



PARTRIDGE



PARTRIDGE

THE
REVOLT
IN THE
DESERT

Journey on English Literature from India to the USA

"An Englishman cannot thrive, be ill or die without Scandinavian words. They are to the language what bread and eggs to the daily fare.": Otto Jespersen

RITUPARNA RAY CHAUDHURI



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THANKS TO AMERICA.....

["Literature comes to be explained now from my barbed-mind where the only I am ruler-and-ruled."]: Self Quote

PARTKIDGE

**"You can never understand one language
until you understand at least two."**


PARTRIDGE

PERSONAL STYLE: I SPEAK
THROUGH LITERATURE



***"I have my own perceptual analysis. I love
linguistics. That surprises people."***

PAPTRIDGE



PARTRIDGE

'Content isn't the king, it's the kingdom.'

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PARTRIDGE

LITERATURE, AS A GOOGLE AND SEMANTICSCHOLAR...

INTENT

PROLOGUE

“And what are you reading Miss-?” “Oh, it is not only a novel”, replies the young lady; while she lays down her book with affected difference - ‘It is not only Cecilia, or Camilla, or Belinda’; or, in short, only some works in which the greatest power of the mind are displayed, in which the most *thorough* knowledge of human nature, as well as the happiest delineation, the liveliest effusion of intelligence, knowledge and humour of its varieties are conveyed to the world *in the best-chosen language.*’

ACKNOWLEDGING

ON PUBLISHER and COPYRIGHT

‘I am thankful to Partridge in Association with Penguin Random House on giving me proper

guidance as well as complete freedom on evaluating my content, including the US Copyright Registration.'

DEDICATION

'To my *mom* whose knowledge on Philosophy supported to publish my first book in 2018, based on Self Academic Research to some selected pieces on British Literature, from Partridge International. Little did I know, the next year 2019, the book 'The Immortal Fly: Eternal Whispers'(Based on True Events of a Family) would be published from the same publication in Association with Penguin Random House featured in Google, based mainly on her biography.'

SPECIAL FEATURES

INTRODUCTION

‘The *challenge* on writing the present book in personal style on basis of five forms of essays is graciously and uniquely amplified with floated usage of words on charm of my self-analysis. These five forms of essays are: Descriptive Essay, Narrative Essay, Imaginative Essay, Argumentative Essay and Story Writing. The book is, furthermore, specifically reflected on selective works of English and British Literature; therefore, it is additionally academic in nature.’

FORWORD

‘When great minds essay an important question, it is always interesting to watch their different turns of thought and expression. Under separate heads

on types of different kinds of essays, it is always to be understood between two terms - 'matter' and 'form': how *inevitably* it is to understand on usage of words and its manner differently in descriptive essays from essay in criticism.'

WHO AM I

'With on-going introspection on Literature, not only I proved self to be a teacher, at a suburb of Kolkata (India), but also remained to be identified in Google with scholarly works including websites Academia.edu and Phil News on Scholarly Citations and as an Author from the USA.'

COMPETITIVE TITLE

'Choosing on words with its vocabulary as a wordsmith of the book, I like to represent on the foreign language of my potentiality along with simplicity on usage of words and flourishes of the Language, 'I do' care most.'

UNIQUENESS

LITERATURE ON PERCEPTION

"Words are like leaves; and where they most abound."

'The book has its own uniqueness: Perception on same words in the book speaking at various temperaments and circumstances to the hearer and listener proportionately makes the same human mind to act with different physiology.'

"What is stronger than the human heart

Which shatters over and over and still lives."

AS AN ESSAYIST

'As noted, 'An Essayist, to a certain extent bound to be a spectator of life; he may select the sort of life he is interested in, whether it is the street or the countryside, the sea beach or the picture-gallery; but once there, wherever he may be, he must devote himself to seeing and realizing and getting it all by heart.' It reminds on the Browning's fine poem, 'How it Strikes a Contemporary', who walked about, *took note of everything*, looked at

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the new house building, poked his stick into the mortar.'

READERSHIP

'Readership of the book is based on some facts that perpetually both enhance our curiosity and baffle our comprehension. Hence, an authentic reader, of the book mainly on Literature, must act as a thoughtful human with his general intelligence of his age: the spectacle is the collective life of humanity.'

STATEMENT OF INTENT

'The book with its own on tropes and metaphors has an aesthete style on human works of immortal beauty and works of nature!'

REFERENCES

'*Apart from*, based on several major essays, novel and referential books the present book is intended to be a spirit on coherent knowledge.'

INFORMATION ON THE BOOK

THE REVOLT IN THE DESERT

**Journey on English Literature from India to the
USA**

Author Ray Chaudhuri R

(1st edition, Partridge International 2022)

**'If equal affection cannot be,
Let the more loving one be me.'**

PARTRIDGE

'Le style c'est l'homme'

REFLECTIVE ART

"Art is never finished, only abandoned."

Chapter 1. Preamble

*Chapter 2. Of the Fear on Death: The Modern
Prometheus*

Chapter 3. The Epitaph (Story on Travel)

"I myself, and no other, had charge of my life."

PART 1

USAGE ON ENGLISH WORDS IN VOCABULARY AND SIMPLICITY

- A. # LITERATURE, BASED ON SELF-ANALYSIS
and SELF-PERCEPTION →
- B. # BASED ON SELF THEME AND SETTING AND
OWN IMAGINATION

THE MODERN PROMETHEUS

“What is the point of being alive if you don’t at least try to do something remarkable?”

Chapter 1. Preamble

Chapter 2. Of the Fear on Death: The Modern Prometheus

“NOTHING IS SO **PAINFUL** TO THE HUMAN MIND AS A GREAT AND SUDDEN **CHANGE.**”



CHAPTER 1

PREAMBLE TO THE OASIS

THE REVOLT TO THE DESERT: THE MODERN PROMETHEUS

Writing the book 'The Immortal Fly: Eternal Whispers' (Based on True Events of the Family) was the sudden and immediate moment on reaction of 7th February, 2019 with the death of Ma. Aftermath of Ma's demise, life never proved to be fair. "I miss Ma at every moment: whoever she *was*, whatever she *was*, and to me she *is* my Ma." *I had* almost felt on the dearth situation realizing self to be very estranged and isolated which penetrated me into the world of shrieking and despondency: there was no sacred solution. During the tenure of my *solitary* irrevocable moments, I had come across and came through with different sorts of people- from known to unknown, from plucky people to merry devils.

It is much later of humility and tediousness, I had earned with self-realization on the state of my existence, now, 'Life, although it may only be an accumulation of anguish and hatred, is dear to me, and *I will defend it.*'

"It's very cloudy, although the stars, from time to time, shed a twinkling and uncertain light."



CHAPTER 2

THE MODERN PROMETHEUS: I SPEAK THROUGH LITERATURE

CHAPTER 1

"I am alone and miserable; man will not associate with me; but one as deformed and horrible as I..."

..... I wondered on my despondency and isolation that slowly carrying me to the Arctic oceans, and alienated towards frozen ice. I was feeling very dearth and solitary. I appeared to be laden in daily fear of my future, when I cried and cried to self a lot. By then, "Anguish and despair had penetrated into the core of my heart, I bore a hell within me." I blamed God on giving me such territory, the unwanted-circumstances! Everywhere around I felt to be jam-packed. It appeared to me interspersed with an utter chaos and more haunted sickness. I

wanted to rise up and to shift my mind from the *raw dusk*. Unfortunately, I felt those very attempts were defeating me with grimy bound words and I was carried out of the place in strong convulsions. I was reducing to the bare negation of appearances: Demogorgon, the Lord of the Universe, is 'a mighty darkness, filling the seat of power.' In many cases on the state of existence, I wondered, the monster's words to his creator cannot be overruled.

However, before 'tear fountain' would receive again signals from the part of my brain, I silently favoured *now* to be aside, and then lugged into my room. This was the tenure occurred just first after few days of Ma's demise. I was looking very dazed by this time!

CHAPTER 2

"His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful!-Great God! His yellow skin scarcely the work of muscles and arteries beneath: his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of pearly whiteness; but these luxuriance's only formed a more horrid contrast

with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion, and straight black lips.”

.....What is Victor Frankenstein's crime in the novel after whom the novel, 'Frankenstein', is made? He has usurped the role of God and has created a being in complete violation of natural laws.

Normally when children are born, they are looked after, their parents take full responsibility of rearing and nurturing them till they become fully familiar with the world they are brought into.

What Frankenstein does? He animated a dead matter and creates a Being (though ugly in shape) and in complete horror abandons him in the world of which he has no idea and where he is totally alien.

Having assembled the bones and other tissues from various charnels and graves he animated the frame: but when he observed the Creature, he was so horrified that he at once rushes out of his workshop, taking not a bit of care to nurture him.

Even when he stretches his arm and tries to say something, he rushes out of his bed room and spends the whole night in the courtyard and as the gate opens the Creature goes away.

It is much later, when the *Monstrous-Creature* had its self-education through various encounters, feeding himself on roots, figs and nuts, and learns the use of language by constantly listening to Felix reading out to Sofie and communicating with her, that he acquires full command on the language.

It is during Frankenstein's family visit to the valley of Chamounix that Victor has an encounter with the Monster as he goes alone to the summit of Montanvert.

At first there is an exchange of harsh words, but the monster over-powers Victor with the eloquent use of the language and forces him to listen to him. He says: **"Remember that I am your creature; I ought to be your Adam, but I am rather the fallen angel, whom you drove from joy for no misdeed.**

Everywhere I see bliss, from which I alone am irrevocably excluded. I was benevolent and

good, misery made me a fiend. Make me happy, and I shall again be virtuous."

Victor was still full furious, but the monster's rhetoric compelled him to listen to his tale. And after having listened to the monster's *reasoned arguments*, Victor realized his responsibility: "*For the first time, also, I felt what the duties of a creator towards his creation were; and that I might render him happy before I complained of his wickedness.*"

The monster then related all his tale from the time of his creation to the present; his tale was the tale of self-education, then his suffering at the hands of the people whom he had done no harm; *how the injustice made him violent.*

It was, then according to the novel, that he confessed having murdered William and how innocent-Justine was to face execution. Finally he pleaded: "**I am alone and miserable; man will not associate with me; but one as deformed and horrible as I, would not deny herself to me. My companion must be of the same species, and have the same defects. This being you must create"** and added "You must create a female for me, with whom I can live in the interchange of those sympathies necessary for my

being. This you alone can do; and *I demand it of you as a right which you must not refuse.*'

Adam requests the Creator (Frankenstein) to create a partaker of all delights God has provided, for he feels he cannot enjoy himself in solitude: *As the novel goes, I framed the monster is re-phrasing the same argument and if judged properly all the same his argument is validated by his arguments.*

CHAPTER 3

"Shocked and horrified: dismayed when imagined it yellow eyes, yellow skin, black lips, and skin just holding on the bones. I felt, the same like Frankenstein, to think the way the Creature stretches its arm and opens its jaw as if to speak is pathetic"

I have seen deaths but this *Death* was so close to me. It happened a few years back. As the tree falls, so let *it* lie... It was closely the same look with calmness and was placid with no` breath moved the lips, no pulse stirred, no sight or sound would enter those eyes or more.

The face of Ma was so peaceful but *firm* like same in her life... It did not appear to me death, but more like an image of life! While I looked at it, I saw no pain was there; the lips seemed me to smile with her like same which I could not bear for now to carry with description- it seemed in the hey-day of life to ebb with the decay of blood and my spirits. Shut up the book and close the account!*****

CHAPTER 4

“What is it that *agitates* you, my dear Victor?”

..... Concerning with time on ‘principle of life’, I realized it is true to say of Carlyle that his conception of the past was a vision; but it must be added that Carlyle’s view of the present is a vision too. The love of life is a habitual attachment, not an abstract principle. In looking back it sometimes appeared, as if in a manner I had slept out my life in a dream where I fed on thoughts, on pictures, only heard in half-murmurs the past glimpses on trampling of feet or noises of the throng *below*.

‘What a strange light comes into the kitten’s eyes when it first looks on burning flame! And the cat needs no human comforter as it nears the end of

this world: When the great darkness begins to fall, the cat creeps away, and dies alone.'

Waked out of this dim and the bleak place, twilight existence, and startled with the passing scene, I have felt wishes to ascend on steps of the world of realities, and join the chase.

"I had not the slightest intimation of what was going on and what's coming up to be so soon. We were satisfied to have begun life when we did; We have no ambition to have set out our journey sooner; I neither ate, drank, nor was merry yet I did not complain; I had not looked out into this breathing world, yet I was living; and, the world did quite as well without me as I did without it! *Zanetto, lascia le donne, et studia la matematica*, I will think it."

CHAPTER 5

"I had begun life with benevolent intentions, and thirsted *for a moment* I should put them into practice, and make myself useful to my fellow beings."

As an omnivorous reader, my spirits rose again with self-perception. Sand hills are never free from butterflies: they might be born of the sand, or the sea, or the sun for all the eye can tell. Without thinking of the distorted past I determined to be continued as an author.

It is a pang of parting, the unloosing our grasp, the breaking asunder some strong tie, the leaving some cherished purpose unfulfilled, that creates the repugnance to go, and makes calamity of life; as it often is: *it was simply a desire to please a shadow harboured by human flesh!*

CHAPTER 6

"Life, although it may only be an accumulation of anguish, is dear to me, and *I will defend it.*"

You cannot have rhythm without content of some kind: and, the richer the content is the greater the victory of the rhythm.

Human works of immortal beauty and works of nature in one respect stand on the same footing: they never absolutely repeat each other, never

approach so near as not to differ and they differ not as better and worse, or simply by more and less; they differ by undecipherable and incommunicable differences, that cannot be reflected in mirror of copies, that cannot become ponderable by mimicries or in the scales of vulgar comparisons.

With advent of time having feared too late, I thought to return of my bookish- embodies again! Things, which can bear to be cut off from everything else and yet persist in living, must have life in themselves which are regarded as admirable; pursuits, which issue in nothing, and still maintain their ground for ages, must have their sufficient end in themselves, whatever it turn to be.

“AM I TO BE THOUGHT THE ONLY CRIMINAL, WHEN ALL HUMAN KIND SINNED AGAINST ME?”

CHAPTER 7

“I am contemplated and malicious because I am miserable”, says the *Modern Prometheus*.

On the post period of Ma's ethereal journey, contrary to Ma's experience ever, my territorial knowledge proved to be very clammy as well as glutinous which staggered my feelings like armed men. A handful of dust can have no quarrel to pick with those characters, or complaint to make against, and might well exclaim, if it had but an understanding and a tongue.

Having experienced enigma and unwanted exhortation, after Ma's demise, my journey as an author to my style again has begun much later ---- the melancholy appearance of the lifeless body with a phlegmatic personality sometimes benumbing my senses: and I, sometimes, wish them to be re-edified with love!

CHAPTER 8

"Nature decayed around me, and the sun became heatless; rain and snow poured around me; mighty rivers were frozen; the surface of the earth was hard and chill, and bare."

On literature, some topics are not always militant but triumphant forever as long as the language

exists in which we speak or can be taught to speak. They never can transmigrate into new incarnations. These things are separated not by imparity, but by disparity. They are not thought of as unequal under the same standard, but as different in kind, and if otherwise equal, as equal under a different standard.

Not very popular am I, not regular on social media at all and therefore, too lethargic to have a self-report on self-work at Google. Well, only an essayist on web whose, how far, self-analytical works to some extent penetrates on Academic References regarding teaching and research purposes.

With post period of Ma's death, my travels proved to be very timid as well as extremely tedious: reign on congregated words to Literature assembled to have been leaping and leering in the intense shallow water. I was looking very much exhausted and skittish. Everything in the 'freakish Atlantic' oceans *approached me* to come 'stuck in a fence.'

CHAPTER 9

“What is it you *fear*?”

For several hours my faded mind swept me towards the true pith: while we are living, the world seemed in a manner to exist only for us, for our delight and amusement, because it contributed to them. But our hearts cease to beat, and it goes on as usual, and thinks no more about us than it did in our lifetime.

The words as inscribed on page 121 of my written book ‘The Immortal Fly: Eternal Whispers’:

“She suddenly found her father had engaged on doing something. She looked at him and then very closely at his work. Blood was constantly oozing out from Mamma’s nose.....and the father was bending down and rubbing the blood with his white handkerchief.....constantly it was coming out-

‘Its terrible.....its TTerrible!’ ”

Without pause or remission of pace, I was trying on preparing self to move forward over the pathless sands with my career; but after a while, I found to my confusion the track which had hither to guide

me, left me alone with no compass with me. With rapid steps, I wanted to sweep round, wanted to thread the winding hollows and to rise in my swift course at my career, as before, -the *sea* was before me! Soft tears *again* bedewed my cheeks, I raised my humid eyes; the *sun* could be my *only* guide!

Once with the use on words of various temperaments that yields upon illustrative results on valuable analysis, sometimes composing on sentences, cannot build now paragraphs; sometimes writing chapters but I cannot construct a "Book"!

I 'visualized' my agony, at the moral judgement of my life in 'barb wire', with shadows of irresistible depredations in tones of human-wretchedness, satires and *misery*— the only question, then, left for me by self, "*Where I am?*"

CHAPTER 10

"I seek the everlasting ices of the north, where I feel the misery of cold and frost, to which I am, impassive!"

I had my words on page 120 in the book 'The Immortal Fly: Eternal Whispers', while writing the biography on *Ma*: "The inner voice of the daughter was suddenly heard in the crematorium to be cried out WITHIN without a droplet of tears, "Ma, "Ma-", "Ma." At the next moment, she looked at her father on her helpless eyes.....scratching on the floor and murmuring by self, her father would surely make Ma now to be recovered very soon.... but 'that plucky little devil' was coming towards them wearing a white *Dhoti*. "Dear, you have to perform certain rituals now.": The priest said to the daughter. Babuli had looked to the priest with her abrupt eyes.

CHAPTER 11

"I now *hasten* to the more moving part of Literature. I shall relate those events with feelings which, from what I was, have made me what I am."

If Literature on Knowledge speaks on understanding, Literature of Power speaks (respects) the words ultimately it has happened

to the higher understanding or reason, but always through affections of pleasure and sympathy.

Books, do not suggest an idea co-extensive and interchangeable with the idea of Literature; since much Literature, scenic, forensic, or didactic may never come into Books, and much that does come into books may connect itself with no literary interest.

Every contorted visible object is another starting-point for the cobwebs on reality. The nearer I approach, the more deeply do I feel a few incidents; and I possess subsequently a map of countenance bearing the primary realities of life is growth, continuance, duration and the present proceeding out of the past.

“To hope, till *hope* creates

From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.”

If the function of Literature of Knowledge is to teach, Literature of power shows us to move. If Literature of knowledge is a rudder, Literature of power or deep sympathy with truth is an oar or a sail. Thus, I started to endorse self on appreciating what it that we *mean* by literature.

...the free-lances on literature together lives largely on what is analysed, re-edified, destroyed, and reverted: The labour on my work increases...

CHAPTER 12

"I little expected in this enlightened and scientific age to find a disciple of Albertus Magnus and Paracelsus."

The most thoughtless person is easily made aware, that in the idea of Literature, one essential element is some relation to a general and common interest of man will not belong to Literature- what applies only to a local, or professional, or merely personal interest, even though presenting itself in the shape of a book or printed is not Literature.

Words I chose to write at Page 114 on mortality, in 'The Immortal Fly: Eternal Whispers':

'The barrel near the ladder is far from full. The apples must not fall from the hands, otherwise those are discarded. It brings with it the connotation of the Fall of Man, often represented by Adam and Eve's

picking of an apple. After this apple-picking man becomes mortal.' (ETERNAL WHISPERS)

So, far the definition on Literature is easily narrowed; and it is as easily expanded. Little logic is required to disturb the definition of Literature.

Thence, for not only is much that takes a station in books not literature; but inversely, much that really is literature never reaches a station in books.

"A deep resolute mind rises above all difficulties."
(Page: 41, 'The Immortal Fly: Eternal Whispers')

Briefly, literature which is to live must speak with the voice of an accumulation on words *from conscious past to the living and changing present*. The longer the history of any literature the more difficult this is, and yet the more necessary, if it is to continue living.

CHAPTER 13

"I am Modern Prometheus: Forethought"

Autobiographies, epistolary correspondence, notes on diary or table-talk, are of the highest

value in determining the correlation between writer' self and the inevitable style. The influence, to be concise, is same as well as intuitive and vital; and postulates and illuminates the unmistakable identity of self-experience.

I wrote on name of Babuli, (as Ma used to call me) mentioned at page 20 in the book 'The Immortal Fly: Eternal Whispers':

"A tan brown skin woman was immensely *credulous*, nostalgic and emotional as an embodiment of self-personality, beauty and patience along with self-education on Philosophy, self-determination and with self-confidence on her only daughter, Babuli.

During a certain recovery, in midst of struggle throughout long period of 51days in ICU-12, Babuli's Ma had her blissful words to her daughter (as translated from Bengali Language): 'I believe from self, on what my daughter speaks deeply on own style is 'Hence, for The World.' "

The map of life is spread out before me; and in the emptiness and desolation my talk is constrained in its movement by practical necessities, provoked by what has been, and concerned with what is done.

CHAPTER 14

"It's very cloudy, although the stars, from time to time, shed a twinkling and uncertain light."

Perhaps the best cure for the fear of death is to reflect that life has a beginning as well as an end. On explaining, in reflecting on Death, we mix up the idea of life with it, and thus make it the ghastly horror and terror it is.

The interpreting power, the illuminating and revealing geniality, is there; but the spectacle on which the light is thrown is not fully worthy...We think how we should feel, not how dead feel.

I mentioned at page 58 of the book, 'The Immortal Fly: Eternal Whispers':

"Towards evening the storm was at its height. From the terrific downpour of rain, the crash of thunder, and the repeated flashes of lightning, you might think that a battle of the gods and demons was raging in the skies. Black clouds waved like the Flag of Doom. The Ganges was lashed into a fury, and the trees of

the gardens on either bank swayed from side to side with sighs and groans."

Poetry is the only art, perhaps, which is qualified to take primary cognizance of primary realities like growth, continuance, duration and the present proceeding out of the past.

CHAPTER 15

"I viewed *myself* in a *transparent pool!*"

The essential theme of poetry is the moral order, the principle of endurance in spiritual things. It is province of poetry to fulfil our ultimate spiritual desires: our desire for a world into which nothing, not even evil itself, can come except in the interests of the whole, as a tone necessary for the establishment of the fullest harmony.

I mentioned at page 120 of the book, 'The Immortal Fly: Eternal Whispers' of my perception through mind with Ma on the crematorium:

"Babuli, the Daughter, was looking very minutely at her Mamma's ashen black face, she only said;

“Ma is sleeping...” and looking at intensely on Ma’s lips.....*The insatiate soul* was covered with shroud, and Ma was made to lay down on the ground which was just outside the closed gate of *that* cremation-chamber: She was given the respect and honour by men of the hall and pallbearers on declaring her body would be cremated at the section of VIP, Sri Sri Ramakrishna Mahasamadhi Smashan, Cossipore-Crematorium in Kolkata.”

In poetry we inhabit a world in which nothing irrelevant is known, but all is perfect order and secure coherence. Every poem is an ideal version of the world we must profoundly desire; and that by virtue of its form.

“A book in my pocket is always there with me. At that time, too, I was whispering the poem ‘Crossing the Bar’.” [Eternal Whispers, Page: 55]

An excerpt from the book, ‘The Immortal Fly, Eternal Whispers’ following the poem ‘Crossing the Bar’ that I ruled to my mind after Ma’s cremation’s just *then* over:

“*Here, the daughter* was advised by a priest: “Once, you float the ashes in River Ganga, you must-not

turn back. It means, according to our rituals, you are now giving freedom to the soul of your mother from all sorts of bondage; she was accustomed to this material world. She is no more your Ma now. She is *It*. Let "*It*" be allowed to take a new birth with new reincarnation: This is the Cosmos World."

CHAPTER 16

"I have admired the perfect forms of my cottagers—their grace, beauty, and delicate complexions: This is the reward of my benevolence."

Waldman's lectures on chemistry have profound influence on Victor Frankenstein: he too aspires to do something miraculous, but what happens is that his highly intoxicated mind pushes him into the forbidden territory: "**But beware your hours will pass in dread and misery, and soon the bolt will fall which must ravish from you your happiness forever.**

Are you to be happy, while I grovel in the intensity of my wretchedness? You can blast my other passions; but revenge, henceforth dearer than light or food!

I may die; but first you, my tyrant and tormentor, shall curse the sun that gazes on your misery.

Beware; for I am fearless and therefore powerful.”

While reading through the novel, the suffering of both Victor Frankenstein and the monster are caused by their alienation from others.

“I desired love and fellowship and I was spurned. Was there no injustice in this?

Am I to be thought the only criminal when all human kind sinned against me?”

Frankenstein, the post-apocalyptic novel, performs an act but refuses to take the responsibility, and this proves his undoing. Exceptionally, Victor Frankenstein’s Creature became too powerful.

“I am malicious because I am miserable”, he tells Victor... There was considerably anxiety and fear visible on the scientist Victor.

“Men appear to me as fiendish monsters thirsting for each other’s blood.”

The monster’s isolation is imposed upon him by others: the creator who abandons him, and the

people who slung him. **“Frankenstein, you belong then to my enemy-to him towards whom I sworn external revenge; you shall be my first victim.”**

“Man, you shall repent of the injuries you inflict...”

The Creature longs for affection; his unhappiness and subsequent violence result from his awareness that he will never experience the love he sees around him.

“The feelings of kindness and gentleness, which I had I entertained but a few moments before, gave place to hellish rage and I gnashing of teeth, inflamed by pain. I vowed eternal hatred and vengeance to all mankind.”

After having read the books like Plutarch’s Lives, Goethe’s Sorrows of Werter and after having received rough and cruel treatment, even the monster is shocked.

Frankenstein aspires to do something big. **Victor crosses all bounds and usurps the role of God in creating life:** “Oh! Peace, peace my love,” replied I, “this night, and all will be safe: but this night is dreadful, very dreadful”

“Learn from me, if not by my precepts, at least by my example, how dangerous is the acquirement of knowledge and how much happier that man is who believes his native town to be the world, than he who aspires to become greater than his nature will allow”

Going back to the Bible, Adam-Eve are said to be our grand ancestors. Victor, the inspired scientist wishes to do it all alone.

“This was then the reward of my benevolence. I had saved a human being from destruction, and, as recompense I now writhed under the miserable pain of a wound, which shattered the flesh and bone.”

At the university, he is enchanted by the lectures of Waldman who pays the greatest tribute to the ancient philosophers... “They have performed miracles”.

Waldman observed, “They have acquired new and almost unlimited powers, they can command the thunders of heaven, mimic the earth-quake, and even mock the invisible world with its own shadows.”

“At first I started back, unable to believe that it was indeed I who was reflected in the mirror; and when I became fully convinced that I was in reality, the monster that I am.”

With the idea of rebellion in the novel, mostly relating to the influence of the French Revolution and the disastrous consequences which followed the revolutionaries who stormed the Bastille in the hope of changing the destiny of France, failed to take the responsibility and hold the country together, and thus, the entire country was flooded with the blood of both-the guilty and the innocent, (Charles Dickens’ Tale of Two cities which recounts some of the events, however, appeared many-years after).

“For a long time I could not conceive how one man could go forth to murder his fellow, or even why there were laws and governments; but when I heard details of vice and bloodshed, my wonder ceased, and I turned away with disgust and loathing. ”

You will find near this place, if you follow too hardly, a dead wrestle for our lives; but many hard

and miserable hours you must endure, until that period shall arrive."

Victor Frankenstein, the inspired Scientist could not control his own Creation anymore. **"Every moment I feared to meet my persecutor. Sometimes I sat with my eyes fixed on the ground, fearing to raise them lest they should encounter the object which I so much dreaded to behold I feared to wander from the sight of my fellow-creatures, lest when alone, he should come to claim his companion"**

"I was benevolent; my soul glowed with love and humanity; but am I not alone, miserable alone?"

"IMAGINE A MIRROR THAT COULD REVEAL YOUR PERSONALITY, WOULD YOU DARE LOOK?"

CHAPTER 3

BASED ON SELF THEME AND SETTING AND OWN IMAGINATION

"You're never going to kill *storytelling*, because it's built in the human plan."

***"Words can inspire. And words can destroy.
Choose yours well."***

THE EPITAPH

PART I

"Come over here and listen to a story...*Most gracious, Most merciful.*"

On a Christmas Eve, I was gifted a book. It was noticed that the cover of the book is uniquely designed with a photo frame framed in a decorative hall. On back of the book, the artist elaborated

the picture with an *irregular* fence, bending over a garden. Near to it, there was a mansion.

PART II

Curious enough with theme of the story, my interest grows enough on reading the tale of the story teller. The story begins with adroitness:

Once Upon a Time ... Is Now the Story of - The Father in the abode, a professional mid-aged man; who could be described as a passionate hunter with his hunting dog, a horse rider and often he was found to discuss very eagerly on Linguistics. His sense on own attire was too much distinct, following a British life style. His wife was a teacher, a dancer and a great patronage to know about a Bengali family and its culture. It can be defined the Lady was a great devotee to Lord Siva.

Being an avid reader, the mansion had its own '*paradise library*', where the couple favoured to be engaged on reading books, despite a busy schedule. Next to the library, there was a comfortable and hospitable drawing hall.

The common entrance between the library and the drawing hall was a back door. From the drawing hall with stucco molding and luxurious door-design with also an *upturn* royal canvas frame inside, any nature lover from a casement could meticulously visualize the beautiful rosarian. Of the mansion, the beautiful rose garden was once under the supervision of a very favourite character named Gabriel, a pianist. He was also said to be a great warrior. However, the tale teller mentions, the hall further in the mansion extended to a veranda matted with a contrast faded white carpet, and there was a tawdry sofa.

PART III

The wordsmith writes in the book that nobody at present been allowed to go in the drawing hall except the caretaker of the hood. This drawing hall is now found to be closed unlike the past. Mysteriously, it is still noticed the caretaker often put a rose on the wooden table which's placed in front of the closed hall. On back of the drawing hall there was a passage in the first floor, which was attached to a guest room, from where one could also go to the terrace.

It's known from reading the words in the printed work, at the guest room the caretaker is living now with his family. While continuing the conversation with the housekeeper of the mansion, the tale teller was acquainted on other details of the drawing hall adorned with many geometric photo frames. Interestingly enough, there was a tempered glass table and on the glass table laid a broken ceramic flower vase. This table, remained to be at the same place, situated just to an opposite direction of a standing oval shaped mirror.

PART IV

The little Ammanya was very fond able to rush at her most favourite place. It was found, generally, whenever there was a loud rail squeal noise coming from a little distant to the veranda of the mansion, she was almost there. Leaving everything aside, her most watchful and vigilant faithful companion, so much galvanized with energy and purpose would immediately be found to reach on the same spot standing very calmly beside his little owner.

The three years old Dalmatian, named Elbert, by blood with black and white colour could be defined

'as a more embodiment of vitality and curiosity as well as success and tyranny. This *Lord of Life* used to up earliest in the morning and retired last at night. Let there be a footfall out of a place or let a strange dog would venture outside the abode and let you breathe a little louder than usual or let the least rattle of plates would strike upon his ear, his sleep, no doubt, was shaken in an instant.'

That was afternoon, September. Gabriel was too busy in cobbling his own work at the office-room. This office room had a patio which led to the rosarian. On other hand, Madam was in the library, reading something. Beside her, on the table she was served with her fond-able Guwahati tea.

The little Ammanya, having returned from the father's office room, entered into their drawing hall. She was too excited on the day as 'G' would teach her a new lesson on piano. Her two important and amenable companions in the abode were Elbert, and Gabriel, whom the little girl called as 'G'.

Without any delay it was found more in energetic manner wagging its black spotted tail, Elbert tentatively followed his little miss and entered into the living room. He was, as always, too close and

stern to sit beside the little 'Naz', the nickname of Ammanya.

PART V

Nearly an hour passed by and it was almost the time 'G' would come soon to teach Ammanya of his new lesson. Suddenly an abrupt sound reached to Madam in the library. She couldn't trace it acutely... with doubt, yet, hurriedly she came outside to see at outside. With no trace of anything to her, Elbert's behaviour soon, on other hand, turned out to be too aggressive: He became very vicious. The little Ammanya became afraid on seeing such an unusual truculent behaviour of Elbert, her faithful companion.Madam immediately rushed to the hall, when on her surprise she found that Elbert with vigorous aggression was trying to pull Ammanya down from the sitting place. Madam shouted helplessly at Elbert, "Elbert, stop it--": the quadruped became more furious to the teacher. Without understanding what to do when Madam wildly shouted, "Gabriel....!"

A sudden uncanny of the Afghan Mom made Gabriel rushing upstairs. While dashing up-floor,

he heard some sound from the room beside the office room...

PART VI

Something is predestined..... *Having heeded no attention to that room, Gabriel rushed on the higher floor and turned on left, crossing the library, he saw that desperately Madam was trying to save Ammanya from Elbert. Seeing Gabriel on the way, the incensed Elbert in same combative behaviour pawed and barking voraciously on his loving companion. Gabriel wanted to calm Elbert but his unmannered and infuriated behaviour, in particular, to Ammanya made Gabriel to hesitate something was wrong. He immediately clasped Ammanya in his lap.*

Madam was panting... Gabriel said to Madam, "I am sure, something is wrong which should not be!" The little girl stretched her hand to the Afghan Mamma. The elders in the family about 'Naz' had always a thunderbolt thought that imbibed in the mind: Mamma hold the daughter's hand tightly; she answered in her quavering voice, "- Naz..."

Gabriel noticed Elbert was gregariously growling and sniffing! The impotent pet was slatternly and incoherently showing its constant movements throughout the veranda and the hall; barking and lunging towards that particular window lying opposite to the hanging mirror, gifted to "Naz" by her father on her 'last' birthday.

"Madam, we must go down at the flex room beside the office room. At least, we can be out from there! We can try. Come down, *Please*- you try to hold Elbert: Elbert, Elbert... Come--" Gabriel said to Madam who looked at him in void eyes. Her words to Gabriel, "Gabriel, save Naz ..." Gabriel had immediately answered, "Come..."

The four members in the family were gustily descending the stairs, where Elbert was found with a life of action without any fear deridingly leading them to move into the room down.....

PART VII

The melancholy appearance of the mansion provided for it to inhabit, dark, cold, close and solitary, are shocking to the imagination only: I cannot help thinking so myself but I have

endeavoured to explain the continuity of the scene what had the caretaker explained.

Descending down through the lifeless stairs to the room, the latch was opened by Madam: somebody was already there, "Et brute". Gabriel looked at the figure with broken eyes; Both Madam and Gabriel recognized the same accountant with burly hair to whom once the Father of the mansion due to some disrupted reasons on theft at one of his estates dismissed from the job. There's another short stature man with a fishing rod along with the elderly accountant....

"It's too delay": yet with wolfish aggression and agony, to save his family, Elbert barked severely and pounced and mauled over the short statured man. Gabriel spoke out ill-fatedly with his dilapidated voice:

"*Ma-dam.....*"; Madam burst out with her frantic cries and melancholy-terror...Everything finished so soon! Surrounding the crooked fence, once the mansion laden with that beautiful flower vase in the hall with roses, now left with words written at the *Epitaph* of the broken vase: "*I bleed!*"*Would*

Naz ever come to know of Elbert? Would she ever remember her friend, Gabriel?

With time Ammanya's own parents had become old; *the* 'defied' father, who was once a professional lawyer, left his job! The aged couple, *still*, had a belief that on a day the young lady as the father's daughter, 'Naz' (meaning 'pride'), would come back to this barren mansion; in *the* garden, where, her two devoted companions eternally *are* sleeping-
"There is *the* life, inside a life..."

PART VIII

As the tale would carefully be closed now; the wordsmith of the book writes, while coming back the caretaker said, "Will you visit the garden?" The story teller continues, "Just we were to leave the grievous spot, once that it was a garden, when the caretaker asked us in *Hindi*, to have a cup of tea before our departure."

Having served hospitably with the Guwahati tea in the first floor, it was seen the caretaker engaged himself solely on arranging petals of rose in a crystal bowl that was placed on the wooden table.With a pause in his work, the old caretaker

glanced at visitors saying: "Here we all awaiting in the garden and mansion; those unseen tears of the three years old dog graved so many years past *is* still haunting his little playmate whom he` knew... and of the piano that Gabriel, he used to play for the little 'Naz' in the drawing hall... will make *one-day` sure`ly* in the mansion, *the* young 'Afsana' to come-back " ____"

Life goes on ...we had to reach at the station! The antique Victorian mantel clock, which's placed on the *handmade* Persian mat at *once* the 'Garden of September', struck seven o'clock of darkness...





PARTRIDGE

CRITICAL LITERATURE





PARTRIDGE

[I]

ON ENGLISH LITERATURE,
GENERAL

#BASED ON SELF-ANALYSIS [BRIEFLY]

"Perception is more important than reality."

LITERATURE ON REVERIE, SELECTED

1. POETRY EXPLICATION
 2. CROSSING THE BAR (Tennyson)
 3. DOVER BEACH (M. Arnold)
 4. JOHN BROWN (Bob Dylan)
-

Every poem is an ideal version of the world we must profoundly desire; and that by virtue of its form.

POETRY EXPLICATION

Poetry is the only art which is qualified to take primary cognizance of primary realities like growth, continuance, duration, the present proceeding out of the past. The essential theme of poetry is the moral order, the principle of endurance in spiritual things. It is province of poetry to fulfil our ultimate spiritual desires: our desire for a world into which nothing, not even evil itself, can come except in the interests of the whole, as a tone necessary for the establishment of the fullest harmony. Every poem is an ideal version of the world we must profoundly desire; and that by virtue of its form. In poetry we inhabit a world in which nothing irrelevant is known, but all is perfect order and secure coherence.

At the long summit of philosophic climb Professor Abercrombie attains an altitude which brings him very close indeed to Matthew Arnold's easy, soaring vision in the difficult and technical language of aesthetics' clearer and fuller judgement; as it quietly assumes an ultimate enclosing identity of life and poetry, and recognizes in the poetic

imagination a faculty charged with magnetic attraction for reality and truth.

“POETRY IS THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE, AND WORDS THAT BURN.”





PARTRIDGE

CHAPTER 1
CROSSING THE BAR

(Alfred, Lord Tennyson)

SYNOPSIS:

The poet, comparing his dying to the departure of a ship on a voyage into an unknown sea, feels no fear and no reluctance at the prospect of leaving life. He has completely surrendered his will to the force which will carry him away, he knows that his soul may be taken far from all he has ever known, but is confident that he will, at last: we see the God whose nature he could only infer while on earth.

BRIEF ANALYSIS:

The entire poem hinges on the interpretation of the meaning of the title "Crossing the Bar". Literally,

the bar refers to the sandbar, which is a ridge of sand built by currents along a shore. In other words, the bar represents the boundary between life and death.

The voyage is a metaphor for the final journey of man. The poem begins with the description of a ship that is about to sail on a long voyage at "Sunset" when the "evening star" is visible in the sky. The setting of sun is symbolic of the old age of the speaker. Tennyson was eighty years and was recuperating from a serious illness, when he wrote this poem.

The poem is all about crossing this bar between the sea of life and the ocean; and the soul returning to eternity to meet the *Maker, i.e., God*.

SELF ANALYSIS [BRIEF]

The "evening star", which is a guiding light for the mariners, is symbolic of impending death. The "one clear call" which is the formal announcement before the ship leaves the harbour, is a signal for the speaker that death is nearing. The speaker wants no "moaning of the bar" that no expression of sorrow whence he puts "out of sea". The bar refers

to a ridge of sand built up by currents along the shore. Here the bar is a metaphor for the boundary between life and death.

"I hope to see my Pilot face to face

When I have crost the bar."

It has been personified and given the human quality of moaning. The speaker wishes not to hear the forlorn sound of the waves crashing against a sandbar, when he sets out his journey. It means that the speaker hopes for a gentle crossing out of the harbour, one without turbulence associated with the "moaning of the bar", i.e., he wants to move gently from life to death, without any fear.

"Twilight and evening bell,

And after that the dark !

And may there be no sadness of farewell,

When I embark;"

The poem is all about crossing this bar between the sea of life and the ocean; and the soul returning to eternity to meet the *Maker, i.e., God.*

"For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place

The flood may bear me far ..."

An allegory is a narrative, which describes one coherent set of circumstances but signifies a second set of meanings. In simple terms, an allegory reveals a hidden meaning.

The poem "Crossing the Bar", at a first glance appears to be an objective poem, which describes a voyage across the sandbar at the harbour's entrance into the sea. It has a deeper meaning and every aspect of the poem works at two levels, literal and allegorical.

"And there may be no sadness of farewell"

The voyage is a metaphor for the final journey of man. The poem begins with the description of a ship that is about to sail on a long voyage at "Sunset" when the "evening star" is visible in the sky.

The setting of sun is symbolic of the old age of the speaker. Tennyson was eighty years and was recuperating from a serious illness, when he wrote this poem.

"When that which drew from out the boundless deep

Turns again home."

The entire poem hinges on the interpretation of the meaning of the title "Crossing the Bar". Literally, the bar refers to the sandbar, which is a ridge of sand built by currents along a shore. Allegorically, the bar represents the boundary between life and death.

"Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me!"

According to some of the critics the word "crossing" has religious connotations. "Crossing" refers both to "crossing over" into the next world. Some people believe that, the term "Crossing" suggests the "Cross of Jesus", the transformational event that in Christianity, enables people to be reconciled to God and reach Heaven, which is beyond the Earth's "Time and Place."

However, despite its strong Christian overtones, "Crossing the Bar" has a universal appeal to all

people as everyone can relate to the image of the journey of life into death.

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,

Too full for sound and foam..."

Thus the poet, comparing his dying to the departure of a ship on a voyage into an unknown sea, feels no fear and no reluctance at the prospect of leaving life. He has completely surrendered his will to the force which will carry him away, he knows that his soul may be taken far from all he has ever known, but is confident that he will, at last: we see the God whose nature he could only infer while on earth.

"And there may no moaning of the bar"-

"Therefore' is a word the poet must not know."

CHAPTER 2
DOVER BEACH

(Mathew Arnold)

SYNOPSIS:

'The love of life, then, is a habitual attachment, not an abstract principle. No young man ever thinks he shall die. He may believe that others will, or assent to the doctrine that 'all men are mortal' as an abstract proposition, but he is far enough from bringing it home individually'...

BRIEF ANALYSIS:

Love is the only solaces that can help one survive this crisis of faith .The Victorians are suffering an internal crisis of faith, and thus to survive, the

speaker of Arnold's poem makes a plea to his beloved that they should remain true to each other.

The world "seems/ To lie before us like a land of dreams," offering at least an appearance that seems "so various, so beautiful, so new." The Victorian Era (1837-1901) is generally associated with the 'crisis of faith' caused by new scientific discoveries especially the publication of Charles Darwin's revolutionary book titled "On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection" in 1859. It introduced a scientific theory stating that biological specimens, including humans evolve over the course of generations through a process of natural selection.

In other words, it contradicted existing religious beliefs and scientific knowledge of the Victorians. According to the existing religious beliefs, God created man directly from the clay image by breathing life into him.

It made the Victorians feel that they had been suddenly abandoned by God and this led them into an era of doubt about the existing religious beliefs. This is called the 'crisis of faith'. It is against this background that Matthew Arnold, the poet of

Dover Beach is “often described as the embodiment of Victorian religious crisis”.

The speaker is suggesting that the world in reality does not offer any of the promises it makes like that of joy, love, light, certitude, peace and help for pain. Contrary to these promises, the world is like a battlefield at night where soldiers fire at shadows, unable to distinguish between friend and foe or between good and evil. All this has been attributed to the loss of faith in God and religion under the influence of scientific ideas.

SELF ANALYSIS [BRIEF]

~ “So various, so beautiful, so new,

Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,

Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;”

The Victorian Era (1837-1901) is generally associated with the ‘crisis of faith’ caused by new scientific discoveries especially the publication of Charles Darwin’s revolutionary book titled “On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection in 1859.

It introduced a scientific theory stating that biological specimens, including humans evolve over the course of generations through a process of natural selection.

"...on the French coast the light

Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,

Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay."

In other words, it contradicted existing religious beliefs and scientific knowledge of the Victorians. According to the existing religious beliefs, God created man directly from the clay image by breathing life into him.

The speaker of Arnold's poem tells how "The Sea of faith/ Was once, too, at full, and round the earth's shore." The sea of faith, which was full before Darwin's theory of evolution, is now a "long withdrawing roar".

"Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!

Only, from the long line of spray

Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,

Listen! ..."

The Victorians are suffering an internal crisis of faith, and thus to survive, the speaker of Arnold's poem makes a plea to his beloved that they should remain true to each other. Love is the only solace that can help one survive this crisis of faith.

"Retreating, to the breath

Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear

And naked shingles of the world."

Many theologians began to find out the compatibility between Darwin's theory and Christian doctrines. Some of them adopted the view that evolution was God's method of creation.

Others argued that Darwinism was compatible only with atheism. Some also resisted evolution specifically for the human species, partly due to concerns that evolution could conflict with Christian claims that human beings are created in the image of God.

"The Sea of Faith (Religion)

**Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's
shore**

Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled."

It made the Victorians feel that they had been suddenly abandoned by God and this led them into an era of doubt about the existing religious beliefs. This is called the 'crisis of faith'. It is against this background that Matthew Arnold, the poet of Dover Beach is "often described as the embodiment of Victorian religious crisis".

"Ah, love, let us be true

To one another! for the world which seems

To lie before us like a land of dreams..."

Dover Beach is often read as a poem that was written as a way of expressing the void left by theory of evolution. According to a critic, in Dover Beach the statement "the light/ gleams and is gone", represents some kind of melancholy as felt by the Victorians, when they were faced with Darwin's observations.

"Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar."

Matthew Arnold's *Dover Beach* presents the common opposition between appearance and reality. The poet is suggesting that the world, which apparently looks beautiful is not so in reality.

“Sophocles’ long ago

Heard it on AEGEAN, and it brought

Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow

Of human misery; ...”

The appearance in the opening lines, which describes the calm sea, the shining moon, the glimmering cliffs of England, is quite different from the reality of life, which the poet accepts, is like the desolate beach and the confused battlefield.

The world according to the speaker, “seems/ To lie before us like a land of dreams,” offering at least an appearance that seems “so various, so beautiful, so new.” The speaker is suggesting that the world in reality does not offer any of the promises it makes like that of joy, love, light, certitude, peace and help for pain.

Contrary to these promises, the world is like a battlefield at night where soldiers fire at shadows, unable to distinguish between friend and foe or between good and evil. All this has been attributed to the loss of faith in God and religion under the influence of scientific ideas.

“The sea is calm tonight.

The tide is full, the moon lies fair

Upon the straits;”

But at reality, the calm sea waves “tremulous cadence” i.e., the sound made by the pebbles when they strike the shore have been described as representing an “eternal note of sadness”. This eternal note of sadness takes back the speaker to the ancient Greek playwright.

Sophocles, who heard the similar sound on the Aegean Sea and was reminded of the misery of human existence: Therefore, the perpetual movement of the waves and the sound made by the pebbles suggest to the speaker not serenity but hopelessness and despair.

“.....we find also in the sound a thought,

Hearing it by this distant northern sea.”

Moreover, the fourth and final stanza is extremely pessimistic which depicts the grim reality of the world, which is in contrast to the joy and innocent beauty of the first few lines of the poem.



CHAPTER 3

JOHN BROWN

(BOB DYLAN)

SYNOPSIS:

War is thus so fatal that it forces a man to act inhumanly against his own race. This is what scared John Brown the most; that his enemy whom he intended to kill looked just like him. Both the soldiers, at the end, were victims of the same war. They were in no way connected with the cause or consequences of the war, yet they were duty-bound and had to kill their own brethren.

BRIEF ANALYSIS:

One of the main themes of Dylan's song is the fatality of war. No specific war forms the background of

the poem and hence gives it a universal appeal. Since time immemorial wars are being fought at the cost of innocent lives.

John Brown, a young handsome soldier goes off to fight in a war. His mother feels proud on seeing her son dressed in a soldier's uniform. But of, the gruesome reality is that the same war which wins him medals leaves him disfigured. He comes back home with his face all shot up, his hand blown off and with a metal brace around his waist.

John Brown's mother, who had so happily seen him off at the railway station while he was going to war, is so appalled by his condition that she turns her face away from him. In a war, a man kills another man.

"While she couldn't even recognize his face!

Oh! Lord! Not even recognize his face"-

The supposedly just causes behind these wars are unknown not only to the civilians but also to the soldiers fighting at the war-front. They are made pawns in the hands of war-mongers for their own selfish purposes. Dylan's song through the

character of John Brown depicts how fatal a war can be.

SELF ANALYSIS [BRIEF]

“And I saw that his face looked just like mine

Oh! Lord! Just like mine!”

War has long figured as a theme in poetry; some of the world’s oldest surviving poems are about great armies and heroic battles. While Homer, the legendary ancient Greek writer, idealized his combatants and their triumphs, the treatment of war in poetry has grown increasingly more complex since the time of Homer. The numerous conflicts of the 20th century especially the First World War have led various poets to write on the horrifying effects of war.

“Oh! Good old-fashioned war!”

War is thus so fatal that it forces a man to act inhumanly against his own race. This is what scared John Brown the most; that his enemy whom he intended to kill looked just like him. Both the soldiers, at the end, were victims of the same war.

They were in no way connected with the cause or consequences of the war, yet they were duty-bound and had to kill their own brethren.

“She smiled and went right down, she looked everywhere around

But she could not see her soldier son in sight...”

One of the main themes of Dylan’s song is the fatality of war. No specific war forms the background of the poem and hence gives it a universal appeal. Since time immemorial wars are being fought at the cost of innocent lives.

“But as all the people passes, she saw her son at last

When she did she could hardly believe her eyes”

The supposedly just causes behind these wars are unknown not only to the civilians but also to the soldiers fighting at the warfront. They are made pawns in the hands of war-mongers for their own selfish purposes. Dylan’s song through the character of John Brown depicts how fatal a war can be.

“While she couldn’t even recognize his face!

Oh! Lord! Not even recognize his face”

John Brown, a young handsome soldier goes off to fight in a war. His mother feels proud on seeing her son dressed in a soldier’s uniform. But of, the gruesome reality is that the same war which wins him medals leaves him disfigured. He comes back home with his face all shot up, his hand blown off and with a metal brace around his waist.

“I was on the battleground, you were home...acting proud

You wasn’t there standing in my shoes”

This war though does not kill him physically, but leaves him shattered, both physically and mentally. His condition becomes so wretched that he could hardly speak.

“I was on the battle-ground; you were home.... acting proud

You wasn’t there standing in my shoes”

John Brown’s mother, who had so happily seen him off at the railway station while he was going to war,

is so appalled by his condition that she turns her face away from him. In a war, a man kills another man.

“While she couldn’t even recognize his face!

Oh! Lord! Not even recognize his face

All the soldiers fighting in the war, though fighting on behalf of their respective countries, are themselves victims of the same war. They have to endure both physical and mental hardships on the battlefield. Their bodies get disfigured and at times they become crippled. The worst part is that they get killed by the enemy.

“Oh his face was all shot up and his hand was all blown off

And he wore a metal brace around his waist

He whispered kind of slow...”

“.....we find also in the sound a thought,

Hearing it by this distant Northern Sea.”



PARTRIDGE

[II]

ON BRITISH LITERATURE,
ADVANCED

Will Macbeth Ever Realize his Faults?

Chapter1. *Shakespeare allows Lady Macbeth to explain her husband's character as she....*

Chapter2. *'Macbeth' needs an alert reader.*

Chapter3. *'Power' of Witches*

"Stars, hide your fires.

Let not light see my black and deep desires ..."



PARTRIDGE

CHAPTER 1

MACBETH

Who can tell us more about a man's character than his wife?

SYNOPSIS:

Shakespeare allows Lady Macbeth to explain her husband's character as she understands it, and although she cannot see the *whole truth*, she tells us a great deal about Macbeth that is true. Macbeth catches evil, as one might catch a disease. The play shows how his symptoms develop, until there is no hope of a cure, and the man must die-----

BRIEF ANALYSIS:

Lady Macbeth is undoubtedly the most fascinating female character of Shakespeare. To quote A.W.

Verity, "Lady Macbeth and Hamlet stand apart from the rest of Shakespeare's creations in the intensity and perplexity of the interest they arose."

Though Lady Macbeth's influence on Macbeth guides the earlier action of the play, later she becomes so insignificant that she does not appear at all on the stage after Act III, Scene IV.

While Macbeth degenerates into a butcher, Lady Macbeth is herein now overcome by a growing sense of guilt and becomes a nervous wreck. Their isolation from each other goes to such an extent that when Macbeth receives the news of her death, he seems to do so with extreme callousness:

"Out, out brief candle,

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player

That stuts and frets his hour upon the stage"

SELF ANALYSIS:

It is significant that the play begins with a brief meeting of the three witches. A very short prologue is long enough to awaken curiosity, but not to satisfy it. We have come in Act I, Scene I, where

at the *end* of the witches' meeting, just as they are arranging their next appointment before their familiar spirits-devils in animal shapes-call them away into the 'fog and filthy air'.

The apparent confusion implied in their words –“Fair is foul, and foul is fair” points to the general upheaval of order to which Scotland is led by Macbeth and that constitutes the main action of the play.

Lady Macbeth is undoubtedly the most fascinating female character of Shakespeare. To quote A.W. Verity, “Lady Macbeth and Hamlet stand apart from the rest of Shakespeare’s creations in the intensity and perplexity of the interest they arose.”

In spite of her all her crimes and machinations, the readers cannot help pitying her ultimate sufferings and premature death.

According to A.W. Verity, “Of all women, Shakespeare had drawn none exercises so strange a fascination as this fragile, indomitable northern Queen, who makes the great denial of her sex-and greatly suffers, even to the death.”

“Come, thick night,

***And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'***

We hear a lot about Macbeth before he comes on to the stage, first from the Sergeant who has fought on his side, and then from Ross, who also speaks of Macbeth's courage in battle. These reports lead us to expect a noble warrior and a loyal subject to Duncan.

We have only one slight doubt about Macbeth, and we are not able to explain quite what this is. We know that, somehow, he is associated with the witches; and this surely, cannot be good:

***"Assisted by that most "disloyal" traitor,
The Thane of Cawdor began a dismal
conflict....."***

Much more than the other elements, the Witches introduce an element of supernatural mystery and fear into Macbeth. As Coleridge says, "as true a creation of Shakespeare's as his Ariel and Caliban"

and “wholly different from the representation of witches in the contemporary writers, and yet presented a sufficient external resemblance to the creatures of vulgar prejudice, to act immediately on the audience.”

“Come, you spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,

And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full

Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;

Stop up the access and passage to remorse,

That no compunctious visitings of nature

Shake my fell purpose nor keep peace between

Th’effect and it.”

We find her concern for Macbeth again in Act III, Scene II, when she tries to cheer up her husband and rid him of his “sorriest fancies” and a tendency to “keep alone”.

Though Macbeth does not reveal his plans of murdering Banquo and Fleance, the understanding

between him and his wife is so perfect that she can easily read the thoughts in her husband's mind. Macbeth knows quite well of the feminine qualities of his wife. So in Act III, Scene II, he decides to protect her from the knowledge of his plans to murder Banquo and his son. He tells her: "*Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck.*"

"Come to my woman's breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances

You wait on nature's mischief!"

Though Lady Macbeth's influence on Macbeth guides the earlier action of the play, later she becomes so insignificant that she does not appear at all on the stage after Act III, Scene IV.

Though she partially succeeds in saving the situation by bringing the banquet to a hurried end, it now becomes clear that her personal influence upon her husband is no longer a match for his fast growing guilt-conscience.

Macbeth's decisions to murder Macduff's family and to revisit the Witches, it may be noted, have nothing to do with his wife's influence.

While Macbeth degenerates into a butcher, Lady Macbeth is herein now overcome by a growing sense of guilt and becomes a nervous wreck. Their isolation from each other goes to such an extent that when Macbeth receives the news of her death, he seems to do so with extreme callousness:

"Out, out brief candle,

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player

That stuts and frets his hour upon the stage"

She employs her strength of determination to keep her conscience suppressed because without doing so, she can never reach her goal:

"Bring forth men-children only,

For thy undaunted mettle should compose

Nothing but males."

Lady Macbeth's influence on her husband begins to decline steadily after accomplishment of

Duncan's murder. Despite her apparent cruelty, Lady Macbeth is certainly not without traces of conscience.

In Act III, Scene II, her first private thought since Duncan's murder gives a momentary expression to her feelings of remorse at the heinous deed:

" 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy

Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy..."

In the Banquet Scene, though Macbeth's superstitions, fears and loss of self-control have spoiled their schemes and threaten certain ruin to both of them, it is noticeable that, even when they are left alone, she utters no words of reproach to him.

"Almost at odds with morning, which is which."

Lady Macbeth is capable of tremendous self-control and practical when it comes to meeting crisis. In Act II, Scene III after the discovery of Duncan's murder, she pretends in ignorance of the murder. And her pretence is so convincing that it succeeds, at least for the time being, in keeping her husband beyond the suspicion of those present.

Her subsequent fainting now seems only too natural in the eyes of the others there; she tries to save the awkward situation by intervene an illness for her husband, by discouraging the guests from talking to him. She remains composed all through that even Macbeth cannot help admiring her:

***"When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanched with fear".....
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing."***

As soon as Macbeth arrives, Lady Macbeth goes straight into business, significantly greeting him as lone greater than both Glamis and Cawdor. When Macbeth tells that Duncan who is coming as a guest will leave the next day, she straightaway hints at the proposed murder:

***"Look like the time bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue:"***

And then proceeds to offer him sound advice:

“Look like th’ innocent flower,

But be the serpent under it.”

And yet Macbeth, who has a strong conscience, is yet to decide on further action. So his response to his wife’s persuasion is non-committal: *“We will speak further”*, but Lady Macbeth cannot let the matter rest here. She advises Macbeth to *“look up clear”* and tells him *“Leave all the rest to me.”*

“The raven himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

Under my battlements.”

After the arrival of Duncan, Macbeth finds himself tormented by the practical and the moral objections to the proposed assassination:

“Black spirits, and white; red spirits and gray,

Mingle, mingle, mingle; you that mingle may.

Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in.

Fire-Drake, Pucky, make it lucky.

Liand, Robin, you must bob in.

Round, a-round, a-round, about, about

All ill come running in, all good keep out."

Macbeth when expresses his fear of the consequences of failure; she assures him that failure is impossible if only Macbeth shows the courage to act. He cannot help agreeing to her plan:

"[Knock] Knock, knock. Knock. Who's there I'th' name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty. Come in time-have napkins enough about you, here you'll sweat for't."

To tempt Macbeth into action she outlines the evidently fool-proof plan she has chalked out. When Duncan is asleep, his two guards will be reduced to a state of drunken stupor and it will be possible to put on them the guilt of the great quell:

"[Knock] Knock, knock. Knock. Who's there? Faith, here is an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose. Come in, tailor, here you may roast your goose. [Knock]"

Her love for him makes her look upon the incident with genuine sympathy, she only endeavors to comfort him and find an excuse for his strange behavior: "You lack the season of all nature's sleep!"

"In conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him."

Lady Macbeth is feminine not only as a *perfect* wife but also as a mother. She has given suck and knows "*how tender 'tis to love the babe*" that milk her. In Act II Scene II, she also shows the feminine feeling of tenderness explaining her reluctance to kill Duncan herself:

"Had he not, resembled

My father as he slept, I had done't."

It is not that she is unaware of her feminine weaknesses, but she has enough will to repress them; at least temporarily.

Her femininity, noticed long repressed by an apparent show of cruelty, fully takes possession of her in the sleep-walking scene, at end. Every crime has struck deep into the mind and heart. She now sobs like a delicate woman.

"Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery"

Who can tell us more about a man's character than his wife? Shakespeare allows Lady Macbeth to explain her husband's character as she understands it, and although she cannot see the *whole truth*, she tells us a great deal about Macbeth that is true. Two lines of her soliloquy in Act I, Scène 5 are particularly significant:

"Thou wouldst be great;

***Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: "***

By 'illness' Lady Macbeth means 'evil'; but her metaphor is appropriate: Macbeth catches evil, as one might catch a disease. The play shows how his symptoms develop, until there is no hope of a cure, and the man must die-----

Lady Macbeth when makes her first appearance in the play, she is seen reading the letter from her husband in which he tells her "*his dearest partner of greatness*", of his success in the battle, the prediction of the witches and their partial fulfillments.

In her comments on the letter, she expresses her admiration for his greatness, and wishes for him all that he wishes for himself.

Aware of her husband's weakness, she is determined to further the schemes using the whole force of her superior will lead him into prompt action. Her cruelty is only assumed and meant for the betterment of her husband's career.

"I will drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his penthouse lid;

He shall live a man forbid:

Weary se'n nights nine times nine

Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost

Yet it shall be tempest-tost."

It is true that the thought of murdering Duncan initially comes to Macbeth's mind from his meeting with the Witches, but without Lady Macbeth's

instigations, the thought might probably never been transformed into action:

----- *"Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do."*

Being aware of her husband's weakness she wishes to take control of the situation--

*"And you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom."*

He decides,

*"But in these cases,
We still have judgement here that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return*

To plague th'inventor."

"So fair and foul a day I have not seen"—a strange coincidence evidently establishes a connection—a kind of affinity—between Macbeth and the Witches, even before they meet.

It also brings out the possibility that Macbeth, who has so far been referred to as a brave general in the heights of glory, has a somewhat tainted soul and is, therefore vulnerable to the Witches' machinations:

"First Witch "Here's the blood of a bat.

Hecate: Put in that; oh put in that.

Second Witch: Here's libbard's bane.

First Witch: The juice of toad, the oil of adder.

Second Witch: That will make the younker madder.

Hecate: Put in; ther's all, and rid the stench.

"Words are powerful. They can create or they can destroy. So choose your words wisely."

CHAPTER 2

THE DRAMATIC IRONY

'MACBETH' NEEDS AN ALERT READER-

'Macbeth' is Shakespeare's profound and mature vision of evil. No summary can do justice to the play. At best, a commentary such as the one here can be no more than a map. It can show the roads, and even point out the important places; but it is no substitute for reading the play. The entertainment, the moral teaching, the psychology, and the poetry are often all contained in the same speech-even, sometimes, in the same line. Macbeth needs an alert reader-The irony gives us a complete feeling of Fate's operation! ---And Yet Macbeth Is A Tragic Hero!

SYNOPSIS:

Macbeth deliberately chooses--not once but several times in the play-the evil path. In the portrayal of Macbeth we witness the destructive power of evil in the inner life of a man.

Macbeth murders his king. To murder any man is a crime, but those who lived at the time of Shakespeare thought that the murder of a king was the greatest of all crimes. By murdering Duncan, Macbeth gains the crown; but he loses love, friendship and respect-and, in the end his life. His crime is rightly punished.

BRIEF ANALYSIS:

Macbeth is guilty of committing the most heinous crimes. Lady Macbeth, as if she were a fourth witch, encourages and influences him with valour of her tongue and the crime, which might otherwise have remained undone, is committed. Lady Macbeth, too, soon realizes the futility of the crown that they have obtained through crime and soliloquies. She suffers like her husband, the tortures of Hell, a glimpse of which we get in the sleep-walking scene.

It is significant that the play begins with a brief meeting of the three witches. A very short prologue is long enough to awaken curiosity, but not to satisfy it. We have come in Act I, Scene I, where at the end of the witches' meeting, just as they are arranging their next appointment before their familiar spirits-devils in animal shapes-call them away into the 'fog and filthy air'.

The apparent confusion implied in their words—"Fair is foul, and foul is fair" points to the general upheaval of order to which Scotland is led by Macbeth and that constitutes the main action of the play. "So fair and foul a day I have not seen"—a strange coincidence evidently establishes a connection—a kind of affinity— between Macbeth and the Witches, even before they meet.

It also brings out the possibility that Macbeth, who has so far been referred to as a brave general in the heights of glory, has a somewhat tainted soul and is, therefore vulnerable to the Witches' machinations.

SELF ANALYSIS:

Elizabeth I of England, when was dying, childless, she named James VI of Scotland as her successor. He became James I of England.

In August 1606 James was at Hampton Court, a palace near London, entertaining his brother-in-law, King Christian of Denmark. A play was acted for them, *Macbeth*, written by the best dramatist of the time, William Shakespeare.

It was a new play, but the story was an old one, and James knew it well, because it was about the ancestors, Banquo and Fleance, through whom he had inherited the throne of Scotland.

Shakespeare found the story in 'The History of Scotland' by Raphael Holinshed, but his play is much more than a dramatic re-writing of the historical facts. He made many changes, and the biggest of these concerned James's ancestor.

James also believed that he was descended spiritually from the long tradition of English monarchs, and that he had inherited the power of healing that **Edward the Confessor** (1042-66) possessed. Shakespeare's description of this

power (**Act 4, Scene 3, 148-58**) is, to some extent, deliberate flattery of his king.

Shakespeare also knew that James was extremely interested in witchcraft and had written a book about it.

Macbeth is certainly a play 'fit for a king'.

But of course, it is more than this—more than flattery for an ancient British monarch; and although the story is largely true, we do not read *Macbeth* as 'history'. We could interpret Shakespeare's play as a moral lesson.

Macbeth murders his king. To murder any man is a crime, but those who lived at the time of Shakespeare thought that the murder of a king was the greatest of all crimes.

Kings were appointed by God, to rule as His deputies: rebellion against a true king was rebellion against God. By murdering Duncan, Macbeth gains the crown; but he loses love, friendship and respect—and, in the end his life. His crime is rightly punished.

Porter:

"In conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him."

Macbeth deliberately chooses--not once but several times in the play--the evil path. In the portrayal of Macbeth we witness the destructive power of evil in the inner life of a man.

It is not a simple, smooth downward progress; but involves turmoil and conflict between conscience and other desires, between good and evil impulses that work within man. At every stage of Macbeth's degeneration we witness the choice being made deliberately; at the same time there is a sense of inevitability about Macbeth's choices.

The Witches do not influence him in any concert manner. It is a fact that his ambition impels him towards "the swelling act of the imperial theme" but his conscience fills him with horror at the idea that has come to him about how to gain the throne.

"All the Witches:

The weird sisters, hand in hand,

*Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace, the charm's wound up."*

We hear a lot about Macbeth before he comes on to the stage, first from the Sergeant who has fought on his side, and then from Ross, who also speaks of Macbeth's courage in battle.

These reports lead us to expect a noble warrior and a loyal subject to Duncan. We have only one slight doubt about Macbeth, and we are not able to explain quite what this is. We know that, somehow, he is associated with the witches; and this, surely, cannot be good.

Macbeth:

"Let every man be master of his time

Till seven at night; to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself

Till supper-time alone.

While then, God be with you."

Macbeth is Shakespeare's profound and mature vision of evil. It is a play depicting destruction, wrestling with creation.

It is a study of the disintegration and damnation of a man. And yet Macbeth is a 'tragic hero', Therein lies Shakespeare's art, evolving from a deep understanding of the complexity of the human nature.

All the Witches:

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair,

Hover through the fog and filthy air."

Macbeth speaks very little when first the witches, and then Ross, hail him as 'Thane of Cawdor'. Perhaps he is stunned to silence by his good fortune, but soon we hear him speak-or rather, think aloud, for he doesnot mean to be overhead:

Macbeth:

"Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor;

The greatest is behind."

It is not, however, cowardice that restrains Macbeth. At the end of Act I he is wrestling with his conscience. He is acutely aware of the duty which he owes to Duncan:

Macbeth:

"He's here in double trust:

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,

Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,

Who should against his murderer shut the door,

Not bear the knife myself."

Very soon he begins to admit 'a suggestion', some 'horrible imaginings', and then he says to himself the word 'murder' (**Act I, Scene 3, 133; 137; 138. Oxford University Press**). Once this word has been spoken, we must regard Macbeth with suspicion grows when he confesses his 'lack and deep desires' in the scene that follows (**Act I, Scene 4, 51. Oxford University Press**). It is confirmed when his wife, speaking as though he were in the room with her, tells Macbeth that she knows he wants

Lady Macbeth:

***"That which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone."***

It is significant that the play begins with a brief meeting of the three witches. A very short prologue is long enough to awaken curiosity, but not to satisfy it.

We have come in Act I, Scene I, where at the *end* of the witches' meeting, just as they are arranging their next appointment before their familiar spirits-devils in animal shapes-call them away into the '**fog and filthy air**'.

The apparent confusion implied in their words—"Fair is foul, and foul is fair" points to the general upheaval of order to which Scotland is led by Macbeth and that constitutes the main action of the play. "**So fair and foul a day I have not seen**"—a strange coincidence evidently establishes a connection—a kind of affinity—between Macbeth and the Witches, even before they meet.

It also brings out the possibility that Macbeth, who has so far been referred to as a brave general

in the heights of glory, has a somewhat tainted soul and is, therefore vulnerable to the Witches' machinations.

Porter:

"[Knock] Knock, knock. Knock. Who's there in th' other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven. O come in, equivocator. [Knock]"

Dramatic irony is a literary device often employed by dramatists of all times for heightening the tragic effect. It appears in a speech or a situation in which two opposite meanings are possible. It is discernible where, for example, the speaker makes a remark that has a special significance for other characters in the play or for the audience- a significance of which the speaker is unaware.

Similarly, dramatic irony arises in a situation that may help the audience foresee disaster or calamity unknown to the character concerned. The fact of words reaching out to meaning in the future which

is beyond the speaker's imagination intensifies the tragedy considerably.

Macbeth abounds in such examples of dramatic irony and this fact accounts for its success as a tragedy among readers and audiences.

In Macbeth the effect of atmosphere is particularly marked; the atmosphere, indeed, is both the result, and cause of the artistic unity of the play.

Ross:

"And Duncan's horses, a thing most strange and certain,

Beautous and swift, the minions of their race,

Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,

Contening 'gainst obedience as they would

Make war with mankind."

Duncan's words of appreciation for the brave Macbeth come to be charged with dramatic irony in the light of the subsequent acts of villainy and treachery committed by the "valiant cousin"

and “**worthy gentleman**”. Informed of Cawdor’s joining hands with the enemy he orders his death-

Duncan:

“No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive

Our bosom interest”-

His words become ironical when the new Thane of Cawdor, i.e. Macbeth, proves him wrong and encounters him with a much greater amount of treachery.

In Act I, Scene IV Duncan regrets having built “an absolute trust” on the treacherous Cawdor; the regret itself is full of tragic irony, but the fact of his saying this precisely when the new “Thane of Cawdor” is contemplating his murder makes the irony even more poignant and tragic.

On Macbeth too Duncan has already been building an absolute trust. The tragedy is further deepened by Duncan’s ecstatic reception of Macbeth:

Duncan:

“O worthiest cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now

Was heavy on me."

Further, the irony here becomes more effective because the audience is now fully aware of the evil ambition in Macbeth's mind. On the other hand, the good king Duncan cannot imagine that the worthy cousin to whom he is apologizing for his fancied ingratitude will soon commit the worst conceivable ingratitude by killing him.

He creates a cruelly the worst conceivable ingratitude by killing him. He creates a cruelly ironical situation by inviting himself to Macbeth's castle: the lamb committing himself gleefully to the wolves' care. There is a dramatic irony in his extravagant tribute to Macbeth's exit from the scene:

Duncan:

"..he is full so valiant.

And in his commendations I am fed.

It is a banquet to him."

He then goes on to describe Macbeth as “a peerless kinsman” without knowing that this kinsman of his would ultimately prove “peerless” only in the treachery and not in the sense of nobility that the term is usually associated with.

Porter:

“Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him, makes him stand to and not stand to.”

The vision of the dagger before him with the handle dripping with blood unnerves Macbeth. The scene is a profound evocation of terror and uneasy gloom.

The ideas of night and witchcraft and murder expressed in Macbeth’s words create an atmosphere of fear and evil- a fitting prelude to the murder.

Fear tentacles are seen to spread fast and wide, as in the very next scene we see the so far invulnerable Lady Macbeth feels the first twinge of the emotion.

She admits that she herself would have killed Duncan if only he had not resembled her father as he slept. Her courage now is the hollow courage derived from drink.

Macbeth after his crime is shown to be in abject terror pitifully giving voice to his inability to pronounce "Amen." While Macbeth expresses the inevitable loss of peace of mind as a result of his criminal action-his consciousness that he will no longer be able to sleep in peace-Lady Macbeth expresses her fear of a more practical kind. She tells him to wash his hands and place the daggers in Duncan's room, but fear has completely unmanned him; he cannot go back into the room, and it is Lady Macbeth who has to undertake the work.

Every noise now appeals him and his bloodstained hands, he feels, will redden the entire ocean.

Lady Macbeth:

"To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; what's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed." [Exit]

Macbeth is guilty of committing the most heinous crimes. Lady Macbeth, as if she were a fourth witch, encourages and influences him with valour of her tongue and the crime, which might otherwise have remained undone, is committed.

Lady Macbeth, too, soon realizes the futility of the crown that they have obtained through crime and soliloquies. She suffers like her husband, the tortures of Hell, a glimpse of which we get in the sleep-walking scene.

Porter:

"[Knock] Knock, knock. Knock. Who's there I'th' name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty. Come in time-have napkins enough about you, here you'll sweat for't."

Lady Macbeth, when makes her first appearance in the play, she is seen reading the letter from her husband in whom he tells her "*his dearest partner of greatness*", of his success in the battle, the prediction of the witches and their partial fulfillments.

In her comments on the letter, she expresses her admiration for his greatness, and wishes for him all that he wishes for himself.

Aware of her husband's weakness, she is determined to further the schemes using the whole force of her superior will lead him into prompt action. Her cruelty is only assumed and meant for the betterment of her husband's career.

Gentlewoman:

"Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take s forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed, yet all this while in a most fast sleep."

As we look at the character of Macbeth we see, more clearly than we are able to see in real life, the effects of uncontrolled ambition on a man who is, except for his ambition, noble in nature.

Macbeth has full knowledge of right and wrong; he knows that he has committed a very great crime by murdering Duncan. Shakespeare shows us how Macbeth becomes hardened to his crimes, and yet

how he suffers from fears which he has created himself.

Banquo:

"Thou hast it now, king Cawdor, Glamis, all,

As the weird women promis'd and I fear

Thou played'st most foully for't."

Gradually Macbeth discovers the unshakable truth of evil's deception, but not before it has wrought deterioration of character in him. To him appearance is reality, but he has lost touch with the benevolent spirit, which gives meaning to life.

The theme of false appearance is embodied in the very action of the play, so that Macbeth's despairing recognition of mere 'mouth-honor' among his remaining followers echoes ironically his wife's advice to be a serpent under the welcoming of Duncan.

It is reinforced by the cloud of uncertainty that settles on Scotland during Macbeths' despotism. After the murder of Duncan, the darkness that envelops the earth in daytime reinforces the

disorder and equivocation in nature as aptly implied in the words of Rosse, Act II, SceneIV.

Old Man:

"Threescore and ten I can remember well;

Within the volume of which time, I have seen

Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night

Hath trifled former knowings."

The scene in which Lady Macbeth receives the royal guest is steeped in dramatic irony. Duncan's immediate response to the surroundings on his arrival at Macbeth's castle is charged with irony:

Duncan:

"This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air

Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself

Unto our gentle senses..."

Banquo's expression of admiration for the castle, **"the heaven's breath/smells wooingly here,"** is similarly imbued with a sense of grim irony. The

irony becomes memorable when Duncan describes the conspiring Lady Macbeth as **“our honoured hostess”** and **“fair and noble hostess.”**

The irony employed here effectively heightens the cruelty, ugliness and meanness of the act that Lady Macbeth proposes to commit in partnership with her husband.

There is equally intense irony in Duncan’s final words on the stage. Duncan has no idea that his host and hostess whom he loves highly will prove the worst traitors to him; the audience, however, knows it through Lady Macbeth’s earlier announcement that Duncan would never leave their castle alive.

Duncan:

“Give me your hand;

Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,

And shall continue our graces towards him.”

Duncan has no idea that his host and hostess whom he loves highly will prove the worst traitor for him. The audience, however, knows it through Lady

Macbeth's earlier announcement that Duncan would never leave their castle alive.

Porter:

"[Knock] Knock, knock. Knock. Who's there? Faith, here is an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose. Come in, tailor, here you may roast your goose. [Knock]"

Dramatic irony is present in many of Macbeth's sayings. His opening words, "So foul and fair a day I have not seen", bear, unknown to Macbeth himself.

Special significance for the audience on account of their being an echo of the earlier words of the witches, "Fair is foul, and foul is fair." He does not know what we know, the close correspondence between his language and theirs, suggestive of a bond of spiritual kinship pre-existing between them.

Again in the same scene Macbeth utters the well-meaning words, "**Let us toward the king.**", but what a grim suggestion the words have for us who know the full story. He is moving towards the kingship indeed in a sense in which he at least consciously does not mean it. Macbeth's words to

Banquo in Act II, Sc.I before Banquo retires to bed, is again ironical.

Macbeth:

"I think not of them;

Yet when we can entreat an hour to serve,

We would spend it in some words upon that business,

If you would grant the time."

Macbeth tells him that he and his wife could have accorded greater hospitality to the king if they had been given ample time for it.

The irony lies in the reader's awareness of their plan to assassinate their royal guest. There is grim irony in Banquo's delivery of the diamond sent by Duncan in appreciation of Lady Macbeth's hospitality.

Banquo still remains ignorant of the evil designs of his hosts and the irony is understood by Macbeth and the audience. There is much irony in Macbeth's words to Macduff justifying the killing of the guards.

Macduff:

"Confusion now hath made his masterpiece:

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

The Lord's anointed temple."

Here Macduff's ignorant of the identity of the murderer, takes the words at their face value; but the audience is now confirmed of the hypocrisy and villainy of the speaker.

There is dramatic irony in Macbeth's inviting Banquo to the banquet: **"My Lord, I will not."** And indeed he does not fail to attend the banquet-much to the consternation of his lord: Macbeth's decision to secure peace and safety by murdering Banquo is an irony in itself. That which was calculated to further his fortune most certainly marks the beginning of his decline.

Dramatic irony can be noticed in quite a number of speeches made by Lady Macbeth. Thus she tries to console a repentant Macbeth after he has murdered the king:

Lady Macbeth:

"These deeds must not be thought

After these ways so, it will make us mad."

But of, her words turn ironical in the light of the future happenings. It is she who goes mad. Again, in the same scene her words of reproach for her husband **"Brainsickly of things"** turn ironical when we find how she herself becomes "Brainsick" before her end.

Lady Macbeth:

"A little water clears us of the deed:

How easy is it then."

We realize the irony of these words when we set them in the context of the words of a shattered and insane Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene:

Lady Macbeth:

"Here's the smell of the blood still.

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

We also discover dramatic irony in several speeches as made by other characters. Act III, Sc.VI, where Lennox and another Lord are speaking about the late state of affairs in their rotten state, is full of pungent rhetorical irony.

“Things have been strangely borne”, says Lennox. The gracious Duncan was pitied by Macbeth and **“marry, he was dead.”** The drunken remarks of the porter are again in some places, poignantly ironical. He compares himself with the **“porter of Hell gate”** without knowing that the castle of the Macbeth has indeed turned hellish with the assassination of the royal guest. After the discovery of the murder Macduff tells Lady Macbeth that he cannot tell her what has happened:

“the repetition, in a woman’s ear, / would murder as it fell.”

The dramatic irony in this case lies in the ignorance of Macduff as to the identity of the killers and in the awareness in the audience of the facts.

Dramatic irony also underlies Lennox’s description of the ‘unruly’ night just before Macduff returns with the news of Duncan’s assassination.

Duncan:

"There's no art

To find the mind's construction in the face

He was a gentleman on whom I built

An absolute trust."

Lennox while describing the nights is yet to know the truth of the murder but the audience linked up the strange happenings of the night with the foul murder of the innocent king.

The dramatic irony in the account of the portents effectively intensifies the horror of the heinous crime.

Angus:

"Now does he feel his title

Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe

Upon a dwarfish thief."

A.C. Bradley thus comments on Shakespeare's use of dramatic irony in Macbeth: "Not even Richard III is there so much of irony. I do not refer to irony

in the ordinary sense (to speeches, for examples, where the speaker is intentionally ironical, like that of Lennox in Act III, Scene vi) I refer to irony on the part of the author himself, to ironical juxtaposition of persons and events, and especially to the Sophoclean irony by which a speaker is made to use words bearing to the audience, in addition to his own meaning, a further and ominous sense, hidden from himself and usually, from the other persons on the stage."

Dramatic irony produces in the audience a sense of the working of Fate. The action initiated by the protagonist has in itself the seeds of his destruction though he is only aware of the glory and prosperity that he is aiming to get.

Macbeth's ambition makes him blind to the equivocation of evil forces.

The Witches' prophecies are taken in one sense by Macbeth and he lets his evil impulses take the upper hand. In the end, however, Macbeth realizes that he has misinterpreted the words of these "juggling fiends."

But for this knowledge comes too late; his actions must bear fruit and he must be destroyed.

This is the awesome dramatic irony working at the level of the action of the play, and it is what makes the tragedy's impact so powerful.

At every step, the situational irony mocks at Macbeth. He kills Duncan, but the king's sons live; he feels Macduff to be a threat but his murder of the rest of the family achieves nothing for him. He thinks he has killed one enemy in Banquo only to be tormented and led to what the protagonist expects happens. The irony gives us a feeling of Fate's operation.

Macbeth:

"Stars, hide your fires.

Let not light see my black and deep desires,

The eye wink at the hand. Yet let that be

Which the eye fears when it is done to see.

CHAPTER 3

DO THE WITCHES IN FACT HAVE ANY POWER IN THE PLAY 'MACBETH' THROUGHOUT?

SYNOPSIS:

The Witches offer Macbeth worldly prosperity, as evil must, in order to be attractive enough to tempt man, but the promises of evil are false; they are seeming or half-truths. Evil always create an atmosphere of uncertainty and false belief. Macbeth' himself does not know how far the Witches' prophecies are good or evil!

BRIEF ANALYSIS:

The deterioration of Macbeth's character illustrates the theme of conscience and its decline. From a

brave soldier and noble person, Macbeth reaches a state when he is a soulless man, a beast chained to a stake and finally slaughtered like a beast. A fever in his blood keeps him away from conscience and urges him on to ceaseless action and to desperation. Love of power and the will to live are so powerful in him that he goes to the extent of challenging Fate...

Act-I Scene-I, a short scene introduces the readers to the theme of evil. As a scene of exposition, it creates the atmosphere and hints at a battle being fought and the keenness of the Witches to meet the protagonist. Even before human beings have been introduced, the witches and tumultuous, hostile weather suggest the part to be played by the supernatural. The two ambiguous lines, "When the battle's lost and won" and "Fair is foul and foul is fair" are only a beginning to many more of such paradoxical and enigmatic statements. It may be noted that in the whole play there are nineteen scenes of darkness as against only seven of dusk and daylight. The atmosphere of darkness and terror continues through the play until in the last scene Macduff enters with Macbeth's head indicating the ultimate end of the nightmare.

SELF ANALYSIS:

The forces of evil are always ready to ensnare man, but they have their limitations. They do not, indeed cannot, force man into evil; they can merely tempt man to choose to follow evil ways. Experiencing temptation is not sinful, but deliberately choosing to give in to temptation is an evil.

["Have I not reason, beldams as you are,

Saucy and over-bold? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth

In riddles and affairs of death?"] (HECATE SCENE, Act 3, SCENE 5)

Macbeth deliberately chooses-not once but several times in the play-the evil path. In the portrayal of Macbeth we witness the destructive power of evil in the inner life of a man. It is not a simple, smooth downward progress; but involves turmoil and conflict between conscience and other desires, between good and evil impulses that work within man. At every stage of Macbeth's degeneration we witness the choice being made deliberately; at the same time there is a sense of inevitability about

Macbeth's choices: The Witches merely prophecy certain things for Macbeth. They do not influence him in any concert manner. It is a fact that his ambition impels him towards "the swelling act of the imperial theme" but his conscience fills him with horror at the idea that has come to him about how to gain the throne.

The deterioration of Macbeth's character illustrates the theme of conscience and its decline. From a brave soldier and noble person, Macbeth reaches a state when he is a soulless man, a beast chained to a stake and finally slaughtered like a beast. A fever in his blood keeps him away from conscience and urges him on to ceaseless action and to desperation. Love of power and the will to live are so powerful in him that he goes to the extent of challenging Fate...

The Witches' predictions and their partial fulfillment at once engross him in the thought of kingship. His ambition makes him unscrupulous and the thought of murdering Duncan occurs instantly in his mind.

"And you all know, security

Is mortals' chiefest enemy." (HECATE SCENE, Act 3, SCENE 5)

Act-I Scene-I, a short scene introduces the readers to the theme of evil. As a scene of exposition, it creates the atmosphere and hints at a battle being fought and the keenness of the Witches to meet the protagonist. Even before human beings have been introduced, the witches and tumultuous, hostile weather suggest the part to be played by the supernatural. The two ambiguous lines, "When the battle's lost and won" and "Fair is foul and foul is fair" are only a beginning to many more of such paradoxical and enigmatic statements. It may be noted that in the whole play there are nineteen scenes of darkness as against only seven of dusk and daylight. The atmosphere of darkness and terror continues through the play until in the last scene Macduff enters with Macbeth's head indicating the ultimate end of the nightmare.

Macbeth's ambition, aided by his wife's instigation, is too strong for his conscience, which is ignored. As soon as he commits the murder he can again hear the disturbing protest of his deeper self. Conscience now gnaws at him and makes itself articulate in the form of unforgettable sighs and

haunting sounds. Macbeth is now overwhelmed with a sense of futility of the crime and an equally strong sense of remorse.

“So foul and fair a day I have not seen.”

Macbeth is guilty of committing the most heinous crimes. Lady Macbeth, as if she were a fourth witch, encourages and influences him with valour of her tongue and the crime, which might otherwise have remained undone, is committed. Lady Macbeth, too, soon realizes the futility of the crown that they have obtained through crime and soliloquies. She suffers like her husband, the tortures of Hell, a glimpse of which we get in the sleep-walking scene.

‘Macbeth: “How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!

What is’t you do?

All the Witches: A deed without a name.””

Evil always works through deception. The evil within Macbeth responds to the evil outside when he believes the words of the Witches. The Witches offer Macbeth worldly prosperity, as evil must, in order to be attractive enough to tempt man, but

the promises of evil are false; they are seeming or half-truths. Evil always create an atmosphere of uncertainty and false belief. Macbeth' himself does not know how far the Witches' prophecies are good or evil!

“Stay, you imperfect speakers. Tell me more.

By Sinel's death, I know I am Thane of Glamis.

But how of Cawdor?”

Evil must deceive in order to prosper, if only temporarily, for deception ultimately is found out. While it is in sway it sets in motion ripples of ambiguity in which the innocent are perforce also caught. Thus Duncan calls, Macbeth as “noble”, “worthy” and so on, little knowing the reality beneath the appearance...the reality is given expression to by the porter's macabre humorous quibbles on hell-gate!

“I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. [Knock] Anon, anon. I pray you, remember the porter.” [Opens door]'

Macbeth and Lady Macbeth's 'voice what appear to be the most hospitable epithets while committing the most heinous of crimes against hospitality- the murder of a guest under their own roof. Thus before he commits the murder of Duncan he is troubled by the vision of the blood-stained dagger. He is later troubled by the hallucination of Banquo's Ghost. Once again there is confusion between appearance and reality.

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair,

Hover through the fog and filthy air."

Like all tragic heroes, Macbeth too is blind to reality. He believes implicitly in what the Witches say, it is on the basis of his belief in their words that he takes action and goes deeper into the quagmire till he reaches the point of no return. His belief in the Witches...The atmosphere of uncertainty let loose by one act of evil permeates everything and colours the vision of even the innocent and good characters. Thus Malcolm in his cautiousness puts on an appearance of vileness to test the reality of Macduff's integrity. In case of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth when they welcome Duncan, we have evil masquerading as good to hide the truth.

“Come, we’ll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use;
We are yet but young in deed.”

Gradually Macbeth discovers the unshakable truth of evil’s deception, but not before it has wrought deterioration of character in him. To him appearance is reality, but he has lost touch with the benevolent spirit, which gives meaning to life. The theme of false appearance is embodied in the very action of the play, so that Macbeth’s despairing recognition of mere ‘mouth-honour’ among his remaining followers echoes ironically his wife’s advice to be a serpent under the welcoming of Duncan. It is reinforced by the cloud of uncertainty that settles on Scotland during Macbeths’ despotism. After the murder of Duncan, the darkness that envelops the earth in daytime reinforces the disorder and equivocation in nature as aptly implied in the words of Rosse, Act II, Scene IV.

Evil works out its own destruction. It may create terrible disorder at first but Nature is able to restore harmony. The birth of good is heralded by the perversion of Nature itself. Birnam Wood moves

and Macduff turns out to be a man “unborn” of a woman-these are symbolic devices to indicate that the very perversion of nature can herald the doom and destruction of one who initially caused that perversion. True honour and bravery are opposed to false honour and rashness. The repetition of words such as ‘duty’, and ‘service’ create a sense of an orderly social and political fabric which has been disrupted by Macbeth’s crime. Images of planting and seeing, of sleep, and of milk stand in contrast to the images of disorder implied by words like fear and blood and by contrast between appearance and reality. Evil is deceptive and seeks to lead astray.

.....

“Words are the clothes thoughts wear”

.....

.....



PARTRIDGE

[III]

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE
WE SPEAK: OF PURELY
SCANDINAVIAN WORDS
ON ENGLISH LANGUAGE

[IN SHORT]

“ ‘I am’ is reportedly the shortest sentence in the English language. Could it be that ‘I do’ is the longest sentence?

“Words are all we have.”



PARTRIDGE

“Our culture, language, history, and values
are vital to uniting us as a nation.”

THE PERMANENT PLACE IN ENGLISH OF PURELY SCANDINAVIAN WORDS

SYNOPSIS:

The Scandinavian words not only made their way into English confined to nouns and adjectives and verbs, but also extended to pronouns, prepositions, adverbs and even a part of the verb to be. Such parts of speech are not often transferred from one language to another.

BRIEF ANALYSIS:

“An Englishman cannot thrive, be ill or die without Scandinavian words. They are to the language what bread and eggs to the daily fare.”

The Scandinavian element is one of the three that have really changed the character of the Old

English language as no other element has done. The other two are French and Latin.

The contribution of the Danish settlers in the growth of British civilization and the permanent effects on English language have been very wide and deep and intimate, as is seen from the permanent place in English of purely Scandinavian words that are primarily grammatical elements in the language, such as the pronouns *they, them and their*.

Both of these following forms are retained with slightly different shades of meaning, as in the following pairs where the first word is and the second is Scandinavian, e.g. -whole -hale, no-nay, from-fro, shirt-skirt, edge-egg(incite), shriek-screach, rear-raise. *All these forms are used in standard speech.*

SELF ANALYSIS [IN SHORT]

PART 1

The Old English language, was essentially self-sufficing, its foreign elements were few and did not modify the character of the language as a whole.

It was almost a purely Teutonic tongue, but practically from the close of the Old English period the foreign elements that began to enter into the language gradually modified its character to a great extent.

The Scandinavian element is one of the three that have really changed the character of the Old English language as no other element has done. The other two are French and Latin. These were, according to Jespersen, "***Three super structures, as it were, that came to be erected on the Anglo-Saxon foundation, each of them modifying the character of the language, and each preparing the ground for its successor.***"

The Danish influence is of considerable importance from the point of view of the development of the language. ***The contribution of the Danish settlers in the growth of British civilization and the permanent effects on English language have been very wide and deep and intimate, as is seen from the permanent place in English of purely Scandinavian words that are primarily grammatical elements in the language, such as the pronouns they, them and their.***

The early linguistic influence of the Danes can be felt in the use of the Scandinavian loan-word 'to call' in a glorious patriotic war-poem written shortly after the Battle of Maldon (993).

PART 2

A great number of Scandinavian families settled in England, specially in Norfolk, Suffolk, Lincolnshire, Northumbria etc.

Names of places ending in –by- thorp,-back and names of persons testify to the predominance of the invaders in great parts of England.

Scandinavian influence on place-names and proper names-

Certain names of places ending in –by,-thorp,-beck,-dale,-thwaite,-toft etc show Scandinavian influence. These suffixes are not found in English proper, e.g. - Whitby, Goldthorp, Braithwaite, Lowestoft, etc.

All these suffixes have the meaning 'village' or 'hamlet'. This preponderance of the Scandinavian place-names shows that a great number of

Scandinavian families settled in England. It is apparent that these families entered intimately into the speech of the people of the Danelaw.

Quite a large number of such place-names are found in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Norfolk etc.

Personal names ending in-son as Gibson, Jonson, and Thomson also show Scandinavian preponderance.

The similarity between Old English and Old Norse was very great as both the English and Scandinavians were descended from the same Germanic stock.

On account of the almost identical vocabulary of these two languages, it seems rather difficult to indicate the extent of the Scandinavian element in English.

And say definitely whether some words which are used in English today originally belonged to the native English or they were borrowed from Scandinavians, though they could be distinguished from one another by a few sound tests.

PART 3

However, number of words were then identical in two languages, as even now there is some correspondence between two languages, like man, wife, father, mother, wise, well, ill, over, under, come, sit, etc.

Among the settlers there were Norwegians too, and it is difficult to say to which nation England owed most. Some words as 'bound', 'busk', 'boon' are Norwegian.

"And though the forms of grammar were very different, much of the vocabulary was shared between Old English and Old Norse dialects, with differences of pronunciation."

Moreover, among the aristocracy of England and Scandinavia there was a common Germanic heroic tradition and many commonly inherited cultural features which Christianity in England had not obliterated" (Wrenn).

"The most important and the most far-reaching influence of the Danish, however, was not so much upon the vocabulary as upon the pronunciation, grammar and syntax, and to some extent upon the development of dialect." (F.T.Wood)

“Words are like leaves; and where they most abound.”

The influence of the Scandinavian conquest thus, manifests itself in three directions. They are-

- (a) In certain place names and proper names
- (b) In the introduction of new words of Danish origin and,
- (c) In modification in respect of grammar and syntax, but more often pronunciation of the existing language.

PART 4

Scandinavian influence in respect of law-terms and war-terms-

The attempt of the Scandinavians to impose on the English is clearly seen in a certain number of Scandinavian law-terms to some extent which have entered the language, though a great number of Scandinavian law-terms have gone out of use after the conquest of England by the Normans who took charge of legal affairs.

Mention may be, however made of few of these Scandinavian terms which are in common use in Modern English like law, by-law, thrall, crave etc.

As the Scandinavians were superior in land and sea fight, the English borrowed from them a few words in this sphere like orrest (battle), fylcian (to marshall), lith (fleet), barda (kind of warship), etc. These words, however soon disappeared.

Scandinavian influence on architecture and cooking-

Though the Scandinavians were not very superior in these spheres, still a few words from them were borrowed like, and others-

Window (< Scandinavian word 'vindauga' > 'vinde' is 'wind' + 'auga' is 'eye')

So Scandinavian word literally meant 'wind-eye', i.e. an eye or hole for the admission of light and air,

Steak (< Scandinavian word 'steik'),

Knife (< Scandinavian word knif)

Obsolete native words revitalized through Scandinavian influence-

Some words which had existed in Old English but had gone out of use, gained back the vitality and currency through Scandinavian influence.

The preposition 'till' is found only once or twice in Old English texts belonging to the pre-Scandinavian period, but after the Danish conquest it begins to be exceedingly common in English.

Other words were *blend*, *rim*, *run* were very rare in old English but later their use was strengthened by the Scandinavian influence.

PART 5

Survival of Scandinavian words due to agreement with other native words-

Here, the English took Scandinavian words for conveying ideas which could adequately be expressed with words of their own language. *E.g.*
- *The word 'Die'-*

The Scandinavian verb was 'deya' (die). This Scandinavian word was more easily associated with Old English 'death' and 'dead', probably because of

the similarity of the initial sound than Old English 'steorfan' and 'sweltan'.

Old English noun and adjective 'death' and 'dead' had corresponding Old English verbs 'steorfan' and 'sweltan'.

The Scandinavian word 'deya' replaced the Old English verbs 'steorfan' and 'sweltan', and survives in Mod. English as 'die'.

'Sweltan' was totally discarded but 'steorfan' was retained and it attained a specialised sense 'to starve'.

Similarly, the word 'seat' comes from the Scandinavian word 'saete'. In Old English the verbs were 'to sit' and 'to seat'.

The Scandinavian, 'saete' was adopted in English as noun because it agreed so well with the existing Old English verbs 'to sit' and 'to seat'.

The Scandinavian word 'want' survived because of its agreement with Old English 'wan' means 'wanting' and 'wana' means 'to want'.

The Scandinavian word 'ill' was retained because it agreed so well with Old English 'evil'.

The Scandinavian word 'same' survived because it was easily associated with the Old English 'swa' means 'so'.

PART 6

The Scandinavian pronouns, they, them, their survived and supplanted the Old English plural pronouns hie, heom, heora.

It is because of two reasons-

1) The Scandinavian pronouns with initial 'th' sound were readily associated with the Old English forms beginning with 'th' sound in 'the', 'that', 'this' (Native Words)

2) These Scandinavian words were felt to be more distinct forms than the Old English forms hie, heom, heora which were supplanted.

Otherwise, after the vowel sounds had become obscured, it would no longer have been possible to keep easily apart 'he' and 'hie', 'him' and heom. Her (hire) and heora, so that we would always have got

confusion between Old English singular and plural forms:

- (i) He (singular) and hie (plural)
- (ii) Him (singular) and heom (plural)
- (iii) Her (singular) and heora (plural).

It took a long time before the Old English forms were finally discarded. The Old English dative 'hem' (heom) still survives in the form 'em as take', 'em' which is ignorantly taken as the shortened form of 'them'.

PART 7

Scandinavian influence on form words-

Thus, the Scandinavian words not only made their way into English confined to nouns and adjectives and verbs, but also extended to pronouns, prepositions, adverbs and even a part of the verb to be. Such parts of speech are not often transferred from one language to another.

- (i) Pronouns- The pronouns they, them, there are Scandinavian but they are not the only

Scandinavian pronouns to be found in English.

'Both' and 'same', though not primarily pronouns, have pronominal uses and are of Scandinavian origin.

- (ii) Prepositions-The preposition 'till' was at one time widely used in the sense of 'to', besides having its present meaning.

The word 'fro', likewise in common use formerly as the equivalent of 'from', survives in the phrase 'to and fro'. Both words are from Scandinavian.

The Conjunction 'though', the Old Norse is equivalent of Old English 'theah'. The Scandinavian use of 'at' as a sign of the infinitive, is to see in the English 'ado'(at-do) and was widely used in this construction in Middle English.

- (iii) Adverbs- The adverbs aloft, athwart, aye (ever) and seemly and the earlier hethen (hence) and whethen (whence) are all derived from the Scandinavian.

(iv) Verbs- While 'we aron' was the Old English form in the North, the West Saxon plural was 'syndon'

and the form 'are' in Modern English undoubtedly owes its extension to the influence of the Danes.

Cases where Scandinavian forms survive in dialects, native in literary language-

There are cases where the old English forms belong to the literary language, while the Scandinavian forms occur only in some dialects. In the following pairs, the English word is given first.

Leap-loup, church-kirk, yard-garth, mouth-mun, chest-kist, dew-dog.

Cases where native form has survived, Scandinavian form has disappeared-

There are cases where the native form has remained and has ousted the Scandinavian form in course of time. E.g.

PART 8

Old English that has ousted the Scandinavian forms-(These Scandinavian (Sc.) forms have disappeared from the English Language.)

Loathe	(Old English)	>	laithe (Sc.)
--------	---------------	---	--------------

Few	(Old English)	>	fo (Sc.)
Fish	(Old English)	>	fisk (Sc.)
Bench	(Old English)	>	bennk (Sc.)
Yarn	(Old English)	>	garn (Sc.)
Naked	(Old English)	>	naken (Sc.)

Origin of thence, hence, whence-

Thanon (Old English) > has ousted > thethen (Sc.) and has become > 'thence',--- when at a later stage adverbial 's' was added to the Old English form, and this 's' gradually became 'c' that ultimately the Old English form became 'thence'.

Here we find that the Scandinavian 'e' has been retained, while the Old English vowel 'o' has disappeared.

Heonan (Old English) > has ousted > hethen (Sc.) and has become > 'hence',--- when at a later stage adverbial 's' was added to the Old English form, and this 's' gradually became 'c' that ultimately the Old English form became 'hence'.

Here we find that the Scandinavian 'e' has been retained, while the Old English vowel 'eo' has disappeared.

Hwanon (Old English) > has ousted > hwethen (Sc.) and has become > 'whence',--- when at a later stage adverbial 's' was added to the Old English form, and this 's' gradually became 'c' that ultimately the Old English form became 'whence'< (hwanon +c).

Here again, we find that the Scandinavian 'e' has been retained, while the Old English vowel 'o' has disappeared.

PART 9

Collateral existence of the Old English and the Scandinavian forms of the same word with slightly different shades of meaning-

As a result of the Scandinavian influence we come across a class of words, having two forms- one the Old English and the other the Scandinavian influence.

Both of these forms are retained with slightly different shades of meaning, as in the following pairs where the first word is and the second Scandinavian, e.g.-whole -hale, no-nay, from-fro, shirt-skirt, edge-egg(incite),shriek-screech, rear-raise. All these forms are used in standard speech.

PART 10**Cases where Scandinavian form has survived,
native form has disappeared-**

In these cases the Scandinavian forms have survived and have ousted the legitimate native forms, e.g.-

Sister > comes from > syster (Old Norse) has ousted sweoster (Old English)

They (Sc.) > yete (Native)

Get (Sc.) > yelde (Native)

Guild (Sc.) > yive (Native)

Gift (Sc.) > yift (Native) -- *In this word, not only initial 'g' due to Scandinavian influence, but also has the modern meaning. The Old English word 'yift' meant 'the price paid by a suitor in consideration of receiving a woman to wife.'*

Kettle (Sc.) > chetel (Native)

PART 11

The Scandinavian verb 'take' replaced Old English 'niman', 'cut' took the place of Old English 'smithan', 'window' drove out the

equally appropriate English word 'eaghyrel' means eye-thirl, i.e. eyehole, 'sky' took the place of Old English 'wolcen' is now being preserved only in poetical word 'welkin'.

All these native forms have disappeared from the English language.

Sense-Shifting-

In some cases where, native form has survived but the meaning adopted is that of the corresponding Scandinavian word.

E.g. - The word 'Dream'-

Old English Word Meaning in Mid. English and Modern English < Scandinavian influence

Dream,(which originally meant 'joy') but, in Mid. English, it is assumed modern meaning 'vision of the night < taken over from the corresponding Old Norse 'draumr', Danish word as 'drom' which had also the meaning 'vision of the night'.

PART 12**Analogous cases are-**

'Bread', an Old English word meant 'fragment'. The word had survived but adopted in Mid. English the modern meaning 'loaf' < taken over from the meaning of Danish 'brod'.

'Bloom' (bloma), an Old English word meant 'mass of metal'. The word had survived but adopted in Mid. English the modern meaning 'shine' taken over from the corresponding Scandinavian word.

'Dwell', an Old English word meant 'to lead astray'. The word had survived but adopted the modern meaning 'to remain in a place' taken over from the corresponding Scandinavian word.

'Gift' (yift): an Old English word meant 'the price paid by a suitor in consideration of receiving a woman to wife.'

The word had survived but adopted the modern meaning which is general, not specific, taken over from the meaning of Scandinavian word.

'Earl', an Old English word meant 'nobleman'. The modern meaning is something specific (nobleman ranking between marquis and viscount) < has been taken over from the meaning of Old Norse 'jarl'.

PART 13

Scandinavian influence on Pronunciation-

Thus, the hard pronunciation of 'g' in give and get is due to the Scandinavian influence. In Old English these were 'yive' and 'yete'.

Scandinavian influence on Grammar-

A certain number of inflectional elements peculiar to the Northumbrian dialect have been attributed to Scandinavian influence-

- (i) The '-s' of the third person singular, present indicative of verbs and the participial ending-and, corresponding to '-end' and '-ind' in the Midlands and South, and now replaced by '-ing' are said to be due to Scandinavian influence.
- (ii) The final-'t' which is the neuter adjective ending of Old Norse is preserved in and

forms an inseparable part of words like *scant, want, athwart*.

- (iii) Except a few verbs like *take, thrive, etc.* which are strongly inflected as in Scandinavian, almost all Scandinavian strong verbs have been made weak in conjugation in English.

'Die', was a strong verb in Scandinavian but in English conjugation it has become a weak verb 'died'.

- (iv) Scandinavian nominative ending '-r' in nouns was dropped in English, e.g. Scandinavian word 'byr' became 'by' in Native.
- (v) There is at least one interesting word with the Scandinavian passive voice in '-sk' as 'busk', but in English it is treated like an active form.
- (vi) As the result of the influence, admixture was the leveling of the terminations in English, that is, the simplicity of declension and conjugation.
- (vii) Certain proximal forms like 'they, them, their', adverbial forms 'thence, hence, whence, present plural 'are' of the verb 'to be' and the prepositions like 'till' and 'fro' are all due to Scandinavian influence.

The bulk of Scandinavian words are of a purely democratic character. The French words introduced in the following centuries represent the rich and the refined.

The Scandinavian influence is felt in the English grammar and syntax. The '-s' of the third person singular in the present indicative tense of verbs is said to have been due to Scandinavian influence.

PART 14

Scandinavian influence on Syntax-

- (i) Relative clauses without any pronoun were very rare in Old English, but they became very common in Mid. English due to Scandinavian influence. E.g. - The man whom I know. The man I know.

This is the book which I lost. This is the book I lost. (In these second cases the relative pronouns whom and which are omitted.)

- (ii) According to Jespersen the omission of the relative pronoun in relative clauses (This is the book I lost, in the example given in

syntax) – the relative pronoun ‘which’ is omitted here, and the retention and omission of the conjunction ‘that’ are also due to the Scandinavian influence’

- (iii) The use of shall and will in Mid. English corresponds well Scandinavian.

Other points in syntax might perhaps ascribed to Scandinavian influence, such as the universal position of the genitive case before its noun (where Old English like German placed it very often after it), but in these delicate matters it is not safe to assert too much, as in fact many similarities may have been independently developed in both languages.

“Time is precious and rare precisely because it is always slipping away.”

LITERATURE BASED ON SELF-ELABORATION AND CRITICAL-IMAGINATION

“Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn.”

QUATRAINS OF THE ASTRONOMER-POET OF
PERSIA, OMARKHAYYA`-MAND PERCY BYSSHE
SHELLEY, A PROPHET AND A REFORMER--

SYNOPSIS:

Shelley's attitude towards life is on the one hand immensely pessimistic, and, on the other, extremely optimistic. The ecstasy arises out of his ardent belief in the imminent regeneration of mankind and the end of all evils. Contemplation of the corruption, tyranny and social problems of the present fills him with despondency. He hopes that all forms of tyranny and oppression will be

replaced, in the millennium to come, by all-round happiness.

“Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn.” [RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYAM]

BRIEF ANALYSIS: “There is eloquence in the tongue-less wind, and a melody in the flowing brooks and the rustling of the reeds beside them, which by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul awaken the spirits to dance of breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone. Hence in solitude, or that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings and yet they sympathize not with us, we love the flowers, the grass, the waters, and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring, in the blue air, there is then found a secret correspondence with our heart.

Sterne says that if he were in a desert he would love some cypress. Soon as this want or power is dead man becomes a living sepulchre of himself, and what yet survives, is the mere husk of what once he was.”

“Think, in this batter’d Caravanserai

Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,

How Sulta`n after Sulta`n with his Pomp

Abode his Hour or two, and went his way.”

SELF ANALYSIS [IN SHORT]

PART 1

“I think the Vessel, that with fugitive

Articulation answer’d, once did live,

And merry-make; and the cold Lip I kiss’d

How many Kisses might it take- and give!”

Though Keats is prominent for the use of synaesthetic imagery, Shelley has used it in different combinations. In *Triumph of Life*, he portrays sound as “A silver music on the mossy lawn.” “One Moment in Annihilation’s Waste, “One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste-

The Stars are setting and the Caravan

Stars for the Dawn of Nothing- Oh, make haste!"

Shelley who apprehends the true and the beautiful asks the moon whether its paleness is due to its weariness of climbing the sky, or of gazing on the earth, wandering alone among the stars of a different nature and origin, or is it because the moon is ever-changing like the sorrowful looks that see inconstancy everywhere.

Perhaps the moon wanes and waxes because she finds no objects worthy of her constancy.

Godwin's idea of man is perfectible; that is, capable of moral improvement and the development of his character is subject more to nature's environment than heredity.

Godwin didn't believe in the existence of Government and opposed the worship of wealth, religious tyranny and diseased law, but he believed in "free love" and advocated a universe where men could live happily together and in peace.

Shelley too, influenced by his ideas, attacks wars, tyranny, commerce, wealth and religion-in short, all the existing vices of his present world- and describes a Utopian future in Queen Mab.

Shelley is much devoted to Godwin, Plato and Rousseau for his thought and poetry. Godwin's book 'Political Justice' has profoundly influenced Shelley's iconoclastic rationalism and his opinions on politics and morals.

Tinge of Godwinian theory is seen in Prometheus Unbound too, where he celebrates the perfectibility of human nature and foretells a golden age which too is bound by guilt or pain, "nor yet exempt from chance, and death and mutability."

"And this I know: whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath consume me quiet,
One glimpse of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright."

The ideas he borrowed from Plato falls under four groups:

- (i) General religious and Philosophical Ideas- Shelley's religious system is more Greek and Platonic than Christian and Biblical. Like Plato, Shelley believes in a 'Supreme power' and is conscious of the unity of the world and

of all life and the underlying spirit which he celebrates in most of his poems, especially in Adonais.

“The one remains, the many change and pass”. The struggle between the powers of good and evil is the main theme of *The Revolt of Islam*, a concept of Plato.

- (ii) **Cosmic Speculations:** Plato’s teachings that the entire universe is the self-evolution of an absolute intelligence, is seen reflected in Shelley’s *Hymn to Apollo* where he considers the sun as the supreme source in the universe, not of light and force only, but also of intelligence. Even in *Prometheus Unbound*, he personifies Moon and Earth (kha`k, zameen).
- (iii) **Social and Political Ideas:** The concept of dualism between Prometheus who stands for the soul of man and Jupiter who represents the baser side of man which we find in *Prometheus Unbound* is based on Plato’s conception of a constant duel in man’s nature between the good and evil forces.

- (iv) Theory of Love: Plato's teachings on theory of love have two aspects- his philosophy of beauty, and love, an inspiration in human life. Shelley's idea of Intellectual Beauty's departs; this world becomes a 'dim vast veil of tears vacant and desolate'.

On the other hand if human heart is its temple then man would become 'immortal and potent'. Thus Platonism was a treasure-house from which he borrowed valuable ideas.

"Oh, Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestination round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin?"

Just as Shelley is devoted to Godwin for political and moral ideas, so also he is devoted to Plato for his Platonism of "one Spirit", the "supreme Power".

PART 2

Queen Mab (1813) had foreshadowed faintly the subject matter of his mature poetry, but it has

hardly any of its wonderful music. That music is heard for the first time in the first of his great works, *Alastor* (1815). *Alastor* is a poem of an idealized version of Shelley himself.

It is about a tragic idealist who vainly pursues the perfect beauty until his death which is described at the conclusion of the poem in lines of solemn beauty. The value of *Alastor* lies not in its story but in its mood of ardent aspiration, its magnificent descriptions of nature, and noble music of its blank verse which owes much to Wordsworth. This is the beginning of Shelley's apprenticeship to his art.

"Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And with Eden devise the Snake;
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness give-and take!"

Mont Blanc and *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty* belong to the memorable period of Shelley's friendship with Byron in 1816, and express the Shelley-idealism.

Next comes *The Revolt of Islam* (1818) a still more ambitious, revolutionary, allegorical poem modeled on Spenser's work. This piece is a combination of Shelley's two invariable motives—a passionate philanthropy and an equally passionate eroticism.

He feels the liberation of mankind is to be achieved by eloquent persuasion. It contains individual passages of very great beauty with the use of language in an entirely new and distinctive manner.

The chief and sole beauty of the poem lies in the music of the blank verse and poetic imagery, where his characteristic style appears fully developed for the first time.

Prince Athanese is a fragment where the eternal warfare of the idealist seems to have been the theme and it pictures a philosophic converse between a young disciple and a "divine old man".

With *The Revolt of Islam* and this beautiful unfinished fragment of *Prince Athanese*, Shelley's apprenticeship may be said to an end.

"Listen again, One evening at the Close

Of Ramaza'n, ere the better Moon arose,

In that old Potter's Shop I stood alone
 With the clay Population round in Rows."

The first works of his maturity are the great lyrics, *Lines Written in Euganean Hills* and *Julian and Maddalo*, composed after his arrival in Italy. In *Julian and Maddalo*, he celebrates his friendship with Byron, a masterpiece of a kind rarely achieved.

It is a perfect example of verse which is at once familiar and even colloquial and yet highly poetical. What is remarkable in this mastery is that Shelley carries it over into his major achievement, the great lyrical drama, *Prometheus Unbound*.

Prometheus Unbound (1818-1819) is the most ambitious and central attempt of the poet to render his reading of life, the mystery of good and evil and to give adequate embodiment to his own ambition as poet and reformer: "I have what a Scotch philosopher characteristically terms, "a passion for reforming the world."

To Shelley, Prometheus is the embodiment of the wisdom and heroism of humanity while Jupiter of tyranny and superstition where he is the representative of the whole machinery of legalism

and respectability which Shelley considered being the burden under which the world was groaning.

He portrays eternity overpowering tyranny and tyranny is removed by the spirit of love and beauty and thus a regeneration of the world.

PART 3

To comment upon Shelley's sarcasm, Peter Bell The Third is an apt example. It is a satire on Wordsworth, a "dull" poet and recalls the earlier Wordsworth, a man of false ideals who composed poems on 'moor and glen and rocky Lake/And on the heart of man'.

Shelley criticizes the reactionary politician who once welcomed revolution and dull poet, Wordsworth himself, who was very famous.

"Ay, make the most of what we yet may spend,

Before we too the Dust descend;

Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,

Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and-sans End."

Though Shelley had not much natural aptitude for satire, yet he was successful in his attempts. In *Mask of Anarchy* (1819) and *Swellfoot* (1820), he shows his skill in handling the theme of politics also.

“Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest.”

The *Letter to Maria Gisborne* (1820) displays his ability to write an easy, natural, yet poetical conversation. The *Witch of Atlas* (1820) composed in ottava rima like that of Byron's best poems, is a contrast to his other works for it is a long poem of pure escape to fancy weaving a myth of deliverance from Shelley's imagined troubles, personal and human, where he gives his imagination free play.

In *The Sensitive Plant*, he finds out a new symbol for his own 'love of love'. In *Adonais* (1821), the great elegy on Keats, he reincarnates the Greek pastoral lament and reveals his faith in the spiritual reality.

“Ay, make the most of what we yet may spend,

Before we too the Dust descend;

Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,

Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and-sans End.”

Shelley’s famous and short poems The Ode to the West Wind, The Cloud, The Skylark are written in verse forms of his own innovation, about the divinity of Nature and the Supreme Power.

“Alike for those who for TO-DAY prepare,

And those that after a To-morrow stare,

A Muezzi`n from the Tower of darkness cries

“Fools! Your Reward is neither Here nor There!”

The Letter to Maria Gisborne celebrates his intellectual friendship without any imitation and it is poetry of fun with human thought and common sense.

“AWAKE! For Morning in the Bowl of Night

Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:

And Lo! The Hunter of the East has caught
The Sulta` n's Turret in a Noose of Light."

Epipsychidion (1821) is a poem inspired by his admiration for Emilia Viviani, an Italian girl who was imprisoned in a convent at Pisa. It is also an expression of that "high, sweet, mystic doctrine of love" taught by Plato in the Symposium and Dante in the Vita Nuova though marred, as Swinburne has justly pointed out, by "such mere personal allusions as can only perplex and irritate the patience and intelligence of a loyal student."

It's a personal poem which demonstrates his weaknesses and strong points more than any other poem does.

"Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest."

Most of the critics are tempted to consider the characters of Prometheus Unbound as inhuman.

They are inhuman, because they represent mythical and elemental beings and no men and women.

PART 4

It expresses a profound philosophy of art, and is equally valuable as a critical work of universal application, and as a revelation of Shelley's own theory and practice of poetry. It reveals the extraordinary power and beauty of the language.

"Alike for those who for TO-DAY prepare,

And those that after a TO-MORROW stare,

A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries / Fools!
Your Reward is neither Here nor There!" Grierson did rightly say, "Classic and Romantic are terms no attempts to define which will ever seem entirely convincing to ourselves or others."

So everyone tries to attributes one's own views to 'Romanticism.' For, to Hein and Beers, Romanticism is synonymous with Medievalism; to Elton it is "thought confounding words", to Victor Hugo "Melancholy" is the distinguishing mark of romantic art; to Abercrombie "Romanticism is a

withdrawal from outer experience to concentrate upon inner experience"; to Pater it is "an addition of strangeness to beauty"; to T. S. Eliot Romantic signifies, "the individual" and even "revolutionary"; to Herford "liberty of imagination". So in short, we can say anything novel is romantic.

"For in the Market-place, one Dusk of Day,

I watch'd the Potter thumping his wet Clay:

And with its all- obliterated Tongue

It murmur'd- "Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

In brief, we can say every bit of Shelley's poetry is romantic-in temper and style. Whether they are short or long, whether they are lyrical or odes, with Shelley's element of imagination they rise to an expectation which is far beyond our reach. No wonder Shelley is heralded as the best Romantic poet of his age.

"And lately, by the Tavern Doo agape,

Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape

Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and

He bid me taste of it; and 'twas-the Grape!" Shelley's poetic style is also romantic. The series of gorgeous similes in *The Skylark* show the romantic exuberance of Shelley.

He never uses any ornamental word and every word fits in its place and carries its own weight.

They express the diverse feelings of the poet with the notes of music which appeal to every human being's ears. "Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!

That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!

The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,

Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!"

For Pater, classic signifies measure, purity and temperance, whether romantic signifies an addition of strangeness to beauty. Abercrombie says Romanticism is an attitude of mind-an element of art. Classicism is not an element at all but a mode of combining elements in a just proportion.

For him there is no antithesis between Romanticism and Classicism. Classicism includes the romantic element in its balance, for all good art is first romantic, then becomes classical.

PART 5

It is true, he gives them human life through his personifications, but he does it unintentionally for he felt they are living beings capable of doing the work of human beings.

His mythopoeic power had made him the best romanticist of his age. In Ode to West Wind, he personifies Nature as the Destroyer and the Preserver, and in The Cloud, the cloud is a possessor of mighty powers.

He also believed in the healing aspect of Nature and this is revealed in his Euganean Hills in which he is healed and soothed by the natural scene around him and also the imaginary island. In The Recollection, we see the same idea of healing power of Nature.

“Heav’n but the Vision of fulfill’d Desire,

And Hell the Shadow of a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.”

Shelley's idealism falls under three subheadings: Revolutionary Idealism- His revolutionary idealism is mainly due to the French Revolution.

Through his Queen Mab, The Revolt of Islam, and Prometheus Unbound he inspired people to revolt against tyranny by scoring at the tyranny of state, church and society and hoping for a golden age which too is not immune from pain or death.

His political idealism makes him a prophet. Religious Idealism- Though Shelley was a rebel, he wasn't an atheist. He believed in the super power of God, and he imagined God as Supreme 'Thought' and infinite Love.

His Platonic conception of Love was the base of his metaphysical idealism. He believed in the faith of one mind, one power and one all-pervasive spirit. Erotic Idealism- Just as he is a revolutionist and a pantheist, so also he is a theologian.

He believed in the abstract quality of love and beauty—love as infinite and beauty as intellectual. He celebrates love as a creator and preserver in his *Symposium*, and beauty as Supreme Spirit with which man becomes immortal in his *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*.

“Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and best
 That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,
 Have drunk their Cup a round or two before,
 And one by one crept silently to Rest.”

‘Facts’ said Shelley, ‘are not what we want to know in poetry, in history, in the lives of individual men, in satire or panegyric.’

They are many diversions, the arbitrary points on which we hang and to which we refer those delicate and evanescent hues of mind, which language delights and instructs us in precise proportion as it expresses.’

Shelley calls poetry “the expression of Imagination,” because in it diverse things are brought together in harmony instead of being separated through

analysis. In this he resembles Bacon and Locke, but differs from them in his idea of imagination of man's highest faculty through which one realizes noblest powers. Shelley made a bold expedition into the unknown and he felt reason should be related to the imagination.

His expedition was successful when he made the people understand that the task of the imagination is to create shapes by which reality can be revealed to the world and this is heralded as the best romantic note by his successors. "And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,

And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour-well,

I often wonder what the Vintners buy

One half so precious as the Goods they sell."

Like Plato, he believed that the universe possessed a soul, and that the soul of man is pure in its nature, and though soiled by earth is capable of its original perfection.

PART 6

Among the Romantic poets, Shelley is marveled for his inimitable abstract ideas, but he is less of an artist.

He was aiming not at the poetry of art, but at the poetry of rapture. Keats advised him to be “more of an artist” and to “load every rift with ore”, but Shelley was aiming at a different effect from that of Keats’s richly decorated and highly finished poetry.

“Another said-“Why, ne’er a peevish Boy,
 Would break the Bowel from which he drank in Joy;
 Shall He that made the Vessel in pure Love
 And Fancy, in an after Rage destroy!” “

Rabindranath Tagore’s comment on the genius and philosophy of Shelley strikes at the keynote of his philosophy of life: “In Shelley we clearly see the growth of his religion through periods of vagueness and doubt, struggle and searching. But he did at length come to a positive utterance of his faith though he died young.

Its final expression is in his 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty'. By the title of the poem, the poet evidently means a beauty that is not merely a passive quality of particular things, but a spirit that manifests itself through the apparent antagonist of the unintellectual life.

Religion in Shelley grew with his life. It was not given to him in fixed and ready-made doctrines; he rebelled against them. He had the creative mind which could only approach Truth through its joy in creative effort."

Shelley was essentially a poet of love. His idealism was the Platonic conception of love- the love of the soul.

From the lowest order it rises and reaches the supreme beauty which is the highest form of love that leads to virtue, wisdom, happiness, and is subject to its power only.

He speaks of love as: "The desire of the moth for the star, / Of the night for the morrow, / The devotion to something afar."

"And, strange to tell, among the Earthen Lot

Some could articulate, while others not:

And suddenly one more impatient cried-

“Who is Potter, pray, and who the Pot?”

Shelley was as much a revolution as Byron. From his boyhood days, he was a rebel and was inspired by the ideals of the French Revolution.

He revolted against the authority at Eton school and was expelled from Oxford.

PART 7

George M. Ridenour observes: “Shelley’s optimism is based on chances for extracting benefit from an order of things not obviously concerned with man. As he himself observes at the beginning of his ‘proposals for an Association of Philanthropists’, Man cannot make occasions, but he may seize those that offer.”

This is classical, as Shelley knew. He expanded a cynical epigram of the palatine Anthology; “Under the heaving High Cope/ Fortune is God, all you endure and do/ Depends on circumstances as much as you.”

But of, it is possible to reverse the emphasis and point out that it depends on you as much as circumstance and this is Shelley's usual way.

He assumes that while man's mind and what it experiences concur only imperfectly, the extent of disproportion can at least be reduced.

Art, science, and social organization can reshape the experienced world nearer to the heart's desire but as we have noticed, Shelley's emphasis falls on what, for want of better terms, we must call the spiritual or psychological. He hopes it is possible to exercise the mind in such a way that, without deception the elements favourable to man may be strengthened, the hostile reduced, and man finds the good he seeks.

The strategy is a delicate one involving a complex interplay of active and passive, inner and outer, mind and experience, as in the intricate gearing of *Alastor*, *Intellectual Beauty* or *Mont Blanc*.

The movement upward of the mind, often involves an imaginative projection of what ought to be, which is itself to some extent received –e.g., the vision in *Alastor*.

The passive aspect involves an inner disposition that Shelley usually calls love, roughly the affective correlative to the more consciously shaping power. Together they make up man's capacity for integrated experience, i.e., imagination.

Shelley points out that even limited success is evidence that the non-human world is at least amenable to human purposes and he hopes that it may suggest an ultimate identity in Nature.

"The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes- or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Dessert's dusty Face
Lightning a little Hour or two-is gone."

R.H. Fogle says: "Shelley's imagery is symbolic to an unusual degree." Most of his characters are symbolical.

Alastor is psychological allegory of the pursuit of the ideal, and is concerned mainly with conflict of body and spirit, dealing with the romantic conflict's inner aspect.

PART 8

He often uses eagle and serpent as symbols of good and evil respectively. We come across this eagle-serpent conflict in *The Revolt of Islam* and the symbol of veil too is often repeated.

Veil represents the veil of Eternity in his former poetry, followed by the veil of time in his later works.

The symbol of veil denotes the concealment of good. In *The Revolt of Islam*, this symbol of veil is used to conceal truth and beauty from man. Cythna says: "For with strong speech I tore the veil that hid/ Nature, and Truth, Liberty, and Love."

In *Epipsychidion*, too, he uses the same image: "I knew it was the vision veiled from me/So many years-that it was Emily." In *Prometheus Unbound*, he uses the same image as 'a symbol of life': "The painted veil, by those who were, called life/Which mimicked, as with colours idly spread,/All men believed or hoped, is torn aside/The loathsome mask has fallen."

Boat as the symbol of human soul and stream as the symbol of unveil stream of thought are also handled by Shelley in his various poems.

In Adonais, the boat is described as human soul. Even in The Song of India and The Revolt of Islam, the same image is repeated. Moon symbol is also used as a planet of magic calm and hope.

“Then said another- “Surely not in vain

My Substance from the common Earth was ta'en,

That He who subtly wrought me into Shape

Should stamp me back to common Earth again.” “

Shelley's language is pure and transparent and free from archaism and Latinism. Far-stretched images and contrived phrases and expressions are not part of his style. Most of his thoughts are coloured by imagination and are expressed in figured speeches.

He is the master of using blank verse too. For the blank verse of Alastor substituted the Spensarian Stanza which Shelley masters at once in his own more lyrical fashion.

The music of the verse and the poetic imagery are the chief and whole interests of this poem: “the visions of a dream/ Which hid in one deep gulf the troubled stream/ of mind...”

In *Rosalind and Helen*, he blends self-pity, eroticism, anticipation of death, the protest against cruelties of society, all in the metre of Scott, Coleridge and Byron’s tales. In *Julian and Maddalo*, Byron’s influence on Shelley is revealed. It shows how well Shelley could write, as in translations. He curbed his genius and wrote as one who can talk as well as think.

PART 9

The first part of the poem where he describes the day with Byron, is admirable in diction, and management of the couplet with overflow and varying pause. This poem is notable for its conversational and descriptive manner.

“And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,

End in the Nothing all Things end in-Yes-

Then fancy while Thou art, Thou art but what

Thou shalt be- Nothing-Thou shalt not be less.”
 His skill in using undulating verse is well seen in his Epipsychidion, in the description of the ideal poetry and aspects of the Italian scenery with which Shelley had become familiar- all blended in the poet’s liquid and undulating verse.

“For in and out, above, about, below,

’Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show

Play’d in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,

Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.”

In the love songs, the tone of a singer blends with that of one who talks in gentle winning accents:
 “One word is too often profaned/ For me to profane it”

“Khayya`m, who stitched the tents of science,

Has fallen in grief’s furnace and been suddenly burned;

The sheds of Fate have cut the tent ropes of his life,

And the broker of Hope has sold him for nothing!”

Shelley, it may be said, loves to see Nature in all its forms; but there is no doubt that the doings of Nature are more important to him than merely those forms.

“Art thou pale for weariness

Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,

Wandering companionless

Among the stars that have a different birth,-

And ever-changing, like a joyless eye

That finds no object worth its constancy?”

PART 10

This is the main reason for the defects and weaknesses of his poems. His sentences often trail and his meaning is not infrequently obscure, but such faults can be forgiven in the effect of the whole.

Unlike Wordsworth and Byron, he never writes versified prose. His voice is always the singing voice, never that of the talker or speaker.

Hence, minute criticism, as of faulty rhymes or as occasional vagueness of meaning is of no avail when applied to the poems of unique beauty, spiritual and formal and of entire originality.

While Wordsworth is fond of the static and quiet aspects of Nature, Shelley is fascinated by the dynamic. He himself has admitted: "I take great delight in watching the changes of the atmosphere." This explains his great love for the sky and the resultant composition of his sky-lyrics- Ode to the West Wind, The Cloud, and To A Skylark.

The West Wind never rests and it moves speedily and continuously to perform its functions over land and sea and in the sky. The Cloud and the Skylark show an equally intense restlessness.

Shelley is ever conscious of the changes in Nature and her periodic regeneration; these lines in Adonais may be quoted as an illustration.

"Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse-and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness-

And Wilderness is Paradise enow.”

The Masque of Anarchy is fraught with hard thought, deep feeling and a sense of purpose. Its street-ballad form and chipped un-Shelleyan rhythm help in compressing and condensing.

“For “IS” and “IS-NOT” though with Rule and Line
And “UP-AND-DOWN” without, I could define,
I yet in all I only cared to know,
Was never deep in anything but-Wine.”

As Shelley’s poetic style has its merits, it also has its own demerits. He was aiming not at the poetry of art, but at the poetry of rapture, and he achieves it as no other poet has ever done.

Macaulay too comments, “The words ‘bard’ and ‘inspiration’ which seem so cold and infected when applied to other modern writers, have a perfect propriety when applied to him. He was not an author, but a bard. His poetry seems not to have been art, but an inspiration.”

Like other Romantic poets, Shelley is an ardent lover and worshipper of Nature. Nature is to Shelley, as it is to Wordsworth, a spiritual reality.

Shelley looks upon Nature, as a never-ending source of solace and inspiration. Like Wordsworth, he believes that there is in Nature a capability for communicating with the mind and emotions of man.

Yet there is a fundamental difference between these two poets in their treatment of Nature. Wordsworth endows Nature with a spirit, Shelley goes much further to provide it with an intellect. He also lends a dynamic quality to the forces of Nature in a way that the other Romantics have never been able to do.

J. A. Symonds remarks: "Shelley is one with the romantic temper of his age in ascribing to Nature a spiritual quality and significance and in regarding man's life as dynamic and progressive. But he goes beyond romanticism in his idea of a vigorous dynamic life of Nature."

Shelley loves Nature and can extract joy in its company and rid himself of his sufferings and feelings of loneliness.

His admiration for Nature, thus finds expression in his essay *On Love*: "There is eloquence in the tongue-less wind and a melody in the flowing brooks and the rumbling of the reeds beside them, which by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul awakens the spirit to a dance of breathless rapture and brings tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one's beloved singing to you alone."

Shelley considers Nature to be a companion endowed with a power of ridding human beings of their pain and agonies.

This view of Nature has its origin in Shelley's personal experience. Whenever he is sad, he turns to Nature and succeeds in drawing comfort from it.

During his days in Italy, the worst days in his life, he keeps trying to find joy in the beautiful Italian landscapes.

In *Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills*, Shelley displays a mystic involvement with Nature. He finds in Nature a never ending source of delightful images.

The sun is to him not just a nature phenomenon, but something, "broad, red, radiant, half-reclined on the level quivering line of the waters crystalline."

The surrounding scenic beauty of the Euganean Hills succeeds in soothing his melancholy for the moment and fills him with a radiant optimism heightened by his musings on the so-called island of Delight.

Images drawn from Nature are abundant in Shelley's poetry. His images often produce a pictorial quality not to be derived even from paintings.

His portrait of the Cloud is more vivid, more picturesque than the cloudscapes painted by Constable or Turner. The image of the sunrise in *The Cloud* is unequalled in its splendor.

In *To A Skylark*, image after image has been piled up in quick succession to give an idea of the bird-a "Cloud of Fire", an "unembodied joy", a "poet hidden in the light of thought", "a golden

glow-worm"; a rose "embowered in green leaves" and yet "scattering its scent."

The changing aspects of the West Wind are also illustrated through a series of images. In *Adonais*, the imagery is particularly rich in the Stanzas depicting the advent of spring.

PART 11

Shelley has a natural talent for binding such images at will. When Wordsworth comes across an image, he takes care to ponder upon it until the poetry flowing from it is exhausted; he is miserly in his use of images because he does not find many of them. Shelley, on the other hand, is often seen to use one image for a moment and then to throw it away for another; unlike Wordsworth, he can afford to do so.

Shelley frequently goes outdoors to look for symbols to give concrete shapes to his abstract thoughts and emotions. Having a stronger insight into Nature than other poets, he finds in it an inexhaustible source of such symbols.

His poetry becomes more meaningful and more vigorous whenever he finds in Nature a symbol to suit his purpose. In his *West Wind*, Shelley finds various symbolic meanings.

To him the wind is at once a destroyer and a preserver, and hence a symbol of change. He uses the wind as a symbol of his own personality—“tameless, and swift, and proud.”

Finally, the wind is made the symbol of the forces that can help bring about the golden millennium in which the sufferings of mankind will be replaced by pure happiness.

Similarly, the cloud which changes but never dies is regarded by Shelley as a symbol of his belief in immortality and his yearning for some kind of supernal status, and the *Skylark* symbolizes his hopefulness of the liberation of mankind through the efforts of poet prophets.

PART 12

In *Adonais*, “pansies” have been used to symbolize the fate of Shelley’s poetry while “violets” stand for his modesty and innocence. The sky, stars, sun,

moon, wind and the river have frequently been used by Shelley as symbols of eternity. In *Adonais*, we find such a reference to the immortality of stars.

“How sweet is mortal Sovranty!”-think some:

Others- “How blest the Paradise to come!”

Ah, take the Cash in hand and waive the Rest;

Oh, the brave Music of a distant Drum!”

Edmund remarks: “No man ever taught the triumph of the spiritual over the material more eloquently than he.” S.A. Brooke points out that Shelley’s poetry is an embodiment of youth-like vigour and that middle-aged man can regain their youth by going through it.

Few poets have done more than Shelley to shake the foundations of injustice, superstition, cruelty and tyranny. His greatest contribution to mankind is, however, an unbound optimism- an overwhelming hope for regeneration.

“And, strange to tell, among that Earthen Lot

Some could articulate, while others not:

And suddenly one more impatient cried-

“Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?”

Another aspect of Shelley’s Nature poetry is his tendency to make myths out of Nature. His profound insight into Nature and his capacity to feel it intensely account for his unique myth-making power.

In his poetry, he personifies the forces of nature and gives to each one of them an individuality, feelings and capacity to act.

In Adonais, for instance, morning, thunder, ocean, winds, echo, spring and others are all impersonated and made to participate in the mourning for Keats.

PART 13

At the moment in which the poem is written, the Spirit of Beauty is gone, leaving the poet in a mood of absolute despair. The world for him has now turned into a “dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate.”

Despondency shines through the subsequent questions he asks. Adonais originates from Shelley’s

intense feeling of sadness at the premature death of a fellow poet, John Keats. The sadness underlying the poem is greatly enhanced by the blending of the occasion with the poet's own characteristic feeling of loneliness. This accounts for the subjective, pessimistic elements in the poem. His description of himself:"

He came the last, neglected and apart; /A herd-
abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's dart..."
comes straight from a wounded and agonized heart. He refers to himself as "companionless" and gives an extremely pathetic expression to his helplessness and insufficiency by calling his own spirit.

Shelley's pessimism reaches its peak when in the last stanza of the Elegy, he forecasts an early death for himself: "...my spirit's bark is driven/ Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng/Whose sails were never to the tempest given."

Arnold finds Shelley's poetry wanting in "truth and seriousness." While commenting upon the visionary aspect of his poetry, Arnold remarks: "It is his poetry, above everything else, which for many people establishes that he is an angel. But

of his poetry I have not space now to speak. But let no one suppose that a want of humour and a self-delusion such as Shelley's have no effect upon a man's poetry.

The man Shelley, in very truth, is not entirely sane, and Shelley's poetry is not entirely sane either. The Shelley of actual life is a vision of beauty and radiance, indeed, but availing nothing, effecting nothing.

And in poetry, no less than in life, he is a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain."

We can trace both intense despair and bright optimism in Shelley's poetry. The growth of these two opposing views can be traced as more or less separate developments.

The optimism resulting from belief in the impending regeneration of mankind develops through *Alastor*, *Prometheus Unbound* and *Hellas*. His mood of despair spreads through his first individual lyric to his last poem. These two opposing moods are, of course, seen together in a few poems, particularly in *Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills*.

The poem opens in a morbid contemplation of death, but ends in the joyous dream of a land where music and moonlight and feeling are one. He recognizes misery and happiness as two aspects of human life.

The poem is basically a sad poem, but an intense optimism, accepting the presence of islands of Delight in the sea of Misery, runs through the entire length of the poem.

On this aspect of the poem, Elton comments: "The course of Shelley's genius may be regarded as an effort to attain this coalescence, and to find a form that should express at once all he dreamed of for humanity and all, he knew about himself.

Cut-off at twenty-nine, he hardly achieved this, but a sort of race between these competing impulses can be traced in his poetic progress."

PART 14

While admiring the mythical element in this poem, Fowler has observed: "Personifications of Day, Night, Sleep and Death are common enough in the English poets in imitation of Classical poetry,

but they are apt to be frigid. The remarkable thing about Shelley's personifications is that they are more real to him than their ancient counterparts were to the great majority of the classical poets themselves.

Perhaps the best help to the appreciation of the most delicate hues would be the study of some of the allegorical paintings of Burne Jones."

In the poem, Shelley has strengthened his myths by lending life and feeling to some abstractions and by distributing relationships among them.

By 'myth' we usually mean a purely fictitious narrative involving supernatural persons etc. and embodying popular ideas on natural phenomena or such other things.

The origin of myths lies in the ancient days when people, unable to form abstract conceptions, described the phenomena of nature in terms applicable to their personal actions.

The introduction of myths in poetry is, of course, a much later development. Mr. Henri Frankfort and Mrs. H.A. Frankfort, in their book *Myth and Reality*, have referred to the functions of myths in poetry:

“Myth is a form of poetry which transcends poetry in that it proclaims a truth; a form of reasoning which transcends reasoning in that it wants to bring about the truth it proclaims, a form of action, of ritual behavior, which does not find its fulfillment in the act but must proclaim and elaborate a poetic form of myth. Like Blake, Shelley is essentially mythopoetic.

Of all the Romantic poets, he is the greatest myth-maker. No other poet has used the ancient myths to such advantage as he has done in nature and philosophical poems.

He was alone the perfect singing God; his thoughts, words and deeds all sang together. Arnold, one of the worst critics of Shelley, admired his music and remarked: “The right sphere of Shelley’s genius was the sphere of music.”

Shelley’s careful handling of diction fitting into the sense of his lines enhances the musical quality keeping with the swift, of his lyrics.

The rhythm of Ode to the West Wind is thus exactly in gusty march of the wind itself: “O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn’s being.”

“While the Rose blows along the River Brink,
With old Khayya` m the Ruby Vintage drink:
And when the Angel with his darker Draught
Draws up to Thee-take that, and do not shrink.”

PART 15

Shelley's is unparalleled in the sphere of making myths out of Nature mainly because he has a greater imaginative insight into Nature than any other poet.

The natural phenomena occurring through a great volume of space have always attracted him. The moon, in particular, has always been an object of interest to Shelley.

He has referred to the moon as a living and feeling object in many of his poems. In Prometheus Unbound, the moon has been given a human shape. It is presented there as the lover of Earth, indulging in an erotic myth. The moon is imagined as a young maiden in another poem, The Cloud. A symbol in a broad sense denotes an image used to signify an idea. Shelley, endowed with tremendous

imagination and a deep insight into natural objects, finds symbols to express his ideas almost at will.

That is why his poetry abounds in symbols and requires from the readers quite an amount of insight to be able to appreciate it. R.H. Fogle observes: "Shelley's poetic world is not a literal transcription of his perceptions of the natural world but a conscious arrangement and compositions of these perceptions.

Shelley is also abstract in his consistent use of symbolism." This abstract nature of his symbolism has added to the difficulty in understanding his poems.

Yet it has to be admitted that despite their vagueness, most of his symbols have a charm of their own and are generally accepted as evidence of Shelley's great imaginative genius.

In the ancient myths the actions of nature are impersonated and described as doings of men or animals. The dawn is, in such myths, regarded as a being flying before the rising sun. Summer and winter are presented as powerful beings conquering each other by turn with regularity.

PART 16

Such impersonations of the forces of nature still exist, but they no longer live in faith of reason. Shelley's greatness as a myth-maker lies in his ability to keep himself detached from the older implications of the myths and make new myths out of such forces of Nature.

His myths are refreshing because they come in a spontaneous, natural way, and not out of a conscious and laborious effort on the part of the poet. Clutton-Brock has paid a glowing tribute to Shelley's myth-making faculty: "To most of us, the forces of nature have but little reality....But for Shelley these forces had as much reality as human beings have for most of us, and he found the same kind of intense significance in their manifestations of beauty that we find in the beauty of human beings or of great works of art..."

There is this difference between Shelley and the primitive myth-makers- that they seem to have thought of the forces of nature as disguised beings more powerful than themselves but still in all essentials human, or else as manifestations of the power of such beings.

But to Shelley the west wind was still a wind, and the Cloud a Cloud, however intense a reality they might have for him. In his poetry they keep their own character and do not take on human attributes, though their own qualities may be expressed in imagery taken from human beings. When he addresses the West Wind...we are not wrought upon to feel anything human in the wind's power; but, if we are susceptible to Shelley's magic, we are filled with a new sense of the life and significance and reality of nature."

The personification of the moon becomes more credible and more realistic in the lyric To The Moon. In the poem, the moon looks more human and commonplace.

PART 17

The Moon looks pale because, the poet explains, she is weary of "climbing heaven and gazing on the earth." The "gazing on the earth" also implies a relationship of love between them.

She is sad, like any human being, when she is lonely. She keeps changing her form because she is

restless, like human beings, at finding none worthy of her unchanging love.

Shelley's myth of the moon may not agree with modern scientific explanations of the satellites, but it is at once unique and appealing.

The theme of the frail boat adrift on stormy seas or streams appears again and again in Shelley's poems. Boating appears as Shelley's favourite pastime. He seems to relish the alternate senses of danger and domination as the boat survives the pull of the waves which seem to overwhelm it.

In the boat, he finds his own personality summed up while he proceeds along the stream of his life challenging bravely the hurdles it sets up for him.

That is why he goes on to use a boat's progress, across the ocean or down a river, as a symbol for a soul's journey through life.

Rough waters for him signify emotional crises faced by the souls. Shelley makes good use of this boat symbol in *Alastor* where the Poet is seen setting sail in a shallop that survives a furious storm and a hazardous journey along an underground stream into the bowels of the earth via an enormous

whirlpool. It is also used in Prometheus Unbound, where Asia sings.

Shelley's lyrics are surpassingly musical and sweet. Swinburne was ecstatic in his tribute to this aspect of Shelley's lyricism.

Shelley out-sang all poets on record, but some two or three throughout all time; his depths and heights of inner and outer music are as diverse as nature's and not sooner exhaustible. Shelley uses the symbol with even greater significance in Adonais where, ensconced in his soul-boat, he zooms out of sight on his way to join Adonais.

With such symbols Shelley obviously follows in the track of Coleridge who liked to represent the soul's progress through life by a voyage in a boat, a device used on the grand scale in The Ancient Mariner.

"And this delightful Herb whose tender Green

Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean-

Ah, lean upon it lightly! For who knows

From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!"

“The lyric proper” says Stopford Brooke, “is the product of a swift, momentary and passionate impulse coming from without for the most part, suddenly awaking the poet into a vivid life, seizing upon him and setting him on fire.

The duration of this fire is short in all poets, but it burns with different intensity in different poets.” In Shelley, it burns slowly for a time, then flares to heaven in a rush of flame, then sinks and dies as swiftly as it flamed. It is as momentary as a meteor in him, and its substance is vapourised by its own heat.

PART 18

A pure lyric arising out of such circumstances has to be simple both in theme and form. Because the lyric fire is short-lived, the lyric gives forth only one emotion or one thought. In the creation of such a lyric there is no time for ornamentation.

Shelley is the master of this swift, fiery and simple form of lyric. The Flight of Love can be quoted to illustrate this form.

“Perplexed no more with Human or Divine,

To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

The poetic drama, *Prometheus Unbound*, abounds in symbolism. The person in the play is not real; they only represent some ideas. Prometheus stands for something which Shelley himself describes in the preface as "the type of the highest perfection of moral and intellectual nature, impelled by the purest and truest motives to the best and noblest ends."

His companions- Panthea, Ione, and Asia-are in effect Faith, Hope, and Love. Pitted against them is Jupiter, who represents the brutal forces in human nature. Jupiter's ultimate defeat symbolizes the defeat of evil by the spirit of life.

The union of Prometheus and Asia similarly signifies the union of human mind with the spirit of love that pervades the universe, and marks the beginning of the much awaited reign of love.

Thus in the play Shelley has symbolically represented a whole Greek legend to express his

favourite idea of the imminent regeneration of mankind.

The word 'poison' often recurs in Shelley's poetry to signify evil and corruption. In Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills, the 'poison' symbol has been used to imply evil and exploitation.

The symbol is used in The Revolt of Islam where the poet says that in the good time to come. The frequency with which the symbol of poison has been employed in Shelley's poetry is a glaring evidence of the poet's deep concern about the evils in this world. "You know, my Friends, how long since in my House/

For a new Marriage I did make Carouse:

Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,

And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse."

Shelley's sky-lyrics-Ode to the West Wind, The Cloud and To A Skylark- have all been interpreted as having symbolic significance.

PART 19

The West Wind drives away the old, pale, hectic-red leaves and scatters fresh seeds over the ground.

Shelley thus looks upon the Wind as a destroyer of the old order and the usherer of a new one i.e., as a symbol of the forces that will end all evil and bring about the golden millennium in which there will be nothing but peace and happiness for mankind.

In the poem, *The Cloud*, the brief line of a Cloud has been interpreted by many critics as Shelley's intended symbol of man's brief span of life. The Cloud's rebirth after death has also been construed by such critics as a symbol of the immortality of the soul.

However, there is no doubt that his concept of the Skylark is entirely symbolic. To Shelley, the bird stands for the perfection that ever remains unattainable and unknown to man.

So he tells the bird, "What thou art we know not" and then asks, "What is most like thee?" The bird is: "Like a poet hidden/ In the light hymns unbidden, / Till the word is wrought/ To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not"... and in this sense, it

performs functions that the poet himself wishes to do. The skylark, by its very nature, also symbolizes Shelley's own poetic spirit.

~"The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,

Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit

Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,

Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it."

**"I allowed myself to enjoy the delight on writing
from which I expect peace."**





PARTRIDGE