REPORT OF SABBATICAL LEAVE

YEAR 1974-75

Ruth D. Keran English-Literature-Journalism Department November 1, 1975 The purpose of my sabbatical leave was academic: I felt the need of up-to-date scholarship in modern literature. Therefore in September, 1974, I enrolled in graduate English courses at California State University, Fullerton.

As you know, my program was interrupted in October by emergency major surgery. I thought at first that I would have to withdraw from the university for the first semester. However, with the cooperation of my professors and two fellow students—and my husband, I was able to study at home during the two months of bed rest the doctor ordered for my convalescence.

I dropped one course. But a friend carried a tape recorder to all class sessions of two courses, so that I was able to make more complete class notes than if I had been there in person! In the third course a fellow student mailed me copies of her lecture notes and copies of all the reports submitted by the other class members.

I returned to the university for the last two weeks of classes and took my final examinations with the classes.

The three professors kindly gave me extensions of time to do my research papers, which, of course, required that I be able physically to go to libraries. In the month-long interval between semesters in January I researched and wrote the three research papers.

The courses I completed during the first semester were

Philosophical Backgrounds of Modern Literature, Modern British and American Drama, and Modern British and American Poetry. For Philosophical Backgrounds I presented an oral report on "Nihilism in Ernest Hemingway," focusing in particular on his story "A Clean, Well Lighted Place." Use of Inter-library Loan brought me articles from across the country, scholarly journals such as Texas Studies in Literature and Language, Humanities Review, Psychoanalytic Review, and Wisconsin Studies. The research paper I wrote for this course was "An Analysis of Edward Albee's The Zoo Story as 'Theatre of the Absurd.'"

In Modern British and American Drama we studied seventeen plays, from Oscar Wilde and George Bernard Shaw to Arthur Miller and Edward Albee. We wrote three examinations. For this course I wrote a research paper, "An Analysis of Arthur Miller's The Price."

Modern British and American Poetry was a comprehensive survey with an emphasis on Yeats and Eliot. I kept and submitted a daily journal of analyses and reactions to individual poems and to class lectures and discussions. I also presented an oral report to this class on the poetry of the American poet Randall Jarrell.

In January I enrolled in the Poetry Writing Workshop at the University of California at Irvine. This course was the greatest challenge, because I had never taken any creative writing classes before. It was an exceptional opportunity

to write for an audience and to have one's work evaluated by two well known published poets, Jean Burden and Robert Peters. I wrote two or three poems a week for ten weeks, presented one each week for class criticism, and submitted the best eight (after much revision and polishing) for final evaluation by both Dr. Peters and Miss Burden. I can not resist saying that the A in that course is my proudest accomplishment of the year.

During the spring semester I took three more courses at Cal State, Fullerton: Biblical Influences in Modern Literature, Children's Literature, and Modern British and American Novels.

Biblical Influences was extremely interesting to me, as I have done a good deal of Bible study, including undergraduate college courses, from a theological, but not a literary point of view. My background enabled me to contribute to class discussion and to fill in for Dr. Rita Oleyar one seminar session while she was ill. I wrote three short papers: an analysis of figures of speech in Lementations, "A Structural Analysis of Susannah" (a book in the Apochrypha), and "Fallen Woman: 'Eve,' by Ralph Hodgson." My research project was "The Quests of Don Wanderhope: An Analysis of Biblical Influence in The Blood of the Lamb, by Peter De Vries."

For Children's Literature I read and reviewed one hundred children's books and gave oral reviews of four more.

Modern British and American Novel focused on the twentieth-century novel, and was of particular value because of the clarification in my mind concerning the experimental techniques of modern novelists. We studied eight novels in thorough detail and wrote two papers as take-home examina-The first was an "abundantly documented" (from the novels themselves, not outside sources) essay on the ways in which Conrad's Lord Jim, Forster's Where Angels Fear to Tread, and Wharton's House of Mirth can be said "to offer studies in the complexities and difficulties of genuine moral (or spiritual) self-definition." (It took me eleven type-written pages to answer that one!) The final examination was similar: in four novels, show how each author has "insisted on the inwardness of truth--i.e., insisted on the human inner experience of life as its highest reality and source of meaningful values." The novels were Ford Madox Ford's The Good Soldier, James Joyce's Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, Virginia Woolf's To the Lighthouse, and D. H. Lawrence's The Rainbow. We were to do two with great thoroughness and the other two briefly. Mine was a thirteen-page paper. I am enclosing a copy of it as an example of the kind of expository, analytical writing I did.

This finished the academic work I had planned to do for my sabbatical. However, in May I learned of a week-end seminar held at Golden West College for teachers of composition. This lecture, demonstration, and workshop on methods

of teaching and evaluating student writing was stimulating and inspiring. I am adapting some of these methods to my own English 1A teaching.

The six literature courses I took are also helpful to me in the teaching of composition, both in reassuring myself that I can still write exposition, and in renewing my empathy with the student's initial unease when faced with a research project. I feel that my present writing students have more confidence in me as a resource person, knowing that I have just spent a year on their side of the desk and that my experience with available research resources is fresh. It helps somewhat to decrease the generation gap.

Of course the relation of the courses I took to English 1B, the introduction to literature course, is obvious. They were chosen for the purpose of updating my knowledge in the areas this course covers and were approved in advance for this reason.

Still, I would like to say how relevant they are proving to be in actual practice. First, after the philosophical backgrounds course, which threw light upon all the other courses I took, and the thorough instruction in every one of the courses, I cannot help seeing a great deal more in the modern literature I read now than I did before studying it so closely.

Then too, the actual influences of authors I have just studied upon authors I am now teaching are very apparent to me, and, I feel, give greater depth to what I offer my students

in the classroom. For instance, in the short story by Saul Bellow in our text, "A Father-to-Be," an understanding of the theme is enriched by a comparison and contrast with Shaw's theory of the Life Force inspiring women to set a "tender trap" for the ablest, most intelligent men in order to further the evolution of the race. And behind Shaw stands Nietsche's philosophy of the "superman." Again, I chose to report on Randall Jarrell in Modern British and American Poetry because I teach some of his poems in English 1B and wanted to gain a deeper insight into them. James Joyce's short stories are more meaningful to one who has read his autobiographical novel and his personal symbology. And so on.

Among the more general benefits of the sabbatical are the refreshing of my intellectual interests in my field and the refreshing of my professional interest in teaching. It was an opportunity to observe again some excellent professors in action and to evaluate teaching techniques from a student's viewpoint. One of my professors, Dr. Will Mc Nelly, received the Distinguished Professor Award last year. It has been a privilege to enjoy the acquaintance of teachers like Dr. June Pollak, Dr. Oleyar, and Dr. Cynthia Fuller.

Acquaintance and friendship with the younger students has renewed my confidence in their seriousness of purpose and the sincerity of their intellectual pursuits. Of course, these were graduate students; but they were undergraduates not long

ago. They have deepened my belief in the young people we are trying to serve.

Appreciation for this experience has also increased my morale as a teacher at Mount San Antonio College. I feel an indebtedness to pass on to my students the benefits I have received. In the very nature of the experience, I believe it would be impossible for them not to benefit from my sabbatical year.

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No other novel gives me more of what Henry James called a sense of "lived life" than F. M. Ford's <u>The Good Soldier</u>. This is in spite of the fact that I know no people in the financial-social stratum of the characters and have never experienced similar happenings in "real life," and in spite of the fact that, as in <u>Lord Jim</u>, the action of the novel is presented indirectly, through the mind of a confessedly confused narrator.

However, it is actually the latter fact that accounts for the psychological realism of this story. For, isn't Dowell "just ourselves" in the way our minds apprehend the significance of events? It is Dowell's emotional shifts, treated in the time-shift method, from the shock of discovery through the determination to understand, and the fighting through to understanding that provide the real action and suspense of the story. Reliving through telling is a proved means of gaining insight. The understanding Dowell reaches has validity, though, being human, it is incomplete. It is true to life, also, that Dowell eventually sees more clearly into the other characters than into himself. (See appendix!) As he asks, "Who in this world knows anything of any other heart—or of his own?" (p. 155)

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What shocks Dowell most is the awareness that for over nine years he was completely unaware of the inner experiences and true character of the three most important people in his life, Edward and Leonora Ashburnham and his own wife, Florence. The contrast is stressed repeatedly between the outward appearance of "good people" living peaceful, beautifully ordered, stately, elegant lives, symbolized in the "minuet de la cour" image, (p. 6), and the inward reality, "a prison full of screaming hysterics." (p. 7)

The modern novelist's insistence on the subjectivity of truth is stressed in Dowell's insistence "by the sacred name of [his] creator" that <u>for him</u> the outward reality of the nine years of pleasant acquaintanceship and

unanimity of tastes and desires was truth since he was all that time unaware of the inward tortures and machinations of the other three. But it is also an indictment of Dowell's kind of obtuseness that those "three hardened gamblers" "made [him] so happy." (p. 69) It was his own satisfaction with a superficial life of outward appearances that made their deceptions possible.

Dowell's loss of innocence leads him to ask a most profound question, which serious novelists lead us to contemplate, "What is one to think of humanity?" (p. 8) and a related one, "What is there to guide us...? Or are we meant to act on impulse alone?" (p. 12)

The characters who acted on impulse are less than admirable. Florence evidently believed that her "overmastering passions," first for Jimmy, and then for Edward, justified her exploitation of her husband for twelve years. Although we see her only through the disillusioned Dowell's eyes, his complete faith in her at the beginning and his dedication to keeping "her little heart" beating (p. 16) convince us that he would be willing to harbor happy memories of her. He is a sentimentalist, as he claims, and in every analysis gives as much weight to possible creditable motives as to unworthy ones. And so his final evaluation of Florence is convincing: She was a "cold sensualist with imbecile fears," (p. 93) who "annexed Edward from vanity." (p. 71) He calls her "a contaminating influence" who caused deterioration in both Edward and Leonora. (pp. 184,95)

Still, even Florence's character illustrates that the inner life is a better source of values than the outer. Her main fault is that she has no better source of values than the outer. Her main fault is that she has no better source of values than the outer. Her main fault is that she has no better source inner life, though she does have impulses. As Dowell says, "...an overmastering passion is a good excuse for feelings.... And it is a good excuse for straight actions..." (p. 85) But Florence's "passions" are never strong enough for her to give up her financial or social status. Straight actions are

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exactly what she is incapable of—and the reason is that she is also incapable of "an overmastering passion." The duplicity and cruelty of her pleading with Leonora to be reconciled to Edward at the same time she was continuing her affair with him can not be understood as the acts of a woman in love with anything but herself.

What attracted Florence to Edward was his outward attributes: his physical appearance, his position and background, his "public character made him "worth having." (p. 93) Dowell admires him for the qualities that made him "the fine soldier, the excellent landlord, the extraordinarily kind, careful, and industrious magistrate, the upright, honest, fair-dealing, fair-thinking, public character." (p. 93) Nancy admires and loves him for these qualities too. Dowell calls him "straight, ...splendid, and... upright." (p. 93)

He is the most attractive character in his sense of feudal responsibility.

Unlike Leonora, who used tenants as income-producing machines, or Florence,

who prated of "leaving the world a little brighter," Edward really did act

to the benefit of many helpless people.

Yet what a stupid mess he made of his personal life! Subjected to an arranged marriage in his youth, no doubt entered into with the same sense of duty to the traditions of his family, he believed in marriage so much that he could justify an extramarital affair only by "falling violently in love."

(p. 159) The La Dolciquita affair was comic; the affair with Mrs. Basil stickily sentimental (p. 173); Maisie Maidan's was pathetic. For Edward's "love" for Maisie lasted only until Florence could get her hooks into him; the condescension in his pity for Maisie is evident in his calling her a "poor little rat," especially to Florence—and somewhere where Maisie could overhear it!

He lies and pays blackmail to "preserve the virginity of his wife's thoughts." (p. 57) This sounds noble; but its stupidity and cruelty can be

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judged by its results. It allows Leonora to be manipulated into pimping for him, first with Mrs. Maidan, and ultimately with her own ward.

In his relationship with Nancy it is easy to see what wins Edward's heart: her adolescent idealization of him. In fact, it seems to me that what is commonly called the desire to be idealized is the basis of all romantic love: to idealize another person and then to be flattered with the illusion that the "wonderful other" person "understands" one, or in other words, has invented an idealized vision of oneself.

Edward shows no insight at all. His love for Nancy is unconscious (p. 111);

he has "no physical motive;" he was speaking, in his first declaration to

her, of "her effect on the moral side of his life." (p. 111) We know how

deeply she admired his public self; it seems that that self is the one Edward

is referring to as his "moral" side. What Mrs. Basil gave him was "sympathy."

She was a "soul-mate," which must have meant that she too admired in him the

qualities he admired in himself.

He had told Maisie that he loved her: ("'I think he does not love me any more.'") (p. 74)) He loved pitying her and being admired by her. When Florence lays her finger on his wrist, she accompanies the gesture with flattery of his moral qualities: "looking up into Capt. Ashburnham's eyes: 'It's because of that piece of paper that you're honest, sober, industrious, provident, and clean-lived....'" (p. 44) Ford never calls Edward an egotist, but Leonora knew at that instant that Florence had acquired Edward.

In relation to Nancy, Edward illustrates Blake's proverb: "He who desires but acts not breeds pestilence." He is shown growing physically ill from the moral effort not to "corrupt" her. But his morality could survive if only she would stay in India where she cannot tempt him and remain in love with him so that he will always be aware of her adoration. Leonora is quite correct

in considering this selfish of him.

It is hard to discuss Edward in terms of "inner experience" being a "highest reality" when the excellent qualities of loyalty, courage, and kindness are all attributes of his "public self," and what we see of his personal life is more like "private" life than "inner" life. All of his love affairs have been mistakes, though he believes sincerely in constancy. Leonora and Dowell sincerely believe his love for Nancy is the one true great passion of his life, and yet he does not have the courage to grasp it nor the unselfishness to relinquish its homage to his vanity. He would sacrifice Nancy's happiness for his emotional dependency.

when he sent Nancy away, "he stuck by what was demanded by convention integrated and by the traditions of his house." (p. 238) He had so thoroughly internalized the outward conventions that we can say at the same time that he acted with integrity, and that he had very little inner self, authenticity. Dowell says were "monstrously, cruelly correct." (p. 246) His suicide

was not motivated solely by grief over losing Nancy, but by Leonora's

"She threatened to take his banking account away"

threatening to manage all his money again. "I guess that made him cut his

throat." (p. 195) It is to his credit that he could not face a future life

devoid of both love and public service.

His sentimentality had made him a good public self. But in his inner life it was a fatal weakness. Dowell says that he was "...to the last, a sentimentalist, whose mind was compounded of indifferent poems and novels." (p. 255) Since this is his last verdict, I accept it as his final one, and agree with it.

Leonora is a fascinatingly complex individual. Dowell calls her "the perfectly normal woman... In normal circumstances her desires were those of the woman who is needed by society. She desired children, decorum, and establishment; she desired to avoid waste, she desired to keep up appearances."

(p. 240) If she had been married to Rodney Bayham in the first place, she probably would have been just that: "the perfectly normal woman."

But in her actions towards the end of the story, she is a perfectly "crazy lady." Her "desire to go on torturing Edward with the girl's presence," (p. 212) her pushing Nancy into "belonging to" Edward "to save his life" (p. 241) are believable only because we have seen the long process which has distorted her mind and moral character.

Leonora's religious convictions caused her to be overly concerned with the outward self. "The great thing was that there should be no scandal before the congregation." (p. 187) She imagined that she could manage Edward's emotional life as successfully as she had managed his finances. And this manipulating of people involved her in Machiavellian duplicities, like the victimizing of Maisie Maidan and the utterly false friendship with Florence.

When she finally "broke, ...having been cut off from the restraints of her religion, for the first time in her life, she acted along the lines of her instinctual desires." Dowell says he does not know whether "she was no longer herself" or whether "she was being for the first time, her own natural self."

(p. 203)

It is easier to see, in Leonora's case, the value of being true to one's own instinctual self. For Leonora's break did so much damage only because it came so late. She loved Edward. Many another wife has loved a philandering husband and managed to keep her sanity. After La Dolciquita, "there were moments when she was within a hair of yielding to her physical passion for him." Had she yielded to her instincts, who knows whether Edward's remorse might have made his sentimentality fasten itself on Leonora. He might have "realized" that he really loved only her. With his idealism, it is possible! Or, when the next roving occurred, Leonora might have realized that she loved

him too much not to overlook it. Or, her jealousy would have flamed out honestly, and Edward might have toed the line to prevent bad publicity.

Dowell says, of the incident in the room of the Protest,

I guess she did not go mad enough. She ought to have said: "your wife is a harlot who is going to be my husband's mistress." (p. 191)

But Leonora was afraid Edward and Florence would "bolt," she would lose her chance of getting him back in the end, to her own unhappiness and the Church's dishonor. And so, ironically, Leonora's "strong, cold conscience," (p. 60) kept her to a dishonest course of action which resulted in two deaths and the madness of a fine young woman she had loved. Of the hysterical madness of that last period, Dowell says, "I think that it would have been better in the eyes of God if they had all attempted to gouge out each other's eyes with carving knives. But they were 'good people!'" (p. 249) Ford would prefer, like

Forster, a Gino who uninhibitedly expresses both the noble and the ignoble sides of his nature. The "highest reality" is truth, and no values can be "meaningful" which are not rooted in truth.

Dowell is the only character who seems aware of a "dual personality."

(p. 103) He attributes to it his saying, "Now I can marry the girl," (p. 108) when he had never consciously thought of loving her. Perhaps it might cause him sometime to "go and spit upon poor Edward's grave"! (p. 104) He admits, "Without doubt I am jealous of Rodney Bayham," (p. 252) so he is willing to accept knowledge of some of his unconscious desires. And in his "unconscious desires," he says, he has "followed, faintly," Edward Ashburnham. (p. 237)

So Dowell "no doubt like every other man" "should really like to be a polygamist," (p. 237), like the friends of Luther, "the gentleman that had three wives at once" and "the gentleman that had six wives, one after the other," who, Dowell says, "have a bearing on my story." (p. 43)

Dowell himself endured "twelve years of the repression of [his] instincts."

(p. 120) His "inner soul--[his] dual personality" (p. 121) is a source of valid knowledge: it "had realized long before that Florence was a personality of paper--that she represented a real human being with a heart, with feelings, with sympathies, and with emotions only as a bank note represents a certain quantity of gold." (p. 121) Of Edward he says, "...God... created in him those desires, those madnesses." (p. 50)

Yet Dowell does not speak of the inner life as necessarily a valid moral guide. "Mind, I am not preaching anything contrary to accepted morality. I am not advocating free love in this or any other case." (p. 253) Though he loved Edward Ashburnham and identifies with him (p. 253) and even "should, I fancy, have done much what he did," (p. 253) he is not willing to generalize that desires like Edward's should be accepted as a "source of meaningful values."

What is Ford saying in this novel? He speaks a good deal through Dowell; yet he also satirizes Dowell's Prufrockian timidity often enough to make Dowell suspect as a spokesman. Doubtless Dowell would have been more of a man if he had acted on his unconscious desires. Certainly he shows that a person who is unaware of the passions below the surfaces of other people is a fool—and destined to be a tool also. Dowell's persistent efforts to reach understanding are a value. But what is the real thesis of this book? It could be that though the question is unanswerable:

... Are all men's lives like the lives of us good people --broken, tumultuous, agonized, and unromantic lives, periods punctuated by screams, by imbecilities, by deaths, by agonies? Who the devil knows? (p. 238)

one must still wrestle with it. What the book demonstrates most clearly is the possibility of absolute contrast between the outward appearance, of "tender, ordered, devoted people," (p. 201) "...just good people!" (p. 202)

and the passionate inward chaos. "What is one to think of humanity?" Who knows? Just do not be deceived by the outward appearance. The inner experience is of infinitely greater importance.

The supreme importance of the human inner experience of life is seen in every aspect of James Joyce's <u>Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man</u>: in the subject, the technique, and the theme.

The story of Stephen Dedalus's existential creation of his own authentic personhood through his own choices is told in a stream-of-consciousness technique that enables us to experience vicariously his inner life of sensation, emotion, reflection, spiritual depression, and soaring enlightenment. Stephen's inner life is the only aspect of life presented directly.

Language, the "sixth sense," changes in style as Stephen grows from a small boy to an intellectual university student, as he succumbs to religious guilt and as he discovers the joy of his own true identity, his calling, and the meaning of life for him.

His name is symbolic. First, Stephen, for the Christian aspects of his upbringing, but also for the courage of the martyr St. Stephen, to stand for what he believed in, though his society, represented by the Sanhedrin, stoned him for it. Then Dedalus, for the ancient Greek artist who becomes Stephen's spiritual father as he dedicates himself to expressing the wholeness, harmony, and essence of life's beauty, and finds in this spiritual freedom and joy.

The oppressive nature of the family and society are symbolized in the demand for apology from the little boy. "Apologize, Pull out his eyes." (p. 8) But the sparks of individuality glow in the child's mind as it registers for itself his own sense impressions and as he uses his own intellect to ponder the meanings of actions, "What did that mean, to kiss?" (p. 15) of adults' discussions of politics, "Who was right, then?" (p. 35) of religious ideas, "God's real name was God." (p. 16)

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His early interest in sounds and meanings of words, "And belt was also to give a fellow a belt," (p. 9) as a "sixth sense" by which the mind apprehends and communicates meaning leads him ultimately to his understanding of aesthetic philosophy which becomes his own creed.

Stephen's first act of protest against tyrannical injustice in reporting Father Dolan to the rector of Clongowes set him apart from the boys who accepted oppression. His character was strengthened by the insight, "but he would not be anyway proud with Father Dolan." (p. 59) He was strong enough to assert his rights without gloating.

Stephen continues to reject outward imposed order in children's games.

He continues to resist the demands of friends, school, family, that he submit his own judgment to someone else's: "Admit!" that he is interested in a girl-(p. 78) "Admit that Byron is no good." (p. 82) And through all this he does not need a self-righteous indignation or adolescent self-pitying rebellion.

"Some power" saves him from hating his tormentors. (p. 82) He "maintains that is of quiet obedience" which set him apart also from Heron's noisy arrogance "Which seemed to him a sorry anticipation of manhood." (p. 83)

Like all growth processes, Stephen's moral and spiritual development is uneven. He regresses when he changes his theme idea to avoid the charge of heresy. The most severe, almost fatal regression, is his capitulation to the Church's pressure to "Confess!" (p. 139) He retreats to the safety of the Church from the turbulence of his awakened sexual nature, which has driven him to prostitutes. He experiences what Protestants call "a conviction of sin," repents, confesses, and finds joy and peace in the forgiveness of God.

But, though he "amends his life," Stephen finds that repression of his physical desires brings unspiritual effects. He falls into petty irritations and spiritual dryness. (p. 151) And so the reaction-formation to fears of his own sensuality breaks down. And even the honor of the priesthood cannot really

tempt Stephen back into denying his own inner reality. Significantly, it is his imagination and memories of sense impressions that set him free, as he tries to imagine his first night in the convent and his first morning waking up there. (p. 160)

Stephen does have a spiritual "calling." The "power" which had divested him of anger (p. 82) helps him cope with his crushed "pride and hope and desire" when he is disappointed that Eileen is not with his family after his play.

(p. 86) As he experiences it, it seems that some instinct has preserved him for a higher purpose than subservience to family, friends, society, country, or Church, or even his own self-destructive emotions.

He feels he is led to the university by "the end he had been born to serve."

(p. 165) And so he escapes the net of family and Church. Later he escapes the net of Irish nationalism spread by his classmates.

In the great epiphany scene, with its rebirth imagery of the ocean and the the the the beauty of bird-like girl, he hears "the call of life to his soul," (p. 169) and reacts with "Heavenly God! ...an outburst of profane joy." (p. 171)

And so Joyce exults in a religion of humanity and art. The meaning of life is "To live, to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life! ... The angel of mortal youth and beauty" opens to him "the gates of all the ways of error and glory," (p. 172) celebrating human experience in its wholeness. And Stephen, the artist, is called to be "a priest of the eternal imagination, transmuting the daily bread of experience into the radiant body of everliving life." (p. 221)

Like Joyce, Virginia Woolf emphasizes the positive side of relativism in finding in the individual consciousness an order-creating energy that can bring beauty and harmony to life.

Using time shift, inner monologue, and stream-of-consciousness, Woolf ignores external plot and concentrates on the inner consciousness of the

characters, where all significant action, except the symbolic act of going to the lighthouse, takes place. Inner life <u>is</u> reality. Therefore all characters are shown only in their own inner consciousness or in the inner consciousness of another character.

Mrs. Ramsay illustrates Bergson's belief that human intuition is the supreme faculty of thought and feeling. We see her as central character exploring her need to "be herself, by herself" (p. 95) to revitalize her inward being. She sees her personhood as "a wedge-shaped core of darkness" which through creative imagination can put off the outward personality and daily outward responsibilities and in freedom and peace experience a triumph over the chaos and tragedy of life by a sense of unity with nature through the senses. (p. 97)

Her energies work on others in the direction of order and connection. We see how recognition of the beauty of her nature creates spiritual renewal in others, her son James, Charles Tansley, Mr. Banks, whose unpossessive love for her is seen as "human gain," (pp. 73, 4) and Mr. Ramsay, who represents most the ego-centered mental and emotional activity of the male in modern society, a chaotic force.

Lily Briscoe's experience repeats Mrs. Ramsay's inner experiences to an epiphany in which her creative instincts come alive through Mrs. Ramsay's presence. Though she has died, Mrs. Ramsay is truly present in Lily's creative, revitalizing memory, and thus the human spirit triumphs in love, harmony, human connection, over the chaos of clock-time and death.

D. H. Lawrence, as the most typical modern novelist, explores the depths of the inner life. Like Conrad and Ford, even more than the other novelists we have studied, he stresses the elusiveness and contractions of that inner life; like Joyce and Woolf, he celebrates them. In human relationships Lawrence illustrates the possibility of connection with the eternal through a good love

and sex relationship between two persons who are inwardly alive and who respect each other's individuality as Tom and Lydia Brangwen do.

When either partner fails to renew his own inner self or fails to bring awe, respect, for the other's self, the deep moral exchange is missing from sex, and the spiritual emptiness causes a brutalization or obsession with the merely physical. When Anna allows herself to be absorbed in the mere physical fulfillment of motherhood and cannot accept Will's deep religious instinct, their relationship is debased.

When Ursula realizes that Skrebensky is satisfied to be a mere tool of the state and will strive for career advancement and empty social success in India, she knows that marriage to him could never fulfill her deep moral and spiritual desires. Like Stephen, she feels the need for her own true identity, wake her family, lover, college, friends, are a husk she has escaped because she is a growing shoot with a religious determination "to create a new knowledge (p. 492) of Eternity in the flux of Time." She rests at last in the glad intuition that "the man would come out of Eternity to which she herself belonged." (p. 493) She sees in the rainbow a symbol of the eternal life "arched in [the] blood" of even the "sordid people," so that it must "quiver to life in their spirit," and eventually a new consciousness of heaven must create a new society of man.