THE RECOGNITION OF PASSION IN SELECTED FICTION OF E. M. FORSTER

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One does not read E. M. Forster without becoming aware very quickly that Mr. Forster is probably England's most articulate and convincing champion of the passionate life. Passion to Mr. Forster has many faces; indeed it is a whole way of life. It is the purpose of this paper to define the many different aspects of this Forsterian passion and to observe its development or denial in several characters of his selected fiction.

It is difficult, as I write about E. M. Forster, to believe that he is in his eighty-sixth year and that he has not published a novel in forty years. It is difficult to accept these biological and literary facts because, even today, Forster's works retain a freshness and vitality that many later works of English fiction lack. What then gives these qualities to his fiction, some of which was written more than 40 years ago? Partly, it is because Mr. Forster is concerned with universal themes but it is also because he has managed to communicate some of the wonder and idealism of the child in a jaded century. He invites us to climb through to the other side of the hedge[1] and begin to live. He is essentially

didactic in his writings but his didactism is gentle and becomes less insistent, more subtle and tentative by the time of A Passage to India.

Forster's themes remain basically the same throughout his fiction: the glorification of passion, the necessity of love, the avoidance of muddle, the unity of body and intellect and the rejection of all the rigid principles that thwart our emotional growth. Forster's world is never ~~easy~~ easy but it can be glorious. It might not be "here" or "now" but it is certainly somewhere, sometime. Very simply put, M. Forster is a champion of love and is opposed to all the barriers that obstruct our attainment of it. This is not a novel theme in English literature; D. E. Lawrence has said the same thing but Mr. Forster adds to his theme. He tells us that if we are numbered among the unfortunate who can never actually attain love and consummate it, it is enough that we have a vision of it. The vision may have different dimensions and may lurk in strange places--a tree trunk in Greece or a violet bed in Italy. Forster even permits it to occur in stodgy old England. The English may not be a particularly passionate race but they are civilized.

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Somewhere underneath the Forsterion prose, (his early socio-comic style reminds us of Jane Austen) lies the

Forsterian passion and to recognize passion in Forster we must first understand what it means to him. Although some of his novels are directly concerned with sexuality this is but one thread in the complete design. What Mr. Forster would have is a bright and vivid emotional response to life. He believes in the splendour of life here and is not concerned with the hereafter. He is Platonic in that he believes in man's enormous potential and he accepts the Greek ideal of heroic man but his position on the passions would have horrified the Greek philosopher. His creed is one of personal relationships rather than national ones, and it is the careless reader who tends to read Forster on this latter level; (this is particularly true of A Passage to India.) What he does say to us he says through human actions. Though he has somewhat romanticized southern Europe Mr. Forster is not suggesting that we must pack our bags, depart for Italy or Greece and cavort and roll in the lush countryside before life can be splendid for us. It can be had anywhere but it can never be had without love or at least a vision of love.

Passion can manifest itself in many ways; in the sexuality and cruelty of a Gino Carella or in the ultimate response to a half-brother by a Rickie Elliot. But whether it is the raw abandon of an Italian boy or a sensitive

English youth's search for reality it must always be honest and the truth and beauty which it involves must always be personal and not a vague abstraction. Forster has said that in regard to personal relations good will is not sufficient. "The only thing that cuts a little ice is affection or the possibility of affection."[2] His main concern is with the "inner life" and it is through the development of this "inner life" that we are able to "connect." And connect we must if we are to be members of Forster's aristocracy; a group reserved for " the sensitive, the considerate and the plucky," the human condition as it should be and as Forster sees it, mankind's only hope of survival against the forces that seek the world's destruction. Although he does not insist, Forster would be happier and more comfortable if the ascetic shunned his society. Let there be no denial of the body and its pleasures no "stunted, maimed creatures" of Henry James, about whom Mr. Forster has written, "their clothes won't take off." This calls to mind the clerical Mr. Beebee, the secret champion of celibacy, whose most attractive moment in A Room with a View occurs when he sheds his clothes to ~~swine~~ swim in the forest pond and abandon himself to the spirit of fun. This arid asceticism that Forster would have us avoid has also invaded Christianity. At the Hindu festival in A Passage to India the state notables

frolic and behave in an somewhat undignified manner.

> "By sacrificing good taste, this worship achieved what Christianity has shirked: the enclusion of merriment."[3]

Whether he speaks from an automated subterranean future or from the ~~falls~~ halls of Cambridge, Mr. Forster is telling us about life. It can be delightful with a very special charm and allure or it can frighten and seem unknowable. The important things are to believe that love is the world's only panacea, to live and love this belief passionately and to respond to life with every part of our being. This, of course, is a very idealized concept and unfortunately ideals are seldom attained by all of us. Forster is realistic and is cognizant of this; so he only asks that we live as fully as we are able and that we never, never thwart another person's passionate embrace of life. His plea for passion does not involve calculation; it must be spontaneous and would necessarily be so if we were not so restricted and encumbered by inhibiting influences. This love of spontaneity may explain his frequent use of Greek myth and fantasy and his Romantic love of imagination.

I have said that Forster's plea is for an intense emotional response to life. His most important consideration is personal relationships but there are other areas that he

encompasses. He wants us to respond to art, beauty, nature, the past, and to respect our own needs as well as others'. Let us also feel no shame at our bodies and desires ("less chastity and more delicacy").

If we are going to be sensitive, responsive and full of love it follows that there must be a right atmosphere, an atmosphere in which these qualities can be nurtured and made to flourish. At this point some of us might feel that Forster lets us down a little. He has no magic formula by which the world will be transfigured into a modern Garden of Eden where friend will walk with friend. Forster recognizes the world for what it is and his lament is that it isn't better but despite the cruelty and sadness of our condition we can be grateful that there are a great many Mrs. Wilcoxes, Stewart Ansells, Gino Carellas, Carolyn Abbotts, etc., who defy the tragedy of life and who "behave as if we were immortal and as if civilization were eternal" although "both statements are false." They slip through the nets, as Forster says, into the kingdom which is theirs but which they never possess--the wide open world. As long as these people exist, although life is tragic it is not a failure. Evil, yes, it drifts from the Marabar Caves and at times envelops man; but as Professor Godbole said, evil is the

absence of good and absence implies presence.[4] Goodness is with us too.

Perhaps the best illustration of this ~~amiguity~~ ambiguity can be found in a passage from Howard's End. Helen Schlegel and her aunt, Mrs. Munt, are listening to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Forster has interpreted this particular movement as Beethoven's view of the universe and in a sense it is his own; a view that he is to develop later in A Passage to India. After listening to a "sweet" section, Helen warns her Aunt

> "look out for the part where you think you have done with the goblins and they come back," breathed Helen, as the music started with a goblin walking quietly over the universe, from end to end. Others followed him. They were not aggressive creatures; it was that that made them so terrible to Helen. They merely observed in possing that there was no such thing as splendour or heroism in the world. After the interlude of elephants dancing, they returned and made the observation for the second time. Helen could not contradict them, for, once at all events, she had felt the same, and had seen the reliable walls of youth collapse. Panic and emptiness! Panic and emptiness! The goblins were right.[5]

But Beethoven intrudes and takes control again and scatters the goblins.

> Gusts of splendour, gods and demi-gods contending with vast swords, colour and fragrance broadcast on the field of battle, magnificent victory, magnificient death!--------And the goblins they had not really been there at all? They were only the phantoms of cowardice and unbelief? One healthy human impluse would dispel them? Men like the Wilcoxes, or President Roosevelt, would say yes. Beethoven knew better. The goblins really had been there. They might return and they did. It

> was as if the splendour of life might boil over and waste to steam and froth. In its dissolution one heard the terrible, ominous note, and a goblin, with increased malignity, walked quietly over the universe from end to end. Panic and emptiness! Panic and emptiness!----------[6]

Beethoven concludes by scattering the goblins again and all is right with Helen's world. Forster himself now speaks.

> But the goblins were there. They would return. He had said so bravely and that is why one can trust Beethoven when he says other things.[7]

Forster says much the same thing in his essay in Two Cheers for Democracy. Essentially it is that though force and evil exist, there have been periods in man's history when force was more or less kept in obeyance, "in a box" and it is during these periods that man's great achievements have occurred. It is our business to subjugate the goblins for longer and longer periods of time.

* * *

Another approach of Mr. Forster's is that although he recognizes that love is the greatest experience we can have, he is not foolish enough to maintain that it is possible for us to love everyone. One can't really love a Chinese barber or a bookkeeper from Nebraska. We can love only what we know personally. This concept is going to leave a good many unloved people in the world so Mr. Forster supplies

us with tolerance. A negative virtue, somewhat dull but very necessary, the attitude which must prevail if love is beyond our reach and if we are to survive. It is clear to Forster that, if we are honestly uninhibited in our response to life, and love what we can and tolerate what we cannot, we will enjoy a passionate existence. Look out on the world, Forster tells us, and live your emotions. Don't look through the glass darkly, but do look. Vision or experience, the one is not as good as the other but awareness is superior to emotional sterility.

If we know how to enter the Forsterian aristocracy there are many who do not. These are the victims of themselves or others who succumb to the pressures of attitudes and institutions. The overtly evil we can know and recoil from; our compassion is for the "almosts", the "Saveables"! Fortunately, Forster usually provides some measure of salvation for them. It may be very slight like the awareness that comes to Philip Herriton, or it may be the survival of Rickie Elliot's racial strain purified through Stephen Wonham. The suggestion is that there are vast numbers of these unfortunates who do pass into the "armies of the benighted." Virginia Woolf in Mrs. Dalloway presents a terrifying view of one such victim; the psychiatrist's wife who quietly slips into this limbo.

> Conversion is her name and she feasts on the wills of the weakly, loving to impress, to impose, adoring her own features stamped on the face of the populace. But conversion, fastidious Goddess, loves blood bettery than brick, and feasts more subtly on the human will. For example, Lady Bradshaw. Fifteen years ago she had gone under. It was nothing you could put your finger on; there had been no scene, no snap; only the slow sinking, water-logged, of her will into his. Sweet was her smile, swift was her submission.[8]

It is impossible to list all of the things that kill passion. Some, like war, poverty and violence, are obvious. Most of us in this century have felt the deadening influence of some of these conditions and none of Forster's ideas on this are original. What he does say is that these influences destray the inner life and make connection between head and heart impossible. They choke the life of our emotions and render passion impotent. What are some of the less obvious forces that Forster exposes? The industrialism of the twentieth century that results in a relentless pursuit of success, materialism, that goddess of the Wilcoxes in Howard's End, the cant and hypocrisy of the clergy in A Room with a View, the middle class morality and snobbery of Mrs. Herriton in Where Angels Fear to Tread and the obscene prudishness of her daughter Harriet. It may be the stupidity of Herbert Pembroke, the racial prejudice of the English, the veneered culture of Cecil Vyse, the denial of

the body or the rejection of the spirit of Pan. All of these things share in common a denial of beauty and of the individual. Even science must take its share of criticism. We can expect no relief from it because it can never understand our spirit. Art on the other hand can increase our emotional experience and help to preserve order in a chaotic world. Forster gives art a position similar to that which he gives 'place' (the values of tradition and the past) and nature, because from them we receive some kind of spiritual communication. Art is an expression of man's desire to understand, and to understand is to be kind. It is kindness that Aziz pleads for in A Passage to India:

> Mr. Fielding, no one can ever realize how much kindness we Indians need, we do not even realize it ourselves. But we know when it has been given. We do not forget, though we may seem to. Kindness, more kindness and after that more kindness. I assure you it is the only hope.[9]

This is a universal plea and a revelation of self that transcends Anglo-Indian relations. Like the bridge party that fails in the same novel, we fail in our effort to be individual and whole if we fail to connect love and desire, reason and sensibility, passion and understanding. The heart that atrophies and the body that thwarts itself cannot avoid "muddle," another insistent theme of Forsters. For our purposes here it will suffice to say that in Forster, "muddle" is a condition of unreality, formless and destructive; a

human mess but capable of correction. It must not be confused with mystery which is Forster's transcendent reality; unknowable and good; the eternal mystery of the great universe.

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One way to understand the different ways in which Forster views passion is to consider several of his short stores. "The Eternal Moment" deals with sexuality but it is also a statement on the effect of money on civilization. It concerns a certain Miss Raby, a novelist, now past middle age, who has returned to a village in Italy with her very correct traveling companion, Colonel Leyland. She recalls that years earlier, in the same village, a young, virile porter (one of Forster's male Italian types) had made an abortive declaration of love to her. Miss Raby had reacted typically; after being properly insulted she had fainted. For years the incident had been forgotten but incidents in Forster have a way of cropping up later and changing the course of events. It was at this time that Miss Raby had written a novel highly praising this same Italian town. The resultant publicity had been followed by the town's prosperity and its eventual commercialization. The beautiful simplicity of the village had been replaced by the sweet smell of money. Miss Raby feels a personal guilt at the town's degeneration,

and coupled with this she now believes that her rejection of the porter was a rejection of an honest emotional need, a rejection whose roots were deep in class snobbery and her own emotional bankruptcy. She is overcome, upon hearing his name, with the need to confess and atone for her failure to accept passion and life. The encounter with Feo is disastrous. As the town has degenerated so has he. He is now a fat and greasy concierge, well-school in hotel diplomacy and obsequious to the demands of the tourists. He is a personification of the town itself. Feo's response to Miss Raby's recollection of the 'moment' on the mountain is commercial and crass. He at first suspects that she is blackmailing him and when this fear is dispelled he further degrades her by an obscene, conspiratorial wink at Colonel Leyland. The latter is angry and embarrassed at Miss Raby's indiscretion. He takes Feo aside, tips him and suggest that Miss Raby is unbalanced. The effect on her is unexpected. Degraded and left isolated, she feels not shame but the triumph of self-knowledge. Miss Raby has faced the truth with her heart. This one incident on the mountain so long ago

> had been one of the greatest,certainly the most enduring;" because "for all her correct behavior and lady-like display, she had been in love with Feo, and she had never loved so greatly again. A presumptuous boy had taken her to the gates of heaven, and though she would not enter with him, the eternal remembrance of the vision had made life seem endurable and good.

Although there has been no ~~communication~~ consummation of passion for Miss Raby, her realization that as a woman she had desired to respond to this man has been her salvation.

In the realm of fantasy and myth we turn to "The Curatis Friend." In this delightful piece of fantasy a faun appears to a curate while he is picnicing with his fiancee. The curate is one of the fortunate who, although distorted and inhibited by convention, is 'savable' because he has retained that magical quality between "truthfulness" and animal spirits" that permits a vision of Pan. For the faun is surely Pan and represents not only the honest acceptance of the body but an acceptance of nature--nature wild yet tender, the antithesis of modernity and that which helps to liberate the human spirit. This same Pan frees the young boy in "Story of a Panic" and the young woman in "Other Kingdom" those true children of nature who remain inscrutable to the children of convention. Because the curate is willing to unleash his imagination and be in harmoney with nature he is freed of his former cant and insincerity. He loses his fiancee to a friend but this is simply a triumph of youth, love and spontaneity. The reward of the curate is even greater; an acute awareness and sensitivity to all that is good in nature; an awakening to life!

> Already in the wood I was troubled by a multitude of voices--the voices of the hill beneath me, of the trees over my head, of the very insects in the bark of the tree. I could even hear the streams licking little pieces out of the meadows, and the meadows dreamily protesting.[11]

Later, when he hears the downs sing to each other he recalls his moment as the beginning of joy. His passionate response to life has developed into a sense of the eternal harmony that exists in nature. Although the curate sometimes succeeds in communicating his happiness to his flock he can never reveal to them how this happiness came about. Forster, with tongue in cheek, suggests that the imaginative life that glorifies heart and feeling is incomprehensible and threatening to the multitudes.

In "The Celestial Omnibus" Forster is concerned with art and culture. This is another fantastic piece in which a small boy discovers a coach that transports him to the heaven of literary imagination. The boy's family treats his experience with ridicule, of course, because they do not possess that special quality that permits curates to see fauns and old men to undergo transfiguration in a Grecian tree trunk (Mr. Lucas in "The Road from Colonus"). Mr. Bons is a cultural snob who has embraced culture as an end and never recognized it as a means to life. This unfeeling man supports the letter of art and chokes its spirit. As

they approach their destination in a coach driven by the spirit of Dante, the boy, innocently, because he possesses the humility and awe of a child, believes that his friends will welcome and extol Mr. Bons, who has seven ~~Shellup~~ Shelleys in his library. But it is the innocent boy who is jubilantly received and crowned and the jaded and unimaginative Mr. Bons who is mutilated when he is faced with truth. Mr. Bons' sin was a failure to see the reality that exists in works of art and a denial of its spirit. He was quite familiar with literary style and this permitted him to see the omnibus or literary conveyance but he was totally unable to imagine that the words of poetry must become a part of ourselves and our experience. Instead of responding passionately to art he remained sterile and skeptic, unable to believe what his heart felt or even what his senses perceived.

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E. M. Forster's first novel, Where Angels Fear to Tread was published in 1920. It has a freshness and masculinity that the other novels, with the exception of A Passage to India, lack. I don't mean to suggest that his other works are effeminate or effete but they lack the vitality and strength of his earliest work. It is a spare novel and is not as obviously didactic as the three following ones although

it reveals many of the themes with which Forster is concerned in his later works. It is a novel of passion and sexuality, of snobbery and middle-class criteria, of death and birth, awareness and conversion and much more.

It has to do with Lilia Herriton, a pretty, young woman, somewhat naive, who has married into a middle class English family. When we first meet Lilia she is a widow with a young daughter Irma and she is living with a very formidable group of in-laws: Mrs. Herriton, cold and unsympathetic; Harriet, the sister-in-law, prudishly chaste and condemning; and her brother-in-law Philip, a cultural and intellectual snob, mother's clever boy. Because Lilia's high-spiritedness seems vulgar to the Herritons, she represents a threat to their gentility and to their rigid class standards. To ease this threat the Herritons decide to send Lilia to Italy for a year chaperoned by Caroline Abbott, a young family friend who has respectability, good works and mediocrity to recommend her, qualities greatly cherished in Sawston.

While in Italy Lilia (to the horror of the Herritons) falls in love with an Italian. Their attempts (through Philip) to stop the marriage are unsuccessful and they proceed to ignore Lilia's existence although they do not relinquish Irma.

Gino Carella who marries Lilia is considerably younger than she. Forster makes no romantic attempt to idealize him; although he is handsome and strong he is also crude and vulgar and tempted by the money Philip offers him to give up the attempt to marry Lilia. After Philip and Caroline retreat to Sawston the newlyweds begin their married life with many barriers between them; age, sexual misunderstandings, the rigid social differences existing between Italian men and women. But most important they do not really love each other. The barriers prove too great and Lilia dies in childbirth unfulfilled and wondering. She leaves an infant son who is to become Gino's entire life. To the Herritons he becomes one more threat to their ordered existence. The person most deeply affected by this news is Caroline Abbott. She confides to Philip that she is responsible for the marriage. While in Italy with Lilia she had suddenly become aware of the "idleness, stupidity, respectability and petty unselfishness"[12] of Sawston society. She had urged Lilia to accept this opportunity of escape and she is now filled with a tremendous sense of guilt because of Lilia's unhappiness and death. To atone, she feels that she must bring the child to England and see that it has a proper English upbrining. The Herritons agree but are motivated purely by the sake of appearances and have no real

concern for the child. Their offer, made through an attorney is rejected by Gino and their immediate feeling is one of relief. Caroline offers to go to Italy and bargain for the baby herself but this suggestion is rudely refused, Mrs. Herriton feeling that Caroline has now placed her in an untenable position. It is now necessary to bring the child to Sawston because of Caroline's insistence. Philip is again selected as the power, having been made to promise that he will pick up his sister Harriet who has been summering at a Protestant retreat in Switzerland. To their surprise they discover that Caroline has preceded them. It is at this point that Caroline's and Philip's spiritual liberation from Sawston begins. We now realize that they are two more of Forster's saveable characters. In separate encounters with Gino they come to recognize the immorality of separating the father from the son. Unfortunately the priggish and and self-righteous Harriet intervenes in order to secure the success of her mother's quest. She kidnaps the baby but is careful to tell Philip that Gino has given him up willingly. As she and Philip travel to the station with the child there is an accident and Gino's son is killed. The remainder of the book deals with the reconciliation of Philip and Gino and the salvation and consolation of Caroline and Philip, tepid though it is.

The novel is a study in antitheses. At one extreme there is Sawston, the modern suburbia, the new society whose sterile morality has feet of clay. It is clean, manicured, precise and correct. It is these characteristics that contrast it so sharply with Monteriano, Italy, which can be dirty, indolent, gauche and cruel. But Monteriano can also be tender and beautiful with a spontaneous vitality that manifests itself in the profusion of violets that spills across the Earth or the wild and happy affair at the Italian opera house. It is a village of passion and mood. Sawston is cold and sterile; Monteriano is warm and sensual. One important difference in the two societies is the way in which they are cruel. Sawston's cruelty is cold, calculated and of the mind, whereas Monteriano's cruelty is one of passion and feeling. It is thoughtlessness, a matter of the heart and not the intellect. This can be illustrated by contrasting a typical Sawstonian attitude and event with the scene at the Monteriano opera.

Philip Herriton, the mother-dominated snob, professes to love beauty and Italy. In a sense he does, but Philip's love of beauty has always been theoretical and passive--dominated by a fear of emotional involvement. Similarly, he has fostered illusions of Italy that are false

because he has never understood the Italian heart. This view of Italy is purely aesthetic and collapses under the reality of the Italian town. Philip fancies himself an iconoclast and delights in shocking Sawston in a small verbal manner; but verbalizing is not living, and participating in life is something that Philip has never done. He is a product of Sawston, a society that inhibits man's worthiest impulses. Because he has been bred in a cold, unfeeling environment it has been difficult for him to develop emotionally. He lives in a Prufrockian world of psuedo-culture and clever talk; a life "measured out with coffee spoons."[13] All his life Philip has been a spectator and now he is seized with a terrible sense of loneliness. In one instance his beautiful vision of Italy is destroyed. He has just learned that the man Lilia is about to marry is the son of a dentist.

> Philip gave a cry of personal disgust and pain. He shuddered all over--A dentist! A dentist at Monteriano. A dentist in fairyland! False teeth and laughing fas and the tilting chairs at a place which knew the Etruscan League, and the Pax Romana, and Alaric himself and the Countess Matilda and the Middle Ages, all fighting and holiness, and the Renaissance, all fighting and beauty! The thought of Lilia no longer. He was anxious for himself: he feared that Romance might die.[14]

Philips Italy has begun to crumble.

Up to this point Philip has never recognized beauty in life. But what happens when he and Harriet and Caroline attend a performance of Lucia di Lamermoor at the Monteriano opera house. The interior has been redecorated since Philip's last visit, and is a spectacle of lavish, gaudy color and rococco decor. Lightly clad, painted young ladies tantalize the young dandies amid a great deal of noise and jumping about. In short, it is a monument of bad taste but it is the bad taste that Forster so often equates with the good life. It is "majestic"; it throbs with life. "It observes beauty, and chooses to pass it by. But it attains to beauty's confidence."[15] It is here that Philip unknowingly begins to "unbend before the shrine," although he attributes his joie de vivre to a conviction that he is in the presence of Romance. As the opera progresses he loses himself completely in the spirit of music, fun and laughter. It is heady business for Philip and he becomes literally intoxicated with excitement. In one frenzied moment of confusion he is embraced by Gino and pulled into the latter's box. There, Gino with much feeling, presents him to his friends as his brother. The irony is obvious. The true feeling of relationship which Gino feels for Philip is in contrast with the false Herriton concern for the baby. Philip, not completely saved as yet, unthinkingly belives that because of this

spirit of camaraderie he will now be able to obtain the child with no difficulty. Philip later has what Forster feels is too often an English attitude: that love must always be serious and dignified; that it cannot be boisterous and laughing as the Italians often live it.

It is highly significant that Harriet has responded to the opera with feelings of revulsion and disgust and leaves before the performance is completed. She represents Sawston in its most terrible extreme and is beyond any hope of salvation.

The operatic scene contrasts strangely with a later event that takes place when Philip returns to Gino's home after the baby's death. This is one of the final steps in Philip's spiritual release because like Carolyn Abbott he is suddenly overwhelmed with a sense of personal guilt, and he has assumed the responsibility of telling Gino the terrible news. Philip must now experience a physical as well as a psychological purgation and it must occur at the hands of the one person who has been his spiritual opposite. It is Gino the instinctual man who provides Philip with the means to his expiation. This has a special cruelty becuase Philip and Gino had become genuinely affectionate towards each other. Philip had accepted the dignity of Gino's fatherhood but he was thwarted by Sawston once more in the person of Harriet

Herriton. It is sadly ironic that Philip accepts Harriet's lies about the child and believes that Gino relinquished his child because of an inherent weakness that could not survive Miss Herriton's furious onslaught.

Philip tells Gino that his son is dead and waits quietly. There is much pathos in the scene as Gino moves helplessly about the room, silently passing his hands over the room and its contents. The passion of Gino's life has been extinguished in a brief moment. ~~The~~ He springs from helplessness to frenzy as he tortures Philip by twisting and trampling his broken elbow. Philip is saved from death by the intervention of Miss Abbott who restores Gino to sanity. How can we accept Gino's torture of Philip when it is apparent that Forster has intended for us to like him? This cruelty is entirely emotional and spontaneous. It is the passion of the instinctual man, the fury of the jungle mother. The intensity of the attack can be understood if we realize an essential fact about Gino. Gino, for all his vitality is not a basically sexual man.

> Falling in love was a mere physical triviality, like warm sun or cool water.....[16]

The one thought that had consumed him since his marriage to Lilia

> was to become the father of a man like himself,

> and it held him with a grip he only partially understood, for it was the first great desire, the first great passion of his life.[17]

To destroy the object of such a love would be to destroy reason. Gino's cruelty has sprung from a well of passion but it is a well that can run dry. Because it is not the intellectualized cruelty of Sawston it can be transformed to forgiveness and love. Gino, his fury spent, quietly goes to Philip and tries to raise him from the floor.

There are two 'moments' in Forster; the eternal, visionary one and the moment contrary to this. Philip has experienced both. When he had realized the evil that Harriet had done it was as if all of the sadness of the world were suspended in one moment. Now, as he sees Caroline Abbott unfold Gino in her arms and caress away his grief, "He was happy; he was assured that there was greatness in the world."[18]

It was much less difficult for Caroline (than it was for Philip) to become aware of the Stifling influence of Sawston. On her first trip to Italy she had recognized the narrow, restricting effect and had encouraged Lilia to marry Gino. She had suddenly felt that this would be Lilia's only chance for 'realness.' What she failed to recognize was that Lilia did not really love Gino and that being a basically weak and immature person she would never be able to withstand

his domination and strength. The happy Forster blend of reason and passion was absent and the marriage was doomed. After Lilia's death Caroline assumed the responsibility for her unhappy end. In the same pattern followed by Philip she desires atonement. This she will accomplish by bringing the child to England and raising it according to middle-class Church of England standards. This moral purpose becomes Caroline's passion. It is an invalid one because it looks on the child as an abstraction or a principle. Caroline has followed the Herriton pattern to a degree. She has not actually regarded the baby as a living thing and she has never been concerned with the feelings of the child's father. But unlike the Herritons Caroline is not immoral. She withdraws quickly from the conspiracy to obtain the baby and just as quickly realizes the beauty of the father's love for his son. Her crucial moment also occurs at the Carella home. She has gone there in advance of Harriet and Philip because she fears that in their obtuseness they will fail to handle Gino correctly and will destroy the last opportunity to save the child. Caroline, still benighted, feels that she alone understands this male Italian mind. It is her conviction that Gino is incapable of a genuine love for his son. As Caroline sits in the front parlor that has been carefully preserved as a memorial to the dead wife, waiting for Gino's

return, she becomes an unseen spe
will affect her entire life. It
had referred to earlier as the "r
opposite the parlour corresponds
Italian opera house. It is a roo

> Food, bedclothes, patent-le
> and knives lay strewn over
> the floor.[19]

But this disorder, this 'mess' has
the mess of activity and involveme
silently and watches Gino singing
this man has nobility and gracious
the baby lying asleep on the dirty
struggle for this child is sudden
manipulation for a human personal

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return, she becomes an unseen spectator of a scene that will affect her entire life. It is her vision of what she had referred to earlier as the "real life." The room opposite the parlour corresponds to the bad taste of the Italian opera house. It is a room of great disorder-

> Food, bedclothes, patent-leather boots, dirty plates and knives lay strewn over a large table and on the floor.[19]

But this disorder, this 'mess' has come of living. It was the mess of activity and involvement. As she waits there silently and watches Gino singing lustily, she feels that this man has nobility and graciousness. When she looks at the baby lying asleep on the dirty rug she is ashamed. The struggle for this child is suddenly revealed as an obscene manipulation for a human personality.

It is Gino who is really wise. He alone understands the communication that exists between father and son. It is a relationship so delicate that Gino does not permit his parents to live with him and his son. As he explains to Caroline, "they would separate our thoughts." It is at this moment that Caroline has another very unsettling revelation:

> The horrible truth, that wicked people are capable of love, stood naked before her, and her moral being was abashed.[20]

Caroline now feels the existence of something that transcends her narrow sense of morality. It is here that Forster

introduces his survival theme, a theme that he is to carry over into every novel with the exception of A Room With a View. He is never this insistent again. The greatest desire that can possess any man is the desire to perpetuate his own ego through a son, a grandson, ad infinitum. Far from being an instinctual thing it can be imagined only by those of open and passionate hearts. It binds man to the Earth and makes him majestic. But oddly and sadly it cannot eliminate the "pathos and squalor" of life because it is not reciprocal. It only binds the parent to the child and not the child to the parent.

There is a very beautiful scene when Caroline joins Gino in the ritual of bathing his son that is to have a profound effect on Philip. Gino lifts the fat, bronze baby from the water and places him dripping, on Caroline's knee. Philip enters and the scene is transfigured; to Philip, Caroline and the baby become the Virgin and child. Forster uses a great deal of religious imagery and implication here and in the scene involving Gino and Philip at the end of the novel. In both instances there is a Christian pattern of guilt, remorse and expiation.

Caroline is overcome with the beauty and rightness of the moment and she later tells Philip that she has cast off Sawston forever. She entrests him to do the same and

urges him to participate in life. It is even better to be actively wrong then inertly right, she argues. Philip is exposed in all of his ineffectualness and we are shaken with pity for this man who knows that he has accomplished nothing. He expects nothing and he is never disappointed.

> I seem fated to pass through the world without colliding with it or moving it, and I'm sure I can't tell you whether the fates good or evil. I don't die--I don't fall in love. And if other people die or fall in love they always do it when I'm just not there.[21]

But Philip is emerging from this earthly limbo of dullness. He is able to recognize the motives of his mother and his sister and to laugh with Gino at their devilment. But Forster is not done with Philip yet. After the baby's death (and in some ways this is harder for Caroline and Philip to bear then it is for Gino), after he has been tortured by Gino and finally reconciled to him, there is one more revelation due him. It is his final lesson and his most important one. Curiously, it is at the same moment that Caroline becomes a whole woman. We remember the episode when Gino turns to Caroline in his grief and she comforts him. To Philip she appears as a goddess and he begins to love her. It is a spiritual love at first but it is the opening of a door, and one that Philip has not passed through before. It is the awakening of physical passion for Philip. But he is denied sexual fulfillment (a trademark of many of Forster's characters-

a pleasure usually reserved for his instinctual types). On the train leaving Monteriono he comes perilously close to revealing himself to Caroline but before he is able to, she sobs out her secret--she is in love with Gino Carella! And we are not for one moment to believe that this love has its roots in compassion. It is completely sexual in nature and Caroline, recognizing this, feels that it must be crude although she feels no ~~schame~~ shame. She does not credit Philip with the ability to understand this emotion. To her, he is still a spectator. In the end it is only Philip who sees the greatness of these events in their entirety. His final greatness is to feel a silent gladness that at least the woman he loves has held her beloved in her arms. Caroline has described her secret love for Gino as a coarse, unrefined emotion, but it is seen by Philip as a supremely beautiful moment. Where Angels Fear to Tread is about passion that is perceived and accepted but not consummated. In Forster this awareness can be enough. It may be a part of what Gino's friend called being simpatico--but that is an ~~indifnable~~ indefinable quality that can be the excitement of love but is most simply understanding without words.

* * *

Forster's second novel, The Longest Journey, published in 1907, is his most passionate work. It is the tragedy of Rickie Elliot, a sensitive, introverted young man who distorts his vision of reality and ultimately destroys himself because he has repressed his inner passions. It is about love, youth and marriage, but in truth it is a study of reality. The tragedy lies in the disintegration of a personality that we know to be basically fine and good. Of all of Forster's novels I think that we feel the most deeply about The Longest Journey.

Rickie Elliot was the product of an unhappy marriage. An only child, he loathed his father and loved his mother, perhaps too much. The parents are dead when the novel opens and it is later that we learn of their strange and sad life together. Our first encounter with Rickie is at Cambridge. He is a student there and happy for one of the only periods in his life. He and a group of students are discussing the nature of reality. It is ironic that at this stage of his development, imaginative thought is as natural a process to Rickie as breathing. Although he is unable to concentrate on the ~~metaphysical~~ metaphysical problem at hand, he is able to liberate his mind in a creative direction. He is not able to do this many more times.

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During the discussion a young, good-looking woman appears at Rickies room with her brother. He has invited Agnes and Herbert Pembroke for the weekend and promptly forgotten them. The Pembrokes become symbolic quickly, not only as disturbing forces, but as personalities that Rickie has subconsciously rejected. It is significant that Stewart Ansell, Rickie's best friend, does not leave with the other students when Agnes enters. He ignores her presence because to Ansell, Agnes has no reality.

We discover that Herbert Pembroke is a public school master; pompous, humorless, characteristic of all that E. M. Forster detests. His sister Agnes is engaged to Gerald Dawes, an athletic type, quite handsome but also a boor and a bully who had mistreated Rickie when they were in public school together.

Gerald is killed in a football game and subsequently Agnes and Rickie become engaged. This event takes place over the violent objections of Ansell (who assumes the role of prophet) who foresees the unhappy consequences of such a union. After Rickie and Agnes are married, Ansell and he no longer remain friends but Mr. Forster keeps the philosopher handy for his larger role later in the novel.

Two other characters must be mentioned now who are central to the book. During the engagement Rickie and Agnes

are invited to visit his paternal aunt, a Mrs. Failing who lives at Cadover in Wiltshire. This cold and selfish but extremely clever woman is one of Forster's most brilliant characterizations. ~~This~~ His touch is very subtle and it is some time before Mrs. Failing reveals herself to us completely. She is the widow of a liberal humanist who had devoted himself to the social betterment of humanity.

Mrs. Failing's ward is Stephen Wonham, ~~author~~ another of Forster's instinctual types; earthy, physically splendid with a simple and unsophisticated intellect. More important he is basically decent and honest. During the visit, Mrs. Failing, realizing that Rickie is embarrassed by Stephen's crudities, maliciously sends them out for a long ride together. Stephen becomes drunk and further mortifies Rickie by singing a vulgar song about his benefactress. Rickie returns to Cadover in disgust. Mrs. Failings viciousness becomes evident later as she casually informs Rickie that Stephen is his half-brother. She does not explain the circumstances but Rickie assumes that he is the illegitimate child by the hated father. Rickie, crushed by this knowledge, fails in his first test (supported by Agnes) and leaves Cadover without telling Stephen of their relationship.

The second section, Sawston, marks the spiritual decline of Rickie. He and Agnes are now married and living at Sawston where he has accepted a teaching position at Herbert's school. As in Where Angels Fear to Tread, Sawston represents all that thwarts and destroys our natural passions and impulses. Sawston is the autithesis of Cambridge and of all of the ideals in which Mr. Forster believes.

Rickie quickly succumbs to the pressures exerted upon him by the false values of Herbert and Agnes. He is now stripped of all human relationships that have meaning. Ansell has deserted him, he has rejected the friendship of Mr. Jackson, the only worth while person he has met at Sawston, and he and Agnes have realized that no love exists between them. The ultimate tragedy for Rickie is the death of a daughter, on whom he had placed what hopes he had destroyed in himself. The baby is born with the Elliot deformity and mercifully dies a few days later.

The climax of this section is reached when Ansell and Stephen pay a visit to Sawston at the same time. Stephen has been turned out by Mrs. Failing because he is becoming more of a threat than a nuisance. By awakening the tenants and laborers to their plight he was attempting to extend the social reforms of Mr. Failing. Before he leaves, Mrs. Failing tells him of his relationship to Rickie. Because Stephen

possesses honest pride he cannot use the money which Mrs. Failing has given to him so in his simplicity he turns to his brother.

Stewart Ansell, who is visiting the Jacksons at Sawston decides to pay a call on Rickie. While waiting in the Elliot garden he encounters Stephen. After a brief scuffle that has arisen from some imagined insult, they become friends. Ansell reads a document given to Stephen by Mrs. Failing which explains his origin but we are not told of the contents.

Agnes intercepts Stephen before he can see Rickie and presents him with a presigned check (she believes that Stephen has attempted blackmail or exposure.) Rickie is now without volition of his own and has reached the nadir of his existence. Stephen leaves, hurt and angry. Enter Ansell to complete his function. Before an assembly of the entire school he denounces the Pembrokes for what they are and reveals to Rickie the truth of his own reality. Rickie defends himself by castigating his dead father.

> I cannot help my father's disgrace, on the one hand; nor, on the other, will I have anything to do with his blackguard of a son.[22]

Ansell strikes the final blow.

> He is not your father's son. He is the son of your mother.[23]

The third section entitled Wiltshire is devoted to Rickie's regeneration although the final stage occurs after his death. Wiltshire is not just the ~~counterpride~~ countryside of England. It is England's birthright and past and it is through a child of this land (Stephen) that Rickie achieves ~~posthuneous~~ posthumous survival.

We learn by flashback that Rickie's beloved mother had taken a lover and borne him a son. After his accidental death she had returned to her family and resumed the sterile relationship she had left. The Failings agreed to raise her child. Rickie, after learning of this, passes through a severe emotional crisis after which he is prepared to accept Stephen as a brother. But Rickie must do more than this. Stephen prevails upon him to leave Agnes and Sawston and his salvation seem insured. Unfortunately, Rickie who had endowed Agnes with a reality she never had, makes the fatal error of doing the same thing to Stephen, ascribing a moral chasteness to him that he does not possess. Rickie has also assigned their mother's spirit to Stephen, and as Stephen begins to drink heavily, Rickie regards it as a ~~deformation~~ defamation of his mother's spirit. This leads him to exact a promise of sobriety from his brother.

Rickie makes a last visit to Cadover, and Mrs. Failing makes a final attempt to seal Rickie's heart forever.

In the attempt she is exposed in all her meanness and insensitibility.

> I say once more beware of the Earth. We are convention people, and conventions--if you will but see it--are majestic in their way, and will claim us in the end. We do not live for great passions or for great memories, or for anything great.....Let the conventions do their work.....I tell you solemnly that the important things in life are little things, and the people are not important at all. Go back to your wife.[24]

Rickie looks at her with pity and leaves, afraid no longer.

Upon leaving his aunt's house Rickie is told that Stephen is roaring drunk and wandering among the hills. His reserve is too new and too small; he is crushed for the last time and he accepts his aunt's dictum. Now, as he looks for his drunken brother, he feels that reality has betrayed him a second time. He finds Stephen on the railroad tracks and saves his life. He abandons his own, saying "You have been right, Mrs. Failing."[25] But this is not to be his final epitaph. Rickie and his Cambridge ideals are preserved and extended through a collection of stories that are published posthumously, but his greatest justification and extension comes through Stephen Wanham. Stephen carries his young daughter to the hillside and they sleep beneath the stars.

> He bent down reverently and saluted the child; to whom he had given the name of their mother[26]

The spirit of Rickie and his mother lives on as the spirit

of Mrs. Moore continued to exist after her death.

I have said that the search for reality is the central theme of the novel but there are other secondary themes that Forster develops. One of them is a very simple truth and is concerned with the nature of reality. That is; dishonesty in an individual will produce that individual's spiritual ruin. What concerns us is how an individual like Rickie Elliott, intelligent and highly idealistic, can deteriorate so rapidly. Physically Rickie was unattractive, congenitally lame and weak. But his intellect and imagination were developed. He was a passionate champion of what Forster has referred to as the "inner life"; the life that "connects." But somehow he manages to lose his enthusiasm and direction. He reminds one at times of Stephen Dedalus, withouth his arrogance and with a great deal less of his priggishness. Actually Rickie is too highly moralistic, too much in the clouds reaching for an idealism that is not available. When he is faced with reality, he chooses to be untrue to himself rather than relinquish his unrealistic ideals.

There had been no real personal relationships in Rickie's life until he had moved to Cambridge. He was the son of a sadistic and unloving father and although his mother was gentle and kind she permitted no intimacy because any possibility of pathos frightened her. The consequence of this

childhood was that he had not only been forced to suppress his emotions but he had had knowledge of no person but himself. His frame of reference was so narrow and his emotional life so undernourished that it is not too difficult to understand how easily he distorted reality.

He made several mistakes in his evaluation of Agnes Pembroke. Because he had been happy for the first time at Cambridge, he searched for the feminine counterpart of those masculine qualities he had discovered there, in Agnes. Unfortunately she possessed few of them. Stewart Ansell, instantly perceptive, recognizes Anges for what she is and warns Rickie.

> Did it never strike you that phenomena may be of two kinds: one, those which have a real existence, such as the cow; two, those which are the subjective product of a diseased imagination, and which, to our destruction, we invest with the semblance of reality? If this never struck you, let it strike you now.[27]

Like everyone, Rickie Elliot has a potential for good and evil. His flaw is not a deliberate pursuit of evil but rather a ~~tendency~~ tendency to allow his imagination to dominate his perceptions. The result is a distorted picture that fits the pattern he has created. In Rickie's instance, when this happens, he becomes a pawn in the hands of those he has misjudged and he must eventually relinquish his will.

Consider how he permits one incident to affect his life. One afternoon he overhears Gerald Dawes and Agnes invovled in a lover's quarrel. In his naiveté he believes that they cannot love each other, but just as quickly, when the quarrel ends in a passionate embrace, Rickie becomes carried away with rapture and excitement. He responds sensually and sexually to the animal magnetism of Gerald and Agnes but as Mr. Forster slyly suggests, "It was the merest accident that Rickie had not been disgusted."[28] From this one episode Rickie evolves several erroneous ideas. He equates love with passion and both with Agnes Pembroke. Worse, the sexual passion that is aroused between Gerald and Agnes, Rickie falsely believes to exist at their own marriage.

Agnes has sexual passion and to Forster that is good but it is not enough. She is essentially a strong, unfeeling woman who rejects Stephen because of his illigitimate birth and courts Mrs. Failing because of her money. But far worse she slips the moral bones out of her husband. Her own tragedy and Mrs. Forster does allow her a small one, is that she was capable of loving only once and that once without imagination.

Gerald and Agnes both exhibit a perverted passion that the luckless Rickie was strangely attracted to. Agnes

experienced an unnatural thrill when Gerald tells her of his childish torture of Rickie. It was the thrill of power, the strong dominating the weak, a combination to be realized when she married Rickie. Despite the fact that Rickie had been the subject of Gerald's school-day brutality, he manages to endow him with such a god-like aura that when he dies he exhorts Agnes to "mind" it intensely, because the "greatest thing is over." That they were able to love each other was a great thing but there was nothing great about either Gerald or Agnes. He confuses ideas with people, his choices become too polarized, he is too imaginatively passionate and consequently he can't successfully connect his imagination with the world. In short, he suffers from what Forster calls the "primal curse",

> which is not as the Authorized Version suggests--the knowledge of good and evil, but the knowledge of good-and-evil.[29]

Ausell, the philosopher who searched for absolutes, does not fall into this same error. His passion is the intellectual pursuit of truth. Because he thinks clearly he has the ability to see through both Agnes and Herbert. His passion is logic but he is not always passionately logical.

> He had a great many facts to learn, and before he died he learnt a suitable quantity. But he never forgot that the holiness of the heart's imagination can alone classify these facts--can alone decide which is an exception, which an example.[30]

It is Rickies ~~marraige~~ marriage to Agnes that precipetates his ruin but it is his own decision, to capitulate to compromise at Sawston and to reject his brother. His career toward destruction at the school is brief. At the first he is filled with his usual idealized vigor but Herbert soon convinces him of the impracticabilty of such notions. All of the ideals of Cambridge surrender to the mediocrities of Sawston. As a teacher he is dull and as a disciplinarian he is a martinet. He loses his individuality and denies his students theirs. He not only represses his beliefs, he lies and becomes cunning in order that he might trap his students into revelations whereby they may be manipulated according to the Sawston pattern.

Sawston represents the hardened, false values that are the gods of the Pembrokes and Mrs. Failing. It is here that Rickie attaches himself to frozen and immobile standards so that there can be no spiritual and emotional development for him. He was sucked dry at Sawston, "withered up at last."[31]

There is a parallel between Philip Herriton and Rickie Elliot. Both have looked on life rather than lived it

and both achieve their salvation through an instinctual man. But Rickie is tragic and Philip never is. The most that he can arouse is pathos.

Forster believes that there are moments in our experience when life is either accepted or rejected. When a moral choice is made, if we choose wrongly, unreality obscures the real and in an sense we cease to live. Ironically Rickie believes that this moment had been offered to him symbolically when he learned from Mrs. Failing that Stephen was his half-brother. He tells Agnes of his conviction

> But all my disgust; my indignation with my father, love for-----. He broke off; he could not bear to mention the name of his mother. I was trying to say, I oughtn't to follow these impulses too much. There are other things. Truth. Our duty to acknowledge each man accurately, however vile he is.[32]

But he prostitutes this belief and ~~forces~~ Fails to reveal the relationship. Why does he do this? Very simply, because his image of Stephen is also distorted and because he is, in one small recess of his heart, a snob and a prude. Rickie, when he faces up to it, cannot identify with or even accept this crude, vulgar boy. To him, Stephen is coarse and ~~lewish~~ loutish; he recoils from the rough veneer and never sees the "inner man."

As in all his other 'good' characters and in particular with his instinctual types, Mr. Forster is very careful not to idealize them. Stephen is handsome and muscular but he is also a semi-literate, brawling, boisterous country boy who is given to heavy drinking. Despite this he is inherently decent; he is the wisdom of the Earth and he possess the strain that Forster sees as necessary to save our race. Rickie is disgusted by Stephen's pleasure-loving escapades, but what he fails to see is that Stephen is never wantonly cruel. He is offensive, yes, but he has feeling for other people and in his simplicity he expects his own to love him. When Mrs. Failing turns him out it is as natural for him to go to Rickie as it is for him to sleep beneath the stars. Outside of Mr. Failing, who is dead, the only person who would recognize Stephen's worth was Stewart Ansell. He was able to do this because he knew that different people found the spirit of life in different ways. He recognized in Stephen a quality that even he did not have.

> He gave the idea of an animal with just enough soul to contemplate its own bliss----Certain figures of the Greeks, to whom we continually return, suggested him a little. One expected nothing of him--no purity of phrase nor swift edged thought. Yet the conviction grew that he had been back somewhere--back to some table of the gods, spread in a field where there is no noise, and that he belonged to the guests

with whom he had eaten.[33]

He is tied to all that is good in the earth and its history. Ansell who represents reason, the intellect, and Stephen who represents the physical, the instinctual, suggest one of Forster's favorite themes; the necessity of uniting these forces with a third, the imagination.

All Forsterian characters who compromise their integrity suffer the same consequences. Their dishonesty is always followed by their spiritual degeneration. Rickie Elliot's fate is the most severe. At Sawston he becomes a prototype of Herbert Pembroke, he is unable to sell his stories, his marriage fails and his only child is born deformed and dies.

It is Stewart Ansell who acts as the ~~catalept~~ catalyst to Rickie's regeneration and it is Stephen who provokes Rickies final break with Sawston. After Ansell's merciless exposure, Rickie exists in a morass of self-pity and guilt. When Stephen, in a drunken condition, turns to him once more, Rickie sieges him not only as a means to his atonement but as a symbol of his lost mother. It is Stephen who has the insight to recognize Rickie's perverted passions and he does not spare his brother

> Then Rickie was heroic no longer.....the man was right. He did not love him, even as he had never hated him. In either passion he had degraded him to be a symbol for the vanished past.[34]

There is one highly symbolic scene at the novel's end that occurs just before Rickie is to visit Mrs. Failing for the last time. The two young men were walking by the river and Stephen crumbles paper into a ball, throws it on the water and ignites it. It floats out of Rickie's sight, but Stephen, kneeling in the water, watches it burn through the arch of the bridge and declares that it will burn forever. It becomes symbolic of the eternal spirit of life as it exists in Stephen Wonham. It is in The Longest Journey more than any other novel by Forster, that we see nature and earth as redeeming forces. We see again how Forster reserves fertility for his instinctual, passionate creations. It is Stephen Wonham like Gino Carella who will propagate the racial strain.

Rickie must die because the premises on which he stands are still basically unreal. He does not ever become really wise. He asks for the unreal in Stephen and is destroyed. He has never learned that you cannot recreate or possess another human being. His dilemma results from his belief in a divine good, his awareness of evil and chaos in an unstable world and his distorted vision of reality. He dies disillusioned because he cannot trust in the instinctual life which Forster suggests is the reality for which he has

searched. Perhaps the most ironic distortion that he makes concerns the one relationship that he feels is pure and undefiled--his mother's. The very passion and physical union which now disgusts Rickie is what had made his mother whole. One might add here that one way in which Forster resolves the difficulty between passion and morality is to not regard all immorality as sexual. Or perhaps it is better to say, that in Forster, passion that is open, direct and honest is good and rewarding and that immorality is that which destorys our natural human spirit.

* * *

There are moments in Forster's fiction where the spirit of imaginative passion is so heightened that a basically prosaic situation is overreached; that is, it takes on a transcendent quality. It is at these moments that the reader becomes intensely aware of the spirit of love. The scene where Caroline Abbot watches Gino bathe and fondle his infant son is one of the most tender and touching in Forster. It is the beautiful simplicity of a father's passion for his son and it is a woman awakened to a physical passion so strong that it transforms her entire life. It is when we experience these moments that we are at our natural level because to Forster passion and love are integral to our reality. This is not to say that Mr. Forster believes

love to be simply a bodily experience. It has another dimension which involves our reason. It is this connection of the body and the intellect through the development of the inner life that is paramount in Forster. He rejects the arbitrary moral codes that stifle our passionate impulses because these impulses grow out of the inner man, and the inner life to Forster is the only true reality. It is the divine breath in man that gives him his morality and his dignity.

* * *

Forster at eight-six is as excited with life as he was as a young man in the twenties. It is through his fiction that he has successfully communicated this awareness of the possibility of the passionate life. If you read Forster and love him you believe not only in this possibility but in its necessity.

FOOTNOTES

1. E. M. Forster, Collected Tales of E. M. Forster, (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1959), p. 39
2. E. M. Forster, Two Cheers for Democracy, (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc., 1951)
3. E. M. Forster, A Passage to India, (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. and Random House, Inc., 1924) p. 289
4. Ibid., p. 178
5. E. M. Forster, Howard's End, (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. and Random House, Inc., 1921) p. 33
6. Ibid., p. 33-34
7. Ibid., p. 34
8. Virginia Woolf, Mrs. Dalloway, (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1925) p. 151-152
9. E. M. Forster, A Passage to India, (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc., 1924) p. 116
10. E. M. Forster, Collected Tales of E. M. Forster, (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1959) p. 300
11. Ibid., p. 119
12. E. M. Forster, Where Angels Fear to Tread, (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. and Random House, Inc., 1920) p. 76

13. T. S. Eliot, The Complete Poems and Plays, (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1952) p. 5

14. E. M. Forster, Where Angels Fear to Tread, (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. and Random House, Inc., 1920) p. 26

15. Ibid., p. 118

16. Ibid., p. 67

17. Ibid., p. 67

18. Ibid., p. 173

19. Ibid., p. 127

20. Ibid., p. 136

21. Ibid., p. 151

22. E. M. Forster, The Longest Journey, (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. and Random House, Inc., 1922) p. 245

23. Ibid., p. 245

24. Ibid., p. 295

25. Ibid., p. 303

26. Ibid., p. 311

27. Ibid., p. 18

28. Ibid., p. 43

29. Ibid., p. 273

30. Ibid., p. 226

31. Ibid., p. 245

32. Ibid., p. 149

33. Ibid., p. 231

34. Ibid., p. 274

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