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When a contributor throws down something new or challenging we hope that it will be taken up: an opponent will enter the debate by means of a letter or article and the atmosphere of our forum may approach that of a tournament. We have sponsored long, earnest encounters from time to time or, on certain subjects, a briefer exchange of views with fiery thrusts. In this issue we welcome among the articles material which could rouse a lively response on several themes; and we publish the third phase of a literary debate, one which is concerned with central principles of criticism and which will perhaps be carried further. May we remind readers that we are ready to accept letters on any controversy within the area of the humanities, especially in answer to an earlier article but also if unprompted by anything appearing in these pages.

THE EDITORS

THE MYTH OF ADAMASTOR IN SOUTH AFRICAN LITERATURE

by STEPHEN GRAY

It all begins with the myth of Adamastor. To follow the myth and its transformations might be a convenient entry into the field of South African literature.

John Purves tried this entry. On 28 August, 1909, he delivered a lecture at the Transvaal University College on 'Camoens and the Epic of Africa'. The lecture was reproduced in *The State* over November and December, 1909, and it ends with this rousing claim: '*The Lusiads* is . . . not only the first but the greatest of South African poems. It is our portion in the Renaissance.' (p. 745)[1]

Professor Purves's lecture is one of the first examples of South African literary criticism beginning to get somewhere. In his consideration of this epic poem, particularly of the Canto V which deals with the Portuguese navigators' rounding of the Cape, Purves footnotes much of the material from a South African point of view. But then he bulks out his observations with biographical detail on Camoens, the luckless, one-eyed scholar of Coimbra who, after sixteen years adrift in the farthest reaches of the briefly-lived Portuguese East Indian empire, returned to his native Lisbon with a head full of actual seafaring experiences and hands full of manuscript, and the text is lost sight of. Nevertheless, Purves was good at wielding the biocritical method; his lecture carries conviction when it asserts that Camoens heaped into the creation of Adamastor all the scorn and detestation for the African continent that he felt when it held him in 'compulsory detention' (p. 736), from 1567–1569 in Mozambique, when he was trying to get home, writing in his cell. But one might equally well deduce from such a legend that Camoens was the first political detainee in Southern African literature, and that the poem is of interest on that account too. The biocritical method was appropriate for a scholar of Edwardian times, but it was not given to answering major questions about literature.

For three years, from 1910 to November, 1913, Purves himself was the editor of *The South African Bookman and Quarterly Journal* of the South African Home Reading Circle in Pretoria, so he probably knew what being stuck in the colonies felt like. At first *The South African Bookman* was a local imitation of the London *Bookman,* given over to news and reviews of forthcoming publications by South African writers and what one can only call memorial articles on venerable South African literary figures, such as Kolbe and Boniface. It also contained occasional pieces on whether or not missing Pringle papers

had been found. *The South African Bookman* carried checklists of books in print by South Africans and admonished the local bookshops to stock their own authors, even to display them alongside the imported product. Purves had noted in his Camoens lecture that no more than two towns in South Africa carried copies of *The Lusiads* in their libraries or bookshops, even though the work had been translated into English in its entirety no less than four times, the most recent being by none other than Sir Richard Burton, working at it 'as an explorer for explorers' (p. 735). The situation has hardly changed. By the end of No. 8 of *The South African Bookman*, Purves had resigned as editor, noting somewhat bitterly that South African literature was deserving of more than tea party discussion; there was more to be discovered about it than that. As William Hay had reconfirmed in his 1912 edition of Thomas Pringle's poems, Coleridge considered 'Afar in the Desert' 'among the two or three most perfect lyric poems in the language'.[2] The local *Bookman* limped on for four more numbers, up to November, 1914. The First World War, that holocaust of the Western world, meant to South African literature no more than a temporary shortage of imported paper.

According to Purves, Camoens was killed by a bout of plague that hit Lisbon in 1580. But Purves doesn't mention that the plague came from the quarters of the world to which Marco Polo had travelled, and which Henry the Navigator saw his mercantile crusaders had conquered in the preceding one hundred years. The business of conquest has always been a matter of take and be taken, even if literary criticism in South Africa has not.

The Lusiads is not the first and greatest South African poem. Less than one tenth of it deals with experience in South Africa's territorial waters, and Vasco da Gama, the hero of its epic voyage, was not trying merely to revist Bartholomew Diaz's Cape of Storms. The objective was India and the Spice Islands, and rounding the bottom of Africa was merely a matter of clearing one more obstacle on a long course to glory. *The Lusiads* is the national epic of the Lusitanian bogeymen, the sons of its eponymous hero, Lusus, and not of any South Africans.

Nevertheless, with those qualifications clearly in mind, it is imperative to examine it by a reverse angle shot, as it were; we look at Camoens from the vantage point of the cruel, dark and vengeful interior that he and his hero viewed as unfit for human habitation. Canto V does for the first time record in literary form a crucial segment of South African experience through European eyes. Several of the characteristics of South African writing make their first tentative appearances here, and Camoens's dilemma was that of his successors: how does a writer, snugly at home in his own European literary environment, deal with African experience?

Camoens took to precedents, and that his precedents were Homer and Virgil, particularly the latter, should not be news to us. Vasco da Gama is turned into a historical successor of Odysseus and Aeneas, the ancient sea-voyagers who extended the proscribed psyches of their audiences into new worlds. But in one way Homer and Lucretius, and Virgil and the young Pliny, let Camoens down. 'It is hard to tell you of all the dangers we experienced and the strange happenings we saw in these lonely and faraway regions . . .', says Da Gama, Camoens's mouthpiece. 'Will the learned men ever explain these wonders of nature? Had the ancient philosophers seen as many things and been to as many places as I, they would have left fantastic records of true happenings in strange worlds.'[3] (p. 2) Vasco da Gama's aside tries to explain the difficulties he has in describing new phenomena, like water spouts and electrical tropical storms, encountered for the first time by Europeans on the way down the latitudes of the Atlantic towards the strange seas of the South Pole. Camoens implies that literary precedent plays a cunning trick on a poet when the stuff of sensational poetic embellishment, good for thrills and spills, actually occurs in experience. He has to invite suspension of disbelief in order that reality, and not fantasy, enters his account. Steering by Herodotus, and by the modern astrolabe as well, caused tension.

But in his reinterpretation of what the classical Mediterranean gods stand for once they are spread throughout the oceans of the globe, Camoens sets up a framework of thinking that is relevant to defining the field of South African literature. The roles they play are modified from the roles they played in the Greek and Latin. Mars and Venus seem to step out of the Iberian middle ages as the patrons of all warrior-lovers. Neptune and Bacchus arrive as gods from the exterior, hostile and menacing; in short, utterly foreign to the European scheme of things. This new alignment of Mars-Venus, the European controllers, against their dark, uncivilized foes in Neptune-Bacchus, represents the basic tensions of the white-black confrontation as depicted through much of South African literature. The coloniser dedicated to fighting for the Great White Queen against the forces of lawlessness and drunken unreason, a view that goes a long way to explaining the assumptions behind a lot of colonial fiction, is prefigured in Camoens's Renaissance epic.

Camoens adapts da Gama's account of his trip down the west of Africa to include all Portuguese maritime endeavour up to Camoens's own time, so that a claim like the following is not strictly accurate coming from da Gama: 'we passed . . . the Congo kingdom, already converted to Christianity by my kinsmen, where the long, clear River Zaire flows, never found by the ancients'. (Quintanilha, p. 1) But the purpose of the Portuguese double quest is bluntly affirmed: defeat the Moors (i.e. Moslems), who abound outside European waters, and

open the way for commerce and the church to expand. The Congo River, never suspected to have existed by the ancient cartographers, is there now, 'resembling an immense snake uncoiled, with its head in the sea, its body at rest curving afar over a vast continent, and its tail lost in the depths of the land', as Conrad was to say[4] — a serpent in a dark new paradise. And da Gama's view of his quest is not essentially different from a man like David Livingstone's, three-and-a-half centuries later. Yet, when they are becalmed and unable to take readings with much confidence from the new southern stars, it is still 'the winds of Aeolus' (Quintanilha, pp. 1–2) that betray them. All the way down, the Portuguese imagination, trapped in its enthusiasm for a world-wide neoclassical revival, doesn't hesitate to deploy the old gods, too, over the new places. Madeira 'even though it is at the edge of the world' becomes 'the favourite island of Venus' (p. 1). Guinea is for trading golden fleeces. The Bijagós Islands are described now as 'formerly inhabited by the Gorgon sisters; it was one of them, Medusa, who captured Neptune's love and filled the burning sands of Africa with serpents' (p. 1). The island of Sao Tomé, meanwhile, is named 'after the apostle who touched the side of the Lord' (p. 1). For company, the Portuguese advance with a truly odd selection of classical and Christian figureheads. But as they cross the equator these reassuring partisans begin to thin out in Camoens, and a statement like the following is not only an informative observation but contains a certain bleakness, the anxiety of man confronted with the unnameable: 'At night the Great and Little Bear sank rapidly into the ocean'. (Quintanilha, p. 2).

Pagan (classical) mythology and Christian symbolism rub shoulders easily here. Camoens does not necessarily mean that it is Christian angels alone who save da Gama from primitive violence, for the classical and the Christian mingle hopelessly together within the poem, and Venus is as likely to redeem them as the Virgin. Although this point was irksome to Dryden ('Camoens . . . should be censured by all his readers, when he brings in Bacchus and Christ into the same adventure of his fable'[5]), it does not unduly distress us when it comes to reading Milton, as Purves pointed out; syncretism is a blithe metaphysical ability that in times of multiple experience is a means of enrichment. The fact that Adamastor is derived from both those huge reservoirs of Western experience, the Greek and Roman classics, and the Bible, at the same time, should disturb no-one today. In a multicultural situation, heterogeneity is a saving grace.

Canto V contains two episodes which are the first literary records of European meetings with the indigenous South African population. Since the clash of colours is the most predominant theme in South African writing, it would be as well to examine these incidents in some detail, if with caution.

Da Gama recounts the first meeting at St Helena Bay in this manner:

> '. . . the men disembarked on huge expanses of land, eager to see weird things where no other travellers had set foot before . . . Suddenly I saw a black-skinned man, surrounded by my crew, coming towards me. He had been captured in the mountains while gathering honeycombs. More savage-looking than Polyphemus, he was also very frightened because we were unable to communicate with each other. I showed him gold, silver and spices, but he was not impressed. Then I ordered that glass beads, tinkling bells and a bright crimson cap be shown him: he was delighted, as we could tell from his expressions. We let him head back to his village that was not far off.' (Quintanilha, p. 2.)

Intrepid and 'eager to see weird things', the crew of the caravels embarked on the unknown. They were only obeying orders for, according to Boxer,[6] da Gama was carrying letters of credence to Prester John from his regent, Dom Manuel I, and 'samples of spices, gold and seed-pearls. He had orders to show these commodities to the inhabitants of all the undiscovered places at which he might call along the African coast, in the hope that those peoples might recognize these valuables and indicate by signs, or through interpreters, where they might be found'. (p. 36) Columbus was doing the same thing in the Caribbean at the same time. The fact that da Gama's first Hottentot was 'captured . . . while gathering honeycombs' suggests an act of immediate aggression on the part of the Portuguese. But da Gama very truthfully admits the pacific nature of their first victim (honeycombs and not poison for arrows). Immediately the classical gloss is given, but with not much conviction: however 'savage-looking', a Hottentot is not a one-eyed giant, but the cyclops image does convey awe and an anticipation of an eruption of violence. The give-away remark is that the Hottentot was '*also* very frightened'. That candid and human detail lends the account an eye-witness quality.

Then they enact the ritual barter. Although da Gama stresses his generosity towards the Hottentot, one must not forget that such a pitstop would include the Portuguese helping themselves to fresh water and greens and meat from the Hottentot domain, a fact that is elided here. The line: 'I showed him gold, silver and spices', has an uneasy ring to it, too. These samples were not only for purposes of identification, but part of an invitation to the local to point the way to the East. Not only was the Hottentot not impressed, but he somewhat naturally could not understand the question — it is a superbly absurd moment. The haunting detail that da Gama gave the Hottentot glass beads, tinkling bells and a bright crimson cap is charming to da Gama;

such truck is, however, of tragic significance to us, for they would eventually lose the Hottentot a kingdom. They are the garments you dress a man in when you make him a clown, and Hottentots in symbolic beads and caps will become a stock-in-trade of the more gruesome moments of humour in South African literature. Or they are what you give a child to keep him happy. The fact that he rates enchanting beauty above economic value remains unseen.

But da Gama acknowledges that a certain communication has taken place. Camoens himself, though using a highly formal *ottava rima* stanza, like Ariosto before him, is nevertheless fascinated by alternative means of communication. He has da Gama stress that he and the Hottentot had no language in common, yet they could read delight in his expressions. In short, communication by mime, a sort of homemade theatre, had taken place.

The following day it turns out that Fernao Veloso, the comedian of the trip (Speedy Fernando might be the English equivalent of his name), is also the social anthropologist of the three caravels. When more Hottentot villagers, 'naked and black', make for the ship in the hope of collecting more curious trinkets, da Gama notes that:

> They were so gentle and friendly that Fernao Veloso decided to go back with them to observe their ways and customs. Bold was he, confident in his strong arm, believing arrogantly that he had nothing to fear. He had gone from us for a considerable time, when all of a sudden we saw him in the distance, making for the sea in a greater hurry than when he left.
>
> Coelho's little boat set out to fetch him, but before it reached the shore, a Hottentot pounced on Veloso, and then another and another. He was in great danger, with no-one to help. While I hastened to his rescue, a whole band of Hottentots appeared from a covering. Arrows and stones rained on us, not all in vain, since I left with an injured leg. Yet our retaliation was such that I fear it was not only their caps that they kept as a red souvenir of the encounter. (Quintanilha, pp. 2–3).

And Vasco da Gama, at that point in his narrative, had only to indicate his wounded leg for the story to carry the evidence of experience.

Camoens has him straining for effect here, relating what after all is no more than a cowboys-and-Indians type of incident which, in all its thousands of popular variations, never fails to generate excitement. One can visualise the battle — stalwart but foolhardy seamen learning their lesson at the hands of stone-throwing fiery hordes, artillery versus the inevitable poisoned arrows. The braggadocio of da Gama's tone when he says they received more than red caps as souvenirs of the in-

cident is forgivable, and it is a startling image of blood-letting. But the Hottentots have their baptism in blood. It does not, and cannot, enter Camoens's thinking to see the scene from the Hottentot point of view as well: a handful of pacific, diminutive honeycomb-gatherers, inadequately armed, in their turn fighting off the hostile mermen materilized out of the sea to molest them with lethally magical instruments and threatened invasion.

The meeting is archetypal to almost all South African writing, as has been said, though here it appears in phase one only. The Hottentots are in and remain in possession of incalculably vast landmasses; the Europeans are huddled off the shore in their vessels, not reassured enough to spend even a night ashore. When Coelho, watched by the whole crew, rows ashore to 'save' his threatened companion, that crossing must have felt like a quick trip to the banks of hell. They were not only upside down on the globe but so far out of gear with normality that, despite their having sailed for five months, it was still a burning hot summer. Hell, indeed, in the kingdom of the blacksmith, the volcano, the poisonous eruption of the hordes.

> 'Having saved Veloso', de Gama continues, 'we returned to our ships, only too clearly warned of the ugly malice and crude intentions of those treacherous brutes. And one presumed from their ignorance of its location that India must still be a long way off, so we hurried to sail on.' (Quintanilha, p. 3)

The conclusion is over-emotive; 'ugly', 'crude' and 'treacherous' are inflated slanders, and 'their' ignorance has met its match in da Gama's.

Frank Brownlee had no doubts about how to interpret this scene. 'One may think back to 1497 and Fernando Veloso, when blind, unreasoned fear led to the first clash between white and black in this country.'[7] (p. 240) Blind and unreasoned, indeed, and no-one would dispute that.

But at this juncture one is faced with two ways to go to explain it: the first is to pursue that early meeting through the records, illustrating instances of the blind, unreasoning fear at work as it dominates race relations in South Africa up to contemporary times, showing the how and the why of that fear throughout the social history of the land. The sociological approach to criticism that analyses how literary media contain group experiences is not the one to be followed here. The critic with socio-political priorities has in South Africa often missed attaining the mark of this article, and South African literature has been used quite enough as mere illustration of socio-political trends.

It is the literary approach to such a scene that has not been exercised enough yet. The question to ask is not, 'Why was this preliminary

skirmish fought?' but, 'How has literature shaped the artist's vision of it?' What sustaining myths compel it to be described the way Camoens has chosen, and what does literary technique reveal about this scene? If history and art were to be confused here, Brownlee's deduction would be reached time and time again. We have already exhausted the scene by the sociological method, but the literary process of context determining content has not yet begun to be explored.

First of all, not one detail of the encounter as described above is to be taken at face value, not even the implication of blind, unreasoned fear. The first scene of interracial strife in South African literature is not a documentary report, but a dramatised incident in an enormously complex and well-structured work of neoclassical epic that used documentation for its own ends.

The context of this scene is that da Gama, who by this stage has been speaking for two and a half cantos, is doing so at the invitation of the King of Malindi. Although a Moslem and, as such, da Gama's traditional enemy, he is a noble and courteous regent, as only a medieval adversary can be. Da Gama is talking for his life, too, for he and his crew are afraid that their fleet will be ambushed yet again, and da Gama needs something very practical, something more practical than the mere maintenance of his honour: a reliable pilot to guide them eastwards to India for the second half of the voyage. The king begs precisely the kind of speech that da Gama makes when he invites him to explain himself:

> 'Nor does the sun shine so obliquely on us here in Malindi that you should think us dull of heart and intellect beyond a proper appreciation of noble deeds', declared the king. 'The giants in their arrogance made war on Olympus, if in vain. Theseus and Pirithous were bold, in their ignorance, to assault Pluto's dark and fearsome kingdom. If history records such daring enterprises as the laying siege to both heaven and hell, to assail the fury of the ocean is another no whit less hazardous or renowned . . .'[8] (pp. 75–6)

Throughout his reply to the king, then, da Gama knows that if he can present himself as a candidate for undying honour in the king's own terms, he will have saved himself and his crew. Therefore, the scene at St Helena Bay turns out to be the way it is as much from first-hand observation as from the dramatic needs of a man in a tough corner. The Hottentots cannot be presented in their own right; they have to be representative of 'Pluto's dark and fearsome kingdom'. The act of laying siege to heaven or hell is, *a priori*, an act of folly; hence Veloso's venture has to be dramatised as outrageously brave, if foolish. The more inhospitable and unhelpful da Gama makes the Hottentots,

the more rhetorical sway he has gathered in formulating his appeal. History is being manipulated into epic drama, and for dramatic effect Africa has to be presented as relentless. When D. Manuel de Sousa de Sépulveda and D. Leonor de Sá land on the African shore, their fate is to be worse than death:

> They will be allowed to survive a cruel shipwreck only to suffer more grievous wrongs. They shall see their children, the fruit of so much love and care, starve to death. They shall see the rough, grasping Cafres strip the gorgeous lady of her garments after a long and painful trek along the burning sands, leaving her limbs exposed to the rigours of the elements. And their companions shall witness even worse as these two helpless lovers fall victim of the blazing, pitiless bush where their tears, drawn out by grief, will melt the very stones. In their final embrace they will release their souls from the prisons of their bodies with relief. (Quintanilha, p. 4)

Da Gama doesn't necessarily believe a word of it, but he has to make Africa pitiless in order to challenge the King of Malindi to show that he is not without mercy. It works. The king isn't; he later takes them fishing.

The second encounter, that takes place once the Cape is rounded at Mossel Bay, is contrasted with the first, again for a good reason. It is not a dramatic incident and it is given cursory treatment. It would seem that to Camoens's way of thinking there were only two ways of dealing with these cross-cultural meetings with the precedents he had.

> We landed a second time. The people of this new coast were still negroes ('Cafres'), yet more kind than those we had previously met. Dancing and cheering, they came to us along the beach, bringing their wives and the fat, sleek flocks they were driving to pasture. The sultry women rode on the backs of tranquil oxen, the most valuable of their animals. They were singing pastoral songs, both in rhyme and unrhymed, accompanying themselves on rustic flutes, like Virgil's [Tityrus].
>
> This joyful tribe treated us in a friendly manner, bringing fowls and sheep in exchange for our presents. (Quintanilha, pp. 5–6).

The complement of the heroic within the epic is the pastoral. There is a deep strain of sympathy at work here in da Gama, and he makes the contrast between the scenes so that his meaning is clear: if you are aggressive, so are we prepared to be; if not, we are disarmed. But as the whole of *The Lusiads* is dense with pastoral details, this scene blends into Camoens's whole vision of the Tagus back home being the

font of pastoral virtue and peaceful co-operation. Da Gama's mission is to trade, not to conquer. The equitable and pleasant interchange of the Mossel Bay scene is clearly the one he prefers. The sultry women riding tranquil oxen are not grotesque this time, but beautiful images of abundance and contentment. They are embodiments of Virgil's alternative to military strife and upheaval, Tityrus the shepherd as against Meliboeus the warrior. Their songs are the harmonies of peaceful order.

But once again the scene is cast in such an orthodox mould that it is hard to sift out which details are derived from the African experience. Certainly the riding of oxen was a novelty to the Portuguese. The songs were, too, and only a poet of Camoens's curiosity would insert in the middle of an epic poem a note about those songs being 'rhymed and unrhymed', an observation which goes beyond building a scene into the rudiments of literary criticism. It is a great moment in South African literature — a poet composing an epic poem which, if only distantly, relies on oral rhetorical formulations, pausing to take notice of the techniques of other oral praise songs that, like Camoens's no doubt, codified and stored a nation's history, its brave deeds, and its way of life.

Da Gama deposited a token stone cross and sailed on into the unknown once more, past the padrao that Bartholomew Diaz had deposited before him at the Great Fish River mouth.

The celebrated passage in *The Lusiads*, the one dealing with the rounding of the Cape, comes between these two encounters. It gives us, lock, stock and barrel, all the details of how a Renaissance man went about inventing the appropriate literary symbolism where before there had been none. The truth is that when da Gama and his men attempted to round the Cape, it took them four grim days. The truth is also that da Gama has to invent, at some key point in his narrative, an incident which will illustrate how he has outdared the laying to siege of heaven and/or hell and the rebellious Titans in their war against Olympus. Assailing the fury of the oceans, the king has said, would be a suitable qualification for his respect.

Thus the Adamastor story is concocted out of all these situational necessities. Da Gama takes on the king down to the last detail, even in making Adamastor the last of the Titans. As Purves says of Adamastor, 'the only great figure added to mythology since classical times is a South African figure'. (p. 542) He comes about not by one of what Tillyard calls Camoens's 'special interventions'[9] in the form, but as a structural necessity. And, not unexpectedly, Adamastor stands for all the horrors and tribulations of Portuguese maritime history compressed into one.

> 'I noticed, standing carefree on the prow one night', says da Gama, 'that a large cloud appeared to be thickening the air. It was so fearsome that the sight of it filled us with foreboding. The turgid sea roared in the distance, as if smashing into the hollows of a reef. "O sublime Powers!" I shouted out, "what divine threat or secret is hidden in this terrible sea, for this is far more than an ordinary storm?" '
>
> 'I had hardly spoken when a muscular and powerful figure materialized in the cloud itself. It was gigantic in stature, disfigured, with a huge, sunken face and a squalid beard and sunken eyes. His expression was evil and menacing; it had a clayey pallor. His hair was matted with mud. His black mouth was filled with yellow teeth . . . In a deep and horrifying voice, he spoke as if from the depths of underwater.' (Quintanilha, p. 3).

Camoens knows how the monsters of *The Odyssey* and *The Aeneid* come about; he is on the inside of the mythopoeic process. He knows that his readers will see Table Mountain as a rocky forehead, and the caps of waves as moaning grey moustaches over hollow mouths. He knows that whirlpools are seen as sunken eyes, and that when the black maw of the sea pulls back over reefs, his audience will see the yellow teeth. Those are the awe-inspiring details by which the stormy Cape is anthropomorphized into a monster.

But then the character Camoens chooses for Adamastor is not quite the expected one. He is an old greybeard, the last of the unintelligent rebels. His classical genealogy is: born of Earth and Sky, as he later tells da Gama. His own folly was to try to make it in the new order of gods by falling in love with the provocative Thetis, who betrays his love and exiles him. 'My flesh was changed into earth, my bones into rock, these limbs that you see and this face were projected over the watery spaces. My enormous body became this desolate cape, and to increase my suffering the gods encircled me with these waters of Thetis herself', he roars in pain. (Quintanilha, p. 5). It is a delightful caprice of Camoens's to have a mythological figure actually explaining how he becomes a myth. Yet Adamastor is a pathetic as well as a horrific figure — a ham-handed oaf who tenderly gropes after a delicate, pale, erotic nymph, whose privilege makes her untouchable and whose advanced society rewards galumphing affection with all the superior powers of a lethal technology. His story is not unlike King Kong's, with his reaching for Fay Wray — a contemporary version of the same myth by Edgar Wallace, another writer who learned about racial psychoses in Southern Africa. He is Caliban desiring Miranda.

When da Gama himself meets Thetis at the end of the epic, ironically enough he is not only stood the consolatory copulation at her hands that Adamastor was denied, but when she leads him to the top of the mountain

of the Island of Love where, like Kumalo in *Cry, the Beloved Country*, he receives illumination, she reveals to da Gama the globe of the world of which the Titan's body is merely a part:

> 'Here is Africa', she declares, 'still grasping after the things of this world, uncivilized, full of savagery, with its southernmost Cape, that has always been denied you until now. Look out over the whole vast continent and see how everywhere it is the home of legions of infidels.
>
> 'Observe, here is the great empire of Benomotapa with its naked blacks. . . . There is abundance of gold, the metal that men most strive after . . . and note how the Negroes live in huts without doors, as if they were nests, trusting to the king's justice and to the protection and good faith of their neighbours. . . .' (Atkinson, p. 236).

Adamastor, then, is the old heathen, unenlightened, caught in the dark night of the earth without relief. Yet Camoens is not one for gratuitous details, and the clayey features and the hair matted with mud are not only descriptive of how the old man is tempestuously dying, but they are the kind of clay and mud out of which the new Adam will one day be born.

Adamastor's enormous grumble against the Portuguese is simply explained; he envies them their mobility, their superior daring, their grace. His curse is made to order: 'O, you daring race, bolder than any other in the world. . . .' (Quintanilha, p. 4). Nor is he insensitive to the glamour of a new breed of men who in challenging destiny can break out of the old, closed world order into the new. Camoens lets his Renaissance man, da Gama, respond to Adamastor with supreme self-confidence. Da Gama has the nerve to interrupt Adamastor's prediction of horrors the Portuguese will meet and, in a scene that is tinged with comic bravado, shames the giant into telling his ludicrous story. Then, when Adamastor dejectedly subsides into a defeated calm, da Gama relates that he 'raised his hands in blessing to the angels who had led us safely past there, praying that God might avert the grim disasters predicted by Adamastor'. And the sun rises as they turn to face it in the East.

But the list of catastrophes that Adamastor lays out for the Portuguese were not to be avoided, even if Adamastor was; they were to be gone through. And part of Camoens's theme is that through unendurable suffering only are the final rewards achieved. *The Lusiads* is above all a masterly illustration of the Catholic belief in suffering, purgation and redemption, and one feels at times that if Africa and the Indies had not been there for the enactment of such a pattern in the national history of Portugal, Camoens would have had to invent them.

And although trading is a constant theme throughout *The Lusiads,* and it has commonly been called the great epic of mercantile endeavour, this view of it is perhaps mistaken, because the theme of a life of pain and turbulence (which Adamastor symbolised) and of redemption predominates. Da Gama died peacefully back in Lisbon when Camoens was newborn, and Camoens himself rounded the Cape as part of Cabral's expedition of 1553, by which time Adamastor's prophecies had been enacted to the last detail. By 1572, when *The Lusiads* was first published, the da Gama story had taken on the contours of myth. By then, however, the concept of the noble explorer, dedicated to the acquisition of knowledge and upholding his honour even among, for example, the king of his enemies, was in decay, and the spiritual interests of a da Gama had given way to mere money-changing. Camoens's disgusted verdict was that 'gentle blood and material wealth [now] counted for more than learning and literature with [his] compatriots at home and overseas' (Boxer, p. 342). And a century later Portugal's own Jesuit priests were calling their flocks the 'Kaffirs' of Europe.

Man, not money, Camoens means to say, should still be the measure of man. In Vasco da Gama he has given us a man who outfaces an Adamastor with wit, skill and confidence, a man who knows how to make the world his own, where

> they on the trading flood,
> Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
> Ply stemming nightly towards the pole.
> (Milton in *Paradise Lost*, ii, 640–2)

The Portuguese had the kind of rash confidence that would be displayed by many an explorer who turned inland from the Cape and took Adamastor on piecemeal. Adamastor makes a few more appearances in the literature, but never with the same density of association and coherence of meaning, a vast and rich symbol embedded in all the European past.

In Roy Campbell's volume of 1930, *Adamastor,*[10] the old Titan lives again. As Rowland Smith observes, the central theme of the poems in this volume is 'the insight derived from isolation and hardship',[11] and Campbell's own prophetic warnings to his fellow colonials, as Smith remarks, are in line with Adamastor the doomcaster's.

Campbell's poem, 'Rounding the Cape', is a subtle commentary on the Camoens we have discussed; and in terms of Camoens, Campbell's lyric makes better sense. Campbell himself planted the hint in *Light on a Dark Horse:* '. . . it is only Camoe[n]s, the greatest of all South African poets, who gives one in words a real sense of [the

Cape's] awe and the grandeur of its stormy seas in that wonderful passage about Rounding the Cape.'[12] This thought occurred to Campbell on his own rounding of the Cape in 1918, and the poem is classified under 'Early Poems' in the collection that wasn't first published until twelve years later. Despite the fact that Campbell stressed his kinship with Camoens the warrior-poet ('I find a comrade where I sought a master', 'Luiz de Camoes', 1944[13]), and underlined the connection repeatedly, critics of Campbell's work have resolutely avoided dealing with the matter. Campbell, like a boulder in the stream, is there in South African poetry, and he demands consideration in his own terms.

What has been written of Campbell of late is often in the nature of an embarrassed attempt to rescue some literary glory for the lately deceased before the label of Fascist reactionary sinks him forever in the history of twentieth-century English poetry. Whether or not he's included in Larkin's *The Oxford Book of Twentieth-Century English Verse* is not important to us (he is, so that's that). The whole exercise balances severe censure against grudging admiration. Alan Paton, in his memorial lecture on Campbell in 1957,[14] in his Grahamstown lectures of 1974,[15] and in his third attempt at a definitive biocritical piece delivered at the University of York conference on 'Literature and Conditions in Southern Africa' in April, 1975,[16] has been most assiduous in torpedoing literature with apologia, and reducing critical perception into speculative scandal-mongering. Campbell's dipsomania (recurrent), and Mrs Campbell's affair with Vita Sackville-West (the latest humiliating attempt by a South African critic to show that 'our' literature has had some kind of a relationship with literature 'back home'), no more explains a tradition of literature in South Africa than Paton's more recent revelation, figuring out William Plomer in terms of homosexuality. While Campbell himself has been the centre of an inordinate amount of scandal, the true scandal remains unrevealed, and will remain unrevealed until the biocritical method is abandoned. The propagation of literary criticism is not significantly advanced by the knowledge that Paton doesn't approve of heavy drinking in his right-wing poets or homosexuality on the left.

In the last lecture Paton goes as far as asking where Campbell got lines like the following from:

> An old unquenched unsmotherable heat —
> The curbed ferocity of beaten tribes,
> The sullen dignity of their defeat.
> ('The Zulu Girl', *Selected Poems*, p. 20)

And he asks: 'What made [Campbell] see the Ploughman in 'The Serf' as one "That moves the nearest to the naked earth/And ploughs down

palaces, and thrones, and towers" (*Selected Poems,* p. 20)?' (Heywood, p. 6) But Paton doesn't pause to answer his own questions.

The true scandal is perhaps, as Laurie Lee states, that 'Campbell's . . . paternalism, imbibed from his South African background, was out of date even before he was born',[17] and there's not much point in fussing about that one. And the other true scandal is not to see Campbell in terms of a far wider literary heritage than he is given credit for belonging to. Trying to explain Campbell in isolation in terms of an English South African tradition alone, as Lionel Abrahams does in an otherwise beautifully detailed piece,[18] and as Heather L. Jurgens does,[19] is to miss the whole point of Campbell. Every poet should be permitted to choose his own antecedents.

In Campbell's case there was the Portuguese connection, already mentioned and to be explored, and the obvious French connection. Those lines from 'The Zulu Girl' that Paton so admires derive from the daring sensationalism of Baudelaire (and she's hardly a 'girl' if she's gigantically suckling her child); and 'Rounding the Cape' is Rimbaud's 'Bateau Ivre' in miniature. Those impressive lines from 'The Serf' are a reference to a Kipling poem that begins with the line 'Cities and Thrones and Powers', a poem that doubts the permanency of man's aristocratic institutions — Campbell pushed the poem along by stating that the serf will take over.

Campbell had very specific reasons for not choosing South African forebears; rightly or wrongly, he saw his own immediate poetic heritage in terms of: 'A clime so prosperous both to men and kine/That which were which a sage could scarce define'. ('The Wayzgoose', *Selected Poems*, p. 113) In 'Poets in Africa' he gave his reasons for rejecting a line of poetic activity that supposedly commences, as does Butler's *A Book of South African Verse*, with Pringle and 'Afar in the Desert':

> Far in the desert we have been
> Where Nature, still to poets kind,
> Admits no vegetable green
> To soften the determined mind,
>
> But with snarled gold and rumbled blue
> Must disinfect the sight
> Where once the tender maggots grew
> Of faith and beauty and delight.
>
> (*Sons of the Mistral,*[20])

For all his gaudy rhapsodising of a violent Africa that every schoolchild in South Africa knows more or less by heart, the one gesture of Campbell's that one can trust is his ultimate rejection of it; he chose not to reserve his admiration of the primitive for South Africa alone, but to blaze a trail back to Europe:

> I who have quaked to hear, at fifty leagues,
> The rut of Behemoths and Maelstroms roar,
> Threader of endless calms whom naught fatigues,
> Am sick for Europe's towers of ancient lore.
>
> Starred archipelagoes I've seen and islands
> Where maddening skies, to tempt the rover, flower. . . .

That is Rimbaud speaking, in Campbell's own translation ('Drunken Boat', *Selected Poems,* p. 183). Campbell's life as a poet is a re-enactment of Rimbaud's sentiments, and whether it was done tastelessly, boastfully or just hopelessly anachronistically or not is beside the point. If Campbell's poety appears in Europe about a century behind the times, that does not mean that for South Africa it wasn't a rich step forward. When Paton says of Campbell's reactionary sloganeering of later years, 'we don't need a Campbell, we need nothing less than an Archangel' (Heywood, p. 21), he rather nudges out of view the idea that in earlier days, up to the publication of *Adamastor* in 1930 at least, we very much did need a Campbell.

For Campbell's conception of what was South African English culture was well formulated, certainly in line with the general theory of this study. His eclecticism, his ability to grab whatever he needed, not from the prescribed sources, but from whatever suited him temperamentally (as Heather L. Jurgens notes, 'in his view there was no such thing as an original image, so that it was of slight importance that one "stole": what was important was what one did with one's loot' p. 32), is the creative artist's way out of a dilemma in English South Africa in general. The fact that as a sixteen-year-old he chose Camoens, the man exiled in his youth and tossed about in the raw material of a boundless universe, longing to retire to the firm base of his spiritual homeland, suggests that Campbell, the Mithraic tauromachist and Iberian troubadour, regarded his entire South African experience as one of exile away from his true roots. If in the end he settled for believing that he preferred 'tradition and inherited knowledge to irresponsible experiment and innovation',[21] the tradition was self-defined to his own convenience.

In an article in the *Sunday Times* of Johannesburg in 1947, he settled for the South African tradition being along the lines of the-sequence-of-great-works view of things — Schreiner through Plomer

to Millin and Uys Krige — and observed dryly that:

> This pre-eminence [of the South African over other British colonial literatures] has been ascribed to the fact that South Africa is the one Dominion where the cheapness and abundance of coloured labour makes it possible for its European inhabitants to enjoy leisure for intellectual pursuits.[22]

But Campbell's answer to that one in the same piece was immediate:

> Literature is more often the result of social and racial ferment than of idleness, and most of our South African literature is the result of the clash of many creeds, races, languages, cultures and barbarisms, which sets up a more acute state of consciousness than prosperity in a homogeneous atmosphere.

The article is about South African writers and exile. Campbell observes in a rather hurt fashion:

> The Afrikaners are very loyal to their poets and novelists and they see to it by their encouragement that very few of their literary men have to seek for a living outside of their native country.

This note of a very real difference between the two language groups underlines the complexity of the entire literature: the Afrikaans writers coaxed to write for the people from within the people, kept on a tight rein; the English, always outsiders in this outpost of Anglo-Saxondom, never rated as more interesting than the imported metropolitan product, always erased by forgetfulness, never felt to be of relevance. Campbell's venture into exile is thus a deep consequence of the disease that English South African culture suffers from, the lockjaw that disallows its own writers' words to speak for themselves. An Afrikaans critic like D. J. Opperman is more generous to the memory of Roy Campbell, and more believing in the oneness of all South African literary experience, when he assesses the immediate influence of Campbell on the Afrikaans Dertiger poets and adjudges the line of development of South African poetry to be from Pringle through Leipoldt to Campbell, and on to Van Wyk Louw.[23]

In hand we have a poem given scant attention by the commentators on Campbell, one that derives from Camoens, 'Rounding the Cape':

> The low sun whitens on the flying squalls,
> Against the cliffs the long grey surge is rolled
> Where Adamastor from his marble halls
> Threatens the sons of Lusus as of old.

Faint on the glare uptowers the dauntless form,
Into whose shade abysmal as we draw,
Down on our decks, from far above the storm,
Grin the stark ridges of his broken jaw.

Across his back, unheeded, we have broken
Whole forests: heedless of the blood we've spilled,
In thunder still his prophecies are spoken,
In silence, by the centuries, fulfilled.

Farewell, terrific shade! though I go free
Still of the powers of darkness art thou Lord:
I watch the phantom sinking in the sea
Of all that I have hated or adored.

The prow glides smoothly on through seas quiescent:
But where the last point sinks into the deep,
The land lies dark beneath the rising crescent,
And night, the Negro, murmurs in his sleep.

(*Selected Poems*, p. 17)

The poem seems to have no centre of its own; it gains meaning by allusion — one is meant to know the Camoens passage. But Campbell's journey around the Cape is of course in the reverse direction to Camoens's, and the gap in time makes all the difference, for it is a period in which 'Across his back, unheeded, we have broken/Whole forests' without engaging much of the monster's concern. There is a kind of serio-comic chumminess between Adamastor and the poet; 'I know, I know, you've prophesied disaster all this while, writhing in pain, and we've gone on beating you into submission'. It is a stark view of the honour and glory of colonial expansionism and the white man's civilizing mission. But if Adamastor is dormant, at least he is unsubdued. And if Adamastor is the spirit of the wild Cape's 'flying squalls' and towering, forbidding rocks from the seaview, by a shift of footing in the last stanza, Campbell jettisons Adamastor as an image of terror (plainly the Cape is no longer anything near as awe-inspiring to the new shipbuilders) and revises the image by making 'Night, the Negro' about to awaken and take his revenge. Yet Adamastor is the figure that represents all that Campbell has 'hated or adored'; he is taking leave of all the paradoxical emotions of the anti-romantic young poet's relationship with South Africa, land of violence and sadism. And what Campbell is bidding farewell is somewhat sinister; the land lying dark beneath the 'rising crescent' is not only a sort of glum image of the unenlightened home territory, but, *pace* Camoens again, one that is being abandoned to its true fate. The detail of that 'crescent', after Camoens, is reminiscent of

Camoens's world order of Cross versus Crescent. But just as Camoens and his Christian standards advanced against the infidel, so Campbell retreats here, allowing the infidel to rise once more, as if the civilization that rolled over Adamastor's back had not established itself at all. The political implications are irresistible; the down-trodden Adamastor, off the sweat of whose back we have lived, is ready to hold sway again. Campbell's valediction is a resigned and uneasy statement of the failure of white civilization. The storm warnings that da Gama could bypass become the birth sounds of the Third World.

If Campbell chose to adopt the pose of the weary soldier-poet in this poem, a stance that is consistently his throughout his corpus, then it is that pose, one of many, which results in the poem having its strength. For Camoens's successor to recognize defeat is a powerful manipulation of the myth. The meeting between the retreating vates and the broken-jawed Adamastor, the axe-man and the mangled slave, the one who was most conscientious in animating all of South Africa's poetic myths, and the other so intractable in his resistance, is a moment of supreme recognition.

With 'Rounding the Cape' Campbell departs; and Adamastor wakes up in blackface.

There is a further reworking of Camoens's Adamastor myth in Douglas Livingstone's *The Sea my Winding Sheet* (1971).[24] The theme is singularly suited to dramatic treatment, it seems — Campbell's lyric is more of a dramatic monologue than anything else — and Livingstone's handling of the subject is in the form of a verse drama, a radio play. Worked into the radio medium is an abundance of references to aerial communication, appropriate to Livingstone's twentieth-century maritime imagery. Adamastor has always been a verbal rather than a visual beast, a rhetorician rather than an object for contemplation. When he speaks, therefore, in Livingstone's drama, he retains a certain fumbling impressiveness, and Campbell's prophecy of his voice becoming the growing murmur of the sleepy negro is not fulfilled, at least not here. For Livingstone winks at Campbell when his Adamastor says, amidst the dying cadences of *Lohengrin* and all supermen, panting and bellowing:

> To hell with the moon.
> I cannot sleep, half-dead and half-alive,
> By its mocking light.

He continues:

> The sea my winding sheet;
> The wind my burial Mass;
> My coffin filled with rocks and strange juices.
> A Man was my executioner: a Woman my jury.
> Now Man jerks my resurrection
> From out of the top-hat of his genius.
> Adamastor is on his knees again —
> Where is the Woman that will help me to my feet?
> My shadow . . . I would fling my shadow . . .
> Black and hulking across the bland
> Pallid face of the timid World again . . .
> I will walk again . . . when I can get up. (p. 22)

Livingstone has chosen to use some of Adamastor's more endearing characteristics; his habit of addressing himself in the third person, his self-deflatory rhetoric by which he trips up in his own grandeur, and his reputation, in modern cartoon terms, for being a Hulk. He remains, as the narrator remarks ironically in closing the play, 'one hulking solemn mass of scrub, forest, desert and rock', collapsed, but untamed nevertheless, as 'By their struggle each will survive'. Basically, Livingstone, too, subscribes to the concept of the epic hero, the fallen warrior struggling in his defeat. Yet Livingstone's view is tempered with many contradictions in this piece, for he cannot help at the same time as he admires such epic wrangles finding them comical and even absurd as well.

The play is so rooted in Camoens's Canto V that it is hard to conceive of it making any sense without one having done one's homework. Significantly, although the play has been widely presented on the air and on the stage as a piece for voices, no critic has as yet attempted to begin to unravel it in terms of sources. The full exposition that it demands would not be in place here, but in so far as the play is an illustration of the fact that there is in Southern Africa a central literary consciousness that is subject to mutation in terms of time, some commentary might be relevant.

Livingstone, fifty years after Campbell, finds that, no matter how honourable Campbell's allegiance to the old master of South African verse might have been, the epic-heroic approach to South African subject matter is no longer valid in terms of the contemporary poet's experience. Although *The Sea my Winding Sheet* contains the heaviest dose of classical gods since the Veldsingers at the turn of the century collectively found Pan and Daphne and Flora crouching in every Tennysonian 'flower in the crannied wall', Livingstone does not take his task of explaining Africa in terms of the old Greco-Latin co-ordinates

very seriously. In fact, he sends the whole business up. For Samson Agonistes we have Sweeney Agonistes now; for Adamastor, 'grande de membros' like a colossus, we now have Adamastor the buffoon. Mock-epic is the necessary rounding off to epic. When the old forms can't be revived (as Campbell hoped they could be), they can at least remain with us by being turned inside out.

The tumultuous violence of the Adamastor myth, reasoned into life by Camoens and emulated by Campbell, is still there in the Livingstone version, however. In Camoens it was in the confrontation between formal rhetorical exclamation and the tranquil *Te Deum* of the thanksgiving for having come through. In Campbell it was there in the mixed metaphors (blood spilled over the back of the prince of darkness), the contradictions (a phantom with sharp ridges to his jaws), the descriptions of violence itself (the forest-breaker's vessel being crashed down upon by the surf), etc. In Livingstone it is altogether subsumed into the form itself: the play is cut together as if a very long saga had had scissors taken to it and been reassembled on a very cutting editing block. Livingstone works not sequentially, but by overlaying one scene upon the next, so that bits of the stories of Thetis, Jason, Neptune, the Titans, etc., and for good measure, of modern man, talking in chorus to a collage of dance music ranging from boogie-woogie to kwela, are impacted one on another for a central theme to emerge. The pattern is, as in the passage quoted, one of betrayal, burial and resurrection, which in the end is not too far in spirit from Camoens's view of the way the world goes.

In a cunning piece of mock-heroic, Livingstone takes up Camoens's hesitant suggestion of Adamastor containing the new Adam, as the name implies. As in *The Tempest*, or as in T. S. Eliot's use of it in *The Waste Land*, death by water is not an end, but a transformation; that is the poetic thinking behind *The Sea my Winding Sheet*. It is curious to see Camoens being adapted in Eliot's way. With some urbanity, Livingstone, so tongue in cheek that it is almost as if he hardly believed that it could be done, updates Adamastor in this way:

Narrator: . . . Adamastor is, for a moment, 20th century Man; he is in business somewhere; he is involved in a love affair of unusual intensity and circumstance. (*to Adamastor*:) Mere time cannot save you, Mr Astor. Tell us how it was, Adam.

Adamastor: (*for this piece only, adult, non-dramatic, modern*:)
The empty villa stands back for the road,
Sad-faced behind cypresses like a bloodhound
Its nose on the paws of the drive, asleep.

A hermetic door folded back
For your touch and you entered
Gentle-eyed, entranced.

The villa locks an arm on a courtyard
Of still palmtrees; where a stone dolphin leaps
From the vague square of a playing-card pool
Where oxygen-blue hyacinths
Depict a thirteen of hearts . . .

I found you just before the dawn, facedown
And drenched among the silent lily-pads. . . .
(pp. 17–18)

The central motif of Livingstone's poem, the collapse of a giant into forming a continent with his face forward in the sea at the Cape — let us say the white man's creation myth of Africa — is replayed here in terms of a drowning in a suburban pond. The references to Eliot's playing card fates and the hyacinth girl of 'The Burial of the Dead' are not that obvious, but pleasingly apt, and they alert the reader to the sea-change theme abundantly dramatised elsewhere in the work. *The Sea my Winding Sheet* is South Africa's equivalent of Eliot's *The Waste Land*, and it is meant to be. For Eliot's falling towers of Jerusalem, Athens, Alexandria, Vienna, London, we have Campbell's 'marble halls' falling . . . falling . . . falling . . . falling . . . falling (as the women's chorus is given to demonstrating in descending register).

Thetis's mother, Doris, comments on the great splash:

Herakles counting corpses, near forgot,
But searching, found and pulped the giant's head
As he lay dying, half-submerged by tides,
This Giant, born with travail for his lot,
Divided, doomed, was in confusion led.
Around his shores my lovely Thetis rides
With thorn and grassy plain his form is draped.
The continent of Africa is shaped. (p. 19)

The Adamastor myth seems to have come full circle here, intact, yet reshaped and reassembled, bit by bit. It is in Livingstone's view a myth of spectacular struggle and elemental action, confused and riotous, yet dynamically contained.

That view of one deeply-rooted theme with its variations in South African literature must stand, then, as Table Mountain stands, jutting

brutishly out of the Cape Flats, as one of the identified landmasses in South African literature.

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NOTES

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[20] Roy Campbell, *Sons of the Mistral,* Faber, London, 1961. p. 48.
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CROW: MYTH OR TRICKSTER?

by GEOFFREY HUGHES

The writer of the *Times Literary Supplement* review of *Crow* remarked, with the characteristic snideness that anonymity encourages, 'After *Lupercal,* Ted Hughes's bestiary seemed complete . . .'[1] His mock-surprise was obviously a feline irony, for *Crow* is, as I shall seek to show, very much the logical development — or monstrous birth — that might be expected to result from the conception of Hughes's earlier poems. In the most celebrated of these, poems such as 'Pike', 'Thrushes' and 'Esther's Tomcat', one finds the violence in nature accurately observed — though occasionally projected — and rendered with a taut, thrilling dexterity. In paying serious attention, rather than lip-service, to 'Nature red in tooth and claw', Hughes seemed to be at times almost studiedly anti-Wordsworthian. Response to his first volume, *The Hawk in the Rain* (1957), was largely enthusiastic, but some critics 'accused him of cultivating brutality, partly for its own sake, partly as a smoke-screen to hide a radical absence of purpose, and immature moral judgement'.[2] The real problem was whether Hughes would be able to face the implications of his vision of violence and expand it into a philosophy. I shall trace his development, and try to evaluate his success, in dealing with this problem.

The power of Hughes's descriptions of the 'little murderers' in nature derives partly from the vehement precision of the language, but chiefly from an insistent human perspective. He celebrates the 'otherness' of his creatures by stressing their 'non-humanness'. The pike are 'killers from the egg' and the pure, predatorial instinct of the thrushes shows

> No indolent procrastinations and no yawning stares.
> No sighs or head-scratchings. Nothing but bounce and stab
> And a ravening second.

By using this perspective, Hughes exploits a complex of attitudes towards violence, showing it to be repulsive, yet fascinating, horrific and yet macabrely amusing because it is inflicted with such unreflective casualness. His own attitude seems to be one of admiration for a dynamic nonchalance unattainable by man, though it might be argued from the extract just quoted that the phrase 'nothing but' is a double irony, being a qualification in both senses of that term. There is no ambiguity, however, in the romantic remoteness of time and place inhabited by these pure survivors. The pike's pool is 'deep as England', the otter

Brings legend of himself
From before wars or burials, in spite of hounds and vermin-poles;

He wanders perpetually 'like a king in hiding'. Even Esther's tomcat still

Grallochs odd dogs on the quiet,
Will take the head clean off your simple pullet,
Is unkillable.

The last word is a favourite of Hughes's, a point which prevents our dismissing its application to the old tom as simply an ironic exaggeration of the proverbial nine lives. Another poem in *Lupercal* praises the North Sea (also 'unkillable') which swallows with omnivorous rapacity

The effort of the inert North — Sheffield's ores,
Bog pools, dregs of toadstools, tributary
Graves, dunghills, kitchens, hospitals.

When Hughes tries to describe the human in terms of the animal, he is generally less successful, since he resorts to caricature. He presents a proverbial figure of immortality, an old soldier who never dies, who

Was a Mafeking stereotype, ageing.
Came, face pulped scarlet with kept rage,
For air past our gate.
Barked at his dog knout and whipcrack
And cowerings of India: five or six wars
Stiffened his reddened neck;
Brow bull-down for the stroke.

The 'Famous Poet' is similarly compared to a curious, surviving monstrosity,

set
'To blink behind bars at the zoo'.

However, with each volume, these immortals fade away, for it is the animals that have a more resilient hold on Hughes's imagination, and it is they who survive.

Possibly because he was uneasy about his own attitude to violence, since he was writing before it had become a wholly respectable quality in art, Hughes started to make his personifications deeper. Instead of the 'outer' personification, already illustrated from 'Thrushes', and shown in his description of the pike's 'malevolent aged grin', Hughes

gives us, in 'Hawk Roosting' a Browningesque soliloquy about power and its effects on the possessor. In this poem the political and social symbolism which Hughes had previously only hinted at (for instance, in 'View of a Pig') was now made explicit and given virtually the format of allegory. Hawk is very much the ancestor of Crow, but limited in his intelligence, as a character must be. He is sardonically humorous in his rejection of conventions like manners, argument or reason, and is immensely, indeed laughably, conceited in his assurance that 'it took the whole of Creation to make my foot', no less than in his determination: 'I am going to keep things like this'.

This form of monologue-poem requires that the more relaxed rhythms of personal speech replace the self-conscious and often daring experiments in external description. Irony and casual shock can still be used, but the sense of mystery and the excitement of recognition essential to the best nature poetry, are lost: Hawk has all the mysteriousness of a skinhead. The monologue has, however, the structural advantage of being open-ended and not requiring *ex cathedra* philosophizing or moralising. Some of Hughes's previous attempts in this direction revealed portentousness, woolly metaphysicality and even insensitive rubbish:

> Is it their single-mind-sized skulls, or a trained
> Body, or genius, or a nestful of brats
> Gives their days this bullet and automatic
> Purpose? Mozart's brain had it, and the shark's mouth
> That hungers down the blood-smell even to a leak of its own
> Side and devouring of itself: efficiency which
> Strikes too streamlined for any doubt to pluck at it
> Or obstruction deflect.
>
> With a man it is otherwise. Heroisms on horseback,
> Outstripping his desk-diary at a broad desk,
> Carving at a tiny ivory ornament
> For years: his act worships itself — while for him,
> Though he bends to be blent in the prayer, how loud and
> above what
> Furious spaces of fire do the distracting devils
> Orgy and hosannah, under what wilderness
> Of black silent waters weep.
>
> (from 'Thrushes')

The shock tactic of comparing 'Mozart's brain' with the 'shark's mouth' is an unworthy and callous piece of opportunism. It shows, in extreme form, the point that Hughes's comparisons of animals and people serve to raise the beast and debase Man. Even the attempted endorsement of human idealism is notably unconvincing: 'Heroisms

on horseback' and 'Carving at a tiny ivory ornament for years' suggest quixotic folly and disciplined waste, which is presumably not the intention. John Press articulated his disquiet in 1962:

> We do not expect a poet to tag a neat moral on to every poem, nor do we ask that he should express a pious horror at the rending ferocity of the animal kingdom. But when a poet continually reverts to the theme of feral impulse and, by comparing the working of Mozart's genius with a shark's hunger for blood, suggests that blind instinct is the mainspring of action in the world of men and of beasts, we may reasonably demand that he should unfold the metaphysical implications of his imagery.[2]

Hughes's next volume did not unfold any metaphysic. *Wodwo* (which appeared in 1967 and took its title from the strange beasts that Sir Gawain fought on his way to the Chapel Perilous) showed a shift away from the realistic mode towards the abstract. In fact, Hughes virtually signposted the changes by, for instance, entitling one poem 'Second Glance at a Jaguar', a direct reference back to 'The Jaguar', in the first collection. The first is set in the familiar languor of the zoo where

> The apes yawn and adore their fleas in the sun.
> The parrots shriek as if they were on fire, or strut
> Like cheap tarts to attract the stroller with the nut.
> Fatigued with indolence, tiger and lion
> Lie still as the sun.

Beyond them is the jaguar in its agony of restlessness,

> hurrying enraged
> Through prison darkness after the drills of his eyes
> On a short fierce fuse.

The second jaguar emerges indistinctly from similes which teasingly frustrate the imagination through their bizarre associations. This creature has

> A terrible, stump-legged waddle
> Like a thick Aztec disemboweller . . .

Endlessly active, he is

> Going like a prayer-wheel,

and in case we should have missed the point, the last line stresses his abstractness by leaving him

> Hurrying through the underworld, soundless.

In the same collection, the 'Ghost Crabs' are 'the powers of this world', and 'The Bear'

> is digging
> In his sleep
> Through the wall of the Universe
> With a man's femur.

In 'The Green Wolf', the surrealist expectations of the title are not fulfilled in any obvious sense; the poem appears to be about the death of a 'neighbour'. The animals are receding into a shadowy, mythic underworld, becoming suggested symbols or types of indestructible energy. But the bridge between the recognisably 'real' world of the earlier poems and the hazy underworld of the newer is, to say the least of it, a shaky construction. It is possible, however, to see in the first poem, 'Thistles', an inchoate assertion:

> Every one a revengeful burst
> Of resurrection, a grasped fistful
> Of splintered weapons and Icelandic frost thrust up
> From the underground stain of a decayed Viking.
> They are like pale hair and the gutturals of dialects.
> Every one manages a plume of blood.
>
> Then they grow grey, like men.
> Mown down, it is a feud. Their sons appear,
> Stiff with weapons, fighting back over the same ground.

Is this a *jeu d'esprit*, a fanciful variation on the theme of dragon's teeth, or an implied affirmation that the universe runs on the principle of energetic hatred? We cannot be sure, and the Viking reference would seem to narrow the statement's application to the old Danelaw. But we can be reasonably certain that Hughes means his poem to be set against the clear affirmation of Wordsworth that

> 'tis my faith that every flower
> Enjoys the air it breathes.

In like manner, Hughes's poem 'Skylarks' stresses the blind struggle of the bird:

I suppose you just gape and let your gaspings
Rip in and out through your voicebox
O lark

But Hughes never comes out with more than a strongly implied rejection of the romantic view of nature. Today, we are less inclined to be sympathetic towards the romantic version of the pathetic fallacy, regarding it as a rather naive form of projection. With the Territorial Imperative an established cliché, if not a law, we are not surprised to discover that birds sing, not to make poets happier, but to demarcate their territory. But it may be fairly argued that the feud-ridden jungle that Hughes depicts is no more than a cynical version of pathetic fallacy. Thistles, to be sure, have no memory.

In *Crow*, which received great acclaim on its publication in 1970, Hughes combined, as the subtitle *The Life and Songs of the Crow* suggests, both external description and self-revelation. The 'life' of Crow reveals the ancient, supposedly 'unkillable' violence of the earlier nature poems, while the songs add the ironic humour of the personified abstractions. Individual history is now expanded to cosmic time, the scene moving from Eden to Armageddon with startling ease and frequency. Violence, originally limited and predatorial, is now universal and apocalyptic. Humour, originally ironic, is now largely sick, or — at best — black. The work is a weird amalgam of comic strip, myth and science fiction. John Fuller referred to the work's 'cartoon violence'[6] and Jonathan Raban described Crow as 'the sort of superbird that one might encounter in a horror-comic by John Milton'.[3] (The episode of Sin and Death in *Paradise Lost* suggests that this is not such a literary impossibility as it sounds.)

The variety of modes gives rise to serious ambiguities, even confusions, in the work. The most prominent of these surrounds the question of whether Crow is a character, a symbol or a force. This problem is inseparably related to the question of form. We are told that the work contains 'the passages of verse from the first two-thirds of what was to have been an epic folk-tale'.[4] This declaration of artistic incompleteness forestalls criticism on the issue of structure, but in rather a dubious fashion. Though seven poems were added — interspersedly — to the 1972 edition, they do not obviously complete the work. The blurb-writer admits as much, while asserting that 'as a result the entire sequence is even richer than before'.

Hughes's own description, given in an interview to the *London Magazine*, is not very helpful in illuminating or resolving ambivalences about causality and structure. The poems are, in his words, 'the songs that a Crow (his capital c) would sing. In other words, songs with no music whatsoever, in super-simple and super-ugly language'. Crow is apparently 'created by God's nightmare attempt to improve on man'.

'They were something of a shock to write', Hughes continues. 'Mostly they wrote themselves quite rapidly, the story was a sort of machine that assembled them, and several of them that seem ordinary enough now arrived with a sense of having done something . . . tabu'.[5]

Wherever they arrived from, many of the poems are, in fact, deliberately shocking in their crudification of central western myths. Those surrounding the Creation, Eden, the loss of innocence, Oedipus and St George are reduced to a simplicity which is occasionally horrific, but usually farcical.

A Childish Prank
Man's and woman's bodies lay without souls,
Dully gaping, foolishly staring, inert
On the flowers of Eden.
God pondered.

The problem was so great, it dragged him asleep.

Crow laughed.
He bit the Worm, God's only son,
Into two writhing halves.

He stuffed into man the tail half
With the wounded end hanging out.

He stuffed the head half headfirst into woman
And it crept in deeper and up
To peer out through her eyes
Calling its tail-half to join up quickly, quickly
Because O it was painful.

Man awoke being dragged across the grass.
Woman awoke to see him coming.
Neither knew what had happened.

God went on sleeping.

Crow went on laughing.

'Examination at the Womb-Door' is a fairly obvious parody of the Catechism, one which seems suited to the voices of Spike Milligan and Harry Secombe:

Who owns this utility coat of muscles? *Death.*
Who owns these unspeakable guts? *Death.*
Who owns these questionable brains? *Death.*

All this messy blood? *Death.*
These minimum-efficiency eyes? *Death.*

Crow's reply the final, crucial question, 'But who is stronger than death?' is *'Me, evidently'.*

This dubious immortality is the obvious, central source of the confusion which surrounds his role. There is, furthermore, a crucial and unresolved ambiguity over Crow's relation to the horrific violence which many of the poems describe. Are they part of the *Life,* or part of the *Songs* of Crow? By way of simple contrast, the figure of Saturn in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, a creation of traditional, schematic mythology, is quite explicit about his grim ministry in the world:

Myn is the drenching in the see so wan,
Myn is the strangling and hangyng by the throte,
Myn is the ruyne of the hye halls. (1598–1600)

Crow, on the other hand, a product of very haphazard notions about the origin and extent of evil, is a mythic figure floating disembodied, without a mythology. 'A Childish Prank' suggests that he is a grisly joker; 'Crow's First Lesson' suggests that he is innocent of his perverse power:

God tried to teach Crow how to talk.
'Love,' said God. 'Say, Love.'
Crow gaped, and the white shark crashed into the sea
And went rolling downwards, discovering its own depth.

Often he is no more than an assumed presence, as in the poem called 'In Laughter':

Cars collide and erupt luggage and babies
In laughter
The steamer upends and goes under saluting like a stuntman
In laughter
The nosediving aircraft concludes with a boom
In laughter
People's arms and legs fly off and fly on again
In laughter
The haggard mask on the bed rediscovers its pang
In laughter, in laughter
The meteorite crashes
With extraordinarily ill-luck on the pram.

Over this welter of comic chaos Crow broods, not as a sinister, controlling presence, but like some cackling poltergeist.

The studied inversion, or shocking reversal of expectation, already illustrated in 'Crow's First Lesson' and 'In Laughter', is extended ('naturally') to birth (alias death). Crow comes to being

> Flogged lame with legs
> Shot through the head with balled brains
> Shot blind with eyes
> Nailed down by his own ribs
> Strangled just short of his last gasp
> By his own windpipe
> Clubbed unconscious by his own heart

One may fairly compare Marvell's more searchingly intelligent depiction of the paradoxes of dualism in 'A Dialogue between the Soul and Body':

> SOUL
> O, who shall from this dungeon raise
> A soul, enslaved so many ways,
> With bolts of bones, that fettered stands
> In feet, and manacled in hands.
> Here blinded with an eye; and there
> Deaf with the drumming of an ear,
> A soul hung up, as 'twere, in chains
> Of nerves and arteries and veins . . .

The limitations of Hughes's imagination are clearly apparent in the awkward matching of nouns and verbs. The verb of violent death gives each line its initial impetus, but its relation to its subject/object shows none of Marvell's ingenuity or logical scruple. The verbs, which have always been one of the strongest features of Hughes's language, now dominate everything. But, whereas before their power came from delicate precision, now it comes from flailing crudity. The faithful reader who reels from the battering experience of *Crow* recalls with nostalgia the exciting recognition of the otter's 'long ruddering tail', of 'green tigering the gold' on the pike, who 'move, stunned by their own grandeur', . . . 'gills kneading quietly', . . . 'jungled in weed', of 'the heaved calm of the earth' Dick (Straightup) has entered.

The conclusion of the work does not clarify any of the ambiguities over structure or Crow's role in it. Near the end, in the poem 'King of Carrion', Crow 'flaps hugely, hopelessly away, his kingdom empty, to reign over silence', thus achieving, in John Fuller's view, an 'apparent apotheosis'.[6] But becoming king, let alone God, in an empty world, is

meaningless. The final poem, 'Littleblood', gives a suitable sense of desolation, but who, one wonders, utters the command

> Sit on my finger, sing in my ear, O littleblood.

Mention of the term 'folk-tale' gave immediate encouragement to critics to see a Golden Bough on every tree where Crow might roost. 'The Crow is well-known in folk iconography as a symbol of discord and strife', Douglas Dunn blandly assures us, maintaining that the Hughes bird 'probably derives from the Great Crow or Crow Father of Eskimo and American mythology', concluding with the naive hope that 'no doubt the men in the universities are at work to tell us just exactly what Hughes has been able to take from his material'.[7] A forlorn expectation, it appears. John Fuller hypothesized that 'since the subject was suggested by the American engraver Leonard Baskin, one supposes that *Crow* derived originally from the culture-hero of creation myths of the North Pacific coast'.[6] Peter Redgrove insisted that Hughes got the idea from Paul Radin's research into the Trickster Myth of the Winnebago Indians of Wisconsin and Nebraska: 'I know he read Radin's book because he told me to', asserts Redgrove.[8]

Radin's description of the Trickster is illuminating: he is

> at one and the same time creator and destroyer, giver and negator, he who dupes others and is duped himself. He knows neither good nor evil yet he is responsible for both.[9]

(He also has, it seems, a keen appreciation of a good practical joke.) In all, Radin's clear exposition of the curious antitheses surrounding the Trickster is far more revealing than the author's own commentary, and is likely to provide the most valuable findings on a critical journey into the hinterland of myth.

That Hughes has ventured into the world of myth is not surprising. But it is usual either to make one's own mythology, as Tolkien and Vonnegut have done, or to draw on some generally-known body of material. To borrow a completely foreign tradition, with entirely alien notions of causality and identity, and to recreate it in 'super-ugly' language, seems irresponsible to the point of perversity. There is also the problem of the poet's own role. Wordsworth's philosophy of pantheistic joy has a naive, enticing coherence which admits the poet into its scheme as a creator/reflector:

> Therefore am I still
> A lover of the meadows and the woods,
> And mountains; and of all that we behold

> From this green earth; of all the mighty world
> Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
> And what perceive;
>
> ('Tintern Abbey')

Hughes's anarchic philosophy has the problem that, in addition to being self-stultifying, it denies the artist any coherent relationship to itself *per se*, unless, that is, he makes his own position clear. Hughes seems unwilling or unable to do this.

Critical response to *Crow* was, according to *the Review,* 'rapturous',[6] though the review in that journal, those in *Encounter* and the *Times Literary Supplement*, as well as Jonathan Raban's remarks in *The Society of the Poem* (1971) all had serious reservations. The *Times Literary Supplement* was the most outspoken, saying of the poems in the form of list and question-and-answer that

> they grant total licence to the poet's free-wheeling inventiveness; when he runs out of ingredients his cake is baked. Each of the list poems could be half-a-dozen lines shorter or longer without being seriously damaged or enhanced; the formula depends on a mechanical, drugging repetition, and the last thing we are asked to do is respond to or examine the relevance or accuracy of individual components.[1]

A. Alvarez, on the other hand, remains unshaken in his view that Hughes is a poet 'of the first importance. . . . He joins the select band of survivor poets whose work is adequate to the destructive reality we inhabit.'[10] This seems a classic case of confusing hero and author, a confusion which is the more surprising coming from so acute a critic. It seems to me more accurate to say that Hughes has joined the very big crowd of trend-poets whose work is a loud and confused echo of a destructive reality which is created as much as it is perceived.[11] Douglas Dunn praised the poem, perhaps more revealingly than he realised, when he remarked: 'Relentless, powerful and original, it has been the sheer impact of *Crow* that has won it success'.[7] In his first volume, Hughes spoke of the efforts of his 'Famous Poet'

> to concoct
> The old heroic bang . . .

Now that the dust has settled, the question remains: is Crow to be interpreted as *Geist, Zeitgeist* or *Poltergeist?*

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NOTES

1. *Times Literary Supplement,* 8th January, 1971.
2. John Press, *Rule and Energy* (London, 1963), p. 182, p. 186. Cf. pp. 62–3 of Alan Bold's study *Thom Gunn and Ted Hughes* (Edinburgh 1976), which came to my notice after this article was written.
3. Jonathan Raban, The Society of the Poem (London, 1971), p. 40.
4. From the dust-jacket of the first edition.
5. *London Magazine,* January, 1971.
6. John Fuller's review in *the Review,* No. 24.
7. Douglas Dunn's review in *Encounter*, March, 1971.
8. *the Review,* Nos. 29 & 30, p. 66.
9. Paul Radin, *The Trickster: A Study in American Indian Mythology* (London, 1956), p. ix.
10. From his review in *The Observer.*
11. Peter Strauss, in his more laudatory article 'The Poetry of Ted Hughes' (*Theoria* 38, May, 1972) concedes that '. . . it seems a pity that such evidently great poetry should need to make its affirmation negatively like this' (p. 63). Similarly, Rosalind Fowkes, in 'Pass, Crow,' speaks of Hughes's 'defiant, if fantastic triumph' (*Unisa English Studies,* June, 1973, p. 56), though she admits that negation is a desperate form of affirmation. Arthur S. Kimball, in his article 'Ted Hughes's *Crow*: Chaos and the Fool' (*Unisa English Studies*, March, 1975) sees the work as basically ironic, yet 'schizophrenic' in its creation through destruction.

THE EARLIEST FICTION OF WYNDHAM LEWIS AND *THE WILD BODY*

by MICHAEL BEATTY

The central, creative significance of Lewis's Vorticist activities during the first six months of the First World War has tended to obscure both the nature and achievement of *The Wild Body: A Soldier of Humour and Other Stories,* published in 1927. The collection is an uneven one; and at first sight it seems peripheral to its author's development either during or after the War. Also one can mistakenly assume that Lewis used the volume simply to reprint those stories which he wrote about four years before the War.[1]

In this article, I shall be concerned primarily with the relationship between Lewis's earliest literary endeavours and the first four stories of *The Wild Body* — 'A Soldier of Humour', 'Beau Sejour', 'Bestre', 'The Cornac and His Wife'. These pieces, together with 'Brotcótnaz' (with which I will not be dealing),[2] constitute the best of the collection and treat most satisfactorily of Ker-Orr's accounts of his adventures in Brittany. Lewis's compilation of *The Wild Body* is finally suggestive of a focal adjustment which is coterminous with his discovery of an integrated language of satire. Lewis's return to the raw elements of his earliest fiction is both artistically calculated and indicative of his moving from the Vorticist attack onto the more personal defensive. His concern for a public notoriety as the polemical means of transforming English consciousness is qualified by his interest both in advancing his highly original style of fiction and in shaping a comic *persona* capable of the power of action in a violent, inhospitable civilization.

A few years before the War, on his return to London from Paris where he had been living the *vie de bôhème,* Lewis began publishing short pieces of fiction. 'The "Pole" ' appeared in the May, 1909 issue of *The English Review* edited by Ford Madox Hueffer. In June of the same year, 'Some Innkeepers' and 'Bestre' appeared in the magazine; and they were followed by 'Les Saltimbanques' in August. All these stories were used by Lewis in his compilation of *The Wild Body.* 'The "Pole" ' and 'Les Saltimbanques', for instance, were transmuted into 'Beau Sejour' and 'The Cornac and his Wife' respectively, while 'Bestre' was turned into a different story of the same title.

The Wild Body seems to have been approaching its final shape just after the end of the War. In 1919, Lewis writes to John Quinn: 'I have just re-written several of my early stories and essays, and am looking for a publisher for that book under the title of "Inferior Religions" or "A Soldier of Humour".'[3] 'Inferior Religions', Lewis's first important essay on comedy, had appeared in the September, 1917 issue of

Margaret Anderson's *The Little Review.* The essay was eventually published in *The Wild Body* in a basically unchanged form alongside its companion piece, 'The Meaning of the Wild Body'. T. S. Eliot had earlier admired 'Inferior Religions',[4] and Ezra Pound remarked that Lewis had written it 'as the introduction to a volume of short stories containing "Inn-Keepers and Bestre" . . .'.[5] Evidently Lewis was planning *The Wild Body* around 1917. But when his collection appeared ten years later, the pre-war stories were keyed to an only slightly elaborated version of 'A Soldier of Humour', the story originally published in the December, 1917 and January, 1918 issues of *The Little Review.* 'Inferior Religions' is accorded a secondary function — that of a commentary. Lewis's 'soldier of humour', Ker-Orr, takes over both as the prototype of 'the wild body', 'existing in a vortex of strenuous and burlesque encounters',[6] and as the narrator of the collection. He is a figure of primary importance and paradoxically both a 'generic puppet'[7] and a highly developed type of the genus. The 'showman, Ker-Orr', writes Lewis, 'is, we are to suppose, at a later stage of his comic technique than in the accounts of his adventures in Brittany'.[8]

Lewis implicitly asserts a continuity between his earliest pieces of fiction and the first four stories of *The Wild Body.* In his foreword, he adds: 'What I have done in this book is to take the original matter rather as a theme for a new story'.[9] Lewis mentions further that he reworked all his 'original matter' only a few months before the appearance of his collection. While his thematic interests remained more or less constant, they were redefined by his significantly different treatment and grasp of them. The short works which appeared in *The English Review* are exploratory and amateurish by comparison. They take the form of loosely written essays, each a series of paragraphs strung together along the thread provided by its title. The writing not only tends to run off in too many different directions but its ironic perspective is sometimes incoherent.

Lewis's unformed prose mainly records the observations and tentative, though perceptive, psychological and cultural probings of a witty young artist on his summer travels in Brittany.[10] In 'The "Pole" ', he deals with the phenomenon of those young, romantic, Polish or Russian art students who end up as regular, unobtrusive, non-paying, but respected, boarders in small hotels. In 'Bestre', he examines the case of the innkeeper. In 'Les Saltimbanques', he records and reflects upon a family of strolling circus performers. The young author adopts the position of a disinterested reporter, but reveals the talents of a raconteur and impresario. A tone of facetious, dead-pan, naive seriousness characterizes his writing, whether he is reflecting on the psychological relationships between the circus proprietor, his clown, and their Breton peasant audiences, or analysing the radical nature of the Slav and the type of the Polish *farceur:* 'For instance, he once

found himself in a railway carriage immediately in front of a sleeping man — a young French officer — with his mouth open. He at once introduced his forefinger between the sleeper's lips, who, waking up with a man's finger in his mouth, spat it out, sprang up, and trembled with rage'.[11] In his foreword to *The Wild Body,* however, Lewis aptly comments that his original materials 'seemed to me to deserve the hand of a better artist than I was when I made those few hasty notes of very early travel'.[12]

In The Wild Body, Lewis uses his early work as though it were a notebook. In 'The Cornac and His Wife', for example, he follows 'Les Saltimbanques' fairly closely. But despite their similarity in detail and length, 'The Cornac and His Wife' reveals a significant difference of theme. Lewis tightens and simplifies his earlier psychological reflections so as to present a multi-levelled, and intensely antithetical, relationship between the 'Showman' and the 'Public'. The way in which Ker-Orr is made to see, and theorize about, the circus proprietor and his audience is dependent upon the nature of his own humour '— how, as I said, it went over into everything, making a drama of mock-violence of every social relationship'.[13] The theme of the tragically primitive nature of comedy is integral to Lewis's imaginative rendering, even on the most abstract level.

'Beau Sejour', on the other hand, shows a significant advance over 'The "Pole" ' in more traditional fictional terms. In 'The "Pole" ', the young author sets down four of his fellow-boarders. Isoblitsky is a spoilt Pole who dislikes Mademoiselle Batz, the proprietress. There are also the Pole who is a great *farceur* and the Pole who lives on the ground floor in a window-filled, curtainless, room. Last, there is the most spoilt Pole of all, a German by birth who 'used to throw Mademoiselle Batz down in the kitchen and stamp on her'.[14] Lewis uses the past tense to record each Pole — his appearance, his manner, his behaviour, his character. The story contains no plot or dialogue; the characters have no separate life of their own and tend not to interact. Thus Lewis establishes no relationship between Isoblitsky and the German Pole.

In *The Wild Body,* 'The "Pole" ' is transformed into a much longer story. Mademoiselle Batz becomes Mademoiselle Peronnette; Isoblitsky becomes the wild body, Zoborov; the German becomes Carl. Lewis introduces two other female characters — Mademoiselle Maraude and Antoinette. 'Beau Sejour' is told by Ker-Orr, and as Lewis points out in 'Inferior Religions', it has a definite action: 'Zoborov and Mademoiselle Peronette struggle for a Pension de Famille, unequally. Zoborov is the "Polish" cuckoo of a stupid and ill-managed nest . . . Zoborov camps against and encircles Mademoiselle Peronette and her lover Carl'.[15] Ker-Orr functions also as a character in the story. He participates in the nocturnal antics of the hotel and

rivals Carl by sleeping with the maid, Antoinette. Whereas in 'The "Pole" ', the relationship between the German and Mademoiselle Batz is handled in a paragraph or so as merely one of the interesting features of the *pension,* in 'Beau Sejour' the relationship between Carl and Mademoiselle Peronette is at the centre of the story. The 'lovers' are fully created, with Lewis using occasional details from his earlier work. Despite his continued use of the past tense, Lewis's writing no longer tends towards report or description. Ker-Orr, adopting the tone of a policeman witnessing the evidence, relates the high jinks; and the violent nocturnal quarrels of the 'lovers', or the brilliantly funny party celebrations on the occasion of their wedding, have their farcical life in the vigour of Lewis's prose medium. The energetic, tactual effect of the author's language in *The Wild Body* expresses his critical grasp of human situations and values.

Moreover, Lewis's use of his *persona* as a narrator enables him to manipulate his reader's perceptions. On one level, the presence of Ker-Orr allows for an impersonal effect such that his view, his account and attitude, seem to the reader to inhere in the facts and to have the authenticity of absurd actuality. On a different level, as I shall show, this impersonality is complicated by the strange relationship formed by the reader with Lewis's 'showman', a relationship which is integral to the authorial impresario's later dealings with his public. In his 'few hasty notes of very early travel', we find the young Lewis searching for a satirical form which would enable the artist to criticize effectively the 'civilized' English public. Eventually, however, it would take the Vorticist experiment, together with his reaction to the War, for Lewis to establish the more mature, fictional procedures and modernist English creed of humour found in *The Wild Body.*

If 'The "Pole" ' is basically different from 'Beau Sejour', then the earlier 'Bestre' is markedly different from the much longer version in *The Wild Body.* Again Lewis rewrites, extends, and reconceives his story. Whereas in 'Beau Sejour', the grotesque Carl is reminiscent of Otto Kreisler in *Tarr* and Mademoiselle Peronnette usually speaks and behaves in the self-parodying, sentimental mode of Bertha Lunken, the representative significance of the later Bestre's eyes derives directly from Vorticism.

In the 'Bestre' which appeared in *The English Review,* Lewis takes an intimate interest in Bestre's hostile manner:

> Bestre conducts long and bitter campaigns with some neighbour, that will consist almost entirely of dumb show, a few words only being exchanged — antagonisms that will become more and more acute through several weeks, burst forth and wear themselves out with their own violence — all without words, or even actions that could be remarked as distinctively hostile by an

> uninitiated observer. It is a most weird sensation to find oneself in the midst of one of these conflicts: like a war in which two armies should take up successive strategical positions, move round each other, push each other back, have drawn battles and overwhelming victories, without ever closing or exchanging a shot. At the passing of an enemy Bestre will pull up his blind with the defiant enthusiasm with which men raise aloft the standard of their country: one is meant to see, or rather hear, in his springy walk a chant of victory, in his immobility intimidation.[16]

The passage reads a bit like a description of the behavioural pattern of certain primates. But the young author, despite his later concern to deal with 'the complexity of the rhythmic scheme',[17] does not intend to satirize Bestre so much as learn from him: 'Has Bestre discovered the only type of action compatible with artistic creation, assuring security and calm to him that holds the key of the situation, in a certain degree compelling others to accept your rules?'[18] The problem in view is that which concerns the artist's relationship to the public. Lewis finds Bestre's strategy of domination appealing.

In the 'Bestre' of *The Wild Body,* Ker-Orr acknowledges a debt: 'I learnt a great deal from Bestre. He is one of my masters'.[19] Lewis, in his rewriting of the story, concentrates on Bestre's eyes:

> The Grandee's eye is terrible, and at his best is he not speechless with pride? Eyes, eyes: for defiance, for shrivelling subordinates, for courtesy, for love. A 'spanish eye' might be used as we say, 'Toledo blade' . . . Bestre's quarrels turned up as regularly as work for a good shoemaker or dentist . . . . At the passing of an enemy Bestre will pull up his blind with a snap. There he is, with his insult stewing lusciously in his yellow sweat. The eyes fix on the enemy, on his weakest spot, and do their work. He has the anatomical instinct of the hymenopter for his prey's most morbid spot; for an old wound, for a lurking vanity. He goes into the other's eye, seeks it, and strikes.[20]

Bestre's eyes are irresistible weapons. Ker-Orr finds his sudden appearances revolting, but fascinating, and admiringly shares in the sadistic pleasure with which he pursues his prey. Bestre, 'the eternal watchdog, with an elaborate civilized ritual',[21] is fully created as Ker-Orr studies him with all the assiduity of a private detective.

The tentative, exploratory character of Lewis's earliest fiction implicitly demonstrates his concern for an artistic strategy. He reveals an acute interest in cultural types, whether they are Slav, Spanish, German, French, or English. For Lewis, a culture is a distinctive composite of its landscape, language, manners and traditions. But while on

one level a person is formed by his culture, he still possesses a uniquely individual self. In his earliest pieces, Lewis attempts to discover the active principle of this individuality by observing people who live in small, and relatively primitive, communities. He finds particular Spanish and French types especially impressive. By learning from them, he himself may be able to combat the so-called 'civilized' ethos of more sophisticated, cosmopolitan centres, such as London.

Lewis desires modern man to develop a truer sense of his particular nature which, he thinks, is being displaced by 'a kind of abstract factor in his mind and self, a social nature that is the equivalent of money, a kind of conventional, nondescript and mongrel energy . . .'.[22] As Lewis goes on to say in 'Some Innkeepers': 'Because the front that a gentleman of our day shows to the world is conventionalised and uniform, people do not usually recognize that a high state of civilization and social development is also that of individualism *par excellence*. . .'.[23] Paradoxically, the widening gap between man's civilized self and his individual self 'has resulted in the modern man becoming, in his inaccessibility, more savage than his ancestors of the Stone Age'.[24] Man's alienation from himself is symptomatic of his cultural decadence. Lewis implies that modern man should begin celebrating his 'savage and inner being' in order to attain to a new and healthy cultural entirety.

Men such as Bestre become heroic because they live out their fates in the consciousness of their own individuality. Thus, uniquely and effectively at odds with their social environments, they are in some measure able to assert their superiority over them. Bestre, for example, is an innkeeper. And of innkeeping, Lewis writes: 'It has its brilliant and eccentric exponents, who live not only unrecognized, but scorned. So subtle is their method and manner of charming the public that it has an opposite effect; the latter becomes furious, thinking that it has been trifled with'.[25] The innkeeper is like the artist: 'It would be difficult to decide which is the more heroic figure, the artist of genius starving in his garret or the landlord starving in his inn'.[26] The Poles and the showmen in 'Les Saltimbanques' are also eccentric, social outsiders. Lewis's heroes, moreover, display a primitive energy, both psychic and physical. The showmen, for instance, are like athletes possessing an almost legendary physical superiority which has a great effect on their public: 'The proximity of these bulging muscles, painted faces and novel garbs impresses them strangely'.[27] Lewis's heroes are also hostile and mysterious. Bestre, for example, shows in his attitude an 'arrogant calm' and 'attentive nonchalance' which are combined with 'the expression of a conjuror'. He is continually provocative, and Lewis observes approvingly:

> Bestre . . . seemed to make the human animal uneasy, as though in his composition were elements derived from the fauna of

another planet.

Bestre is partly conscious of his strange attributes, and he shows the same self-consciousness as a man who is queerly dressed; also the subtle notoriety of his person is dear to him.[28]

Bestre is very like the Breton circus people. Of primitive stock, these showmen confront their public who 'dance, work and amuse themselves fatalistically' as Bestre does his enemies. Their attitude and manner, which on a higher level reproduces that of their unsophisticated audience, anticipates the voice of the Editor of *Blast.* For Lewis, the country people embody a primitive wisdom:

> One sees in the Breton peasant a constant tendency to sarcasm. Their hysterical and monotonous voices are always pitched in a strain of fierce raillery and abuse. But this does not infect their mirth. Their laughter is forced and meant to be wounding, and with their grins and quips they are like armed men who never meet without clashing their swords together.[29]

The artist, then, should adopt the role of a humorous savage. And the language of Lewis's satire in *The Wild Body* demonstrates his successful realization of his role after the unsatisfying 'abstractionist' experimentation of Vorticism. A more highly developed type than even the Cornac, Bestre, or the other 'wild bodies' found in Lewis's recreation of his earliest fiction, Ker-Orr provides Lewis with the means both of setting in motion the action of his stories and of mediating the action from an intricate satirical point of view. Lewis's new treatment of his earliest fiction grows out of his conception of his 'showman' as a kind of new barbarian. In 'A Soldier of Humour', the language in which the 'large blond clown' is portrayed itself exhibits the attitude and values that he embodies, expresses, and brings to bear on his experience:

> I am aware that I am a barbarian. By rights I should be paddling about in a coracle. My body is large, white and savage. But all the fierceness has become transformed into *laughter.* It still looks like a visi-gothic fighting-machine, but it is in reality a *laughing* machine. As I have remarked, when I laugh I gnash my teeth, which is another brutal survival and a thing laughter has taken over from war. Everywhere where formerly I would fly at throats, I now howl with laughter. That is me .....
> My sense of humour in its mature phase has arisen in this very acute consciousness of what is *me.* In playing that off against another hostile *me,* that does not like the smell of mine, probably finds my large teeth, height and so forth abominable, I am in a

> sense working off my alarm at myself. So I move on a more primitive level than most men, I expose my essential me quite coolly, and all men shy a little. This forked, strange-scented, blond-skinned gut-bag, with its two bright rolling marbles with which it sees, bull's-eyes full of mockery and madness, is my stalking-horse. I hang somewhere in its midst operating it with detachment.[30]

An Englishman of mysterious origin and a war veteran, Ker-Orr's barbaric nature as a 'laughing machine' enables him to rise above and to exercise a certain control over the 'course of this joke-life, which . . . has for its very principle a denial of the accepted actual'.[31] As his defeat of the hotel owner, Monsieur de Valmore, will prove, Ker-Orr is a true professional. The self-consciousness in which his sense of humour is rooted reinforces the effect of impersonality in Lewis's vivid caricature. Ker-Orr's eyes, like Bestre's, are the organic link between his social existence and his primitive self. They mirror his vision of both his and life's essential 'mockery and madness'. His ironically detached, primitive self hangs with grim satisfaction in the midst of his puppet mechanism. The author renders his 'showman' neither as symbol nor as a real person. In Lewis's nervous medium, Ker-Orr concretely *becomes* the brutal, cynical sense of humour which will creatively inform his narrations, thus leaving Lewis free to support, or possibly to criticize, his attitude and behaviour. The authorial impresario grasps his puppets 'from beneath'; they are 'shadows' of his 'energy'.[32]

If Ker-Orr offers his humour as life's ordering principle, Lewis uses his 'showman' as a way both of relating to his public and of patterning his satirical realism. The antithetical satirical tensions in his masterly recreation of his earliest pieces of fiction arise from his marrying of two quite incompatible planes of consciousness and value. Through his puppet-showman figure, Lewis succeeds in conveying a coherent, comic perception of human experience and in managing the response of his reader. Perhaps the reader will become, like the small boy who suddenly begins jeering at the circus proprietor in 'The Cornac and His Wife', the victim of an 'unaccountable awakening of a critical vein',[33] an awakening which will be accompanied by an apocalyptic vision of life's essential comedy and the consequent hollowness of traditional ways of making sense of the world.

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NOTES

[1] E. W. F. Tomlin, for example, writes in his *Wyndham Lewis:* 'These stories, dating from 1909, contain almost the whole of Lewis. . . . Perhaps the most convincing argument for crediting Lewis not merely with talent but with genius is the fact of his *precocious maturity.* Such stories as "Bestre", "The Cornac and his Wife" . . . are little masterpieces . . .'. (London: The British Council, 1955), p. 21. Perhaps Lewis himself has unwittingly helped to create the impression that *The Wild Body* contains his earliest fiction. In the foreword, he mentions that most of the stories contained in the collection 'represent my entire literary output prior to the war, with the exception of *The Enemy of the Stars* . . . and a group of war-stories'. (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1928), p. v. Readers may like to know that *The Enemy of the Stars,* a play which appeared in the 1914 *Blast,* is a curiously modern work, one which can be profitably looked at in relation to Samuel Beckett's early plays.

[2] The other stories with which I shall not be concerned are: 'The Death of the Ankou', 'Franciscan Adventures', 'Sigismund', 'You Broke my Dream'. Nor will I be directly handling the aesthetic of the absurd which Lewis develops in 'Inferior Religions' and 'The Meaning of the Wild Body'.

[3] W. K. Rose, ed., *The Letters of Wyndham Lewis* (London: Methuen, 1963), p. 112.

[4] Eliot called it 'the most indubitable evidence of genius, the most powerful piece of imaginative thought, of anything Mr Lewis has written'. See Eliot's review of *Tarr, The Egoist,* in *The Little Review* V (September, 1918), 106.

[5] *The Little Review,* IV (September, 1917), 3.

[6] *The Wild Body,* p. 9.

[7] *Ibid.,* p. 233.

[8] *Ibid.,* p. vi.

[9] *Ibid.,* p. v.

[10] While living on the continent, Lewis used to spend summer holidays in Brittany. See *The Letters of Wyndham Lewis,* p. 2.

[11] The English Review, II (May, 1909), 262.

[12] *The Wild Body,* p. v.

[13] *Ibid.,* p. 158.

[14] *The English Review,* II (May, 1909), 263.

[15] *The Wild Body,* pp. 234–35.

[16] *The English Review,* II (June, 1909), 481.

[17] *The Wild Body,* p. 234.

[18] *The English Review,* II (June, 1909), 483.

[19] *The Wild Body,* p. 129.

[20] *Ibid.,* p. 128.

[21] *Ibid.,* p. 235.

[22] *The English Review,* II (June, 1909), 474.

[23] *Ibid.,* 475.

[24] *Ibid.,* 475.

[25] *Ibid.,* 471.

[26] *Ibid.,* 472.

[27] *The English Review,* III (August, 1909), 81.

[28] *The English Review,* II (June, 1909), 482.

[29] *The English Review,* III (August, 1909), 86.

[30] *The Wild Body,* pp. 4–5.

[31] *Ibid.,* p. 4.

[32] *Ibid.,* p. 236.

[33] *Ibid.,* p. 165.

THE TRUMPET OF A PROPHECY: REVOLUTION AND POLITICS IN ENGLISH ROMANTIC POETRY

by D. A. BEALE

In 1946, Lionel Trilling lamented that the liberal humanism of his day found little or no expression in great imaginative literature, that there was no connection between the political ideas of liberal thinkers and 'the deep places of the imagination'. Given this, he insisted on the need 'to organise a new union between our political ideas and our imagination', because, since our fate is political, 'the only possibility of enduring it is to force into our definition of politics every human activity and every subtlety of every human activity'.[1] Thirty years on and the new union between politics and imagination is still not achieved. Our growing distrust of politics and politicians produces merely 'protest' literature, which, however justified in its propagandas and protests, does not radically alter our apprehension of the world since it is frequently concerned to demonstrate a thesis rather than to explore the truths of human experience. 'Imagination' and 'Mind' in Trilling's sense seem still to have little to do with politics or our view of politics.

Fortunately, this division has not always existed. For the great English Romantic poets such a divorce would have been unthinkable, for theirs is a politics deriving from an imaginative apprehension of Man's central humanness. In an age of Revolutionary fervour, it would have been difficult for any creature of imagination to be unaffected by that great turn of the human mind towards Freedom. What is striking, however, is not just the intensity of their sympathy for the upsurge of liberty and human brotherhood, but the range and profundity of their reaction. And it may be that Romanticism was that moment in Western cultural history when poetry and politics fused in a total imaginative sense of the nature of Man: that Freedom was the essential condition of Man's humanity. And this was a European phenomenon involving music, philosophy, religion, psychology, historiography, and fine art, as well as literature. The thrust of English Romanticism is revolutionary, and revolutionary in complex ways: it is not just revolutionary in politics alone, but revolutionary at a much deeper level, in terms of its exploration of the sources of any humanly valuable political revolution — namely in terms of a total revolution in consciousness and awareness; for unless Man's imaginative and con-

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ceptual apprehension of things is transformed, then there can be no possibility of political change of any substantial kind. And this attempt to transform the sensibilities of men is contingent upon the Romantic assertion of the inwardness of creative power, of the imagination as the central human faculty.

In the early 1790s, the Spirit of the Age was intoxicating: the phrase is Hazlitt's, and looking back later, he characterized the age as 'that glad dawn of the day-star of liberty; that spring-time of the world in which the hopes and expectations of the human race seemed opening in the same gay career with our own'.[2] Wordsworth's exuberance is justly famous:

> Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very Heaven!
>
> *The Prelude* (1805) Book X, 693-4

Behind such optimism lay the French Revolution, and, earlier, the American Revolution with its ringing affirmation, 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness'. Addressing the Society for the Commemoration of the Revolution in November 1789, Dr Richard Price exhorted,

> Be encouraged, all ye friends of freedom, and writers in its defence! The times are auspicious ... Behold kingdoms admonished by you, starting from sleep, breaking their fetters, and claiming justice from their oppressors! Behold the light you have struck out, after setting AMERICA free, reflected to FRANCE, and there kindled into a blaze that lays despotism in ashes, and warms and illuminates all EUROPE![3]

Sentiments such as these, however, were not universally held, and, in Price's case, served to make him a *bête noire* in Burke's celebrated attack on the French Revolution. It is no part of my purpose here to repudiate Burke: his combination of intellectual power and sustained compassion reveals a mind actively engaged in politics in a profound way. His view is of society as an organic whole, growing organically out of its past,

> a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born. Each contract of each particular state is but a clause in the great primaeval contract of eternal society, linking the lower with the higher natures, connecting the visible and invisible world, ac-

> cording to a fixed compact sanctioned by the inviolable oath which holds all physical and all moral natures, each in their appointed place.[4]

In some ways, a splendid vision, but it is, nevertheless, hierarchic and, within the society of Burke's time, social hardship and injustice were immense, partly as a consequence of increased industrialisation and rapid urban growth. For the disaffected, Burke's arguments were all very well, but why should there be an indulged aristocracy and a disenfranchised and deprived poor? Against Burke's affirmation of the prerogatives of class and wealth, Paine asserted the Rights of Man. Instead of Burke's view of the need for monarchy, Paine grumbled that 'the palaces of kings are built on the ruins of the bowers of paradise'.[5] Intellectually, of course, Paine is very much Burke's inferior, but if we'd wanted a crushing answer to Burke, we could, in 1794, have opened a volume of poetry, uniquely presented in illuminated form, and found this, Blake's magnificent poem, 'London':

> I wander thro' each charter'd street,
> Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,
> And mark in every face I meet
> Marks of weakness, marks of woe.
>
> In every cry of every Man,
> In every Infant's cry of fear,
> In every voice, in every ban,
> The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.
>
> How the Chimney-sweeper's cry
> Every black'ning Church appalls;
> And the hapless Soldier's sigh
> Runs in blood down Palace walls.
>
> But most thro' midnight streets I hear
> How the youthful Harlot's curse
> Blasts the new born Infant's tear,
> And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

In these lines human suffering, repressive control, child-labour, the complacent theism of the churches, and the poisoning of man's sexual life are orchestrated into a massive vision of horror. The power of imagination, and the huge indignation at appalling social injustice derive here not from any pro/con party argument, but from a felt sense of lived human consequences. And these consequences, as Blake showed elsewhere, derived not from party *per se,* and not just from the traditional bases of typical government activity like order, law, religious orthodoxy, and control, but from the enduring hunger for an

order of any kind, even if perverse and hostile to the human: in short, from a division in man related to the dominance of the rationalizing intellect. Amongst other things, what has happened in *The Songs of Innocence and Experience* is a shift from generalisations about men, to the truth of the individual life, the difference between considering man from the perspective of a national constitution, and considering man as man. And in the Romantic period, the condition of men in England was appalling. The English governing class, terrified that Jacobinism might spread to England, became enormously repressive: radicals agitating for parliamentary reform were regarded as subversive; even peaceful efforts to bring about social changes of a fundamental kind, and changes in institutions, were treated as high treason; some radicals were hanged, others imprisoned or transported.[6] The Combinations Acts proscribed trade unions, and, in 1819 for example, one James Watson was found guilty at the Manchester Assizes, and sentenced to twelve months jail 'for a conspiracy to raise the wages of those employed in the art, craft, or mystery of weaving'.[7] 'In 1688 a member of the errant poor could be put to death for some fifty crimes; by 1819 his chances of capital felony had risen to an indeterminate height by the addition of 187 new capital statutes, each literally fascistic', according to Carl Woodring.[8] More interest, apparently, was expressed in passing laws about hunting and poaching than about the poverty of the labouring classes.

In February 1812, Lord Byron, in the House of Lords, was in the minority in opposing the Framebreakers Bill designed to make the Luddites' smashing of weaving frames a capital offence. Working from the principle that mankind 'must not be sacrificed to improvements in mechanism', Byron spoke of the disaffected weavers as 'men liable to conviction, on the clearest evidence, of the capital crime of poverty', as a result of which the 'wretched mechanic was famished into guilt'. 'I have traversed the seat of war in the Peninsula, I have been in some of the most oppressed provinces of Turkey; but never under the most despotic of infidel governments did I behold such squalid wretchedness as I have seen since my return in the very heart of a Christian country . . . Is death the remedy for a starving and desperate populace? Will the famished wretch who has braved your bayonets be appalled by your gibbets? . . . will he be dragooned into tranquillity?'[9] A few days later, in *The Morning Post*, Byron published 'An Ode to the Framers of the Frame Bill':

> Men are more easily made than machinery —
> Stockings fetch better prices than lives —
> Gibbets on Sherwood will heighten the scenery,
> Shewing how Commerce, how Liberty thrives!

Men were being sacrificed to a brutal and inhuman industrialism. On 9th August, 1819, a peaceful, orderly gathering of some 50 000 workers in St. Peter's Fields, Manchester, was broken up by yeomanry and the 15th Hussars with consequent loss of life, ironically called the Massacre of Peterloo, after Waterloo four years earlier. Shelley responded to this with *The Masque of Anarchy,* which attacked the hypocrisies and frauds of the Castlereagh administration, and advocated passive resistance as the way to triumph: 'Ye are many, they are few'.

Such a climate naturally provoked opposition, and it is in the difference between kinds of opposition that the revolutionary element in Romantic poetry is best seen. A direct assault on such injustices came from radical writers like Godwin, Holcroft, Bage, radical rather than revolutionary to the extent that they operated at the level of opposing institutions rather than going to the sources of the institutions' operations. The dangers for these men were considerable. Indeed, Godwin's *Political Justice* might have led to his arrest if it had not been for the fact that Pitt allowed it to be sold at three guineas, assuming that the poor and disaffected for whom it was intended would be unable to afford it. Pitt, however, was circumvented because workers contributed together, pooled their money, and bought copies which were passed around among them. These writers are hardly read now, and this may have something to do with the fact that their sphere of operations is local: their reforming zeal is directed against specific institutions and ideologies, and the conditions to which these give rise, the savagery of law, and the injustice of class. In comparison with Romantic poetry, these social protest/propaganda novels are limited to the extent that they are confined by the prominence of their specific antagonisms, so that the struggle is one of surfaces only. For the Romantics, the very existence of these abhorrent surface conditions was symptomatic of something deeper, forces of repressive and oppressive control which had become actualised in those specific forms which promoted the counterthrust of the radicals. Clearly, the radicals remain locked with the externals, so that the actuality of conditions/institutions not only gives rise to, but also determines the level of the radical attack. The root problem remains untouched.

The Romantic assault, on the other hand, is thoroughgoing, and incarnates a massive repudiation of orthodoxies, and it operates at multiple levels. In basic terms, the Romantic revolt is a break with those orthodoxies which, for them, resulted in fragmentation: hence they reject what they believed to be eighteenth-century notions of perception, of social mechanism, of abstract language, and evolve instead a different perspective which I propose to call mythic. At all levels, the emphases shift towards modes of greater wholeness, of unity, and mythic structures become an enacted mode of relationship and libera-

tion. For the Romantics, the contemporary view of things was reductive, since it separated one thing from another, man from man; reduced nature to mechanical order, and split men from it. By its crude empiricist/associationist mechanics it split faculties of mind, dividing man within himself, crippling his instinctual life; and imposed the brutal formalities of state, religion, and law upon man.

For them, any mode of thinking which was divisive was to be deplored, because it resulted in division within man, and effected a split between man and man, man and nature, and so on. And to them, this was precisely what was happening; the horrors of oppression derived from man's alienation from his true role as part of a living, vital universe informed by love. The Locke tradition, involving Newton and Bacon (Blake's unholy trinity), had exalted Reason, Nature, and Law at the expense of value, resulting in a world of fact, a universe of death. E. A. Burtt has described the situation like this:

> . . . it was of the greatest consequence for succeeding thought that now the great Newton's authority was squarely behind that view of the cosmos which saw in man a puny, irrelevant spectator (so far as a being wholly imprisoned in a dark room can be called such) of the vast mathematical system whose regular motions according to mechanical principles constituted the world of nature. The gloriously romantic universe of Dante and Milton, that set no bounds to the imagination of man as it played over space and time, had now been swept away. Space was identified with the realm of geometry, time with the continuity of number. The world that people had thought themselves living in — a world rich with colour and sound, redolent with fragrance, filled with gladness, love and beauty, speaking everywhere of purposive harmony and creative ideals — was crowded now into minute corners in the brains of scattered organic beings. The really important world outside was a world hard, cold, colourless, silent, and dead; a world of quantity, a world of mathematically computable motions in mechanical regularity.[10]

In a world of such denuded empiricism, the human consequences involved the enclosure of men within an illusion of fixed, unchangeable structures, mental, political, moral, religious: emotion and imagination were debased, and man's instinctual life splintered and shrivelled.

Blake's is probably the most comprehensive of all the Romantic attacks on this, for Blake saw that the consequences of the Lockean/Newtonian explanation of mind and universe, and their relationship, could only be an enclosing prison producing 'the cavern'd man' lit by the windows of the five senses, which are for Blake the limits of error. Blake celebrated the liberating possibilities

of 'Eternal Science' and 'Sweet Science', setting them against the 'Self-Destroying Beast form'd Science' which enforces an unsatisfactory vision of man because the rigid conceptions inherent in scientific presuppositions were carried over into the moral life.[11] And law, at this level, was devoid of humanness. In *The French Revolution,* Orleans says,

> . . . for fire delights in its form.
> But go, merciless man! enter into the infinite labyrinth of another's brain
> Ere thou measure the circle that he shall run. Go, thou cold recluse, into the fires
> Of another's high flaming rich bosom, and return unconsum'd, and write laws.
>
> II. 189–192

Again, Blake's attack on eighteenth-century limits of order is linked directly to those boundless energies of man divided and crippled by the harsh morality of a cruel law. His image of repressive force is the fallen god of the rationalising selfhood, Nobodaddy, or Urizen, who, in *The First Book of Urizen,* rejects the exuberance of the contraries of eternal life for the bogus repose of solidity, a stony law he calls holiness in his self-absorption:

> I have sought for a joy without pain,
> For a solid without fluctuation.
> Why will you die, O Eternals?
> Why live in unquenchable burnings?
>
> II, 4:10-13

Out of the obsessions of his limited selfhood, he produces the iron laws of prudence which constitute the Net of Religion:

> One command, one joy, one desire,
> One curse, one weight, one measure,
> One King, one God, one Law.
>
> II, 4:38-40

Such things were contingent upon a rigid repressive theist universe, deriving from orthodox Judaeo-Christian theology with its assumption of a hidden creator absent from the world, apart in a blinding cloud of holiness, manifesting his love in laws hostile to man's impulses because they mechanized him. Blake's view was that such laws had split mind from body, made the latter sinful, and consequently etiolated the human by the prohibition of moral law and the analytic abstractions of

mind. Men were thus divided within themselves, split from the world, and progressively shrunken in isolation — for Blake, a system of slavery. Blake's principle of recovery, of course, is the figure of Los, the Imagination: 'I must Create a System or be enslav'd by another Man's'. But Los creates his own system 'to deliver Individuals from those Systems';[12] it is a system which dissolves.

Running through the Romantics is a revulsion from the formulations of abstract theory, from all attempts to fix experience in terms of definable, predictable laws of action, since these come to predominate over the individual life, and limit even the possibilities of experience. For the Romantics, the consequences of all this in art were depressing. The old rhetoric was inadequate since it functioned by locating words and meanings within long-established traditions of value and order, and the nature of its language was such that it precluded that imaginative, extensive reference which they sought as poets. What the Romantics sought was not a fixed order but a structure of meaning. Speaking generally, by the 1760s language was a discursive tool, a frame for analysis and abstraction rather than a poetic medium. What had been the rich doctrine of Concordia Discors, a vital harmony achieved by tension and contrariety, had become merely the balancing in stasis of similar and dissimilar, leading to crude analogies between man and nature. Instead of earlier modes of analogical thinking, analogies were now constructs lacking any interior correspondence.[13]

As a consequence of such rigidity, however, orders were seen to interlock, religion, politics, society, class, culture, and so on, so that the Romantic shift is not just a shift in poetic alone, but at all levels of awareness. And it is essentially revolutionary, politically and poetically.

Against the universe of death, the divorce between mind and nature, the Romantics oppose their own felt, concrete experience of unity, of the point

> . . . when the light of sense
> Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed
> The invisible world . . .
>
> *The Prelude* (1850) Book VI, 600-602

or when

> . . . we are laid asleep
> In body, and become a living soul:
> While with an eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
> We see into the life of things.
>
> Tintern Abbey, ll. 45–49

In other words, in the immediacy of unanalysed awareness. Clearly, such poetry is subjective, inevitably so, since, as in Coleridge's case, he'd *felt* the world differently to the way the eighteenth century insisted that it was; his mind 'feels as if it ACHED to behold and know something GREAT — something ONE and INDIVISIBLE'.[14]

Blake insists that 'if the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would appear to man as it is, infinite'.[15] Blake, like Shelley after him, argues that man's attitude does not just reflect, but radically alters man's world, so that it lies in the state of the mind whether or not the universe will be paradisal, or 'a shape of error'.[16] Wordsworth and Coleridge do the same in their metaphors of creative perception, especially in the recurring image of a wedding of man and nature leading to a new heaven and a new earth, discovering the power of renôvating the universe of death in the imaginative act of creative perception. It is no accident, for example, that another word for the poet is 'seer'.

In *The Prelude,* Wordsworth speaks of the life of everyday renovated by a coalition of mind and nature in the act of perception, by an 'ennobling interchange/Of action from without and from within', between 'the object seen and eye that sees'.[17] Perception is not just a creative sentient act, but also a unifying one: 'to behold' is a co-operative interaction of man and nature. To quote Coleridge, ' — and this I call *I* — the identifying the Percipient and the Perceived'.[18] Perception in this sense involves a complex relationship between man and nature. Quoting Coleridge again,

> — In looking at objects of Nature while I am thinking, as at yonder moon dim-glimmering thro' the dewy window-pane, I seem rather to be seeking, as it were ASKING, a symbolical language for something within me that already and forever exists, than observing any thing new. Even when the latter is the case, yet still I have always an obscure feeling as if that new phaenomenon were the dim Awaking of a forgotten or hidden Truth of my inner Nature/It is still interesting as a Word, a Symbol! It is *LOGOS,* the Creator! (and the Evolver!)[19]

Out of this transaction, then, evolves the Symbol, not as if it were a picture of something else 'out there', but as something that implicates, and is part of, the complex nature of this relationship, opening up hitherto unknown levels of reality. And the Symbol as it functions in Romantic poetry is testament to the richness of experience in the organically creative encounter of mind and not-mind. In this sense, a Symbol is a configuration of relationship, of the dynamic unity of mind and nature. Coleridge's definition, for all its tortuousness, is nevertheless vitally illuminating:

> A symbol is characterised by a translucence of the Special in the Individual, or of the General in the Especial or of the Universal in the General. Above all by the translucence of the Eternal through and in the Temporal. It always partakes of the Reality which it renders intelligible; and while it enunciates the whole, abides itself as a living part in that Unity, of which it is the representative.[20]

At the political level, perception and revolution are linked. Schiller, for example, in his *On the Aesthetic Education of Man* (1793), internalizes the chiliastic fervour of the French Revolution into aesthetic terms; 'If man is ever to solve that problem of politics in practice, he will have to approach it through the problem of the aesthetic, because it is only through Beauty that man makes his way to Freedom'. For Schiller, the Revolution had failed because it had neglected the need for a change of consciousness, 'the moral possibility is lacking', and he went on to point out that the aesthetic state can only be accomplished by a total revolution of man's consciousness, 'a complete revolution in his whole way of feeling is required'.[21]

Both Wordsworth and Coleridge embody political implications in metaphors of man's relationship with nature; words such as 'despotism' and 'tyranny' are frequently used in their discussions of sense perception. This is partly why the 'spots of time' are so nourishing to Wordsworth, because in those earlier experiences 'the tyranny of the eye' over the mind did not exist. For him, there was then

> . . . the deepest feeling that the mind
> Is lord and master, and that outward sense
> Is but the obedient servant of her will.
>
> *The Prelude* (1805) Book XI, 271-273

The political implications are clear enough. Seeing the failure of the French Revolution, these poets transfer the focus from revolutionary war to liberation from imprisonment by any pre-cast view, which, consolidating over the act of individual perception, converts it into a merely habitual response. In other words, this is a shift to liberation in terms of the mind's experience in perception. In Coleridge's poem *France: An Ode*, we can see this shift, as the poem turns on the conversion of political elements (slavery and liberty) into metaphors of mind in relation to Nature. As France invades Switzerland, the high hopes of the poem fall away — freedom can neither be won, nor imposed by any external power. That is to say, a revolution conducted by those who are perceptually enslaved, whose minds are imprisoned by the most basic limits of the physical senses, merely replaces one slavery by another slavery:

> The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
> Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
> They burst their manacles and wear the name
> Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!
> O Liberty! . . .
>
> ll. 85–89

As M. H. Abrams says: 'The poem closes in an exemplary Romantic situation: the speaker alone on a windy cliff, fronting the open landscape, and experiencing essential liberty in the power of his being to unite with, and so to repossess, the scene before him, in an act of enfranchised perception which is an act of spontaneous love',[22] — the emotion which in Romantic Poetry is called Joy. And it is clear here, in retrospect, why Blake's source of regenerative and revolutionary power shifted from the energy of Orc in the Lambeth Books to the creativity of Los building the city of Golgonooza, since only in creativity can the fall into division be transformed into the joy of unification.

Clearly the Romantic poets embody a greater density of awareness than the radical prose writers, since they go beyond the overt specifics of politics to the underlying configurations and patterns of human impulse; and this is to say, in part, that for as long as we confine our study of Romantic theories of the imagination within the limits of pure aesthetic theory we do the Romantics a profound disservice. The imagination, creative and unifying, reveals through its symbol-making power not only the vitalism and organicism of the universe and man's unity with it, but also the sense of men as a community — men united in common humanity, cherishing and respecting individuality within a communal framework: 'Love of Nature leads to Love of Man'.

Going further, a distinctive feature of the Romantics is their acute sense of the historical significance of their own time, and this issues, in their poetry, in a complex fusion of the contemporary and the symbolic. The keystone of the high Romantic political argument is, quite simply, Liberty — individual liberty, freedom of thought and feeling, national liberty; and since for them men could only achieve their full humanness if free, indeed, that freedom alone was the guarantee of that humanness, they repudiated those elements which threatened and destroyed liberty. Monarchy and government become for them a dehumanised and dehumanising power struggle leading to war, to self-interest, slaughter, and national suppression; at home in terms of taxes, law, and reactionary canting about patriotism, and abroad in terms of power exerted over the conquered. The Church, on the other hand, imposes the hypocrisies of charity, war, self-interested salvation, and so on, instead of nourishing the human, offering brutality and cruelty instead of Christ's great docrine as Blake saw it: 'The spirit of Jesus is

continual forgiveness of Sin'. We remember Blake's 'The Human Abstract',

> Pity would be no more
> If we did not make somebody poor . . .

The union of State and Church, Blake's 'Tree of Mystery', where the state becomes an object of near-religious veneration, and the church an object of state power, is thus morally and humanly culpable for the Romantics. With the exception of Keats, all the Romantics in their protests against these things were subjected in some way or other to secret police activity. The rigidities of habit and the structures of complacency, by the sheer fact that they seek to control and suppress rather than open things up to discussion, prove the end of any creative activity of mind. In real terms, such traditional ways of life are essentially ways of death. Against the self-justifying cant of an age of suppression, war and terror, the Romantics bring not a sword but peace. As Milton rejected the earlier epic conventions of war for the epic of the wayfaring Christian, so the Romantics evolve a new epic structure: no God, merely the mind of man and Nature; the three-term dialectic has become a two-term dialectic — Nature and Man in their reciprocal interchange take on the creative power of God.[23] In our time, a poet like Wallace Stevens can tell us, 'We say God and the imagination are one'.[24] And with the Romantics, the range spans the apocalyptic humanism of Blake and Shelley, and the agnostic humanism of Keats.

With Byron and Shelley, Liberty is of the essence in their politics; Byron's clarion-call was heard all over Europe:

> Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn but flying,
> Streams like the thunder-storm AGAINST the wind!
> Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto IV, XCVIII

As with Blake, for both of them, the American and French Revolutions, and industrial development in terms of mechanism were of crucial importance, but their revolt involves a metaphysical dimension also: on the one hand, Satan's rebellion against God as dramatised in Milton's *Paradise Lost,* coming from an earlier time when men had fought to achieve civil liberties; and on the other hand, the myth of Prometheus, the Titan rebel against Jupiter, incarnate in part in Blake's earlier giant form Orc, but becoming in the work of both Byron and Shelley a terribly ambiguous mythic symbol.

It may be useful to bear in mind that Robert Southey, a former radical turned Tory, branded Byron and Shelley as the Satanic school of poetry; Byron, of course, annihilated him in *The Vision of Judgement*

and few people have really read Southey since. In their time, their poetry was subjected to much moral vituperation (largely on the part of Tory reviewers and Tory churchmen) based on already established orders of morality, whereas the Romantics were concerned to introduce the possibility of a more centrally humane ethic. In our time they have both been repudiated by some practitioners of close verbal criticism, Shelley as being obscure, facile, and having no grasp of the actual, Byron as having written much Romantic hokum and three satires of merit. Amongst other things, it is saddening to see solid orthodoxies built up by critics around writers whose whole drift was to repudiate orthodoxies, and to open the mind to a fresh liberated and liberating view of things. Blake, in the prose introduction to *Jerusalem,* argues that 'Poetry Fetter'd Fetters the Human Race':[25] it is not just governments that fetter; critics might consider their fettering power as well. Given the limitations of time, I propose to confine myself to Shelley's poetry where the possibilities of myth are more immediately apparent than in Byron.

It should be clear by now that reform means different things to the radicals and to the Romantics. For the radicals, reform means the amelioration of conditions à la Robert Owen. For the Romantics, it is a question of RE-FORM, totally transforming man's view of the world. At the basest level of sense-experience, as we have seen, all is surface and separate: man is alienated from nature, men, and himself. There is no sense of living connection or unity except in the merest accidents of contingency. Opposing this with a kind of organic vitalism, the problem was to find a way of writing adequate to a vision of felt unity, and incarnating a felt sense of communion. Further, to find, as it were, a myth for the age, a structure capable of sustaining the new view, was of the essence. If the older orders were to be rejected, men still needed some kind of structure of meaning. As Coleridge put it, translating Schiller's *Die Piccolomini,* 'Still the heart doth need a language . . . '.[26]

In Shelley's greatest poetry, this attempt to find a new form issues in mythmaking. It was Shelley, of course, who was expelled from Oxford for writing a pamphlet, *The Necessity of Atheism,* and it was Shelley who distributed libertarian pamphlets in Dublin. Shelley reacted to political issues in various ways. His overtly social poems in 1819, for example *Song to the Men of England* and *Lines on the Castlereagh Administration,* were radical enough to be handed around as exhortatory literature among the Chartists later. On the other hand, his version of *Oedipus Tyrannus*, which he comically called *Swellfoot the Tyrant,* a satiric treatment of the 'green bag' incident of 1817, was yet another way of dealing with current political matters. *Queen Mab*, written in 1812, is in essence mid-way between the radical novelists and Shelley's own later myths, and though it is perverse and unsuccessful as poetry,

it was extraordinarily influential as polemic, becoming, in this century, a handbook for the unemployed. But for Shelley seeking a more comprehensive mode, it was unsatisfactory. *Prometheus Unbound,* a myth structured in the form of a lyrical drama, is Shelley's unique artistic achievement: and moreover it is one of the central achievements of English Romanticism. At first sight, mythmaking may seem to have little to do with revolutionary politics, and such doubts arise possibly because the brute facts of our political life intrude upon us so obdurately. But for Shelley, as for Blake, mythmaking is politically crucial. In their earlier poetry, Blake and Shelley often grappled with the externals of the revolutionary situation, and this is gradually subverted by the recognition that it is the internal impulses which must be attacked since these bring about the abhorrent externals. Hence, in Blake, we find the shift from the Orc-Urizen cycle to the creative, transforming power of Los, the artist, the imagination. And this shift occurs also in Shelley from *Queen Mab* and *The Revolt of Islam* to *Prometheus Unbound.* And this represents a profound redirecting of revolutionary imperatives; and it is revolutionary, since it not only seeks to transform the mind, but to dramatise and incarnate that very transformation as something humanly possible. Instead of the surface radical attempt to transform something 'out there', the emphasis now is on realising something always possible within man, but which is habitually suppressed. In Blake's view, all men contain within themselves 'The Eternal Great Humanity Divine'. The point is to release it. So it is with Shelley. And in mythmaking, revolutionary ardour politically, and the revolutionary view of human perception run together.

The Romantics' way out of the dilemma of too close a focus on details is to turn from the realistic narrative of the radical prose writers to self-created mythologies, extended dramatisations of regenerated perception and a renovated world. Only by exploiting the imagination to the full could the reader's imaginative sympathies be transformed so that the overtly political could be seen in its widest human context, and the awareness generated kept clear of any specific ideology. To release human power is to join with the power of the cosmos, to heal the breach, and to restore man to his central, living implication in the world. Hence, in *Prometheus Unbound,* we have images of internal impulse breaking the aridities of the surface, images of springs, of fire, and the crucial, central, seismic image of the volcano.

If, as Rousseau had insisted, man's condition was man-made, then man could, and ought, to unmake it, and remake it. If he remade it in the old way, then the cycles of defeat could only continue. But if the imagination were transformed, then we could be pulled away from habitual structures, cut free from easy complacencies, and compelled to the more majestic struggle to become free. The mind is creative;

reality is brought into being by experience, by a constructive act of mind. If, as Rousseau asserted, civilization's origin was human, based on human models, then we could create new models.[27]

Surface politics is contingent upon the basest surface senses of crude empiricism, as I've tried to suggest, which, to re-orientate Paine's argument about Burke, sees only the plumage and forgets the dying bird. The bare limits of the senses produce a world of surfaces like, say, the concentration on skin-colour, for example, which imprison us as well as the world, leading to a conceptual and imaginative slavery in a world of separateness, apartness, discreteness, where connections are of the cause and effect variety. Clearly, it is easy to control such an order since things are reduced to the lowest common denominators, notwithstanding the illusions of certainty and order. This leaves the human impoverished, and one of the measures of our shrunken humanity is the appalling state of politics, a thing of surfaces, of bogus order. If things are split apart then we get a world of aggregates not of union. 'As a man is, So he Sees',[28] says Blake. If a man is spiritually dead, he deprives life of its vital power, converts men and flowers into things, and we are left with what Wallace Stevens calls 'the malady of the quotidian',[29]

> . . . the dumbfoundering abyss
> Between us and the object . . .[30]

To assert union is one thing; to evolve an adequate language is another. Shelley, I think, solves the problem brilliantly. When language is used in terms of 'communication', union is mechanised; indeed, things remain separate and are, as in analogies lacking any interior correspondence, merely connected rather than unified. Even in terms of visual impression, the extra letters in the word 'communication' have sundered and mechanised the word 'communion'. If deprived of its capacity for communion, language declines in real terms; it possesses merely frozen formality, not shaping form. It lacks the adventure of a living encounter. In *Prometheus Unbound*, Prometheus

> . . . gave man speech, and speech created thought,
> Which is the measure of the universe . . .
>
> II, iv, 72-73

Clearly, speech unfetters man from silence: he creates words, and creates with words, and words, if we are truly alive, should not refetter us in the inert conventions of cliché, but should testify in their infinite capacity to all the vibrations of the imaginative and probing mind. This has its dangers. The Promethean figure is ambiguous in Romanticism; he represents revolt, endurance, heroism, but it is revolt

into the problematic condition of freedom. The ambiguity of the Promethean figure insists that an increase in consciousness carries with it a corresponding increase in despair, something which Kierkegaard was to analyse in detail later in the nineteenth century.

However problematic, this is a higher condition than inertia. To quote Shelley in *Julian and Maddalo,*

> . . . it is our will
> That thus enchains us to permitted ill —
> We might be otherwise — we might be all
> We dream of happy, high, majestical.
> Where is the love, beauty, and truth we seek
> But in our mind? and if we were not weak
> Should we be less in deed than in desire?
>
> ll. 170–176

We must turn from the illusions of fixity and narrow certainty and enter the spiral of design with all its complexity and all its attendant hazards. And the unity achieved here is far greater than any imposed order, and is incarnated in the symbols of poetry. In *The Revolt of Islam,* Shelley speaks of language as

> Clear elemental shapes, whose smallest change
> A subtler language within language wrought:
> The key of truths . . .
>
> Canto VII, 3111-3113

In *A Defence of Poetry*, he speaks of poetic language as being 'vitally metaphorical; that is, it marks the before unapprehended relations of things and perpetuates their apprehension . . . '.[31] Metaphor is unity, and language is thus the central articulation of human communion. Syntax is not so much a basic law of words, but a mysterious structure within which the rich meanings of words are drawn into relationship. And a human community is a human syntax, an order not imposed from without, but evolving in terms of holding in tension the multiplicity, diversity and ambiguity of individual men in their encounters with experience, and with each other. Language, and its form in poetry, thus incarnates the human imperatives of the poem. What had been formerly discrete and separate elements are compelled into a larger whole, eliciting a massive pattern of implication, wedding diversity into complex unity. In *Adonais,* Shelley insists on a cosmic 'plastic stress' which

> Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there,
> All new successions to the forms they wear . . .
>
> ll. 382–383

In *Prometheus Unbound,* he envisions another stress, adamantine, holding all men in a vast communion with themselves and with the universe:

> Man, oh, not men! a chain of linked thought,
> Of love and might to be divided not,
> Compelling the elements with adamantine stress . . .
> Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,
> Whose nature is its own divine control,
> Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea . . .
>
> IV 394-402

So the creative mind creates and incarnates that energetic process in the act of poetic creation, and in its artefact. And by extension, this too is a paradigm of political action. To see, amidst the diversities of men, an underlying unity of enriching possibility, and to release its energies as directing forces for human good, is *the* political problem and obligation. The poet performs it. In this sense, politics is a creative release of all this manifold diversity into a harmonious becoming of possibility. And this is not Platonic idealism at all, since that sees reality as something beyond the human: Shelley sees this possibility in terms of dimensions of humanness buried and suppressed within man, requiring to be liberated. And just as the poet is concerned to release what is already within us, so the mythic structure of *Prometheus Unbound* releases that which is latent in man, mind, and nature, and which is habitually ignored. Myth here celebrates a new order and a new way of looking, a revolution in imaginative awareness.

Ernst Cassirer describes mythic thinking like this:

> Myth has, as it were, a double face. On the one hand it shows as a conceptual, on the other hand a perceptual structure. It is not a mere mass of unorganised and confused ideas. If myth did not PERCEIVE the world in a different way, it could not *judge* or *interpret* it in its specific manner. We must go back to the deepest stratum of perception to understand the character of mythical thought.[32]

This applies to *Prometheus Unbound* very closely, and out of this mythmaking emerges Shelley's glowing vision of man irradiated by love, revealed in his true humanness:

> The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains
> Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
> Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,

Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself; just, gentle, wise . . .

III iv 193-197

This springs from no facile optimism. Prometheus' triumph is achieved in terms of internal change, and the Jupiter he overthrows is not destroyed, merely subjugated — a symbolic dramatisation of man's ability to overcome his own self-destructive potentialities. But Jupiter is always there, always potential in the human soul, and unless man maintains his self-won integrity by love, Jupiter will rise again. Real integrity is created amidst tension, not apart from it.

At the end of *Hellas,* in the great final choric hymn of a renovated cosmos,

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,

ll. 1060–1061

Shelley counters the hope and optimism with a doubt which repudiates any accusations of naïve optimism:

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die? . . .
The world is weary of the past,
Oh, might it die or rest at last!

ll. 1096–1101

For Shelley, clearly, the break out of the cycle was not easy, and even at the end of the *Ode to the West Wind,* the unanswered question, and the implication of human revolution within the cycles of the seasons, suggest a hard road to freedom. There is no guarantee that his words will rekindle man into his fully liberated humannness — only the passionate hope that they may do so:

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The Trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

ll. 63–70

It was Shelley's profound belief that the imagination, as *the* creative faculty, was also the civilising force in society. In *A Defence of Poetry,* he makes this rhapsodic claim:

> The great secret of morals is love, or a going out of our own nature and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own. A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another and of many others; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is the imagination . . . [33]

In *Prometheus Unbound,* we hear of 'the unpastured sea hungering for calm'.[34] Only in this kind of way, with a capacity for love informed by a civilising imagination, could that kind of fulfilling calm be achieved. But it is of the essence of the revolutionary thrust of Romantic poetry that the vision of a renovated world is not so much an achieved artefact as the power of bringing such a world into being in the first place. It is never finally accomplished, but is always an eternal and enduring possibility that might be achieved. As Fichte put it, 'To be free is nothing: to become free is very heaven'.

At the political level, Romantic poetry strives to bring within its orbit those elements which it is often more comfortable or convenient to omit; in this way it attempts to incarnate honestly the real complexity of revolutionary possibilities. And for as long as we continue to regard literature as a means of gratifying our personal sensibilities; for as long as we continue to dismiss Romantic poetry because, according to a narrow view of aesthetics, the quality of feeling in it may not be quite right, it may be that we are guilty of a culpable literacy, for we cannot and must not pretend that man's inhumanity to man 'is irrelevant to the responsible life of the imagination'.[35]

And for those who are disposed to dismiss the Romantic vision as a dream, it may be necessary to invoke Yeats, who says in four telling words, 'In dreams begins responsibility'. Responsibility, towards humanity and towards that liberty in which alone man realises his true humanness, is the unacknowledged apex of the Romantic mind.

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NOTES

If the view of eighteenth century culture that emerges in this discussion seems unjustly reductive, that is not the result of private prejudice but an inevitable consequence of attempting to suggest something of Romantic imperatives within the limited compass of a lecture. Justifiably or otherwise, Romanticism consciously set itself against what it regarded as pernicious in the culture that preceded it, notwithstanding those profound continuities to which much recent scholarship has rightly drawn our attention.

[1] 'The Function of the Little Magazine', in *The Liberal Imagination* (Harmondsworth, 1970), pp. 107 and 109.

[2] *The Complete Works of William Hazlitt,* ed. P. P. Howe,21 vols.; (London, 1930-4), IV, 119-120.

[3] 'A Discourse on the Love of Our Country', in *Politics and Literature in the Eighteenth Century,* ed. H. T. Dickinson (Everyman, 1974), p. 174.

[4] *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (Everyman, 1971), pp. 93–4.

[5] *Common Sense,* ed. I. Kramnick, (Harmondsworth, 1976), p. 65.

[6] For some illuminating discussion of the social and political milieu, see H. N. Brailsford, *Shelley, Godwin and their Circle,* (London, 1949), and Crane Brinton, *Political Ideas of the English Romanticists* (Oxford, 1926).

[7] Quoted in *Politics in English Romantic Poetry,* Carl Woodring, (Harvard, 1970), p. 19.

[8] Woodring, op. cit. p. 15.

[9] For the whole speech, see *The Works of Lord Byron: Letters and Journals,* ed. R. E. Prothero, 6 vols., (London, 1898 - 1901), II, 424–30.

[10] E. A. Burtt, *The Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Physical Science* (first published 1924), the 1959 reprint of the 2nd edn. of 1932, pp. 236–7, quoted in A. D. Nuttall, *A Common Sky* (Chatto & Windus, 1974), p.23

[11] All references to Blake are taken from *Blake's Complete Writings* ed. Sir Geoffrey Keynes, (OUP, 1969).

The quotations in this paragraph come, respectively, from *Europe,* 11. 1; *Book of Ahania,* 5:34, and *Four Zoas* ii:40; *Four Zoas,* iv:146, and ix:855; *Four Zoas,* ix:150.

[12] *Jerusalem,* 10:20 and 11:5.

[13] See, for example, Earl R. Wasserman, *The Subtler Language,* (Baltimore, 1959), Chapter V.

As regards the imaginative limitation of analogies, Coleridge's observations on Bowles in his letter to Sotheby, 10 Sept. 1802, are especially illuminating:

'There reigns thro' all the blank verse poems such a perpetual trick of *moralizing* every thing — which is very well, occasionally — but never to see or describe any interesting appearance in nature, without connecting it by dim analogies with the moral world, proves faintness of impression. Nature has her proper interest; & he will know what it is, who believes & feels, that every Thing has a Life of its own, & that we are all *one Life.* A poet's *Heart & Intellect* should be *combined, intimately* combined & *unified,* with the great appearances in Nature — & not merely held in solution & loose mixture with them, in the shape of formal Similes . . . '

Collected letters, ed. E. L. Griggs (Oxford, 1956), II, 864.

[14] To Thelwall, 14 Oct. 1797, *Collected Letters,* I, 349.

[15] *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell,* Plate 14.

[16] *Prometheus Unbound,* IV, 383.

[17] (1805), Book XII, 375–378, ed. E. de Selincourt, Oxford 1959.

[18] *The Notebooks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge,* ed. K. Coburn, vol. i, 1794–1804 (London, 1957), entry N.921.

The full text of the entry reads:

> — and the deep power of Joy
> We see into the LIFE of Things —

ie, — By deep feeling we make our IDEAS DIM, — & this is what we mean by our Life — ourselves. I think of the Wall — it is before me, a distinct image — here. I

necessarily think of the IDEA & the Thinking I as two distinct & opposite Things. Now let me think of MYSELF — of the thinking Being — the Idea becomes dim whatever it be — so dim that I know not what it is — but the Feeling is deep and steady — and this I call *I* — the identifying the Percipient and the Perceived.

[19] *Notebooks,* op. cit., vol. ii, 1804–8 (London, 1961), entry N. 2546.

[20] 'The Stateman's Manual', in *Lay Sermons,* ed. R. J. White (Bollingen Series: Routledge/Princeton, 1972), p. 30.

[21] Schiller, *On the Aesthetic Education of Man,* trans. & ed. E. M. Wilkinson and L. A. Willoughby (Oxford, 1967), p. 9 (Second Letter); p. 25 (Fifth Letter); and p. 205 (Twenty-seventh Letter).

[22] *Natural Supernaturalism* (Oxford, 1971), pp. 365–366.

[23] In *Natural Supernaturalism* (see previous note), M. H. Abrams provides a remarkably comprehensive and illuminating study of the extent to which Romanticism secularized traditional theology.

[24] 'Final Soliloquy of the Interior Paramour', *Collected Poems of Wallace Stevens,* (Faber, 4th Impression, 1971), p. 524.

[25] *Jerusalem,* Plate 3, To the Public.

[26] *The Piccolomini,* II, iv, 130.

[27] For an extended discussion of these and related matters, see Northrop Frye, 'The Drunken Boat: The Revolutionary Element in Romanticism', in *The Stubborn Structure* (Methuen, 1970).

[28] Letter to Dr. Trusler, 23 August, 1799, *Complete Writings,* op. cit. p. 793.

[29] 'The Man Whose Pharynx was Bad', op. cit. p. 96.

[30] 'Saint John and the Back-Ache', op. cit. p. 437.

[31] 'A Defence of Poetry', *Shelley's Prose,* ed. David Lee Clark (Albuquerque, New Mexico, 1954), p. 278.

[32] E. Cassirer, *Essay on Man* (Yale University Press, 1925), pp. 76–77.

[33] 'A Defence of Poetry', op. cit. pp. 282–283.

[34] *Prometheus Unbound,* III, ii, 49.

[35] George Steiner, 'Humane Literacy', in *Language and Silence* (Harmondsworth, 1969), p. 22.

CORRESPONDENCE:

'Timon of Athens'

The Editors,
Theoria.

Dear Sirs,

It was good to have Mr Phelps's comment on my essay on *Timon of Athens,* though I can't say that I am dismayed by its chief criticism. A leading theme of the essay was that Shakespeare makes a good deal of use in this play of the dramatic potential alive in the cultural evolution of his time, for instance in the economic reorientation whereby the 'investment' and 'redemption' of what was once a monarchical context is now used as the terminology of high finance, without necessarily paying the moral price for making such a shift. I called the latter usage a 'derivative' language, the former a 'primary' one, and it is for this last that Mr Phelps fairly jumps out at me and (doubting my loyalty to Shakespeare's text) asks whether it isn't *Shakespeare's* language that is the 'primary' one.

Now I would certainly change my terms if I felt I was in danger of threatening the authority of Shakespeare's text. The main point in my choice of terms is to establish that there are two 'generations' of sensibility involved, and that Shakespeare was able to make drama out of this very situation. *Timon* might be said to illustrate Eliot's dictum that while 'sensibility changes in all of us whether we will or no', nevertheless 'expression is only altered by a man of genius'. Only Shakespeare could perform the fusion, make the two generations meet in irony and wordplay, only he could make a poetic out of a historic process that most people were merely caught up in.

If I were unable to demonstrate that, unable to return to the text as the 'rub' to the argument, then I have no doubt I would be vulnerable to Mr Phelps's criticism. But as a matter of fact I must report that in the actual teaching situation of trying to discover with a class what the 'grist' to the play was, the tactic of this 'background' reference by no means attenuated the vitality of the text. There is always the danger of only giving one 'slant', but provided the danger is recognised, I must say I found it better to do that than to leave the class, and indeed myself, with our pristine reading, which was aware of a lot of wordplay but found it rather cluttered, aware of the presence of irony without being able to see much point to it. So I must put on record that it was a venture into 'background' (on the understanding that sensibility is a bigger thing than even the most major 'talent') that we found did the text most service.

My experience in teaching the play, then, makes me resist Mr Phelps's criticism. Just because there *is* a brand of commentator who uses 'background' as a substitute for reading, and hasn't the first notion as to how to detect sensibility in the texture of history, I would not want my procedure with *Timon* to be tested in any other way than in its claim to illuminate the text and to assist in the understanding of Shakespeare's writing.

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'ORACY': A NECESSARY DIMENSION OF THE 'EDUCATED' PERSON?

by B. A. DOBIE

That only mankind, of all life forms, is able to initiate communication by means of arbitrary symbols, chiefly institutionalized in language, has been central to the concept of 'educated person' which has prevailed in the Western world for many centuries. Before the invention of the printing press, literacy was the prerogative of relative élites such as the clergy, or of specific occupational groups. It is therefore not surprising that when access to knowledge became more available and when, much later, schooling became a reality for many more people, the major criteria of 'education' were recognized as the abilities to read and write and calculate, i.e. to manipulate written symbols. A purpose of the present article is to suggest that in considering the needs of the years which lie ahead, a new dimension to education is appropriate.

In 1944 Cassirer noted that man had so enveloped himself in linguistic forms that he could not 'see or know anything' except by means of the 'symbolic system'.[1] This system, of which speech, gesture and writing are major elements, is central to any vision of man as a creator of meaning involved in constant interaction with his fellows, such as that proposed by Alfred Schutz.[2] Interpersonal communication has been a subject of interest to philosophers, sociologists, psychologists and educationists in recent years, and a matter of particular importance in the present context has been the stress in some quarters on the primacy of speech in the learning situation.[3]

As may be judged by reference to certain novels of the period,[4] nineteenth-century teacher-pupil relations in England were somewhat rigid, and learning was often equated with the assimilation of 'factual' information. Specific reasons, which need not concern us here, were responsible for this approach to education; suffice to note that in contrast, interaction has come to be regarded as important in the school situation, where pupil participation has been accepted as a norm of the successful lesson.

The development of linguistics as the study of the structure of language has drawn attention to just how involved speech actually is. Quirk showed that the characteristics peculiar to spoken language ('the relatively untidy and often deplored features of everyday speech') appeared to play an important role in communication, for they promoted efficient transmission of information and fostered a willingness to receive on the part of the listener[5] — important characteristics of what Wilkinson had termed 'oracy'.[6] By this term,

Wilkinson meant ability to speak and to listen with efficiency.

Until thirty years ago in England (and considerably more recently in South Africa) the nature of speech was taken rather for granted, and effective oral communication became somewhat confused with elocution. It seems ironic that in the teaching of second and third languages (with the possible exception of Latin and Greek), speech competence had long been regarded as important,[7] whereas nothing had been quite so neglected in the study of a home (first) language. Partly because of the development of the electronic media of communication, however, attention began to be paid to 'clear speech', which Ballard (1939) felt to be 'too important a function to be left to chance; far more important, for instance, than legible handwriting'.[8]

Subsequent literature has noted the greater variety of expression possible in speech than in writing,[9] and a great advantage of linguistic studies has been the recognition that speech is not necessarily to be compared with writing, which is inevitably more formal because its meaning is less context-dependent. That more stress should be laid on the development of competence in oral communication at the school level is reflected in the tenor of most of the English teaching-method textbooks published in recent years, although it would seem that oracy is important in the study of any subject.[10] In South Africa, spoken language has been officially provided for in the final school-leaving examinations in English and Afrikaans as first languages. All these developments accord with a view of education as a matter of interpersonal relations,[11] which by no means implies a lack of authority on the part of the teacher, or an absence of structure.

It would seem almost a social responsibility of education to provide for the development of the skills involved in spoken interpersonal communication, and indeed steps towards this end are noticeable in many institutions for higher education through the introduction of small group teaching. Successful interpersonal communication, however, is not achieved merely by dividing a hundred students into ten groups of ten, or by placing chairs in circular formation rather than in rows! It depends much more on a deep understanding of the communication process and a willingness to participate in it, topics which extend beyond the concern of this paper but for which excellent references are available.[12]

The ability to establish relationships, express ideas, and convey information in such a way that others will benefit seems to depend primarily on effective speech. Fowler (1965) notes that 'every child in a democracy should acquire, through his schooling, a command of language which will allow him to choose freely the groups he wishes to belong to'.[13] The centrality of speech in the curriculum has also been stressed by Wise (1970)[14] and Flower (1966).[15]

Definitions of education and the 'educated person' have varied over

the ages and have depended *inter alia* on the philosophies and intentions of the writers concerned; very generally, however, it may be said that education has been seen to involve socialization of some kind, which implies initial preparation for participation in society. In this regard, Hanratty (1969) is of interest when he notes that the spoken word is 'basic to personality and significant living'.[16]

In England, the Newsom Report of 1963 was among the first official sources to suggest an assessment of speech as part of school education,[17] an idea which has come to fruition in the subsequent development of school-leaving examinations up to the present time, and which was recently reinforced by the recommendations of the Bullock Committee.[18] Such development has paralleled Wilkinson's research into oracy[19] and work by the Schools Council in the field of teaching English Language. It would seem that the teacher's attitude to the importance (or otherwise) of oral communication may largely affect the 'emotional climate' of the learning situation, for such attitude finds expression in terms of the extent of student participation allowed.

Wilkinson (1965, *op. cit.*) noted five major influences on a learner's oracy, namely, the effects of early environment, the nature of formal education received, the present social environment of the learner, the mass media of communication, and the effect of a 'national stereotype' (in England, an example might conceivably be a bowler-hatted gentleman prone to understatement, repressed emotion and inhibited gesture!). A brief comment on each of these influences seems justified in an attempt to formulate some specific criteria of effective oracy.

The effects of early environment on learning and linguistic ability are well known and described. Although the notion of 'cultural deprivation' has been criticized of late, some of such criticism having led to refutations of some of the work by Bernstein,[20] there seems general agreement that a child from a relatively deprived background will find adaptation in a 'middle-class-orientated' school a difficult task, because his constructs of reality are marked by poor communicative skills and limited ability to listen critically: in short, by a deficiency in oracy. The importance of the nature of formal education received has already been alluded to: by this is meant whether the learning situation is rigidly controlled and allows for minimal participation, or the other extreme, or something in between.

The third influence on oracy named by Wilkinson, the social environment of the learner, includes such aspects as peer group contacts and all extra-curricular socialization. The effects of a 'deprived' background may again have influence here, as may any aspect of the learner's experience which tends to militate against oracy. Such, of course, may be an effect of the mass media (the fourth point made by

Wilkinson), although the radio and television may perhaps provide a model which the learner may consider worthy of emulation; certainly they demonstrate to the learner the power of the spoken word. Wilkinson's final point, the effect of a 'national stereotype', is questionable unless the stereotype is one who is uncommunicative and inarticulate.

Other factors which affect the development of oracy may be named: one is the necessity for the communicator to be suitably prepared and motivated, for one can hardly be expected to demonstrate oracy if one has little or nothing to communicate, or if one is not interested in what others have to say. Since Wilkinson's original definition of oracy includes the capacity to listen with empathy and comprehension, such qualities need to be nurtured so that ultimately the learner accepts the need for successful spoken language, which for Burniston (1968) includes factors such as 'clear thinking', alert association of ideas, a sufficiently broad vocabulary, competence in articulation, and the ability to hold the interest of a listening group.[21]

If oracy is accepted as an overall intention in education, it seems that due note should be taken of the factors that influence it (some of which have been mentioned) and provision made for these influences to act in the most positive ways. If by 'educated person' one means an individual able to cope with the basic demands of existence, able to earn a living or go on to further study, and capable of accepting the responsibility for choice, it would appear that oracy is indeed a basic requirement and that education should provide formally for it. If, however, the 'educated person' is defined in terms of the number of paper qualifications he holds, the role of oracy will be less evident. Contemporary ideas regarding recurrent education, or the view of education as a life-long process,[22] would seem to necessitate oracy.

Phillips and his associates (1970) suggest specific objectives in the teaching of effective speech and listening. These include understanding of the basic elements of the communication process and its role in group problem-solving, feeling a commitment to speech, and developing an ability to evaluate critically the oracy of others, as well as more specific objectives such as ability to participate in discussion.[23] They are among several writers who have warned that oracy should not in any way be confused with glibness.

What, it may be asked, are the characteristics of someone who displays effective oracy? There would appear to be a high level of agreement on this in recent literature. Quality of content is clearly important, although the communication should not (in Burniston's words) be 'an essay read aloud'. Logical arrangement of material, a variety of expression, the ability to use suitable speech register (the style appropriate to a particular audience or occasion), the ability to perceive

differences in register as used by other speakers, audience response and contact, and aesthetically pleasing qualities of voice are among the characteristics named by, *inter alia,* Burniston (*op. cit.*), Harvey,[24] and Wilkinson (*op. cit.*). Volumes have been written on the mechanics of speech, such as breath control and phrasing.[25]

The use of tape-recorded statements as a basis for group discussion, and also for testing purposes, has been a recent development in the teaching of oracy.[26] Standardized tests of listening comprehension, part of this development, have apparently been used with success in Britain and have further enhanced the compass of oracy in the curriculum.

It seems that whatever occupation a person is to take up on completion of formal education, his competence in oracy may well determine the extent of his success. Rather than lose customers, employers are likely to insist that their staffs be proficient in spoken communication, particularly where the employee comes into direct contact with the public: for oracy is a two-way process involving transmission and response. The implications for education are important, and needful of much closer consideration than would appear to have been the case thus far.

In this regard, the Prospectus of at least one university department of education indicates awareness of the centrality of communication to the teaching-learning process, '. . . both as a means to learning, and as an end of learning, for the quality of teaching is fundamentally affected by the extent and nature of the communication which takes place'.[27]

Such a vision of the roles of teacher and pupil as communicators reflects acceptance of the importance of oracy as a dimension in education and of the 'educated person', an acceptance which could well become widespread, to the general benefit of society.

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NOTES

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[4] As for example, Dickens: *Hard Times* (1854).
[5] Quirk, R., 1972: *The English Language and Images of Matter.* London: Oxford University Press.
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[8] Ballard, P. B., 1939, as reprinted 1964: *Teaching and Testing English.* London: University of London Press, p. 6.
[9] Brock, G. L., 1973: *Varieties of Language.* London: Macmillan.
[10] For example, Williams, E., 1975: *Viewpoints.* London: Edward Arnold.
[11] Hargreaves, D. H., 1972: *Education and Interpersonal Relations.* London: Routledge and Kegan Paul.
[12] As for example, Abercrombie, M. L. J. and Terry, P., 1971: *Aims and Techniques of Group Teaching.* London: S.R.H.E.
[13] Fowler, M. E., 1965: *Teaching Language, Composition and Literature.* New York: McGraw-Hill Company, p. 75.
[14] Wise, A., 1965: *Communication in Speech.* London: Longmans Green.
[15] Flower, F. D., 1966: *Language and Education.* London: Longmans.
[16] Hanratty, J., 1969: 'The Spoken Word', in *Directions in the Teaching of English,* ed. D. Thompson. Cambridge: The University Press, p. 134.
[17] Great Britain, Department of Education and Science, 1963: *Half Our Future.* London: H.M.S.O.
[18] Great Britain, Department of Education and Science: *A Language for Life,* 1975. London: H.M.S.O.
[19] Wilkinson, A., *et al,* 1974: *The Quality of Listening.* Basingstoke: Macmillan Educational Books.
[20] Bernstein, B., 1971: *Class, Codes and Control, Vol 1.* London: Routledge and Kegan Paul.
[21] Burniston, C., 1968: *Creative Oral Assessment: Its Scope and Stimulus.* Oxford: The Pergamon Press.
[22] As for example, Husén, T., 1973: *The Learning Society.* Harmondsworth: Penguin Education Books.
[23] Phillips, G. M. *et al,* 1970: *op. cit.*
[24] Harvey, B., 1968: *The Scope of Oracy.* Oxford: Pergamon Press.
[25] For example, McAllister, A., as reprinted 1963: *A Year's Course in Speech Training.* London: University of London Press.
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[27] University of Durban/Westville, 1976: *Calendar p. D29.*