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'Times portraiture' : the temporal design of hawthorne's shorter fiction

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2015-02-09
http://hdl.handle.net/10539/16952

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movement of time toward death, human and cosmic. The anguished intuition of the exhaustion of cosmic energy invalidated the transcendental confidence in the perfectibility of mankind, and revealed all reformist efforts to be idle, impracticable visions. Thus Conrad can say:

> If you believe in improvement you must weep, for the attained perfection must end in cold, darkness and silence. 25

And Ruskin can observe that

> all mountain forms [were] suffering a deliquescent and corroding change. 26

And Hawthorne can write:

> The sons and grandchildren of the first settlers were a race of lower and narrower souls than their progenitors had been. 27

If we are not to repeat the blind error of the 'ambitious guest' we must needs take the advice of Ruskin:

> We shall be obliged at last to confess what we should long ago have known, that the really precious things are thought and sight, not pace .. It does...a man, if he be truly a man, no harm to go slow: for his glory is not at all in going but in being. 28

Ironically, the speed of the pursuit only serves to drive the quester more rapidly towards death, and the pilgrim in 'The Celestial Railroad' (1843) who has conveniently escaped the burden of time and suffering by relegating it to the baggage compartment, finds himself prematurely in the river of death which is described as :

> So cold - so deadly cold, with the chill that will never leave those waters, until Death be drowned in his own river. 29

Significantly, the speed of transportation increases the sense of fragmentation and disunity of vision. The structure of the processional tales can only offer 'a series of temporal flashes and successions

dissipated and disintegrating within the moment'.[30] The flight from time, from the unalterable forces inherent in the existential human condition, from past guilt and present frailty, and from the anxiety and despair in the face of an uncertain future, is a feeble, pitiable effort to alter the course of human destiny. No amount of reforms, no technological and scientific discoveries, no idealist perfectionism can ameliorate the intractable sinfulness of man until the heart itself be purged. For the progressive march of man in his 'procession of life'[32] leads only in one direction:

> Onward, onward, into that dimness where the lights of Time, which have blazed along the procession are flickering in their sockets! And whither? We know not; and Death, hitherto our leader, deserts us by the wayside, as the tramp of our innumerable footsteps echoes beyond this sphere. He knows not, more than we, our destined goal. But God, who made us, knows, and will not leave us on our toilsome and doubtful march, either to wander in infinite uncertainty, or perish by the way! 32

But the hope of salvation is not at all certain, and the diluted, comfortable Unitarian reforms hinder rather than guarantee the desired salvation. 'The Celestial Railroad' is a satirical allegory which uses as model Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress in order to comment on the failure to translate the scientific and mechanical advances into a moral and spiritual pilgrimage. The mixed narrative mode requires an equivalent doubleness in the narrative perspective: the narrator therefore has two voices, that of the naive gullible pilgrim, and that of the skeptical commentator, who constantly test each other's vision of truth.[33] For, although Hawthorne's satire is directed largely against the absurd folly of the reformers, he nevertheless knows that the simple allegorical faith of a Bunyanesque vision is no longer practicable in an age in which temporal dimensions have undergone a radical change, and religious certainty is replaced by doubt. Bunyan's

Christian is a Pilgrim from the City of Destruction to Mount Zion, and his task is to escape the World, the Flesh and the Devil. Josipovici has observed that Bunyan's allegory

> does not account for the opposition it sets up between light and darkness, good and evil, and so on, it merely states it. And we have the feeling that the narrative follows the course it does simply because it illustrates Bunyan's own point of view; reading him, we are never readers of ourselves. 34

Hawthorne's self-conscious mixed mode refuses escape from human suffering and forces us to 'read ourselves' by providing a rhythm of attraction and repulsion, confidence and hesitancy, choice and determinism, concluding finally that all human endeavour is nothing more than a dream.

The railroad is Adams' dynamo,

> more like a sort of mechanical demon, that would hurry us to the infernal regions, than a laudable contrivance for smoothing our way to the Celestial City. 35

The crew and travellers share the demonic character of the engine. The chief engineer, Apollyon, 'own brother to the engine' is a fiendlike machine 'enveloped in smoke and flame, which...appeared to gush from his own mouth and stomach, as well as from the engine's brazen abdomen'.[36] Mr Smooth-it-away proves to be Satan himself, 'the impudent fiend' from whose mouth and nostrils 'a smoke wreath issued...while a twinkle of lurid flame darted out of either eye, proving indubitably that his heart was all of red blaze'.[37] And the narrator's fellow travellers 'looked dark, wild, and smoky, with a singular resemblance, indeed, to the native inhabitants'[38] of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Even the benefits of speed and comfort provided by the innovative transportation prove to be delusive: the infernal region is reached 'much sooner than seemed at all desirable'[39] and the artificial gas lighting, far from

dispelling the gloom, creates 'a radiance hurtful...to the eyes'[40] and intoxicating to the brain. The narrator experiences bewilderment and moral vertigo rather than the desired spiritual salvation. The difficult and burdensome journey through time and space cannot be circumvented in the spiritual quest for salvation. Hawthorne is darkly skeptical of scientific, social or economic utility as an alternative or even as a means to moral progress.

In The Blithedale Romance Coverdale says:

> As regards human progress...let them believe in it who can, and aid in it who choose. If I could earnestly do either, it might be all the better for my comfort.41

Hawthorne shares Coverdale's cynical view of the unrealistic efforts to perfect man and society and to usher in the millenium. More pertinent, he feels, is the impending sense of disaster, the sense that 'it was a day of crisis, and that we ourselves were in the critical vortex'.[42] In 'The Hall of Fantasy' (1843) he draws a similar contrast between the transcendental dream of the reformers and the Millerite doctrine of the imminent destruction of the world:

> They look for the earthly perfection of mankind, and are forming schemes, which imply that the immortal spirit will be connected with a physical nature, for innumerable ages of futurity. On the other hand, here comes good Father Miller, and, with one puff of his relentless theory, scatters all their dreams like so many withered leaves upon the blast. 43

Hawthorne's 'fictions of the End'[44] are variations of the apocalyptic paradigm. Salvation lies in the future, but the future is also the exhaustion of the entropic dynamo, of cosmic and human energy. Only in apocalypse, only in the catastrophic end-situation of history can the absolute goal of man be reached. For apocalypse tells of decadence and crisis, but it also tells of renovation.[45] Thus, salvation becomes

possible through apocalypse, because through a cataclysmic abolition of history and an elimination of time, man recognizes simultaneously his nothingness in the 'long perspectives'[46] of time, and his temporal 'being' between the 'cradle' and the 'tomb',

> between the primal innocence and that other purity and perfection which perchance we are destined to attain after travelling round the full circle. 47

In 'Earth's Holocaust' (1844) Hawthorne describes 'the destruction of the earthly city as a chastisement of human presumption';[48] in 'The New Adam and Eve' (1843) he writes of the redemption of time through Utopian renovation.

Hawthorne tells us that 'Earth's Holocaust' occurred 'once upon a time - but whether in time past or time to come, is a matter of little or no moment',[49] for the dating of Apocalypse is constantly shifting and, as Kermode points out, this affirms the 'extraordinary resilience' of Apocalypse which can be historically 'disconfirmed without being discredited'.[50] The apocalyptic yearning is evident in the desire for 'a general bonfire' to rid the world of its 'worn-out trumpery'[51] and to leave 'the consummated world as free as the man first created'.[52] The millenial spirit is a confused mixture of reform and revolution as all the 'antiquated trash'[53] of the past is tossed indiscriminately into the flames; the institutions that impede man's progress are consumed together with those 'that marked [his] advance from barbarism'.[54] Into the fire go the badges of aristocracy, the insignia of royalty, alcohol, tea, coffee, tobacco, 'the weapons and munitions of war',[55] the instruments of torture and punishment, laws, set forms of government, the philosophical, intellectual and literary achievements of the past, the gowns and petticoats of feminists, the trappings of religion and the Bible

itself. In short the entire history of mankind is annihilated while the plebeians and reformers, the philanthropists and feminists, the teetotallers and transcendentalists dance in glee around the 'general bonfire', heralding the millenium:

> And now the drums were beaten and the trumpets brayed altogether, as a prelude to the proclamation of universal and eternal peace, and the announcement that glory was no longer to be won by blood; but that it would henceforth be the contention of the human race, to work out the greatest mutual good; and that beneficence, in the future annals of the earth, would claim the praise of valor. 56

The mood of jubilation is counter-balanced by a deep sense of loss. The 'Titan of innovation - angel or fiend, double in nature, and capable of deeds befitting both characters' destroys the historical and verbal constructs of man in the name of progress, and in so doing threatens the very existence of humanity. Hawthorne observes ironically:

> The inhabitants of the earth had grown too enlightened to define their faith within a form of words, or to limit the spiritual by any analogy to our material existence. 57

For 'is not Nature better than a book? - is not the human heart deeper than any system of philosophy?' questions the naive persona. But Nature-worship is an insubstantial bubble until man encodes it into verbal structures, signs and symbols . Thus nature and time are only meaningful when they become books, which, like the Bible, if read 'aright' will be 'a volume of external Truth'.[58] The problem of reading 'aright', of interpretation, is clearly central. To the extremist reformers biblical truths 'were now but a fable of the world's infancy',[59] but the Earth responds to the burning of the Book with 'an angry lamentation... for the loss of Heaven's sunshine' and 'a mighty wind came roaring across the plain, with a desolate howl'.[60] The story's meaning inheres in the shifting interpretations of observers and incendiaries, and neither the

response of the naive narrator nor his knowing companion reveals the whole truth. As Waggoner says:

> Facts 'speak for themselves', but what they say is always open to interpretation; and here the interpretation is left up to the reader. 61

Hawthorne is wary about predicting the consequences of Apocalypse. Will the future offer 'anything...better or worse than a heap of embers and ashes'? [62] Or will the historical process set in motion yet another pilgrimage toward Apocalypse, for, says Hawthorne:

> Not a truth is destroyed - nor buried so deep among the ashes, but it will be raked up at last. 63

For the sad truth is - and here again he is hesitant about proclaiming such a truth - that the quest for perfection is foiled by the 'foul cavern' of the unpurified heart which will continue to generate the evils and wrongs that had pursued man since the fall of Adam. Man cannot escape his history:

> His age-long endeavour for perfection had served only to render him the mockery of the Evil Principle, from the fatal circumstance of an error at the very root of the matter! 64

The return to Eden eventuates in the re-enactment of the original sin and only when the inner sphere of the human heart is purified will apocalypse be more than a dream, 'a real event'[65] and not a 'fiction of the End'.

In 'The New Adam and Eve' Hawthorne projects a utopian world of innocence in order to highlight the folly and corruption of the previous race of men and the potential perfectibility of the new genus. In this story the apocalyptic Day of Doom has destroyed mankind and spared the institutions and 'unintelligible hieroglyphics'[66] of the irreversible

past. The emphasis here is on ontological and epistemological concerns rather than eschatological fictions, although the tale would be incomplete without 'the sense of an ending'. I quote in full the birth of the new Adam and Eve :

> It is dawn. The east puts on its immemorial blush, although no human eye is gazing at it; for all the phenomena of the natural world renew themselves, in spite of the solitude that now broods around the globe. There is still beauty of earth, sea and sky, for beauty's sake. But soon there are to be spectators. Just when the earliest sunshine gilds earth's mountain tops, two beings have come into life, not in such an Eden as bloomed to welcome our first parents, but in the heart of a modern city. They find themselves in existence, and gazing into one another's eyes. Their emotion is not astonishment; nor do they perplex themselves with efforts to discover what, and whence, and why they are. Each is satisfied to be, because the other exists likewise; and their first consciousness is of calm and mutual enjoyment, which seems not to have been the birth of that very moment, but prolonged from a past eternity. Thus content with an inner sphere which they inhabit together, it is not immediately that the outward world can obtrude itself upon their notice. 67

Although Adam and Eve are 'content with an inner sphere' of ontological consciousness, they cannot long prevent the outward world from 'obtrud[ing] itself upon their notice'. Creatures without the burden of a past, they are 'content to live and be happy in the present',[68] and significantly their natural propositional mode is the present tense. 'Each is satisfied to be' we are told, 'because the other exists likewise'. But man cannot simply 'be', he must 'become', and becoming implies an epistemological consciousness of his spatio-temporal relationship to 'the outward world'. They are 'spectators' who must 'turn from the reality of their mutual glance, to the dreams and shadows that perplex them everywhere else'. They must, and do, necessarily question 'what, and whence, and why they are here'. Born with the gift of speech they must early transcribe their perceptions into formal constructs which

will define their moral and social ethos.

The epistemological vocabulary of perception, interpretation and understanding dominates the story and defines its meaning. They 'behold' 'sights which trouble and perplex the spirit',[69] they 'watch' and 'gain insight', for they are

> investigators whom their Creator has commissioned to pass unconscious judgement upon the works and ways of the vanished race. By this time, being endowed with quick and accurate perceptions, they begin to understand the purpose of the many things around them. 70

The new Adam is tempted like his namesake to pursue the interpretation of riddles beyond the limitations of human knowledge, but he is saved by the new Eve who prevents the fall by love.[71] In the purified heart of Eve love takes precedence over knowledge, but love is powerless to obliterate time and 'the heavy burthen of mortality' that have 'an indefeasible claim upon their bodies'.[72] 'Time has survived his former progeny' we are told, and while the reverberating tones of mechanical clock time are incomprehensible to the parents of the new race, they must recognize their temporal direction by the 'succession of their thoughts and acts'.[73] Subjective time replaces chronometrical time as the basis of reality. The process of becoming must inevitably account for the future, and the new Adam and Eve, '[their] intellect being of human structure',[74] create their own 'fiction of the End': nightfall becomes an apocalyptic paradigm for their own deaths, which they anticipate not with anxiety or terror, but with the peace with which mutual love has imbued their present existence. The temporal scope of this story is the entire history of man from the Creation, through the Fall, to the Last Day - from ontology, through epistemology, to eschatology.

In 'The Hall of Fantasy' Hawthorne's narrator expresses regret that earth's organic vitality and natural harmony and plenitude must be 'eternally annihilated' in the 'general bonfire' along with human corruption and absurdity. His faith is restored by his companion:

> Doubt not, then, that man's disembodied spirit may recreate Time and the World for itself, with all their peculiar enjoyments, should there still be human yearnings amid life eternal and infinite. 75

The vision of 'life eternal and infinite' is only meaningful from a spatio-temporal perspective. Human desire, then, is significant only inasmuch as it measures the tangential relationship between the actual and the ideal, the temporal and the eternal. The Hall of Fantasy is 'a place of refuge from the gloom and chilliness of actual life' and it is a fitting abode for men's imaginative fantasies and desires which 'produced a change in their relation to the actual world':

> It is singular how very few there are, who do not occasionally gain admittance on such a score, either in abstracted musings, or momentary thoughts, or bright anticipations, or vivid remembrances; for even the actual becomes ideal, whether in hope or memory, and beguiles the dreamer into the Hall of Fantasy.76

'Fantasy is a literature of desire which seeks that which is experienced as absence and loss'.[77] It is a means of escaping and transcending the human condition by encoding 'other', superior, more complete constructs of reality.

The habitués of the Hall of Fantasy are men of genius and vision, philosophers, artists and scientists; speculators in search of Eldorado or Mammon's Cave; 'inventors of fantastic machines' such as 'a railroad through the air, and a tunnel under the sea',[78] 'the fantasies of one day [which] are the deepest realities of a future one',[79] and Utopian reformers 'whether in physics, politics, morals or religion...

who believe and rejoice in the progress of mankind'.[80] But a prolonged residence in the Hall of Fantasy can be dangerous. The 'endless transformations' of the ornamental fountain enable 'the imaginative beholder [to] discern what form he will',[81] and he may be intoxicated into forgetfulness of 'the actual world, with its hard angles'.[82] Thus there are reformers who 'had got possession of some crystal fragment of truth, the brightness of which so dazzled them that they could see nothing else in the wide universe'.[83] The temptation to remain in the visionary realm and to view life through 'the medium of pictured windows'[84] is indeed overwhelming, but Hawthorne voices a cautionary reminder to himself and his reader that the Hall of Fantasy, and by extension the imaginative realm of art, depends for its continued existence and identity upon the delicate symbiotic balance between the actual and ideal worlds, for 'the white sunshine of actual life is necessary in order to test'[85] the extravagant fantasies and speculations. Hawthorne urges:

> Let us be content, therefore, with merely an occasional visit, for the sake of spiritualizing the grossness of this actual life, and prefiguring to ourselves a state, in which the Idea shall be all in all. 86

Todorov has observed that 'the literature of the fantastic leaves us with two notions - reality and literature - each one as unsatisfactory as the other.'[87] The real and imaginary are not mutually exclusive categories: they partake of each other in a fluid symbiosis. The fantastic cannot exist independently of the actual which it finds so frustratingly limited and finite. In 'The Hall of Fantasy' and 'A Select Party' (1844) Hawthorne considers the function of the imagination; he writes about fiction as a way of writing fiction. In other words, he self-consciously foregrounds his own concern about

the nature and relationship of the real and the unreal. In an age of uncertainty, new literary modes are necessary to encode the loss of faith in an external, objective, unchanging reality. Fantasy is such a mode which manifests itself in ambiguity, contradiction and equivocation. Thus Rosemary Jackson concludes:

> Presenting that which cannot be, but is, fantasy exposes a culture's definitions of that which can be: it traces the limits of its epistemological and ontological frame. 88

In 'A Select Party' Hawthorne experiments more successfully with the fantastic mode than in 'The Hall of Fantasy'. The protagonist is 'a man of fancy' who unites with both writer and reader in structuring a house-of-fiction, a fantastic castle in the air located in a no-man's land somewhere between the real and unreal worlds. The protean contours of the castle define its ambivalent and equivocal nature. Its 'strong foundations and massive walls' balance precariously on 'a ledge of heavy and sombre clouds which hung brooding over the earth'; it is both substantial - a feudal fortress, monastery, or state-prison - and ephemeral - an airy castle gilded by a 'flood of evening sunshine';[89] the gigantic pillars of the great saloon are 'hewn entire out of masses of variegated clouds' and the whole is illuminated by the 'ethereal lustres'[90] of meteors.(Italics mine). The imagery and syntactical structure emphasizes the shifting dialogue between the realms of the tangible and intangible. This dialogical structure which is an essential aspect of fantasy[91] is further evident in the arbitrary dialogue between the architect-writer and the beholder-reader in their respective ideal and actual territories:

> And now, if the people of the lower world chanced to be looking upward, out of the turmoil of their petty perplexities, they probably mistook the castle in the air for a heap of sunset clouds, to which the magic of light and shade had imparted the aspect of a fantastically constructed mansion. To such beholders it was unreal, because they lacked the imaginative faith. Had they been worthy to pass within its portal, they would have recognized the truth, that the dominions which the spirit conquers for itself among unrealities, become a thousand times more real than the earth whereon they stamp their feet, saying, 'This is solid and substantial! - this may be called a fact'. 92

The language here modulates into epistemological uncertainty about the essence of reality, which is magnified by the disjunction of fixed temporal categories. In the no-man's land of fantasy the chronological order of past, present and future is replaced by synchronism in an extra-temporal zone. The guests consist of various nameless, shadowy people and shapes of desire from the host's 'visionary youth';[93] 'fantastic masquers',[94] a dream lady who dissolves into thin air, and 'the forgotten terrors of childhood'.[95] The host has also invited select representatives of Time: the Oldest Inhabitant, 'a venerable figure in the costume of by-gone days'[96] who is 'the twin-brother of Time';[97] a fashionable fop representing the vanities of the passing moment; the unborn child of the future; and Posterity, 'the man of an age to come'.[98]

The guests have been invited to the select party in order to satisfy their hearts' desire and to find in an imaginary timeless world of the future the fulfilment which has been impossible in the actual finite world of the present:

> By an influence akin to magic, yet perfectly natural, whatever means and opportunities of joy are neglected in the lower world, had been carefully gathered up and deposited in the saloon of morning sunshine. 99

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Here may be found the Master Genius, 'destined to fulfil the great mission of creating an American literature'.[100] Unrecognized by the present generation, his fame lies in the future. Here too are rare 'patterns of excellence' such as 'an incorruptible Patriot', and 'a Reformer, untrammelled by his theory'.[101] The entertainment consists of a guided tour of the castle, through the marvellous moonlit and sunlit rooms where 'unrealized conceptions'[103] of artistic genius adorn the walls and fill the library shelves, and where 'the morning light and scattered rainbows were only a type and symbol of the real wonders of the apartment'.[103] In this land of heart's desire a 'joyous evening' extends into a 'happy lifetime' as the 'company seemed to renew their youth' and partake of the 'unwrinkled gaiety' of the 'Child Unborn'.[104] The marvellous rarities of the banquet include 'a Phoenix roasted in its own flames', 'cold potted birds of Paradise', water from the Fountain of Youth, and goblets of Nepenthe and Lethe.[105]

However, if the literature of the fantastic is a literature of desire it is also a literature of contradiction and frustration. Throughout the tale a warning negative note is sounded. Posterity observes that the scramble for the future is absurd and self-defeating:

> Let me whisper you a secret - the cold, icy memory which one generation may retain of another, is but a poor recompense to barter life for. Yet if your heart is set on being known to me, the surest, the only method, is, to live truly and wisely for your own age, whereby, if the native force be in you, you may likewise live for posterity. 106

The man of fancy himself admits wryly to loving 'what Nature makes, better than [his] own creations in the guise of womanhood',[107] and he prefers the company of men with the flaws of common nature to the 'specimens of perfection'[108] he has invited to his select party.

The most mysterious and equivocal guest is 'the famous performer of acknowledged impossibilities'.[109] The pattern of superhuman achievements, 'the standard of ideal rectitude', he nevertheless is nameless, an' invisible:

> When he happens to cast his eyes upon a looking-glass, he beholds Nobody reflected there. 110

This principle of negativity is reinforced by the location of the 'fantastically constructed castle'[111] in the realm of Nowhere, a space defined by absence and vacancy. The entertainment is terminated by a cataclysmic tempest which destroys the castle in the air and whirls the guests off into the terrifying limbo of 'infinite space'. The narrator's complacent denial of concern for the dark uncertain fate of the guests is deceptive: the unstable shifting language expresses the anxiety and insecurity of writer and reader who have also 'trusted] themselves on a pleasure-party into the realm of Nowhere'. Like the select party we too have been 'deluded by all sorts of unrealities' and lose ourselves in the darkness 'among clouds, mists and puffs'[112] of linguistic wind, where meanings dissolve and re-form, and where absolute truth recedes indefinitely in time and space.

Hawthorne is sadly aware that in spite of all reform efforts, a vision of perfection and wholeness is unattainable in life. Nor does escape to the realms of the imaginary and fantastic satisfy our desire for some fixed point of reference, some absolute truth. Yet in spite of universal failure we continue to cling to a belief in the future; the realization of hopes and aspirations, and the opportunity for creation and progress. We commit ourselves to the ceaseless striving for the infinite and eternal as a means of transcending time. It was Hawthorne's

deep-felt conviction that time could not be redeemed by escape into, or from, the past or the future, that eternity could not be won by restless speculation. He believed that love alone could ransom time from the ceaseless flux and grant a vision of timelessness; that love alone provided the desired synthesis of the ideal and the actual, the 'self' and the 'other'. I deal with this aspect of Hawthorne's art more fully in a later chapter. Here I want to concentrate on the antipodal but related conviction that in spite of the recognition of his own temporal limitations and the numerous indications of his mortality, and in spite of his intuition of the redemptive powers of love and sympathy for mankind, man is driven compulsively to transcend his limitations, to arrogate the role of God and to carve out his own eternity by structuring a world in the image of his own ideal vision. Paradoxically, and tragically, this Faustian quest serves merely to remind man of his limitations. In almost every instance the failure outweighs the achievement; death and destruction are the negative and futile consequences of the ideal quest for eternal life.[113]

At a certain point the quest becomes more exciting and meaningful than the goal. Santayana makes the point sensitively:

> The modern or romantic man is an adventurer; he is less interested in what there may be to find than in the lure of the search, and in his hopes, guesses or experience in searching. [114]

For the Seeker in 'The Great Carbuncle' (1837) the quest is of foremost importance. Because the quest means life, its goal, the carbuncle, is an analogue for death. The Seeker is caught in a vicious circle from which there is no escape. He seeks the carbuncle, which is death, yet, paradoxically, seeking death he remains alive to pursue his hideous vain search:

> He had been condemned to wander among the mountains till the end of time, still with the same feverish hopes at sunrise - the same despair at eve. 115

Hawthorne's Faustian protagonists begin their quest with a sincere humanitarian concern to free man from his limited time-affected condition; they end the search alienated from 'the magnetic chain of humanity'. Horrified as he is at the transformation of such men of artistic and scientific genius into cold, heartless fiends, Hawthorne cannot presume to judge them. An artist himself who 'burrows into the depths of our common nature for the purpose of psychological romance', he shares the moral-aesthetic dilemma of the man of vision whose 'artifice of eternity'[116] is bought at the cost of humanity, his own and that of his victims. Dr Rappaccini, we are told,

> would sacrifice human life, his own among the rest, or whatever else was dearest to him, for the sake of adding so much as a grain of mustard to the great heap of his accumulated knowledge. 117

The dilemma is carefully traced in Hawthorne's stories of the scientist-artist figure, where the subtle shifts of narrative stance and the ironic tone modulate the ambivalence of woe and wonder. The mixed tone of horror, despair and exultation of Ethan Brand's last words reverberates through the fiction:

> Oh Mother Earth, who art no more my Mother, and into whose bosom this frame shall never be resolved! O mankind, whose brotherhood I have cast off, and trampled thy great heart beneath my feet! O stars of heaven, that shone on me of old, as if to light me onward and upward! - farewell all, and forever. Come, deadly element of Fire, - henceforth my familiar friend! 118

Ethan Brand's quest, like its Faustian prototype, is an arrogant challenge of God's omnipotence and infinite mercy.

Motivated by a burning intellectual curiosity Brand seeks the 'Unpardonable Sin' only to discover that the search forms a perfect circle, ending where it began, in his own breast. The obsessive search transforms Brand from a gentle loving man in sympathy with his brothers, into a 'cold observer'[119] whose detached psychological experiments 'wasted, absorbed, and perhaps annihilated'[120] the souls of his subjects. Intellectual growth leads to emotional and moral regression and Brand's heart which had once throbbed in universal sympathy with mankind ceases to pulsate. The withering of his heart in life is an ominous foreboding of its petrifaction in death. Consorting with the fiend he becomes a fiend whose natural element is 'the blackness of darkness' and the lurid red jets of flames from the infernal regions of the lime kiln.

The interludes of the Wandering Jew with his diorama, and the dog chasing its tail are clownish analogues for the absurdity and futility of Brand's quest.[121] The Unpardonable Sin that he sees in the diorama is Nothing, a terrible negative void. His quest has been abortive and self-defeating. Like the dog chasing its tail his insane monomaniacal pursuit has accelerated in desire and demonic rage but not in achievement:

> Never was seen such headlong eagerness in pursuit of an object that could not possibly be attained....Faster and faster, roundabout went the air, and faster and still faster fled the unapproachable brevity of his tail. 122

The controlling metaphor is the enclosed, self-imprisoning circle which defines Brand's spatio-temporal locus and the story's structure. After eighteen years of obsessive seeking Brand returns to the lime kiln to propel himself into the 'magic circle'[123] of flames, the source both of his inspiration and his destruction. In his pursuit of the head

after the heart, Brand disrupts the contiguous and symbiotic 'counterpoise'[124] between the dual faculties of man. This denial of man's duality defeats the linear progression of the quest, for intellectual development is countermanded by emotional stuntedness. Paradoxically, Brand's circular journey may be seen as static. The story's setting consists of concentric circles with the round tower-like lime kiln and its 'magic circle'of flames at the centre, surrounded by the dark enclosing forest and looming mountains. The temporal structure repeats the circular, symmetrical pattern. Brand's tragic climax is framed by the dual response of Bartram and Joe; the father brutish, myopic and unsympathetic, the child frightened but sensitive and compassionate. Brand's own reaction to his plight is measured by the demonic hollow laughter that marks his entrance and exit alike. The resounding echo of laughter, the visual patterning of the flickering flames and the circular shapes create a repetitive rhythmic motif which reinforces the cyclical structure. The many foreshadowings of Brand's fate emphasize its inevitable and irrevocable nature. Early in the tale Bartram

> half suspected his strange guest of a purpose, if not to evoke a fiend, at least to plunge bodily into the flames, and thus vanish from the sight of man. 125

The 'flashbacks' have the same effect of recalling and reiterating a journey which is already known and complete. Brand's own last-minute reconstruction of his life's quest is the synopsis of eighteen unchanging years.

Nevertheless there is a change : cutting across the meaningless circle of his life is a linear development. Brand grows in pride, presumption, self-reliance and egotism. Within the story's time-span which is the dark night of the soul, between sunset and sunrise, we watch the intensification

of Brand's pride and despair.[126] Filled with contempt and disgust for his former companions he compounds the Unpardonable Sin and symbolically completes his estrangement from mankind. The juxtaposition of Brand with these debauched retrogrades of humanity heightens his dignity and arouses some sympathy for his predicament: Bartram is 'an obtuse, middle-aged clown';[127] the stage agent is 'a wilted and smoke-dried man'; Lawyer Giles is 'the fragment of a human being... a maimed and miserable wretch';[128] the village Doctor is 'as surly and savage as a wild beast, and as miserable as a lost soul'. But Ethan Brand whose heart has withered is himself maimed, and whereas he has severed his bonds with the brotherhood of man, the other characters have retained their place in the magnetic chain of humanity. Bartram is humanized through the child, the stage-agent through his joviality, Lawyer Giles by keeping up 'the courage and spirit of a man' and the Doctor through his 'native gifts of healing'.[129]

The restless, shifting perspective arouses a two-fold response to Brand. From a strictly moral point of view Brand's proud isolation, his egotism and his appalling spiritual and moral monomania label him a fiend and condemn him to the 'infernal regions'.[130] And yet at the same time his single-minded dedication to the quest for the Unpardonable Sin, and his courageous proud embracing of the flames of hell are splendid and awe-inspiring. With a terrible sense of achievement Brand affirms his guilt:

> 'It is a sin that grew within my own breast,' replied Ethan Brand, standing erect with the pride that distinguishes all enthusiasts of his stamp. 'A sin that grew nowhere else! The sin of an intellect that triumphed over the sense of brotherhood with man, and reverence for God, and sacrificed everything to its own mighty claims! The only sin that deserves a recompense of immortal agony! Freely were it to do again, would I incur the guilt. Unshrinkingly, I accept the retribution.' 131

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The consequences of Brand's self-immolation are ironic. The man who sought wholeness is reduced to fragments, and the cold marble heart is an appropriate symbol of his dehumanization.

Harry Levin has perceptively observed that in this story the human heart is cast into the 'general bonfire' and the result is an apocalyptic regeneration.[132] With the dawn of the new day the promise of light and joy is restored to the world:

> Stepping from one to another of the clouds that rested on the hills, and thence to the loftier brotherhood that sailed in air, it seemed almost as if a mortal man might thus ascend into the heavenly regions. Earth was so mingled with sky that it was a daydream to look at it.

The circular quest is replaced by the linear journey of the stage coach whose echoing horn contrasts with the discordant refrain of Brand's demonic laughter. Finally the narrative perspective moves away from the intense obsessive concentration of Brand's tower-like isolation and egotism, and embraces the 'familiar and homely'[133] community of village and sky. The distanced figures of men and clouds form themselves into families and brotherhoods and contribute to the renewal of human and natural harmony.

Variations of the Faustian story proliferated during the nineteenth century. Humanistic speculation about the shape and direction of the future resulted from a new view of the future, not merely as a temporal extension of the known present, but as a decidedly new and different spatio-temporal and ecological cosmos which has evolved from present conditions. The changed perspective of the historical future opened up new territory for fiction writers and a new genre was born in the nineteenth century which became known as science fiction, or as Scholes

calls it,'future fiction'.[134] The most important aspect of future fiction is the way it explores and defines man's new-found attitude to the future, his discovery that he has the power to control, order and even change his own future. Scholes observes:

> Man exists in a system beyond his control but not beyond his power to rearrange. The fall of man is neither a myth from pre-history nor an event at the beginning of human time. It is a process that has been occurring for centuries, and it is not so much a fall into knowledge as into power - the power to work great changes in ourselves and our immediate environment, the power to destroy our planet in various ways, slowly or quickly, or to maintain it and our life upon it for some time. On various levels of activity, man's ability to exert his power in self-destructive ways exceeds the ability of his feed-back systems to correct his behaviour. 135

That the new genre offers extensive possibilities for the traditional Faust-story is evident. These are the thirst for knowledge of an unknown future; the power to structure new and better worlds by imaginative and scientific extrapolation; the power to expand and transcend the temporal and spatial boundaries determining human destiny; the power to prolong life and to find the secret of immortality; the supernal god-like power to create life out of inanimate matter. These were the aspirations of Faust, and these are the aspirations of his heirs, the Romantic scientists and artists of the nineteenth century, whose arrogant speculative and creative energies contend with the sublime authority of God in structuring a universe. The rest of this chapter will be devoted to Hawthorne's treatment of the role of the artist and scientist in a rapidly changing world view. It must be noted that for Hawthorne there is no real distinction between the respective functions of artist and scientist.[136] His scientists are 'refractions of the artistic nature'[137] and the perfectionist idealism of Rappaccini and Aylmer matches the aesthetic idealism of Owen Warland and Drowne. Working either in

the aesthetic or scientific medium, all are motivated by a similar desire to perfect the flawed world, all are driven by a need to create 'the reality of a better earth',[138] all are inspired by a dream of eternity.

Conscious of the divided nature of existence Hawthorne is equally aware of the duality of the Romantic artist. On the one hand he is an inspired creator, breathing life into inanimate objects, naming them and defining their identity. Like Adam the artist must transform the given world, he must embellish and embroider and make anew. Like Adam he is the architect of his own destiny within the parameters of a deterministic superstructure. The artist's gift to life is that of eternity:

> A poet has a fragrance about him, such as no other human being is gifted withal; it is indestructible, and clings forever to everything he has touched. [139]

The transcendental view of the artist then is of an inspired and holy miracle worker who, imitating God's creation, fashions vivid life out of dead materials. 'Drowne's Wooden Image' (1844) is a version of the Pygmalion myth in which Drowne, the unlettered colonial carver of figureheads, succeeds in creating and animating an ideal woman. The secret of his 'divine life-giving touch'[140] lies in an act of love. The wooden image is a 'creature of [his] heart':[141]

> [Copley] beheld Drowne bending over the half-created shape, and stretching forth his arms as if he would have embraced and drawn it to his heart; while had such a miracle been possible, his countenance expressed passion enough to communicate warmth and sensibility to the lifeless oak. [142]

But the magical power of the artist can also mirror his tendencies toward evil, whether deliberate or subconscious. Thus Mo r Rigby, through the skills of witchcraft, transforms her stick and straw scarecrow, Feathertop,

into a wonderfully human 'fine gentleman of the period'.[143] Mother Rigby is an example of the dark side of Romantic aestheticism: 'the white magic of the seer-poet becomes the black magic of the wizard'.[144] Most of Hawthorne's artists and scientists are closer to the necromantic Faustian figure of the Gothic tradition than to the seer-poet of transcendentalism. In their quest for knowledge they overreach God, and discover that their new-found power can work not only good, but harm.

Dr Heidegger is a scientist who professes to have found the elixir of life which will restore perpetual youth and beauty to the four withered subjects of his scientific experiment . He is also an artist of sorts and his study is furnished with an eclectic collection of artistic and scientific props. The bronze bust of Hippocrates, the skeleton and the medical folios live alongside the mirror and the portrait of his deceased fianceé. The dominant object in the room is 'a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps',[145] reputed to be a book of magic. Dr. Heidegger is a magician whose scientific miracles are ephemeral illusions, temporary fictions of eternity. Lawrence Scanlon has shown that all the characters in the story are allusions to seventeenth and eighteenth century dramatists and comedians who led dissolute lives. Heidegger himself has a namesake who was the manager of the King's Theatre in the Haymarket.[146] Hawthorne's Heidegger performs the equivalent role of stage manager, selecting his backdrop, devising the plot and manipulating his cast of characters. Like the author-narrator Heidegger is a 'fiction-monger'[147] and Hawthorne explores the relevance of their parallel pursuits. By providing the footnote to his story Hawthorne anticipates Scholes' observation that 'all works of the imagination are plagiaristic'[148], and that 'fiction is about other

fiction'.[149] He reinforces this notion by insisting that his story is a 'twice-told tale': 'among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that...';[150] 'it was well known...' that Dr Heidegger's eccentricity 'had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories'.[151] The intrusive authorial voice foregrounds his role as a maker of fictions analogous to the illusions conjured up by Dr Heidegger for his entertainment and edification. A master of illusion himself, Hawthorne in many of his tales recalls his characters from a time long past and presides over their actions. His art, then, may be seen as an elixir, capable of eternizing the youth and innocence of a past era:

> There is hardly a more difficult exercise of fancy than, while gazing at a figure of melancholy age, to recreate its youth, and, without entirely obliterating the identity of form and features, to restore those graces which time has snatched away. 152

This, according to D.H.Lawrence is 'the true myth of America':

> She starts old, old, wrinkled and writhing in an old skin. And there is a gradual sloughing off of the old skin, towards a new youth. It is the myth of America. 153

But Hawthorne and Heidegger disdain to drink the elixir, in the same way as they refuse to idealize the past, preferring present wisdom gained from experience and knowledge. The four voluptuaries, however, have a limited perception of the meaning of time. Capable only of comprehending Time the destroyer, they are blind to Time the great educator. Failing to take advantage of the experience of their advanced years they repeat the follies of their youth.

Dr Heidegger is the embodiment of Father Time 'whose power had never been disputed, save by this fortunate company'. The shifting temporal perspective, to and fro, from the fictive present to the past undercuts

the quest for an elixir which will stabilize and perpetuate youth. Moreover the quest for the future leads directly back to the past and the natural process of change from youth to age (past to present) is reversed to an unnatural movement from age to youth (pres to past) with the future increasingly desirable but increasingly elusive. Thus the four ancients are momentarily deluded into believin that the happy prime of youth' is a present actuality, while

> age... was remembered only as the trouble of a dream, from which they had joyously awoke...They felt like new-created beings, in a new-created universe. 154

Their version of the Adamic myth is however very soon dispelled.

The old doctor remains a constant reminder of their true decrepitude and emphasizes the incongruity of their behaviour after they have drunk from the Fountain of Youth. The ancient clothes, the mimicry and mockery of their infirmity serve to undercut the macabre youthful frolic of the four ancient-youths:

> Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalship, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber, and the antique dress which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray withered grand-sires, ridiculously contending for the skinny ugliness of a shrivelled grand-dam. 155

As in 'Feathertop' (1852) where the mirror reveals

> not the glittering mockery of his outside show, but a picture of the sordid patchwork of his real composition, stript of all witchcraft...156

so here the mirror provides a truth-telling reflection of their actual condition.

The Fountain of Youth is itself an illusion. In 'Time's Portraiture' (1838) Hawthorne writes:

> Generally, before parting [Father Time] invites his friends to drink champagne - a wine in which Time delights, on account of its rapid effervescence. 157

The elixir is described in the most evanescent of terms:

> It is apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses, and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. 158

Images of consummate ephemerality, the rose, the violet, the butterfly are ironically used by Dr Heidegger as proof of the delusive potency of an elixir, which, producing no more than a momentary effect is absurd. Thus the haste to recover youthful vigour is matched by the speed of the return to old age:

> Each fleeting moment snatched away a charm and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a life-time been crowded into so brief a space?

Dr Heidegger's experiment has successfully proved that what is eternal is the quest and not 'the Water of Youth [which] possessed merely a virtue more transient than that of wine'.[159]

In 'The Intelligence Office' (1944) Hawthorne adumbrates the themes for the scientific quest:

> The strangest wishes - yet most incident to men who had gone deep into scientific pursuits, and attained a high intellectual stage, though not the loftiest - were, to contend with Nature, and wrest from her some secret, or some power, which she had seen fit to withold from mortal grasp. She loves to delude her aspiring students, and mock them with mysteries that seem but just beyond their reach. To concoct new minerals - to produce new forms of vegetable life - to create an insect, if nothing higher in the living scale - is a sort of wish that has often revelled in the breast of a man of science. 160

Dr Rappaccini is such a man of science, a speculative empiricist who strives to create a 'brave new world' which supersedes God's creation. More than a decade before Darwin published The Origin of Species (1859)

Hawthorne was already writing about biological experimentation with the mutation of species, the crossbreeding of plants and the ecological adaptation of animals to their environment. But as Scholes and Rabkin have observed, when 'science fiction uses the devices of artificial life, its mythic heritage emerges to lend a guilty colour to man's struggle against death'.[161] Giovanni, observing Rappaccini tending his garden, questions:

> Was this garden, then, the Eden of the present world? - and this man, with such a perception of harm in what his own hands caused to grow, was he the Adam? 162

Rappaccini is not the Adam of his parodic fiction of the primal garden. The motivation of the 'scientific gardener'[163] is not merely a thirst for knowledge, but a Faustian desire to be the omnipotent father-God of a new, poisonous but eternal world. As he contemplates the success of his experiment

> the pale man of science seemed to gaze with a triumphant expression at the beautiful youth and maiden, as might an artist who should spend his life in achieving a picture or a group of statuary, and finally be satisfied with his success. He paused - his bent form grew erect with conscious power, he spread out his hands over them, in the attitude of a father imploring a blessing upon his children. 164

The new Adam and Eve of this dystopia are Beatrice and Giovanni who are destined to a horrible immortality: 'redundant with life, health, and energy' they are insulated temporally and spatially from the world's vicissitudes by the loathsome power of their poisonous contagion which accentuates the transience of natural organisms. Their 'breath of life'[165] is a deleterious death stroke to the time-affected flowers and insects of a transitory world. Rappaccini's hybridization is the polar opposite of God's creation. The plenitude and fecundity of Eden becomes in this anti-Eden a voluptuous and exotic plethora of deadly toxins:

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> Several [shrubs], also, would have shocked a delicate instinct by an appearance of artificialness, indicating that there had been such commixture, and, as it were, adultery of various vegetable species, that the production was no longer of God's making, but the monstrous offspring of man's depraved fancy, glowing with only an evil mockery of beauty. 166

Charles Boewe has observed that in Hawthorne's time hybridization was associated with sterility since its progeny was a botanical freak incapable of further reproduction.[167] Thus in propagating a new 'adulterous' race Rappaccini ironically denies his own posterity. Caring infinitely more for science than for mankind he obviates morality and effectively isolates himself from human intercourse; cultivating an 'artifice of eternity' he becomes increasingly conscious of his own mortality. The garden is the product of 'man's ingenuity and of thwarted nature, and of the fatality that attends all such efforts of perverted wisdom'.[168] 'Shattered' [169] like 'the ruin of a marble fountain in the centre'[170] of the garden Rappaccini has contracted an 'inward disease'[171] that renders him a corpse-like 'emaciated, sallow, and sickly-looking man'.[172] Distrustful and insecure in the garden of his own making that is an anathema to his very being,

> the man's demeanour was that of one walking among malignant influences, such as savage beasts or deadly snakes, or evil spirits, which, should he allow them one moment of licence, would wreak upon him some terrible fatality. 173

Rappaccini is indeed awful and impious in his attempt to imitate God, and yet it is his intellectual presumption that enables him to effect marvellous cures and to study the 'creative essence'[174] of organisms. His mental energy is impressive; there is something simultaneously noble and monstrous about his spiritual dedication to science. The presence of the worldly, complacent Dr Baglioni acts as a caution

against an outright condemnation of Rappaccini as the villain of the piece. Where Rappaccini's speculative visions of the future are dangerous and radical, they are also courageous and eugenically idealistic. Baglioni's materialistic skepticism however, is a rational and conservative reliance on the past 'arcana of medical science'[175] that is equally dangerous. Although he warns Giovanni against the unscrupulous power of Rappaccini, Baglioni is not averse to sacrificing Beatrice in the name of his own scientific experiments. His satanic triumph at the end is a measure of his inhumanity. Rappaccini poisons Beatrice and gives her life, Baglioni 'cures' her and causes her death. In his attempt to create the conditions of eternity on earth, Rappaccini repudiates man's moral complexity and time-bound condition. His fiction of the 'perfect future in the present'[176] annuls time's redemptive power. On the other hand, Baglioni cynically denies the perfectibility of man, putting his faith in the 'limits of ordinary nature'[177] and in the 'good old rules of the medical profession'.[178] His backward-looking vision is inimical to progress and to the future, and threatens both the imaginative and spiritual fullness of present experience and the hope of eternity.

Beatrice is the subject and the victim of the scientific controversy. All three scientists, and here I include Giovanni who is a young student of science, attempt to penetrate Beatrice's mystery and discover 'what manner of mortal she might be'.[179] Significantly Beatrice cannot be readily analysed; she is too richly and humanly complex. Voluptuous, exotic and passionate, she is also as chaste as a 'heavenly angel',[180] and yet this 'simple, natural, most affectionate, and guileless creature'[181] is 'as terrible as she is beautiful'[182] for she is dangerously virulent.[183]

The garden is her sphere and is defined by the same ambiguity and multiplicity that is embodied in Beatrice herself. The language of serpent-like entanglement and adulterous commixture points to the intertwining of the oppositions of body and spirit, appearance and essence, good and evil, beauty and ugliness, faith and doubt. The symbols that are most intimately associated with Beatrice's plight and as difficult to categorize are the fountain and the purple shrub. Male has conveniently simplified the symbols into a neat but misleading allegory:

> The fountain symbolizes Beatrice's potential spiritual perfection, the shattered base her mortal clay. And the purple shrub, a brilliant or lurid intermixture of the two, mirrors her paradoxical state since the fall. 184

Giovanni makes the same error as Male:

> Nor did he fail again to observe, or imagine, an analogy between the beautiful girl and the gorgeous shrub that hung its gem-like flowers over the fountain, a resemblance which Beatrice seemed to have indulged a fantastic humour in heightening, both by the arrangement of her dress and the selection of its hues. 185

The hesitancy of 'observe, or imagine' and 'seemed' questions the simple analogy between girl and flower, for the very life of a symbol depends on its power of 'alternate possibilities'. The judgement of Giovanni (and Male) is both correct and limited: this is and is not Beatrice. Male continues to observe, contradicting his neat summary, that the purple shrub 'is different things to different men'.[186] Rappaccini is proud of the beauty and power of his scientific offspring, but he fears its deadly malice against which he must needs arm himself. To Baglioni it is a deadly poison 'more horribly deleterious than Nature... would have plagued the world withal'[187]. To Beatrice it is her gorgeous sister whom she enfolds in an intimate embrace and whose intoxicating perfume is 'the breath of life'. But it is Giovanni who most becomes

entangled in the flower's and by symbolic extension, Beatrice's ambivalence. The magnificent shrub is radiant, illuminating the garden, nourished by the waters of eternity, and yet its fatal gem-like blooms have the power to annihilate life instantaneously. He is confused:

> What is this being? - beautiful shall I call her? - or inexpressibly terrible? 188

Intuitively he recognizes that 'flower and maiden were different and yet the same, and fraught with the same strange peril in either shape'.[189] His failure to act on the intuition of unlikeness, and his doubt about the eternal and transcendent potential of the human spirit as compared with vegetable growth are the measure of his betrayal of Beatrice.

Like the marble fountain Beatrice has been 'sculptured with rare art'[190] by her artist-scientist father. She is a parody of the statue of Vertumnus, the fertility god; 'veiled and shrouded in a drapery of hanging foliage',[191] her poisonous virtuosity serves not to propagate but to destroy. In his quest for immortality Rappaccini has attempted to spiritualize gross matter, thereby delivering his daughter from the vicissitudes of time and change. But because his inspiration derives from the scientific mind rather than the heart, his human and vegetable offspring fall short of perfection: they are poisonous monsters albeit poignant and marvellous. Nor can Rappaccini guarantee Beatrice's immortality; although symbolically he 'embodied [her] in marble'[192] another generation in the shape of Giovanni, the new scientist 'scattered the perishable garniture on the soil'.[193] Like 'the ruin of a marble fountain' Beatrice's physical being is 'woefully shattered' and reduced to 'the chaos of remaining fragments'. However Hawthorne implies that there is another aesthetic vision which is not bound or confined by the hard, cold, intractable yet ultimately time-affected stone. The organic

metaphor of the gushing water defines Beatrice's spiritual and immortal essence:

> The water however continued to gush and sparkle into the sunbeams as cheerfully as ever. A little gurgling sound ascended to the young man's window, and made him feel as if the fountain were an immortal spirit, that sung its song unceasingly, and without heeding the vicissitudes around it. [194] (Italics mine)

Significantly Giovanni responds with 'feeling' to the ascent of the leaping water from its earth-bound basin, rather than with his customary rational observation. But he cannot sustain his intuitive faith: he has not 'a deep heart'[195] we are told, and his solipsistic vanity is 'the token of a certain shallowness of feeling and insincerity of character'.[196]

Giovanni appropriates Rappaccini's garden which serves as 'a symbolic language, to keep him in communion with Nature'.[197] But by mistaking symbol for reality, and the unnatural for the natural he misinterprets, and repeating Rappaccini's error, creates his own distorted fiction of Beatrice. The garden is his laboratory where he conducts his scientific experiments: he observes, studies, deduces; he attempts to bring Beatrice 'rigidly and systematically within the limits of ordinary experience'.[198] The story's problem is epistemological. How does one know 'what manner of mortal [Beatrice] might be'? How is her mysterious essence to be decoded? Is the reality of Beatrice defined by her appearance, her actions, her words, or some spiritual essence perceptible only through the power of love and faith? Is cognition dependent on reason, logic and detached observation, or on the evidence of the senses, or on the interpretive faculty of fancy, or on the 'inward eye' of love? Faced with these problems the uninitiated Giovanni becomes embroiled in an epistemological quest which qualifies him 'as a partaker of the immortal agonies of [Dante's] Inferno'.[199]

The events are narrated through Giovanni's point of view until the narrator abandons him, near the end, in order to separate his own responses from Giovanni's and to pass judgement on the foolish youth. The reliability of Giovanni's viewpoint is suspect since he is not simply a detached observer but a willing and passionate participant in the action. The themes of knowledge and observation are emphasized in the language by a rich vocabulary of perception. Giovanni ponders, queries, reflects, decides, is curious, puzzles - and is confused. Light and day are associated with 'the limits of ordinary experience' and rational deduction of the plain facts. Moonlight and the dreams of his 'wonder-working fancy'[200] heighten the mystery. But in a world where objective reality is shifting and delusive, where the garden itself is a fiction, dreams (yet another kind of fiction) may reveal a deeper reality. His conflicting views throw him into a state of confusion from which there is no relief:

> It mattered not whether she were angel or demon, he was irrevocably in her sphere. 201

The poison that infects Giovanni is the confusion of conflicting evidence and opposing emotions:

> Giovanni knew not what to dread; still less did he know what to hope; yet hope and dread kept a continual warfare in his breast, alternately vanquishing one another and starting up afresh to renew the contest. Blessed are all simple emotions, be they dark or bright! It is the lurid intermixture of the two that produces the illuminating blaze of the infernal regions! 202

The epistemological quest reveals a temporal pattern of anticipation and recollection that gradually crystallizes into a structural system of intention and action, Giovanni's test of Beatrice. But until then he vacillates between two epistemological systems: on the one hand sense data - colours, smells, sounds - seem to be the foundations of

awareness; on the other, logical deduction based on established fact, 'the good old rules', is perhaps more reliable, and Giovanni 'was inclined to take a most rational view of the whole matter'.[203] Further complicating the issue is the power of the imagination to create exorbitant pleasures and the fear of losing these enjoyments in the far future. Scientific observation does not enlighten Giovanni about the ontological status of the garden or of Beatrice. Rumour is dismissed as idle and false; the senses are an unreliable index to spiritual essence. Beatrice sums up the epistemological dilemma:

> Forget what you may have fancied in regard to me. If true to the outward senses, still it may be false in essence. But the words of Beatrice Rappaccini's lips are true from the depths of the heart outward. Those you may believe. 204

Giovanni's doubt is momentarily dispelled by a glimpse of her 'transparent soul'[205] and the 'fresh rill'[206] of her spirit which recalls the immortal water of the fountain, and his spirit rises in response, 'with a certainty beyond all other knowledge'[207] of Beatrice's purity. But Giovanni has difficulty dismissing the evidence that Beatrice is materially poisonous. He is incapable of sustaining 'such high faith'[208] demanded by her plight. Tempted by Baglioni's rationalism he perversely chooses 'to respond to Baglioni with a true lover's perfect faith'[209] and 'he fell down grovelling among earthly doubts and defiled therewith the pure whiteness of Beatrice's image'.[210] Horrified at the discovery that he has been blasted and transformed into 'a world's wonder of hideous monstrosity' like Beatrice, he curses and blasphemes with 'fiendish scorn'.[211] But the truth is that from the start there was more poison in Giovanni's morbid unloving nature than in the 'pure fountain'[212] of her heart. As Robert Daly observes, the experiment of the story is Giovanni's, not Rappaccini's. He has attempted to unravel the mystery

of Beatrice 'which he deemed the riddle of his own existence'.[213] His triumph and that of the gloating Baglioni is a Pyrrhic victory. 'Its "upshot" has proven only that Beatrice is mortal, not what manner of mortal she might be'.[214]

Giovanni has failed to heed the narrator-translator's prefatory warning to assume 'the proper point of view'.[215] Through the skilful transitions of narrative perspective Hawthorne implicates the reader in Giovanni's imperfect and limited point of view. The reader shares his confusion, uncertainty and doubt about the factual, sensual and fanciful evidence concerning Beatrice. Franklin comments:

> The narrative itself is an arrangement of magic mirrors calculated to deceive and trick the superficial skimmer of pages. At the centre of this refractive display is Giovanni's view of Beatrice.216

The narrator provides restraining cautions:

> The youth might have taken Baglioni's opinions with many grains of allowance, had he known that there was a professional warfare of long continuance between him and Dr Rappaccini...If the reader be inclined to judge for himself, we refer him to certain black-letter tracts on both sides.' 217

The warning goes unheeded; Giovanni purchases 'a fresh bouquet of flowers' and engages the reader's curiosity about the 'strange fantasies in reference to Dr Rappaccini and the beautiful Beatrice'.[218]

But the narrator timeously rescues the reader and restores 'the proper point of view'. He enables the reader to salvage from the confusion of knowledge and the uncertainty of existence and faith, a moral awareness of the wrongness of Giovanni's choice and action. Our self-reflective concern for Giovanni is transformed into compassion for Beatrice; we are freed from our involvement with Giovanni to perform the act of faith of which he was incapable.

The story's meaning inheres not only in its narrative perspective but also in the skilful control of its temporal structure. The story is distanced from its nineteenth century preface by being placed 'very long ago'[219] in the past, and is further removed by the reference to Dante. This is followed by a close-up which establishes Giovanni's intimate relationship with the garden which he describes in minute detail. Narrative time passes very slowly as fictive time approximates actual time. This temporal rhythm is paradigmatic for the whole story. It is a measure of Giovanni's obsession that when he is in, or observing, or thinking about the garden the narrative pace slows down considerably. On the other hand when he is sleeping and in his interviews with Baglioni time becomes summary. Paradoxically, however, when he is parted from Beatrice time seems to him to drag tediously, whereas during his encounters with her he is aware of the rapid passing of time. The temporal rhythm is the index of his psychological state:

> After the first interview, a second was in the inevitable course of what we call fate. A fluid, a fourth; and a meeting with Beatrice was no longer an incident in Giovanni's daily life, but the whole space in which he might be said to live; for the anticipation and memory of that ecstatic hour made up the remainder. 220.

Here the effect of slow-motion to suggest the infinite extension of time from an hour to an entire life-span is juxtaposed with the ralenti of the first two sentences. All time and all space, both past and future are encapsulated in the present moment in the garden. There is a nostalgic echo of Edenic timelessness but it does not last, for we are reminded that it is an 'Eden of poisonous flowers' and that Giovanni and Beatrice are victims of time and chance:

> If by any unwanted chance, he failed to come at the appointed moment... 221 (Italics mine)

If Rappaccini is a man of the future and Baglioni of the past, Giovanni is a man of the present who requires immediate satisfaction of his sensual desires. From one point of view one might agree with Crews who argues persuasively that Giovanni's adventure in the garden is one of carnal knowledge and that Beatrice's poison which simultaneously attracts and repels him is her sexuality.[222] More pertinent I think, is that Giovanni's attempt to change Beatrice and to redeem her through a chemical antidote rather than through love, repeats and compounds Rappaccini's sin. By unworthily putting his faith in 'an earthly union and earthly happiness' he denies Beatrice her right to immortality which might so easily have been won through love. Beatrice is neither of the past, present or future; preferring love to power her spiritual essence is timeless. Destroyed by gross materialism, unholy and inhuman speculation, and morbid sensuality,

> she must pass heavily, with that broken heart, across the borders of Time - she must bathe her hurts in some fount of Paradise, and forget her grief in the light of immortality - and <u>there</u> be well! 223

'"The Birthmark" (1843) is both an intricately wrought science fiction and a commentary of what Hawthorne saw as the fiction of science'.[224] Franklin's appraisal rightly locates the crux of the story in the dilemma of the scientist-artist: the fine idealism, the lofty aims of perfecting God's imperfect creation, are countered by the sad recognition that every effort to outreach Nature, whether of science or art, is a grand but foolish illusion, an 'intricately wrought' fiction more imperfect and transitory than Nature's own. Hence Aylmer's unwilling recognition of the truth 'that [Nature] permits us indeed to mar, but seldom to mend, and, like a jealous patentee, on no account to make'.[225]

The story's opening sentence effectively adopts the fairy-tale rhythm

and tone, for the story takes place at the close of the eighteenth century, a period when fairy-tales and fantasies were being miraculously actualized by scientific inventions:

> In those days...the comparatively recent discovery of electricity, and other kindred mysteries of nature, seemed to open paths into the region of miracle. 226

The language is revealing. The new science is a religion, its practitioners 'votaries'[227] who wrestle with the 'mysteries of nature' and whose purpose is 'miraculously' to spiritualize base matter. Aylmer is the high-priest of this religion who would be God. His achievements are awe-inspiring: his 'discoveries in the elemental powers of nature' are secondary only to his remarkable study of the 'wonders of the human frame'.[228] Significantly most of Aylmer's experiments have to do with the mystery of time. Seeking eternity he discovers the Elixir of Life and the Elixir of Immortality and attains an alluring but dangerous omnipotence - the power over life and death, and over time. But his achievements do not satisfy his yearning for ideal perfection; the subversion of time's natural process would produce discord rather than the desired harmony.[229] Absolute power lies only in 'the secret of creative force'[230] whereby the man of higher intellect, imagination, spirit, and even, the narrator hesitantly adds, heart, might create new and more perfect worlds released from the process of decay and death. In a redemptive moment Aylmer perceives that such power is beyond the scope of man and seeks 'the secret of creative force' in 'a spiritual affinity'[231] with Georgiana whose nearly perfect beauty is the 'best that earth could offer'.[232] The note of compromise is sounded and is confirmed by the wry tone of the narrator who casts a prophetic gloom over the union:

> It was not unusual for the love of science to rival the love of woman, in its depth and absorbing energy. 233

In Aylmer Hawthorne has created his most complex amalgam of the transcendental idealist and the Faustian overreacher. Alfred Reid sees Aylmer as a latter-day Platonist:

> He suffers from what Platonists have always suffered in a grand and noble way: a belief in a mystical ladder of ascent to perfection, the creation of heaven on this earth, a metaphysical identity of matter and spirit, or an occult correspondence that blurs the dual distinctions of mortal and celestial, present and eternal. 234

Aylmer is impatient with human fallibility. He aspires towards the infinite and the eternal but his quest is too high and holy for the material realities of life.[235] His tragedy is that he is all too keenly aware of 'this dim sphere of half-development'[236] and 'the momentary circumstance'[237] of humanity's 'fatal flaw'.[238] He strives to purify what he sees as disharmony and imperfection.[239] Georgiana shares Reid's view of Aylmer:

> 'You have aimed loftily! - you have done nobly! Do not repent, that, with so high and pure a feeling, you have rejected the best that earth could offer.' 240

Georgiana and Reid are right about the nobility and grandeur of Aylmer's ideal vision. The subhuman physicality of Aminadab provides a telling contrast to the over-intellectualized, over-spiritualized Aylmer. Beside this 'human machine',this 'man of clay',[241] whose brutalizing conviction of his own and mankind's depravity stifles any urge to 'part with that birthmark',[242] Aylmer's quasi-religious dedication to an ideal of perfection, albeit unattainable, seems preferable.

However, the very conditions that define his virtues also reveal his impious arrogation of God's omnipotence and his undervaluing of human life. James Miller interprets the story in the light of the Notebook of 1837 entry.[243] He sees Aylmer as typical of the Hawthornian villain:

> In their attempt to assume the role of God they naturally give their allegiance to Satan, and subsequently find themselves contributing to that very imperfection which they had originally wished to eliminate. 244

Aylmer belongs to the long dynasty of sacrilegious seekers whose scientific and intellectual power manifests itself in magic rather than miracle. Thus Aylmer draws a 'magic circle'[245] around Georgiana and his illusory entertainments are described as 'magical'.[246] His over-intellectualization is the cause of his destructive evil. Notably Aylmer is inspired to perform his Pygmalion-like transformation as much by Georgiana's perfection as by her blemish. His experiment is therefore an expression both of his perfectionist idealism and an arrogant rivalry of God's unsurpassed power to create a being 'so nearly perfect'.[247]

His laboratory resembles an underworld of hell-fire and demonic activity presided over by a Mephistophelian Aminadab:

> The furnace, that hot and feverish worker, with the intense glow of its fire, which by the quantities of soot clustered above it seemed to have been burning for ages...The atmosphere felt oppressively close, and was tainted with gaseous odours which had been tormented forth by the processes of science. 248

One is reminded here of Thomas Mann's words in Doctor Faustus:

> It is the time when uprightly and in pious sober wise, naught of work is to be wrought and art grown impossible without the devil's help and fires of hell under the cauldron. 249

Hawthorne and Mann share the conviction of the duality in man. Aylmer is both 'the idealist seeker of eternal truths' and 'the necromantic Faustian figure who has bartered for knowledge with his soul'.[250]

The man of vision suffers a severe failure of vision. Obsessed with Georgiana's blemish, Aylmer is blind to her tender feminine virtues of beauty, love and self-sacrifice. The daguerreotype reproduction of

Georgiana is a fitting analogue for Aylmer's faulty perception:

> The features of the portrait [were] blurred and indefinable; while the minute figure of a hand appeared where the cheek should have been. 251

The birthmark is the symbol of complex humanity. Its deep crimson colour is the sign of life, vitality, passion and love; but it is also the symbol of Georgiana's 'liability to sin, sorrow, decay and death'.[252] To Aylmer the 'crimson stain upon the snow'[253] of her purity is a constant and abhorrent reminder of

> the fatal flaw of humanity, which Nature, in one shape or another, stamps ineffaceably on all her productions, either to imply that they are temporary and finite, or that their perfection must be wrought by toil and pain. 254

It is a reminder of Adam's curse of labour and mortality, for, as Yeats would have it, 'We must labour to be beautiful'.[255] But Aylmer defiantly rejects his time-burdened Adamic condition: by making Georgiana 'fit for heaven without tasting death',[256] he determines to create a heaven on earth, eternity in the here and now.

As in Marlowe's Doctor Faustus Aylmer's achievements never match his aspirations - 'his most splendid successes were almost invariably failures, if compared with the ideal at which he aimed'.[259] Aspiring towards the infinite he isolates himself and Georgiana 'from infinite space'.[258] In an effort to escape time he 'excludes the sunshine'[259] and encloses them in a prison of his own making. His scientific enterprise becomes a series of conjuring tricks and illusory entertainments. His prison is 'a hall of fantasy'[260] artificially lit and gorgeously perfumed, and he is a consummate master of the revels manufacturing marvellous and exquisite fictions:

> Airy figures, absolutely bodiless ideas, and forms of insubstantial beauty, came and danced before her, imprinting their momentary footsteps on beams of light. Though she had some indistinct idea of the method of these optical phenomena, still the illusion was almost perfect enough to warrant the belief, that her husband possessed sway over the spiritual world. 261

The quest for timelessness is ultimately self-defeating. Aylmer's fictions are insubstantial, transitory enchantments. They are the articulations of a man haunted by his condition, his rootedness in time and space. Aylmer may have discovered the secret of life but he cannot free his offspring from the taint of time and mortality. Through telepathic occult power he can create a flower but it is transient, its rapid quickening matched by an equally rapid withering, and the best he can do, like the God he has challenged,is perpetuate an ephemeral stock.

The record of Aylmer's life's work is a sad confession of the failures of 'an ardent, ambitious, imaginative' man whose 'higher nature... [is] so miserably thwarted by the earthly part'.[262] Georgiana's love and reverence for her husband grow as she discovers the full extent of his strengths and frailties. Inspired by his drive for perfection she becomes a neophyte willing to sacrifice herself on the altar of her husband's elusive dream:

> Her heart exulted, while it trembled, at his honourable love, so pure and lofty that it would accept nothing less than perfection, nor miserably make itself contented with an earthlier nature that he had dreamed of. She felt how much more precious was such a sentiment, than that meaner kind which would have borne with the imperfection for her sake, and have been guilty of treason to holy love, by degrading its perfect idea to the level of the actual. And, with her whole spirit, she prayed, that, for a single moment, she might satisfy his highest conception. Longer than one moment, she well knew, it could not be; for his spirit was ever on the march - ever ascending - and each instant required something that was beyond the scope of the instant before. 263

The last sentence provides a revealing insight into Aylmer's character. His ceaseless striving is his curse and his salvation. There is an echo of Goethe's Faust :

> The noble Spirit now is free,
> And saved from evil scheming:
> Whoe'er strives unweariedly
> Is not beyond redeeming. 264

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During the course of the experiment the birthmark undergoes metamorphosis and new meanings are superimposed on the old. The ironic reversal is a stroke of genius: we discover with a shock of recognition that the birthmark is nothing other than restlessness, and that it is Aylmer and not Georgiana who has been afflicted from the start. What Aylmer has seen in 'the fairy-sign manual'[265] of Georgiana's birthmark is a reflection of his own irascibility with his time-burdened condition. The human predicament is admirably captured in the words of George Herbert:

> Yet let him keep the rest,
> But keep them with repining restlessness:
> Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
> If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
> May toss him to my breast. 266

Finally, the birthmark is compared to a rainbow, the symbol of hope and peace, a contract between man and God, between matter and spirit. Had he recognized the birthmark for what it was - 'the bond by which an angelic spirit kept itself in union with a mortal form'[267] - the divine presence in man, and not as he saw it - a token of human imperfection - Aylmer might have arrived at the goal of his quest. As the 'immortal essence'[267] of Georgiana soars to her infinite and eternal abode, Aylmer remains imprisoned in his body of clay. Caught between the physical (represented by Aminadab) and the spiritual (represented by Georgiana) he makes his choice and finds himself bound, like his servant, by 'the gross Fatality of Earth'.[268] Because he refuses to accept the fluxional links between past, present and future, and because he fails to recognize the promise of eternity, he remains entrenched in a fallen world cursed by the inevitability of time, labour and suffering. Rejecting the present he fails 'to find the perfect future in the present':[269]

> The momentary circumstance was too strong for him; he failed to look beyond the shadowy scope of Time, and living once for all in Eternity, to find the perfect Future in the present. 270

The temporal design of the story is a function of its meaning. By locating the story at the end of the eighteenth century Hawthorne creates a chronological gap between Aylmer's fictive present, the narrative present of the mid-nineteenth century and the reading present of an indefinite future.[271] This chronological distancing focuses on the precarious status of the fictions of science. The scientific knowledge of the 'antique naturalists', Albertus Magnus, Cornelius Agrippa and Paracelcus has become the subject matter of romance and poetry. And yet they 'stood in advance of their century '.[272] Similarly Aylmer's scientific'miracles' anticipate the nineteenth century inventions of the diorama, the stereoscope and the daguerreotype which, although still invested with wonder have fallen into common usage. From the perspective of the twentieth century Aylmer's miracles are 'primitive gadgets' superseded by motion pictures, television, and close-up photographs of Mars: thus, the wonders of one age 'are commonplaces for the next and relics for the following'.[273] The temporal distance demands a constantly shifting interpretation of Aylmer's achievements and underlines the folly of putting one's faith in a fiction of the future which so soon becomes a fiction of the past. As Franklin succinctly puts it:

> Science fiction may show us the perfect future - that is, the sequel to the present - but it should not mislead us into confusing realities. 274

The unstable probing and impermanent foundations of science fiction are a measure of modern man's curiosity and uncertainty about the future. The symbol's 'alternate possibilities' underline the absence of absolute

knowledge. Georgiana's fluctuating reactions are an index of the reader's responses. The effect of the experiment instils in Georgiana an increasing restlessness and curiosity until she arrives at that point of 'moral advancement'[275] where she teeters uncertainly between hope and dread, a yearning to know and a fear of knowledge. No longer satisfied with the past or the present symbolized by 'the firm gripe of this little Hand, which was laid upon [her] before [she] came into the world',[276] yet afraid of a future deprived of the fatal Hand which was 'the bond by which an angelic spirit kept itself in union with a mortal frame',[277] Georgiana yearns for the deliverance of death. This intellectual vertigo is exactly the expression of modern man's existential anguish. Skeptical about the past, doubtful of the future, the only certainty is exhaustion and death. The demonic hoarse chuckle of Aminadab is the crystallizing testimony of the absurdity of the human condition.

This 'dark necessity' controlling human destiny and restricting man's aspirations towards the infinite is predicated in 'The Artist of the Beautiful' (1844):

> This was the very perversity of fate that makes human existence appear too absurd and contradictory to be the scene of one other hope or one other fear. 278

And it is the same sense of helplessness and despair that Feathertop expresses:

> 'I've seen myself, mother! I've seen myself for the wretched, ragged, empty thing I am ! I'll exist no longer!' 279

And he disintegrates:

> The rudely carved gap, that just before had been a mouth, still seemed to twist itself into a despairing grin, and was so far human. 280

Hawthorne finds more dignity in the absurd creature than in his morally irresponsible creator:

> 'I'll make a man of my scarecrow,' [Mother Rigby] adds, 'were it only for the joke's sake'. 281

Hawthorne's would-be creators do not all share the jesting cynicism of Mother Rigby, but in their quest for the perfect future, scientists and artists alike are guilty of desecrating the sanctity of the human heart. If Hawthorne's scientist is a refraction of the artistic temperament, as I have suggested, his artists tend towards the scientific. Drowne is a 'mechanical'[282] carver, the prophetic painter has occult powers akin to mesmerism, and Owen Warland's image of the Beautiful is an ingenious mechanical butterfly.

The artist's quest is sublime: to spiritualize matter, to discover the quintessential truths of man and nature, to 'shake off the dull impediment of time'[283] and envision an eternity beyond 'the shadowy scope of Time[']s'[284] ravages. The artist officiates at the shrine of Art. The prophetic painter's invocation is an ecstatic paean of praise:

> Oh, glorious Art!... Thou art the image of the Creator's own. The innumerable forms, that wander in nothingness start into being at thy beck. The dead live aga.. Thou recallest them to their old scenes, and givest their gray shadows the lustre of a better life, at once earthly and immortal. Thou snatchest back the fleeing moments of History. With thee, is no Past; for, at thy touch, all that is great becomes forever present; and illustrious men live through long ages, in the visible performance of the very deeds which made them what they are. Oh potent Art! as thou bringest the faintly revealed Past to stand in that narrow strip of sunlight, which we call Now, canst thou summon the shrouded Future to meet her there? Have I not achieved it! Am I not thy Prophet? 285

The power of the artist lies in his control over time: denying temporal divisions he seeks a unity in which the dim shapes of past and future can meet in the 'narrow strip of sunlight' of the present and be instilled

with the permanent 'lustre of a better life'. Significantly 'better' does not refer to moral advancement but to aesthetic refinement, for the achievement of an 'earthly immortality'[286] is as much a violation as a transcendence of time. As Elinor Ludlow observes,

> Where all things fade, how miserable to be the one that could not fade. 287

The 'strips of sunlight' of the eternal Now of the artist's vision is narrow and static, a miserable compromise for 'the lustre of a better life' of heavenly immortality envisioned by the new Adam and Eve as

> the Butterfly soaring upward, or the bright Angel beckoning them aloft, or the Child asleep, with soft dreams visible through her transparent purity. 288

Thus 'the idea of duration - of earthly immortality - that gives such a mysterious interest to our own portraits'[289] is as abhorrent as it is attractive. The genius of the anonymous painter in 'The Prophetic Pictures' (1837) is an uneasy blend of creative inspiration, necromantic skills and prophetic vision, a multivalence which is echoed in his reception by the colonists of a Puritan society who waveringly classify him as painter or wizard. Their admiration, curiosity and fascination is hesitant, tempered as it is by their moral and superstitious prejudices. The painter's inspired creativity is condemned as

> an offence against the Mosaic law, and even a presumptuous mockery of the Creator, to bring into existence such lively images of his creature. 290

His necromantic powers are believed to be the evil magic of the Black Man, 'plotting mischief in a new guise'.[291] And even the more learned and sophisticated circles are suspicious and wary of his preternatural acuteness in rendering not only the physical features of his subjects but also the psychological depths of mind and heart. Hawthorne makes use here of all the Gothic trappings but he transcribes the traditional sensationalism and melodrama into a psychological 'allegory of the heart'.

The painter's 'awful gift' is indeed to be feared for he unearths the buried 'secret sentiments and passions'[292] and then shapes them into a permanent and irreversible reality. Mark Van Doren writes:

> 'The Prophetic Pictures'...assumes a perpetuity of willingness in readers to shudder at the power of art - in this case paintings - to meddle in the destinies of men. 293

This problem of the artist was Hawthorne's own crucial and abiding dilemma, adumbrated in 'Fancy's Show Box' and 'Main-Street' where the itinerant showman holds time and human destiny in his omnipotent control. The moral issues are more fully explored in the tragedy of Elinor and Walter Ludlow.

Confusing himself with God, the portrait-painter regards Walter and Elinor as 'creations of his own':

> He had pryed into their souls with his keenest insight, and pictured the result upon their features.... He had caught from the duskiness of the future - at least, so he fancied - a fearful secret, and had obscurely revealed it on the portraits. 294

Hawthorne's own uncertainty about the moral nature of art evident in the parenthetic hesitation, invests this story with an unresolved and unsatisfying ambiguity. On the one hand the painter's skill and insight must be acknowledged. He claims to transpose into art the spiritual truths that he has perceived and there is evidence to corroborate this view. Elinor's 'sad and anxious look'[295] on the threshold of her marriage to Walter, occurs before the painting of the portraits. On the other hand there is good reason to suspect the painter of projecting his own Manichean vision onto his subjects in order to confirm its cogency. Elinor prefigures this concept of occult projection when she accuses Walter of painting her face with his own fantasies. Later we are told of the painter that 'so much of himself - of his imagination and

all other powers - had been lavished on the study of Walter and Elinor'[296] upon which he had cast 'the spell of evil influence'.[297]

The artist is 'evidently struck' by the impression of the couple at their first meeting:

> A sunbeam was falling athwart his figure and Elinor's, with so happy an effect, that they alsc seemed living pictures of youth and beauty, gladdened by bright fortune. 298

Whether he is struck by the contrast between their present joy and his prescience of their dark destiny, or whether he is simply struck by the irony of present happiness in the face of the inevitable ravages of time is never clarified. However, what does seem clear is the painter's curiosity about the workings of human destiny. He conducts an experiment in order to measure the relationship of future events to present action. Showing Elinor his sketch predicting the violent outcome of her union with Walter, he wonders whether it will 'influence' her behaviour. Significantly her foreknowledge does not alter her decision to marry the man she has chosen, but it does increase her native melancholy which may well be seen as the cause of Walter's growing moodiness and evil intent.[299] The nameless artist must indeed be held responsible for the fate of his 'creations': he is the embodiment of Destiny, 'a chief agent of the coming evil which he had foreshadowed'.[300]

His art has dehumanized the 'living pictures of youth and beauty',[301] and their identification with their portraits is as complete as his own resemblance to a 'picturesque'[302] portrait. The unqualified dedication to his art is a corrosive operation of the ego which condemns him to a life of isolation and human alienation. His own dehumanization is effectively sealed:

> Like all other men around whom an engrossing purpose wreathes itself, he was insulated from the mass of human kind. He had no aim - no pleasure - no sympathies but what were ultimately connected with his art. Though gentle in manner, and upright in intent and action, he did not possess kindly feelings; his heart was cold; no living creature could be brought near him to keep him warm.303

His interference with time and with human destiny is an abuse of his prodigious imagination. Striving for preternatural omniscience he 'failed to see the disorder of his own [bosom]'.[304] Aspiring towards divinity, he sacrifices his humanity. The painter is finally recognized as a magician 'controlling the phantoms which he had evoked'.[305] His 'potent art' has failed to give 'the lustre of a better life' to the 'gray shadows'.

Transcendence of the shadowy world is won not through dedication to 'potent art' but through an abiding faith in the heart as the agent of present and future redemption. Hawthorne makes this point in a letter to Sophia:

> Indeed, we are but shadows - we are not endowed with real life, and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream - till the heart is touched. That touch creates us - then we begin to be - thereby we are beings of reality, and inheritors of eternity. 306

The recurring problem for Hawthorne's artist is how to rise above humanity without losing his humaneness. Because he feels the ideal artist's function to be the expression of perfection, Hawthorne recognizes his necessary detachment from imperfection, from humanity. This detachment can lead the artist to commit the unpardonable sin or it can be the way to grace. In either instance he is condemned to a life of isolation which brings suffering in its wake:

> To persons whose pursuits are insulated from the common business of life - who are either in advance of mankind, or apart from it - there often comes a sensation of moral cold, that makes the spirit shiver, as if it had reached the frozen solitudes around the pole. 307

The choice is double-edged. As W.B. Yeats has memorably said:

> The intellect of man is forced to choose
> Perfection of the life, or of the work.
> And if it takes the second must refuse
> A heavenly mansion, raging in the dark. 308

It may be that Owen Warland's butterfly is brought to completion only with the sacrifice of well-nigh every other human value, but the choice is made and he renounces love and the world in order 'to spiritualize machinery'.

In 'The Artist of the Beautiful' Hawthorne examines the interdependent reciprocity between time, the self, and the work of art.[309] To create a work of art is to reconstruct the temporal world of experience and of the self, and to transpose it to a realm of timeless duration. Through the creative act the self recovers a sense of his identity and of the values of the continuity and unity of time. Thus Owen Warland interprets the mysterious vitality of his 'spiritualized mechanism':

> 'Alive? Yes, Annie, it may well be said to possess life, for it absorbed my own being into itself; and in the secret of that butterfly, and in its beauty - which is not merely outward, but deep as its whole system - is represented the imagination, the sensibility, the soul of an Artist of the Beautiful! Yes, I created it.' 310

Significantly Owen's chosen symbol is Psyche, 'Nature's ideal butterfly'.[311]

Owen's quest for timeless essences, for an eternal order of reality beyond the temporal flux of experience, throws him into opposition with a society for whom reality is labour and productivity. To such a society the value of time is measured quantitatively in terms of production and

consumption, and the individual's status is defined in terms of his social and economic usefulness. Thus Robert Danforth is praised by Peter Hovenden:

> It is a good and a wholesome thing to depend, upon main strength and reality, and to earn one's bread with the bare and brawny arm of a blacksmith. 312

And Danforth assesses his own worth in quantitative units of time:

> There is more real use in one downright blow of my sledge-hammer than in the whole five years' labour that our friend Owen has wasted on this butterfly. 313

For all his bluff good will Danforth is a 'Man of Iron'[314] whose existence is socially and temporally regulated by 'the iron accents of the church clock'.[315] His resemblance to the 'stiff and regular processes'[316] of that other 'Iron Laborer,'[317] the steam-engine,is evidence of the mechanization of human energy. The intrinsic value of the self is undermined by the conversion of man into a commodity, a unit of utilitarian instrumentality. Hovenden, the apostle of the Practical quantifies the value of his time-piece by equating it with his daughter's worth, thereby reducing her human status to a temporal succession of discontinuous discrete moments. In contrast Owen's image of Annie is transcendent and ethereal:

> She was the visible shape in which the spiritual power that he worshipped, and on whose altar he hoped to lay a not unworthy offering, was made manifest to him. 318

Owen struggles to preserve the integrity of his vision in the face of inimical opposition:

> Thus it is, that ideas which grow up within the imagination, and appear so lovely to it, and of a value beyond whatever men call valuable, are exposed to be shattered and annihilated by contact with the Practical. It is requisite for the ideal artist to possess a force of character that seems hardly compatible with its delicacy; he must keep faith in himself, while the incredulous world assails him with its utter disbelief; he must stand up against mankind and be his own sole disciple, both as respects his genius, and the objects to which it is directed. 319

The language defines the polarity. Owen's qualitative value system is organic; it 'grows up within the imagination' and aspires towards a wholeness which is immeasurable and ineffable. The loveliness, delicacy and faith of this ideal vision are radically threatened by the 'disbelief' of a rational 'incredulous world' bent on fragmenting, 'shattering' and 'annihilating' beauty in the name of Practicality.[320]

Owen's war (the symbolism of his name is self-evident) is the battle of the 'self' with the 'other'. Fogle has shown that the story is built around four central antitheses relating to the artist and society: ideal and material, understanding and imagination, mechanism and organism, time and eternity.[321] It seems to me that the first three oppositions are functions of the last: it is the different attitude to time that irreversibly isolates Owen Warland.

From an early age Owen's perception of time is organic and subjective; he rejects the mechanical processes of public time and searches for 'the Beautiful Idea'[322] in the movements of nature. Moreover Owen's 'delicate ingenuity' is 'always for purposes of grace, and never with any mockery of the useful'.[323] It is not coincidental therefore that he is apprenticed to a watchmaker in order to regulate his anti-social and impractical predilections. But Owen soon proves himself to be unfit 'to lead old blind Father Time along his daily course'.[324] He commits the unforgiveable crime of 'trifling with time'.[325] We are told that 'he cared no more for the measurement of time than if it had been merged into eternity';[326] that he disturbed the accuracy of watches, that he 'would turn the sun out of its orbit, and derange the whole course of time'.[327] His contempt for his profession is evident in his deliberately turning the faces of his watches away from the street, 'as if churlishly disinclined

to inform the wayfarers what o'clock it was'.[328] He attempts to harmonize the 'harsh dissonances of life'[329] by concerting time to music and dance. From the matter-of-fact perspective of a society that regards time as money, as 'the medium of advancement and prosperity',[330] Owen is a disruptive force that must be brought within the limits of rational order.

For a period Owen's ethereal spirit is circumscribed by the demands of public time.[331] He 'applie[s] himself to business with dogged industry' and 'obtuse gravity'. By a stroke of irony he is invited 'to regulate the clock in the church steeple', a social function which not only keeps his own heavy spirits in order but provides a systematic metric for the clock-work activities of the town:

> He succeeded so admirably in this matter of public interest, that the merchants gruffly acknowledged his merits on 'change; the nurse whispered his praises as she gave the potion in the sick chamber; the lover blessed him at the hour of appointed interview; and the town in general thanked Owen for the punctuality of dinner-time. 332

But Owen's soaring imaginative spirit cannot long remain imprisoned in the world of matter and reason. He releases himself into a world where organic creativity replaces productive utility, and where the mechanistic regularity of clock-time gives way to the arbitrariness of time experienced as subjective relativity. Father Time is now permitted 'to stray at random through human life, making infinite confusion among the train of bewildered hours', and Owen, following his example turns day into night: 'he waste[s] the sunshine'[333] in his pursuit of ideal truth and beauty and toils by night to perfect it. His 'unseasonable toil'[334] and his 'ethereal radiance'[335] is branded as madness by the unsympathetic and narrow sensibilities of his fellow townsmen, economically represented by Hovenden,Annie and Robert Danforth.

In each of his encounters with these characters Owen's life's work is endangered. Robert Danforth's material presence, his brawny strength and booming voice, is contrasted to the diminutive delicacy of the more spiritual artist. Hawthorne is careful not to simplify. From one point of view Peter Hovenden is right - the blacksmith does 'spend his labour upon a reality'.[336] The sheer physical power, the interaction of the fire's vigorous energy with the blacksmith's 'main strength'[337] is impressive and beside it the 'microscopic'[338] character of Owen's labour may indeed seem 'vain and idle'.[339] But once again Hawthorne qualifies and redefines:

> The Beautiful Idea has no relation to size, and may be as perfectly developed in a space too minute for any but microscopic investigation, as within the ample verge that is measured by the arc of the rainbow. 340

Beauty and its correlative Truth have a qualitative and transcendental wholeness which cannot be measured quantitatively. Such wholeness, however, is fragile and vulnerable in the presence of gross materialism. Danforth's 'hard brute force darkens and confuses the spiritual element' within Owen and causes him to destroy 'the toil of months'[341] in a moment. It is Danforth moreover, the 'rude man of earth and iron' who 'snatch[es] away' the angel of Owen's life and by extension, his vision of a quintessential and timeless perfection, for 'he had persisted in connecting all his dreams of artistical success with Annie's image'.[342]

Annie, however, does not have the imaginative perception to sustain his idealized vision of her. Although she represents the desirable and wholesome pursuits of domestic life, and although he yearns for love and sympathy to lighten his lonely toil, he must ultimately reject Annie because she is incapable of understanding his dedication to an

abstract dream. She is sensitive enough to define the nature of this ideal as the 'spiritualization of matter'[343] but she is scornful both of the slenderness of the artist's physical frame, and of the triviality of his labour, which she refers to mockingly as a 'little whirligig' and 'a plaything for Queen Mab'.[344] From the first Owen is conscious that the temporal ethos of love poses a threat to his 'exquisite mechanism';[345] the passionate throbbing of his heart distracts him from his artistic labours.[346] When Annie's flippant gesture of unconcern destroys 'the toil of months and the thought of a lifetime'[347] Owen is forced to choose 'perfection of the life or of the work', love or art, Annie or the butterfly.

It is Peter Hovenden who most threatens Owen's imaginative integrity:

> There was nothing so antipodal to his nature as this man's cold, unimaginative sagacity, by contact with which everything was converted into a dream, except the densest matter of the physical world. 348

A former master watchmaker, he is a votary of Time who believes 'that life should be regulated, like clockwork, with leaden weights'.[349] His failing eyesight, a consequence of his service to time's 'wheels within wheels',[350], is symptomatic of his blunted perceptions. An apostle of Reason, he has a 'keen understanding, which saw so distinctly what it did see, and disbelieved so uncompromisingly in what it could not see'.[351] He is Blake's Urizenic god of a 'hard, coarse world';[352] blind, chained to earth by the 'mind-forg'd manacles'[353] of his 'leaden thoughts'[354] and skeptical materialism. He is the 'Evil Spirit' who 'clogs'[355] the soaring idealism of the artist in search of beauty, truth and unity. Hovenden's announcement of Annie's marriage to Danforth merges the three hostile forces into 'the perversity of fate'[356] which causes the stunned Owen to shatter his 'months of thought and toil'.[357]

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'The toil of months' is a resounding refrain in the story's orchestration and provides a fitting motif for Owen's predicament. For the artist of the beautiful is yet another Adam of the fallen world who must labour for the beautiful and who must involve himself with time in his quest for eternity; for as T.S. Eliot puts it:

> Only through time time is conquered.[358]

The story is symphonic in structure, presenting theme, counter-theme and thematic variations as the events unfold in a rhythmic pattern of development and inversion, advance and retreat, thrusting forward to the climactic epiphany. Owen Warland's development as a man and an artist constitutes a trial in time and of time. Fossum aptly observes that 'like nature's own butterfly, Owen evolves toward metamorphosis'.[359] The protracted and laborious creative process is given cogency by the story's temporal design; the diurnal and seasonal cycles map out the alternating stages of Owen's artistic struggles, his inspiration and his despair, his success and his failure, his agony and his ecstacy.

Warland's metamorphosis and the ultimate triumph of his spirit issues as much from his conflict with society as from his work done in isolation. The dark, wintry periods of doubt and disillusionment are necessary to the artist, and his faith in the existence of transcendental truths is nourished by his struggle, his self-searching and his growing acceptance of his inescapable limitations. Owen's own hesitancy about the value of his quest for eternal verities makes him vulnerable to the scorn of the time-servers; like his delicate mechanism his spirit shatters in the presence of Hovenden's materialistic skepticism, Danforth's utilitarianism , and Annie's insensitive mockery. He plumbs the depths

of gross materialism and subscribes to Hovenden's creed of empirical knowledge:

> He had lost his faith in the invisible, and now prided himself, as such unfortunates invariably do, in the wisdom which rejected much that even his eye could see, and trusted confidently in nothing but what his hand could touch. This is the calamity of men whose spiritual part dies out of them, and leaves the grosser understanding to assimilate them more and more to the things of which alone it can take cognizance. 360

With the temporary surcease of the creative imagination Owen indulges in shadowy fantasies induced by wine and descends into the abyss of negativism:

> It was as if the spirit had gone out of him, leaving the body to flourish in a sort of vegetable existence. 361

But Hawthorne insists that 'Owen's spirit was not dead, nor past away; it only slept'.[362] And it awakens from its final wintry hibernation into a burgeoning springtime of regenerative and creative energy. Paradoxically his new-found faith in an eternal order of reality is born out of his recognition of his own mortality and the transience of all things in life and art. Elsewhere Hawthorne writes:

> The present shapes of human existence are not cast in iron nor hewn in everlasting adamant, but moulded of the vapors that vanish away while the essence flits upward to the Infinite. 363

James W. Gargano in his illuminating article disagrees with most critics who see Owen's spiritual triumph as a diminution of his humanity.[364] He comments:

> He does not retreat into art because of psychological exhaustion; instead he rises to a new life through an annihilating recognition of the limited and mortal material out of which man must create. 365

That 'Nature's ideal butterfly'[366] is a production of time is exemplified in the insistence upon the frailty and insecurity of the artistic effort in a time-affected, labour-stricken world. The narrator invites his reader to

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> Pass...over a long space of intense thought, yearning effort, minute toil, and wasting anxiety, succeeded by an instant of solitary triumph. 367

It is the sheer brevity of the 'solitary triumph' that invests it with poignant but ecstatic value. The same idea is expressed by Thomas Mann:

> What I believe, what I value most, is transitoriness. But is not transitoriness - the perishableness of life - something very sad? No! it is the very soul of existence. It imparts value, dignity, interest to life. Transitoriness creates time - and 'time is the essence'. Potentially, at least, time is the supreme, most useful gift. Time is related to - yes, identical with - everything creative and active, every progress toward a higher goal. 368

Owen encases the butterfly in a jewel-box whose delicate carving is emblematic of the symbiotic union of the artist and his creation, both of whom achieve a timeless transcendence through the quintessential act of creation:

> It was richly carved out of ebony, by his own hand, and inlaid with a fanciful tracery of pearl, representing a boy in pursuit of a butterfly, which, elsewhere, had become a winged spirit, and was flying heavenward, while the boy, or youth, had found such efficacy in his strong desire, that he ascended from earth to cloud, and from cloud to celestial atmosphere, to win the Beautiful. 369

But Owen must sever himself from his ethereal offspring; he must bestow his 'spiritualized mechanism'[370] upon an unworthy world which will never be capable of appreciating its 'Mystery of Beauty'.[371] Although Annie is filled with wonder and admiration at the gorgeous radiance and organic vitality of the butterfly, and although the blacksmith's words of praise, 'Well, that does beat all nature',[372] momentarily redeem him, in the 'atmosphere of doubt and mockery'[373] exuded by Hovenden it droops and fades, for

> its exquisite susceptibility suffers torture, as does the soul of him who instilled his own life into it. 374

But it is time that ultimately destroys the butterfly. The 'Child of Strength'[375] who is born out of the infinite into time, [illegible]geny of the man of clay and the daughter of time, and he is the true heir of his time-serving grandfather. Re-enacting his parents' former gestures he shatters the miraculous product of 'the toil of months'. And what of the artist and his dream of eternity ?

> As for Owen Warland he looked placidly at what seemed the ruin of his life's labour, and which was yet no ruin. He had caught a far other butterfly than this. When the artist rose high enough to achieve the Beautiful, the symbol by which he made it perceptible to mortal senses became of little value in his eyes, while his spirit possessed itself in the enjoyment of the Reality. 376

He accepts the destruction of his butterfly with poise and serenity. Owen verifies what he intuitively sensed, that true reality inheres in spirit, not in matter. The lesson that he has learnt is that 'the reward of all high performance must be sought within itself'.[377] Once again Yeats comes to mind:

> All things fall and are built again
> And those that build them again are gay. 378

The gaiety is Owen's; it is not shared whole-heartedly by narrator or reader, and certainly not by Hawthorne. The story raises two important issues relating to the problem of art which cannot be satisfactorily resolved because of the doubleness of Hawthorne's vision. As Melville observed: 'He says No' in thunder; but the Devil himself cannot make him say yes'.[379] As an artist dedicated to transcendentalism Owen Warland's vision is affirmative; but Hawthorne, who absorbed a good deal of transcendental aesthetics has doubts about its coherence. In the preface to 'Rappaccini's Daughter' he admits through his persona M. de l'Aubépine, that:

> He seems to occupy an unfortunate position between the Transcendentalists and the great body of pen-and-ink men who address the intellect and sympathies of the multitude. If not too refined, at all events too remote, too shadowy and unsubstantial in his modes of development, to suit the taste of the latter class, and yet too popular to satisfy the spiritual or metaphysical requisitions of the former, he must necessarily find himself without an audience. 380

This interjacent position between Owen's gaiety and the skepticism of his audience is exactly the position of the narrator, the reader and Hawthorne, achieved through the subtle shifts of narrative stance. Hawthorne subscribes to the transcendental philosophy based on the neo-Platonic view that the artist refashions Nature into art in the same way that God creates, achieving an ideality 'that does beat all Nature'.[381] At the same time, as I have shown, he questions the morality of such a philosophy which desecrates the integrity of Nature 'who permits us indeed, to mar, but seldom to mend, and, ... on no account to make'.[382] More relevant in the context of this story is the basic flaw in a transcendentalist poetics, adumbrated by the narrator:

> Alas, that the artist, whether in poetry or whatever other material, may not content himself with the inward enjoyment of the Beautiful, but must chase the flitting mystery beyond the verge of his ethereal domain, and crush its frail being in seizing it with a material grasp! Owen Warland felt the impulse to give external reality to his ideas, as irresistibly as any of the poets or painters, who have arrayed the world in a dimmer and fainter beauty, imperfectly copied from the richness of their visions. 383

Here then is the Platonic deprecation of art as a 'copy of a copy' of the reality residing in the realm of pure noumena. Hawthorne recognizes a basic contradiction in Emersonian transcendentalism. On the one hand it asserts the superiority of nature over art, and on the other it invests the artist with a prophetic semi-divine role to reveal his inspired visions. As Emerson puts it, 'Always the seer is a sayer'.[384]

Emerson's belief in the idea as the essence of art is turned on its head. The gleaming, bright conceptions of the spirit are timeless, free of toil, of perplexity and disappointment only until they become embodied in art which paradoxically fixes them in time and matter. Thus, Owen's transcendental quest to spiritualize matter becomes inversely an aesthetic need to materialize spirit; his dream of eternity becomes a search for the temporal.

The second problem that Hawthorne raises is the relationship of the artist to his audience. Owen sees this problem as the unworthiness of a world which fails to

> say the fitting word, nor feel the fitting sentiment which should be the perfect recompense of an artist who...had won the Beautiful into his handiwork. 385

To seek 'the reward of all high performance...within itself' is, as we have seen, to achieve gaiety. But it also brings isolation and Owen is alienated not only from his society, he is gradually alienated from the reader by the calculated narrative distancing which leaves him at the end of the story alone with his ecstacy. Owen's isolation, and paradoxically his success, is a consequence of his failure to communicate:

> It is impossible to express by words the glory, the splendour, the delicate gorgeousness, which were softened into the beauty of this object. 386

This is not so much Hawthorne's evasion of his literary responsibility as it is the narrator's intention of preventing the reader from participating experientially or imaginatively in the transcendental vision that Owen refuses to share with Annie, Danforth and Hovenden:

> There was, however, a view of the matter, which Annie, and her husband, and even Peter Hovenden, might fully have understood, and which would have satisfied them that the toil of years had here been worthily bestowed. Owen Warland might have told them that this butterfly, this plaything, this bridal-gift of a poor watchmaker to a blacksmith's wife, was, in truth, a gem of art that a monarch would have purchased with honors and abundant wealth, and have treasured it among the jewels of his kingdom, as the most unique and wondrous of them all. But the artist smiled, and kept the secret to himself. 387

Moreover the reader is excluded from sharing in the creative process:

> Pass we over a long space of intense thought, yearning effort, minute toil, and wasting anxiety,... let all be imagined; and then behold the artist, on a winter evening, seeking admittance to Robert Danforth's fireside circle. 389 (Italics mine)

The ellipsis effectively disengages the reader from Owen and prepares for Owen's final withdrawal. But it is Owen Warland and not Hawthorne who is guilty of a failure to communicate. Hawthorne's view is synonymous with his reader's, achieved through the subtle mediation of his narrator. His story testifies to a concern for form as a means of establishing a relationship between his art and the world and thereby vindicating the creative process. Unlike the 'artist of the beautiful' Hawthorne has opened 'an intercourse with the world'.

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NOTES

1. Jouffroy, cited by Poulet, op cit., p. 28.
2. MOM p. 334
3. Ibid., 331 - 332
4. TTT 327
5. Ibid., 327 - 328
6. Ibid., 325
7. Ibid., 328
8. Ibid., 324
9. Ibid., 333
10. Ibid., 329
11. Ibid., 332
12. Ibid., 333
13. Cited by Buckley, op cit., p. 41.
14. Macaulay, 'Lord Bacon' Essays, II. pp. 462-463.
15. Ibid., p. 34.
16. Cited by Bell, M. Hawthorne's View of the Artist p. 3
17. MOM p. 251.
18. The Ancestral Footstep p. 56.
19. Cited by Patrides C.A. (ed). Aspects of Time p. 10.
20. MOM p. 445.
21. Bagehot, W. Physics and Politics. p.226.
22. Huxley, T.H. Evolution and Ethics p.199.
23. Cited by Kermode, op cit., p. 96 - 97.
24. See my discussion in Chapter Two of 'Main-Street' and 'Roger Malvin's Burial'.
25. Cited by Buckley, op cit., p. 66.
26. Ruskin, J. - Works XVVI. p. 123.
27. SI p. 68.

28. Ruskin, J. Modern Painters Works V. pp. 308-381.

29. MOM p. 209.

30. Meyerhoff, op cit., p. 110.

31. MOM p. 207.

32. Ibid., p. 222.

33. Hawthorne's use of the Doppelganger motif is related to the quest for self. The individual creates a double, a shadow, an ancestor, or an alter ego of his dream and memories, in the search for his true identity. This technique is used in 'Alice Doane's Appeal' and in the variations on the father-son relationship in 'Young Goodman Brown', 'My Kinsman, Major Molineux' and 'Roger Malvin's Burial'.

34. Josipovici, G. op cit., p. 133.

35. MOM p. 190.

36. Ibid.

37. Ibid., p. 206.

38. Ibid., p. 195.

39. Ibid., p. 193.

40. Ibid., p. 194.

41. BR p. 243.

42. Ibid., p. 140.

43. MOM p. 182.

44. Kermode, F. The Sense of an Ending p. 35

45. I use Kermode's terminology here.

46. Philip Larkin. Cited by Kermode, op cit., p. 179.

47. MOM p. 393.

48. Kermode, op cit., p. 112.

49. MOM p. 381.

50. Kermode writes:

> Apocalypse depends on a concord of imaginatively recorded past and imaginatively predicted future, achieved on behalf of us, who remain in the middest. op cit., p. 8.

51. MOM p. 381.

52. Ibid., p. 394.

53. Ibid., p. 382.

54. Ibid., p. 303.

55. Ibid., p. 389.

56. Ibid., p. 390.

57. Ibid., p. 400.

58. Ibid., p. 398.

59. Ibid., p. 400.

60. Ibid., p. 401.

61. Waggoner op cit., p. 23.

62. MOM p. 401.

63. Ibid., p. 402.

64. Ibid., p. 403.

65. Ibid., p. 404.

66. Ibid., p. 249.

67. Ibid., p. 248.

68. Ibid., p. 266.

69. Ibid., p. 249.

70. Ibid., p. 262.

71. D.H. Lawrence in his Studies in Classic American Literature writes:

> KNOWING and BEING are opposite antagonistic states. The more you know, exactly, the less you are. The more you are, in being, the less you know. (p. 121)
>
> He argues that Adam and Eve had surely cohabited before the 'apple episode', and that it didn't become 'sin' till the knowledge - poison entered.... They wanted to KNOW. And that was the birth of sin. Not doing it, but KNOWING about it. (p. 90-91)
>
> Significantly Hawthorne's Eve wants to cure sin by LOVE.

72. MOM p. 266.

73. Ibid., p. 252.

74. Ibid., p. 265.

75. Ibid., p. 184.

76. Ibid., p. 178.

77. Jackson, R. Fantasy: The Literature of Subversion p. 3.

78. MOM p. 177.

79. Ibid., p. 179.

80. Ibid., p. 180.

81. Ibid., p. 174.

82. Ibid., p. 185.

83. Ibid., p. 180.

84. Ibid., p. 185.

85. Ibid., p. 179.

86. Ibid., p. 185.

87. Todorcv, T. Cited by Jackson, op cit., p. 32.

88. Jackson, op cit., p. 32.

89. MOM p. 57.

90. Ibid., p. 58.

91. Jackson, op cit., p. 36.

92. MOM p. 58.

93. Ibid., p. 63.

94. Ibid.

95. Ibid., p. 64.

96. Ibid., p. 59.

97. Ibid., p. 60.

98. Ibid., p. 67.

99. Ibid., p. 70.

100. Ibid., p. 66.

101. Ibid., p. 65.

102. Ibid., p. 69.

103. Ibid., p. 70.

The echo and anticipation of 'Kubla Khan' and 'Citizen Kane' respectively, is noteworthy.

104. Ibid., p. 70.

105. Ibid., p. 72.

106. Ibid., p. 68.

107. Ibid., p. 64.

108. Ibid., p. 65.

109. Ibid., p. 60.

110. Ibid., p. 61.

111. Ibid., p. 58.

112. Ibid., p. 73.

In The House of the Seven Gables Hawthorne writes:

> There is no face! An infinite, inscrutable blackness has annihilated sight! Where is our universe? All crumbled away from us; and we, adrift in chaos, may hearken to the gusts of homeless wind, that go sighing and murmuring about, in quest of what was once a world! (p. 276 - 277)

113. I deal with the ideal quest more fully in chapter four.

114. Santayana, G. The Realm of Essence (London 1928) p. 1. Cited by Professor A. Woodward in his paper, 'Romanticism, Faust, and Santayana'.

115. TTT p. 150 - 151.

116. Yeats W.B. 'Sailing to Byzantium'.

117. MOM p. 99 - 100.

118. SI p. 100.

119. Ibid., p. 99.

120. Ibid., p. 94.

121. See Bewley, M. The Eccentric Design (pp. 199 - 121) for a discussion of the significance of the diorama; and Vanderbilt, K. 'The Unity of Hawthorne's Ethan Brand' on the significance of the dog chasing its tail. CE 24. (1962 - 63) pp. 453 - 456.

122. SI p. 96.

123. Ibid., p. 100.

124. Ibid., p. 98.

125. Ibid., p. 89.

126. James E. Miller in his article 'Hawthorne and Melville : The Unpardonable Sin' traces the stages of Brand's sinful development. PMLA 70 (1955) p. 91 - 114.

127. SI p. 83.

128. Ibid., p. 91.

129. Ibid., p. 92.

130. Ibid., p. 84.

131. Ibid., p. 90.

132. Levin, H. op cit., p. 63.

133. SI p. 101.

134. Scholes, R. Structural Fabulation.

135. Scholes. R. Structuralism in Literature p. 199.

136. In Key Words : A Vocabulary of Culture and Society Raymond Williams has shown that the modern term 'scientist' was coined in 1840, and that attempts to distinguish between 'the scientist' and 'the artist' became a major intellectual task in the 1840's, the period of Hawthorne's 'science fiction' tales. Cited by Franklin H.B. Future Perfect pp. 18 - 19.

137. Bell, Millicent. Hawthorne's View of the Artist. Title of Chapter VIII p. 173.

138. MF p. 133.

139. OOH p. 187.

140. MOM p. 311.

141. Ibid., p. 313.

142. Ibid., p. 311 - 312.

143. Ibid., p. 224.

144. Bell, op cit., p. 79.

145. TTT p. 229.

146. Scanlon, L. 'That Very Singular Man, Dr Heidegger' NCF 17 (1962 - 63) p. 253 - 263.

147. TTT p. 230.

148. Scholes, Structural Fabulation p. 8.

149. Ibid., p. 3.

150. TTT p. 228.

151. Ibid., p. 229.

152. TTT p. 463.

153. Lawrence, D. H. op cit., p. 60.

154. TTT p. 235.

155. Ibid., p. 236 - 237.

156. MOM p. 244.

157. SI p. 332.

158. TTT p. 231 - 232.

159. Ibid., p. 238.

160. MOM p. 332.

161. Science Fiction p. 168.

162. MOM p. 96.

163. Ibid., p. 95.

164. Ibid., p. 126.

165. Ibid., p. 97.

166. Ibid., p. 110.

That Hawthorne's fictional garden is an 'anti-Eden' is confirmed by its analogy to Spencer's Bower of Bliss. The 'antique sculptured portal' through which Giovanni enters the garden recalls the carved ivory gate that opens onto the Bower of Bliss. The overwhelming sensuous beauty of both gardens has been artificially wrought with such skill and intricacy that Guyon and Giovanni are deceived into mistaking it for reality. Both gardens are false Edens : their seductive beauty disguises an infectious poison that is deleterious to their physical and spiritual well-being. The analogy, however, is not absolute. Whereas Acrasia deliberately entices her victims to their death, Beatrice tries to avoid poisoning Giovanni. This discrepancy is a measure of the philosophical gulf that separates Hawthorne and Spenser. Spenser never doubts the evil reality of Acrasia. Hawthorne, on the other hand, cannot share this certitude; his customary doubleness of vision expresses itself in skepticism and doubt. Beatrice is poisonous and virtuous. For a discussion of Hawthorne's Spenserian allusions see Leibowitz H. A. 'Hawthorne and Spenser : Two Sources' AL 30 (1959), p. 459 - 66.

167. Boewe C. 'Rappaccini's Garden' AL 30. (March 1958) p. 37 - 49.

168. MOM p. 128.

169. Ibid., p. 97.

170. Ibid., p. 94.

171. Ibid., p. 96.

172. Ibid., p. 95.

173. Ibid., p. 96.

174. Ibid., p. 96.

175. Ibid., p. 107.

176. Ibid., p. 56.

177. Ibid., p. 119.

178. Ibid., p. 120.

179. Ibid., p. 102.

180. Ibid., p. 122.

181. Ibid., p. 120.

182. Ibid., p. 127.

183. The enigma of Beatrice is complicated by the rich tapestry of literary allusions. Like Dante's Beatrice she arouses in Giovanni 'recollections of the delicate and benign power of her feminine nature, which had so often enveloped him in a religious calm'. (MOM p. 122) But she also resembles Keats' Lamia, a 'poisonous thing' who had enticed him into 'her region of unspeakable horror'. (Ibid p. 124) At once innocent and corrupt, angelic and damned, she is a literary sister of Beatrice Cenci whose tragic circumstances profoundly moved Hawthorne. He once remarked that Guido's picture of Beatrice Cenci had the appearance

> '... of being unhumanized by some terrible fate, and gazing ... out of a remote and inaccessible region where she was frightened to be alone, but where no human sympathy could reach her'.

Cited by Evans, Oliver. 'Allegory and Incest in "Rappaccini's Daughter"' NCF 19 (1964), 185 - 95.

184. Male, op cit., p. 57.

185. MOM p. 120.

186. Male, op cit., p. 57.

187. MOM p. 100.

188. Ibid., p. 103.

189. Ibid., p. 98.

190. Ibid., p. 94.

191. Ibid., p. 95.

192. Ibid.

193. Ibid.

194. Ibid., p. 94.

195. Ibid., p 105.

196. Ibid., p. 121.

197. Ibid., p. 98.

198. Ibid., p. 105.

199. Ibid., p. 93.

Like Dante, Giovanni undertakes a pilgrimage during the course of which he is tested and instructed. He shares with Dante the potential of dicovering a high and holy faith through Beatrice. But here the similarity ends. For Giovanni fails the test of love : he is incapable of a 'high faith' in the real Beatrice, the 'heavenly angel', and he is consequently damned. Dante insists that the divine nobility of Beatrice is not simply his own biased view of her but the opinion of everyone who comes into contact with her. Josipovici notes:

'The book is devoted to showing how Dante came to see the miraculous, nature of Beatrice, rather than how he came to invest her with it.' (op cit., p. 72).

As we discover, Hawthorne's story denies any such confident authority. Reality inheres in hesitancy, in the wavering, shifting interpretations of events and symbols. Whereas in Dante's world the soul manifests itself in visible evidences, in Hawthorne's fictional world the relation of signifiers to what they signify is highly problematical. Thus the garden is Giovanni's inferno which provides simultaneous views of heaven and hell. These two regions are not clearly separated as they are in the Commedia. In Hawthorne's story heaven and hell share the same spatio-temporal locality, thereby encouraging an epistemological and moral confusion. As Male points out, the ironic reversal of the Dante - Beatrice relationship is at its most striking in Giovanni's 'imperceptive hope of "leading Beatrice, the redeemed Beatrice, by the hand"'. (Male's italics) op cit., p. 69. Hawthorne alludes to Dante in order to draw attention to the difference in moral frameworks in which each writer is living and working. Dante describes a universe that has meaning and coherence: he asks questions and discovers the answers; he undertakes a journey and, under the guidance of Virgil and Beatrice, arrives at his destination. Hawthorne describes a world which seems devoid of meaning. He asks questions but finds no answers; he has no reliable guide to accompany him on his journey, and he never arrives. Like the truth-seeker in 'The Intelligence Office' he is an embodiment of the modern spirit, 'that lasting temper of all true candid men - a seeker, not a finder yet'. (Melville H, 'Hawthorne and his Mosses'.)

200. MOM p. 98.

201. Ibid., p. 109.

202. Ibid., p. 105.

203. Ibid., p. 98.

204. Ibid., p. 111.

205. Ibid., p. 112.

206. Ibid., p. 113.

207. Ibid., p. 116.

208. Ibid., p. 122.

209. Ibid., p. 118.

210. Ibid., p. 120.

211. Ibid., p. 124.

212. Ibid., p. 122.

213. Ibid., p. 110.

214. Daly, Robert. 'Fideism in "Rappaccini's Daughter"' NCF p. 35.

Daly suggests that there are two sets of epistemological alternatives:

'One set refers to a world in which moral choices are clearly structured and replete with all necessary evidence; the other set refers to a world in which all evidence is spectral, in which perception tells more about the perceiver than the perceived, and in which a complacent reliance on rationalism is catastrophic'. p. 32.

215. MOM p. 92.

216. Franklin, op cit., p. 20.

217. MOM p. 100.

218. Ibid., p. 101.

219. Ibid., p. 93.

220. Ibid., p. 115.

221. Ibid.

222. Crews, op cit., pp. 117 - 135. See also Baym, Nina. The Shape of Hawthorne's Career p. 108.

223. MOM p. 126.

224. Franklin, op cit., p. 8.

225. MOM p. 42.

226. Ibid., p. 36.

227. Ibid.

228. Ibid., p. 42.

229. The curse of eternal life on earth and the deprivation of the deliverance of death is embodied in the Dracula myth.

230. MOM p. 36.

231. Ibid.

232. Ibid., p. 55.

233. Ibid., p. 36.

234. Reid, Alfred S. 'Hawthorne's Humanism: "The Birthmark" and Sir Kenelm Digby'. AL 38 (1966 - 1967) p. 348.

235. Hawthorne's two notebook entries which suggest the germ for this story emphasize the moral ambivalence of the quest:

A person to be in possession of something as perfect as mortal man has a right to expect; he tries to make it better, and ruins it entirely. (1837) AN p. 165.

A person to be the death of his beloved in trying to raise her to more than mortal perfection; yet this should be a comfort to him for having aimed so highly and holily. (1840) AN p. 184.

Georgiana interprets Aylmer's quest in the light of the latter entry, Aminadab in the light of the former.

236. MOM p. 56.

237. Ibid.

238. Ibid., p. 38.

239. Heilman expresses a different view of the tragic ethos. He sees that Aylmer's tragedy is that he lacks the tragic sense; he is we may say a characteristic modern, the exponent of an age which has deified science and regards it as an irresistibly utopianizing force. His tragic flaw is to fail to see that tragic flaw of humanity.

I quote this passage from Male, op cit., p. 82 as I was unable to obtain Heilman's article.

240. MOM p. 55.

241. Ibid., p. 51.

242. Ibid., p. 43.

243. See note 235.

244. Miller, James E. op cit.,

245. MOM p. 44.

246. Ibid., p. 45.

247. Ibid., p. 37.

248. Ibid., p. 50.

249. Cited by Bell, Millicent, op cit., p. 67.

250. Ibid., p. 68.

251. MOM p. 45.

252. Ibid., p. 39.

253. Ibid., p. 38.

254. Ibid., p. 38 -39.

255. Yeats W.B. 'Adam's Curse' in Collected Poems.

256. MOM p. 53.

257. Ibid., p. 49.

258. Ibid., p. 44.

259. Ibid.

260. Title of story. MOM p. 172.

261. MOM p. 44 -45.

262. Ibid., p. 49.

263. Ibid., p. 52.

264. Goethe, J.W. Faust, translated by Bayard Taylor. Vol. II, p .308

265. MOM p. 38.

266. Herbert, George. 'The Pulley'.

267. MOM p. 55.

268. Ibid., p. 56.

269. Ibid.

270. Ibid.

271. I am indebted to Franklin for the following ideas.

272. MOM p. 48.

273. Franklin, op cit., p. 14.

274. Ibid.

275. MOM p. 53.

276. Ibid., p. 41.

277. Ibid., p. 55.

278. Ibid., p. 464.

279. Ibid., p. 245.

280. Ibid.

281. Ibid., p. 277.

282. Ibid., p. 311.

283. Ibid., p. 368.

284. Ibid., p. 56.

285. TTT p. 179.

286. Ibid., p. 173.

287. Ibid., p. 170 See Note 229.

288. MOM p. 267.

289. TTT p. 173.

290. Ibid., p. 169.

291. Ibid.

292. Ibid., p. 167.

293. Van Doren, Mark. Nathaniel Hawthorne p. 88.

294. TTT p. 179.

295. Ibid., p. 167.

296. Ibid., p. 179.

297. Ibid., p. 181.

298. Ibid., p. 171.

299. In her article on 'The Prophetic Pictures' Dichmann suggests that if Walter saw the sketch he may have felt unconsciously compelled to consummate the action therein depicted.

'Hawthorne's "Prophetic Pictures"' AL 23 (1951 - 1952) pp. 188 - 202.

300. TTT p. 181.

301. Ibid., p. 171.

302. Ibid., p. 180.

303. Ibid., p. 178.

306. Letter to Sophia Peabody (1840). Collected in The Portable Hawthorne ed. Cowley M. p. 674.

307. MOM p. 459.

308. Yeats W.B. 'The Choice'. In Collected Poems.

309. Fossum writes that in 'The Artist of the Beautiful' Hawthorne 'represents the artist meeting the challenge of time' op cit., p. 95.

310. MOM p. 471.

311. Kenneth Dauber has an interesting interpretation of this story. He suggests that 'it carries narcissism ... to its inevitable end', and that'self-projection begins in the psyche' op cit., p. 82.

312. MOM p. 449.

313. Ibid., p. 472.

314. Ibid., p. 468.

315. Ibid., p. 455.

316. Ibid., p. 456.

317. Ibid., p. 450.

318. Ibid., p. 464.

319. Ibid., p 450.

320. In 'The Snow Image' the common-sense point of view of Mr Lindsey destroys the snow-maiden, miraculously created by the imaginative faith of his children. The mother, however, has 'a strain of poetry ... a trait of unworldly beauty in her character'. She possesses a pure heart 'full of childlike simplicity and faith', which sometimes reveals 'truths so profound, that other people laughed at them as nonsense and absurdity'. Mr Lindsey is kind and benevolent, but like Hovenden he is a devotee of practicality, reason and common sense, and is quite devoid of imagination. Such men

> 'know everything - oh to be sure! everything that has been, and everything that is, and everything that, by any future possibility, can be. And, should some phenomenon of nature or providence transcend their system, they will not recognize it even if it come to pass under their very noses'. (SI p. 25).

The point that Hawthorne is making in both these stories is that the role of the audience is paramount. An ideal audience like Mrs Lindsey will respond imaginatively and not only preserve the work of art, but will re-enact the creative process. On the other hand the common-sensible approach is antipodal to art : the snow image is reduced to a puddle of water which must be sopped up.

321. Fogle, op cit., p. 72.

322. MOM p. 450.

323. Ibid.

324. Ibid., p. 451.

325. Ibid.

326. Ibid.

327. Ibid., p. 458.

328. Ibid., p. 447.

329. Ibid., p. 451

330. Ibid.

331. Fossum suggests that Hawthorne uses the term 'ethereal' to suggest that which is immutable, immune to time. op cit., p. 88.

332. MOM p. 455.

333. Ibid., p. 457.

334. Ibid., p. 462.

335. Ibid., p. 463

336. Ibid., p. 449.

337. Ibid., P. 453.

338. Ibid., p. 450.

339. Ibid., p. 454.

340. Ibid., p. 450.

341. Ibid., p. 454.

342. Ibid., p. 464.

343. Ibid., p. 459.

344. Ibid., p. 460.

345. Ibid., p. 452.

346. Fogle writes:

> Love, the touching of the heart, is itself a kind of fall and is compatible with the attainment of the pure ideal op cit., p. 89.

347. MOM p. 460.

348. Ibid., p. 456.

349. Ibid., p. 455.

350. Ibid., p. 449.

351. Ibid., p. 463.

352. Ibid., p. 457.

353. Blake W. 'London'.

354. MOM p. 457.

355. Ibid.

356. Ibid., p. 464.

357. Ibid., p. 463

358. Eliot, T.S. Four Quartets.

359. Fossum, op cit., p. 99.

360. MOM p. 466.

361. Ibid., p. 465.

362. Ibid., p. 466.

363. Ibid., p. 466

364. Baym, N. op cit., p 110 - 111; Bewley M. The Eccentric Design p 135 - 136; Crews, op cit., p. 167 - 170; Bell, Millicent op cit., p. 94 - 111.

365. Gargano, James W. 'Hawthorne's "The Artist of the Beautiful"' AL 35 (1963 - 64) p 227 - 228.

366. MOM p. 470.

367. Ibid., p. 468.

368. Mann T. This I Believe ed. by Edward R Murrow. (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1952).

369. MOM p. 469 - 470.

370. Ibid., p. 469.

371. Ibid., p. 475.

372. Ibid., p. 472.

373. Ibid., p. 473.

374. Ibid.

375. Ibid., p. 475.

376. Ibid.

377. Ibid., p. 473.

378. Yeats W. B. 'Lapis Lazuli' in Collected Poems.

379. Letter to Hawthorne, March 1851. Cited by Bell, Millicent op cit., p. 14.

380. MOM p. 437.

381. Ibid., p. 472.

382. Ibid., p. 42.

383. Ibid., p. 458.

384. Cited in Matthiessen, op cit., p. 25.

385. MOM p. 472.

386. Ibid., p. 470.

387. Ibid., p. 473.

388. Ibid., p. 468.

CHAPTER 4

THE MANSIONS OF ETERNITY

It was Hawthorne's conviction that:

> In this world we are the things of a moment, and are made to pursue momentary things, with here and there a thought that stretches mistily towards eternity, and perhaps may endure as long. All philosophy that would abstract mankind from the present is no more than words.1

Yet in spite of his certitude of man's 'flitting moment' in the continuous flow of time, Hawthorne expends many words in analyzing the syntax of timelessness and in decoding the constructs of man's multifarious 'mansions of eternity'.[2]

'Life figures itself to me as a festal or funereal procession',[3] says Hawthorne, and in many of his tales he describes the march of insubstantial shadows across the transitory stage of life. In 'The Toll-Gatherer's Day' (1837) which is subtitled 'A Sketch of Transitory Life' the rolling wheels of the coaches transporting passengers of all ages, stages and stations of life, and the diurnal cycle of the revolving globe are synecdoches of the 'march of sublunary things'.[4] The toll-gatherer has achieved a timeless ethos not through a denial of life or of time but through a steady observation of its 'numberless vicissitudes'.[5] Preferring 'to pore over the current of life than to plunge into its tumultuous waves',[6] he is a wise and sympathetic spectator. The toll-gatherer knows that the flow of time cannot be arrested, that 'all stoppages' are illusory, 'even though the universe seem[s] to be at a stand'.[7] But he also knows that the 'mortal travellers' on their 'dusty' pilgrimage'[8] are immortal pilgrims as well. The lighthouse and

the stars are symbols of eternity, of stability and permanence in the midst of change:

> Rest, rest, thou weary world! for tomorrow's round of toil and pleasure will be as wearisome as today's has been; yet both shall bear thee onward a day's march of eternity. Now the old toll-gatherer looks seaward, and discerns the lighthouse kindling on a far island, and the stars, too, kindling in the sky, as if but a little way beyond; and mingling reveries of Heaven with remembrances of Earth, the whole procession of mortal travellers, all the dusty pilgrimage which he had witnessed, seems like a flitting show of phantoms for his thoughtful soul to muse on. 9

At the juncture of time and eternity the protagonists in 'The Sister Years' (1839) meet one another and exchange ideologies. The Old Year, 'weary of body and sad of heart', bedraggled' and 'world-worn'[10] by the ravages of time and the elements, and disappointed by human imperfections, is pessimistic about 'the progress of Mankind... onward and upward'.[11] She gloomily tells her hopeful sister, the New Year :

> We grand children of Time are born to trouble. Happiness, they say, dwells in the mansions of Eternity; but we can only lead mortals thither, step by step, with reluctant murmurings, and ourselves must perish on the threshold. 12

And indeed the New Year is soon saddened by the tainted air of mortality. However she is not discouraged; her joyous hope sustains her:

> But there were millions left alive, to rejoice at her coming; and so she pursued her way with confidence, strewing emblematic flowers on the doorstep of almost every dwelling, which some persons will gather up and wear in their bosoms, and others will trample under foot. 13

The 'emblematic flowers' are the sweet-smelling roses of eternity available to all who will clasp them to their hearts. But not all Hawthorne's characters seek eternity through the creative act of love,

or 'the herb, heart's ease';[14] there are many for whom an extra-temporal dimension inheres in an arrested moment, in which the flow of life is frozen in time. This is what Thomas Wolfe describes as

> the terrible moment of immobility stamped with eternity... [A] moment of timeless suspension. 15

For Hawthorne this is a false eternity and necessarily involves a dehumanizing process in which the heart congeals or turns to stone.[16] Hawthorne's 'allegory of the heart' provides the framework for the positive and negative quests for eternity:

> The human Heart to be allegorized as a cavern; at the entrance there is sunshine, and flowers growing about it. You step within, but a short distance, and begin to find yourself surrounded with a terrible gloom, and monsters of divers kind; it seems like Hell itself. You are bewildered, and wander long without hope. At last a light strikes upon you. You [illegible] towards it, and find yourself in a region that seems, in some sort, to reproduce the flowers and sunny beauty of the entrance, but all perfect. These are the depths of the heart, or of human nature, bright and peaceful; the gloom and terror may lie deep; but deeper still is the eternal beauty. 17

The 'mansions of eternity' can be the dark adamantine caves of isolation, monastic retreats from the world, or the labyrinthine forests beset with monsters; or they can be the Edenic gardens and domestic hearths of love, warmth and brotherhood, metonymically conceived as 'the old Manse'.

To Hawthorne the achievement of transcendence, and more particularly self-transcendence, inheres in communication. The growth of human consciousness is a process of the interpenetration of lives, of co-existence, not simply existence. The temporal distension of an individual consciousness toward a dimension of timelessness is in direct proportion to his recognition of the time-affected condition he shares with his fellow men. Hawthorne's paradigmatic story, encoded in different generic forms, from a diversity of narrative

perspectives,is the common human biography: the brotherhood of guilt, the acceptance of death, the struggle and suffering necessary to sustain the communicative life, the meaning of love. In most of his stories and romances, however, he writes about the failure to achieve transcendence. The dark side of the human story engrosses his imaginative energies: egotism, the failure to achieve social integration, an unwillingness to share, irresoluteness about death and a burdening sense of guilt result in arresting tendencies that destroy communication and produce symbolic atrophy.

In 'The Man of Adamant' (1837) Richard Digby is 'the gloomiest and most intolerant of a stern brotherhood'. The irony is apparent for Digby has no sense of brotherhood, either of sin, suffering or love. He holds 'no communion with those abominable myriads'. He wilfully estranges himself from 'the wretches struggling with the billows of eternal death'[18] in his determination to evade the ravages of time and the corruption of life. His 'exclusive bigotry'[19] and his spiritual superiority impel him toward the narrow escape route of spiritual and moral isolation which he mistakes for eternal salvation:

> As his creed was like no man's else, and being well pleased that Providence had entrusted him, alone of all mortals, with the treasure of a true faith, Richard Digby determined to seclude himself to the sole and constant enjoyment of his happy fortune. 20

His solipsism is reinforced by the narrator's inference that he even 'prayed to himself'.[21] The hard narrow plank that he selects to save himself from the 'tempestuous sea'[22] of life and of time is an apt foreshadowing of his choice of the adamantine icicles of the narrow cave in preference to the 'bubbling fountain'[23] of hallowed water.

The world that he quits is indeed a world of suffering, of labour, sin

and immortality, but it is also the world of life, of organic process and creativity, of sunshine and 'present happiness', of community and love. The world that he enters is free of the taint of humanity and temporality; the dark forest with its 'veil of tangled foliage'[24] shuts out the objective categories of time, measured by the diurnal cycle, leaving Digby alone and embalmed in his subjective timelessness. The cave's tomb-like gloom renders him myopic so that his distorted reading of the Bible converts

> all that was gracious and merciful, to denunciations of vengeance and unutterable woe, on every created being but himself'. 25

Paradoxically, by rejecting time Digby relinquishes his hope of eternal bliss, for 'the gloom of the forest hid the blessed sky'.[26] By perceiving only the destructive aspect of the apocalyptic 'deluge of wrath' and 'storm of fire'[27] he is precluded from its redemptive and reconstitutive power.

Digby's chosen construct of eternity is a 'sepulchral cave'[28] whose dismal adamantine darkness is a fitting analogue for the stoniness of his heart. For, Hawthorne tells us, Digby is the victim of an incurable physical ailment which is symptomatic of his spiritual disorder:

> It was a deposition of calculous particles within his heart, caused by an obstructed circulation of the blood, and unless a miracle should be wrought for him, there was danger that the malady might act on the entire substance of the organ and change his fleshly heart to stone. 29

The miracle manifests itself in the spirit of Mary Goffe, the embodiment of light and love; radiant, ethereal and heavenly, she is a 'sorrowing angel'[30] whose unselfish concern and compassion for Digby is in striking contrast to his self-reflective egotism. The remedies she prescribes are the holiness of love and the hallowed water from the 'bubbling fountain' of

immortality. She urges him to resume his place in the society of mankind:

> Come back to thy fellow men; for they need thee, Richard; and thou hast tenfold need of them. Stay not in this evil den; for the air is chill, and the damps are fatal; nor will any, that perish within it, ever find the path to Heaven. 31

The withdrawal from society diminishes Digby's human desires, and frees him from the insecurities of time. The dark night of eternity descends upon him and stops the flow of his consciousness. As 'Richard Digby's heart ceased to beat'[32] the sepulchral cave becomes in death what it has always been in life, the burial chamber of the petrified man. In renouncing the contingent world of mutability and mortality, he is denied spiritual transcendence. The immortality that he gains is the immutability of stony matter, permanently fixed in time:

> There still sits, and...shall sit forever the shape of Richard Digby, in the attitude of repelling the whole race of mortals - not from Heaven - but from the horrible loneliness of his dark, cold sepulchre. 33

For, as Hawthorne writes elsewhere:

> The worst possible fate would be, to remain behind, shivering in the solitude of time, while all the world is on the move towards eternity. 34

The traditional quest motif is distorted in 'The Man of Adamant' and in 'Ethan Brand'. Ideally, the hero's quest is an exploration of the menacing darkness of his own identity; it involves a night journey and the entry into a labyrinth or forest. The hero's victory inheres in his recognition and control of the dark forces that he discovers, and the application of his knowledge and power to the problems of his community. The goal of the quest is the brotherhood of man. Ethan Brand and Richard Digby both embark on an anti-quest which leads them

away from the kingdom of man and terminates in self-destruction. In each case the quest is thwarted by the infirmity of the heart, that marble temple and foul cavern, which becomes petrified in the solipsistic insularity of their chosen monuments - the tower-like lime kiln, and the sepulchral cave.

Hawthorne has spawned a fictional family of cold-hearted monsters. Chillingworth, the meaning of whose name is self-evident,

> chose to withdraw his name from the roll of mankind, and, as regarded his former ties and interests, to vanish out of life as completely as if he indeed lay at the bottom of the ocean. 35

Hollingsworth's only real companion is the 'cold spectral monster which he had himself conjured up'.[36] The Virtuoso is one of 'the hardest and coldest of men';[37] his handshake which 'seemed like ice' has 'the habitual courtesy of a man of the world' but it is 'without a single hearthrob of human brotherhood'.[38]

In 'The Christmas Banquet',(1844) which we are told is one of the unpublished 'Allegories of the Heart', Roderick Elliston, whose own bosom serpent has endowed him with a keen 'insight into the gloomy mysteries of the human heart',[39] narrates a speculative tale about a man whose deficient 'spiritual organization' results in

> a sense of cold unreality, wherewith he would go shivering through the world, longing to exchange his load of ice for any burthen of real grief that fate could fling upon a human being. 40

'The Christmas Banquet' is the companion piece to 'A Select Party'. In the latter tale the guest list consists of a variety of aspirants inspired with hope and speculative dreams of a utopian world. Although their ideals are often insubstantial, fantastic and delusive, they are energized by the imaginative vigour of the quest itself. The guests at

the Christmas banquet are paralysed by their 'hopeless discomfort'. Many of them are those who once attended the select party but who have become disillusioned with time. Reformers, philanthropists, transcendentalists, Millerites, have all contracted a disease of the heart that makes them 'worthy to stand as indicators of the mass of human suffering'.[41] The time-honoured significance of Christmas as a season of regeneration, hope and love is inverted. The aim of this banquet is to perpetuate

> [the] remonstrance against the earthly course of Providence, and ... [the] sad and sour dissent from those systems of religion or philosophy which either find sunshine in the world, or draw it down from heaven.42

A selection of guests meets annually to commemorate and renew their 'human discontent',[43] their misanthropy, their 'unresisting heart[s]',[44] their torpid wretchedness, their 'cold and desolate'[45] despair. Their death-in-life existence is reified by the conversion of the banquet hall into a mausoleum hung with purple drapes and adorned with 'branches of cypress and wreaths of artificial flowers'. The wine poured from 'sepulchral urns' does not cheer their spirits but deepens their immutable melancholy. Only two figures retain a permanent place at the banquet table, the skeleton 'shrouded in a black mantle'[46] and Gervayse Hastings. A man of outward good fortune, he is nevertheless 'a cold abstraction'[47] who exudes an intimidating moral chilliness. The mystery of his regular presence at the annual 'festivities' and his affinity with the 'figure of death'[48] is revealed:

> It is a chilliness - a want of earnestness - a feeling as if what should be my heart were a thing of vapor - a haunting perception of unreality! Thus, seeming to possess all that other men have - all that other men aim at - I have really possessed nothing, neither joys nor griefs. All things - all persons - ...have been like shadows flickering on the wall. Neither have I myself any real existence, but am a shadow [illegible] the rest. 49

Gervayse Hastings has no inner reality because he is outside 'the magnetic chain of human sympathy'. Unscathed by time which, 'except in matters merely external, had done nothing for him, either of good or evil', he is equally unscathed by the vicissitudes of life which give 'substance to a world of shadows'.[50] He is unable to conceive of a future life because he is devoid of emotions, either positive or negative, and that unfeelingness, that emotional frigidity is the greatest wretchedness of all. It is the horror of eternal non-existence.

The withdrawal from established social and emotional patterns of behaviour in order to assert a freedom of choice and to find an individual reality can have the obverse effect of impairing the continuity and identity of self. Similarly an attempt to escape the randomness of fate and the enslavement to the uncertain flux of time can result in psycho-pathological conditions which lead to a complete breakdown of the self. This is the burden of 'Wakefield' (1835) one of Hawthorne's most complex and enigmatic tales, sorely neglected by critics.

'What sort of a man was Wakefield?' asks the narrator and proceeds to body forth a character who could possibly have performed the eccentric action outlined in a newspaper article. Wakefield's position is between the passive withdrawal of the toll-gatherer and the active escape of Richard Digby. Emotionally, intellectually and imaginatively torpid, Wakefield has been enervated by an habitual state of cold sluggishness. Popular opinion has it that

> he was the man in London, the surest to perform nothing today which should be remembered on the morrow. 51

Popular opinion is at once mistaken and correct. Wakefield is guilty of 'the strangest instance, on record, of marital delinquency'[52] which entitles him to 'a foremost place among the doers of eccentric deeds'.[53] And yet his actions are negative and passive; he achieves nothing, and he becomes increasingly unreal, shadowy and obsolescent.

His motives and intentions are equally mysterious:

> He had contrived, or rather he had happened, to dissever himself from the world - to vanish - to give up his place and privileges with living men, without being admitted among the dead. 54

Wakefield goes through no crisis of decision, his resolve is vague and he acts almost in default of decision, drifting into a fate that becomes irreversible. His behaviour is irrational and unpredictable: his selfishness, 'morbid vanity' and curiosity are external symptoms of the 'crafty smile'[55] which marks his withdrawal from and return to society. In refusing to provide Wakefield with clearly defined motives, the narrator stresses the otherness, the inscrutability of the dark recesses of the subconscious mind.

Significantly Wakefield departs from his home in the crepuscular gloom of an autumnal evening. Leaving the realm of human relations, of time and change, he enters a penumbral sphere of unreality. He is a literary precursor of T.S. Eliot's paralysed protagonists lost in the labyrinthine wastes of the modern city:

> And indeed there will be time
> To wonder, 'Do I dare?' and, 'Do I dare?'
> Time to turn back and descend the stair,
> With a bald spot in the middle of my hair -
> (They will say: How his hair is growing thin!')
> My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
> My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin -
> (They will say: 'But how his arms and legs are thin!')
> Do I dare
> Disturb the universe?
> In a minute there is time
> For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse. 56

Wakefield is a lean middle-aged man:

> His eyes, small and lustreless, sometimes wander apprehensively about him, but oftener seem to look inward. He bends his head, but moves with an indescribable obliquity of gait, as if unwilling to display his full front to the world. 57

Hawthorne's London foreshadows Eliot's 'wasteland':

> Unreal City,
> Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,
> A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,
> I had not thought death had undone so many.
> Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,
> And each man fixed his eyes before his feet. 58

Amid the bustle and multitudinous throng Wakefield is as isolated in the city as is Digby in his desolate cave. He 'loseEsJ his individuality, and meltEsJ into the great mass of London life'.[59] Ironically the quest for identity and immortality results in a dissolution of self and a fragmentation of time. Wakefield's parodic journey which takes him no further than a neighbouring street is yet another anti-quest which achieves nothing but disjunction and self-banishment.[60] Wakefield is an inversion of the prototypal American hero; without any of the heroic energy he nevertheless attempts to emulate the self-propulsion and self-reliance of the Adamic hero. Emancipating himself from home, family and history Wakefield escapes from the flux of time, but he also loses the sense of the continuity and unity of self. He becomes increasingly alienated from his wife and his former life. He makes himself anew, buys a new wig, new clothes, and

> it is accomplished. Wakefield is another man.

He no longer recognizes his 'former home':

> He gathers courage to pause and look homeward, but is perplexed with a sense of change about the familiar edifice. 61

He watches his wife's suffering with detached curiosity and 'morbid

vanity'. And the eccentric 'whim-wham'[62] that he has initiated results in 'an almost impassable gulf' between his 'hired apartment' and 'his former home'. The solitary deracination of his present situation contrasts strongly with the sense of secure domesticity of the past. Existing in an eternal present Wakefield repudiates his links with the past and forfeits his hope for the future:

> Hitherto, he has put off his return from one particular day to another; henceforward, he leaves the precise time undetermined. Not tomorrow - probably next week - pretty soon. Poor man! The dead have nearly as much chance of revisiting their earthly homes, as the self-banished Wakefield. 63

A death-in-life timelessness is Wakefield's reward for the renunciation of his place in the chain of human sympathies. The narrator pronounces a warning:

> Remove not thyself, even for a little week, from thy place in her chaste bosom. Were she, for a single moment, to deem thee dead, or lost, or lastingly divided from her, thou wouldst be woefully conscious of a change in thy true wife, forever after. It is perilous to make a chasm in human affections; not that they gape so long and wide - but so quickly close again! 64

The decision of 'a single moment', the deeds of 'a little week', have lasting consequences. Wakefield cannot avoid the historical responsibility of an irreversible causality. The 'iron tissue of necessity'[65] that controls his destiny is the necessity of time. As Eliot puts it :

> ... The world moves
> In appetency, on its metalled ways
> Of time past and time future. 66

Ironically, Wakefield's actions result not in the desired immortality but in the permanent inevitability of change: during his twenty years of absence his wife's affections undergo a radical transformation, and

Wakefield himself experiences 'a great moral change'.[67] But this change is merely the replacement of one torpid system for another. The journey into the empty shell of the self away from time and society fails to precipitate a growth of consciousness and his journey of return is as unpremeditated and obtuse as his departure. Repeatedly we are told of Wakefield's impercipience:

> Poor Wakefield! little knowest thou thine own insignificance. 68

And:

> But that is a secret from himself. 69

Wakefield's subjective consciousness of time leads to paralysis; he becomes 'spell-bound'[70] in a meaningless present which is reinforced by the unrelenting present tense of narration. To fragment time is to deny reality. Wakefield's perception of time as a rhythm of synopsis, ellipsis and dramatic scene is a pathological distortion of the natural and historical flow of public time, resulting in temporal dislocation and madness:

> These twenty years would appear, in the retrospect, scarcely longer than the week to which Wakefield had at first limited his absence. He would look on the affair as no more than an interlude in the main business of his life.... Alas what a mistake! Would Time but await the close of our favorite follies, we should be young men, all of us, and till Doom's Day. 71

A belief in the possibility of earthly immortality is delusive; time takes its toll, the ageing process performs its office and Wakefield's delayed home-coming is equivalent to his entry into the grave, the only monument of eternity suitable for an Outcast of the Universe.

In 'Wakefield' Hawthorne again makes use of the frame structure. The outer frame is a paradigm of the creative process, it is a story about

how to write a story. The two stories are telescoped into one another so that in creating his protagonist, the narrator explores areas of his own identity and reconstructs himself and his relationship with society, synecdochally represented here by his narratee. Kenneth Burke has described the function of art as a 'purgation rite', a drama of 'self quest' or 'rebirth'.[72] In Hawthorne's tale the problem of the artist is central - he is the real hero whose effort to structure a world through the moulding of the raw materials of art provides the creative impetus. The source of the tale is a newspaper report, which although true is so 'abstractedly stated'[73] that it fails to convey 'the truth of the human heart'. The fictionalization of the skeletal outline infuses the bare facts with a life and meaning that 'appeals to the general sympathies of mankind'.[74] Past becomes present, reported history becomes shared experience. Meaning inheres in process not in fact, in becoming not in being, in creating not in creation.

Wakefield's experience is both singular and common, bearing 'the hand-writing of no common fate, for such as have skill to read it'.[75] It excites wonder and recognition. The habitual complacency of the bourgeois world of narrator and reader is unsettled and disrupted by the revelation of the 'seeming confusion of our mysterious world';[76] by the discovery of the individual's insignificance even to the point of shadowy non-existence; and by the failure of language which reduces him to gesture and bodily expression. Wakefield's meeting with his wife exemplifies this speechlessness:

> Just as the lean man and well conditioned woman are passing, a slight obstruction occurs, and brings these two figures directly in contact. Their hands touch, the pressure of the crowd forces her bosom against his shoulder, they stand, face to face, staring into each others' eyes. After a ten years' separation, thus Wakefield meets his wife. 77

The narrator sympathizes with the frightening and lonely plight of a man who severs himself from social conventions in order to undertake an existential self-quest. He shares the feeling that society is an arbitrary system or fiction, which one might step out of and find reality and the freedom to create one's own fictions. Yet by 'stepping aside for a moment'[78] there is the dread that one might fall into a void. Repressive social armour must be removed to allow the self to escape from his habitual character; destructuring must precede restructuring. But the process is dangerous and can lead to the solitude of madness. Hawthorne's habitual doubleness of vision asserts itself. Sympathy for Wakefield is juxtaposed with disapproval. The narrator deplores the self-banishment of Wakefield; man must affirm his place in the chain of human sympathy. Art, the creative process, enables such affirmation. The narrator establishes his brotherhood with his narratee, the writer with his reader. The reader must not only share the rambling vagary of Wakefield's alienation, he is invited to participate in the creative act itself. Significantly the narrator is himself a reader of magazines and newspapers whose hermeneutical 'skill'[79] generates the speculative story of 'Wakefield'. The bond must be strengthened further; the reader must become a writer, and in filling out the blank page of Wakefield's life he will discover the common human lot of suffering and potential redemption.

The separation from 'our friend'[80] Wakefield is effected. The narrator rejects the fate of Wakefield; he will not be an Outcast of the Universe. His fiction, his story, is not an act of alienation like Wakefield's self-quest; it is a fiction of communication. Out of the raw materials he builds a house-of-fiction, his 'artifice of eternity'.

The retreat from a world of 'sin and sorrow'[81] into an exclusive and seemingly secure isolation is enacted collectively by the Shakers.[82] Their extreme religious renunciation of the world, (their creed of asceticism and celibacy), is the communal equivalent of the man of adamant's programme for exclusive salvation. To Hawthorne such an ideology is nihilistic, resulting like Quakerism in a violation of 'the duties of the present life and the future by fixing...attention wholly on the latter'.[83] The spiritual and temporal security of the Shaker world is oriented not toward fulfilment but toward extinction, toward a time

> when children shall no more be born and die,
> and the last survivor of mortal race, some old
> and weary man like me, shall see the sun go down,
> never more to rise on a world of sin and sorrow. 84

This extinction is not merely a future wiping out of the human race, but involves a spiritual suicide in the present. In 'The Shaker Bridal' (1838) the elders impose 'the hoar frost of autumn' prematurely on the heads of the bridal couple who, though 'still in the summer of their years', already bear testimony to a moral and emotional death. Adam is severe and rigid; Martha's tender woman's heart has been submerged beneath her 'corpse-like appearance'.[85] A Shaker bridal is a contradiction in terms. It is an inversion of the sacrament of marriage which promises earthly and eternal bliss and vitally conjoins present and future. To the Shakers carnal desire is the original sin and marriage is therefore renounced in favour of a 'cold fraternal'[86] union which is analogous to a funeral. Martha's wedding gown literally becomes her shroud: significantly, 'her heart could endure the weight of its desolate agony no longer'.[87] The 'sacred dance' of the Shakers bears no resemblance to a fertility rite; it is a <u>danse macabre</u>,

> every step of which is believed to alienate the enthusiast from earth, and bear him onward to heavenly purity and bliss. 88

In their fanatical and deluded concern with eternal salvation the Shakers sacrifice the 'sanctity of the human heart' to a cold abstraction.

In 'The Canterbury Pilgrims' (1833) Hawthorne measures the Shaker ideal of chastity and ascetic perfection against the imperfections and contingencies suffered by 'the world's people'.[89] The architectonic contours of the story maintain a careful balance between the antinomies of true and false pilgrimages. The Shaker settlement, perceived at a distance now, is situated high upon a hill, symbolic of its separatism and its idealist aspirations for eternity. The world, still out of sight, is situated down in a valley of time, toil and experience. The journey implied by the title serves as a frame for the central tableau which takes place in a 'neutral territory' where representatives of the opposing systems meet and exchange their views. The symbolic mode defines the meaning. The 'neutral territory' is an 'uneven country' oscillating between the actual and ideal spheres, between contingency and security, between time and eternity. It is illuminated by 'the summer moon', symbol of eternal beauty, chastity and perfection. But the moon symbolism is immediately qualified; shining as it does on 'so many a tale',[90] the moon's beauty may be a romantic fiction which can be detached from the 'uneven country' of human affairs only at the cost of imaginative and spiritual creativity. Similarly the Shakers' ascetic renunciation of sexual love may be a false idealism cultivated at the expense of 'natural sympathy with human frailties and affections'.[91] Josiah and Miriam who 'have a gift to love each other' fail to announce their departure to the forbidding elders because, as Josiah observes:

> Father Job is a very awful man to speak with, and being aged himself, he has but little charity for what he calls the iniquities of the flesh. 92

As in so many other tales it is the 'blessed fountain' that balances the oppositions of time and eternity.[93] Significantly the Canterbury fountain's 'continual gush of water' is held eternally in 'an open cistern hewn and hollowed out of solid stone' which is 'the work of neat hands and considerate art'.[94] Here then are two versions of eternity, the natural and the ideal or artful, which achieve a perfect equilibrium not found by either in isolation. The narrator, quenching his thirst at the fountain of eternity knows what the pilgrims have yet to learn: neither the natural world of flux and duration, nor the Shaker ideal of cold, stony timelessness is sufficient; they must act upon and modify one another before a true vision of eternity is possible.

Josiah and Miriam descend from the lofty heights of the Shaker settlement to seek fulfilment in time through their 'gift to love one another'. Their youth rebels against the ascetic spirit of denial and extinction which inhibits their passionate humanity. The sombre old-fashioned Shaker garb which gives them the appearance of ghosts 'straying out of their graves' cannot hide their 'warm and lifelike'[95] vigour. Their decision has not been an easy one and they experience both regret at the loss of the security provided by the Shaker retreat, and fear of the unknown contingencies of the world. But they are sustained by their hope that love will guide them to an eternity which is not a death-like immobility but a vital principle of continuous creativity.

The Canterbury pilgrims journeying upwards to the Shaker settlement are a party of 'world's people' who have been at the mercy of the vicissitudes of time and experience. World-weary, 'woe-begone' and prematurely old

they are disillusioned with the restless uncertainty of the simultaneously creative and destructive rhythms of temporality and seek the secure immobility of monastic retreat. The poet's disappointments are grounded in the lack of an audience to receive the 'ethereal essence of poetry'[96] with due recognition. Consequently he has failed to achieve fame, immortality or material success. Like the poet in 'The Great Carbuncle' (1837) his aesthetic quest has no substance:

> His ordinary diet was fog, morning mist, and a slice of the densest cloud within his reach, sauced with moonshine. 97

The poet's romantic self-indulgence and the merchant's materialistic obsessions fail to move Josiah who intuitively perceives the pride and vanity of men who blame time for their failure to achieve immortality, rather than their own short-comings.

It is the plight of the farmer and his wife that has most relevance for Josiah and Miriam. The similarity of situation and goal provides a cautionary lesson for the 'young fugitives'.[98] Defeated by time and the ravages of life the farmer no longer has the frontier spirit to challenge the future; he chooses the safer flight from time into the timeless death-like security of the Shaker retreat. Worst of all, as the wife claims, time destroys love, reducing mutual confidence and affection to indifference and self-absorption. The pilgrims represent

> shadowy omens of disappointed hope and unavailing toil, domestic grief, and estranged affection, that would cloud the onward path of these poor fugitives. 99

In spite of their testimonies Josiah and Miriam reaffirm their faith in love, that sanctuary of eternity, which will sustain them 'amid the struggles of the world'.[100] Thus they choose not to return 'up the hill' with the Canterbury Pilgrims who

> sought a home where all former ties of nature or Society would be sundered, and all old distinctions levelled, and a cold and passionless security be substituted for human hope and fear, as in that other refuge of the world's weary outcasts, the grave.101

Having discovered the 'holiness of the heart's affections'[102] Josiah and Miriam can no longer withdraw into the 'cold and passionless security' of a tomb-like refuge. With 'hope and fear' they drink from the fountain of eternity and then,

> with chastened hopes, but more confiding affections went on to mingle in an untried life. 103

As in 'The Maypole of Merry Mount' the echo of Milton's Paradise Lost is sounded:

> Some natural tears they drop't, but wip'd them soon,
> The world was all before them, where to choose
> Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
> They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,
> Through Eden took thir solitarie way. 104

As Leslie Fiedler has observed, there are in Hawthorne's fiction 'no redeemed individuals, only redeemed couples'.[105] Josiah and Miriam, Edith and Edgar, Matthew and Hannah in 'The Great Carbuncle', Holgrave and Phoebe in The House of the Seven Gables, Hollingsworth and Priscilla in The Blithedale Romance , Kenyon and Hilda, Donatello and Miriam in The Marble Faun, in choosing marriage, submit to 'earth's doom of care, and sorrow, and troubled joy'[106] which is transformed by the quasi-religious experience of love:

> And it was in this hour, so full of doubt and awe, that the one miracle was wrought, without which every human existence is a blank. The bliss, which makes all things true, beautiful, and holy, shone around this youth and maiden. They were conscious of nothing sad nor old. They transfigured the earth, and made it Eden again, and themselves the two first dwellers in it. The dead man, so close beside them, was forgotten. At such a crisis, there is no Death; for Immortality is revealed anew, and embraces everything in its hallowed atmosphere. 107

Mrs Dabney in 'The Wedding Knell' (1836) also seeks redemption through marriage, but it is a terror of the inevitability of death that motivates her, and not love. She deludes herself that marriage is the elixir of life, that will keep her eternally young. However her two marriages prior to the narrative have not been redemptive. Marriage without affection is sterile and does not provide the desired deliverance from time:

> Being childless, she could not remain beautiful by proxy, in the person of a daughter; she therefore refused to grow old and ugly, on any consideration; she struggled with Time and held fast her roses in spite of him. 108

The story's title ironically juxtaposes the ideas of marriage and death, and with good cause, for this aged bridal couple is on the threshold of death.[109] By marrying Mr Ellenwood, the rejected sweetheart of her youth, Mrs Dabney mistakenly believes that she can recover the past. But neither the youth and gaiety with which she surrounds herself, nor the splendid finery of her wedding attire can hide the fact of her wrinkled and decaying body. More appropriate, perhaps, than the bright wedding pageant is the morbid funeral procession choreographed by the bridegroom. Accompanied by the music of the funeral knell the bridegroom in his shroud unites in 'joyless age' with former friends, now withered and infirm, and performs 'a dance of death'.[110] The moral is clear:

> The whole scene expressed, by the strongest imagery, the vain struggle of the gilded vanities of this world, when opposed to age, infirmity, sorrow and death. 111

The lesson is well learned by the aged bride whose 'worldliness was gone'.[112] Her gesture of humility, and her renunciation of life and of time in order to share an eternity with her bridegroom, arouse a 'gush of human feeling from the frozen bosom' of the corpse-like man. Here the fountain of eternity is the flow of human affection

which thaws the congealed heart. Once again the transfiguring power of love is predicated:

> Let us join out hands before the altar, as lovers, whom adverse circumstances have separated through life, yet who meet again as they are leaving it, and find their earthly affection changed into something holy as religion. And what is Time, to the Married of Eternity. 113

The victory over time and death is achieved not through escape but through the 'union of two immortal souls'.[114] The triumph of love is announced by the organ's pouring forth of the marriage anthem which drowns the gloomy toll of the funeral bell.

In 'A Virtuoso's Collection' (1842) the narrator rejects the elixir of life in favour of death which he regards as 'the very friend whom, in his due season, even the happiest mortal should be willing to embrace'.[115] He continues to explain the reasons for his choice:

> No, I desire not an earthly immortality...Were man to live longer on the earth, the spiritual would die out of him. The spark of ethereal fire would be choked by the material, the sensual. There is a celestial something within us that requires, after a certain time, the atmosphere of Heaven to preserve it from decay and ruin. I will have none of this liquid. You do well to keep it in a sepulchral urn; for it would produce death, while bestowing the shadow of life. 116

The refusal to accept death results in a neurotic preoccupation with death. The 'White Old Maid' (1835) in her customary winding sheet is a ghostly frequenter of death beds and funeral processions. She remains 'a time-stricken virgin',[117] arrested at that moment long ago when her lover died. She has lived for so long with grief and suffering that no other existence is possible for her. Refusing to forgive her rival, who is presumably responsible for the lover's death, she estranges herself from the 'chain of human sympathy'. The 'Wives of the Dead' (1832)

suffer no less grief at the deaths of their husbands but they are sustained by sisterly affection and compassion:[118]

> United, as they had been, by the relationship of the living, and now more closely so by that of the dead, each felt as if whatever consolation her grief admitted, were to be found in the bosom of the other. They joined their hearts, and wept together silently. 119

Significantly the story is set in a domestic haven, the chief symbols of which are the hearth and a lighted lamp. Mary performs her domestic duties with fortitude and succeeds in calming Margaret's passionate lamentation. Whether one interprets the news of the husband's survival as dream or reality, the rhythm of the responses remains constant.[120] Both Margaret and Mary experience hope and joy which is very soon clouded by compassion for her sister's loss. I tend to agree with Harry Levin that the widows 'dream vainly of their husbands' return'.[121] The pathos of the ending underlines the precariousness of human happiness. The ambiguous open-endedness of the tale refuses any comforting conclusive view. Life does, and must extend beyond crises. The uncertainty of life must be confronted and absorbed. But the vision of the tale is not bleak or hopeless; the fire in the hearth and the lamp are perdurable images in the midst of Heraclitean flux. The lamp is like the innkeeper's lantern

> bringing to view indistinct shapes of things, and the fragments of a world, like order glimmering through chaos, or memory roaming over the past. 122

Hawthorne's conviction of the innate depravity of man was counterbalanced by an equally strong faith in the regenerative power of love and social intercourse. Claudia D. Johnson observes that love 'is the central term in any definition of perfection'.[123] In her article 'Hawthorne's "Bell" : Historical Evolution Through Symbol', Gretchen Jordan expresses a similar view of what she sees as Hawthorne's secularized religion

based on a democratic and universal brotherhood whose overriding principle is 'Love of Man'. This idea does indeed proliferate in his writing but it is stated diagrammatically rather than imaginatively or dramatically conceived. Love as a 'categorical imperative' should be the solution to the sense of homelessness, alienation and existential anguish suffered by men in a world of flux and fragmentation. But Hawthorne is finally unconvinced about man's ability to love his fellows. The Blithedale Romance is a bleak illustration of the failure of universal brotherhood and even the marriage of Phoebe and Holgrave does not sound a convincing note for a promising future. Truth can be glimpsed but not grasped. As a man, Hawthorne puts his faith in love; as an artist, he is the devil's advocate in spite of himself. As Melville observed:

> In spite of all the Indian-summer sunlight on the hither side of Hawthorne's soul, the other side - like the dark half of the physical sphere, - is shrouded in blackness, ten times black. 124

And D.H. Lawrence finds in Hawthorne a 'duplicity' which he describes as 'a tight mental allegiance to a morality which all passion goes to destroy'.[125] Hawthorne's finest tales locate 'the power of blackness' in the heart of man. He asks dark questions and he answers them darkly. An awareness of man's recalcitrant evil nature, rather than a belief in his infinite perfectibility; the manifold examples of man's inhumanity to man, rather than brotherly love, establish Hawthorne as a forerunner of the dark pessimism of Schopenhauer and Spengler. In 'The New Adam and Eve' he writes about 'the plague of sin:

> In the course of the world's lifetime, every remedy was tried for its cure and extirpation, except the single one, the flower that grew in Heaven, and was sovereign for all the miseries of earth. Man never had attempted to cure sin by LOVE! 126

Sin is an ubiquitous reality in the prelapsarian world, and any attempt

to escape one's natural depravity by assuming moral self-righteousness is both deceptive and isolating. As Hawthorne says in 'Fancy's Show Box':

> Man must not disclaim his brotherhood with the guiltiest, since, though his hand be clean, his heart has surely been polluted by the flitting phantoms of iniquity. 127.

But the acknowledgement of the brotherhood of sin covers only a short distance of the moral journey; the redemptive union of love is necessary before man can assume his place within time, society,and nature, and thereby achieve a true vision of eternity.

Roderick Elliston in 'Egotism; or the Bosom Serpent' (1843) is more morally advanced than either Richard Digby,who self-righteously denies his own sinfulness while he condemns the depravity of others, or Gervayse Hastings,whose icy heart precludes personal suffering and sympathetic communion with his fellowmen. Neither of these petrified men have embarked on the moral journey.[128] Roderick Elliston, however, has reached a critical juncture which establishes the fictional present. The story begins in medias res, then flashes back to unfold Elliston's history since his parting from his wife, and concludes in the present with his reunion with Rosina. The disruption of the chronology intensifies the difficulty of the journey. Salvation is not a predetermined conclusion. Each stage of the journey requires an active and conscious commitment to a progressive rather than regressive direction.[129] Elliston's history establishes a forward and backward rhythm of moral progress. He descends into the underworld of self and discovers the awful sin in his heart and the consequent suffering of an internal hell.[130] He imagines that his bosom-serpent is a 'darkly infernal' divinity that has established his rule of envy, pride and egotism in Elliston's heart.[131] The horrible

refrain, 'It gnaws me! It gnaws me!'[132] testifies to the extremity of his psychological and spiritual agony. But the first stage of self-knowledge is followed by a retrogressive movement:

> [He] estranged himself from all companionship. Not merely the eye of man was a horror to him; not merely the light of a friend's countenance; but even the blessed sunshine, likewise, which, in its universal beneficence, typifies the radiance of the Creator's face, expressing his love for all the creatures of his hand. The dusky twilight was now too transparent for Roderick Elliston; the blackest midnight was his chosen hour to steal abroad. [133]

Self-estranged from society, Elliston also alienates himself from the vital creativity of time and nature. He becomes 'unhumanized'.[134] Soon, however, Roderick's 'yearning for fellowship' asserts itself and he aims 'to establish a species of brotherhood between himself and the world'.[135] Like the prophetic painter he has an acute perception of the frailties and vices of men and thereby threatens 'the tacit compact, by which the world has done its best to secure repose without relinquishing evil'. The ironic narrative tone underlines the false security and righteousness of a society undermined by Roderick's theory that 'every mortal bosom harbored either a brood of small serpents, or one overgrown monster'.[136]

The discovery of the common sinful nature of mankind is a positive move in the direction of a sympathetic union with fellow sinners. But Elliston becomes an apostate from sympathy; he embraces his bosom-serpent which he now recognizes as 'the symbol of a monstrous egotism'[137]:

> Horrible love - horrible antipathy - embracing one another in his bosom, and both concentrating themselves upon a being that had crept into his vitals, or been engendered there, and which was nourished with his food, and lived upon his life, and was as intimate with him as his own heart, and yet was the foulest of all created things! But not the less was it the true type of a morbid nature. [138]

The language constantly modulates into an imprisoning solipsism. The auto-eroticism of the passage is prurient and morbidly obscene. Crews suggests that Elliston's self-obsessive behaviour forms 'a pattern that might well be characterized as masturbatory'.[139] His 'diseased self-contemplation'[140] drives him regularly

> before a looking-glass, with his mouth wide open watching, in hope and horror, to catch a glimpse of the snake's head far down within his throat. 141

Elliston compounds his evil by making his own bosom-serpent the type of 'each man's fatal error, or hoarded sin, or unquiet conscience',[142] and by projecting his own agony on all mankind.

Elliston conforms exactly to the Calvinist definition of egotism. Thomas Upham, a nineteeth century perfectionist, regarded egotism as the true inferno:

> A being who is supremely selfish is necessarily miserable... Instead of the principle of unity, which tends to oneness with other beings, and naturally leads to happiness, he has within him the principle of exclusion and of eternal separation. In its ultimate operation, if it is permitted permanently to exist, it necessarily drives him from everything else, and wedges him closer and closer in the compressed circumference of his own personality. This principle of love, terminating in self as the supreme object, and exclusive of other objects - in other words, supreme selfishness, - makes him at war with all other beings; and it is impossible for him to be happy but in their destruction, which is also an impossibility. This is the true hell and everlasting fire. 143

Unlike the men of adamant, Hastings and Digby, Roderick Elliston is not irredeemable. His moment of crisis has arrived; he is at the crossroads between the 'by-way to the pit' and the 'gates of heaven',[144] and he must choose either the timeless prison of egotism or the eternal deliverance of love. Significantly the critical decision is enacted beside a fountain 'which gushed into the fleckered sunshine'. To

Elliston the fountain can embody the narcissistic reflection of the snake, or it can be interpreted as an emblem of eternity in the midst of time:

> How strange is the life of a fountain, born at every moment, yet of an age coeval with the rocks and far surpassing the venerable antiquity of a forest. 145

He is guided out of his morbid introspection by Rosina, a rose of eternity whose 'hope and unselfish love'[146] dissipates his despair and consuming egotism. Her loving touch revives his love, he forgets himself 'in the idea of another' and becomes 'a man renewed, restored to his right mind, and rescued from the fiend'.[147] He emerges from the cavernous gloom of the heart into a deeper region of 'flowers and sunny beauty'.[148] The serpent, an emblem of temporal evil, plunges into the fountain of eternity, and Roderick resumes an active place in time and society. His social concern is evident in his narration of 'The Christmas Banquet'. Rosina effects a miracle where physicans have failed to cure; she demystifies what has perplexed many:

> The serpent was but a dark fantasy, and what it typified was as shadowy as itself. The past, dismal as it seems, shall fling no gloom upon the future. To give it its due importance, we must think of it but as an anecdote in our Eternity. 149

Elliston's moral lapse is a temporary fiction; eternal truth inheres in love which transfigures evil but does not deny its due role in the spiritual pilgrimage. Rosina enables Elliston to see beyond 'the shadowy scope of Time'.[150]

The spirit of love dominates 'The Great Stone Face' (1850). The Stone Face is an emblem of eternity, and of divine, natural and human affection.[151] Carved out of immense rocks it is a gigantic 'human face, with all its original divinity intact', and with an expression

that is

> at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections. 152

The story illustrates Darrel Abel's observation that

> [Hawthorne] saw the past and future as they met in a timeless present in the heart of man. 153

Since time immemorial the Great Stone Face has towered over the valley where men are victims of the 'crime of death and birth'.[154] Its permanent presence contrasts with the vain quests of those who travel far afield to seek fame, wealth, power and success. Linked to the past and the future by virtue of its topographical existence, the Stone Face has also been imbued with eternal sublimity by the mythopoeic imagination of man:

> So [Ernest's] mother told him a story that her own mother had told her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless so very old, that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops.

The story, emerging from a distant primordial past extends into an infinite future by its prophetic nature:

> The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. 155

The structure elucidates the theme.[156] The episodic construction, the use of digression, and the shifting of focus and perspective is interfused with the unity of the dominating symbol. Each episode is marked by a temporal transition. The story narrates the life of Ernest from childhood to maturity but in spite of the 'heavy weight

of hours'[157] Ernest achieves an aura of immortality. Like the Great Stone Face, Ernest becomes a myth:

> His wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved, and in which he had written legends of wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life. 158

The biblical echoes are implicit, transcribed into a regional legend. Ernest is a Christ figure created in the image of the Great Stone deity. He exemplifies the Christian virtues of love, humility, sympathy, simple domesticity and industrious labour. He is not deceived by the splendour of false idols. Mr Gathergold's material wealth does not conceal his spiritual poverty; his withered yellow features do not compare with the 'glorious features' of the Great Stone Face 'gilded by the last sunbeams'.[159] Old Blood-and-Thunder's 'war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will' lacks 'the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies'[160] of the Great Stone Face. And 'the sublimity and stateliness, the grand expression of a divine sympathy, that illuminated the mountain visage' are absent in Old Stony Phiz, who 'had always a weary gloom in the deep caverns of his eyes'.[161] All these impostors are victims of time, whereas Ernest's sympathetic involvement with the temporal rhythms of nature and man confers upon him an ethos of immortality. Gradually, through his regular communion with the 'mountain visage', Ernest acquires a notable resemblance to its benignant, angelic omnipresence. The resemblance is

> visible in the calm and well-considered beneficence of his life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide green margin all along its course....The good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech...inevitably as the murmur of a rivulet. 162 (Italics mine)

This is the language of eternity. Ernest has quaffed of the mystic fountain, he is irradiated by an inner spiritual glow, and,

> dwelling with angels as friend with friends,
> he had imbibed the sublimity of their ideas,
> and imbued it with the sweet and lowly charm of
> household words. 163

However, the myth can only be consummated and eternized by the interpretive, shaping powers of the poet:

> Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect
> from the hour that the poet blessed it with his
> happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the
> last, best touch to his own handiwork. Creation
> was not finished till the poet came to interpret
> and to complete it. 164

His 'poetic faith' discloses the miraculous coherence of the created world; he 'showed the golden links of the great chain that intertwined [mankind] with an angelic kindred'.[165] Like the lover, 'the poet's ideal was the truest truth'.[166] The resemblance between Ernest and the poet is striking: both are associated with sublimity, radiance and harmony. The 'thoughts and feelings [that] gushed up with such a natural freedom' in Ernest's speech are like

> the living images which the poet flung out of his mind,
> and which peopled all the air about the cottage door with
> shapes of beauty, both gay and pensive. 167

But the poet knows that the 'poor and mean realities'[168] of his life are not consonant with the divinity of his poetry. He recognizes Ernest as the Man of Prophecy whose 'good deeds and holy love... were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written'.[169] The exultant revelation clinches the union of the poet and Ernest in a mythopoeic transcendence.

In The Marble Faun Hawthorne writes:

> How wonderful, that this our narrow foothold of the Present should hold its own so constantly, and, while every moment changing, should still be like a rock betwixt the encountering tides of the long Past and the infinite To-come! 170

The Old Manse is such a time-drenched rock. It is the repository of the mosses of history and of nature:

> We dwell in an old moss-covered mansion, and tread in the worn footprints of the past, and have a gray clergyman's ghost for our daily and nightly inmate. 171

The house is filled with objects made by other men of other generations, portraits, manuscripts, books, newspapers; although now mouldy and worthless, they still retain something of the human touch that created them. In the grounds is a grave 'marked by a small, mossgrown fragment of a stone'[172] which releases a vision of 'the outbreak of a long and deadly struggle between two nations'.[173] This is the battle that marked the beginning of the American Revolution that was to change the shape and direction of the future history of America. Here too, partially buried under the soil, are stone relics, 'implements of war, labour and the chase', of an Indian village of 'some unknown age, before the white man came'.[174] Hawthorne's imagination imbues the past with an immediacy:

> There is an exquisite delight, too, in picking up, for one's self, an arrow-head that was dropt centuries ago, and has never been handled since, and which we thus receive directly from the hand of the red hunter...Such an incident builds up again the Indian village, amid its encircling forest, and recalls to life the painted chief and warriors, the squaws at their household toil, and the children sporting among the wigwams.

But he returns to the present for 'the Old Manse is better than a thousand wigwams'.[175]

The Concord river which flows peacefully past the Manse 'towards its eternity, the sea,'[176] is an apt metaphor for the natural flux of time. The Manse witnesses the ceaseless cycles of nature:

> How early in the summer too, the prophecy of autumn comes! ... There is no other feeling like what is caused by this faint, doubtful, yet real perception, if it be not rather a foreboding, of the year's decay - so blessedly sweet and sad, in the same breath.
>
> Did I say that there was no feeling like it? Ah, but there is a half-acknowledged melancholy, like to this, when we stand in the perfected vigor of our life, and feel that Time has now given us all his flowers, and that the next work of his never idle fingers must be - to steal them, one by one, away. 177

In both these paragraphs the dash which precedes the acceptance of the demise of nature and of man illustrates the ambiguous breathlessness of trepidation and desire. The intimations of decay are couched in such rich abundance and 'pensive glory' that death itself acquires a new significance:

> A blessing is flung abroad, and scattered far and wide over the earth, to be gathered up by all who choose. I recline upon the still unwithered grass and whisper to myself: - 'Oh, perfect day! - Oh, beautiful world! - Oh, beneficent God! And it is the promise of a blissful Eternity; for our Creator would never have made such lovely days, and have given us the deep hearts to enjoy them, above and beyond all thought, unless we were meant to be immortal. This sunshine is the golden pledge thereof. It beams through the gates of Paradise, and shows us glimpses far inward. 178

The ecstatic vision absorbs and transcends death. The 'renewing power of the spirit' redeems the fallen world of time, and 'each human soul is the first created inhabitant of its own Eden'.[179]

The Old Manse is such an Eden. Within its 'magic circle'[180] of love and domesticity the world-worn spirit is revived. The Manse is sheltered from the 'turmoil of life's ocean'. It is a 'fairy-land, [where] there

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is no measurement of time',[181] a haven of rest and tranquillity for wayfarers from the 'tumult of the world'. In this 'Enchanted Ground'[182] the mosses of the past are counterpoised with the orchards of the future. Man has the power to shape his own destiny by restructuring received history and by building the future. An orchard testifies to the creative reciprocity between man and nature: the humanizing influence gives a 'domestic character' to the trees of the forest without destroying the individuality of their 'grotesque shapes'.[183] The organic metaphor is significant: man has a claim on posterity through the 'process of creation',[184] whether through paternity, gardening or art. If the apples survive long after their gardener has died as a 'bittersweet... moral of time's vicissitude',[185] Hawthorne's mosses,

> these few tales and essays, which had blossomed out like flowers in the calm summer of [his] heart and mind 186

ensure his immortality in spite of 'time's vicissitude'.

NOTES

1. SI, p.133.
2. TTT, p.341.
3. MOM, p.207.
4. TTT, p.210.
5. Ibid., p.205.
6. Ibid.
7. Ibid., p.211.
8. Ibid., p.212.
9. Ibid., pp. 211-212.
10. Ibid., p.334.
11. Ibid., p.337.
12. Ibid., p.341.
13. Ibid., p.342.
14. Ibid., p.324.
15. Look Homeward Angel. cited by Mendilow, op.cit., p.137.
16. A notebook entry of 1839 records the following idea for a story: To have ice in one's blood. (AN, p.184).
17. A notebook entry 1842-43 AN, p.237.
18. SI, p.161.
19. Ibid., p.165.
20. Ibid., p.161.
21. Ibid., p.162.
22. Ibid., p.161.
23. Ibid., p.164.
24. Ibid., p.162.
25. Ibid., p.166.

26. Ibid.,p.162.
27. Ibid.,p.161
28. Ibid.,p.164.
29. Ibid.,pp.163-164.
30. Ibid.,p.167.
31. Ibid.,p.166.
32. Ibid.,p.167.
33. Ibid.,p.169.
34. MOM,p.221.
35. SL,p.118.
36. BR,p.55.
37. MOM,p.485.
38. Ibid.,p.496.
39. Ibid.,p.284.
40. Ibid.,p.285.
41. Ibid.,p.286.
42. Ibid.,p.285.
43. Ibid.
44. Ibid.,p.287.
45. Ibid.,p.289.
46. Ibid.,p.286.
47. Ibid.,p.300.
48. Ibid.,p.287.
49. Ibid.,p.304.
50. Ibid.,p.301.
51. TTT p,131.
52. Ibid.,p.130.

53. Ibid., p.131.

54. Ibid., p.138.

55. Ibid., p.132.

56. 'The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock' in Collected Poems.

57. TTT, p.137.

58. The Wasteland: 'The Burial of the Dead' in Collected Poems.

59. TTT, p.133.

60. In a letter to Longfellow Hawthorne wrote:

> By some witchcraft...I have been carried apart from the main current of life, and find it impossible to get back again...I have secluded myself from society...I have made a captive of myself, and put me into a dungeon, and now I cannot find the key to let myself out, - and if the door were open, I should be almost afraid to come out.... For the last ten years, I have not lived, but only dreamed of living.
>
> Cited in Matthiessen, op.cit., p.227.

Henry James examines similar issues. See for example 'The Jolly Corner'.

61. TTT, p.135.

62. Ibid.

63. Ibid., p.136.

64. Ibid., p.133.

65. Ibid., pp. 136-137.

66. 'Burnt Norton'. Four Quartets in Collected Poems.

67. TTT, p.135.

68. Ibid., p.133.

69. Ibid., p.135.

70. Ibid., p.137.

71. Ibid.,pp.138-139.

72. Burke, K. Attitudes Toward History, II, p.38.

73. TTT, p.130.

74. Ibid.,p.131.

75. Ibid.,p.137.

76. Ibid.,p.140.

77. Ibid.,p.137.

78. Ibid.,p.140.

79. Ibid.,p.137.

80. Ibid.,p.140.

81. TTT,p.425.

82. For a discussion of Hawthorne's Shaker tales see Gross, Seymour L. 'Hawthorne and the Shaker' AL 29(1957-58) pp.457-463; Lauber, John.'Hawthorne's Shaker Tales' NCF,18 (1963-64) pp.82-86.

83. MOM,p.85.

84. TTT,p.425.

85. Ibid.,p.420.

86. Ibid.,p.424.

87. Ibid.,p.425.

88. Ibid., p.419.

89. SI,p.121.

90. Ibid.,p.120.

91. TTT,p.424.

92. SI,p.122.

93. See 'Rappaccini's Daughter', 'Egotism; or the Bosom Serpent', 'The Man of Adamant', and The Marble Faun. In 'A Rill from the Town Pump' (1915) Hawthorne describes the ancient spring upon which the pump was sunk:

'Thus, one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain.'(TTT, p.144).

The elixir of life which Hawthorne examines in a number of stories becomes the central theme of the unfinished romances, Dr Grimshawe's Secret (1860-61) The Dolliver Romance, 1863-64) and Septimius Fulton (1861-63). Unlike the fountain it is a false emblem of eternity.

94. SI, p.120.

95. Ibid., p.121.

96. Ibid., p.124.

97. TTT, p.151.

98. SI, p.129.

99. Ibid., p.130.

100. Ibid.

101. Ibid., p.131.

102 Keats, J. Letter to Bailey, 22 November, 1817.

103. SI, p.131.

104. Milton J. Paradise Lost. Book XII. ll.645-649.

105. Love and Death in the American Novel. p.443.

106. TTT, p.58.

107. HSG, p.307.

cf. José Ortega y Gasset who writes:

This is the common 'state of grace' of the lover and the mystic.

Cited by Dryden E.A. The Poetics of Enchantment, p.91n.

108. TTT, p.29.

109. cf. 'The Shaker Bridal'.

110. TTT, p.33.

111. Ibid., p.34.

112. Ibid., p.35.

113. Ibid., p.36.

114. Ibid.

94. SI, p.120.

95. Ibid., p.121.

96. Ibid., p.124.

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110. TTT, p.33.

111. Ibid., p.34.

112. Ibid., p.35.

113. Ibid., p.36.

114. Ibid.

115. MOM,p.489.

In 'Earth's Holocaust' Hawthorne expresses a similar view:

> Death...is an idea that cannot easily be dispensed with, in any condition between the primal innocence and that other purity and perfection, which, perchance, we are destined to attain, after travelling round the full circle. (MOM, p.393).

In The Marble Faun Hawthorne describes Rome as the city of ruins, of decay and death. It is a 'sepulchral store-house of the past' (MF p.436), 'a vast tomb' (p.74) containing a 'long decaying corpse'. (p.235). But it is also a 'land of art' (p.96), a 'sort of poetic or fairy precinct' (p.3) where man has created his monuments of eternity through three consecutive civilisations. Rome is the Eternal City:

> 'The city of all time, and of all the world. The spot for which man's great life and deeds have done so mxch, and for which decay has done what glory and dominion could not do.' (p.111).

116. MOM,p.489.

117. HSG, p.34.

Similarly Hepzibah Pyncheon errs by dwelling exclusively in the past with no other real being. Like Esther Dudley she is contaminated with the taint of 'aristocratic reminiscences' (HSG, p.37).

118. Arlin Turner suggests that the two women in 'The White Old Maid' are sisters, which validates my juxtaposition of the two stories as companion pieces. Nathaniel Hawthorne p.51.

119. SI pp.192-193.

120. Arlin Turner suggests that the original reports were false op.cit., p.30. Doubleday has a similar interpretation op.cit., pp.215-218. H.J. Lang, however, contends that the tale is to be read as a pair of dreams. See his article 'How Ambiguous is Hawthorne' in Kaul, op.cit., pp.87-89.

121. Levin,op.cit., p.58.

122. SI,p.196.

In 'Night Sketches' Hawthorne expresses a similar thought. See my discussion of this sketch in the Appendix.

123. Johnson,op.cit.,p.21.

124. Cited by Chase,op.cit.,p.89.

125. Cited by Chase, op.cit., p.9.

126. MOM, p.254.

127. TTT, p.226.

128. Johnson has suggested that this history of the soul is the underlying theme of Hawthorne's fiction. It reveals his heritage of the Puritan doctrine of justification, and the influence of the nineteenth-century Calvinist perfectionism which he presumably discovered at Bowdoin College where he had contact with Thomas Upham, a professor, who defined perfectionism as 'a greatly advanced stage of religious feeling' (p.19). op.cit, pp.10-45.

129. See Schroeder, John W. 'Hawthorne's "Egotism; or the Bosom Serpent" and its Source'. AL, 31(1959-60) pp.150-162.

130. See Note 17.

131. When Chillingworth recognizes Hester on the scaffold, 'a writhing horror twisted itself across his features, like a snake gliding swiftly over them'. (SL, p.61). Similarly in 'Young Goodman Brown' the devil's serpentine staff seems to writhe and twist like a living snake. And Hollingsworth's only real companion is 'that cold, spectral monster which he had himself conjured up'(BR, p.55). Elliston clearly has an affinity with this fictional family.

132. MOM, p.270.

133. Ibid., p.272.

134. Ibid., p.270.

135. Ibid., p.274.

136. Ibid., p.278.

137. Ibid., p.274.

138. Ibid., p.279.

139. Crews, op.cit., p.113.

140. MOM, p.283.

141. Ibid., p.280.

142. Ibid., p.277.

Elliston shares with Goodman Brown and Minister Hooper an obsessive conviction of innate depravity. He shares with Aylmer, Brand and Rappaccini a consuming egotism and pride.

143. Cited by Johnson, op.cit., pp.19-20.

144. BR,p. 243.

145. MOM,p.281.

146. Ibid.,p.283.

The image of the rose is generally associated with the feminine life-giving principle. Phoebe is 'a young rosebud of a girl' (HSG,p.117) whose presence causes the half-torpid heart of Clifford to tingle:

> The fragrance of an earthly rose-bud had come to his nostrils, and, as odour will, had summoned up reminiscences or visions of all the living and breathing beauty amid which he should have had his home (HSG, p.142).

147. MOM,p.283.

148. AN,p.237.

149. MOM,p.283.

150. Ibid.,p.56.

151. Stoniness here does not imply cold-heartedness. Rather it reinforces the notion of permanence in the midst of change. We are told that 'the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.' (SI,p.27).

152. SI,p.27.

153. Abel D. 'Giving Lustre to Gray Shadows: Hawthorne's Potent Art'. AL,41 (1969-70). p.373.

154. Yeats,W.B. 'A Dialogue of Self and Soul'. In Collected Poems

155. SI,p.28.

156. see Lynch,James J. 'Structure and Allegory in "The Great Stone Face"'. NCF,15 p.137 ff.

157. Shelley, P.B. 'Ode to the West Wind'.

158. SL,p.42.

159. Ibid.,p.33.

160. Ibid.,p.37.

161. Ibid.,p.41

162. Ibid.,p.38.

163. Ibid., p.45.

164. Ibid., p.43

165. Ibid. Sidney cf. Sir Philip Sidney in 'A Defence of Poetry' in which he describes the alchemic power of the poet: 'Only the poet... doth grow in effect another nature, in making things either better than nature bringeth forth, or, quite anew... Nature never set forth the earth in so rich a pattern as diverse poets have done;... Her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden.'
Miscellaneous Prose of Sir Philip Sidney (ed.) Duncan-Jones and Van Dorsten. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1973, p.78.

166. Ibid.,p.44.

167. Ibid.,p.45

168. Ibid.,p.46.

169. Ibid.,p.47.

170. MF,p.411.

171. MOM,p.153.

See Lind,S.'Emily Dickinson's "Further in Summer than the Birds" and Hawthorne's "The Old Manse". AL,39.(1967-68) pp.163-169.

172. MOM,p.9.

173. Ibid.,p.6.

174. Ibid.,p.10.

175. Ibid.,p.11.

176. Ibid.,p.6.

177. Ibid.,p.26.

178. Ibid.,pp.29-30.

179. Ibid.,p.153.

180. Ibid.,p.29.

181. Ibid.,p.33.

182. Ibid.,p.28.

183. Ibid.,p.12.

184. Ibid.,p.14.

185. Ibid.,p.12.

186. Ibid.,p.34.

APPENDIX

> Poetry raised to its highest power is then identical with religion grasped in its inmost truth; at their point of union both reach their utmost purity and beneficence, for then poetry loses its frivolity and ceases to demoralize, while religion surrenders its illusions and ceases to deceive. 1

Santayana's identification of poetry and religion and his belief in the power of art to alter our lives is anticipated by Hawthorne. In The Marble Faun Hawthorne comments on the effect of Sodoma's fresco of Christ bound to a pillar:

> This hallowed work of genius shows what pictorial art, devoutly exercised, might effect on behalf of religious truth; involving, as it does, deeper mysteries of revelation and bringing them closer to man's heart, and making them tenderer to be impressed by them, than the most eloquent words of preacher or prophet. 2

Such 'high' art might resolve for Hawthorne his inner conflict between Transcendental aestheticism and Puritan morality. He was severely critical of 'frivolous' art which aimed merely to satisfy the senses, not the soul. In 'The Great Carbuncle' he comments ironically on the votary of Transcendentalism:

> His ordinary diet was fog, morning mist, and a slice of the densest cloud within his reach, sauced with moonshine, whenever he could get it. Certain it is, that the poetry, which flowed from him, had a smack of all these dainties. 3

On the other hand Hawthorne does not endorse the narrow Calvinistic condemnation of the artist as simply 'the famous Black Man of old witch times, plotting mischief in a new guise'.[4] He is fully aware of the dangers inherent in his calling, but he also knows that the 'witchcraft' of art is regenerative as well as corrupt.

The infernal nature of the aesthetic imagination is illustrated in 'The Devil in Manuscript' (1835). The room in which imaginative art is born,

is described as an inferno where 'a great blazing fire' rages among 'the hot coals'.[5] The manuscript is 'hellish', 'accursed' and embodies 'the character of a fiend, as represented in our traditions and written records of witchcraft'. Moreover the artist himself must assume responsibility for his noxious creations:

> I have a horror of what was created in my own brain, and shudder at the manuscripts in which I gave that dark idea a sort of material existence. 6

Oberon suffers the same fate as all Hawthorne's artist figures: he surrounds himself with shadows which lead him into 'a strange sort of solitude - a solitude in the midst of men - ...!'[7] But finally Oberon exults in the satanic power of his imagination to awaken the town from its customary slumber:

> "My tales!" cried Oberon. "The chimney! The roof! The Fiend has gone forth by night, and startled thousands in fear and wonder from their beds! Here I Stand - a triumphant author! Huzza! Huzza! My brain has set the town on fire! Huzza!" 8

The image of the fire is equivocal. Destructive and malevolent on the one hand, it is creative and regenerative on the other. It is a 'Titan of innovation, angel or fiend, double in his nature'.[9] Oberon's triumph recalls the pentecostal 'Tongue of Flame', the power 'to express the highest truth through the humblest medium of familiar words and images'.[10] Thus Oberon awakens his readers from their habitual anaesthetic stupor and arouses in them the tragic response of 'fear and wonder'. The flames of his inferno shift and flicker, accumulating a multiplicity of suggestiveness. They recall the warm light of the fire in the moonlit room of the creative imagination, which has the power to convert the 'snow images of fancy into 'men and women' with 'a heart and sensibilities of human tenderness'. And they evoke the image

of the hearth-fire, the locus of 'warmth and hope and fellow-feeling and the love that held together the family circle'.[11]

Art, like love, has the redemptive power to transform the ugly contingencies of life into the 'high truth' of universal and eternal beauty. Such art discovers a unity in the midst of the most bewildering multiplicity. As Hawthorne remarks:

> What is called poetic insight is the gift of discerning, in this sphere of strangely mingled elements, the beauty and the majesty which are compelled to assume a garb so sordid. [12]

And in 'The Great Stone Face' he describes the quasi-religious power of the man of imagination:

> This man of genius, we may say, had come down from heaven with wonderful endowments. If he sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing on its breast, or soaring to its summit, than had before been seen there. If his theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile had now been thrown over it, to gleam forever on its surface. If it were the vast old sea, even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if by the emotions of the song. Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. [13]

This is no transcendental escape that Hawthorne is describing here, no mystical vision, but a dynamic act of the imagination that creates an organic unity between the inner and outer worlds. The remainder of this chapter will be devoted to an examination of these three aspects of Hawthorne's writing: organicism, the dynamic process of creation, and the dialogue between the inner and outer worlds, between the 'self' and the 'other'.

The organic metaphor is crucial, for, as Hawthorne observes in the Notebooks:

> The reason of the minute superiority of Nature's work over man's, is, that the former works from the innermost germ, while the latter works merely superficially. 14 (Italics mine).

He is echoing Coleridge for whom organic form is necessarily 'innate':

> It shapes as it develops from within, and the fulness of its development is one and the same with the perfection of its outward form. 15

Hawthorne describes his own writing as an organic process:

> How narrow - how shallow and scanty too - is the stream of thought that has been flowing from my pen, compared with the broad tide of dim emotions, ideas, and associations which swell around me... 16

His Mosses 'had blossomed out like flowers in the calm summer of [his] heart and mind'. They are 'idle weeds', 'withering blossoms' and 'pressed flowers'.[17] His Twice-Told Tales have 'the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade'.[18] Coleridge had stated that the truly organic form had 'its true image reflected and thrown out from the concave mirror'.[19] Following Coleridge, Hawthorne's 'mirror', his most persistent metaphor for the imaginative union of art and life, relaxes its strict neoclassical meaning and embraces the organic:

> The slumbering river has a dream picture in its bosom. Which, after all, was the most real - the picture or the original ? - the objects palpable to our grosser senses, or their apotheosis in the stream beneath? Surely the disembodied images stand in closer relation to the soul. 20

Sometimes 'the watery mirror'[21] takes the form of the fountain of eternity whose gushing life provides intimations of past and future which are interfused with present vitality. And elsewhere he observes that a mirror 'is always a kind of window or doorway into the spiritual world'.[22] Thus the mirror of art reflects the essence of reality. By divesting life from appearances, the inward eye of imaginative vision is

able to perceive reality. And it is also a moral vision which transcends temporal limitations and discovers the unchanging universal verities.

Santayana shares this view of the moral function of art:

> The great function of poetry...is... to repair to the material of experience, seizing hold of the reality of sensation and fancy beneath the surface of conventional ideas, and then out of that living but indefinite material to build new structures, richer, finer, fitter to the primary tendencies of our nature, truer to the ultimate possibilities of the soul. 23

As Hawthorne sees it, the major problem for the artist is successfully to transform 'the opaque substance of today' into 'a bright transparency'.[24] In Our Old Home he comments on the paradox of art:

> Facts as we really find them, whatever poetry they may involve, are covered with a stony excrescence of prose, resembling the crust on a beautiful sea-shell, and they never show their most delicate and divinest colours until we shall have dissolved their grosser actualities by steeping them long in a powerful menstruum of thought. And seeking to actualize them again, we do but renew the crust. If this were otherwise, - if the moral sublimity of a great fact depended in any degree on its garb of external circumstances, things which change and decay, - it could not itself be immortal and ubiquitous, and only a brief point of time and a little neighbourhood would be spiritually nourished by its grandeur and beauty. 25

Only the artistic imagination, that 'powerful menstruum of thought', can dissolve the intractable materiality of hard fact and imbue its essence with a spiritual and eternal beauty.

The difficulty of this task is the crux of 'The Old Apple Dealer' (1843). Hawthorne chooses as subject-matter the most 'indefinite material' he can find, and struggles to 'build new structures' that will ensure a reciprocal dialogue between the self and the world, the author and his reader, art and life. The drama of the creative process

is enacted. How is it possible, Hawthorne asks, to translate material that is dull, monochromatic and morally neutral, into a form that is 'moral[ly] picturesque' and imaginatively real? What aesthetic effort is required to seize upon 'this almost hueless object' and represent it 'to the imaginative vision by word-painting'? [26] Hawthorne observes:

> To confess the truth, it is not the easiest matter in the world, to define and individualize a character like this which we are now handling. The portrait must be so generally negative, that the most delicate pencil is likely to spoil it by introducing some too positive tint.27

From one point of view Hawthorne is successful in conveying a negative portrait of the 'chillness and torpid melancholy'[28] of the old apple dealer. The sketch is bland; the pace is slow; the action is kept to a minimum, a sigh, a shiver, the rearrangement of the dealer's articles of sale. What movement there is in the sketch is extrinsic to the old man and reveals more about the artist and his 'word-painting' than about the subject of his analysis. The inclusion in the portrait of the 'meteoric progress'[29] of the steam-engine, and the momentum and bustle which it excites, is a deliberate artifice to highlight the sedentary fixity of the apple dealer who is 'doomed never to share in the world's exulting progress'.[30] More particularly, the presence of the steam-engine raises a moral issue:

> It seems as if the whole world, both morally and physically, were detached from its old standfasts, and set in rapid motion.31

Crucial here is the emphasis on movement and change, on the adjustment of a moral viewpoint. And this is appropriate, because although the sketch is ostensibly static, featureless and negative, it is in fact replete with artistic and moral energy. The real hero is not the apple dealer at all, but the author-narrator who undertakes a journey of intellectual

experimentation and moral questioning.

Hawthorne is raising an issue here which has an important bearing on all his fiction. His insistence on the distinction between narrator and character is a warning against a too eager identification of the author with his dramatis personae. Arguably, Oberon is a fictive persona of the artist and does contribute certain autobiographical insights to the portrait of Hawthorne as artist. Similarly, Hawthorne shares some of the problems and ideals of his artist figures - the transcendentalism of Owen Warland, for example - but the constant shift of narrative perspective, the rich multiplicity of his symbols, and the subtle modulations of tone into irony and paradox preclude any such facile identification. His fictive world is peopled with 'outcast[s] of the Universe'[32] and alienated egotists. Wilfully removing themselves from the creative flux of life and time they become, like the apple dealer, increasingly shadowy and unreal. But the fragmentation of self and the gradual disintegration of identity recorded in the stories are not a measure of the author's equivalent failure of identity. As Meyerhoff observes, the author 'represents the active, organizing, regulative functions of the self',[33] and his art is a process of 'self-integration' rather than disintegration. Meyerhoff continues:

> To construct a work of art is to re-construct the world of experience and the self. And thus a concept of self emerges, through the act of creative recall translated into a process of artistic creation.

This view of art, Meyerhoff suggests, is based on Kant's concept of 'synthesis in imagination' but

> this synthesis does not produce the unity of an object in nature, as it does for Kant, but the unity of the subject himself. 34

The narrative impetus in 'The Old Apple Dealer' is the artist's urge to create, to breathe life into the gray, frosty nothingness of the old man, to possess and claim him as 'a naturalized citizen of my inner world'.[35] However by the end of the sketch the narrator is forced to adjust his vantage point of aesthetic arrogance to one of moral humility. His triumphant claim, 'I have him now',[36] is short-lived as he acknowledges his limitations:

> Could I read but a tithe of what is written there, it would be a volume of deeper and more comprehensive import than all that the wisest mortals have given to the world. 37

He correctly perceives that the apple dealer and the steam-engine 'are each other's antipodes'.[38] But the difference lies not in progress and speed but in the distinction between the human and the mechanical: man cannot be 'known' as a machine is 'known'. Empirical observation, albeit acute, can never fathom the mystery of existence. The narrator concludes with a paean of praise to God for the 'soundless depths of the human soul, and of eternity.' Reality inheres in the mystery of man's soul which is but temporarily encrusted in 'the present shapes of human existence'. The gray 'stony excrescence' of the apple dealer's physical being crumbles with time while his spiritual essence 'flits upward to the infinite'.[39] Significantly, the artist's 'religious obligation'[40] to the materials of the external world affords him a glimpse of eternity and reconciles him to the 'dark necessity'[41] of life.

Kant's theory of the cognitive structures of the mind had a powerful influence on nineteenth-century thinking. Kant rejected the notion that objects are fully determined at a given instant, and that they can preserve their being through time while remaining indifferent to the course of time. He argued that the being of bodies was always <u>becoming</u>.

At any given moment a mere stage of this process of becoming is present, an incomplete stage, which only has meaning on the strength of its relation to previous and later stages. Existence, therefore, is dependent on the retention of the past, and the anticipation of the future, held together through an identification of the varied and united stages in time. Consciousness, in Kant's theory, may be seen as the integration of multiplicity and variety. Significantly this synthesis or integration can never be completed in finite time. But the idea of complete synthesis is an essential ingredient of existence. The function of art is to provide such an ideal construct of existence. Poulet notes that in the nineteenth century 'reality is no longer...the thing completed, but the very genetic process by which cause engenders effect'.[42] This process is described by Renan as the 'intuition of becoming'.[43] And Michelet suggests that knowledge of the phenomenal world is dependent on participation in the generative process:

> I understood it. Why? Because I was able to follow it in its historical origins and watch it come out of the depths of time. 44

In Hawthorne's America, writes Michael Davitt Bell,

> it was a commonplace of aesthetic theory,... that the beauty of a work of imagination lay not in the artist's material but in the psychological 'associations' which that material set off in the artist's mind. An artist 'spiritualized' an object of contemplation by surrounding that object, in his imagination, with a train of appropriate 'associations'.

And Bell quotes Archibald Alison, the influential American philosopher, who wrote in 1790:

> Matter is not beautiful in itself, but derives its beauty from the expression of the mind. 45

In 'The Haunted Mind' Hawthorne is concerned with the actual process of creation through the associative techniques of the mind. But aesthetic and moral issues are interfused; the becoming of art is equivalent to the becoming of self. The absence of physical action in the sketch underlines the psychological nature of the journey. The narrator moves from a state of extreme isolation and inwardness, through various stages, until he is ready, at the end, to make his entry into 'the brilliant circle of a crowded theatre'.[46] Initially, he is 'like an oyster in its shell, content with the sluggish ecstacy of inaction'.[47] The warm room and the cozy bed function as a secure womb which insulates him from the harsh, cold world of time and natural process. Timelessness, however, is also lifelessness, and the artist who inhabits 'an intermediate space, where the business of life does not intrude' is capable only of creating art that resembles 'a frozen dream'.[48] Moreover, as a man he severs himself from the vital principle of human sympathy; his emotional frigidity imposes a forbidding frostiness on the external world.

The sensation of timelessness, lifelessness and coldness arouses associative images of death:

> Ah! that idea has brought a hideous one in its train.
> You think how the dead are lying in their cold shrouds
> and narrow coffins, through the drear winter of the grave.[49]

And this sparks off a procession of infernal images as his subconscious mind releases 'the devils of a guilty heart, that holds its hell within itself'.[50] If art is to be anything more than 'a realm of illusion',[51] the 'nightmare of the soul' must be endured, but the subsequent 'horror of the mind', 'sinking of the spirits' and 'gloom about the heart'[52] are

as damaging to the aesthetic imagination and the psychic well-being of the narrator as the 'delicious warmth'[53] of inertia. Art, if it is to reveal 'the truth of the human heart' must find a tonal balance of light and dark shades; the 'power of blackness' must be shot through with the glimmer of redemptive joy. And so the narrator conjures up a vision of love to alleviate the gruesome terrors of the 'haunted mind' and to release him into a world of organic flux. It is a vision of 'gladsomeness and beauty', irradiated by 'the wheeling of gorgeous squadrons, that glitter in the sun'. The imagery of seasonal renewal is paralleled by the regenerative ethos of love; tenderness, peacefulness, the 'dancing radiance round the hearth' and 'the merriment of children'. Such a revelation of quintessential beauty does not lose sight of the tragic complexity of existence, but now the rain is sunny, the shadows glimmer and 'the brightest of rainbows' stipples 'the unbroken sheet of snow'.[54]

The narrator of 'Night Sketches' (1838) undertakes a similar night journey in which he explores the power of darkness to its limits:

> I look upward, and discern no sky, not even an unfathomable void, but only a black impenetrable nothingness, as though heaven and all its lights were blotted from the system of the universe. It is as if Nature were dead, and the world had put on black, and the clouds were weeping for her. 55

However, in an epiphanic moment he too discovers a radiance in the midst of the opaque darkness. He encounters a stranger with a tin lantern that casts a mottled 'circular pattern' of brightness which transforms the darkness without dispelling it. Both sketches raise the question of the power and the use of the imagination and both resolve it in religious terms. The lantern-bearer is a figure of the artist

whose 'lamp of Faith'[56] symbolizes the imagination which, in Coleridgean terms,is 'a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation'.[57] Thus, says Hawthorne:

> He fears not to tread the dreary path before him, because his lantern, which was enkindled at the fireside of his home, will light him back to that same fireside again. And thus we, night-wanderers through a stormy world, if we bear the lamp of Faith, enkindled at a celestial fire, it will surely lead us home to that Heaven whence its radiance was borrowed. 58

The language is revealing. The imagination is finally dependent for its inspiration and its power on the reciprocity of inner and outer realms; on the creative opposition of the dark 'stormy world' and the secure fireside; on the values of love and sympathy located in a communion with man and nature.

The dynamic unfolding of form in these sketches creates a rhythm of withdrawal and return, or of birth, death and rebirth, as the creative process parallels the mystery of man's journey through life. The emphasis is on dynamics, growth and creativity, and it is significant that both sketches conclude with an entry or re-entry rather than an exit. The value of art is intrinsic to the act of creation itself. It is a measure of 'gladsomeness and beauty' in that it is constitutive of the sense of oneness with the outer world. As Santayana says:

> Beauty is the pledge of the possible conformity between the soul and nature, and consequently a ground of faith in the supremacy of the good. 59

The free flowing of the creative process becomes an affirmation of life in its totality. It is the artist, 'best child of time and immortality',[60] and not the idealistic reformer,who perceives the

essential beauty of the world in despite of it sordidness. In 'The Hall of Fantasy' the narrator contemplates with horror the destruction of 'the poor old Earth' prophesied by the fanatical Millerites:

> What I should chiefly regret...is the fragrance of flowers and of new mown hay; the genial warmth of sunshine and the beauty of a sunset among clouds; the comfort and cheerful glow of the fireside; the deliciousness of fruits and of all good cheer; the magnificence of mountains and seas and cataracts, and the softer charm of rural scenery; even the fast falling snow and the gray atmosphere through which is descends, - all these and innumerable other enjoyable things of earth must perish with her. Then the country frolics; the homely humor; the broad, open-mouthed roar of laughter, in which body and soul join so heartily! I fear that no other world can show us anything just like this. As for purely moral enjoyments, the good will find them in every state of being. But where the material and the moral exist together, what is to happen then? And then our mute four-footed friends and winged songsters of our woods! Might it not be lawful to regret them, even in the hallowed groves of paradise. 61

The artist proclaims his faith in man and nature, imperfect though they may be. The language captures the dual experience of time embodied in organic process: the transience of the flitting moment and the timelessness of the eternal repetitions of the natural cycle. Like the toll-gatherer, the artist resides at the crossroads of time and eternity. His mind's eye is open to a vision of the eternal while his physical eye gazes upon a vista of time and space. The 'alchemy of art'[62] achieves the consummate blend of the two perspectives, 'mingling reveries of Heaven with remembrances of earth'.[63]

NOTES

1. Santayana,G. Essays in Literary Criticism p.303.

2. MF,p.340.

3. TTT,p.151.

4. Ibid.,p.169.

5. SI,p.170.

6. Ibid.,p.171.

7. Ibid.,p.172.

8. Ibid.,p.178.

   The echo of Ethan Brand's proud and defiant exultation is noteworthy:

   > Come, deadly element of Fire - henceforth my familiar friend ! Embrace me as I do thee! SI,p 100.

9. MOM,p.400.

   Hawthorne's Oberon bears a close resemblance to Blake's Devil in The Marriage of Heaven and Hell. They share the precept that 'the tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction'.

10. SL,p.142.

11. Waggoner,H. The Presence of Hawthorne,p.11.

12. HSG, p.41.

13. SI,p.43.

14. AN,p.158.

15. Cited by Bell Millicent,op.cit., p.103.

16. MOM,p.32

    of Emerson's description of the imagination:

    > [It] exists by sharing the ethereal currents. The poet contemplates the central identity, sees it undulate and roll this way and that, with devine flowings, through remotest things.
    > Cited by Bell, Millicent,op cit.,p.49.

17. MOM,p.34.

18. TTT,p.5.

19. Male, R. 'From the Innermost Germ: The Organic Principle in Hawthorne's Fiction' ELH XX. (September, 1953) p.220.

20. MOM,p.22.

21. TTT,p.214.

22. HSG, p.281.

23. Santayana,op.cit.,p.191.

24. SL,p.37.

25. OOH,pp.135-136.

26. MOM,p.439.

27. Ibid.,p.444.

28. Ibid.,p.443.

29. Ibid.,p.445.

30. Ibid.,p.446.

31. Ibid.,p.445.

32. TTT,p.140.

33. Meyerhoff,op.cit.,p.38.

34. Ibid.,p.48.

35. MOM,p.439.

36. Ibid.,p.445.

37. Ibid.,p.446.

38. Ibid.,p.445.

39. Ibid.,p.446.

40. Cited by Jacobson,R. op.cit.,p.30.

41. SL,p.174.

42. Poulet,op.cit.,p.32.

43. Ibid.,p.31.

44. Ibid.,32.

The significance of these ideas for Hawthorne has been examined in Chapter 2.

45. Bell, M.D. op.cit., p.195.

46. TTT, p.309.

47. Ibid., p.306.

48. Ibid., p.305.

49. Ibid., p.306.

50. Ibid., p.307.

51. Ibid., p.304.

52. Ibid., p. 307.

    There is a verbal echo here of 'the wakeful anguish of the soul' in Keats' 'Ode on Melancholy'.

53. Ibid., p.306.

54. Ibid., p.308.

55. Ibid., p.427.

56. Ibid., p.432.

57. Cited by Jacobson, R. Hawthorne's Conception of the Creative Process p.4.

58. TTT, p.432.

59. Santayana, G. The Sense of Beauty, p.270.

60. MOM, p.376.

61. MOM, pp.183-184.

62. James, H. cited by Waggoner, H. The Presence of Hawthorne, p.23.

63. TTT, p.212.

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Name of thesis Time's Portraiture': the temporal design of Hawthorne's shorter fiction 1982

PUBLISHER:
University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg
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