellect which include and subsume natural beauty. Both these levels of possible experience are explored in *Appleton House* and in *The Garden*.

The 'garden' does not imply an affirmation of escapism—and Marvell's playful, self-mocking wit would always undermine such an affirmation. It implies an affirmation of man's potentiality for a Golden Age beyond the Golden Age and for a paradise beyond paradise. It is in time; but it implies a quest for what lies at the beginning and the end of time. Such is the garden-island of *The Bermudas* which seems to be God's reward to the Puritan emigrants.

Either woman does not enter Marvell's garden, or if she enters as Maria Fairfax does in *Appleton House* she appears, not as a symbol of sex—which would disturb the meditative

Solitude—but of 'higher beauties', of the ideal acting upon and beautifying or 'vitrifying' the real and yet transcending it at the same time. Maria Fairfax symbolizes Marvell's conception of 'puritanical' discipline necessary for the quest of ultimate values and salvation which is the theme of *Appleton House*. The garden-house is a fortress-like retreat where the soul realizes its nobler potentialities to wage a pious war against the world, the flesh and the devil.

The 'garden' offers a retreat for the realization of the various levels of human potentiality for idealized experience to prepare the soul for 'longer flight' in the quest for values in the world of time and beyond it. In fact *The Garden* is an exploration and evaluation of these levels. That the potentiality must be recognized as a potentiality is warranted by the playful irony with which it is evoked and qualified. The life of 'delicious Solitude' in the garden cannot be offered in all seriousness as a substitute for life outside it. Although the garden seems to promise a kind of 'self-sufficiency', this promise can be fulfilled only at the cost of turning away from society and the life of action and finally of 'annihilating' all that is made to a 'green Thought'. The 'fragrant Zodiac' of the garden has its own validity, but our time cannot run through it except in the 'sweet and wholesome Hours' of meditative *Solitude*. The garden is not a permanent haven—*Temporis O suaves lapsus* ! ('O sweet lapses of time !'), says the Latin version of the poem. It offers only a temporary retreat.

As we go for 'the Garlands of repose' we assent to the playfully self-deceptive logic of substituting the emblems of achievement—'the Palm, the Oke, or Bayes'—for the achievement itself just because we are invited to try our own potentiality for ultimate repose. After all a temporary retreat from the world of 'Toyles', and competition and limited success is innocuous; it is even desirable. In this 'delicious Solitude' we are drawn into an a-sexual but intensely sensuous enjoyment of the 'Beauties' of the Trees which greatly 'exceed' the beauties

of a 'Mistress' in an emblematical beauty competition of the 'lovely green' with the 'white' and the 'red'. Here our potentiality for pure relationship, for love purified of sex-appetite, can be realized through loving the 'Fair Trees' with an ecstasy of sensuous delight. The realization comes through; and it can be justified by toying with the idea that in chasing 'mortal' beauty' the Gods chased potential trees, which the ancient poets misunderstood.

But man cannot be permanently at home in the 'green' world; its innocent beauty and fecundity are alien to him, and when the 'green' world reaches out for him and presses its luscious gifts upon his senses he cannot help his embarassment, which looks rather comic in the light of Marvell's playful irony.

> Stumbling on Melons, as I pass,
> Insnar'd with Flow'rs. I fall on Grass.

Resulting from an innocuous sensuality the Fall is innocuous, and the protagonist seems to give himself a pat on the back with the implied reminder of the Fall in the Garden of Eden which contained a woman.

But after this Fall the protagonist is provoked to rise to a higher level of potentiality, and with the same playful irony of his detached wit. This is the transcendental level of experiencing greater pleasure through the apprehension of the 'higher beauties' of the Intellect. So :

> the Mind, from pleasure less,
> Withdraws into its own happiness.

The Mind contains all the Forms of the world of sense; 'Yet it creates, transcending these, other Forms of Ideational or essential reality,

> Annihilating all that's made
> To a green Thought in a green Shade.

The 'green' already associated with the promise of innocent beauty, vitality and fecundity is now further associated, because of its transcendental overtones, with the hope for the apprehension of essential reality.

Marvell's playful irony reminds us that the transcendence involves the 'annihilation' or reduction of 'all that's made' to an intellectual or imaginative abstraction. But in its context the word has a positive sense too (thanks to Marvell's 'double heart'!) in as much as it implies an intensification of experience by its 'annihilation' to essential reality. In fact the poem, in its quest for more and more inclusive values has been proceeding through higher and higher levels of potentiality by a greater and greater narrowing and intensification of experience at the same time—and that is the playful irony of it. As we move to higher and higher levels of potentiality—from the world of 'Toyles' to the 'Garlands of repose', to the 'Fair quiet and Innocence' of delicious Solitude, to the 'amrous lovely green', to 'Loves best retreat', to the 'luscious Clusters of the Vine', to a 'green Thought', and finally to 'the various Light'—there is both a narrowing and a heightening or intensification of experience, which gives to the poem a kind of conical structure. The sensuous ecstasy of the 'green' world experience is 'annihilated' in the more intense, super-sensuous ecstasy that goes with the lightness and spontaneous ease of the soul-bird's transcendental experience—and all this after the soul has cast 'the bodies Vest aside' to become more purely soul (as much as neo-Platonic Christianity would have it)! Marvell's detached wit, through which he explores in this poem the possibilities of transcendence, is often enriched in its ironical complexity, it may be suggested, by his drawing upon the emblematical tradition. Thus the soul is seen as a 'Bird' gliding into the 'boughs' for enjoying, and refreshing itself with, the 'various Light' of Essential Reality :

> Casting the Bodies Vest aside,
> My Soul into the boughs does glide:
> There like a Bird, it sits, and sings,
> Then whets,and combs its silver Wings;
> And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
> Waves in its Plumes the various Light.

Even at this climax Marvell's detached wit reverberates with undertones of playful, slightly self-deflating irony, which are meant to *define* the experience without detracting from its value for the affirmation of the human potentiality for transcendence. Professor Goldberg has drawn our attention to these undertones by taking note of 'the irresponsibility of gaily casting the body's vest aside' and of 'the slight comicality of the bird's fragile, self-absorbed, almost complacent little life.' [4] He also takes note of 'the obvious jokes about the impossibility of sexual isolation in the following stanza'. But even these 'obvious jokes', it must be pointed out, have the positive function of hinting at the impossibility in terms of an intensely longed-for possibility of doubly paradisal bliss denied to man because of its being 'beyond a Mortal's share', a possibility lying at the beginning and the end of time. This is what Marvell says :

> Such was that happy Garden-state,
> While Man there walk'd without a Mate :
> After a Place so pure, and sweet,
> What other Help could yet be meet;
> But 'twas beyond a Mortal's share
> To wander solitary there :
> Two paradises 'twere in one
> To live in Paradise alone.

The 'obvious jokes' refer only to the facts of Fate and necessity in the world of mortality and suggest that the garden life is not a permanent substitute for life outside it. To repeat, Marvell's garden invites a temporary and refreshing indulgence in meditative *Solitude* for the realization of our potentialities for ideal values in spite of our ironical awarness of the limitations imposed by Fate and necessity, so that within these limitations and with all the humility that goes with their awareness we may be inspired to structure experiential reality into a value-pattern as inclusive and as close to the ideal as possible. Our quest for inclusive values cannot proceed without the wisdom of *endless* humility which we must acquire by combining the knowledge of potentiality

with the knowledge of Fate and necessity. For like us our structures are imperfect. Even in our religio-aesthetic structures it is possible that the 'Serpent old... disguis'd does fold' (*The Coronet*); but it is humility that can make us willing to sacrifice even these structures to a divine necessity 'though set with Skill and chosen out with Care' they may be.

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NOTES AND REFERENCES

[1] M.C. Bradbrook and M.G. Lloyd Thomas, *Andrew Marvell* (Cambridge, 1940), p, 45.

[2] I have greatly benefitted from Professor Joseph H. Summers's elucidation of this poem in his 'Marvell's "Nature"', *Journal of English Literary History*, 10 (1953).

[3] S.L. Goldberg, 'Marvell: Self and Art', *Melbourne Critical Review*, 7 (1965), pp. 32-44.

[4] S.L. Goldberg, op. cit., p. 36.

Erika Gottlieb

THE 'DIAL NEW'—THE SIMULTANEITY OF IMMANENCE AND TRANSCENDENCE IN MARVELL'S 'GARDEN'

'The Garden' exemplifies the peculiarity of Marvell's wit described by T.S. Eliot as an 'alliance between levity and seriousness', an alliance that ultimately intensifies seriousness. Characteristically, Marvell takes delight in a sophisticated game of hide-and-seek with his reader : the straightforward description of the natural surroundings turns imperceptibly into the description of the internal world of the mind, and expands, again imperceptibly, from a glance at Nature into a vision of Paradise.

Through this movement we are often faced with a sense of surprise, a sense of paradox. Yet paradox has a very different effect here than in the rest of Metaphysical poetry. Neither does it reveal the emotional tension behind Donne's paradox nor the often naive charm of Crashaw who would emphasize the public symbols of Christianity and use natural phenomena only to describe a suprarational, sacramental cosmos.

In spite of the fact that Marvell sometimes describes the natural landscape in allegorical allusions, William Empson finds it much 'easier to feel that Marvell observed intensely what he had described only in this cursory and implausible manner.'[1] Empson draws attention to the complexity of Marvell's imagery which is 'admired both by his own generation and by the 19th century' because of its combination of the sharp wit of the Metaphysical conceit with 'the more direct, evocative and sensory mode of appeal'[2] of the Romantics. In line with this 'sensory mode of appeal', Marvell's symbolism fits

well the natural description of the actual garden, and it rarely draws direct attention to itself as symbolic representation. Thus, the 'skilful Gardner' and the 'Dial new' are both parts of the well observed natural description. Yet, as symbols, the same images celebrate God as a gardener whose skilfully planned design assures the restoration of profane, temporal existence into the eternal time cycle.

By the eighth stanza Marvell explicitly admits that he sees in the Garden the approximation of Paradise:

> Such was that happy Garden-state,
> While Man there walk'd without a Mate.

Yet, unlike Crashaw's notion of the sacred, Marvell's conception of Paradise does not entail the diametrical reversal of natural phenomena. At first glance Marvell's vision appears to be even closer to Keats's 'speculation' which considers the Eternal merely closer as the repetition of our profane existence on a 'finer tone'. Even more interesting is the connection between Marvell's 'Garden' and Shelleys' 'Sensitive Plant' both poems envisioning a paradisiac garden, with Marvell's 'milder Sun' anticipating the 'tender sky' and 'gentle sun' of Shelley's 'undefiled Paradise'.

Yet, these similarities notwithstanding, Marvell's garden is everything but a manifestation of a Romantic Nature mysticism. Shelley's garden is a 'sublunar heaven': for the Romantic poet the Absolute is incarnated in Nature. It is an 'undefiled Paradise' which contains the promise of perfection and of immortality, both seen as attainable within the natural realms of the garden. Appropriately, at the end of the poem, Shelley's paradisial vision changes, characteristically, to an apocalyptic vision of 'living death', since Nature inevitably has to manifest itself also as the destroyer, the executive of the laws of Mutability.

By contrast Marvell's garden is not quite a sublunar Paradise: it is rather a garden of retreat and contemplation. Only through cultivating the inner garden (through Introver-

sion), will the poet come to see his surroundings as an approximation of 'two Paradises in One'.

In this paper I want to take issue with F. W. Bradbrook's interpretation which echoes an influential school of criticism in stating that 'philosophically the Garden is associated with the school of Epicurus, where highest good is sensual pleasure.' It is in this fundamentally pagan spirit that the poet comes to realize that 'Time has no power over the flowers since both Time and Death are conquered by Nature.'[3]

The examination of the heat and shadow imagery in the poem should probably be sufficient in itself to refute this interpretation. The garden is a place of retreat: 'After running Passions heat/Love hither makes its best retreat'.

A retreat from passion and from the 'white [and] red' heat of sexuality, the garden is a place of cool 'green' of 'Innocence', the 'Sister dear' of 'fair Quiet'. 'Green', the representative of the garden is juxtaposed with the heat of the active world: the 'green shade' of the garden offers more protection against the heat of profane existence than the 'short and narrow verged shade' of the crowns rewarding worldly excellence. At the peak of the experience, in stanza six, the poet reduces the whole world to a 'green Thought in a green Shade', to a thought consubstantial with the shade that brought it forth and protected it from the heat of profane existence. Having transformed the external world into a 'green Thought in a green Shade', the Soul gains access to a new, cool light: like a bird of 'silver wings', it 'waves into its plumes the various light.' As the final conclusion, the poet reaffirms this vision of light by emphasizing the absence of heat, the absence of any 'cruel flame': In the last stanza he celebrates the appearance of a 'milder Sun' that runs through a 'fragrant Zodiack.' The pursuing heat of active life and of passion are associated with the 'cruel flame' of the Sun that marks the passing of Time, foreboding the Mutability of the natural world. Through the 'wholesome hours' of

contemplation in the garden (by withdrawing from active life t onature and from nature to the mind) the poet comes to re alize the existence of a 'milder Sun' directing the operation of the newly recognized sun dial:

> How well the skilful Gardner drew
> Of flow'rs and herbes this Dial new;
> Where from above the milder Sun
> Does through a fragrant Zodiack run;
> And, as it works, th'industrious Bee
> Computes its time as well as we.
> How could such sweet and wholsome Hours
> Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs !

Though discovered through contemplation in natural surroundings, the 'milder Sun' is not the Sun of the natural world: 'Time and Death', are not 'conquered by Nature', as F. W. Bradbrook asserts. On the contrary, it is Time that conquers Nature, but it is a conquest that also implies the salvation of Time, the long-term 'computation' of the time of Mutability that operates in Nature, to the time of Eternity.

The poem begins with the contrast between active and contemplative life, contrasting the 'uncessant labours' of wordly ambition and the willingness with which 'all flowers and all trees do close, to weave the Garlands of repose'. The illusory or fragmentary fame gained in active life is represented by the 'single' crowns of the 'Palme, the Oke and the Bay'—rewards for military, civic or poetic excellence. The crown of fame, like a 'short and narrow verged shade' made from a 'single' herb or tree is contrasted with being crowned by the 'garlands of repose' that unite all flowers of the mind, and represent a glory that far supersedes the fame gained by earthly ambition :

> How vainly men themselves amaze
> To win the Palm, the Oke or Bayes;
> And their uncessant Labours see
> Crown'd from some single Herb or Tree,
> Whose short and narrow verged Shade

Does prudently their Toyles upbraid;
While all Flow'rs and all Trees do close
To weave the Garlands of repose.

The poem sets out to weave this garland stanza by stanza as an act of celebration and a tribute to the 'skilful Gardner.' If one would want to place the poem in the structure of the meditative tradition, it might actually be considered an account of illumination.

> Recollection, Quiet and Contemplation... answer to the order in which the mystic's powers unfold. Roughly speaking, we shall find that the form of spiritual attention which is called Meditative or Recollective goes side by side with the purification of the self; that Quiet tends to be characteristic of illumination; that Contemplation proper—at any rate its highest form—is most fully experienced by those who have attained, or nearly attained the Unitive way.[4]

There can be little doubt that this type of meditation was familiar to Marvell who searches for the 'sacred plant' of 'Quiet' contemplation; and for the 'Innocence' of purification.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy Sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busie Companies of Men.
Your sacred Plants, if here below,
Only among the Plants will grow,
Society is all but rude,
To this delicious Solitude.

In a series of witty reversals he makes paradoxical juxtapositions between active and contemplative life, claiming the superiority of rustic solitude to the civilized refinements of society : 'Society is all but rude/To this delicious Solitude.' He also makes a self-conscious differentiation between the image of the actual garden and the metaphor of the internal garden of the mind : 'Your sacred Plants if here below,/Only among the Plants will grow'. In the next stanza he continues the paradoxical statements by stating that green is more amorous than white or red, allegedly symbols for passion, or

according to Frank Kermode,[5] the colour combination standing for woman.

> No white nor red was ever seen
> So am'rous as this lovely green.
> Fond Lovers, cruel as their Flame,
> Cut in these Trees their Mistress name.
> Little, Alas, they know, or heed
> How far these Beauties Hers exceed.

More than a mere regression from animal passion to vegetative Nature, 'green' seems to stand for uncorrupted Nature, Nature as it had been originally created by God. The green trees themselves evoke the image of the sacred tree of life, and, ultimately, God. Therefore, when Marvell juxtaposes the 'white and red' and the 'lovely green', he contrasts profane love with the love of Nature which ultimately points to the love of the sacred.

The tree is the meeting point between divine and human, it is a link which stabilizes the elusive connection between mortals and immortality:

> When we have run our Passions heat
> Love hither makes his best retreat,
> The Gods, that mortal Beauty chase,
> Still in a Tree did end their race.

The race was intended to end in metamorphosis:

> *Apollo* hunted *Daphne* so,
> Only that She might Laurel grow.
> And *Pan* did after *Syrinx* speed
> Not as a Nymph, but for a Reed.

The reason for the chase, says Marvell with a witty reversal of the original episode, is the god's intention to give humanity the gift of laurel, symbol of poetry, and the gift of the reed, symbol of music—both gifts being means to man's reach towards divinity. The pun on the word 'retreat' might draw the various witty statements together. Describing the garden as a place of 'retreat', a sanctuary for contemplation, the word also suggests the act of re-treatment: it performs

the transformation of the 'white and red' heat of profane love into the 'lovely green' of the sacred.

The fifth stanza reads like a ceremonious dance, a ritual of carefree, pastoral existence, a vivid picture of Innocence, defined as the emphatic absence of sin :

> What wond'rous Life in this I lead !
> Ripe Apples drop about my head;
> The Luscious Clusters of the Vine
> Upon my Mouth do crush their Wine;
> The Nectaren, and curious Peach,
> Into my hands themselves do reach;
> Stumbling on Melons, as I pass,
> Insnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Grass.

The image of the ripe apples dropping by themselves evokes the apple of Paradise and significantly reverses it from the symbol of sinful yearning into a symbol of innocent fulfilment. The 'luscious clusters of the Vine', usually the embodiment of toil and effort, 'crush their wine' by themselves. The 'curious peach' suggests a similar reversal of man's curiosity about nature into nature's curiosity about man. Even 'stumbling on melons' seems to emphasize somehow gay connotations of innocent stumblings which foreshadow the same kind of innocent fall : 'Insnar'd with flow'rs, I fall on grass'. Instead of the ensnarements of the serpent constantly present in the profane existence of active life, the inhabitant of this garden of solitude is ensnar'd only with flowers. Even in his fall he again touches upon the substance of 'lovely green', the colour of growth, organic beauty and innocence.

It is probably no accident that the number six stands for the human soul, and that Marvell's meditation on the garden comes to its turning point in the sixth stanza. In the first two stanzas he excludes the pleasures of active life in order to enjoy the natural surroundings of the garden. Then, from his innocent pleasure in Nature he further withdraws into the realm of the mind. He turns from the 'pleasure less' of the

external world to the source of 'happiness'; to the realization of the mind's similarity to God:

> Mean while the Mind from pleasure less,
> Withdraws into its happiness:
> The Mind that Ocean where each kind
> Does streight its own resemblance find:
> Yet it creates, transcending these,
> Far other Worlds and other Seas ;
> Annihilating all that's made
> To a green Thought in a green Shade.

God is revealed in Nature, and this in turn is mirroredin the mind, in 'that Ocean where each kind/Does streight its own resemblance find'. The act of withdrawal into the depths of the mind completes the movement of concentration. Having narrowed down the vistas from the world of active life to the garden, here the poet further reduces the whole garden to a non-spatial entity: he contracts the reality of the outside world into a 'green Thought in a green Shade'. Now the vistas again expand to 'create far other worlds and other seas', transcending the world of Mutability to probe into the vistas of a 'longer flight'.

After the annihilation of all corporeal matter in the mystical reversal, the richly sensuous content of the imagery in the next two lines seems to evoke the ambiguity of all sensations. Tha fountain foot is 'sliding' even if it were the fountain of light and the shady roots of the trees are 'mossy', even if they were the sacred trees of life; the senses perceive life in terms of ambiguity and not in terms of light. To gain true light, in a vision of illumination, means the discarding of everything sensual :

> Here at the Fountains sliding foot,
> Or at some Fruit-Trees mossy root,
> Casting the Bodies Vest aside,
> My soul into the boughs does glide:
> There like a Bird it sits, and sings,
> Then whets and combs its silver Wings;
> And till prepar'd for longer flight,
> Waves in its Plumes the various light.

The new splendour of the light imagery in this stanza brings to mind the mystic's account of illumination :

> The illuminatives seem to assure us that its apparently symbolic name is really descriptive; that they do experience a kind of radiance, a flooding of the personality with new light. A new sun rises above the horizon, and transfigures their twilit world. Over and over again they return to light imagery in this connection.... It really seems as though the... attainment of new levels of consciousness did bring with it the power of perceiving a splendour always there, but beyond the narrow range of our poor sight.[6]

The image of the bird that 'waves in its plumes the various light' seems to unify the whole movement of the poem which began with the weaving of 'the Garlands of repose'. The close similarity between 'weave' and 'wave' suggests the same kind of movement, in addition to unifying the plant imagery of the garden and the water imagery of the 'Ocean', the 'seas' and the 'fountain' that stand for the mind. The bird in preparation for the 'longer flight' is an obvious allusion to the union between God and the soul, since one of the most potent mystical symbols describes such a union in terms of the body assimilating its life substance from the surrounding universe. The metamorphosis of the 'various light' into the bird's 'silver wings' seems to refer to the preparation for this final union, as if a preparation for the 'longer flight'.

The next stanza again is rich in puns and witty reversals when it re-states the ritual re-enactment of the Paradisial existence of totality before existence had been divided into male and female sexes :

> Such was that happy Garden-state
> While Man there walk'd without a Mate:
> After a place so pure, and sweet,
> What other Help could yet be meet :
> But 'twas beyond a Mortal's share
> To wander solitary there :
> Two Paradises 'twere in one
> To live in Paradise alone.

In a series of puns, the poet makes another allusion to the fact that Contemplation, or cultivation of sacred love means to 'meet' Help that far supersedes the help of any 'Mate'. It is, in fact due to the appearance of his 'Mate' that man has become a mortal. Though a conglomeration of puns and allusions, the last four lines nevertheless convey a sense of loss and discontent and end the stanza on a note of half-serious prayer:

> Two Paradises 'twere in one
> To live in Paradise alone.

As if to minimize this sense of discontent with the human predicament, the poem returns to a note of affirmation: the poet acknowledges the divine design in the restoration of the human condition of Mutability to the eternal Time cycle:

> How well the skilfull Gardner drew
> Of flow'rs and herbs this Dial new;
> Where from above the milder Sun
> Does through a fragrant Zodiack run;
> And, as it works, th'industrious Bee
> Computes its time as well as we.
> How could such sweet and wholsome Hours
> Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs:

The new sun dial at the end of contemplation is pointing to the poet's new consciousness of Time, guarded by the 'milder Sun' of Spiritual Understanding, and probably, since the Sun is also a symbol of Christ, by a new consciousness of God's mercy. As the bee, archetypal symbol of the sacred, 'computed' its time by absorbing the matter of the surrounding universe to create the refined substance of honey, so has the soul computed the hours spent in the garden to assimilate the time of mutability into the time of the new dial. The hours spent in meditation, (the cultivating of the mind's garden through contemplating the natural garden), were hours well spent. They were indeed 'wholsome' hours, another double pun on healthy and on unified. They

were healthy because they were restorative: In contrast to the 'single' herb and tree that crowns the toils of active life, the hours of contemplation restored a feeling of 'whole-ness', a feeling of restored unity within the self, and of being united with the whole world of Nature. The 'uncessant labours' of the first stanza are also brought back into the picture by the reference to the 'industrious' bee. The 'Dial new' might actually be seen as a unifying symbol which, as if in a concentric circle, unites the circular metaphors of the 'crown' of active life with the 'garlands of repose.' Both concepts of labour and both concepts of Time are being now united in the operations of the 'Dial new' which marks the time of Mutability, yet also points to the fact that through the well-spent hours, the profane existence of Mutability will be restored to the cycle of Eternity.

Though focusing on natural phenomena, the poem is far from the Romantic feeling for the particularity of the object. The splendour of the natural surroundings is rather regarded as the revelation of Immanence. Similarly, the keen interest in the mysterious operations of the mind might be considered a link between Marvell and the Romantics, until we realize that Marvell's interest is actually directed to the transcendence of the mind's operations, to the intimations of 'far other worlds and other seas' in the direction of a 'longer flight'.

Yet Marvell's garden is also remarkably different from the sacramental universe evoked by Crashaw: Marvell's Paradise does not evoke the Supernatural as a realm radically different from the natural realm of reason. Though rich in paradox, 'The Garden' does not emphasize the metaphorical fusion of polar opposites, nor does it abound in the juxtaposition of contradictories in figures like the oxymoron. Instead, the figurative language evokes a vision of reality in which the natural realm participates in the Supernatural: the Immanent contains the Transcendent, the metaphor connects 'polar opposites' only insofar as the sensuous is used to express

the supersensuous. Nature participates in the Supernatural: the images of the 'skilful Gardner' and of the 'Darkling' are both pertinent to the natural garden in addition to being symbols for the Creator and the Time cycle of Eternity.

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THEMES AND STRUCTURE IN MARVELL'S 'AN HORATIAN ODE'

The seriousness of Marvell's *Horatian Ode* is reflective of a ripe, civilized mind like Jonson's. In it the rhythms and inflexions of common speech are often used to set off the exalted verse in order to achieve ironic and ambiguous effects mirroring the shifts in the poet's complex attitude to his subject. The impulse to write this ode, Marvell, no doubt, owed to his recently awakened interest in Horace whose works had been translated into English by Sir Richard Fanshawe—a fellow Royalist, between 1642 and 1647.[1] The affinity which his mind might have unconsciously felt with Horace himself was due to the dilemma in which both of them alike found themselves; the challenge of the new regime to his and his people's traditional customs and values was parallel to what Horace faced when he had to flee after the defeat of the Republicans in the battle of Philippi.

The key-note of the poem is struck in the opening verses which vividly bring out the contrast between the arts of peace and the arts of war with reverberations from Horace. The poet urges the high-spirited, properly ambitious youth to abandon the private pursuits of his intellectual and imaginative goals, since the changed times call for a preparedness for war—for a life of action rather than contemplation. Marvell's lines: 'Nor in the Shadows sing/His numbers languishing', recalling as they do Horace's nostalgia for *umbrae* and *otium*,[2] indicate a pastoral setting of idyllic beauty which has a symbolic value in Marvell's conception of a garden. This picture of peace is countered by the emblems of war—'armours' and the 'corslet'. 'So' indicates that the

character of the times is determined by Cromwell's political career:

> So restless Cromwel could not cease
> In the Inglorious Arts of Peace,
> But through adventrous War
> Urged his active Star.

His inherent discontent or restlessness impels Cromwell to lay aside the simple arts of peace and seek the individual glory of adventurous wars like most youth brought up in the chivalric tradition.

The poet then proceeds to stress that Cromwell's rise is an extraordinary phenomenon—almost providential. Like a sudden flash of lightning he bursts through the clouds where he was nursed. In keeping with the pagan tone of an Horatian ode, Marvell conceives of Cromwell as a thunderbolt hurled by an angry Jove—as an agent of divine fury. (Horace's Ode, I,). 'Three-forked' refers to Jove's trident. 'Breaking the Clouds where it was nurst' refers to the mounting public discontent with the Royalist regime which threw up a leader like Cromwell. The lines, 'Did thorough his own Side/His fiery way divide', are ambiguous; they probably imply callous indifference to the normal human ties and affections, but they also point to his early struggles after Marston Moor with other leaders of the Parliamentary party; he made his way through the ranks of his own party hitting out all opposition:

> For 'tis all one to Courage high
> The Emulous or Enemy;
> And with such to inclose
> Is more than to oppose.

His courage is too high to brook any opposition or resistance whether from rivals in his own party or from the enemy. Here the implied metaphor, as Cleanth Brooks suggests, is 'that of some explosive which does more violence to that which encloses it, the powder to its magazine, for instance, than to

some wall which opposes it—against which the charge is fired.[3]

The impression of Cromwell as a sudden burst of elemental energy in the pagan sense is reinforced in the next lines:

> Then burning through the Air he went,
> And Pallaces and Temples rent:
> And *Caesars* head at last
> Did through his Laurels blast.

'Pallaces' and 'Temples', which recall the Roman atmosphere, symbolize royal and prelatal tyranny against which the Parliamentary party with its Puritan principles strongly revolted. 'Angry Heavens flame' does not spare even the wearer of the laurel wreath which is traditionally considered impervious to lightning. 'Laurels' refer to the mystique of the theory of divine rights which protected royalty, while 'Caesars head' refers to Charles I, the legitimate ruler, who, as we are next told, has been punished for his misdeeds, by angry Heaven through its agent, i.e., Cromwell, who, according to the Roman analogy, is a usurper like Julius Caesar. Marvell considers Cromwell as a portent—as part of natural and divinely sanctioned processes which cannot be meddled (or found fault) with:

> 'Tis Madness to resist or blame
> The force of angry Heavens flame:
> And, if we would speak true,
> Much to the Man is due.

(Critics have missed the remarkable button-holing quality of these lines). These lines are marked by a tone of self-debate, even of aside, reflecting the speaker's ambivalent attitude to Cromwell's rise to power. Owing to his Royalist sympathies and love of traditional values he is initially hesitant, but the sense of reality urges him to accept it gracefully as an act of divine dispensation—as a matter of necessity. These lines suggest simultaneously the Puritan's sense of righteousness and the Royalist's almost despairing sense of doom. For all

his classical restraint Marvell seems to participate both emotions which coalesce in a recognition of the frightful grandeur of Cromwell as a divine scourge. The sense of earnestness and urgency which these lines convey is further deepened by the forthright, confessional spirit of the next lines: 'And, if we would speak true,/Much to the Man is due'. The colloquial tone offsets the heroic mode of the previous verses which project an imaginative affirmation of the same reality. The parenthesis, 'if we would speak true', does not imply a sudden shift to authenticity from the unreality of the preceding account of Cromwell as a portent, because the point of emphasis is an elaboration of an earlier hint in the line: he 'urged his active Star'. Like the colloquial phrase, 'to tell you the truth' it only suggests that even if one were sceptical about the poet's view of Cromwell as a supernatural force, one cannot fail to be struck by his intrinsic personal virtues as a man. 'And' is suggestive of the balance between the two impressions about Cromwell's career—one rendered in terms of cosmic imagery and the other, to follow, in terms of factual history—but both are equally significant and sincere.

While recounting the personal merits of the man Marvell dwells on the polarities of human experience in times of peace and war and their relationship. Cromwell turns away from his 'private gardens' where he has imbibed the virtues of a contemplative life, because he is being urged by his 'active Star' to be the crown of public glory. The next two lines are a fine example of wit blended with irony: 'As if his highest plot/To plant the Bergamot'. 'Plot' means both plot of land and 'the wiser Art'—the art of diplomacy. 'Highest plot' implies both 'highest achievement' and 'the best plot' in horticultural as well as political sense. The 'Bergamot' too is double-edged, meaning both 'a kind of pear' called the king's pear and 'the royal authority'. The lines are thus ambiguous; in one sense, they mean that during the early reserved and austere life, Cromwell learnt how to raise a

good crop of pear—his highest achievement, as a cultivator; in another, that his mind was being trained for the day when he would overthrow Charles and establish himself in his place. They are by implication both a compliment to Cromwell's unerring political skill and an emphasis on the value of the life of contemplation for a man of action—on the interdependence of the arts of peace and the arts of war.

Cromwell's phenomenal rise and mighty achievement through courage and perseverance are stressed in the next verse :

> Could by industrious Valour climbe
> To ruine the great Work of Time,
> And cast the Kingdome old
> Into another Mold.

'Climbe' reflects the acme of 'the highest plot'. Cromwell bravely and indefatigably pursues his goal till at last he is able to accomplish the 'uphill' task—to blast the time-honoured institution of kingship and mould a new state. 'Ruine' is highly suggestive and ambiguous, as if the work of destruction was a matter to be proud of. The word 'cast', too, is ambiguous, implying both 'threw away' and 'formed or moulded'. A single individual thus succeeded in undoing the work of generations through scores of centuries and gave an entirely new mould to the society he destroyed in the process. These lines thus convey a sense of awe at the magnitude of the task which is both destructive and creative, and which is achieved by a single individual.

Marvell then proceeds to consider the ethics of this historic event with urbane detachment :

> Though Justice against Fate complain,
> And plead the antient Rights in vain:
> But those do hold or break
> As Men are strong or weak.

Although the poet is a firm believer in the values of a stable and traditional society and would disapprove of any disruption of the established, time-horoured order, he accepts

change as a matter of necessity. It is pointless to find a note of lament in these lines. They are indeed vibrant with the pressure of reality. Following Horace, Marvell recognizes the divine law of Necessity, which 'first made Kings', as superior to both Justice and Rights which are after all man-made. Justice can uphold Rights only so far as they are strong enough to maintain order and stability in the state. When they fail to do so, they forfeit all claims to Justice, and may be usurped by whosoever is able to ensure order in society. But Cromwell is not a usurper, dislodging Right by force; he is the embodiment of the divine power of Necessity which loves order in society more than mere rights, however ancient they be. This process of change, the poet realizes, may involve destruction of much that is beautiful and considered sacrosanct—'Pallaces' and 'Temples'; it may also be tragic, but it is, after all, natural and therefore inevitable :

> Nature that hateth emptiness
> Allows of penetration less :
> And therefore must make room
> Where greater Spirits come.

Here the emphasis on 'must' clearly indicates the role of force in the economy of Nature. If nature does not allow a power vaccum, it can no more permit two bodies to occupy the same space; one has to give way to the other, its superior, and this necessity which implies coercion and destruction is part of the processes of nature. Cromwell is the 'greater spirit', having divine sanction, precisely because, as Marvell will hereafter show, his destructive activities aim at reconstruction—at raising a new society over the ruins of the old one.

The crux of the subsequent argument is that Cromwell is both the hero of war and the hero of peace. His heroism in war is evident from the ambiguous lines: 'What Field of all the Civil Wars,/Where his were not the deepest Scars ?' The scars are either those received by him or inflicted by him on the enemy or both. All these possibilities testify to, Marvell seems to suggest, Cromwell's military prowess. But equally impressive

is his diplomatic ability—his mastery of the 'wiser Art'—which he displayed best at Hampton :

> Where, twining subtile fears with hope,
> He wove a Net of such scope,
> That *Charles* himself might chase
> To *Caresbrooks* narrow case.

Cromwell is obviously imaged as a swift and shewd hunter as Augustus is in Horace's Ode, I xxxvii. 'Weaving a Net' is a poised phrase suggesting both a hunter's stratagem and the loom of Fates. 'Scope' too has a ring of the word 'scoop' implying Cromwell's lucky stroke in gaining advantage over the king. There is a pun on the word 'case', meaning both 'the strait in which Charles found himself at Caresbrooke' and 'the casement window through which he failed to make his escape'; it also suggests two other meanings—'plight' and 'cage', both equally apt. The line 'That Charles himself might chase' is antithetical to 'He urged his active Star', and as such suggests that Charles is the anti-hero.

Critics have generally noted the beauty of the 'memorable' scene of Charles's execution which 'first assur'd the forced Pow'r', but ignored its integrative value in the poem's total structure. The lines 50-65 indeed constitute the centre of the poem where all themes and ideas converge and whence all vibrations in meaning spread out. The rich poetry of the tragic scene which impresses us as an elaborate symbolic ritual, signifying both death and birth or rebirth, also suggests the mutability of human life, the polarities of human experience in both war and peace as well as the antinomies and relationships of the themes of action and acting, reality and art, power, right and justice, Nature and Destiny. In another sense, too, this scene holds the balance between the preceding and the following verses. It marks the transition from the past fears to the future hopes—from the anarchy of the overthrow of 'helpless Right' to the 'good' and 'just' order of 'forced Pow'r'—corresponding to the dual role of

Cromwell, first as the hero of war and then as the hero of peace.

> That thence the *Royal Actor* born
> The *Tragic Scaffold* might adorn :
> While round the armed Bands
> Did clap their bloody hands.

These lines are a curious but splendid blend of realism and irony. If Cromwell is the hero of real life, Charles is the hero of a tragedy. The hero of a tragedy has more aesthetic appeal than the hero of real life. Charles is the 'actor', playing his part well and deserving public applause. He is the 'Royal Actor' in a double sense: an actor royal by birth, unlike a common actor, playing the role of a king (i.e., not simulating), and a royal actor, playing a tragic role with 'proper' dignity—a role thus assigned to him by Destiny. The king's acting is 'poetical', having all the Aristotelian attributes of a dramatic persona—good, appropriate, and true to life—but in sharp contrast to Cromwell's 'action' which has all the solidity and dare-devilry of a real life-drama. 'The Tragic Scaffold' implies both the platform on which the king was executed, and the stage for a tragic performance. The 'clapping' of the armed bands is likewise ironic; it suggests a play upon the motive of the armed bands —in one sense, the tragic mockery of an audience elate with the satisfaction of an achieved goal, and, in another, applause—forced though—for the 'Royal Actor's' excellent performance. The scene is memorable because of the uncommon calm and dignity displayed by the king at the last moment; he saw the 'Axes edge' falling on his neck with an unperturbed mind. 'The Axes edge', too, is a double-edged phrase, suggesting the Latin *acies*, which means both 'eye-sight' and 'blade'; it also denotes, in neo-Platonic psychology, 'the mind following the eye'[4]. The picturesque 'bowing' of the king's comely Head/ Down as upon a Bed' has an aesthetic appeal. His calm and dignified submission to his tragic fate is truly heroic and in sharp contrast to the popular notion of heroism consisting in

the declamatory rhetoric of an appeal to gods for help. The diminuendo in rhythm in lines 63-64 suggests the cool and unhurried bearing of the king on the scaffold highlighting dramatically both the grimness of the scene and the simple grace of the king's behaviour.

This balancing of themes and structure is further evident from the double sense in which this scene is regarded as 'memorable'. It is memorable on account of the tragic dignity of the 'Royal Actor' at the time of his death and also on account of the birth of the new regime. This event thus calls for a dual response—one harking back to the behaviour of an individual in the past, and the other, looking forward to the form of the state or the society in the future. This duality of response is clearly indicative of Marvell's ambivalent attitude to the situation. On the one hand, he shows his Royalist sympathies in his appreciation of the king's refined and dignified behaviour—'He nothing common did or mean'—and his contempt for the vulgarity of the 'armed bands'. On the other, he accepts the weak king's tragic lot, and the rise of 'forced Pow'r'. He shows a remarkable poise and detachment in conveying this complex attitude which recalls Horace's equally balanced attitude in setting Cleopatra's regal self-command and dignity at the time of her death against Augustus's military victory after berating the Egyptians for their impotence (Ode I, xxxvii).

The king's death has a ritual significance, sanctifying as it does the birth of a new regime based on 'forced Pow'r'. The power is forced both in the sense that it has created itself by force and in that it has been forced to dominate by the pressure of events and destiny. The horrible scene of a king's execution has thus become the stable foundation of a new state by dint of this 'forced Pow'r', which has its precedent in Roman history :

> So when they did design
> The *Capitol's* first Line,
> A bleeding Head where they begun,
> Did fright the Architects to run;

And yet in that the *State*
Foresaw it's happy Fate.

'The Capitol's first Line' with its Roman associations refers to the first attempts of the new Republic to lay down the fundamentals of state policy. The architects in Horace are identified with Necessity which is represented as armed with 'iron wedge' and 'harsh hooks'—the tools generally used in both destruction and construction of buildings.[5] They here mean the leaders of the Puritan Republic who, as agents of Fate or Necessity, with Cromwell at the helm of affairs, blasted the 'great Work of Time' and then sought to rebuild a new state. Many of them after the bloody event may have shuddered to think that they were being carried beyond the historic current of English life into uncharted seas. But as the course of events subsequently belied all fears, the Roman legend strengthened the hope that King Charles's head was a good augury and the only possible foundation to build a republic upon.

To illustrate the promise of a 'happy Fate' to the country, Marvell refers to Cromwell's Irish campaign :

And now the *Irish* are asham'd
To see themselves in one year tam'd :
So much one Man can do,
That does both act and know.
They can affirm his Praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest Trust:

These lines seem to smack of levity, even of partisanship, disturbing the general impression of Cromwell's sincerity and objectivity, but a close scrutiny may dispel any doubts. The element of surprise in the statement that Cromwell has achieved 'so much' in a single year, i.e, crushed the Irish rebellion besides successfully handling the state affairs at home after the Civil War, indicates the enormity of the task and the sense of anxiety and desperation it had generated

in the minds of Marvell and his countrymen. He obviously expresses a sense of deep relief over Cromwell's swift and effective grappling with the situation with the help of his exemplary powers of vision and action. He has been 'good' and 'just' more in the sense of 'efficient' and 'expedient or proper' in the context of the demands of the society and the state rather than in any absolute moral sense. This is the verdict of all Englishmen, and even of the Irish, who have though overcome, confest'. It may appear ironical that the vanquished make such a confession, implying as if the confession is forced and not voluntary (and perhaps suggestive of the Englishman's sadistic glee). But Marvell seems to emphasize that Cromwell's drastic action was an absolute necessity not merely in the larger interests of the whole country, but even in the interests of the Irish people themselves, there being no alternative method of handling the desperate situation; it was 'good' and 'just' because it secured for them the much-needed order and stability. And this agreement of even the Irish with the average Englishman's point of view is the highest testimony to Cromwell's personal merits and trustworthiness. These lines, it may however be urged, have a touch of hyperbole, indicative of the poet's enthusiasm for Cromwell's outstanding achievement. They can also be considered ironic implying a slightly sceptical attitude.

Marvell next turns to the promise of a new era of peace and prosperity which Cromwell's submissiveness to the Republic he is creating by his unique martial activities holds out. The account reverberates with allusions to the career of Julius Caesar and the basic Puritan doctrine :

> Nor yet grown stiffer with Command,
> But still in the *Republik's* hand:
> How fit he is to sway
> That can so well obey.

There is an element of conflict in the poet's mind. He seems to have a lurking fear that Cromwell, like Julius Caesar, may

not remain so submissive in due course and may become despotic—'grown stiffer with Command'. But this fear, he feels, is not warranted by Cromwell's erstwhile behaviour which has its anabgue in Octavianus's behaviour. Cromwell's competence to rule the country is proved by the fact that he considers himself a disciplined soldier and an obedient servant of the Parliament, achieving so much not for self-aggrandizement or personal gain but for the benefit of the state. He has pressed himself into service to the will of his party and to the commands of 'angry Heaven's. 'He to the *Commons Feet* presents/A *Kingdome*, for the first years rents'. The word 'rents' is suggestive of his attitude to his office as head of the state. He looks upon it not as his sole proprietary right but only as a power delegated to him : 'And, what he may, forbears/His Fame to make it theirs.'. These lines should read : 'what he may easily make solely his (his fame), he forbears himself to make (it) that of his party,' and not be interpreted out of context, as Lerner suggests, as : 'Cromwell is so arrogant that he cannot really succeed in being modest.'[6] Like Octavianus Caesar of Rome, he has submitted his 'Sword and Spoyls ungirt'—his offices and powers—to the Commonwealth of which he is the head.

To reinforce this impression of Cromwell's dual capacity both as an unerring and ferocious scourge of 'angry Heaven' and as a self-effacing obedient executor of the party's behests, Marvell uses an apt image from falconry, recalling Horace's application of the same image for Augustus in the 'Cleopatra' ode (I, xxxvii, 11.16-20) but with a richer meaning and effect. Unlike Horace's hawk, Marvell's is tame. The tameness of the ferocious bird of prey suggests the possibility of such a disciplined 'force' as Cromwell embodies, doing as much for civilized peace as he has done in war. 'Green bow', evocative of the Roman ideas of *umbrae* and *otia*, hints at the promise of Cromwell excelling equally in the arts of peace.[7] That this promise Cromwell was expected to fulfil, because he was essentially a man of peace, Marvell was to assert later:

he whom Nature all for Peace had made,
But Angry Heaven unto War had sway'd.

('The Death of O.C.', 15-20)

Marvell then envisions the glorious future of England under such a gifted leader, with further allusions to classical heroes for richer effects. Cromwell, it is hoped, will successfully meet the danger from the catholic powers abroad and eventually emerge as a champion of freedom in the world—as a universal symbol of freedom from tyranny and oppression. He is called Caesar in the sense that 'the Wars and Fortunes Son' has now become the restorer of temples in the manner in which Octavianus Caesar became Caesar Augustus—that is, by laying 'his Sword and Spoyls ungirt' 'at the *Publick's* skirt'. This larger vision inspires Marvell to prophesy victory in the next campaign against the Scots:

The *Pict* no shelter now shall find
Within his party-colour'd Mind;
But from this Valour sad
Shrink underneath the Plad.

In a tone of irony mixed with humour, Marvell refers to their mind as 'party-colour'd' which means both 'factional' and 'divided', and which is also a play on the derivation of Pict from the Latin *pingere*, to paint or colour. 'Valour sad' means 'valour which makes others sad' as well as 'sober minded courage'. The word 'Plad' which means a kind of Scottish wool is humorously used; Marvell means to say that the Scots who are known to be untrustworthy and treacherous will not be able to defend themselves against Cromwell's 'industrious' and 'sad Valour'.

There is double and doubly grim irony in the next verse:

Happy if in the tufted brake
The *English Hunter* him mistake;
Nor lay his Hounds in near
The *Caledonian* Deer.

The transmogrification of the Calydonian boar into a deer and the association of the 'tufted brake' with the 'plad' are

a veiled hit at the party-coloured mind of the Scots. The lines when paraphrased should read: 'The boar thinks it should be happy if by hiding in the thicket it were mistaken by the hunter for a deer and not chased by his hounds.' In other words, the plotting minds of the Scottish people hope that they could manoeuvre things in such a way that Cromwell would mistake them to be meek and submissive and thus spare them; but the undertone of irony suggests that they are mistaken if they think so, because their 'party-colour'd' minds cannot deceive the great leader who 'both acts and knows'.

The poem ends with an exhortation to Cromwell, which calls to mind Horace's advice to Augustus Caesar in Ode I, xiv. Cromwell is the son of both War and Fortune in the sense that he has emerged through his heroism in war, and is Fortune's minion. He has so far used the sword to destroy 'ancient Rights' and to put down rebellion; he has now to keep this sword trim and in perfect readiness to frighten away 'the Spirits of the shady Night'. A cross-hilted sword having the shape of a crucifix would frighten away evil spirits[8]. 'Shady' means both 'dark' and 'evil', hence 'the Spirits of the shady Night' means the forces of evil and darkness—anarchy, intrigue and disorder which are threatening the state both within the country and without. The situation is particularly precarious due to the absence of any established tradition or mystique of divine rights to support the new state. Cromwell has to carve out a course for the new state with the help of the same arts which enabled him to establish it over the ruins of the old. These same arts are 'industrious' and 'sad valour', 'the wiser art' of diplomacy, the capacity to 'both act and know' which he demonstrated well in wars; they will now help him secure for the people lasting peace and stability. The last two lines: 'The same *Arts* that did *gain*, A *Pow'r must it maintain*' ironically suggest that the arts of war *per se* are after all not 'glorious'—are not sufficient for the well-being of the

state; they are a means—in the present situation, a necessary means—to a higher end, which gives them validity, i.e., the 'inglorious arts of peace'. Even the word 'Pow'r' which reminds us of 'forced Pow'r' is ironic, implying that 'to maintain' the power thus gained we have to put 'the same Arts' to constructive use.

This analysis of the structure of the ode should, presumably, offer us the key to the puzzle that has plagued many critics.[9] They have often wondered as to how it was that Marvell, whose Royalist sympathies had so patently been reflected in 'To Lovelace' and 'Upon the Death of Lord Hastings', changed his political opinions so radically within a year as to enable him to write a poem of unstinted praise for Cromwell. The answer should not be sought in outside factors such as history or biography but in the poem itself. A significant fact about the ode, which is often ignored or not given due consideration, is that it was written a little more than a year after the 'bloody event'. Had Marvell chosen to write on Cromwell immediately after it, we can reasonably conjecture, his attitude might not have been so favourable. But during the interregnum he had acquired a perspective which enabled him to see things with sufficient clarity and detachment. The cumulative impression which Cromwell's career and achievements to date had made upon his mind was that he was the most extraordinary blend of superhuman and human powers. What struck Marvell first and foremost was his meteoric rise. From his 'private gardens' where he lived 'reserved and austere', he 'climbed' to such great heights as to be able to 'ruin the great Work of Time'. The impressions of suddenness, swiftness, and fiery energy which marked this rise are all fused into the image of the 'three-fork'd Lightning' having its 'fiery way' through the air and at last blasting 'Caesars head'. The superhuman quality of Cromwell's character is further stregthened by the astonishing enormity of the tasks accomplished by him during this short period; it is a miracle how

'so much one Man can do'. Considering these facts of Cromwell's career and activities as the leader of the Revolution, Marvell feels covinced that he is not an ordinary usurper but 'angry Heavens flame'. This supernatural impression about Cromwells character is further enriched by Cromwell's impact as a man. First, his 'industrious valour'—complete dedication to his cause; secondly, his mastery of the 'wiser Art'—his shrewdness and singleness of purpose as conveyed by the image of the hunter; and then his being the rare individual who both 'acts and knows'—his far-sighted action—while other fellows are simply frightened to see 'a bloody Head where they begun': all these qualities are so combined in him that Marvell can say that he is so 'good', 'just', and 'fit for higher trust' that even those hostile to him—the Irish—have acknowledged them. To cap all, Cromwell is utterly disinterested and wholly submissive in the exercise of his office. All these superb qualities in Cromwell's character are aptly summed up in the single image of the falcon which Marvell employs (91-95).

The images of lightning, the hunter, and the falcon crystallize Marvell's developing reaction to Cromwell's career corresponding to its three stages—his meteroic emergence on the political scene, his military skill during the Civil War, and his post-war attitude and promise. They also represent metaphorically three aspects of Cromwell's genius—the cosmic, the personal, and the social, or to put it differently, the heavenly, the human and the natural, belonging as they do to three different regions, sky, earth and air. Metaphysically considered, the central image of the falcon subsumes, and is subsumed by, the images of lightning and the hunter. The falcon is amphibious, partaking of both the elements of sky and earth. While lightning (fire) indicates the speed and destructive power of the falcon (air-fire), the 'falcon' indicates the impersonal motivation of 'lightning'. The 'falcon' has equal affinity with the hunter. In one sense, the falcon is the hunter pursuing his goal with single-minded ferocity; in

another, it is an instrument or agent of the hunter. These three images thus interanimate and provide an integrated perspective of meaning in the poem.

These three closely related images Marvell found used in isolated verses in Horace's odes to indicate Augustus's glory. The figure of grim Necessity, too, to account for Cromwell's usurpation, Marvell owes to Horace. The same figure inspires his use of Caesar's name, which, recalling the ambivalent Roman usage, epitomizes both the ancient rights and the forced power.[10] While giving due praise to Charles at the time of his execution, Marvell recalls Horace's unstinted appreciation of Cleopatra's regal dignity and self-control at the time of her death offsetting his eulogy for Augustus's military glory, but Marvell's is a more complex attitude; he finds in Cromwell a blend of both Augustus's military prowess and Cleopatra's self-command. Moreover, Horace is nostalgic about the imaginative life of contemplation and the arts of peace even when he is talking about war; Marvell believes in the equal importance of both the arts of war and the arts of peace—private contemplation and public action—in the life of the state, but judges the arts of war in terms of the values of the arts of peace. To him, Cromwell, represents the synthesis of several contrary concepts and values: power and right, authority and service, liberty and duty, the life of action and the life of contemplation. To convey this complexity of his impressions of Cromwell's character and achievements and their impact upon the contemporary situation, Marvell makes a masterly use of his wealth of classical scholarship and resources of wit and irony. He employs puns, portmanteaux, and other verbal devices to express subtle nuances and shifts in attitude which call for a flexible response. His language, particularly, with a liberal sprinkling of the rhythms and inflexions of natural speech, helps him achieve a superb poise and grace, permitting neither his wit to lapse into levity nor his heroic mode to soar into solemnity.

Marvell's 'Horatian Ode' stands midway in the corpus of his political poems. It marks a transition from pronounced royalist views and sympathies, as expressed in 'To Lovelace, 'Upon the Death of Lord Hastings', 'Tom May's Death', and 'An Elegy upon Francis Villiers' to his unequivocal and enthusiastic acceptance of Cromwell in 'The First Anniversary' and 'Upon the Death of O. C.' In the Ode his attitude to Cromwell and the new Republic, as we have seen, though full of admiration, is not uncritical and partisan, and this independence of approach to the problems of his day he continued to display even after the Restoration.[12] Indeed, it mirrors best his fundamental political beliefs—his dislike of factionalism, his rejection of the people's right to rebellion (except when the pressure of history requires and justifies the emergence of a superman like Cromwell to turn the tide), his distrust of absolute authority, and his faith in the traditional values of civilized society and the arts of peace. These fundamental beliefs Marvell clung to all along. His views shew a curve reflecting the taste of his age better than do Milton's.

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NOTES AND REFERENCES

[1] That Fanshawe's work was finished as early as 1647, though not published until 1652, has been pointed out in W.R. Orwen, 'A Study of Marvell's "Haratian Ode"', an unpublished doctoral dissertation (Syracuse University, 1956), cited in R.M. Friedman, *Marvell's Pastoral Art* (London, 1970), p. 291.

[2] J. S. Coolidge, 'Marvell and Horace', *Modern Philology*, 63 (1965), p. 117. Echoes from Lucan's *Pharsalia* were noted in *Times Literary Supplement*, 29 January and 5 February, 1920.

[3] Cleanth Brooks' 'Marvell's "Horatian Ode"' in *Seventeenth Century English Poetry*, edited by W.R. Keast (New York, 1962), p. 327

[4] Ruth Wallerstein, *Studies in Seventeenth-Century Poetic* (Madison, 1951), p. 179.

[5] Coolidge, p. 115.

[6] L.D. Lerner, 'Andrew Marvell : "An Horatian Ode"' in *Interpretations*, edited by John Wain (London, 1955), p. 69.

[7] Coolidge, p. 118.

[8] *The Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell*, edited by H.M. Margoliouth, second edition (Oxford, 1952), I, p. 239. Friedman objects to this interpretation saying that a specifically Christian symbol would break the carefully maintained classical decorum of the poem.

[9] The point was first raised by Cleanth Brooks in 'Literary Criticism' in *English Institute Essays: 1946* (N.Y., 1947), pp. 127-58. Douglas Bush joined issue with him in 'Marvell's "Horatian Ode"', *Sewanee Review*, LX, 1952, pp. 363-76. Brooks gave a rejoinder, but the debate was inconclusive as it branched out to consider the claims of historical and interpretative criticism. Another debate over the view of history implicit in the Ode and the influences on Marvell's political thought took place between 1953 and 1968 in which J.A. Mazzeo, Hans Baron, R.H, Syfret, and J.M. Wallace participated.

[10] Coolidge, p. 116.

[11] There is some doubt whether this poem was written in 1650 or in 1661 when May's body was exhumed. See Margoliouth, I, pp. 239-40.

[12] Donald Smith, 'The Political Beliefs of Andrew Marvell', *University of Toronto Quarterley*, 36 (1966), pp. 55-67.

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THE BODY-SOUL DIALECTIC IN MARVELL

However 'uncommitted' Marvell may appear on first reading he is nonetheless preoccupied with the dilemma which is integral to the human condition. The lack of commitment is reflected in his artistically poised statements, the distancing characteristic of his works as a totality, the urbanity of wit and the impersonality of his accent. And yet his poetry is deeply engaged with polarities at different levels and in varying contexts. Of crucial importance among these is the antithesis between the soul and body—an antithesis which faces us in some of his most distinguished lyrics and which dramatically illuminates the eternal warfare between the spirit and the flesh as conceived by the Christian thinkers of different persuasions. With this are linked up the themes of nature and nurture, art and artifice, harmony and alienation and the whole set of antinomies relevant to the focalization of these themes. Framed within the genre of the logical debate *A Dialogue Between the Resolved Soul and Created Pleasure*, centred round the conflicting claims of intellect and emotions, betrays Marvell's ingrained dialectical temper and is managed adroitly and with a suppleness of touch. It has about it something of the formal stance of Cowley and begins with an amused, playful detachment of tone. The opening lines spoken by the prompter exploit to the full the Puritanic imagery and create the impression of the clashing of swords which is to ensue between the two ironic figures posed as contestants. The Soul's opponent—the Created Pleasure—is visualized as heading an 'army with silken banners' which is evocative of a whole world of sensuous wealth, and as well foreshadows

the possibility of the former's eventual triumph over the latter:

> And shew that Nature wants an Art
> To conquer one resolved Heart.[1]

The bright, hard precision of statement, so conspicuously characteristic of Marvell's idiom, attracts attention here too: the word 'resolved' is symptomatic of the fact that the Soul, involved in a continuous and relentless strife with the forces pitted against it, has emerged chastened and victorious out of this ordeal. Marvell's fascination for strenuous discipline, for the process of carving something positive, some value-laden whole, out of the unhewed and the recalcitrant is very much in evidence in this as in other contexts. Pleasure's call upon the Soul to lay aside its 'warlike crest'—the armour of a knight—and share 'Nature's banquet' is reminiscent of Comus's bemuddling invitation to the Lady to abandon her coyness and feed herself with unstinted zestfulness upon the plenitude of the physical world. Milton's *Comus* is, however, marked by an ethical decisiveness, an absolute finality of choice, whereas Marvell's presentation of the whole case is done in very suave terms, with a sort of bantering indirection. 'Pleasure' and 'Soul' may be equated with the 'tempter' and the 'tempted', respectively: the latter is distinguished from the former by being interested in things which excite speculation or are conducive to a subtle and sophisticated responsiveness:

> My gentle Rest is on a Thought,
> Conscious of doing what I ought.

The first half of the poem lays bare all the insidious temptations that correspond to the tyranny of the five senses—temptations that are likely to undermine the equipoise and self-containment of the Soul. The Soul, however, spurns and rejects them with a superior disdain, and the fact of rejection is buttressed by the argument:

> Cease Tempter. None can chain a mind
> Whom this sweet Chordage cannot bind.

'Sweet Chordage' carries forward the *motif* of music glanced

at earlier and the punning involved in it is also tied up with the word 'chain.' It connotes the entire gamut of sensual delights which is replaced by 'the batteries of alluring sense' in the bridge passage. The Soul's redemption lies, it is suggested with satiric wit, in resisting the pressure of these 'batteries' and keeping intact not only its integrity but also its immaculateness.

Whereas the phrase 'Cease Tempter' implies an irrevocable categorical imperative, a Puritanic militancy of tone, the bridge passage, on the contrary, is in the nature of a choric commentary in which the Soul is lauded for overcoming the temptations offered so far and it is also warned against the impending ones. The second half of the poem expatiates on the whole bundle of temptations the body offers the soul in the best of the Morality tradition. The soul, in full control of the situation and indulging in a kind of witticism, twists the Platonic thesis to its own advantage, concluding that if the shadowy reflections are so engrossing and absorbing the realities that correspond to them must be infinitely more worthwhile:

> If things of Sight such Heavens be,
> What Heavens are those we cannot see?

All of Marvell's audacity lies in the fact that the archetypal is validated exactly on the analogy of what is claimed for the terrestrial, and this done the latter is consequently ignored and brushed aside with a light-hearted, debonair gesture of informality. This has also the sanctity of the neo-Platonic tradition behind it, for it seems to echo Plotinus's comment to this effect: 'In sum: The loveliness that is in the sense-realm is an index of the nobleness of the Intellectual sphere, displaying its power and its goodness alike: and all things are for ever linked; the one order Intellectual in its being, the other of sense; one self-existent, the other eternally taking its being by participation in that first, and to the full of its power reproducing the Intellectual nature.'[2]

In the very last formulation of Pleasure:

> Thou shalt know each hidden Cause;
> And see the future Time:
> Try what depth the Centre draws;
> And then to Heaven climb

a kind of Mephistophelean bait is added to the conventional medieval temptations referred to earlier perhaps because the gift of looking into the seeds of futurity and mastering the secrets of earth and heaven constitute the most potent and the most irresistible of all temptations. It far exceeds even the controlling power achieved by or conferred upon the soul by either Beauty or Goods or Strength. The whole issue is ultimately clinched by the soul's rejoinder which is impregnated with meaning thus:

> None thither mounts by the degree
> Of Knowledge, but Humility.

Humility is here counterpoised with 'knowledge', with the *motif* of 'hubris' underlying it, and 'humility', it hardly needs any stressing, mediates the notion of a non-logical mode of cognition which is characteristic of the soul. And the acquisition of humility which is accorded approval by the Chorus and declared as vastly superior to any conceivable worldly pleasure had been evaluated by the soul earlier thus:

> A soul that knowes not to presume
> Is Heaven's and its own perfume.

This is a compliment paid to the soul which has achieved the wisdom of humility and thus become exalted—a compliment which savours some degree of exoticism. The entire debate externalises the conflict between the soul, with its sense of arduous pilgrimage to heaven on the one hand, and the body, engrossed in the distracting and illusory sense-experience on the other. The detached, ironic stance of Marvell is camouflaged all along by a crisp, epigrammatic style and a leisurely pace.

Even more critical and inquiring is *A Dialogue between the Soul and Body* in the sense that it explores the tenuous relationship between the two in an altogether different key. This colloquy is not commented upon by any choric voice but it begins and ends directly and with a jerk of abruptness. Not a perfunctory weighing of their opposite claims but their dramatic juxtaposition and the fact of their intertwining is at the centre of the poem. To all intents and purposes the body is identified with the material of the senses and the soul is regarded as equivalent to the informing and indwelling principle. The body is, indeed, commensurate with the instincts and the impulses, but when the soul is shown to be fettered with 'bolts of bones' and 'manacled' with 'feet' and 'hands', it is only a highly ambiguous way of suggesting that it is embedded with the flesh—'this dungeon' from which it seeks to attain liberation. Interestingly enough Ruth Wallerstein has pointed out that Marvell's lines 'immediately evoke in our memories the pictures familiarized to seventeenth century readers by such iconologies as Herman Hugh's plate for his elegy on 'Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?'[3] It is intriguing to realize that both the soul and body who complain against each other: 'A soul inslav'd in so many wayes' and 'this Tyrannic soul impales me so' assume almost identical postures which are reflected in concentrated paradoxes and ironies of the poem. Both a sense of interdependence and a strong urge for revolt against it is characteristic of their ambivalent attitude. The soul feels the incubus of the senses, specially those of 'Eye' and 'Ear'—the most despotic of them, and avers being 'hung up' in 'chains of nerves', of 'arteries' and of 'veins'. In 'Here blinded with an Eye;' and there/Deaf with the 'drumming' of an 'Ear', both 'blinded' and 'drumming' suggest that the malleable substance of the soul has become petrified as a result of being subjected to a mettalic process. One is immediately and strongly reminded in this connection of the protest lodged by Thel—the embryonic form of the soul in

William Blake's *The Book of Thel*, against the excessive and alluring and menacing strengths of the Eye and the Ear which hurl the soul ruthlessly down into the pit of Generation:

> Why cannot the Ear be closed to its own destruction
> Or the glist'ning Eye to the poison of a smile?

And similarly 'vain head' and 'double heart'—with overtones of exuberant self-confidence and equivocation attached to each—with which the soul alleges to be 'tortured' look back to the soul's hankering after humility in preference to knowledge (or 'hubris') in the earlier poem. The body, despite its complaint against being 'impal'd' by the soul—with the implicit suggestion of a sense of physical wrenching—recognizes that the soul provides the animating impulse to it: 'And warms and moves this needless frame.' The barbed tinge of irony, hardly to be missed by a sensitive reader, derives from the fact that the soul also causes the fear of death in the body: 'mine own precipice I go,' and hence the body in this predicament of the fear to die is reduced to nothing more than a 'kneaded clod,'[4] as Claudio calls the body in Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*. And thus by a skilful shift of accent the animating soul becomes almost indistinguishable from 'A fever' that 'could but do the same.' This simultaneous operation—infusion of life and excitation of the fear of death—explains unequivocally why the soul is designated as 'this ill spirit' in a climactic evaluation.

In some mysterious and unaccountable way the body is the causer of pain to the soul, and the soul, though normally impervious to physical sensation, cannot avoid feeling it when oppressed and tyrannized over by the body: 'I feel, that cannot feel, the pain.' Or does this pain follow upon the contemplated union of the soul with the body? The soul is condemned not only to experience hardships in the sensory world but also to seek to discover some sort of compensation for them. The nautical imagery employed here—'shipwrackt into Health again'—like the martial imagery in the earlier poem, underlines the process of struggle and

discipline, with the stake it involves, which is a precondition for the perfecting of the soul. The body, in its turn, recapitulates all the handicaps and limitations to which it has been subjected all along—hope, fear, love and hate—with all the intensities, hungers and deprivations attendant upon them. All this becomes all the more unbearable because knowledge and memory, which sustain and protect the acquisitions of the mind, also keep alive all the bruises and damages inflicted by experience. Knowledge and memory are again bound up with 'hubris' or 'sin', according to the formulation of the body as they corresponded to it earlier in the soul's assessment of them. In the last word left to it the body admits, however ruefully, that the structuring of the experiential reality and investing it with a value-pattern is a distinction which is enjoyed by the soul alone:

> So Architects do square and hew,
> Green Trees that in the Forest grew.

This is preceded by the admission of the fact that only the soul has the 'wit' to keep the body entangled into the material world: 'to build me up for sin so fit.' The soul is the architect because it has the power of moulding—'squaring' and 'hewing'—the stuff of experience into new and strange forms. It may be added that 'green' is a pervasive metaphor in Marvell for 'a power of thought as yet only latent in sensibility'[5] or for primal innocence that precedes intellection but follows upon the senses. And the outgrowth of innocence into experience or rationality is a necessary phase in the cyclic order. The life of the poem consists in the dialectical tension generated between the sense of mutual dependence as well as that of frustration and thwarting experienced both by the soul and body simultaneously.

The reluctance of the soul towards union with the body, articulated through a basic emblem, lies at the heart of *On a Drop of Dew*, conceived with such a delicacy of feeling and form. The literal and the figurative modes of realization are copresent and so completely fused as to

reinforce each other all along. The drop of dew is symbolic of the soul, in its ritual of descent and reascent: the falling off from the world of pure Intelligence into *hyle* is both sin and corruption but the dew is exhaled by the sun after it has had a brief and troubled existence on the tree of life. Like the soul in Wordsworth's *Immortality Ode* that comes to the earth 'apparalled' in 'celestial light', the Orient Dew 'Round in itself incloses' some faint image of 'the Clear Region' where it was born. At the same time it wishes to be accommodated with the natural world ('the blowing Roses') as far as it is feasible and worthwhile:

> And in its little Globes Extent,
> Frames as it can its native Element.

In both 'Round' and 'Globe' is contained the idea of perfection or spherecity which gathers to itself some density of suggestion here as elsewhere in Marvell. Accommodation is perhaps one of the pre-requisites for the act of emanation and yet, inspite of being imprisoned in the sepulchre of the body, or may be precisely because of that, the soul is all the time looking back like an analogous object of Nature (William Blake's Sunflower) towards Eternity from where it had originated in the beginning of things:

> But gazing back upon the Skies,
> Shines with a mournful Light,

The 'Skies' obviously point in the direction of the *Nous*, and the ache of separation from the primordial source is hinted at in 'mournful Light'—light being the age-old, perennial symbol in terms of which alone the ethereality or purity of the soul could best be communicated. The soul, though situated at the apex of the Plotinian hierarchy, is yet the emanation of the Divine Essence. It has two divergent modes of manifestation: the inner soul looks up and faces the *Nous;* the other tending downwards, projects its own image—the world of Nature or the sensible universe. Though visualized as the 'Ray' of 'the clear fountain of Eternal Day',

it feels alien and frustrated, despite the process of emanation, in the vegetable world of the body. One of the implied but fundamental reasons of its distress over its sojourn in the spatio-temporal world is the constant and ever-abiding fear of contamination:

> Restless it roules and unsecure,
> Trembling lest it grow impure;

Following upon the soul's entrance into the material world the impurity is an ineluctable fact: it is tantamount to the loss of that radiance which is associated with the intelligential act. Unlike the soul, as envisaged by Wordsworth, which

> Remembering how she felt, but what she felt
> Remembering not, retains an obscure sense
> Of possible sublimity. . .
>
> (Prelude II, 316-18)

the soul, according to Marvell, precisely because of this gesture of vividly conjuring up, does not 'retain an obscure sense', a dim and fitful and broken intimation, but

> Remembering still its former height,
> Shuns the sweat leaves and blossoms green:

With the felicity of phrasing of which Marvell is a supreme master, 'the sweat leaves and blossoms green' are imaged as corruptions of the material world. That is, the soul is not quite at home in the mundane surroundings: it feels, on the contrary, discontented and fidgety, avoids being ensnared into it, and hence

> Moving but on a point below,
> It all but does upwards bend.

The 'point below' is necessarily to be equated in this context with the earth, and the lure of the Infinite and the Eternal, compelling and irresistible as it is, is insinuated by the action of its bending 'upwards'. 'Point' may as well signify the point of contiguity between the soul and the body, and it is completely ignored by the soul which hates the darkness and

solidification effected by the ever-increasing burden of the material world:

> Dark beneath, but bright above;
> Here disdaining, there in Love.

With Marvell's superb symbolic concentration the processes of darkening and illumination as also the emotional states of hate and love correspond to 'here' (the Blakean 'Vegetable glass') and 'there' (the Plotinian Supernal region). What Plotinus has to say has a direct relevance in this regard: 'Souls that take this way have place in both spheres, living of necessity the life there and the life here by turns, the upper life reigning in those able to consort more continuously with the divine Intellect, the lower dominant where character and circumstances are less favourable.'[6] According to both Plato and Orpheus the soul is punished through its union with the body and its pristine purity is thereby shadowed and discoloured. Virtually almost the same view-point is communicated in the two lines of Thel's motto appended at the beginning of Blake's *The Book of Thel:*

> Does the Eagle know what is in the pit,
> Or wilt thou go ask the Mole?

The query (and it is a radical one) formulated by the embryonic form is to this effect: must the soul or Persephone descend from the world of primeval light or absolute radiance into the darkness of Pluto's infernal region?

In *Thel* what matters ultimately is the inadequacy of Innocence which shuts its eye to the rigours of incarnation, the disenchantment of Experience. This is the world where the limitations of the body are treated both as a myth and a disaster and which does not allow or encourage any progression of the Contraries. At the same time Thel, having lived in a state of pre-existence, registers a profound sense of shock when she catches a glimpse of the waste of human potential looking at it from the farther end of Experience—far removed from the terrain of the Garden of Adonis:

The eternal gates' terrific porter lifted the northern bar.
Thel enter'd in & saw the secrets of the land unknown,
She saw the couches of the dead, & where the fibrous roots
Of every Heart on earth infixes deep into restless twists,
A land of sorrows & of tears where never smile was seen.

This is the nightmare moment of experience, weird and hair-raising: the 'couches of the dead' correspond to 'forms terrible to contemplate' that greet the soul in its progress through the valley of bones or in its mythical journey towards the Chapel Perilous. The universe Thel is confronted with is the vegetable world of the soul and the vantage-point for this confrontation is provided by 'her own grave plot'—the natural body involved in a state of unorganized innocence. In this crucial hour Thel's nerve fails, for she cannot bear the struggle of life's experiences with the equanimity of courage but feels oppressed by the over-powering strength of the senses:

'Why cannot the Ear be closed to its own destruction,
Or the glist'ning Eye to the poison of a smile?
Why are Eyelids stor'd with arrows ready drawn,
Where a thousand fighting men in ambush lie;
Or an Eye of gifts & graces show'ing fruits & coined gold?
Why a Tongue impress'd with honey from every wind?
Why an Ear, a whirlpool fierce to draw creations in?
Why a Nostril wide inhaling terror, trembling & affright?
Why a tender curb upon the youthful, burning boy?
Why a little curtain of flesh on the bed of our desire?'

The mistress of the Vales of Har (the region of deceptive, shimmering appearances) had earlier been given the option:

Wilt thou, O Queen, enter my house? 'tis given thee to enter
And to return; fear nothing, enter with thy virgin feet.

And now, benumbed with the terror of disillusionment, and broken inwardly, she retraces her wandering steps to the realm of Innocence:

The Virgin started from her seat, & with a shriek
Fled back unhinder'd till she came into the vales of Har.

It may hardly be over-emphasised that the 'Sun' or the 'Fountain of Eternal Day' in Marvell's poem is equivalent to the divine source of energy, and the 'Orient Dew' is the recognizable emblem of the soul which seeks to achieve emanation and has, therefore, stepped out of the world of pure Intelligence. The soul, because of being irradiated with Existenz, reflects the macrocosm while the orbit within which it walks or flows is synonymous with the microcosm:

> And, recollecting its own Light,
> Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
> The greater Heaven in an Heaven less.

The idea of circularity—an emblem of perfection in the seventeenth century—is fully exploited by Marvell and related to the process of descent and withdrawal. It is in terms of this constant movement or oscillation between the macrocosm and the microcosm, the noumenal and the phenomenal, the supramundane and the terrestrial that the identity of the soul is revealed:

> How loose and easie hence to go;
> How girt and ready to ascend.

Thel flees back to the Vales of Har because she abhors the possibility of descent into Generation owing to her incapacity or disinclination to take upon herself the generative sorrow. In *On A drop of Dew* the soul is refined away by Christ to such a degree as to escape in an ambiguous way the limitations of the body or the shattering impact of experience. The emblematic force and richness of Manna used for the figure of Christ is disclosed thus:

> Such did the Manna's sacred Dew destil;
> White, and intire, though congeal'd and chill.

Symbolizing the essential human need for continuing grace Manna is characterized by whiteness—the unsullied purity of the doctrine of Christ—and it is 'intire', for it connotes the completeness and self-sufficiency of the circle or divine

life. It thus becomes coextensive with Eucharist—the wine and bread of life—within the recognizable pattern of the Christian religious values. This interpretation is further lent support to by the fact that Marvell was strongly and insistently Calvinistic in his emphasis on Grace, and having lost faith in the Scholastic system of thought, was firmly persuaded that grace was essential for the proper functioning of the human personality. Hence the word 'dissolve' in the final lines implies the act of partaking of Eucharist:

> Congeal'd on Earth: but does, dissolving, run
> Into the Glories of the Almighty Sun.

Grace is obviously justaposed to the state of Nature in which the fibrous roots of the body are twisted and infixed. The 'purple flow'r' is transformed beyond recognition when it is moistened and replenished by the sacrament through the mediation of Christ, and so is the soul 'dissolved' when the drop of dew 'runs' into 'the Glories of the Almighty Sun.' It may further be added here that the relation between the drop of dew and the sun is analogous to what obtains between the soul and the Plotinian Absolute.

The antithesis and later convergence of the state of Nature and Grace with which *On A Drop of Dew* closes is explored with a different stance in *The Garden*. Though composed within the norms of the pastoral tradition Marvell's poem effects deliberately though unobtrusively a formal refutation of that tradition, and hence it has eventually no verifiable mode of existence in space and reflects a degree of solipsism. One may qualify this hypothesis by upholding that what begins, reversing the convention of the Renaissance libertines, as the garden of *Solitude* or of refined contemplation, modulates itself in stanza vi into something in which are probed the mind's creative possibilities. The human mind, it is insinuated, is capable of moving from objects of perception to counters of thought, transmuting pleasure into happiness by manipulating the material of the senses. It is archetypal in the Yungian

connotation of it, capacious enough like the green sea which holds replicas of all land animals in its unfathomable depths, of possessing the forms of things through which one can penetrate to their very essence. These forms were once believed by St Augustine to have an authentic existence in the mind of God, and the enormous fecundity of the divine act of creation serves as an analogue for the human potentiality for creativity and for transcendence of objects in space. It is the polarisation of the outer and the inner reality, the mind's capacity of translating physical into spiritual geography[7] and its power as an esemplastic agent in the Coleridgean sense that is the crux of the matter here. In the last two lines:

> Annihilating all that's made
> To a green Thought in a green Shade.

are contained the germs of a Cartesian ecstasy: reduction of a phenomenal to a transcendental reality. And in the noumenal world, where thought is 'green' or immaculately pure, it is held in a distilled and quintessential form in the soul after it has been disengaged of all the trappings and encumbrances of the bodily existence. 'Annihilating' in this context is commensurate not with extinction but with the process of contracting of sensuous reality to a pure consciousness of thought itself. And 'Shade' signifies, in the seventeenth century academic or esoteric parlance, the notion not only of intangibility but more so of a disembodied substance which is coextensive with essential reality or soul as a monad.

With the relevant context thus securely established we move forward in stanza vii to the nexus of relationship between the soul and body. Here the body, which is a conglomeration of nerves and bones and is indistinguishable from the polypus of instincts and impulses, is discarded in favour of the soul or imperceptibly metamorphosed into the shape of a bird:

> Here, at the Fountains sliding foot,
> Or at some Fruit-trees mossy root,

Casting the Bodies Vest aside,
My Soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a Bird it sits, and sings,
Then whets, and combs its silver Wings;
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its Plumes the various Light.

Fountain is an emblem of being, and fruit-tree suggests the notion of blossoming forth, but 'sliding-foot' and 'mossy root' signify that both the potential energy and the processes of its actualization are placed in the setting of the decadent natural world. The trees into whose 'boughs' the 'Bodies Vest'—the physical incubus—is cast have already been idealized as the vessels with which the bodies of the mythical gods or their potencies are assimilated on the basis of a psycho-physical analogy earlier in the poem, and the act of 'casting' involves the employment of a witty conceit. But the soul can perhaps not abandon the compulsions of natural existence altogether or do it at best only tentatively, and hence the withdrawal from it is incomplete or partial. Marvell's civilized intelligence and the subtlety of his poetic artifice are displayed in all their unique splndour as the bird ceases to be merely emblematic and turns into a living organism of thought built around some inner intuition. Unlike W.B. Yeats's 'golden bird,' to whom some residue of stasis adheres, the bird here becomes instrumental in bringing about an enlargement of consciousness, a relase of potential energy and a Dionysian immersion into the circumambient universe. And till the eventual flight towards the *Nous* is taken the soul may seek to adjust itself to the spatio-temporal order as a necessary prelude to that flight. The act of 'waving' in its 'Plumes' the 'various Light' (the image of the bird as a visible presence is not altogether abandoned but held in the mind's perspective somewhere) underscores the *motif* of emanation from the primordial reality. The division of the primeval Light into infinitesimal particles reflects the process of individuation which is bound up with that of emanation.

The first Dialogue merely records the witty skirmishes between the Resolved Soul and the Created Pleasure and the second one concerns itself with exploring the elusiveness of the relation between the Soul and the Body. The last lines of *On a Drop of Dew* contain an infusion of grace, and stanza vii of *The Garden* embodies a similar epiphany, along with an acceptance of time and earthly life with all its correlates. And this seems to be in consonance with Marvell's ironic mode of vision and his rationally oriented temper. One may add that whereas the main focus in Blake's *The Book of Thel* seems to be on the world beyond, Marvell in *The Garden* keeps himself over the crest of the tide of time. It is a significant poem, with a greater finesse of articulation than what is demonstrated in *On a Drop of Dew*—with all its exquisite design and hovering variations of rhythm—for it offers us a unitive vision. It reflects a state of ideal poise—a recognition of the simultaneity of 'here' and 'there,' and that to be achieved through the absorption of the cycle of natural life into the energies of the soul.

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Maqbool H. Khan

ANNIHILATING ALL— MARVELL'S 'EYES AND TEARS'

The criticism of Marvell's poetry, thought Eliot, was only a matter of squeezing the 'drops of the essence of two or three poems'. Implicit here, as also elsewhere in his essay, was the suggestion, perhaps, that Marvell's was not the kind of creative integrity, deriving from the urgency of personal themes, that would lend significance and value to everything he wrote. True, no doubt that the element which Eliot rather tentatively designated as 'wit or reason or even urbanity' is reckoned to be much more than an incidental embellishment or as pertaining only to the periphery of intellectual effort; Eliot clearly visualises it as integral to Marvell's evaluation of experience, an integrative habit of mind that 'involves . . . a recognition implicit in the expression of every exprienc, of other kinds of experience which are possible'. Eliot was not, however, concerned with Marvell alone; his was a rather illustrative case: 'the virtue of wit... is an intellectual quality which perhaps only becomes noticeable by itself, in the work of lesser poets.' In his essay on Marvell, one of his most seminal, Eliot was actually concerned with defining an attitude to experience that had once been common in English poetry and which had rather imperfectly been formulated as 'wit', and it was the 'maturity', the ability to disengage self in elaborate acts of contemplation, reflected in the best of Marvell's poetry, that gave it its real value. Later criticism has, however, been (sometimes almost desperately) engaged in trying to achieve 'some sense of the body of Marvell's work' that would remove the impression that it consists

only of 'dazzling fragments . . . brilliant and disparate.'[1] Whatever the ultimate value of such efforts the greater part of the critical appraisal of Marvell has generally consisted of a close scrutiny of particular poems. It has also been marked by a certain reluctance to agree to a widening of the scope of such scrutiny. J. B. Leishman, for instance, contrasts the assuredness, the maturity and security of Marvell's best poems with 'the uncertainty, inequality, and sometimes laboured ingenuity of six poems which stand rather apart from the rest.' 'Three of these', continues Leishman, referring to 'The Match', 'The Unfortunate Lover' and 'The Gallery', 'are predomimantly and sometimes grotesquely emblematical or allegorical, and three of them 'Mourning', 'Eyes and Tears' and 'The Fair Singer' have a more obvious affinity with certain kinds of Renaissance Latin epigram then we find in Marvell's more charcteristic poems.'[2] That Marvell's lyrical output was uneven in its quality can scarcely be denied; it is as surprising as the fact that most of it should have presumably been confined only to a few years of his life. And yet the paucity of reference to some of the poems listed by Leishman may not be entirely due to their lack of quality. Marvell's remarkable gifts as poet—almost Shakespearian in that he could engage attention at the self-dramatizing and ironical levels besides that of the more obvious 'poetic' virtues—no doubt displayed to their best advantage in the justly celebrated poems such as 'The Garden' or 'To his Coy Mistress', but the complex ironies of the dramatization of the speaking voice in such poems—a manifestation of 'wit'—can hardly be missed found as they are in the presence of a more patent surface brilliance. In a poem like 'Eyes and Tears', on the other hand, Marvell almost exclusively relied for his characteristic effect on the peculiar inflection of the speaking voice—just as single 'witty' devices (such as extended analogy in 'On a Drop of Dew') support the simple, almost naive, thematic structures of some of the other poems.

Leishman, to return to him for a moment, had a thesis to propound: that the six poems he had mentioned gave evidence of early work and that Donne's influence (exaggerated by some commentators) was only minimal. He uses one of the six poems, 'Eyes and Tears', as exemplifying the latter; it is not Donne, according to him, but Crashaw and the Renaissance Latin epigrammatists who may be used to account for the fact that 'the fourteen stanzas into which its fifty-six octosyllabic couplets are divided are as loosely connected and as transposable as those of Crashaw's poem ['The Weeper'] each of them developing . . . some ingenious mataphor or simile to express the superiority of tears to any other terrestial sight and of sorrow to any other human emotion.'[3] That there is an obvious thematic resemblance between Crashaw's 'The Weeper' and Marvell's 'Eyes and Tears' was a fact that had first been pointed out by L. C. Martin in his edition of Crashaw's poems, and there is little doubt that the opening poem of *Steps to the Temple* provides some kind of a starting-point for Marvell's treatment of the theme in 'Eyes and Tears'. A detailed comparison between the two poems may indeed form a necessary part of a full explication of either of them, but even a cursory reading would suggest that Crashaw's devotional tears of contrition have been given a more comprehensive experiential significance in Marvell's poem, a significance with a more general bearing on the main themes of his poetry. In its playfully witty treatment of the theme, in its baroque exaggeration and sensationalism, and in its loose succession of arresting images 'Eyes and Tears', like 'The Weeper', may seem to reflect the influence of the fashionable neo-Latin epigrammatists or the more fashionable poetry of Marino, but the poem does certainly go beyond this to trace the lineaments of a characteristic temperament and a clearly definable and highly individual mode of subjecting traditional ideas to poetic treatment.

The 'weeper' in Crashaw's poem is Mary Magdalen

whose tears for the death of Christ are the occasion for a series of rather loosely connected though dazzlingly ingenious images which in their cumulative effect do succeed in communicating a sense of the supernatural order of existence. Marvell's theme, on the orter hand, is not Magdalen's tears but human tears in general though in one of the stanzas he does make a reference to the sorrow of Christ's repentant devotee transmuting it into a symbol of redeemed Nature :

> So *Magdalen*, in Tears more wise
> Dissolv'd those captivating Eyes,
> Whose liquid Chaines could flowing meet
> To fetter her Redeemers feet.

It is interesting to see that Crashaw makes little attempt to exploit the symbolic value of Magdalen's tears or even to 'humanize' them by underlining the sin-repetance-redemption pattern as Herbert does in his 'Marie Magdalene' :

> Deare soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deigne
> To bear her filth; and that her sinnes did dash
> Ev'n God himself ; wherefore she was not loth,
> As she had brought wherewith to stain,
> So to bring in wherewith to wash :
> And yet in washing one, she washed both.

In a fine study of Crashaw's poetry Ruth Wallerstein[4] has successfully brought out the remarkable individuality of his treatment of the Magdalen theme despite its close affinities with the Italian poems of Marino and the work of the Jesuit epigram writers in Renaissance Latin. The melodramatic features of the baroque art of the poem no doubt derive from the Italian poet whose predilection for a purely aesthetic treatment of religious themes is well-known while the profound devotional fervour and an almost mystical concern with the outward form and ritual value of the traditional Christian emblemata—expression also of Crashaw's own aesthetic-religious nature—owe not a little to the neo-Latin epigrammatists for whom writing about Magdalen's

tears belonged rather to 'the fringe of the contemplative exercise' (*Crashaw*, p. 99). The point about Crashaw's individuality certainly needs stressing since Leishman's charge about the looseness of organization implicates both Marvell and Crashaw into a close, unimaginative imitation of Marino. The suggestion here is that the patently borrowed element of ingenuity (reflected in the succession of almost bizarre images as in the sharp antithetical turn of thought) in 'The Weeper' (as in 'Eyes and Tears') is sufficiently fused into the respective poetic textures of the two poems to deserve consideration in respect of their own distinct poetic objectives. Extravagance bordering on absurdity has a deliberate design in 'The Weeper'. Unlike Marvell whose hold on the empirical is never in doubt and for whom the transcendent—mediated as a distinct possibility—is always hedged in by irony, and also unlike Herbert in his use of Nature as *paysage moralise*, Crashaw's image of Nature, as has already been suggested, seems aimed at shocking the reader into a recognition of a supernatural mode of being—linked as such a mode is to the world of experience only by an irresistible devotional urge:

> Vpwards thou dost weep.
> Heaun's bosome drinks the gentle stream.
> Where th'milky riuers creep,
> Thine floates aboue; & is the cream.
> Waters aboue th'Heauns, what they be
> We are taught best by thy Teares & thee.

There is little attempt to relate Magdalen's tears to anything that is part of empirical reality or to turn them into consubstantial emblems of the unknown through the known; the lack of immediacy as well as the sense of remoteness, accompanied as they are by a dazzling and cold brilliance, tend virtually to transform the poem into a devotional exercise or aid to contemplation by generating appropriate feeling in the sympathetic reader. It is remarkable how totally lacking the poem is in any awareness of the ironic

counterpoint to its mood of ecstatic mysticism, an indication perhaps of the influence of the kind of intellectual tradition he was writing in with its concern with form, ceremnoy and ritual. Marvell, as we shall soon see with regard to 'Eyes and Tears', makes little pretence to an order of experience that is radically different from the normal; in fact, Marvell's apprehension of the beyond, though not outside the Christian religious tradition, is none other than the *lex communis* of human knowledge, an intellectual, communicable formulation of perennial wisdom. Bold ingenuity, unprotected by an ironical sense of reality—as in

> Euery morn from hence
> A brisk Cherub someting sippes
> Whose sacred influence
> Addes sweetnes to his sweetest Lippes.
> Then to his musick. And his song
> Tasts of this Breakfast all day long.

—lands Crashaw in absurdities where his naive blending of the sensuous and the 'mystical' fails to amuse or impress as is never the case with the irresistible sense of the comic in Marvell. The reason probably lies in the fact that whereas Crashaw's wit is employed in directing a certain emotional response towards an object evoking religious feeling though not represented as inherently significant in experiential terms, in Marvell we find wit at the command of an integrative, synthesising intellect, a civilised, disengaged wit that yet never allows itself to be trapped in the quagmire of unredeemed cynicism. 'Eyes and Tears' is the product of the same refined, intellectual, uncynical wit—a poem that has much more than merely the epigrammatic vigour of the fashionable Marinistic style.

II

Marvell does not have the variety, the richness, the substantiality of great poetry; what, however, he has in large measure is a certain engaging modesty reflected not only in

the thinness and a slight casualness of his poetic output, but, more positively, in a deliberate refusal to seem to be creatively engaged with the great themes of poetry and art except in an amused, overtly comic and rather deflating way. There is something of the early Eliot about Marvell, a little less urgent personaly but more 'traditional'. The tentativeness notwithstanding, there is no denying the fact that Marvell's organization of experience round the Neoplatonic-Christian dualities of corporeality-spirituality and time-eternity is the substance of his poetry. The critical insistence on approaching him through the generic norms about traditional ideas and attitudes leads, it appears, into a virtual *cul de sac* since the generic norms themselves derive from well-defined intellectual formulations and, moreover, a concern with them leaves little scope for the determination of originality. In any case, poetically mediated concepts have a two-way reference: they may be validated in general experiential terms or, alternatively, with reference to the antecedents and analogues in the world of philosophical ideas. In 'Eyes and Tears' we have a witty, disengaged and slightly ironical treatment of the idea of body-soul duality, an idea that cannot easily be isolated form its history as an element in the Western religious and philosophical consciousness. It would not do to suggest that the theme has been 'occasioned', so to say, by the kind of poem that Marvell has chosen to write—in this case, a near generic variation on the traditional medieval theme of *contemptus mundi*. It would not do since the medieval theme (despite its late Renaissance trappings of sophisticated wit) is only a version of what seems to be a central concern in Marvell's poetry.

The basic postulate of Neoplatonism, that about the downward descent of the created world from its source in Divine Intelligenee and the consequent hankering for a return to the primal essence, finds a number of interesting ramifications in Marvell's poems, but the basic polarity of matter and spirit, as in 'Eyes and Tears', is always in the

focus. The human eye is made to represent the life of the senses, the soul's treacherous fascination for *res creatae*, the delusion that substitutes shadow for reality. The tears are those of sorrow and disenchantment, of the spirit's yearning for the Divine Essence whence it came, symbolic of the empirical reality of the soul's need for metaphysical solace in an inhospitable habitat. What is remarkable about the poem is the willingness with which it forgoes a possible note of close involvement in the expression of this theme; a possibility that Marvell exploited to the full in 'On a Drop of Dew' which is nevertheless a work of the same kind of poetic 'wit' that we find in Eliot's *Animula*. The loss of involvement has, however, been amply compensated by the creation of a *persona* that not only ensures distancing through its use of pulpit-like paradox, irony and illustrative analogy, but is also an indication of a civilised mind's awareness of the tensions generated by its attempts to grapple with ultimate issues. The main theme is announced in the opening stanza by a slightly parodaic statement of Nature's paradox in using physiology itself as the means of liberation from physical bondage:

> How wisely Nature did decree,
> With the same Eyes to weep and see!
> That, having view'd the object vain,
> They might be ready to complain.

There is a teasing reference to the wisdom of Nature in having laid out the plan for its own eventual destruction. That is turning the tables on the upholders of what might be called the Baconian standpoint which regarded the study of Nature's plan as the ladder to Nature's God. The idea is ultimately of Platonic origin, but the aspect with which we are concerned here is not its ramification in Neoplatonic-Christian thought but the manner in which Marvell presents it. By a witty reversal of the traditional idea of the wisdom of Nature and the deliberately naive, even anti-climactic conclusion (the eyes 'having view'd the object vain/. . . might

be ready to complain') to which it leads, Marvell achieves the effect of the substitution of the real self by a *persona*— thus precluding any resistance to the poem's positive core. It is this tone of amused deflation that sustains the less easily perceived wit of a stanza like the following :

> Two Teares, which Sorrow long did weigh
> Within the Scales of either Eye,
> And then paid out in equal Poise
> Are the true price of all my Joyes.

The mathematical-commercial conceit of 'Two Tears... Sorrow... either Eye... equal Poise... true price... all my Joyes' gains much of its point from the peculiar modulation of the wittily epigrammatic into the candidly confessional which, however, confesses little. The pseudo-confessional authentication of the poem's underlying experience recurs in the fifth stanza which is a remarkable example not of the pseudo-biographical but, coming from the other end of the scale, of the universalisation through artifice (in this case, the acceptance of the conventional garden emblem) of the quintessentially personal and deeply felt:

> I have through every Garden been
> Amongst the Red, the White, the Green,
> And yet, from all the flow'rs I saw,
> No Hony, but these Tears could draw.

What artifice reveals through the dialectic of its encounter with what is legitimately felt to be personal (in terms of its contextual reverbration) has many parallels in Marvell:

> I gather flow'rs (my fruits are only flow'rs)
> Dismantling all the fragrant Towers
> That once adorned my Shepherdesses head.
>
> ('The Coronet')

> When we have run our Passions heat,
> Love hither makes his best retreat.
> The *Gods*, that mortal Beauty chase,
> Still in a Tree did end their race.
>
> ('The Garden')

C. Near this, a Fountaines liquid Bell
Tinkles within the concave Shell.
D. Might a Soul bath there and be clean,
Or slake its Drought ?

('Clorinda and Damon')

The ease with which the sensual is discarded is not necessarily an indication of the Puritanic triumph of 'virtue'; rather it highlights the readiness to formulate the inchoate in personal experience in terms of the current modes of ethical sensibility. In any case, the transmutation of personal revulsions into Garden-Waste Lands of univeral vanity has a tantalising, haunting resonance about it, something that partly derives from the assumption of a paradoxically-depersonalising *persona*—part, indeed, of a highly individual way of subjecting a whole complex of traditional ideas and attitudes to ironical-affirmative treatment.

Going back to the poem to consider its theme in isolation from its intensifying and self-parodying artifice, one is struck by the dynamic structuring of feeling round the speaker's admiration for a commonplace fact of human physiology : that Nature's great economy should have combined the functions of weeping and sight in the same organ. A whole context of Neoplatonic and Christian thought is immediately brought to bear on the paradoxical situation that the source of fascination for Nature leads to disenchantment with it : Nature (=Divine wisdom) has done so in order that Nature (=*res creatae*, material universe, the enveloping darkness that keeps us from Divine Light) might be transcended and the soul be freed from its bondage to the senses. The idea of transcendence is, of course, as old as Plato though a kind of immanence too attaches to the idea in his thought since the material universe, only a shadow of the ultimate reality, is yet a necessary step in the transition from the unreal to the real. In terms, however, of the emotional response to the world of Nature in Platonic thought there is not even this reservation since,

his idealism notwithstanding, Plato everywhere reveals a humanist's love for the created world. Even in Plotinus there is not the kind of ascetic revulsion from the objects pertaining to the world of the sensual soul that was to give substance to the later Neoplatonists, pagan and Christian. There are, of course, hints of a *via negativa*, of a return to the Absolute through a rejection of the sensible in Plotinus; the doctrine of emanation equates the material and the sensible with darkness and privation. In the tripartite division of the soul the highest, i. e., the Intelligible longs for reunion with Divine Intelligence or Nous, a hankering that the soul shares with the rest of the created world though in varying degrees. All this is, however, balanced by the Plotinian insistence on regarding the physical world as reflection of Nous or Divine Mind, which is itself an image of the One or Absolute—resulting thus in the rejection of the idea of the world as evil.

The doctrine of the world as evil, closely associated as it is with the conception of the sinfulness of the flesh, is Pauline and patristic in origin. 'For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh' (Romans 8:3). In John (18 : 36, 12:15) there is specific association of the world with sin, and in Matthew (5 : 29) the eye, as also the hand in the following verse, is explicitly associated with sin, ground enough for the later patristic definition of *concupiscentia' oculorm* as one of a triad of mertal sins. Though in St Paul there is also an alternative affirmative approach to Nature (developed later by St Augustine) it was through his adumbration of the idea that it developed into the *via negativa* of Christian Neoplatonists. Dionysius the Areopagite (Pseudo-Dionysius) posited a two-way journey from and to God, The outflowing process is apprehended by the mind by the positive method—'God is All'. The reverse is the negative way: to God by abstraction and analysis—'All is not God'. The darkness of nescience is

truly mystical, but to reach it one has to leave behind everything both in the sensible and the intelligible worlds.

All this is not to suggest that the poem by Marvell in any way attempts to trace the stages of the unitive way to the life of contemplation, the end of the *scala perfectionis* of the mystic; Marvell's wit has too much of the intellectual's habit of balancing the opposites and his sense of 'fact' too finely poised against the compulsions of the spirit for him to be able to make the kind of response to experience that is generally associated with mysticism. It is rather a witty play of the mind round a body of ideas, a relaxed and half-amused intellectual clarification of values, accompanied as this guarded response is by a ready acknowledgement, behind the facade of intellectualism, that the sophistication may not after all cope with the realities of experience, that these realities—conceived as polarities—do require a resolution in more fundamental and positive terms. The play of the mind and the baroque embellishment serve only to infuse life and relevance into the poem's ideas and together they constitute the fabric where the more sly thematic design finally emerges. At this level what the poem seems to be concerned with is the definition of the right perceptive mode, the precariously balanced response to life—balanced between the allurement of the senses and the profound feeling of alienation. Such a formulation of the antinomies of experience is, however, descriptively neutral and not the one that Marvell has used in the poem; it is because in Christian Neoplatonism the latter is specifically related to the eschatology-oriented concept of the soul's hankering for re-union with the Absolute. It is necessary to specify this since the concept of alienation (though based on the same empirical reality as had led to the formulation of the Neoplatonic doctrine) has a purely negative character whereas the Christian mystical idea of the negative path has a positive end in view. To designate one of the polarities in the poem as the concept of alienation may give it some wrongly desired contemporary significance, but

it will make it difficult to perceive why Marvell should describe the sorrow caused by disenchantment with Nature in such positive terms as in the following :

> Not full sailes hasting loaden home,
> Nor the chast Ladies pregnant Womb,
> Nor *Cynthia* Teeming show's so fair,
> As two Eyes swoln with weeping are.

The disenchantment with the world is, in fact, a new birth, a rehearsal in every individual consciousness of the miracle of Redemption through Incarnation; the 'chast Ladies pregnant Womb' can be seen as an oblique allusion to the birth of the Redeemer since the eyes 'swoln with weeping' re-enact universal redemption in individual life. The stanza preceding this referred to Mary Magdalen and her tears of contrition :

> So *Magdalen*, in Tears more wise
> Dissolv'd those captivating Eyes,
> Those liquid Chaines could flowing meet
> To fetter her Redeemers feet.

Dissolving the captivating eyes into 'Tears more wise' is indicative of the soul's determination to liberate itself from *concupiscentia carnis*—the willingness to surrender itself to the limited good of the body. Such a fascination for physical beauty is, in the ultimate analysis, disintegrative of the organic life of the spirit. Plotinus, like Plato before him, had certainly conceded beauty to the physical world since it was a reflection of the Divine. The centripetal flow of creation back to its source in God would, however be impeded if the eye got entangled in the shadowy and the unreal. It would be worthwhile to compare the transmutation of Magdalen's captivating eyes into tears with the metamorphoses of the gods into trees in 'The Garden' :

> When we have run our Passions heat,
> Love hither makes his best retreat.
> The *Gods*, that mortal Beauty chase,
> Still in a Tree did end their race.

Apollo hunted *Daphne* so,
Only that She might Laurel grow.
And *Pan* did after *Syrinx* speed,
Not as a Nymph, but for a Reed.

The regenerative garden of this poem (different from the pleasure-haunts of 'I have through every Garden been') is the contemplative mode arrived at by following the unitive path, rejecting the partial kinesis of 'Passions heat' in favour of a withdrawal into the Mind's happiness, the soul's sharing in the Nous where stasis and kinesis are simulataneously present. The captivating eyes of Magdalen are ambiguous since before her redemption by Christ she held others captive by her sensual charm and, at the same time, she was herself a sensualist, i.e., the world of sensuous beauty was the object of her sight. After her encounter with Christ her eyes were captivating still : what they held as captive were the feet of the Redeemer 'in liquid Chaines'.

It is not, however, the eyes but tears of Magdalen that form liquid chains holding Christ's feet. The paradox that eyes as organs of sight led to delusion and that tears were the source of true vision had already been stated in the opening stanza but not as clearly as in the one that follows. In 'having view'd the object vain' the possibility of deception has only been implied since the 'object' is already declared to be vain. In the next stanza, however, the elaborateness of the conceit is the means by which the world of Magdalen's captivating eyes has been fully exposed :

And, since the Self-deluding Sight,
In a false Angle takes each hight;
These Tears which better measure all,
Like wat'ry Lines and Plummets fall.

Eyes being attuned to the phenomenal, to the world of soulless matter and of fragmented reality, can only lead to delusion since the sphere of the many is the domain of Non-Reality. 'Wat'ry Lines and Plummets' require a gloss with a slightly more Christian orientation—just as Magdalen's

tears also evoke penitential sorrows and medieval *ascesis* along with the more general Plotinian contemplation and the longing for the Absolute. Confining ourselves, however, to the latter at present we come to the image of 'the all-seeing Sun' in the sixth stanza :

> So the all-seeing Sun each day
> Distills the World with Chymick Ray;
> But finds the Essence only Showers,
> Which straight in pity back he powers.

The stanza is closely linked with the preceding one which had presented the speaker not in the role of a libertine but a seeker after true happiness : in the present stanza the sun is shown to have assumed a similar role. The 'scientific' conceit serves only to intensify the depth of the ironic pity that the sun itself—emblem otherwise of the Divine—comes to share with the speaker. There are a number of points of analogical relationship between the two, the chief of which is a search for the latent essence of things. The speaker's 'Hony' turns out to be nothing but the tears of the world's vanity while the sun looks for the fifth essence, the one that permeates all things and of which the heavenly bodies are composed but which it finds to be 'only Showers'. It is after having registered this profound sense of futility that the poem moves into the area of its central insight : that the tears of the world's vanity should be metamorphosed into the baptismal tears of spiritual regeneration :

> Yet happy they whom Grief doth bless,
> That weep the more, and see the less :
> And, to preserve their Sight more true,
> Bath still their Eyes in their own Dew.

The last line of the stanza reminds us of the more climactic lines in 'Clorinda and Damon' already quoted. Clorinda's invitation to sensual indulgence which elicits Damon's query about spiritual awakening is couched in these words:

Near this, a Fountaines liquid Bell
Tinkles within the concave Shell.

The 'liquid Bell' here is very different from the 'liquid Chaines' of Magdalen's tears but the significant use of 'liquid' in both cases suggests that what separates the waters of sensuality (tinkling 'within the concave Shell') from the tears of spiritual awakening is a change of consciousness, i.e., attuning the intelligible part of the soul to Nous—listening to the strange words of great Pan, holding the Redeemer's feet in liquid chains. (In Christian Neoplatonism the Johannine Logos as the Second Person of the Trinity came to be identified with Nous.)

It is now that the poem's other strain—that which relates sensuality to the Christian *ascesis*—can be brought into focus. It appears that the poem brings together two divergent strains in Marvell's poetry, a fusion that had already been made possible by Christian Neoplatonism. 'Eyes and Tears' combines into a unity what appears separately in poems like 'On a Drop of Dew' and 'The Coronet'. The former is purely Plotinian while 'The Coronet' is a superb expression of the Puritanic sensibility. In 'Eyes and Tears' Marvell has achieved a perfect fusion of the two; it seems to have been made possible, in poetic terms, by managing to infuse into 'tears' the penitential sorrows of Christianity as well as the transcendental aspiration of the soul in Neoplatonism.

Sensuality is never a distant prospect in Marvell : both its overwhelming reality and the deep Puritanic revulsion against its irresistible power come clearly through convention and artifice. The nostalgia for the lost happiness of two paradises in one in 'The Garden'—the paradise of pre-sexual or sexually undifferentiated innocent existence—is, in fact, part of an anguished consciousness of the post-lapsarian plight. Marvell tends to adopt a 'determined' stance towards the problem—the simple, dualistically-conceived, manner of posing the issue would logically lead to

a clear-cut resolution. To say that the civilsed, sophisticated consciousness of Marvell weaves its poetic artifice round a simple ethical polarity is not to deny the subtlety of his analysis, psychological or moral. Such a recognition is necessary in order to account for the rich and complex irony of a poem like 'A Dialogue between the Soul and Body' with its witty reversal of sympathy, or the psychological subtlety and the penetrating social comedy of poems like 'Daphnis and Chole' and 'Mourning'. What, however, Marvell has done in 'Eyes and Tears' is to focalise the entire world of fallen Nature through the tears of Magdalen, giving thus to the eighth stanza a kind of crucial significance. It is here that true spiritual integrity is finally achieved bringing the sensuous into contact with the Intelligible, the Ground of all Being, the Word become Flesh. This is not part of an abstraction denuded of the truth of experience: in the Greek Patristic thought the stress was on the idea that Incarnation is a recurring reality, not merely a once-for-all historical event—a logical extension of the Logos doctrine. Christ is immanent though also beyond Nature, a cosmic principle. It is not being suggested that Marvell clearly *implies* such a belief in the stanza under consideration, but its rhetorical status in the continuing argument of the poem does certainly have a bearing of this nature. Nous-Logos-Christ can be comprehended only when the Intelligible soul is made ready for such an eventuality, i.e., divested of the knowledge of *res creatae*. The same is the darkness of nescience. In the negative path to God sight has to be starved of the phenomenal world so that the soul can turn inward and come to know itself for what it is. At the same time, a reversal of values, too, has to take place leading us to the paradox of 'the happiness of grief'—the foundation of the medieval ascetic doctrine :

> Yet happy they whom Grief doth bless
> That weep the more, and see the less :
> And, to preserve their Sight more true,
> Bath still their Eyes in their own Dew.

'Seeing the less' is no real privation since it leads to 'Sight more true'. The 'Eyes swoln with weeping' in the ninth stanza are not only beautiful but have a fulness and plenitude that is not met with elsewhere. All the images in the stanza are suggestive of fertility, of the re-birth theme :

> Not full sailes hasting loaden home,
> Not the chast Ladies pregnant Womb,
> Nor *Cynthia* Teeming . . .

That the stanzas in the poem do not follow each other without an organic structure given to the poem by stated and hidden conceits, by thematic polarities and by oblique reference to Christian and Neoplatonic doctrine can be illustrated by the way the stanza just quoted is related to the one about the Gardens. The gardens of sensuous enjoyment lead to the experience of the world's vanity, but in this respect they remind us of their archetype in the Garden of Eden that had led to the Fall. The experience of nihility is epitomised in the image of the all-seeing sun (in the fourth stanza). The way out of the impasse is through grief leading to the true Ground of our being in Christ (Magdalen's tears), leading ultimately to our sharing in the Logos through re-birth (renewal of consciousness). The central stanzas of the poem (5 to 9) thus incorporate and enact the Christian myth of redemption and bring to light the fact that the entire poem is unified by a latent conceit: that the tears of grief are the baptismal waters of the birth of consciousness :

> Till Eyes and Tears be the same things:
> And each the other's difference bears;
> These weeping Eyes those seeing Tears.

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