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CONTENTS

Robert F. Fleissner

Et tu, BEN ?
JONSON AND CAESAR'S LAST WORDS

Whence did the negative critic in Jonson get the petulant notion that his literary compatriot, the newcomer from Stratford, Shakespeare, happened to reveal only a relatively small amount of knowledge of Latin, even less of the older classical language? True, T.W. Baldwin's standard work with the Jonsonian phrase 'small Latine & lesse Greeke' in its title has clearly shown that rather more traditional literature was taught at King's New School in Stratford than had previously been ascertained; yet probably the best answer lies in the most obvious sampling of Shakespeare's limited Latin, at least in terms of implied brevity, that would readily come to mind, the leading rhetorical query *'Et Tu, Brute ?'* (*Julius Caesar,* 3.1.77).[1]

Now the question is: Did the Stratford 'upstart' devise this now-familiar phrase all on his own? It is not discernible in the standard Latin lives of the dictator by Plutarch and Suetonius, the principal source for this Roman tragedy having been North's translation of the former. It has been thought that the extant evidence would indicate that the famous query may well have been derived from a Latin university drama, most probably *Caesar Interfectus* by Richard Edes, performed in Christ's Church College Hall at Oxford in 1581/2 (on this, see, for instance, standard glosses in such editions as the *London Shakespeare,* Geoffrey Bullough's standard accounts of the source material and the like).

Clear-cut evidence points to the university play on the subject of Caesar's assassination discussed in *Hamlet* (3.2.94-102) being this Oxford production as well, notably the description of his being slain in the Capitol (whereas Latin

sources prefer the Senate). The hint is that the idea that the dictator was disposed of in the Capitol was to be found in medieval works, ones upon which a Latin university play would presumably have been based (on which, see Fisher). Whether the general audience would have been cognizant of these works, to the extent that the Capitol allusion would simply have been a commonplace, is debatable, but what is clear is that the allusion would have been known to university people. Although, true, Shakespeare had constructed his own play on Caesar shortly before this, it would have been rather anachronistic of him, to say the least, to have been referring here merely back to his own 'anticipation' of an aspect of *Hamlet*. For Polonius evidently was recollecting his own early days of university training and his verbosity and Latinate style prompt the view that he would have been just the sort to have acted in a Latin drama.

In point of fact, the remnant of *Caesar Interfectus* extant still in the Bodleian Library, though only the Epilogue, has been evaluated as stylistically much akin to Brutus's familiar speech over the body of the fallen leader in terms of the clear-cut, staccato Senecan effect (on which, see Smart 180–2 and Bullough V, 194–5). It elaborates specifically on two noted Stoics, Brutus and Caesar himself, containing numerous words likewise accented on the first vowel in the then-familiar enough Italianate manner. Although, granted, it is plausible enough that the crucial query in *Julius Caesar* derived somehow from 'What, Brutus too ? in *Caesar's Revenge* (also performed at Oxford, but later, c. 1594, and in another college), as has at times been argued, is it not rather more likely that that very question was *itself* founded on the Latin in the body or lost part of *Caesar Interfectus* and that that play would then be a common source for both dramas? For, strictly speaking, the only relevant (or literal) echo of this line in the Roman tragedy is in what might be dubbed a purportedly curtailed variant thereof: 'What, Brutus?' (3.1.55).[2]

At any rate, in the light of the recent innovative proposal that Shakespeare could have derived the Greek witch's name *Sycorax* in *The Tempest* from learned parley, such as one of the

calebrated wit-combats with Jonson at the Mermaid (on which, see King).[3] might he not as well have assimilated the interpolative phrase *'Et Tu, Brute?'* in a similar manner, thereby having it lend itself to his more classically minded friend's playful assessment regarding the limitations of his knowledge of classical languages? In response, first let us observe that no foolproof facts have yet been produced to show that Shakespeare could *not* have witnessed the original Latin play performed at Oxford. Or he might also have read it there in manuscript. Such a claim is at least not as speculative as the anti-Stratfordian bias that his being at Oxford is simply out of the question.

Although his name does not officially appear on the extant subscription or matriculation list there (which I and a fellow scholar have recently examined independently with this possibility in mind), these are ostensibly very incomplete.[4] Moreover, the Bodleian did not keep records of its readers till the turn of the century. Further, Chapman has often been thought to have attended Oxford (not to mention possibly even Cambridge in addition, for that matter), is duly recorded as having done so in selective listings [5] whereas an actual record of his enrollment at a particular college has not come to light in the available entry catalogues compiled by enrolling clerks: the information comes rather from the records of 'Mr. Wise late Radcliffe librarian, and keeper of the Archives, at Oxford' (Warton IV, 322; Braden 6).[6]

Now, in all probability the year 1581/2 was the one in which Shakespeare would have finished his secondary-school training and so could have been, however temporarily, in some capacity at the university so conveniently situated for him between his native town of Stratford-upon-Avon and London. There he might have well become happily first acquainted with the prominent lexicographer and translator John Florio (officially enrolled then at Magdalen College, but also not on the university subscription lists), enabling him thereby to gain access agreeably enough later to the Earl of Southampton (whom Florio tutored), his patron; and Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essais*, when he composed

Hamlet; as well as *The Tempest*, where the borrowing is more clear-cut (although the tangential question of whether the manuscript of the translation bearing the dramatist's purported autograph is not a forgery has been recently held in disrepute, on which see Hamilton 243—45).

Should it be presently advanced that he gained access rather to a script of the Latin drama, but then only much later in London and presumably only when compiling extant source material for his most popular Roman tragedy—whereby an up-and-coming thespian with some Oxonian background, let us say, could presumably have deigned to share it with him—the obvious drawback there, of course, is that he had already appropriated the Latin query in a famous line in the so-called 'bad Quarto' version of *3 Henry VI: 'Et tu, Brute,* wilt thou stab Caesar, too?' Further, if only because he was the first playwright writing in English, or any other such writer on record, to have introduced this now memorable rhetorical question concerning Brutus's role, Jonson's own well-known accommodation of it later in *Every Man out of His Humour* being clearly a resonance of *Julius Caesar*, as is generally conceded, it was evidently not already at that time a mere Latin commonplace. Presumably Jonson himself knew enough Latin that he would have been aware in this case that Shakespeare could have appropriated the key phrase from a classical antecedent—very likely a university drama on the subject.

But exactly why should the Stratford genius have singled out this particular Latin phrase for a history play otherwise composed in his native language? Granted, although the phrase could easily have been cut out (even as the dramatic action by itself conveys the vital information involved), the net effect, as Gary Taylor has now shown (32–34), has here a certain poignancy: it is the *pathos* of this line which then points to the very *tragedy* of Caesar (that is, insofar as the play's titular designation is not a kind of critical misnomer for *Brutus*, the real hero to most playgoers). Already in the eighteenth century, Francis Gentleman in *The Dramatic Censor* had queried why Caesar, in this case, had suddenly to revert to his mother tongue (Taylor 34) and back to English ('Then fall Caesar').

Let us confront now the *modus operandi* plausibly involved. If he had even some inkling of Suetonius' having himself notably lapsed into another classical language, Greek, when he arrived at the same precise point in *his* account of the assassination, that unusual parallel could provide a welcome, needed clue. There the interrogative phrase was instead 'And you, my son?' (as in the standard translation). Evidently the sensitive tragedian was inclined to avoid (or downplay) any widespread rumour at this point that Brutus happened to be Caesar's illegitimate son; the belief has not been confirmed, though Shakespeare did refer to it elsewhere in the canon (*2 Henry VI,* 4.1.137). We recall as well that Caesar had a child from Cleopatra, Caesarion, a tradition in which Shakespeare would have taken special interest because of his play on the Egyptian queen.

As is well known, Elizabethans were singularly prejudiced toward offspring born out of wedlock, whereas Brutus was destined to become the true, heroic protagonist of this tragic 'problem play.' In brief, is it not worth at least some momentary consideration that the dramatist would have indulged in, or taken advantage of, a sort of inherent bilingual parallel: Suetonius' abrupt but effective shift from Latin into the older, classical tongue would then have 'accounted for' the keen Stratfordian's following suit by analogously switching from English to Latin. Yet because he ostensibly knew nearly no Greek himself, who would have been the one to prompt him to follow up on such an *apercu?* Who else but Jonson at the Mermaid again, thereby a classicist who, for that matter, was himself most probably cognizant of the Senecan play in its original Latin—if only probably second-hand from his associates in this case, for he admittedly was largely an autodidact with no university background. As for Shakespeare himself, because of Oxford's proximity to both London and Stratford the only thing more speculative than claiming that Shakespeare was at Oxford is claiming that he was not there at some time.

If Shakespeare had himself plausibly learned the Latin phrase first-hand by going to university, it is at first worth considering that he attended Cambridge rather than Oxford, if

only because the former institution is now thought to have been more noted for its drama. (Further research on early drama may change this picture.) For what it may be worth, his chief collaborator, John Fletcher had a father who was President of Corpus Christi College Cambridge, and who gave gifts to it. Agreed, the latest research indicates that 'it does not seem likely that his son John followed him there' (Taunton 172). In any case, on balance Oxford is a likelier choice for Shakespeare because it is much nearer to Stratford than is Cambridge. Shakespeare's chief master at Stratford was Thomas Jenkins, who happened to get his master's degree from Oxford in 1570; John Cottam there was also an Oxford graduate. Another Stratford schoolmaster whose name was associated with that of 'Shaxpaire' was Alexander Aspinall, who received two Oxford degrees. He sent many Stratford boys on to an Oxonian education so why not also Shakespeare? If the playwright had been a schoolmaster later in the country. as tradition has it. though not a teacher necessarily in Lancashire, he could well have used some kind of university training—no evidence exists that he would have been a mere abecedarius. Evidently he would not have been able to continue at university for any length of time for monetary reason and then because he was obliged to get married and, temporarily at least, settle down with a family. One obvious reason why the Shakespeare name would not have appeared in any Oxford records would have been that, like Florio, he was a commoner, whereas the colleges kept records only for the so-called 'demies' (scholars) and fellows.[7]

In any event, the learned suggestion that Shakespeare got the model of shifting from Greek to Latin, thereby recalling what he had plausibly heard or seen once at Oxford by way of Jonson is eminently worth considering, given the celebrated wit-combats historically taken as traditional between the two at the Mermaid.[8] If, then, this linguistic debt once was related at all to such a 'classical' combat, the veritable jest here involved may be thought of as some erudite form of *tu quoque* on the part of the novice from Warwickshire. In effect the net result turned out to be as follows: *Et Tu, Brute . . . et tu quoque.*

The double effect is enhancing. For that matter, Jonson's own phrase 'small Latine & lesse Greeke' could then have also harked back to this combat.

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NOTES

1 Reference is to the *Works* as edited by Harbage, with first Folio spelling.

2 Cf. also Gary Taylor on the Latin interpolation as not originating with Shakespeare: 'it appears in its Latin form at least four years before, is translated into English in *The Mirror for Magistrates* (1587), and may have been used dramatically as early as 1582' (34). The first allusion is misleading because one earlier Lation form was also by Shakespeare, namely that in *3 Henry VI* (the 'bad Quarto').

3 The hint is that the Greek name may derive from *Es Korakas*, which translates into idiomatic modern English as 'Go to Hades!' An apt contrast is with the meanlng of Prospero's name as implying 'make successful.'

4 See Clark's *Register*, Anthony a Wood's edition entitled *Athenae Oxonienses*, not to mention the *Alumni Oxonienses*. Clark admitted that collections 'are known to exist in private hands' (vi) and that even a 'University Register' was in evidence of which the compiler had found no trace' (263).

5 Braden has noted this in correspondence with me. See also his entry in the *DLB*.

6 Cf. Middleton, another contemporary dramatist who, it has relatively recently been ascertained, studied at Oxford but only for a limited period (George).

7 For this valuable information regarding so-called 'demies' and fellows, I am indebted specifically to J. Cottis, archivist at Magdalen College, Oxford University. Which college Shakespeare could have been associated with is problematic: it could have been Christ Church (because of the Latin play written by a student, Richard Edes, whose name I

have found in the buttery books there), Magdalen College (because of Florio), or Trinity College, as was porffered to me at a recent Glasgow Renaissance conference ('European Renaissance: National Traditions', 1990), because of its Romanist connections (that is, if Shakespeare was strictly educated in the Old Faith before he became more of a religious conformist).

8 Yet another Caesarian connection between the two playwrights is in terms of Jonson's having criticized his better for presumably having written the line 'Caesar did never wrong, but with just cause', namely in his *Timber*, where Jonson called it 'ridiculous', and Shakespeare suppo-sedly altered the passage to read 'Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause/Will he be satisfied' (*Julius Caesar*, 3.1. 47–48) in deference to this criticism. If Shakespeare did originally compose the expression Jonson ridiculed, it is plausible that he had in mind another Latin phrase, *iusta causa* ('just cause'), for the dictator's actions gain more validity (if not complete cogency) when understood in terms of this legalistic com-monplace. Whether or not he would have associated such a phrase with the Latin play at Oxford is more speculative. though certainly plausible.

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Iffat Ara

ART AND NATURE IN *LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST*

The Renaissance scholars in Italy, goaded by the example of Plato, founded philosophical debating societies. The vogue for such societies spread to France and thence to England with the gradual advancement of the movement for the revival of learning. In a general way, the ruling monarch acted as the patron of those who helped widen the scope of the study of sciences and arts. Specifically however, one such society in England flourished for a time round the remarkable figure of Sir Walter Ralegh. Shakespeare, who was closely associated with the court, may undoubetedly be credited with some acquaintance with contemporary literary and philosophical preoccupations. The Elizabethan practice of court entertainments might have encouraged him to allow his art to reflect contemporary realities.

In *Love's Labour's Lost*, Navarre and his companions follow the contemporary courtly fashion and form 'a little academe'. Navarre becomes its royal patron, for he is the chief sponsor of this model academy consisting of four young idealists. Like Duke Orsino and Olivia in *Twelfth Night* they are self-centred and unrealistic in their attitude to life. They repudiate the claim of normal living and declare themselves : 'brave conquerors of the world's desires' (I, I, 8-10)[1]. Their academy is based on false ideals and hardly represents what is 'still and contemplative in living art'. They are therefore indifferent to life, nature and commonsense. They evoke feelings similar to those one comes across in Tennyson's poem, *The Palace of Art*. One's confinement to such a sphere leads to failure because art for life's sake is the only worthwhile ideal. Wordsworth has put similar thoughts, in his own way : 'if words be not an incarnation of the thought,but only a clothing for it, then surely will they prove an ill gift.[2]

Navarre and his lords living in an imperfect world of their imagination decide to avoid the sight of natural objects. Sleep which is nature's gift is also rejected on the basis of certain false assumptions. Moreover, they are proud of their style of insulated living and believe that they will be able to revive the 'golden age' through study and devotion to learning.

Berowne is an exception among his friends and he fails to appreciate the unnatural way of life the King has chosen for them. Though Berowne follows this course of action yet he remains untouched by their diseased outlook : 'O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,/Not to see ladies, study, fast, sleep'. (I, I, 47-48). He argues that such men elevate art and learning above nature and commonsense, and this constitutes a grave fault. According to him, one should not overstrain oneself in the pursuit of knowledge, for it must be acquired through a natural process. If one is wholly engaged in scholarly pursuits one is likely to turn into a mere book-worm unless one has enough wit to assimilate what one has learnt. Knowledge should reflect experiences acquired in real life. It amounts to an insight into 'the light of truth'.

Berowne lays emphasis on his view-point by referring to 'nature' :

> At Christmas I no more desire a rose
> Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
> But like of each thing that in season grows.
> So you, to study now it is too late,
> Climb o'er the house to unlock the gate. (I, I, 105–9)

He refers to an 'abortive birth' which is likely to prove both unnatural and unreal if one is heedless. Similarly, to cultivate one's intellect at the expense of passions does not lead to enrichment of knowledge, for it reflects a negative approach. Berowne focuses his attention on the natural demands of one's passionate self : 'For every man with his affects is born,/Not by might master'd, but by special grace'. (I, I, 150-5). Love represents a compulsive need of human existence and helps one develop a rounded personality :

> But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
> Lives not alone immured in the brain,
> But with the motion of all elements

Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices. (IV, III, 323–28)

Love is also a source of wisdom which book-learning fails to impart in a convincing way.

Berowne seems to anticipate the way of thinking of the King of France's daughter. The Princess represents the compulsiveness of the external world and recalls Navarre to the obligations and commitments he has 'quite forgot' : 'I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping :/'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord'. (II, I. 103-4). In *Twelfth Night* reality breaks in as Viola appears on the scene. Shakespeare insinuates the problem of education in *Love's Labour's Lost* and radicules Navarre's academic pretensions. The Princess and her companions are a blessing in disguise, for they help widen the horizon and teach the King what he obstinately tends to ignore. She projects the idea and exposes the unnatural elements involved in the lives of the courtiers and helps in their being restored to normalcy. Hence the setting also shifts from the court to the park. In Wordsworth's 'The Education of Nature' the same problem has been dealt with in symbolic overtones. Lucy matures and completes the cycle of life while locked in the embrace of nature. Shakespeare and Wordsworth bring opposites into collision and highlight the worth of Nature. The opposites in conflict are 'learning and experience', 'affection and self-knowledge', 'wearing a mask and revealing oneself' and 'Art and Nature'. According to G. K. Hunter, in *Love's Labour's Lost* 'the principal experience of love' is discussed.[3] Hence the Princess declares to this effect : Beauty is bought by the judgment of the eye (II, I, 15). The Princess teaches that in a natural society one should study the beauty and intelligence of women known through their eyes rather than the problems of philosophy dealt with in abstract terms.

The Princess and the other ladies hold the mirror up to Nature in which each one is able to see their own image. Hence nature removes all artificial restraints. Even Armado and Costard in a way expose the 'pretentious make-belief' of their

masters. Costard, who represents rustic commonsense, draws attention to 'simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh'. He is therefore responsive to natural desire and its fulfilment. Armado reflects upon the nature of love and declares : 'green indeed is the colour of lovers'. (I,II,81). It is therefore natural to indulge in love-making and those who refrain from doing so are mere pretenders. But Armado is himself a victim of false wit and hypocrisy and he gets educated when he is himself exposed. He had chastized Costard although he was equally love-sick, and had no right to punish him.

In the case of Shakespeare's best women characters one is struck by their rare qualities; they reflect upon the essential goodness of human nature. Heart and head have an equal sway in their demands and pressures. Berowne therefore confesses what he feels about Rosaline: 'Your wit's too hot, it spreads too fast'. (II,I, 119). Indeed they make a poetic and witty use of language. The women in *Love's Labour's Lost* are representatives of Nature as well as Art because they are motivated by a desire to reform and educate the academics. They excite sexual passion in men and also help them overcome all kinds of obstacles in their way. As emblems of fertility the women do not curb the creative force in men but merely discourage folly and excess. Puttenham, whom Shakespeare has in his mind very often, describes proportion as something that 'nature herself first more carefully observed in all her own works, then also by kinde graft it is in the appetites of every creative working by intelligence to covet and desire ! and in their actions to imitate and perform'.[4] Navarre and his companions cut a sorry figure when they do not express their love openly. The Princess mocks at the King in the following words : you nickname virtue; vice, you should have spoke;/For virtue's office never breaks men's troth'. (V, II, 349-50). Consequently the women become emblems of the 'living art'. They bring fresh air to the suffocating atmosphere of the court of the King. The restricted academe, therefore, widens from the 'curious-knotted garden' of the mind to freedom of thought. The young ladies admire the young men in a strange fashion to the effect that they turn into infatuated lovers and forget their oath. In similar terms the

touch of artifice in courtly life is exposed by Viola in *Twelfth Night*. In *As You Like It* the Duke and the lords learn about the unnatural and vicious elements in court life after their stay in the forest of Arden. Shakespeare lays emphasis on the artificial form and tone of what is unacceptable to him.

The Princess and her maids also exchange their roles and conceal their 'natural' selves to outwit men and thus expose their make-belief. They condemn the revels, dances and masques arranged by the lords to make love to the ladies. The Princess also rejects undeserved praise and equates it with false painting. She is of the opinion that the mere use of words does not reflect the feelings of the lover. The 'natural mechanism of sight'. being the medium, the lords should meet the ladies and express their thoughts. The Princess thus emerges a true moral agent : 'Nay, never paint me now :/Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow' (IV, I, 16-17).

In Renaissance England two contrary attitudes were current in wooing women. They were either idealized in Petrarchan style or looked down upon as base and low. In the beginning Navarre and the lords adopted the 'anti-Petrarchan attitude to love'; later on they turned into mere idealists : 'By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught/Me to rhyme, and to be melancholy'. (IV,III, 11-14). Berowne, unlike his friends, rejects artificiality in all its forms, including their style of wooing the ladies. After becoming the object of the 'sharp wit' and 'keen conceit' of the ladies he unburdens himself thus :

> O : never will I trust to speeches penn'd . . .
> Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song,
> Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
> Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affection,
> Figures pedantical. (V, II, 402–408)

But a close perusal of the speech reveals that Berowne has not done away with an ostentatious style; he has only given it a different form. He is of 'wooing mind' and the stylistic exaggerations are still present :

> Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
> That, like a rude and savage man of Inde . . .
> Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?
> (IV, III, 217–22)

True that Berowne is exposed like his friends and continues to pose but he was never fond of mere book-learning. He was always wary of such literary pretensions as are altogether divorced from the simple pleasures of life. He is an 'inspiring scholar', and 'ironist', a lover and also a true 'penitent'. He does his best and forces his companions to express their natural feelings. He therefore confesses openly in the presence of all: 'He, he, and you, and you, my liege and I,/Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die'. (IV, III, 204-205). Berowne also lays emphasis on the fact that one cannot forcibly set aside what comes naturally to oneself:

> Young blood doth not obey an old decree;
> We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
> Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn
>
> (IV, III, 213–15)

The men thus accept the fact that their flaws have to be removed. Berowne feels triumphant when he learns that all his companions have fallen in love. In the comedies and the last plays reawakening of characters to reality is accompanied by the growth of a healthy outlook on life. The masque of the Muscovites initiates the genuine process of love-making. The ladies dislike it, for they do not wish to be considered as heavenly beings. They force men to give up their false notions about life and accept a more natural mode of living.

At the end of the play the Princess directs the King to accept 'austere' and 'insociable life' before she gets married to him. Like Portia in *The Merchant of Venice* the Princess puts the lover on trial. He is sent on a quest, for she still considers him immature :

> In frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds,
> Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
> But that it bear this trial and last love;
> Then at the expiration of the year,
> Come challenge me.
>
> (V, II, 793–97)

Life offers its 'lasting gifts' only to those who undergo penance and are steeled by its tribulations. Rosaline also asks Bernowne

to enter the world of suffering and try to change it into its opposite :

> Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
> With groaning wretches; and your talk shall be
> With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
> To enforce the pained impotent to smile. (V, II, 843–46)

Rosaline does not condemn Bernowne's wit and rich imagination. She had always admired his 'fruitful brain' which was a source of great energy for him. She therefore teaches him the best use of his natural talents.

The penance reflects upon self-consciousness and rejection of artifice. The lords thus promise to undergo hardships of life, for the ladies tempt them with glimpses of a better and more natural society. The Princess urges the King and the lords to be motivated either by love or pity. They should bring out the best in themselves and in others. This is essential and is called for by the 'changed state' of the King and his companions. In *The Winter's Tale* art unites with nature when the Queen's statue begins to move. In *Love's Labour's Lost* the penance foretells the merging of art with nature. Navarre and the lords realize ultimately that women represent 'living art'. Their wit and wisdom make them judicious and their efforts seem to fructify. They are also wedded to Nature and represent therefore a reversal of the 'sterile art' of Navarre and his companions. The women bring artifice close to what is real and natural and as the gap is removed art unites with nature. It is marked by an entrance into a real state of bliss.

Reference to winter and spring are made, for they offer an index of the progress made from a cankered and dungy state of existence to a normal and healthy one. Blake's contention that 'without contraries is no progression' is an echo of Shakespearean thought but the latter moves towards reconciliation of the opposites. The noblemen in *Love's Labour's Lost* had turned indifferent to 'art' and 'nature' but their submission to women is an acceptance of both. As Caroline Spurgeon points out : 'The dispelling of the fog of false idealism by the light of the experience of real life is presented through a series of brilliant encounters'.[5]

In Blake's poem *The Little Girl Found* the lonely dell symbolizes the world of experience. It is needed for the formation of human personality because innocence and experience are inseparable states :

> Then they followed
> Where the vision led,
> And saw their sleeping child
> Among tigers wild,
> To this day they dwell
> In a lonely dell.

Similarly Wordsworth reflects upon the tension between dream and reality and when he discards the dream, reality reigns supreme :

> Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
> Housed in a dream, at a distance from the kind . . .
> But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
> And frequent sights of what is to be borne :
>
> ('Nature and the Poet')

The chief attraction of Shakespearean comedy derives from the 'intuition of life' that lies at the back of mere outward show and artifice. Hence the element of artifice is eventually replaced by its opposite.

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1 Quotations from the text are from the New Arden Shakespeare edition of the play (London, 1968).

2 Quoted in M. H. Abrams, *The Mirror and the Lamp* (New York, 1958), p. 29.

3 G. K. Hunter, *John Lyly* (Cambridge, Mass., 1962), p. 311.

4 G. Puttenham, 'The Art of English Poesie' in *Elizabethan Critical Essays*, Vol. II, ed G. Gregory Smith (Oxford, 1904).

5 Caroline Spurgeon, *Shakespeare's Imagery and What it Tells Us* (Cambridge, 1935).

Kenneth Muir

SHAW AND THE FABIAN SOCIETY*

I have chosen to speak on Bernard Shaw in the first of these lectures because it was largely by his plays and prefaces that some sixty years ago, at a very conservative school I was converted to socialism, because he was easily the most brilliant of the early Fabians, and because for most of my professional life I have been mainly concerned with drama.

I tried to repay some of my debt to Shaw by directing some of his plays, and for his 90th birthday I invited six people to contribute appreciations of his work to the weekly newspaper I was then editing. These included an economist, a literary critic, a city councillor, a drama critic, and a feminist. They chose their own topics and except the feminist who predictably wrote on Shaw's portraits of women in his plays, the writers strayed far from their specialities. The critic wrote on 'Shaw and Fabianism'; the councillor wrote on 'Shaw the dramatist', and, most surprisingly, the economist chose to write on 'Shaw the Poet'. This brought home to me the unexpected impact of Shaw's writings in many different spheres.

Shaw was one of the first members of the Fabian Society when it was founded in 1884. He persuaded Sidney Webb to join it. He himself at this time seemed to be a failure. He had a series of dead-end jobs and he had written five unsuccessful novels. He was a shy man and originally a poor speaker; but he trained himself to be a brilliant one by forcing himself to take part in debates on a variety of topics. He was over 30 when he began to earn a reputation as a music critic, 37 when

* In 1984 a series of lectures was arranged in Liverpool to celebrate the centenary of the Fabian Society. The present author, who had been chairman of local Fabian Societies in Yorkshire and Cheshire, was invited to give the first of these lectures.

he wrote his first play, and nearly 40 when he emerged as the best of all dramatic critics. His fame as a Fabian, established by his pamphlets and by his editorship of *Fabian Essays*, preceded his emergence as a dramatist. He wrote on dozens of topics– What Socialism is, The Impossibility of Anarchism, Socialism and Sailors, Women and the Factory Acts. Fabianism and the Empire, Municipal Drink Traffic, Municipal Bakeries. He not only wrote two ofthe best essays in the book but he improved the essays written by others. In particular he put vivacity into those parts of Webb's prose which were liable to be boring.

The *Fabian Essays* were largely responsible for Beatrice Webb's conversion to socialism; and when she married Sidney in 1892 she naturally became involved with the society and with its members, Shaw and Webb remained close friends throughout their lives; but Beatrice's attitude to Shaw continually fluctuated. She had little sense of humour; and both she and Sidney deplored Shaw's flirtations with actresses. She recorded her opinion of Shaw in her Journal (September 1893).

> Persons with no sense of humour look upon him as a combination of Don Juan and a professional blasphemer of the existing order. An artist to the tips of his fingers and an admirable craftsman; I have never known a man use his pen in such a workmanlike fashion, or acquire such a thorough technical knowledge of any subject upon which he gives an opinion.

So far, so good; but then she proceeds :

> As to his character, I do not understand it. He has been for 12 years a devoted propagandist, hammering away at the ordinary routine of Fabian executive work. He is an excellent friend, at least to men. But beyond this I know nothing. I am inclined to think that he has a slight personality; agile, graceful and even virile; but lacking in weight. Adored by many women, he is a born philanderer ... disliking to be hampered either by passion or convention and therefore always tying himself up into knots which he had to cut before he is free for another adventure.

In 1897 she described Shaw as 'a good-natured agreeable sprite of a man—whether I like him, admire him or despise him most I do not know'. In 1913 she complained of his 'lack of accuracy, logic and dignity'. In the following year she complained that his intellect was 'centred in the theatre'. After all Shaw was

a professional playwright. During World War I she said that 'A world made up of Bernard Shaws would be a world of moral dissolution'.

Later, her verdict was more cordial. In 1921 for example, she wrote:

> GBS, in his wonderful good nature, stays for weeks, (at the summer school) where we stay days. He certainly is a perfect marvel of kindness, a faithful friend to his comrades in the Labour and Socialist Movement whom he perplexes and enlightens by his perverse and stimulating genius.

And in 1922 she paid this tribute to his generosity:

> We have been very much touched with GBS's gallant generosity in devoting days of his time to our proofs—pointing and repairing our style and adding one or two paragraphs of his own where he thought we have not made our meaning clear. He is a real dear of a friend and comrade—he becomes less of a mocking self-asserter as he grows old: more serious in his concern for the world. He is really frightened that civilisation, as we know it, is going bankrupt and not so sure that he knows how to prevent it.

Beatrice's imperfect sympathies can best be seen in her attitude to Shaw's plays. Their subjects—at least of the early plays — were bound to meet with her approval: the economic causes of prostitution and investment in slum property were two of the earliest. But the ironies in the plays worried her. She did not realise that a first-rate dramatist has to give good arguments to unpleasant and immoral characters. One of the most eloquent speeches in *Saint Joan* is given to the Inquisitor. So Beatrice actually preferred Galsworthy's plays to Shaw's: she thought *Justice*, an effective piece of propaganda, was a great play. In particular she was horrified by the last act of *Major Barbara*, in which the virtuous characters, Barbara and Cusins, agree to run an armaments factory, apparently convinced by Undershaft's arguments. When Barbara visits the factory she finds that the workers are well paid, whereas poverty is a direct cause of most diseases and crimes. Cusins, based on Gilbert Murray who translated Euripides, joins the armaments firm because he wants to make war on war.

The general thrust of the argument is that poverty is the cause of so many evils that a good society can come into

existence only when it has been eliminated:

> All the other crimes are virtues beside it; all the other dishonors are chivalry itself by comparison. Poverty blights whole cities; spreads horrible pestilences, strikes dead the very souls of all who come within sight, sound, or smell of it.

This is spoken by Undershaft, who in the film version was made to look like Mephistophiles; he is the tempter. But the real unease of Beatrice was that the play seemed to undermine the whole ethos of the Fabian Society—the belief in ' the inevitability of gradualness' the gradual permeation of society by Fabian ideas, the necessity of peaceful change. Shaw was telling his fellow Fabians that they had not really faced the problem of power.

Beatrice realized, however, that Shaw had a better brain than either her own or Sidney's. When he corrected Sidney's proofs, it was Shaw who provided much of the brilliance, as she admitted. But she rejoiced in 1904 when Shaw failed to get elected to the London County Council. He refused to adopt orthodox electoral tactics, insisted that he was an atheist, insulted Catholics, Liberals and Conservatives in turn, and declared that although he was himself a teetotaller he would force every citizen to imbibe a quartern of rum to deter them from alcoholism. It is fairly obvicus that Shaw had no wish to be elected. At this time he had emerged as the best dramatist of his age. So, in the following year, Beatrice complained that :

> The smart world is tumbling over one another in the worship of GBS, and even we have a sort of reflected glory as his intimate friends. It is interesting to note that the completeness of his self–conceit will save him from the worst kind of deterioration–he is proof against flattery.

Here, perhaps, one can detect an element of jealousy. But two years after this disparaging remark Beatrice confessed that with the Shaws 'our communion becomes ever closer and more thoroughly complementary and stimulating'. Yet her ambivalent attitude persisted. In 1910 she described Shaw as 'brilliant but disgusting'. She alleged that he and Granville-Barker both harped on 'the mere physical attractions of men to women, and women to men, coupled with the insignificance of the female for any other purpose but sex attraction'. This is an absurd

charge. Apart from the evidence of Shaw's relationship with his wife and his championship of Ibsen many of his own plays give the lie to this idea. The real theme of *Getting Married*, as he explained in a letter, is equality; and the climax of the play, the speech of the medium, Mrs. George, is a moving plea for the rights of women. In later plays, it is often the women who are the centres of interest, and never primarily from the sexual point of view : one could instance *Saint Joan* or the Patient in *Too True to be Good* who proposes to found a sisterhood to clean up the world.

Even stranger is Beatrice's accusation that the works of Barker, Wells and Shaw were spoilt by their ignoring of religion, at least as far as Shaw is concerned. She declared that not one of Shaw's men or women 'have either the conscious or unconscious form of religion'. Certainly Shaw satirises a perveted form of Christianity in *The Devil's Disciple*, but the hero of that play has an inner compulsion to follow the teachings of Christ; the banned play, *The Showing up of Blanco Posnet* is about religious conversion; and Father Keegan in *John Bull's Other Island* seems to be expressing Shaw's own views when he is asked what he thinks heaven is like :

> In my dreams it is a country where the state is the church and the church the people, three in one and one in three. It is a commonwealth in which work is play and play is life; three in one and one in three. If is a temple in which the priest is the worshipper and the worshipper the worshipped, three in one and one in three. It is a godhead in which all life is human and all humanity divine; three in one and one in three. It is, in short, the dream of a madman.

Soon after Beatrice complained about Shaw's lack of interest in religion, he was writing *Androcles and the Lion* which not merely pokes fun at the early Christians, but also depicts a genuinely religious woman, Lavinia, who refuses to save her life by denying her faith. In the Preface Shaw declares :

> I am ready to admit that after contemplating the world and human nature for nearly 60 years, I see no way out of the world's misery, but the way which would have been found by Christ's will if he had undertaken the work of a modern practical statesman.

Saint Joan was still in the future, but Beatrice ought to have recognized the religious passion apparent in the hell scene in *Man and Superman* or in the passage in the Preface about the true joy in life. After paying tribute to Bunyan, Shaw continues :

> This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy. And also the only real tregedy in life is the being used by personally minded men for purposes which you recognize ro be base,

One of Shaw's most constant beliefs—not very different from Beatrice's—was that a man should be judged by his contribution to society. In *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles,* the scene of the Last Judgement consists of the elimination of 'the useless people, the mischievous people, the selfish scmebodies and the noisy nobodies'. This links up with Shaw's earlier argument that euthanasia is better than life-imprisonment and his shocking defence of the right of states to liquidate opponents in the preface to *On the Rocks.* But it is characteristic of the Shavian dialectic that immediately afterwards he writes one of the best defences of toleration and of the sacred necessity of criticism. This takes the form of a long dialogue between Jesus and Pilate, superbly eloquent, in which the last words are given to Jesus with a moving echo of Handel's *Messiah* :

> The greatest of God's names is Counsellor; and when your empire is dust and your name a byword among the nations, the temples of the living God shall still ring with his praise as Wonderful, Counsellor, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

During the First World War, which came as a bitter shock to Shaw, he was writing *Heartbreak House,* an allegorical account of the decline and fall of the British ruling class. Captain Shotcver, a mad inventor who is Shaw's main spokesman, speaks of the ship they are all in, 'this soul's prison we call England' :

> The captain is in his bunk, dirnking bottled ditch-water; and the crew is gambling in the forecastle. She will strike and sink and split. Do you think the laws of God will be suspended in favor of England because you were born in it ?

Hector asks what he should do and Shotover tells him to learn navigation. 'Learn it and live, or leave it and be damned'. At the end of the play there is an air-raid. A burglar and a capitalist are blown up and the rectory is destroyed. The meaning is apparent : Capitalism and Theft are synonymous, and the clergyman will have to find a new creed. In the preface Shaw confessed that the behaviour of people on the home front and the 'hang the Kaiser' election made him agree with Isabella in *Measure for Measure* who compared man to an angry ape and with Swift, who called them Yahoos.

So, in his next play *Back to Methuselah*, Shaw argued that only by living much longer could we acquire the wisdom necessary to prevent the total breakdown of civilisation. Unfortunately the future depicted in the last part of the play is both bleak and unconvincing; and, alas, most people do not become wiser as they get older. Shaw himself is a case in point.

In 1928 Shaw published the longest of his directly political works, *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism*, a plea for equality of incomes. Beatrice, despite its brilliance, found the book tedious. While he was writing it, Shaw reached the age of 70 and he was invited by Ramsay Macdonald, the Prime Minister, to speak at a dinner of Labour MPs and prominent Fabians. In his speech he attacked the immorality of inequality and praised the foreign policy of the Labour government, but he said that the party had not yet discovered the technique of socialist administration. Beatrice recorded in her diary on this occasion her warmest tribute to her friend and colleague for half a lifetime :

> His final words about his life-long participation in the Labour and Socialist movement were spoken with a depth of feeling–with a wistfulness which is uncommon in GBS. Indeed he gave the impression of a seer dictating his last testament to his disciples and friends. When I looked round this remarkable gathering .. I wondered whether GBS's 70th birthday would not prove to be the last assemblage of the men and women who had been mainly responsible for the birth and education of the Labour and Socialist movement of Great Britain. Only two of the pioneers were dead: Keir Hardie and Hyndman. The greatest of all, whether among the dead or the living, was the guest of the evening–wit and mystic, preacher and dramatist.

Both the speaker and the diarist were soon disillusioned with Macdonald's government and both began to wonder whether socialism could come by parliamentary means and to question the inevitability of gradualness. *The Apple Cart*, though set in the future, is shadowed by the inability of the government to get anything done. The play contains friendly caricatures of Susan Lawrence and Ellen Wilkinson, but satirical portraits of Macdonald and of a Trade Union member of the cabinet. The posibility of achieving socialism by a dictatorship is raised again in *On the Rocks*, in which the Prime Minister suffers a nervous breakdown, goes into a nursing home where he reads Marx for the first time and returns with the determination to introduce socialism. He finally fails, but the most sympathetic character in the play, a trade unionist called Hipney, argues for a dictatorship. He declares that adult suffrage 'delivered us into the hands of our spoilers and oppressors, bound hand and foot by our own folly and ignorance'.

Between these two political plays he wrote another, *Too True to be Good* (1931) which is concerned with the threat of war and the imminent collapse of civilisation. The pious Sergeant quotes Bunyan's words on how to flee from the wrath to come—' not a story in a book as it used to be but God's truth in the real actual words'. The fear of war is coupled with a general bewilderment expressed both by the clergyman who has become a crook and by his atheist father who, because of Einstein, has lost his faith in rational determinism. Above all, there is the sexual revolution. 'Since the war the lower centres have become vocal' as in the novels of D. H. Lawrence. At the climax of the play, the heroine, bored by the life of the idle rich she has been leading, decides that she wants a worthwhile job. The three 'glorious adventurers' are 'just three inefficient fertilisers .... we do nothing but convert good food into bad manure'. One of the characters, Private Meek, is clearly modelled on Lawrence of Arabia; and this play, like the others I have been discussing was first performed at the Malvern Festival, attended by Lawrence. The years of the festival, when every year Shaw supplied a new play, were the

summit of his reputation as a dramatist; but, looking back, we can see that his plays, however interesting, were declining in dramatic power.

It is impossible to defend some of Shaw's later opinions Along with many others, he averted his eyes from evils of Stalinism, and he came to believe, with the Webbs, that Soviet communism fulfilled many of the aims of the Fabian Society. More seriously, when he added chapters on fascism and communism to the Pelican edition of *The Intelligent Woman's Guide*, he still had kind things to say—in 1937—of Mussolini. We have to remember that shaw was horrified by the deterioration of public morality during and after World War I—he protested about the blockade of Germany after the Armistice with the resulting starvation of children; and he was disillusioned by the failure of Macdonald's government and his defection in 1931.

The remedy he proposed in the Preface to *The Apple Cart* was the formation of panels of suitable persons for office; and he complained in the Preface to *Too True to be Good* of the contrast between the nominal government of the Westminster talking-shop and the actual government of landlords, employers and financiers. But he confessed that attempts to select people by competitive examinations were worse than useless as tests of vocation. Thirteen years later in *Everybody's Political What's What* Shaw devoted a chapter to the theme of panels.

I believe myself that the idea is both impractical and undesirable—impractical because of the impossibility of designing a satisfactory test. Those who set the test would ensure the passing of people like themselves, and it would be easy to find out what sort of answers were required by the examiners. Such tests would be undesirable, too, because they would give additional power to the professional classes. Not all Fabians would regard this as a disadvantage. But we can quote Shaw against himself. When Cusins decided to enter the armaments business he declared :

> As a teacher of Greek I gave the intellectual man weapons against the common man. I now want to give the common man weapons against the intellectual man.

It would be unfair to a great man to end this talk by stressing the weaknesses of his later writings. Shaw himself, in a lecture he gave in New York when he was exactly my age, warned his audience that age and senility often went together. How, then, should we sum up his contribution to the Fabian Society and to Socialism?

We should remember first the significant role he played in the early years of the Fabian Society. Not merely were the best of the Fabian essays written by him, not merely were all revised by him, but he devoted years of ungrudging labour to the society. Beatrice, as we have seen, complained that he was too much concerned with the theatre, but his involvement in the theatre makes his self-sacrific of time and energy all the more remarkable.

Secondly, Shaw wrote the pamphlet in 1892 which advocated the setting up of the Labour Party. (In the early years, the Fabians had tried to work through the existing parties.) As a result of this pamphlet, we may claim, the ILP (the Independent Labour Party) was formed at Bradford on 14 January 1893; and the ILP's first programme was drafted by Shaw and Keir Hardie. Seven years later, in 1900, at a conference in London, Shaw was a delegate when the ILP, socialist societies and trade unions, joined together to found the Labour Party.

Thirdly, Shaw was the leading spirit in the foundation of *The New Statesman* and one of the founders of the London School of Economics. Indeed, if one reads his letters, one is continually amazed at the number of causes in which he was involved, at the number of committees in which he played an active role and at the extraordinary generosity and kindness he showed to scores of people, some of them strangers. Lastly, and most importantly, he was a prolific writer for some seventy years. Numerous collections have been published since his death, in addition to the 35 volumes published during his lifetime. His prose style is lucid, eloquent, witty and powerful—the greatest polemical style since Swift. Above all, he wrote more than fifty plays; and even if we discard the pot-boilers and the dotages, there remains a body of work which puts him above every English dramatist since Shakespeare, above the Irish

writers of comedies Sheridan, Goldsmith and Wilde. It is my contention that it was by his plays, still not fully understood, that Shaw had a direct and continuous effect on two generations of playgoers and readers and that he made more converts to socialism by his plays and prefaces than Fabian essays could hope to do. At the height of its influence, the Fabian Society had less than a thousand members; at the height of his, he had a public of millions.

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PAULINE : INFLUENCES AND ANTICIPATIONS

Robert Browning, at the age of twenty, called his 1833 publication *Pauline : A Fragment of a Confession*[1], thus fixing the genre of the poem. Among its literary predecessors critics include Augustine's *Confessions*, De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, Wordsworth's *The Prelude* and Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*. Echoes of Shelley, Keats and even Shakespeare have been traced. In other words, *Pauline* is accepted as a work that may be placed in a definite literary tradition. At the same time, it is the forerunner of Browning's poetic output of the fifty-six years that followed, pointing a cue to his later themes and moods. And yet, curiously, its worth was not recognised when it first appeared anonymously. The early reviewers were either indifferent, condescending or hostile. It was taken as 'a piece of pure bewilderment', an 'unintelligible' 'dreamy volume without an object and unfit for publication'.[2] It was even taken as a political piece, the product of the Whig ministers, with 'the same folly, incoherence, and reckless assertion'.[3] In spite of J.M. Fox's flattering review, Browning was apparently discouraged and did not acknowledge its authorship for more than half a century. In 1868, however, realising that he could not keep it from public eye forever, he reluctanly allowed its inclusion in his collected poems but only after prefacing it with an apologia :

(Pauline) I acknowledge and retain with extreme repugnance, indeed purely of necessity...and introduce a boyish work with an exculpatory word. The thing was my earliest attempt at 'poetry always dramatic in principle, and so many utterances of so many imaginary persons, not mine', which I have since written according to a scheme less extravagant and scale less impracticable than were ventured upon in this crude preliminary sketch—a sketch that. on reviewal, appears not altogether wide of some hint of the characteristic features of that particular dramatis persona it would fain to have reproduced...[4].

And in a supplement to the preface in 1888, he added: "Twenty years' endurance of an eyesore seems more than sufficient : my faults remain duly recorded against me....the helplessness of juvenile haste and heat in their untried adventure long ago.'[5] Evident in this apologia is Browning's ambivalence towards this apprentice piece : on the one hand he is ashamed of his 'boyish work', a 'crude preliminary sketch' retained with repugnance; on the other, with the maturity of hindsight, he is able to recognise (though grudgingly) its vital connection with his later work. The 1888 preface shows that his harshness, in fact his stepmotherly niggardliness, towards the unloved *Pauline* is unabated.

My intention is not to justify Browning's harshness towards *Pauline* (which, in any case, cannot be defended), nor to debate whether or not it is mere juvenilia (for this, too, would be a futile exercise). My aim is to take up three different aspects of this work to bring out its connection with the literature of an earlier age, its conformity to the mainstream of nineteenth-century poetry, and suggest its influence on twentieth-century poetry.

Browning's 'fragment of a confession' is not only a salutation to a beloved called Pauline; it is a tribute to Dante whom Browning had studied in Italy and for whom he had the greatest respect and admirarion.[6] As an early nineteenth-century piece it is not just an imitation of Shelley (and critics have focused extensively on the Shelley-Browning connection) but an exercise parallel to the spiritual autobiography of Wordsworth in *The Prelude*. And as a 'confession', though it bears a resemblance to earlier confessions—for instance Augustine's—it is more important for the influence it exerts on the 'interior' poetry of the century that follows. For *Pauline* is the first of Browning's 'dramatic monologues' which perhaps inspired the monologues of Eliot, Pound and the later poets.

We are told that in the year 1829-30, Browning, under the guidance of Angelo Cerutti, read the best Italian literature, especially Dante. He developed a lifelong passion for Dante and would always turn to him for the pleasure of reading. The parallels between Dante's *Vita Nuova* ane Browning's

Pauline are numerous. It Browning was twenty when he composed *Pauline*, Dante was just a bit older—twenty-six, to be precise. Like Browning, Dante was later 'much ashamed' of his book and his reviewers, too, were critical of it: they felt his experience was unreal, abnormal, and that Dante could not possibly have been sincere in his acccunt of the relationship with Beatrice.[7] However, evident in the work is the irrevocability of Dante's commitment, his fluctuating, ambivalent moods as a lover, and the influence his beloved has on him. There are two distinct aspects of Beatrice that finally merge into a single, divine ethereal presence : the real and the celestial. The real Beatrice is the one who sets Dante's heart racing by saluting him in a Florence street in May 1283 and who later snubs him at a social gathering, thus wounding his ego. The celestial Beatrice is the one who, though dead, beckons to him from paradise giving him hope and inspiration at every step, serving as a mediator between him and God. She stands as an example of human love leading to divine love.

The narrator of *Vita Nuova* is one who endeavours to reconcile the past with the present, who has acquired knowledge and, after acquiring knowledge, looks back to a time of ignorance in the past, trying to fix the moment of his enlightenment.[8] By the time the poem is concluded, the protagonist and the narrator are one. Knowledge and truth emerge gradually through the protagonist's experiences and the narrator, in retrospect, can see a pattern in the development which he could not discern earlier.

Pauline has a similar theme. To quote Johnson, the theme of the poem is the 'redemption and restoration by Divine Love, mediated to him by human love'.[9] Pauline though modelled on Beatrice, is very different because her *physical* reality is doubted. She has a spiritual role to play in the poet's life—either redemptive or supportive.[10] As in the case of Dante, Browning expresses no direct sexual desire for his beloved: it is his mind and heart, not his body, that she gives solace to. In fact, so deliberately does Browning avert his gaze from Pauline's physical being that an early critic felt compelled to remark that the

lady was a mere figment of the Poet's imagination. 'I know not what to wish for him but that he may meet with a real Pauline.'[11] This is the main difference between Beatrice and Pauline; whereas the first is modelled on a flesh-and-blood woman, the second, an imitation of the original is (in the Platonic sense) thrice removed from reality—in fact, hardly a living, breathing, pulsating human being. The human qualities recede into the background while the spiritual predominate.

Consequently, the ambivalence, anguish, the humility and commitment of Dante the lover are lost in *Pauline*. Pauline unlike Beatrice, cannot cause either exhilaration or dejection by a word, a look or a frown. Pauline exists because her narrator wants her to exist : she is at his beck and call, at all times a sounding board for the patriarchal lover in him. She speaks but once in the poem, and that, too, in Latin (and thus is she made even more remote) In her speech she claims to look 'with favour' on the work of her 'poor friend' and carries out the poet's task by defining his purpose :

> I believe that...he alludes to a certain examination of the soul, which he carried out formerly in order to discover the sequence of objectives which it would be possible for him to attain, and of which each one (once attained) should form a sort of plateau from which one could discern other aims, other projects, other pleasures which (in their turn) should be surmounted. The conclusion was that oblivion and sleep should bring an end to everything. This idea, which I do not understand, is perhaps equally incomprehensible to him.[12]

This statement, I feel, is crucial as it clearly chalks out Browning's poetic programme, highlighting its connection with personal experience. Wordsworth probably had the same thing in mind when he spoke of what he called 'spots of time' :

> There are in our experience spots of time,
> That with distinct pre-eminence retain
> A renovating virtue, whence...
> ...our minds
> Are nourished and visibly repaired.
>
> (*The Prelude*, XII, 208–15)

Here it may be pointed out that when *Pauline* first came into print, *The Prelude*, though written, had not yet been published and Browning had no access to it. Yet the two poets, Wordsworth and Browning, writing in the early part of the nineteenth

century, came up with similar themes. Like Wordsworth, Browning, too seems to give us a spiritual autobiography—an account of the Growth of the Poet's Mind.

The aim of *The Prelude* is 'to give pictures of Man, Nature and Society' and Wordsworth relies on recollection, recapitulation and memory, as in his 'Immortality Ode'. At the same time his is not a mere historical autobiography of the making of the poet's soul : it has a philosophical streak, too, as Wordsworth speculates upon the changes he has undergone in the course of time. However, a distinction is maintained between the narrator, the present man who reminiscences, and the earlier man of the past, the protagonist.[13] As in historical autobiographies, we are shown the actual process of the protagonist becoming the narrattor. In Book IV (ll 256-73), Wordsworth refers to the stream of the mind : in order to look into the past he has to look through his reflection. It is the adult remembering his childhood, the past being evoked from (and through) the present. Again, in Book IX (ll1-8), Wordsworth compares the poet's soul to a winding river, turning and returning to the same old directions :

> Even as a river—partly (it might seem)
> Yielding to old remembrances, and swayed
> In part by fear to shape a way direct,
> That would engulph him soon in the ravenous sea—
> Turns, and will measure back his course, far back,
> Seeking the very regions which he crossed
> In his first outset.

But, with each turn, the river moves farther downstream, into a different region. And so, though the direction may appear the same, it has nevertheless undergone an irrevocable change. So is it with the poet's backward glance at his beginnings, his childhood, his youth. The view of the child trailing clouds of glory is coloured by the adult's vision for the poet has moved down the temporal stream and is an older and, perhaps, wiser person. In any case, he is different from the one he writes of.

In *Pauline*, the distance between the man who recapitulates and his former self that grows in time is comparatively little in chronological terms, spanning as it does, a brief period of a

couple of years. Hence, the process of the protagonist becoming the narrator is not as clearly outlined as in the *Prelude*. However, there is no doubt that a conversion does take place as it generally does in a confession or an autobiography.[14] In the *Prelude* we see that nature leads Wordsworth beyond nature, weaning him away from his earlier sources of inspiration so that his spirit becomes independent : the 'sweet breath of heaven', we are told in Book I, awakens in him the 'correspondent breeze', stronger than its source of inspiration. In *Pauline* the greatest influence on the poet is of Shelley the 'Sun-treader', and this influence is outgrown as the poem proceeds. Browning tells us how he watched Shelley's 'radiant form/ Growing less radiant' (II 114-15). Initially he was completely under the spell of Shelley whose

> words seemed
> A key to a new world, the muttering
> Of angels, something yet unguessed by man.
> ...Much there; I felt my own soul had conceived,
> But there living and burning. (II 415–18)

But soon 'new powers/Rose as old feelings left' (462-63). The infatuation with Shelley comes to an end leaving the poet not a disillusioned cynic but a wiser man who can 'clearlier see and better love' (1012), whose 'last state is happy, free from doubt/Or touch of fear' (1030). Whereas Wordsworth intellectualizes his experience Browning focuses on sensations.

If the *Prelude* pinpoints the 'spots of time' significant in an individual's life, and 'Tintern Abbey' traces the various stages in the development of the poet's attitude to nature, *Pauline* too, takes a sort of chronological look at the milestones in Browning's development. The first stage, the 'first dawn of life' (318) as he calls it, was the time when he 'had not seen a work of lofty art,/Nor women's beauty nor sweet nature's face' (328-29)—a stage before he had any inner experience but when he was aware of the sheer physical pleasures of natural beauty and the presence of a deeper, pervasive spirit :

> ...Yet strong beneath
> Was a vague sense of power though folded up—
> A sense that, though those shades and times were past,
> Their spirit dwelt in me, with them should rule (340–43)

The second stage corresponds with what Wordsworth calls the closing in of 'shades of the prison-house' which tarnish the innocence of the child. Says the narrator of *Pauline* :

> ...Came cunning, envy, falsehood, all world's wrong
> That spotted me. (351–52)

This is followed by the third stage in which Browning turns to music and poetry, inspired by earlier poets (385-89). Thus is he led on to the discovery of Shelley.

Pauline is thus an intensely personal confession of the narrator's state of mind when it first encountered the influence of Shelley. As in other confessional documents, there are certain problems which confront the reader. In the first place, the confession is to be taken as what Searle calls an 'illocutionary act',[15] keeping in view its contexts, conditions and intentions. The writer's aims are to be decoded : is his confession a kind of therapy or is it mere sensationalism, a ruse to win over an audience ? Second, what is the ratio of truth and invention, fact and fiction, in the composition ? To what extent can the reader trust the writer's sincerity ? Third, what relationship does the work bear to other literature of the period and to the literature that follows ?

When the protagonist of *Pauline*, in his disturbed state of mind, looks for direction towards the Beatrice-like Pauline, the question that arises at this point relates to the authenticity of the author's account. How much of the poem is based on facts from the poet'e life and how much of it is fiction (autobiographical invention, as Spengemann puts it) ? Perhaps Browning is merely perpetuating a desired image of himself. At the age of twenty we cannot possibly expect Browning to have had many profound experiences in life. But by this time he had come under Shelley's influence (and outgrown it, too). There is no reason for us to disbelieve his account of the stages in the Shelleyan influence. But when we come to *Pauline*, there seems to be a bit of invention. Browning may have had the Flower sisters in mind[16] but his ideal blends them with Dante's beloved.

But truth, accuracy and scientific precision are not important in a confession like *Pauline* where the focus is on emotional

reality, on bringing to the surface deeper thoughts and passions in all their naked honesty, whether he is making an unabashed appeal :

> Pauline, mine own, bend o'er me—thy soft breast
> Shall pant to mine—bend o'er me—thy Sweet eyes
> And loosened hair and breathing lips and arms... (1–3)

or whether it is a confession of 'A need, a trust, a yearning after God' (295) or of a momentary incapacity to love

> And I can love nothing—and this dull truth
> Has come the last: but sense supplies a love
> Encircling me and mingling with my life. (310–12)

or a dependence on the beloved

> Still sit by me with beating breast and hair
> Loosened, be watching earnest by my side,
> Turning my books or kissing me when I
> Look up—like summer wind. Be still to me
> A help to music's mystery which mind fails
> To fathom... (925–31)

There is a romantic tendency to regress into the self, an inclination to escape from the harsh realities of life. As the narrator admits :

> Why else have I sought refuge in myself
> But from the woes I saw and could not stay? (687–88)

As in Keats, the movement is away from the 'hungry generations', the 'weariness, the fever and the fret' of the world where men sit and hear each other groan. Browning probes the inner states, like the romantics. But, unlike them, as Morse Peckham puts it, he has a certain defence mechanism against disorientation.[17] While withdrawing from society and turning into his own self, he attempts a degree of objectivity, to distance, if possible, his personal involvement : 'I will tell/My state as though 'twere none of mine.' (585–86). We have, thus, in *Pauline*, a curious blend of the confessional with a pose that is aloof and objective. It may be taken as early, nebulous form of the later dramatic monologues,[18] focusing on the revelation of character in a particular dramatic situation. Chronologically, the utterance takes place at a single moment of time in the present and is based on a recapitulation of the past.

As a literary genre, the dramatic monologue thrived throughout the nineteenth century. Philip Hobsbaum relates its prosperity to the decline in the tradition of drama, stressing that it laid greater emphasis on speech rather than action. placing 'a weight of past action upon a speech delivered in the present.'[19] In the twentieth century, as dramatic monologue or otherwise, the personal confessional element in poetry continues with Pound's *Homage o Sextus Propertius* and Elict's *Prufrock* and *Gerontion*. The technique may vary[20] but the source of inspiration is unmistakable. In the 'sixties we may trace a resuscitation of Browning's *Pauline* manner in the emergence of the Confessional Poets in America. In this case too the impulse is autobiographical but there is an attempt to disclaim any direct personal involvement. For instance, John Berryman insists that his *D eam Songs* are sung by a certain Henry, 'not the poet, not me'; Roethke would like us to believe that he speaks not just of himself but of 'all haunted and harried men'; and Sylvia Plath tells us that the speaker of 'Daddy' is a 'girl with an Electra complex'. Thus, again, what we have is a number of utterances by 'so many imaginary persons' not necessarily the poet.

A confession is generally believed to have a therapeutic or cathartic aim, the purgation of some guilt (or 'deviance', in Peckham's words) or the exorcism of an overriding obsession. The therapy/catharsis leads to a restoration of equilibrium which was earlier disturbed in the poet. It is. at the same time, an attempt to go back to an earlier stage of equipoise and harmony. Relevant here is the 'circuitous journey' motif that M.H. Abrams traces in much Romantic literature,[21] The attempt in Blake and Wordsworth is to go back in time to a stage before the onset of experience, before the self was tainted by the 'shades of the prison-house'. In Browning, recollection takes him to a time before 'all the world's wrong... spotted' him. At the same time the imagination looks forward to new greener pastures akin to those left behind. There is, thus, a circular pattern, as in the works of poets like Wordsworth or Blake, that takes the poet from the present to the past and then back again to the present. The distance between

what Spengemann calls the 'knowing self' (narrator) and the 'experiencing self' (protagonist) is finally obliterated as the two become one. The poem begins and ends with the present. Though a 'fregment' *Pauline* achieves some kind of a wholeness with the narrator/protagonist asserting that his 'last state is happy, free from doubt/Or touch of fear'.

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9 Edward Berdoe, *The Browning Cyclopaedia* (London, 1958), pp. 330-33.

10 Morse Peckham, 'Browning and Romanticism,' in *Robert Browning* ed. Isobel Armstrong (London, 1974), pp. 63-64.

11 Quoted by William Clyde DeVane in *A Browning Handbook* (New York, 1955), p. 46.

12 *Poetical Works*, p. 945.

13 Spengemann, op. cit. pp. 6-8.

14 We may also take as conversion the replacement of darkness by light, ignorance by enlightenment, acquiring the ability to understand and absorb reality and come to terms with oneself.

15 J.R. Searle, *Speech Acts : An Essay in the Philosophy of Language* (Cambridge, 1969).

16 *Browning's Youth*, p. 185.

17 'Browning and Romanticism', p. 72.

18 As Berdoe says in *The Browning Cyclopaedia*, p. 328: 'in *Pauline* we have 'the god though in the germ'.

19 Philip Hobsbaum, *Tradition and Experiment in English Poetry* (London, 1979), p. 240.

20 *Tradition and Experiment*, p. 250.

21 See M.H. Abrams, *Natural Supernaturalism* (New York & London, 1671).

Chitrita Sinha

THE MANY WORLDS OF SYLVIA PLATH

Entering the tower of my fears,
I shut my doors on that dark guilt,
I bolt the door, each door I bolt,
Blood quickens, gonging in my ears.
The panther's tread is on the stairs,
Coming up and up the stairs. (Pursuit[1])

It seems that the panther never gave up its pursuit of Sylvia Plath. All through her brief life she felt the hideous beast 'coming up and up the stairs', trying to get at her in various forms. A study of her life and work reveals that the animal was nothing but an amalgam of the dark forces which disturbed and disintegrated her mind and yet shaped her art.

Sylvia Plath has emerged as a significant writer of America She is original, complex and highly controversial, whose tragic and unnatural death at thirty (February, 1963) further deepened the mystery and controversy surrounding her. A true cult-figure, she has been variously projected as the 'symbol of woman oppressed,'[2] as the pathetic victim of an inhibited middle-class up-bringing. as the 'doomed innocent, undone by a sensibility too acute for our gross physical world,'[3] · etc.—all leading to the creation of the Sylvia Plath myth. Fortunately however, time has allowed a great deal of the dust of conjectures to settle down, giving us thereby a clearer and more rational view of the artist.

Plath was a child prodigy and started writing for magazines at the age of eight. As a professional writer, however, she worked for only seven years from 1955 just after her graduation from Smith College until her suicide in February 1963. Considering her brief career, she was quite a prolific writer and explored almost all the literary genres including poetry, novel, verse play, short story and non-fiction composition. Her

publications also include her *Letters Home*, written chiefly to her mother and her extensive *Journals*, both of which are immensely valuable as they provide important clues to the working of a complex mind like Sylvia's. According to Ted Hughes, her husband, the journals contain 'the nearest thing to a living portrait of her'. 'If we read them with understanding' he adds, 'they can give us the key to the most intriguing mystery about her, the key to our biggest difficulty in our approach to her poetry.'[4]

The difficulty of understanding Sylvia Plath lies in the extreme singularity of her poetic genius. If she was schizophrenic, she knew her problem—the problem of a multiple existence with horrifying psychic metamorphoses and consequent loss of identity for the evoker. In poem after poem she deals with this split in her nature and tries to fight it out with the awe-inspiring courage and single-mindedness of a Greak heroine :

> I shall never get out of this : There are two of me now :
> This new absolutely white person and the old yellow one...
> I used to think we might make a go of it together—
> After all, it was a kind of marriage, being so close,
> Now I see it must be one or the other of us,
> She may be a saint, and I may be ugly and hairy,
> But she'll soon find out that that doesn't matter a bit.
> I'm collecting my strength; one day I shall manage without her.
> And she'll perish with emptiness then, and begin to miss me.
>
> *(In Plaster)*

Again in *Mirror* :

> Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,
> Searching my reaches for what she really is,
> Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.
> I see her back and reflect it faithfully.
> She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.
> I am important to her. She comes and goes.
> Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.
> In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman
> Rises towards her day after day, like a terrible fish.

This constant awareness of the presence of the 'other person' in herself and the terrible infighting between the various selves result in a pathetic loss of identity and nervous breakdown for her. In *The Bell Jar* she admits that her repeated attempts at suicide were prompted by her desire to get rid of this perverseness in herself :

> But when it came right down to it, the skin of my wrist looked so white and defenceless that I couldn't do it. It was as if what I wanted to kill wasn't in that skin or the thin blue pulse that jumped under my thumb, but somewhere else, deeper; more secret, and a whole lot harder to get at[5].

Sylvia was eager to talk about her problems and in the novel she describes the frustrations and uncertainties which, in spite of her being a superachiever in the academic and other fields, plagued her all along. In the poems too one can trace a frantic search for a confirmation of her worth and genuineness, lack of which causes the bewilderment. *A Birthday Present* begins on a note of deep depression which arises out of this knowledge of a divided and distracted self :

> What is this; behind this veil, is it ugly, is it beautiful ?
> It is shimmering; has it breasts, has it edges ?
> I am sure it is unique, I am sure it is just what I want,
> When I am quiet at my cooking I feel it looking, I feel it thinking.
> 'Is this the one I am to appear for,
> Is this the elect one, the ene with black eye–pits and a scar?
> Measuring the flour, cutting off the surplus,
> Adhering to rules, to rules, to rules,
> Is this the one for the annunciation ?
> My god, what a laugh !

In *The Bell Jar* she is more specific and says :

> If neurotic is wanting two mutually exclusive things at one and the same time, then I'm neurotic as hell. I'll be flying back and forth between one mutually exclusive thing and another for the rest of my days.[6]

This contradiction in Sylvia Plath is perhaps responsible for some of the most bewildering and sometimes shocking images and expressions in her poems. Both the *Poem for a Birthday* and *The Beekeeper's Daughter* present the picture of a girl who

misses her dead father very much and broods over his absence. In the former poem the little girl fondly remembers how she used to hold the hand of her learned father and eat up his words of wisdom :

> Once I was ordinary 1
> Sat by my father's bean tree
> Eating the fingers of wisdom.

In the latter the daughter expresses her father-fixation in a rich and warm tone :

> In burrows narrow as a finger, solitary bees
> Keep house among the grasses. Kneeling down
> I set my eye to a hole-mouth and meet an eye
> Round, green, disconsolate as a tear.
> Father, bridegroom; in this Eastern egg
> Under the coronal of sugar roses
> The queen bee marries the winter of your age.

Strangely enough the same father is given a very different treatment in *Daddy*.

> There's a stake in your fat black heart
> And the villagers never liked you.
> They are dancing and stamping on you.
> They always *knew* it was you.
> Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I'm through.

This was no doubt a futile attempt at the exorcism of the all-pervading influence of her dead father.

Sylvia Plath was obsessed with death and suicide. She lost her father when she was eight and at thirty she separated from her husband (whom she loved desperately) because of his infidelity. Both these events had devastating effects upon her life and broke her up into pieces. The poems in *Ariel*, *Crossing the Watar* and *Winter-Trees* contain a series of angry outbursts, the violence of which sometimes takes our breath away. Simultaneously there is also a deep sense of injury and of betrayal in the poems and we realise that the rapidly sucoeeding images of pain, blood, horror and hatred actually signify her protest against the imperfections and inadequacies of life. She feels that she can not hold any longer against such a wind of violence :

> Now I break up in pieces that fly about like clubs.
> A wind of such violence
> Will tolerate no bystanding: I must shriek ? (*Elm*)

She shrieks and cries for help in the utter loneliness and darkness of her agony :

> I am inhabited by a cry.
> Nightly it flaps out
> Looking, with its hooks, for something to love;
> I am terrified by this dark thing
> That sleeps in me :
> All day I feel its soft, feathery turnings, its malignity. *(Elm)*

It took Plath quite some time to realise that her fate and her art were inseparable–her troubled psyche being the genesis of her true creativity. In the early part of her career she followed a more restrained and objective style of writing and although she perfected that style with her superb craftsmanship, yet she could not impress much, because that intensely subjective element which was her own, was not there. Consequently the short stories and most of the poems of *The Colossus* which were written in that style, satisfied neither their creator nor their critics. Still she persisted under the notion that objectivity was the primary requisite of all great art. She screamed in her diary—'I shall perish if I can write about no one by myself.' She fought hard to prevent the 'compulsive suction' into her own subjectivity till she realised that that was the fountainhead of her creative urge. Her liberation came through Robert Lowell and Anne Sexton who initiated her into this art of subjective writing. The resultant creations of *Ariel, Winter Trees* and *The Bell Jar* showed that Plath had now found the literary diction which was her own and which was most suitable for the kind of experiences she wanted to convey. She had, as it were, tapped a geyser inside her and what poured forth in a warm raging torrent was her own injured self :—

> The blood jet is poetry
> There is no stopping it. *(Kindness)*

Commenting on this singular aspect of her creativity Ted Hughes remarks :

> Many passages in this present book (*The Journal* of Sylvia Plath) show the deliberate—almost frantic—effort with which she tried to extend her writing, to turn it toward the world and other people, to stretch it over more of outer reality, to forget herself in some exploration of outer reality—in which she took, after all, such constant, intense delight. But the hidden

workshop, the tangle of roots, the crucible, controlled everything. Everything became another image of itself, another lens into itself. And whatever it could not use in this way, to objectify some disclosure of itself, did not get onto the page at all.[7]

Her poems are dramatic, although she was not the first one to discover the dramatic potentiality of the lyric. There had been poets like Hopkins and Yeats before her. But the intensity and piquancy which she brought to it, added another dimension to lyricism. Commenting on her contribution to dramatic poetry Calvin Bedient remarks in her article 'Sylvia Plath : Romantic'

Plath is one of the greatest of these inventors. It may be true that her only successful character creation was her imaginative exaggeration of her own will. Still how much drama this produced : Which of our other poets gives us so much of conflict, elliptical plot, eloquence under circumstantial stress ? Plath is almost alone in the field..She could write only about herself, but she herself was the struggle of persons, she herself was drama.[8]

Towards the end of her life her poems became even more exotic and egocentric. Trifling incidents like a finger cut, fever or a bruise became occasions for poetry. According to Plath they were her attempts to weave 'the wasteful accidents of life' into a meaningful pattern, as in *Cut* :

What a thrill—
My thumb instead of an onion.
The top quite gone.
Except for a sort of a hinge
of skin,
A flap like a hat,
Dead white.
Then that red plush.

Sylvia Plath felt an irresistible attraction for the bizzare and the ugly. Nancy Hunter Steiner who was her roommate at Smith College and knew her quite intimately for two years, says in *A Closer Look at Ariel* that Plath could not resist exploring bizarre things even when they 'frightened or sickened her'. Sylvia herself admits her morbidity in *The Bell Jar :*

I liked looking on at other people in crucial situations. If there was a road accident or a street fight or a baby pickled in a laboratory jar for me to look at, I'd stop and look so hard I never forgot it.[9]

She seemed to receive a devious pleasure in nourishing her wounds and probing them till they hurt and made her cry out in poetry. What a morbid picture *Death and Co.* unfolds :

> He tells me how sweet
> The babies look in their hospital
> Icebox; a simple
> Frill at the neck,
> Then the flutings of their Ionian
> Death-gowns,
> Then two little feet.

In *Enlargement or Derangement* Barbara Hardy makes a wise comment on the apparently negative approach of the art of Sylvia Plath :

> Her poetry rejects instead of accepting; despairs instead of glorifying, turns its face with steady consistency towards death, not life. But these hating and horrified passions are rooted in love, are rational as well as irrational, lucid as well as bewildered, humane and honourable...[10].

Her passions and agonies, however crooked at times, are actually born of a deep hunger for love and life and the expressions are so much more effective through their rejection and hurt. They become all the more significant and revealing when we think how optimistically she started out on her sojourn ot life, she writes to her mother :

> The future holds infinite hope and challenge. I somehow can't keep from singing to myself, no matter how weary I am. Sunshine which I had when I was little seems to have been restored by Smith, and I know that, in the cycle of joy and sorrow, there will always be an outlet for me. I can never lose everything—all at once.[11]

After she had met and married Ted Hughes she felt a welcome change in her personality, sort of blossoming out into a perfect flower in the warmth and radiance of their mutual love and respect : 'I am coming into my own, I am becoming at one with myself growing toward the best in me...how best I can be for a woman, even after my past wastes and squanderings of energy '[21] Unfortunately her moorings snapped and she found herself adrift on a terrifying sea of utter confusion and loneliness.

We may miss the cool ambience and wisdom of Elizabeth Bishop or Marianne Moore in the poems of Sylvia Plath, but the things she offers are not easily found elsewhere. The mesmerising rhythm and sound of her lines, the quick succession of unexpected images, the poignancy of her utterance have a beauty and power of their own. Her poems are dramatic and pictographic and they illustrate the potential of what T.E. Hulme calls the 'new visual art' of poetry.

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NOTES

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Syed Nasim Ahmad

POINT OF VIEW IN *MANSFIELD PARK*

In *Mansfield Park*, as in her other novels, Jane Austen uses Fanny Price as a 'centre' or a 'focus'[1] and allows her to dominate the stage as a central intelligence character. However, the novelist begins initially by summing up the story of the three Ward sisters neutrally. Of these three Ward sisters, one had been married very gainfully to a baronet, one very badly to a lieutenant of the marines, and one neither too badly nor too well to a clergyman. The fortunate sister Lady Bertram is successfully persuaded by the clerical sister to care for one of Mrs Price's unfortunate nine children. Accordingly, Fanny Price, a frail, shy, and sensible child, hardly ten years old, comes to make her home at Mansfield Park.

Fanny being conscious of her dependent position fails to settle herself honourably among her Bertram cousins. Mrs Norris, her aunt who lives at Mansfield Park, after her husband's death, directs unnecessary attention to her dependent position. But Edmund, one of her four cousins seems to have recognised her qualities—cleverness, grace, and, to cap all, her pleasant disposition. He advises her in moments of grief and desolation and attempts to cheer up her numbed heart. When Fanny speaks of her foolishness and awkwardness, Edmund evades the issue of her situation, and clumsily assures her by telling her that she has the making of a splendid friend and companion. He says :

> As to your foolishness and awkwardness, my dear Fanny, believe me, you never have a shadow of either but in using the words so unproperly. There is no reason in the world why you should not be important where you are known. You have good sense, and sweet temper and I am sure you have a grateful heart that could never receive kindness without wishing to return it. I do not know any better qualification for a friend and companion[2].

Fanny's point of view begins to become discernible right from the beginning of the story by the amount of attention the writer constantly pays to her. The scene at Mansfield Park goes on changing but the novelist keeps her eyes fixed on Fanny. Her love for aloofness that stems from her poor-relation mentality does threaten her central position but fails to effect her relegation to the periphery. The story-teller weaves her story around a character which appears to be apparantly reticent and withdrawn from the centre of activities in Mansfield Park but whose failings as well as virtues are of supreme concern to the writer because they constitute the moral basis of the story.

Mrs Grant whose husband has become the Rector after the death of Mr Norris, arrives in the village along with her brother and sister, Mr Henry Crawford and Miss Mary Crawford. Both of the Bertram girls are immensely attracted towards Henry Crawford. He is not very handsome; still he is a 'gentleman with a pleasing address' (p. 77). Miss Maria Bertram being already engaged with Rushworth, a well-connected rich lout, Mr Crawford with all his partiality for Maria, rightly falls to Julia's share. Miss Mary Crawford attracted both Tom Bertram, now returned from abroad and his younger brother Edmund. A complex knot of connections among the Crawfords and Bertrams has thus been woven. In fact Crawfords invade the cheerful orderliness of the house, when the rightful guardian, Sir Thomas is away, and in a sincere lust for animation, the invaders rob the place of its peace and tranquility. Fanny is the first to realize and regret the intrusion of the Crawfords. She finds that Edmund whom she herself began to love is fast falling prey to the superficial charms of the shallow and worldly Mary, and that her cousin Maria is carrying on a very unseemly flirtation with Henry. She bemoans the situation and remains isolated. She receives the first blow from Miss Mary Crawford when she is requested by Edmund to spare his quiet mare regularly for Mary's ride and finds the mare not available to her after sometime—

> Active and fearless, and though rather small, strongly made, she seemed formed for a horse-woman;...and to the pure genuine pleasure of the exercise; something was probably added in Edmund's attendance and

instructions, and something more in the conviction of very much surpassing her sex in general by her early progress, to make her unwilling to dismount. Fanny was ready and waiting and Mrs Norris was beginning to scold her for not being gone, and still no horse was announced, no Edmund appeared. To avoid her aunt and look for him she went out. (p. 97).

Fanny's agonies further deepen when she finds Mary and Edmund both on horse-back riding side by side. She wonders that Edmund should forget her so soon and feels a pang and finally struggling against grief and envy, falls sick. However, Edmund continues to support her through the travails of her life vexed by utter negligence, and her aunt's disparagements. Her exclusion from the party to Rushworth's place would have been another very strong blow to her already lowly couched spirit, but Edmund's timely intervention saves her from humiliation. She is included and feels thankful to Edmund particulary because he offers to stay back and look after his mother: 'She felt Edmund's kindness with all, and more than all, the sensibility which he, unsuspicious of her fond attachment could be aware of; but that he should forgo any enjoyment on her account gave her pain, and her own satisfaction in seeing Sotherton would be nothing without him' (p. 109). However, Mrs Grant agrees to remain a companion for the day to Lady Bertran in place of Edmund. The party thus including both Edmund and Fanny happily goes out on the proposed excursion to Sotherton. Edmund and Mary in these episodes occupy the stage significantly; nevertheless, Fanny is the single controlling intelligence and our confrontation with reality is always through her central consciousness and never direct.

The Southerton visit added significance in view of the fact that it provides a large number of characters with the trifling exception of Lady Bertram and Sir Thomas. The point of view here becomes confused. Miss Fanny Price who is a constant point of reference is no better than a convenient moral observer. Her enthusiasm for the avenue, her romantic idea of the chapel, and her anxiety for the Bertrams are all appreciable and important. But the novelist artistically withdraws her from the scene with a view to creating room for Edmund and

Miss Crawford to appear on the stage and highlight the question of Edmund's ordination and Miss Crawford's attempt to undermine his intention to become a clergyman. While walking about in the wilderness in Southerton, they discuss this very issue :

'So you are to be a clergyman, Mr Bertram. This is rather a surprise to me'. 'Why should it surprise you? You must suppose me designed for some profession. and might perceive that I am neither a lawyer, nor a sailor'. 'Very true· but, in short it had not occured to me. And you know there is generally an uncle or a grandfather. to leave a fortune to the second son'. 'A very praiseworthy practice', said Edmund, but not quite universal. I am one of the exceptions. and being one must do something for myself.' 'But why are you to be a clergyman? I thought that was always the lot of the youngest, where there were many to choose before him' (p. 110).

Finally Miss Crawford's dissension culminates into the denigrating remark that a 'clergyman is nothing, and that distinction in life may be gained but not in church.' It is in Sotherton that the signs of two distinctly different approaches on the part of the two lovers begin to show up. The sharp dichotomy between two widely different attitudes, that of Edmund and of Mary, is undeniably very important to Mansfield Park but it becomes still more important to Fanny whose dream of a happy life hangs suspended on the seemingly implacable Edmund. The writer has to show the reader the entire course that gradually effects the break of Edmund and Mary Crawford and this end perhaps cannot be achieved without subordinating Fanny and taking up the point of view of these two characters

Austen obviously designs this novel on a different pattern indicating a much wider range and a power to handle a large variety of characters with multifarious interests. The subject is no longer the reform of a single heroine through a chain of events but the breakdown and the subsequent reform of a highly organised society. The society is represented by Bertram, and Fanny is the only corrective force available to them. In Sotherton, after a short pause she takes up the thread again. She warns Miss Maria who complains that the iron gates give her 'a feeling of restraint and hardship' (p. 127), and Henry

Crawford suggests that she might with little difficulty pass round the edge of the gate with his assistance. Fanny signals the danger :

> Fanny, feeling all this to be wrong, could not help making an effort to prevent it 'You will hurt yourself, Miss Bertram', she cried out, you will certainly hurt yourself against those spikes—you will tear your gown—you will be in danger of slipping into the ha-ha. You had better not go'. Her cousin was safe on the other side, while these words were spoken, and smiling with all the good humour of success, she said, 'Thank you, my dear Fanny, but I and my gown are alive and well, and so good-bye' (p. 127).

Most artistically, Austen prefigures symbolically, Maria's by-passing of the iron codes of society and simultaneously emphasises Fanny's central position by allowing her to alert Maria to the impropriety of her activities in Sotherton. Fanny's centrality in Sotherton is further stressed by the fact that the story-teller does not go with any of the groups of gay ramblers to the wilderness but stays behind with the lonely Fanny to tell the reader all about her reflections on Crawfords.

The theatrical at Mansfield Park represents the culmination of the irresponsible licence indulged in by the Crawfords during Sir Thomas's absence. Their attempt to turn Mansfield Park into a theatre with a view to aping the passion they actually feel for the Bertrams, is undeniably a dangerous act of desecration. Edmund who appears to be reasonably sincere and alert, does object to the upstaging of the 'Lovers' Vow' in Mansfield Park, but finally yields and even consents to take part in the rehearsal. Fanny appears to be the only person who does not relent, and disapproves of it, though meekly but with conviction. She refuses to oblige Tom to play the role of the Cottager's wife.

> 'Fanny', cried Tom Bertram, from the other table, where the Conference was eagerly carrying on, and the conversation incessant, 'we want your services'. Fanny was up in a moment, expecting some errand, for the habit of employing her in that way was not yet overcome, inspite of all that Edmund could do. Oh !...we shall only want you, in our play. You must be Cottager's wife'.
>
> 'Me !' Cried Fanny, sitting down again with a most frightened look. 'Indeed you must excuse me. I could not act anything if you were to give me the world. No, indeed, I cennot act' (p. 168).

She turns red out of excessive agitation when Tom insists on her accepting the role of the Cottager's wife. She again requests him to excuse her but Tom's persuasion backed by Maria Mr Crawford and Mr Yates, continues and climaxes into Mrs Norris's scoldings for being too cruel to create so much of difficulties. But Edmund's request not to urge her any more finally settles the matter.

However, the unexpected arrival of Sir Thomas prevents the play from being staged. Sir Thomas restores order among the children whom the influence of the Crawfords has thrown into jealous rivalry and selfish disunion. Edmund being conscious of his own questionable conduct briefs his father on the whole acting scheme and blames everyone but Fanny :

'We have all been more or less to blame', said he 'everyone of us, excepting Fanny. Fanny is the only one who has judged rightly throughout, who has been consistent. Her feelings have been steadily against it from first to last. She never ceased to think of what was due to you. You will find Fanny everyrhing you could wish' (p 203).

Again one has to respond to the subtle symbolism of thls attitude and see Fanny's consciousness as a single clear light in the darkening house at Mansfield Park. Her strength of character, although beclouded by her priggishness and non-conversational attitude, shines out through her struggles to defend herself and the Bertrams against the Crawfords' invasion, and also through her endeavours to stick to her judgements despite strong oppositions from all sides.

Maria Bertram who has secretly expected Henry Crawford to apply to her father and win his consent for her hand in marriage has been disappointed. She is led to fulfil her engagement to Rushworth. Miss Bertram's departure from Mansfield taking Julia as a companion, forces Fanny to venture more into the social life in Mansfield Park. She does sometimes relapse into silence to preserve the tranquility of her mind but from this turn of the story onwards, she strongly occupies the centre. The Crawfords, though already gone, yet haunt her mind and her greatest inner upheaval comes when Henry Crawford proposes to her. He being a practised flirt Fanny's innocence

promises a new and intriguing pleasure but his vanity is piqued by her polite indifference. Henry Crawford says to his sister :

'And how do you think, I mean to amuse myself Mary, on the days that I do not hunt ? ... I do not like to eat the bread of idleness. No, my plan is to make Fanny Price in love with me...I cannot be satisfied without Fanny Price, without making a small hole in Fanny's heart. You do not seem properly aware of her claims to notice...I do not understand her..what is her character ? Is she solemn ? Is she queer? Is she prudish? Why did she draw back and look so grave at me? I could hardly get her to speak. I never was so long in company with a girl in my life—trying to entertain her—and succeed so ill ! ... Her looks say, "I will not like you I am determined not to like you", and I say, "she shall" (pp. 239–40).

Henry Crawford sets about this flirtation initially with a view to avenging Fanny for her absolute indifference to him but in course of time he seriously plans to marry her and vainly tries to earn her affection. He suddenly becomes very kind to Fanny's brother, William. Fanny's affection for William being obvious her indebtedness to Henry Crawford for lending him a hunter and also arranging the lieutenancy places a demand on her to be very polite and courteous. However, she very strongly refuses in the matter of Henry's proposal to marry her. Her difficulty increases manifold when Edmund—in the intervals to pouring out his doubts regarding Mary Crawford—pleads enthusiastically for (the advisability of) accepting Crawford's proposal. But Fanny steadfastly refuses. She appears to be determined not to give any serious thought to his attentions. However, the conversation between Fanny and Edmund progresses during a walk in the shrubbery at Mansfield Park, and she reaches her most important objection to Crawford :

'It is not merely in temper that I consider him as totally unsuited to myself; though in that respect, I think, the difference between us too great, infinitely too great, infinitely too great; his spirits often oppress me—but there is something in him which I object to still more I must say, cousin, that I connot approve his character. I have not thought well of him from the time of the play. I then saw him behaving, as it appeared to me, so very unproperly and unfeelingly, I may speak of it now because it is all over—so unproperly by poor Rushworth, not seeming to care how he exposed or hurt him, and paying attentions to my cousin Maria, which—in short, at the time of the play, I received an impression which will never be got over' (p. 346.)

The subject becomes still more agitating to Fanny when Sir Thomas receives the proposal favourably and talks to her to bring her round to his point of view.

Fanny's perseverance aggravates the situation and Sir Thomas purposely sends her back to her out-at-elbow family in Portsmouth temporarily, so that she might reconsider the propcsal in the ligh of circumstance unfavourably changed and revise her excessively unworldly attitude to life. Portsmouth is a place where Fanny grows out of her bookish stillness into maturity through physical realism and complex psychological responses. She learns that the question of the importance of worldly good is vitally related to life. Economic vicissitude can turn a potential Lady Bertram into a Mrs Price. Mrs Price would have been different had she been placed in Lady Bertram's situation of affluence and prosperity:

'...a situation of similar affluence...would have been much more suited to her (Mrs Price's) capacity, than the exertions and self-denials of the one which her imprudent marriage had placed her in. She might have made just as good a woman of consequence as Lady Bertram, but Mrs Norris would have been a more respectable mother of nine children, on a small income' (pp. 382–83).

The absence of an adequate quantity of things of this world is a real evil at Portsmouth. It is for the first time at Portsmouth that Fanny realizes that a socially and economically advantageous marriage to Henry Crawford migh favourably change the style of the life of her family. And wrong as he has been about so many things, Sir Thomas is right about his prediction that a visit to Portsmouth might help revise her outlook on life.

Some of the major events that shook Fanny through and through take place during her stay in Portsmouth. While Fanny is away Mansfield Park collapses. Tom Bertram nearly dies of a fever brought out by a fall at New market and also by too much drinking and the neglect of his gay companions. Maria runs away with Henry Crawford who forgets his love for Fanny long enough to commit an irrevocable indiscretion and Julia elopes with Mr Yates. Fanny is profoundly shocked by the news but in her innermost heart she is not altogether

surprised. She knows Crawford well and what happened is not far removed from her expectation. But she is miserably sad for Mansfield Park. Fanny's sense of belonging to Mansfield Park is fully awakened and she acknowledges that her true home is Mansfield. Her return to the Park is supposed to have taken place after Easter. But Easter comes and goes; the spring approaches and Fanny continues to pass her days in a state of penance longing to be back to the people she loves, and who she now knows love her:

'Her eagerness, her impatience, her longings to be with them, were such as to bring a line or two of Cowper's Terocinium for ever before her, with what intense desire she wants her home, was continually on her tongue...When she had been coming to Portsmouth, she had loved to call it her home, had been fond of saying that she was going home; the word has been very dear to her; and so it still was, but it must be applied to Mansfield. That was now the home. Portsmouth was Portsmouth; Mansfield was home' (pp. 420-21)

Mansfield Park does occupy a very significant place in the scheme of the story but Fanny Price being planted in the centre of activities in the Park, becomes still more important. True it is that she is currently away in Portsmouth but everything of consequence about Mansfield Park has been regularly communicated to her and the reader also knows about these events through the letters to Fanny Price. In fact, in Portsmouth episode, the action takes place behind the reader's as well as behind Fanny's back and we find everything out by letters. But this perhaps is unavoidable. Even if Fanny had been in Mansfield Park, the events that took place away from the Park could have been communicated to her through letters.

Fanny's dissociation from her rightful sorroundings superficially appears to be suppressing the relation between the emotional state and material circumstances but the fact is otherwise. Her transplantation to Portsmouth is necessary because it intensifies her sense of belonging to Mansfield and also attunes her psychologically to receiving the staggering news (about Maria and Julia) that compromises the reputation of Mansfield now her real home.

Since the heroine epitomizes Mansfield Park, Austen schematically allows all the unseemly events of the story to take place elsewhere lest the reputation of Mansfield Park should come under heavy shade. The Sotherton episode, the vulgarities of Maria and Julia—all excepting the theatrical which is also disposed of immediately after Sir Thomas' return—take place away from the Park. Fanny's concern for Mansfield Park being supreme, she is rightly forced into temporary exile lest she should be touched by the compromising vulgarities of some of the members of the Park This adequately accounts for her banishment to Portsmouth as well as for the striking want of speech in the latter part of the novel.

Now Edmund's eyes open to the real character of the Crawfords and his heart is nearly broken. Fanny is hastily summoned to Mansfield Park to console and support her uncle and aunt and eventually to marry Edmund. Fanny appears to be the only person who can shore up Manfield through its moral collapse. *Mansfield Park,* as a matter of fact concludes with its heroine attaining two things—her rightful place as a member of its true family, and her freedom. When she eventually marries Edmund and becomes a member of Mansfield family, we feel like Emma—though by a different process and by starting from a different position—she has very deservedly earned the right to become a real member of the Park family. However, the struggle in Fanny's case is much sterner and distressing than that in case of Emma.

Looking back on the novel and comparing it with the rest of Austen's works, one recognises the effect of a profounder moral vision and a more mature technique. Fanny is not that strongly set at the centre of *Mansfield Park* as Elizabeth Bennet is in *Pride and Prejudice.* Fanny does grow out of her priggishness and timidity into greater assertiveness but her progress to maturity is not the major concern of *Mansfield Park* as it is of *Sense and Sensibility* and *Pride and Prejudice.* Fanny's centrality chiefly lies in the fact that the inhabitants of Mansfield Park are forced to discover her virtues as a contrast to their own vanities. Lady Bertram is pleased to discover that

her niece has the requisite virtue to become the mistress of the Crawford's country residence of Everingham. Henry Crawford discovers that Fanny has 'claim to notice', and when his chivalry turns into serious love, he identifies her special qualities exclusive to Fanny, that interests and intrigues him and sets Fanny even above her cousins. Edmund also identifies her hidden and unexpressed strength of character at the end of the story and finally marries her. She is summoned back to the Park to revitalize Mansfied. Fanny's role has been superficially subordinated to Mansfield but the fact that she is really the redeemer of the lost vitallity of the Bertram family at the Park, sets her strongly in the heart of the story.

The moralizing tone of the story stems partly from the writer's indirectly intruding into the mass of the novel. After Mrs Norris approves Miss Bertram's appraisal of Fanny's character as one who is no better than a stupid girl, the author intrudes indirectly to introduce a comment on the subject. It could not have been communicated with the same effect by any of the characters of the story ;

> Such were the counsels by which Mrs Norris assisted to form her nieces' minds; and it is not very wonderful that with all their promising talents and early information, they should be entirely different in the less common acquirements of self-knowledge, generosity and humility. In every thing, but disposition, they were admiringly taught (p, 55).

In Sotherton, when the gay ramblers disappear in the wilderness in happy groups and Fanny is left all alone, the novelist intrudes obliquely to tell the reader the idea that has been turning over in her mind and again :

> Fanny was again left to her solitude and with no increase of pleasant feelings, for she was sorry for almost all that she had seen and heard, astonished at Miss Bertram, and angry with Mr Crawford. By taking a circuitous, and as it appeared to her, a very undesirable direction to the knoll, they were soon beyond her eye; and for some minutes longer she remained without sight or sound of any companion. She seemed the little world all to herself. She could almost have thought, that Edmund and Miss Crawford had left it, but it was impossible for Edmund to forget her so entirely (p. 127).

The present agitation of her mind can be delineated with effect only through an indirect commentary. The complex psychological problem that grips Fanny's mind cannot at all be dramatised. Austen being a skilful maker of her story, chooses to intrude, to lay open to the reader the content of Fanny's lonely reflections.

In Mansfield Park, Fanny, the heroine becomes a private person; nevertheless, she plays a very important role as a guiding spirit of the Park. She is the only person to detest the emotional vagaries of her cousins in Sotherton and also disapprove of the upstaging of the 'Lovers' Vow' in Mansfield household. Her persistent denial to accept Crawford's proposal, which obviously appears to be a tempting alternative—not to Edmund but to her family—calls for some determination which Fanny meekly provides and which adequately illustrates her virtues and the stuff she is made of.

Schematically, Austen attempts to project these virtues through a sustained exposure of her interior life. The reader being placed close to the heroine, begins to identify himself with her, and takes delight as she emerges victorious through the vicissitudes of life. The first strong sign of moral depravity which Fanny notes with chagrin in Sotherton, and of which the readers come to know through a reduced role-distance, is Maria's conscious indulgence in flirtation with Henry Crawford despite her engagement with Rushworth.

> Fanny was the only one of the party who found any thing to dislike; but since the day at Sotherton, she could never see Mr Crawford with either sister without observation, and seldom without wonder or censure; and had her confidence in her own judgement been equal to her exercise of it in every other respect, had she been sure that she was seeing clearly, and judging candidly she would probably have made some important communications to her usual confident (p. 142)

Fanny's reticence and self-retraction is a weakness, almost a sickness. But the writer wants to show to the reader that her weakness is also a token of exhaustion and strain she incurs through her 'heroism of principle'. In her passivity, she is not inactive. She holds on strenuously to standards and

values which others all around her are thoughtlessly abandoning. Sometime, she even grows out of her stillness to hazard a hint to his usual confidants. She says to Edmund :

'I am rather suprised', said she, 'that Mr Crawford should come back again so soon, after being here so long before, full seven weeks; for I had understood he was so very fond of change and moving about, that I thought something would certainly occur when he was once gone, to take him elsewhere. He is used to much gayer place than Mansfield' (p. 142).

But the hint appears to be completely lost to Edmund when he tries to evade further argument on this subject. Fanny insists and takes the thread again :

'What a favourite he is with my cousins ! Yes, (said Edmund) his manners to women are such as must please. Mrs Grant—I believe suspects him of a preference for Julia; I have never seen much symptoms of it, but I wish it may be so. He has no faults but what a serious attachment would remove'. "If Bertram were not engaged', said Fanny, cautiously, 'I couid sometimes alsmost think that he admired her more than Julia' (pp. 142-43)

Fanny's definitive qualities as a heroine are her extroversion and her judgement that chiefly lies in her difference from the Crawfords. Sometimes, Edmund also does not approve of her stand, but the reader knows that in almost everything Fanny is right.

Fanny stands alone in her unqualified disapproval of the upstaging of the 'Lovers' Vow' at Mansfield Park. The novelist sets Fanny right in the centre to illustrate to the reader that only Fanny holds out against the plan and that she maintains resistance throughout the early states. Yet at the crucial moment—on the day of the final rehearsal, when Mrs Grant fails to appear to play the part, Fanny is persuaded to read the lines, though with great reluctance. 'As Edmund repeated his wish and with a look of even fond dependence on her good nature, she must yield. She would do her best. Every body was satisfied—and she was left to the tremors of a most palpitating heart, while the others prepared to begin' (p. 191). The fact that she finally yields and participates in the rehearsal does not show a week moral nature as far as Fanny is concerned.

The reader falls in line with the writer when they infer that Fanny's unwilling suspension of her disapprobation and her acquiescence at last gives a human dimension to her character and makes her still more dear to the reader.

Her relationship to Henry Crawford is another case in point. The writer keeps Fanny on the stage constantly after one-third of the story is covered (after twenty-one chapters) with a view to showing that she disapproves of Crawford right from the beginning and for reasons that can hardly seem bad even in the morally indifferent twentieth-century world. She finds Henry flirt overtly with Maria Bertram whose engagement with Rushworth is not a secret. She thinks him a trifler when he attempts to make her fall in love with him. The novelist, through reduced role distance' and through a sustained exposure of her interior life, wants to show to the reader that Fanny stands out against him despite the most ardent pressure from him and the most heated persuasions from both Sir Thomas and Edmund. She becomes really very dear to the reader when she resists Henry's proposal of marriage—not once but twice—and endures the terrifying disapproval of her uncle who finally sends her to Portsmouth.

Portsmouth is a place where the reader watches Fanny grow into maturity. Through the extreme contrast between Mansfield and Portsmouth, she learns to weigh relative values and what she rightly longs for is Mansfied as it should be a combination of stable framework and cheerful orderliness. The Portsmouth episode is again important because it allows the climax to take place and to be retailed to Fanny and also to the reader who leaves Mansfield for Portsmouth with Fanny. There is little action in this part of the story. The reader comes to know about the collapse of Mansfield through letters and newspapers. Tom Bertram dissipates through excessive drinking. Maria meets Henry Crowford again in London and runs away with him. Julia elopes with Mr Yates. Now Fanny begins to measure high in the estimation of Edmund and also Sir Thomas because she is the only character who has foreseen the climax and signalled the danger. Not only the reader, but also the people in Mansfield, begin to realise, that Fanny's

evaluation of Crawford's character was correct and that if her signals had been taken earnestly, the catastrophe at Mansfield Park would have been avoided. Through a sustained exposure of Fanny's psychological responses to various untoward events that take place in Mansfield, Austen wants to highlight to the reader the fact of her prudent and abiding concern for her cousins in the Park. Austen shows to the reader that the sincerity she has for Bertrams has been, at long last, recognised by Sir Thomas and also by Edmund who considers Fanny his only comfort and that she can alone revitalize and help Mansfield out of the morass of moral collapse. She is summoned to Mansfield to marry Edmund and to obtain her rightful place in the Mansfield family,

Mansfield Park spreads over a long space of time but hardly anything that is redundant has been included into the mass of the story. The real events of the tale that take place in just over a year have been neatly filtered through the consciousness of the protagonist. The childhood details and the atmosphere of want and scarcity in Portsmouth have been dealt with in three chapters. A large number of characters are kept in motion by accurately observed psychological motivations. Symbols covering a wide range of interior and outdoor settings have been used. Each of these contributes to and unites with the other to enrich what seems eventually to us a living organism rather than a work of art.

Placed between *Pride and Prejudice* and *Emma* on the scale of Austen's developing artistic skill, *Mansfield Park* undoubtedly lacks the finish of these two technical masterpieces. Its plot has been complicated by the introduction of a large number of characters and also by shifts of locale—from Portsmouth to Mansfield Park and again from the Park to Portsmouth. It expresses, however, a deeper and a more complex human concern and tries to achieve a more difficult and complicated effect than any of her other novels.

The story of *Mansfield Park* moves at the pace of life itself. It is predominantly quiet, without much of melodramatic stir like that of *Sense and Sensibility* and *Pride and Prejudice*. However, there are certain episodes, which are charged

with emotion and the novelist does accelerate the pace of her narrative to meet the demand of the situation. Fanny Price for instance, is predominantly reticent and priggish; nevertheless, she displays deep emotionalism in some of the events of the story. She is conscious of her indebtedness to Henry Crawford' who has used his influence for her brothers' promotion but simultaneously she cannot brook Henry's insolence in the matter of his persistently proposing to her. Despite her attempt to be quiet and courteous to Henry, some emotional stir begins to surface when Henry proposes to her. The writer being conscious of the demand of the situation speeds up the movement of this episode, and observes :

> She could not be resentful of anything that injured only herself; and after having twice drawn back her hand, and twice attempted in vain to turn away from him, she got up and said only with much agitation. 'Don't, Mr Crwford, pray don't. I beg you would not. This is a sort of talking which is very unpleasant to me. I must go away, I cannot bear it' (p. 305).

Fanny is obviously agitated and her reply to Crawford's proposal has been narrated in swiftly moving prose.

The novelist sometimes attempts to highlight the topography of certain places because of their symbolic significance and consequently stays on these parts of the story for a longer time to give details of the scene through a slowly moving prose, In Sotherton, the writer moves slowly to describe the wilderness and also the iron palisades :

> Mr Crawford was the first to move forward to examine the capabilities of that end of the house. The lawn, bounded each side by a high wall, contained beyond the first planted area a bowling–green, and beyond the bowling–green a long terrace walk, backed by iron palisader, and commanding a view over them into the tops of the trees of the wilderness immediately adjoining (p. 118),

The details of the wilderness and also the iron rods that prevent the entry into the forest are important on symbolic level. Maria's attempt to achieve liberty is symbolically represented by the wilderness and the restraining forces likewise by the iron rods. A swift moving prose would have failed to

achieve the intended effect. Austen's novels move at the pace of life and *Mansfield Park* is also a case in point.

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Vanashree

BI-POLAR SELF REFLEXIVITY AND ILLUSIONS OF TRANSCENDENCE IN JOYCE'S *ULYSSES*

Like every potential creator, Joyce carried within him an imprisoned self that can be redeemed only by union with the other and by perception of the infinite. Corollary to this is the imagination of the androgynous and the vision in which male and female, human and divine, creator and emanation are joined. In his lecture on Blake in Triste, Joyce pointed out: 'the sexual division between Los and Enitharmon are an aspect of a cosmic fall into division while the apocalyptic future holds out a promise of sexual unity.'[1] Joyce also marked off a passage in the Bible which argued that the story of the creation of Eve from Adam's rib has a concealed moral. It shows that the woman's nature is the same as man's; she is his equal: therefore, they are not separate or subservient creatures. Joyce in fact enters the state of the imagination where he becomes he-she, a kind of Tiresias who knew strange things and was man and woman at the same time. He differentiates and contrasts the struggling contraries of mental struggle which lead to positive harmony with the mutually negative dualities. These opposite and complementary perceptions in Joyce link him to both Milton and Blake and explicate the notion of Levi–Strauss that binary codes in myths reveal the structure of mind itself.

Merleau-Ponty tells us that perception never gives us objects as truths, as in analysis or in geometry, but only as presence.[2] However, Joyce's perception is like that of the painter who must be penetrated by the universe and not want to penetrate it. He expects to be inwardly submerged, buried: when he writes, he writes to break out. This reading of Joyce aims to reveal that Joyce strives to comprehend human personality in its wholeness and, in other words, the consciousness of the *Yin* and the *Yang* surfaces as the informing

myth of *Ulysses* : The active and passive principles govern the universe opposite, yet entwined, positive and negative: the two are alternating in space and time, throughout the myriad forms of nature. The two are complementary, yet the dark side, the *Yin*, has been taken to represent the female: earth, valley, stream, night, yielding, absorbing, rest, autumn–winter, and many associations therefrom. The *Yang*, the lighter side, has been taken to symbolize the male: heaven, mountains, rock, day, forcing, penetrating, movement, spring–sumar and similar associations. They are said to have originated from the primordial breath *Chi*.[3] Evidently, those who strive to work out a moral principle from *Ulysses* naturally find it an exercise in futility because, rather than any active moral paradigm, it is the bi–polar self reflexivity and illusions of transcendence (the nature of the *Yin* and the *Yang*) that could actualiy illustrate the pattern of Bloom's consciousness. Joyce's perceptive biographer Richard Ellman's remark might help to clarify the intent of my thesis :

> Joyce had to see joined that others had held separate : the point of view that life is unspeakable and to be exposed, and the point of view that it is ineffable and to be distilled. Nature may be a horrible document, or a secret revelation; all may be resolvable into brute body, or into mind and mental components. Joyce lived between the antipodes and above them ; his brutes show a marvellous capacity for brooding, his pure minds find bodies remorselessly stuck to them. To read Joyce is to see reality rendered without the simplification of conventional divisions.[4]

Several studies have interpreted Joyce and observed that he sees life as complex, as involved with sounds, words, ideas and even physical objects which are ambiguous and have unending associations; and that these ambiguous, ungraspables which have been as Beckett puts it, complete with 'missing parts', are translated on linguistic, communicative visual, emotional, mythic anthropological, cultural, physiological and psychosomatic levels. In this bizarre multilevelled matrix, Joyce supplies an unfamiliar perspective, taken off from the familiar. Like all genuinely creative personalities, he enjoys the unbalanced, the asymmetrical and the incomplete in art

and symbolism; however, to a greater degree he enjoys completing these and making them whole. Bloom's illusions, their unusually contradictory traits, disorders, unity, variety, good and evil, time and eternity, the plenum and the void are the issues that form the fabric of his consciousness. Ironically these traits appear perverse to most critics, may be because through these manifestations Joyce is sort of breaking out of the pre-thematic world--authentically close to our lives and lived experiences. In this sense Levi-Strauss' term for the myth-maker, *bricoleur*,[5] could be applied to Joyce who builds his structures out of the prefabricated parts, cut to numbered specifications—and the results turn out all to look the same. It is through culling and recycling the relics of culture, flirting with doubt and disorder, enduring anxiety, and, at the same time, intuiting the answer to his doubt that he reorders a new myth. He shapes it out of various odds and ends coming to hand: scraps of tribal rituals, memory, animal love, totemic classification—elements that had been rejected as waste.

In this sense, in Joyce's hero Bloom, we might identify Levi-Strauss' notion that indeed culture shapes us unaware, until we develop the understanding to shape culture. And when it happens, as in *Ulysses*, a structure (a new myth) evolves to the fore in which our values interpenetrate and our notions mingle. In this world of the true myth, there is nothing meaningless, all activities are spontaneous, analogies and correspondences abound everywhere; and anything may be connected. Bloom's experience of bi-polarity, his imagination of transcendence, as this study will reveal, are actually the experience of looking at existence with fresh, untutored eyes, without any mediator, without anyone to interfere with his inner growth—a strivng towards complete attuning with existence. He has denuded man of what we are used to respect, but the comic irony lies in his subtly summoning us to sympathize and identify with his notion of humanity by climbing over our pretentions. I am tempted to say that in the experience of sensuality and sexuality, Joyce like Blake, emerges as an artist of innocence; from this innocence follows his self-disparagement and self-parody, although most reders miss the

intended irony. Their multiple images broaden, liberate and redeem our complexes by offering insight into fuller personalities.

The prevalence of bi-polarity in *Ulysses* was never in the spirit of sensationalism; it revealed a stubborn fidelity to the wholeness of experience and when he was made to answer the main indictment related to his handling of sex (Virginia Woolf called him underbred), he answered : '..I am nauseated by the lying drivel about pure men and pure women and spiritual love and love forever ; blatant lying in the face of truth.' Joyce's conoeption of evil is that of Milton, who perceived that Satan is not 'other', nor separate....Satan is selfhood shut against the world which fosters external strife by refusing to open itself to inner conflict.'[6] He strongly felt that men must be able to identify with women in order to construct convincing female characters. for imagintion is androgynous. His contemporary Virginia Woolf too in her search for 'androgynous mind' felt that sexual indeterminacy is important to literature. (The synchronous concerns of the two will be traced further in this study). Joyce's praise of Ibsen further emphasizes this issue :

> He (Ibsen) seems to know them better than they know themselves. Indeed, if one may say so of an eminently virile man, there is a curious admixture of the woman in his nature. His marvellous accuracy, his faint traces of femininity, his delicacy of swift touch are perhaps attributable to this admixture.[7]

It is this quality that Joyce tried to emulate, and which Virginia Woolf considered ideal; it implies the perception of life as a 'rhythmic movement among opposites—timeless ebb and flow in which every conscious point has an unconscious counterpoint'[8] the governing principles of the *Yin* and *Yang*. In this context it could be discovered that Blake, Ibsen, Joyce and Virginia Woolf have been capable of greater doubt and greater certainty; they have consciously dissented, challenged, shaken, unstablized, frustrated and disintegrated themselves in order to reassemble the parts better; to this end they are both masculine and feminine, logical and emotional, rational and idealistic, excitable and fair-minded moving continuously, reflexively between such poles,

That the end of any polarity contains within itself the seed of its opposite, that men and women contain the seed of both sexes. isthe latent but continuous experience of Bloom in *Ulysses*. Bloom is a heir to Virago. The name suggests the identity of the leading character whose personality might be conventionally male, but whose nature has a strong flavour of the Virago a manly woman who is ancestor to a womanly man. Like a female character of Virginia Woolf, water and colour stimulate his imagination ; water becomes a symbol of his nature : self-reflexivity and transcendence. He has developed a fellow feeling with water ('Ithaca'). The long and apparently irrelevant catalogue on water becomes a paradigm of Bloom's acceptance of human life and human nature—a movement towards identity with common mankind, not asserting his separateness and erratic originality. Like Virginia Woelf's male characters, his thoughts do not create fissures and cracks, he fills the gulf between things, and brings calm and resolution. In fact both Virginia Woolf and Joyce at the same period became acutly conscious of the need for radical reinterpretation of feminity and masculinity. Herbert Marder's *Feminism and Art* suggests that Virginia Woolf was searching through her life for something which she called on an occasion 'the androgynous mind'.[9] that could serve as an ideal solution of male-female antagonism. She worked at this idea in *A Room of One's Own*, However, she held that the androgynous might not remain anything more than a conceptual possibility. Joyce's comic and intuitive vision could consider the impossibility and the possibility ('Ithaca') of seeking this solution. His belief that the sexual differentiation were as much indication of a power-relationship as of purely biological difference ('Circe'). reflect that men and women are physically present in the world in such different ways, their embodiment is so radically different, and in the way they see the world, is therefore necessarily too opposed, for such an ideal solution as the androgynous mind or the *Yin* and *Yang*. At the same time the 'embodiments' of Bloom in the same episode reveal that this may not iust remain a conceptual possibilitiy. Whatever has so far been associated with women : smell, colour, beauty, harmony, remarkably form

exteriority and the interiority of Bloom too. His attitudes and responses are unlike the glorified, stereotyped male who gives more importance to his ego than to knowledge and in this world of Joyce the threat rationalim poses fo the intuitive mind seems to have been surmounted.

The reduction of man's life and values disturbs Bloom. Principally what takes place within this reduction is a change of sign as Merleau-Ponty puts it whereby every question concerning being is transmuted into one concerning the sense or meaning of being; we pass from the fact of our existence into its nature. Hence characters for example do not remain psychological entities. but metaphors, revealing their precise relation in the world.[10] The various contents and references in the text of *Ulysses* will show that Joyce's consciousness is a sort of interaction with the man rooted in a natural perceptual space but also who lives in a variety of human space. Bloom can have at times the glimpses of the world in its totality from all sides simultaneously. He has established a new mode of rationality, a new form of deduction and integration. As I perceive, he follows a phenomenological course of enquiry in human nature and relationship.

In his visit to Mina Purefoy in 'Hades', Bloom is deeply sympathetic to labour pains that Mina Purefoy undergoes. He thinks that the brave woman has manfully helped.[11]

> Three days imagine groaning on a bed with a vineyard handkerchief round her forehead, her belly swollen out? Phew dreadful simply, Child's head too big: forceps. Doubled up inside her trying to butt its way out blindly, groping for the way out. Kill me that would *(Ulysses, 161)*[12].

But ironically empathy with femaleness alienates him from the medical students. His maternal impulses and the imagination of labour pain might remind us of the ancient ritual of couvade by which the father's simulation of a mother's physical labour, marked an important state in the evolution of the mystical claims of fatherhood and paved the way for the supremacy of patriarchy over matriarchy. He could also imaginatively participate in the pain of toothache that his daughter Milly experienced *(Ulysses,* 693*)*. The 'Circe' episode represents

the processes of Bloom's consciousness, the unreal, hallucinatory and real encounters of this chapter could be best comprehended as the histrionics of unconscious, affecting and affected by the conscious mind, but never penetrating it. even as images. Bloom is afraid of being seen in the Nighttown. His father's apparition and others symbolically reveal the climate of his unconscious. The female domination in Nighttown turns Bloom into a woman: here Joyce sees sexual relation as a form of exploitation. The appearance of Boylan and Lenehan as 'two gallants' joking about their conquest of Molly (669), is ironically suggestive of the male devised sexual politics. The conversation with the Jewess where Zoe stimulates Bloom's desire for appreciation, admiration and love and for recognition of his philanthropic nature; unconsciously the entry of the dominant and overbearing Bella Cohen, causes a flood of timid self-abasement, and submissive expressions (the stock feminine attributes) in Bloom, and his reaction is dramatized by his conversion into a slave girl, and Bella's into a moustachioed slave auctioneer, Bello. This and several incidents bring to the fore exclusively aspects of sexual exploitation and differentiation. The androgynous experience appears alarmingly pointed when Bloom is diagnosed by Mulligan as 'bisexually abnormal' (613). and by Dr. Dixon 'as the new womanly man and about to have a baby' (613). Bloom is also generously pampered when he gives birth to eight golden and silver children (612–14). His confinement and delivery in 'Circe' are the dramatization of the joke Mulligan makes in 'Scyalla and Charybdis' and later finds way into Bloom's unconscious. To Stephen's theory of Shakespeare, Mulligan responds 'wait I am big with a child I have an unborn child in my brain..A play? The play is the thing Let me parturiate' (*Ulysses*, 267).

While acknowledging the biographical study of Ellman as insightful, I disagree with his opinion that in *Ulysses* Bloom's 'victories are mental, inspite of the pervasive physicality of Joyce's book'.[13] Indeed Bloom is characterized by persistent self-reflective curiosity, but I do not see mind-body dichotomy in *Ulysses* as penultimate; Bloom is in fact in the

processes of integration and transcendence. Like Merleau–Ponty, Joyce believes that the debasement of one's body into an organism causes a mentality that is necessarily decentred. It is the lived body where lies the locus of the unity between man and woman. This could be inferred from Merleau–Ponty's explanation :

> Now, if the world is atomized or decentered, this is because one's own body has ceased to be a knowing body and has ceased to draw together all objects in its own grip, and this debasement of the body into an organism must itself be attributed to the collapse of time, which no longer arises towards a future but falls back on itself.[14]

Obviously the habitual modes of representing the world have been laid aside in Joyce. This feature projects itself in a tongue in cheek representation of the gross male characters who are obsessed by show of power, force. civility and women who believe themselves to be passive, receptive and intuitive creatures with distinct feminine virtues and vices (Gerty Mac–Dowald). Blazes Boylon in *Ulysses* is the most pervasive example of the stereotyped; his 'virility' is reputed. In 'Cyclopes', also the focus of attention citizen is a gross extreme of all things.

> The figure seated on a large boulder at the foot of a round tower was that of a broadshouldered, deep chested stronglimbed frankeyed red haired freely freckled shaggy bearded widemouthed largernosed longheaded deep-voiced barekneed brawnyhanded hairylegged ruddyfaced sinewedarmed hero. From shoulder to shoulder he measured several ells and his rock-like mountaineous knees were covered, as was likewise the rest of his body whenever visible, with a strong growth of tawny prickly hair in hue and toughness similar to the mountain gorse..powerful currents of warm breath issued at regular intervals from the profound cavity of his mouth (294).

In 'Ithace' Bloom has expresssd his faith in his firm, full. masculine, feminine, passive, active hands (674) that have operative surgical quality but he was reluctant to shed human blood even when the end justified the means (675). The hand motif occurs in 'Oxen of the Sun' too; when Bloom is characterized as the meekest man and the kindest that ever laid husbandly hand under him (388). Nolan advises Bloom to 'stand up to persecution with force like men' (338). As physical force in

contemporary society is identified with sexual prowess, it is indicated in the production of a male offspring. Hence in comparison to Purefoy, sonless Bloom's manhood is not 'true'.

Bloom's effiminacy is brought out by his desire to experience a wider range of sexul behaviour than is traditionolly accepted—that includes both active and passive principles. The passive 'womanly' feelings flash across Bloom's mind in the 'Siren' episode. He even assumes the female persona and thinks 'I'm dark, warm and open' (282). Several more unconscious associations occur when Bloom feels special sensitivity to colours : 'colours affect woman's character any they have, this black makes me sad' (516). Joyce carries Bloom's femininity even further by farcical biological likeness. Bloom suffers from periodic pain analogous to menstrual cramps; he even imaginatively participates in the menstrual experience of Molly and his daughter Milly. The fantasies in 'Circe' not only turn out to be an instrument of his purgation but remind me of the body's response to the world—'the inside of the outside and the outside of the inside.'[15] It is a resemblance, and resemblances speak of an exchange between the body and the world, as Merleau-Ponty argues.

The consciousness that 'things have an internal equivalent in me'[16] extends itself in Joyce's fascination with water. This also reveals his affinity with Virginia Woolf's thought processes. Across all the novels of Virginia Woolf water occupies almost one half of the cosmic vocabulary : 48 percent, about 4,500 words.[17] In his letter to Frank Budgen Joyce mentions that in 'Ithaca', events are resolved into their cosmic, physical and psychical etc. equivalents. Water here is a lengthy motif, both incidental and all-pervasive, becoming a paradigm of Bloom's ready acceptance of human life and human nature. He praises water for :

> its universality : its democratic equality and constancy to its nature in seeking its own level : its vastness in the ocean...its unplumbed profundity ...the restlessness of its waves and surface...the independence of its units : the variability...its hydrostatic quiescence in calm :...its hydrokinetic turgidity...subsidence after devastation : its sterility...its preponderance...its indisputable hegemony...the multisecular stability of its primeval basin :..its capacity to dissolve and hold in solution...its slow

erosions of peninsulas...its imperturbability..its gradation of colours in the torrid and temperate and frigid zones :..its vehicular ramificaticns in continental lakecontained streams and confluent ocean-flowing rivers with their tributaries and transoceanic currents : gulfstream, north and south equatorial...courses : its violence..eruptions, torrents, swells water-partings, geysers, cataracts, whirlpool,..and latent humidity,..its healing virtues, its buoyancy in the waters of the Dead Sea: its persevering penetrativeness – its properties for cleansing. quenching thirst and fire, nourishing vegetation : its infallibility as paradigm and paragon: its metamorphoses..(592).

The reason for Bloom's admiration for water, and the completeness of his description is expressive of water's infallibility as 'paradigm and paragon' of human life. This also rises above the simple expression of an enquiring mind and becomes the meditation of an omniscient mind, on the universal features of water; it can serve as an illustrative example and model for the commonality of humanity : human universality, flexibility and multiplicity of which Bloom is the representative. He has a 'fellow feeling' for water. Maria Jolas considers Joyce's lifetime affinity with all bodies of water, the female element, par excellence.[18] Water generetes equanimity, it leads to the resolution of all controversies, and arguments, water is the canelling of petty differencce in one supreme liquid flow, water is the merging of opposites and dissolving of conflicts. To Bloom, water is the dissolution of the self in something greater than the self, it instructs the way to reconciliation with ourselves. Like water Bloom is a great forgiver, a great receiver, the lover to whom all strife becomes insignificant. In such a vision, all the wife's suitors (all whom he believed to have desired her) are abstractly viewed :

Each one who enters imagines himself to be the first to enter wheress he is always the last term of a preceding series even if the first term of a succeeding one, each imagining himself to be first, last only and alone, whereas he is neither first nor last nor only nor alone in a series origination in repeated in infinity (692).

Therefore the adultery which has obsessed him all day seems in the wider view :

..No more than natural, less calamitous than the annihilation of a planet, less reprehensible than a variety of crimes ranging from theft to murder, no more abnormal than the forms of adaptation to changed circumstances and more than inevitable irreparable (635).

He has realized the incertitude of 'the fallaciously inferred debility of the female, the masculinity of the male : the variations of ethical code the futility of triumph or protest or indication ; the inanity of extolled virtue...' (739). Here surfaces an intellect which is not abrupt, logical hacking, dominant, factitious and pseudo-logical, but smooth integrating, variable and transcendent (water).

Characteristically not only the theme of family love, the love of parent for child and of child for parent, runs covertly throughout *Ulysses;* but Joyce also reveals his scepticism towards paternity and, as he presents himself with variations and contradictions, feels strongly that there is no one answer to the question of origination and identity. As Stephen thinks : '.. paternity may be a legal fiction. Who's the father of any son and that any son should love him or he any son'.[18] (207). Joyce's Bloom is held as Odysseus, a polytropic man. Telemechus can not be sure who his own father is; he cannot guarantee his son 'entelechy' (190)—his name, lineage, or his substantial unity or his identify. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* demonstrates Joyce as an autobiographer involved with the problems of the composition of identity. In *Ulysses,* Stephen brings Telemechus' doubt to bear not only on the fatherhood but the issue of divine paternity :

> Fatherhood in the sense of conscious begetting, is unknown to man. It is a mystical state, an apostolic succession, from only begetter to only begotten. On that mystery and not on the Madonna which the cunning Italian intellect flung to the mob of Europe the church is founded and founded irremovably because founded like the world, macro and microcosm upon the void, upon uncertitude, upon unlikelihood..paternity may be a legal fiction who is the father of any son should love him or he any son ? (207).

Obviously the question Joyce raises is prolific. As his biographers reveal. Joyce had known his harassed, parturition-prone mother (15 pregnancies) and a swarm of sisters. Unlike Stephen, Bloom's was a more defiant vision, to him man-woman relation was conflictual but essential, and his experience of female world as examined shows that womb-man (woman) is subject to the same storms and passions that affect

her conjugal/binary counterpart. At the end of his journey, he returns to the world of Molly—the world of consciousness..man child in the womb' (737) just as the sun must sink into night or life must return to its source. Molly fulfils the role of earth goddess (as Joyce assigns to her) who fertilizes forms—a vital force that keeps us going, of which Bloom too is made. Molly (being the earth as well as an herb) imprisons as well liberates. This basic duality is also characteristic of the dichotomy of her character. She would like to be not only Bloom's wife (in an ideal sense, for Bloom never 'blooms' into virility, into the multifoliation of forms), nor even his companion, but his *part* : and this would require, not the 'domination/deflation' paradigm on the part, either of the male or the female, but a state of equanimity.

Joyce's aesthetics could be said to be both differential and harmonizing, though he would not like one at the expense of the other, but both, in all their distinctions and yet harmony.

Eliot's comment that Joyce gives us no new insight into human nature, could be refuted if it is acknowledged, as Joyce did, that the true inevitability of a work of art lies in this authentic happening out of the unconscious—this happening is infinite and recreated at every moment into which Joyce could look inward and outward.

Lastly Miguel de Unamuno's world-view could be seen as expressive of Joyce's binary code in the myth-making of *Ulysses* . 'In order to love everything, in order to pity everything, human and extra human, living and non-living; you must feel everything within yourself, you must personalize everything..'[19] This is obviously the vision of the micro and macrocosm, each into the other. Their union remains a dream in Joyce, for he, as an artist, is primarily concerned with self-introjection and self-projection.

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BRIDESHEAD REVISITED : A RE-ASSESSMENT

Brideshead Revisited (1945), Evelyn Waugh's seventh major novel, belongs to the category of novels, which may be called the 'greater' comedies as the comic outlook on life revealed in their 'deep narrative structures' is qualitatively superior to the one in the lesser comedies. The comic vision of life unfolded in the 'greater' comedies reflects Catholic optimism in the gradual emancipation of the central character from the shackles of error and illusion associated with the 'static' and dynamic' modes of existence[1], to the realm of wisdom and truth associated with the ever stable Roman Catholic hub of the wheel of life. The joy and ecstasy evoked in them over the successful conclusion of their protagonists' spiritual odyssies contrasts sharply with the absurdity and grotesque humour to be encountered in the 'lesser' comedies.

This tranformation in Waugh's comic vein is attributable to his singular concept of change and progress. A graphic account of it is available in the very first novel, *Decline and Fall* (1928), where Otto Silenus puts across his point with the help of the metaphor of the wheel of life[2]. Change, it is suggested, is of two kinds: secular and religious. While secular change fails to achieve progress, religious change succeeds in doing so. Because of the cyclical motion of the wheel of secular change or life, the secularist returns to his original state of existence despite all his efforts to forge ahead of it. This renders his condition absurd and his beliefs comic. In contrast, the linear graph of religious change not only effects a considerable change in the religious man's state of existence but also redeems him from the absurdity of secular change by urging him away from the periphery of the wheel to its transcendental hub. In Waugh's view of life, the hub symbolises the Roman

Catholic Church as it is the temporal reminder of the eternal reality of God. The sincere acceptance of Roman Catholicism, therefore, signifies true progress and a real cause for supreme joy and bliss: the cathartic impact of all greater comedies, whether by Waugh or Eliot.[3]

This paper purports to show how Waugh's comic vision of life in *Brideshead Revisited* grows out of his concept of change and progress and how by representing its main thematic line of intention, it should form the basis of any critical evaluation of this novel as a 'greater' comedy.

Brideshead Revisited is concerned primarily with the change that its protagonist Charles Ryder undergoes in the course of narrating the story of the Flyte family. As in Shakespeare's *King Lear*, Lear's process of madness and recovery is allegorically conveyed in the extent of his nearness to Goneril and Regan, on the one hand, and Cordelia, on the other, similarly, in this novel Ryder's gradual progress from the state of 'staticity' and 'dynamism' to the Roman Catholic hub of life is dramatised in the shifts in his relationship with the 'half-heathen' and the spiritually inclined segments of the Flyte family. The choice of this artistic device helps Waugh to maintain the classical poise of objectivity without sacrificing simultaneously the thematic value of his work. However, it has baffled many critics who have questioned the necessity of choosing Charles Ryder as a narrator of the story of the Flyte family[4].

The Flyte family suffers from a basic schism which has its genesis in the marriage of Lady Marchmain, whose side of the familly is 'old Catholic', with Lord Marchmain, whose family has given up Roman Catholicism long ago and become Anglican, a form of neo-paganism that suited the 'dynamic' spirit of the times. Though the marriage restores to Lord Marchmain to the faith of his forefathers, the change is short-lived. One day he runs away from his wife to Italy where he seeks the protection of Cara against the religion of his wife. The children born of this wedlock embody this spiritual divide. While Brideshead and Cordelia imbibe the Catholic spirit of their mother, Sebastian and Julia inherit the neo-pagan spirit of their father.

Ryder's increasing familiarity with this family not only helps him overcome his incomprehension of the Catholic view of life but also convinces him of the need of accepting such a standpoint. But as he is a pagan through and through while Sebastian and Julia are only 'half-heathen', his redemption follows theirs.

The first member of the Flyte family to come across Charles Ryder is Sebastian. Their meeting is quite appropriate from the point of view of the novel's thematic line of intention as Sebastian represents that adolescent phase of Ryder's life which the former has imposed on himself and the latter has never lived fully because of an inimical and unsympathetic father. Sebastian's excessive attachment with the teddy bear, Aloysius and his nanny, Hawkins is an indication of his attempt to shy away from the irking reality of his family's strong Catholic leanings and to seek protection in a dead past. This renders him not only 'static' like Ryder but also restrains him from progressing towards the *sub-specie aeternitatis* reality of the Roman Catholic hub of life. Though he is not unaware of this fall, yet he is unable to pull himself out of it as the heathen part of his self has gained complete mastery over him. This wild part of his self makes him drink hard and consequently jeopardises his stay at Oxford twice. Drinking becomes for him a means of escape from the domineering influence of his staunch Catholic mother, Lady Marchmain. It also makes him deceitful so that when he is sent with Mr Samgrass, first and Rex Mottram, later, to the Continent for a cure. he escapes from their guardianship and also makes off with their money. The life of depravity culminates in Sebastian's eventual departure from Brideshead for good. Waugh's recorded account of the misuse of free will in the case of Sebastian is analogous to Dostoeviesky's who, in *Crime and Punishment* shows how man sometimes makes a wrong use of free will and in consequence, suffers from fear and mental instability. Sebastian is not happier than Raskolnikov after he has taken this step. In the idiom of expression, often used by this philosophy of life, it represents a fall and hence, also a tragedy.

Hereafter, Ryder's relationship with Julia eclipses that with Sebastian. This shift in relationships marks a signal step in Ryder's progress towards the Romam Catholic hub of the wheel of life. After Ryder quits Brideshead House and Sebastian's company for good, he is not sure about what he has left behind. He ponders : 'I had left behind me—what? Youth? Adolescence? Romance'?[5] Notwithstanding his personal inability to single out the phase he has outgrown, it is decidedly adolescence that he has left behind. Having sloughed off his static sheath and matured into an adult, he must surely now participate fully in the 'dynamic' mode of existence in order to understand its absurdity. He does this by plunging into an illicit love affair with Julia. From the point of view of the novel's thematic line of intention, it is, therefore, aesthetically wise that Waugh should have shifted the focus of his artistic attention from Sebastian to Julia. David Lodge[6] and A.E. Dyson[7] seem to have ignored this point while objecting to the disproportionate attention paid to Sebastian in the first and the later parts of the book. Even V.C. Clinton-Baddeley[8], who defends Waugh here, appears to have overlooked this point.

In Julia, the heathen spirit is stronger than in Sabastian. It does not need the crutches of a dead past as it does in Sebastian. Her 'waywardness and wilfulness' enable her to defy everything that comes in the way of her wild and irreligious desires. It is well illustrated in her resolute rejection of the advice offered by the Father of her Church against drifting into a pre-marital sexual affair with her fiance'. Waugh writes :

> Surely. Father. it can't be wrong to commit a small sin myself in order to keep him from a much worse one? But the gentle old Jesuit was unyielding. She (Julia) barely listened to him; he was refusing her what she wanted, that was all she wanted to know.
>
> When he had finished he said, 'Now you had better make your confession' No thank you' she said.
>
> From that moment she shut her mind against her religion (p. 182),

In fact, she does not stop at that. She goes to the extent of marrying Rex Mottram even when her Church forbids marriage to a Protestant divorcee. Julia thus draws herself away from the Roman Catholic hub of life which alone can promise true happiness by virtue of its eternal character.

The fall of Lord Marchmain, Sebastian and Julia into the absurd 'dynamic' world of secular change, hits Lady Marchmain the most. Representative of the Roman Catholic hub of life in the novel by virtue of her Christian piety, she gets bed-ridden and dies. However, in her death, she becomes more potent than she was before. Acting like the 'invisible line' and 'unseen hook' of Father Brown, she goads the errant members of her family away from the world of cyclical secular change towards the ever-stable reality of the Roman Catholic hub of life. It is this 'movement' for the better that manifests Waugh's sublime comic vision of life.

The first person to be twitched back to Roman Catholic Church is Sebastian. Once in French Morocco, away from his mother's domineering personality, he outgrows his adolescent affection for Aloysius. The teddy bear disappears and his place is filled by Kurt, a lame German soldier. The humility with which Sebastian serves him shows the growing signs of a religious change in him. That it is so becomes clear when not long after his mother's death, he applies for admission to a monastery as a lay-brother. Though he drinks still, but it is no longer a sign of his escapism, rather that of human fellowship. With this progress in Sebastian's state of existence, Waugh shows how man, however fallen, can touch comic heights if only he discards the 'dynamic' state of existence for the *sub-specie aeternitatis* reality of the Roman Catholic hub of fhe wheel of life.

Not long after Lady Marchmain's death, Julia also begins to feel the pangs of conscience. She considers herself responsible for the hastening of her mother's death. Besides, she no longer adores Rex Mottram. In this respect, what Julia tells Ryder, on board the liner bound for England, is quite revealing.

> 'You know Father Mowbray hit on the truth about Rex at once, that it took me a year of marriage to see. He simply want's all there...I thought he was a sort of primitive savage, but he was absolutely modern and up-to-date that only this ghastly age could produce. A tiny bit of a man pretending he was the whole' (p. 193).

Julia realises the superficiality of a 'dynamic' man like Rex Mottram. The birth of a dead child to Julia is a symbolic

indictment of their unholy marriage. Wishing to put her life in order, Julia decides to leave Rex for Charles Ryder, who by now is already married. Hereafter, her attempts to progress towards the Roman Catholic hub of life though misdirected in the beginning, get intertwined with those of Charles Ryder who at this stage is completely steeped in the world of secular change. The 'symptom of decline' that characterises the dynamic world is a signal feature of his paintings. In his own words: '. I was called to all parts of the country to make portraits of houses that were soon to be deserted or debased; indeed, my arrival seemed often to be only a few paces ahead of the auctioneer's, a presage of doom' (p. 216). Ryder's paintings register a new low when he goes to paint chaos and anarchy in the jungles of Central America. If art helps the artist to realise himself, then what Ryder has achieved is decay and degeneration. It is his renewed association with Julia and the Flyte family that helps him to come out of this morass.

Ryder meets Julia on his way back to England from America. Both drift into an intensely passionate love affair on board the ship. Waugh deftly indicates its secular and anti-Christian character by its tendency to foster negative qualities in them. Julia feels that love 'makes (her) hate the world' whereas, as she rightly says, 'It is supposed to have quite the opposite effect' (p. 263). Besides their love always achieves consummation in the dark. These 'orphans of the storm' of profane love feel impelled to run away from the 'fair weather' of truth (p. 244). It is only at Brideshead that Julia is made to confront the reality by her elder brother, Brideshead's harsh but true remarks on her profligacy. Awakened, Julia realises the depravity of her secular conduct. Seeing signs of a religious change in her Ryder has the foreboding that '..perhaps all our loves are merely hints and symbols; vagabond-language scrawled on gate-posts and paving-stones along the weary road that others have tramped before us, each straining through and beyond the other, snatching a glimpse now and then of the shadow which turns the corner always a pace or two ahead of us' (p. 288). Apart from the above image, there is one other image that comes to Ryder's mind at this stage of religious

change. It is that of an arctic hut within which a trapper feels cosy as long as the snow piling on it and the heat of the sun do not make it 'open and splinter and disappear, rolling with the' avalanche into the ravine' (pp. 295-96). Waugh beautifully suggests what Harry Blamires has very rightly put in his book, *The Christian Mind :* 'For all teaching of Christian revelation deals with the breaking in of the greater supernatural order upon our more limited finite world. That conception is at the heart of the doctrine of Incarnation. It is at the heart of every claim to individual experience of God's love and power. The Greater breaks in upon the Smaller.'[9] Ryder and Julia are, therefore, on the threshold of a religous change that alone can crown their efforts with success and progress.

The arrival of the ailing and errant Lord Marchmain at Brideshead hastens the tempo of the 'deeper narrative structure' dealing with the sublime comic vision of life in Evelyn Waugh. The death-bed scene sees three people making their way from the absurdity of 'dynamic' level of existence to the meaningfulness of the religious and transcendental level of existence. Though Lord Marchmain's fear of the dark is a valid indication of his reluctance to proceed to the other world where he shall have to submit an account of his actions on earth, yet he is in such a mental state that he cannot accept the idea of receiving absolution for his sins from the priest brought by Brideshead, his son. Similarly, though Ryder knows subconsciously that his love with Julia is only a stepping stone to a higher one, he is still not ready to see its negation in Lord Marchamain's surrender to the priest. That is why, he is happy to see the priest turned out by Lord Marchmain. 'I felt triumphant. I had been right, everyone else had been wrong, trufh had prevailed; the threat that I had felt hanging over Julia and me had been averted, perhaps dispelled for ever .' (p. 312). But Ryder is wrong in thinking so. The inevitability of his death, however, makes Lord Marchmain realise the extent of his sin and the necessity of cleansing it before the final event. Despite all the windows of his room being open he feels stifled to death in his own cellar of sin. The similarity between the state of his soul and that of the air he breathes becomes clear when

he whispers to himself : "Free as air"; that's what they say– "free as air". Now they bring me my air in an iron barrel' (p, 318). It is now that his mind veers toward an evaluation of his past misconduct. He asks himself whether it was wrong on his part to have rebelled against Divine order, represented by his marriage to Lady Marchmain. and have opted for Satanic freedom, indicated by his unholy liaison with Cara in Italy,

'They said we were fighting for freedom; I had my own victory. Was it a crime?' (p. 318). In this question is hidden his growing conviction of sin which is essential for his later redemption. Julia who has already been jolted out of her slumber of sin by Brideshead's harsh remarks earlier, shows signs of progress and religious maturity when she resolves to bring Father Mackay so that her father does not die unreconciled to the benevolent spirit of the Roman Catholic Church. Sensing danger in this step, to the continuity of his relations with Julia, the heathen in Ryder tries to prevent her from taking the priest into Lord Marchmain's room by enlisting the support of the physician and Cara against her. The heathen impulse within him, however, subsides once Julia surmounts its last desperate attempt for survival. Once Julia succeeds in taking the priest in, the impulse for religious change and progress within Ryder becomes stronger. The 'arctic hut' begins to melt and he begins to understand the underlying significance of the 'vagabond–language scrawled on the gate–posts and paving stones along the weary road' leading to the transcendental hub of life. When the priest asks Lord Marchmain to make the sign of a cross in recognition of his being repentent for his sins, Ryder finds himself praying to God to make Lord Marchmain do so. Though, in the beginning. his prayer is restrained with doubt ('O God, if there is a God, forgive him his sins, if there is such a thing as sin .' (p. 522), yet a little later, his prayer is simpler and stronger ('I prayed more simply; "God forgive him his sins" and "Please God, make him accept your forgiveness" (p. 322). With this prayer, Charles Ryder finally comes to accept the Roman Catholic values of life. Simultaneously, Lord Marchmain. though in a stupor, moves his hands to make the sign of the cross. With this, Lord

Marchmain too touches the shores of eternity symbolised in Waugh by the Roman Cathlic hub of the wheel of life. The logical necessity underlying this metaphorically conveyed spiritual transformation appears, however, to have escaped the attention of Edmund Wilson who calls into question its plausibility[10]. After the resurrection of Lord Marchmain's sterile spirit Charles Ryder too shows signs of having completed his spiritual odyssey concerning the realization of the significance underlying the Roman Catholic values of life. Ryder is extremely grateful to the priest for having saved Lord Marchmain from damnation. Having replaced his human love with divine love, he is perfectly equipped to understand that his love affair with Julia must come to an end now. The allegorical framework of Charles Ryder's spiritual regeneration rightly noticed by A.A. De Vitis[11] has, however, been overlooked by Stephen Spender[12] who therefore, criticises Waugh for not tracing Ryder's spiritual development properly. The death-bed scene, therefore, unfolds the depth of Waugh's sublime comic vision of life in the resurrection of Julia, Lord Marchmain and even Charles Ryder.

Critics have, however, faulted the novel for its subject-matter itself.[13] True, Evelyn Waugh measures the progress of man in terms of the extent of his conformity to Roman Catholicism only. But then, we should not forget the symbolic value that he attaches to it in his works. In fact in a letter of 5 February 1945 to his mother, Waugh probably diagnosed correctly the reason for the hostility of the critics to the stress on Roman Catholicism in this work. He writes : 'The general criticism is that it is a religious propaganda. That shows how opinion has changed in 80 years. No one now thinks a book which totally excludes religion is atheistic propaganda. 80 years ago every novel included religion as part of the normal life of the people.'[14] In fact what Waugh achieves by bringing in religion in this novel is the portrayal of his ultimate comic vision of life as opposed to the comic view of life revealed in the lesser comedies. Thus, this novel completes the comic view of life that Waugh had presented in the lesser comedies. This development is as remarkable as that of Eliot in the

composition of poetic plays after poems like *The Waste Land*. This process of development did not escape the notice of one of Waugh's reviewers, John K. Hutchens In the *New York Times Book Review* of 30 December 1945 he maintains :

> For Mr. Waugh is very definitely an artist, with something like a genius for precision and clarity not surpassed by any novelist writing in English in his time. This has been apparent from the very beginning of his career—a career in which 'Brideshead Revisited' differs in setting, tone and technique from all his earlier creative work, and is yet a logical development.[15]

The transition from the lesser to the greater comedies has left its imprint on the structure of the novel also. Two kinds of plots co-exist in this novel : one that of the lesser comedies,[16] the other that of the greater comedies. The linear plot of the greater comedies is encapsulated within the circular plot of the lesser comedies just as the hub of the wheel of life is hemmed in by its circular outer portion. While the circular plot begins with Charles Ryder's reminiscences about the Flyte family at Brideshead, it ends with the conclusion of those memories at the same place. Even at the verbal level of the work, Waugh does not conceal this circularity. The novel begins with the prologue entitled 'Brideshead Revisited' and ends with an epiloque entitled similarly. The circular plot, by evoking the themes of stagnation, sterility and absurdity manifest in secular change, provides a dark backdrop against which the brightness of the linear plot, concerned with the resurrection of the errant Flyte family members and that of Charles Ryder, may become more effective. The technique of chioroscuro employed here clearly shows Waugh's rejecfion of all secular means to progress as false and delusive and his acceptance of religious change as the sole means through which man can achieve real progress. Donat O'Donnell, therefore, appears to have overlooked this thrust in Waugh's ultimate comic vision of life while accusing him of blending his religious fervour with 'class loyalty'[17]. T. J. Barrington on the other hand, is far more perceptive in remarking : 'It is patent that Donat O' Donnell's article fails to prove the existence in Waugh's mind

of a necessary connection between snobbery and Catholicism. To lead us to believe, then on the evidence produced that there is implicit in *Brideshead Revisited* an heretical private religion is to attempt to bamboozle us.'[18] Waugh's architectonic skill in the work of encasing is illustrated by the use of Brideshead House itself. The gaunt and overwhelming facade of this house represents the fate of ail secular efforts. Like the Hetton Abbey of *A Handful of Dust*, it is a reconstruction of an older prototype, dismantled for this purpose and like it. Brideshead House has also grown in size over the ages. Every generation of Flytes has added its mite to the enhancement of ite grandeur. In the days when the present generation of Flytes live here, it enjoys a splendour and architectural heauty of its own. But when Charles Ryder revisits it, the bouse appears useless, as Hooper too observes, and the efforts that have gone into its making appear futile.

> The builders did not know the uses to which their work would descend; they made a new house with the stones of old, year by year generation after generation, they enriched and extended it; year by year the great harvest of timber in the park grew to ripeness; until, in sudden frost came the age of Hooper; the place was desolate and all work brought to nothing; *Quomodo sedet sola civitas.* Vanity of vanities, all is vanity (pp. 330–31).

Within the secular edifice of Brideshead House is, however, the changeless and eternal flame burning in the chapel. Notwithstanding the changes undergone by the house, it has remained unchanged over the years. The changing nature of Brideshead House is, therefore, comparable to the changing nature of the revolving wheel while the unchanging flame in the chapel compares well with the unchanging transcendental hub of the wheel of life. Ryder in his redeemed and elevated state is quick enough to notice this.

> Something quite remote from anything the builders intended, has come out of their work, and out of the fierce little human tragedy in which I played; something none of us thought about at the time; a small red flame—the flame which the old knights saw from their tombs, which they saw put out; that flame burns again for other soldiers, far from home, farther, in heart, than Aire or Jerusalem...(p. 331)

The flame, therefore, plays up symbolically the significance of the 'eternal perspective' without which life has no value and which, in the words of Harry Blamires, is a'prime mark of the Christian mind'.[19]

In the light of the foregoing discussion, it can be safely said that Waugh has presented Ryder's 'sacred' memories in a 'profane' frame and not, as Jeffrey Heath maintains, 'profane' memories in a 'sacred frame'.[20]

In *Brideshead Revisited*, therefore, Waugh said what he had left unsaid in the lesser comedies : true progress constitutes a change in the very perspective of man. It is the carving of a path towards the stability of the Roman Catholic hub of life that is free from the delusion of secular progress induced by secular change. It is this message or theme that forms an inseparable and essential part of his comic vision of life, and it is very vividly reflected in the greater comedies. Furthermore, the use of a highly suggestive plot succeeds in shaping his thoughts in an aesthetically satisfying way. Waugh here sees life freed of irrelevancies and his task, we may safely conclude, is to clear away the ordinary trivia and distractions of our existence and lay bare the core of meaning concerning change and progress in an entertaining manner.

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NOTES

[1] In *Decline and Fall* (1928), Otto Silenus explains the 'static' and the 'dynamic' modes of existence in terms of the metaphor of the wheel of life (Evelyn Waugh, ***Decline and Fall***, Penguin Books; Harmondsworth, 1984, pp. 208–9). He tells Paul that the big wheel, at Luna Park,

keeps on rotating within a big hall which has seats for spectators Many people get on to the wheel and try to balance themselves on it as they go round and round in a circular motion. They are the 'dynamic' people who immerse themselves completely in the cyclical motion of secular change and consequently, expose themselves to the absurdity of such a change. There are, however, certain characters who lack the ability to stand on the constantly rotating wheel. When such people try to get on to it, they fall off the wheel with a bump. They are the 'static' people who are fit only for watching from a distance the absurd play of secular change. A distinction here becomes essential between the 'static' persons and the 'spiritual elite'. Unlike the former, the latter do not rest content with an objective and detached attitude toward life; they participate in the motion of the wheel of life, realise the futility of cyclical secular change and overcome it by adopting a linear path that leads to the transcendental hub of the wheel of life instead of retracing their steps to the gallery meant for the 'static' spectators of life By doing so, they poise themselves in the eternal Christian truth while bodily existing in the temporal world of change. This is the supreme ideal that the Roman Catholic Church, the Church of Waugh's deliberate volition, tries to inculcate in its teaching and its own existence.

[2] Evelyn Waugh, *Decline and Fall*, Penguim Books (Harmondsworth, 1984); pp. 208-9

[3] See Northrop Frye, 'The Argument of Comedy', *English Institute Essays* (New York; 1949); reprinted in D J. Palmer (ed) *Comedy: Developments in Criticism* (Houndmills, 1984), p. 78. See also Eric Bentley, 'Comedy,' *The Life of the Drama* (London 1965), reprinted in D.J. Palmer, *op. cit.*. p. 143.

[4] While Bernard Bergonzi thinks that 'the story suffers from being filtered through the consciousness of Ryder' *The Situation of the Novel* (London, 1979. p. 11) Nancy Mitford, Waugh's close associate, feels that Ryder 'seemed to me a tiny bit dim' (Letter to Waugh, in Mark Amory (ed.) *The Letters of Evelyn Waugh*, (London, 1982), p. 196). Only V.C. Clinton-Baddeley considers 'it...a brilliant stroke of Mr Waugh's to tell that story through the mind of a non–Catholic' *(Spectator*, 8 June 1945, p. 532, reprinted in Martin Stannard (ed.) *Evelyn Waugh : The Critical Heritage*, (London, 1982), p 161).

[5] Evelyn Waugh, *Brideshead Revisited*, Penguin Books (Harmondsworth, 1968), p. 163. The later page references in the text are to the same edition.

6 David Lodge opines that 'The book is quite unbalanced by the long and leisurely treatment of Sebastian, who then drops almost entirely out of picture'. *(Evelyn Waugh* (Now York, 1971), p. 33).

7 A.E. Dyson observes in a similar vein : '*Brideshead Revisited* which begins like a masterpiece ends, with the most explicit of Waugh's evasions' (Evelvn Waugh and the Mysteriously Disappearing Hero', *The Crazy Fabric*, (London, 1961), p. 194).

8 V.C Clinton-Baddeley, however, observes: 'But the theme...is not the story of Sebastian, but the reclamation of the whole family, whose most important member is Julia. Her story is told to perfection' (quoted in Martin Stannard (ed.), *Evelyn Waugh : The Critical Heritage* (London, 1982), p. 238).

9 Harry Blamires, *The Christian Mind*, (London, 1963), p. 68.

10 Edmund Wilson alleges that Waugh, 'in this more normal world no longer knows his way...' (Edmund Wilson, *New Yorker*, 5 Jan. 1946, in Martin Stannard (ed.) *op, cit.*, p. 245. He goes on to say that the writer has, therefore, supplied more romantic fantasy (ibid, p. 245). Interestingly enough, Waugh based the death-bed scene on a real life incident (Evelvn Waugh's letter to Ronald Knox, March 14, 1945, in Mark Amory (ed.), *op. cit.*, p. 206).

11 A.A. De Vitis, *Roman Holiday*, (London, 1958): pp 46-47.

12 Stephen Spender, 'The World of Evelyn Waugh', *The Creative Element*, (London, 1958), pp 46–47.)

13 While Rose Macaulay indicts it for its Catholic exclusiveness (*Horizon*, Dec. 1946, in Martin Stannard (ed.), *op, cit.*, p. 264), Stephen Spender considers the emphasis on Roman Catholicism as self-defeating and an artistic blunder, (Stephen Spender, *op. cit.* p. 174).

14 *The Letters of Evelyn Waugh*, p. 200.

15 John K. Hurchens, *New York Times Book Review*, 30 Dec. 1945, reprinted in Martin Stannard (ed.), *op. cit.*, p. 242.

16 In the 'lesser' comedies, a circular plot orders and arranges the episodes in each novel. Almost invariably, the situation, with which the action of the novel begins, is the same with which it concludes. In some of the novels, it is made so obvious that it does not escape notice even at the 'textual' level. In *Decline and Fall* (1928), for instance, Paul Pennyfeather's fictional life begins with his stay at Oxford and ends with the same situation.

17 Donat O' Donnell, 'The Pieties of Evelyn Waugh', *Bell*, Dec. 1946, reprinted in Martin Stannard (ed.), *op. cit.*, p. 259.

18 T.J. Barrington, *Bell* Feb. 1947, reprinted in Martin Stannard (ed.) *op. cit.* p. 265.

19 Harry Blamires, *op. cit.* p. 67.

20 Jeffrey Heath, *op. cit.*, p. 52.

BOOK REVIEW

E. S. P. Vocabulary And Medical Discourse
By **FARHATULLAH KHAN**
(Delhi : Lissan Publications, 1990), 165 pp

While going through Dr Farhatullah Khan's book, I was reminded of Emily Dickinson who devoted herself religiously to the study of *An American Dictionary of the English Language* by Noah Webster, 1844 edition, for several years before making her debut in the field of poetry. She had realized the importance of lexis, being symbol of ideas, for communication and hence wanted to store in her memory its rich treasure for her own special purposes. With the expanding frontiers of knowledge particularly in the fields of science, engineering and medical science and simultaneous increase in the specialzed vocabulary to give it verbal manifestation, it is becoming more and more difficult to communicate adequately and exactly the specialized knowledge of a subject through the limited range of common vocabulary. There has therefore arisen a great need of learning the medium for special requirements and purposes. Lexis being the proper tool of communication, the emphasis falls on categorizing its widely increa sing wealth according to various disciplines.

English has now attained the status of the *lingua franca* of the world because of its links with the British colonies in the past and its fast developing rich vocabulary in the present. This global significance of English has necessitated reorientation in its teaching to speakers of other languages. There is now significant change in approach to and methodology of the English Language Teaching (ELT) to cater to manifold interests

and requirements of communication for different purposes. The new demands have led to channelizing ELT to specified professional needs The concept of English for Specific Purposes, i.e., ESP, has therefore emerged as a significant aspect of ELT, to help the specialist learner in a particular discipline to use it for his own specific communicative needs and purposes. ESP enables learners to analyse, interpret and produce discourse typical of the subject area.

As vocabulary is a major feature distinguishing subject areas, it is not surprising that there have appeared a large number of separate dictionaries related to different subjects of knowledge. Though useful in segregating lexis peculiar to each subject, they do not help students, researchers and experts of the subject to discern the scientific ways of the evolution and connotation of specialist vocabularies and link them with relevant patterns of meanings in discourse. Dr Farhatullah Khan's book. *ESP, Vocabulary And Medical Discourse,* is a pioneer work in presenting a lucid elucidation of the discourse based lexis related to Medical Sciences.

Out of the six chapters which comprise the main body of Dr. Khan's study, the first three chapters give an indepth analysis of the theoretical aspects of ESP—origin, definition, communicative approaches related to syllabus, materials, methods and teacher training. The last three chapters throw valuable light on the interpretation of specialist disciplines. They deal with the role of vocabulary in language teaching and illustrate with charts and diagrams the communicative potential of vocabulary and propose a model of generative vocabulary drawn on the procedures of word grammar. Chapter seven which is the last one in the study really sums up the inferences drawn from the theoretical and practical aspects of ESP treated earlier. This chapter is very useful not only to the specialists in the field of medical science but also to students and teachers in general.

Written in simple and immaculate English, the book is systematically arranged and well-organised. It is characterized by scientific analysis and precision and cogency in treatment.

It also reveals its author's deep insight into and thorough understanding of the various aspects of his subject. It is an indispensable book for the students and specialists in the field of medical science. Its impressive printing and get-up compares favourably with the books published abroad.

HARISH RAIZADA

Aligarh

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