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THE UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA

GRADUATE COLLEGE

THE NEW MAN, THE LEWIS ELIOT MAN: A STUDY OF THE NARRATOR IN C. P. SNOW'S NOVEL SEQUENCE, STRANGERS AND BROTHERS

A DISSERTATION

SUBMITTED TO THE GRADUATE FACULTY

in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the

degree of

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

BY

ROBERT L. NOVAK

Norman, Oklahoma

1972

THE NEW MAN, THE LEWIS ELIOT MAN: A STUDY OF THE NARRATOR IN C. P. SNOW'S NOVEL SEQUENCE, STRANGERS AND BROTHERS

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I am grateful for the kindness and direction Dr. Alphonse Fritz has given me in the process of writing this essay. The kindness and generosity of Lord Snow leave me speechless.

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THE NEW MAN, THE LEWIS ELIOT MAN: A STUDY OF THE NARRATOR IN C. P. SNOW'S NOVEL SEQUENCE, STRANGERS AND BROTHERS

INTRODUCTION

C. P. Snow's sequence of eleven novels, "Strangers and Brothers," published from 1940 to 1970, is narrated by Lewis Eliot. It tells the story of his own career, from a young-man-from-the-provinces to old age, fame, and his children grown up. Some of the sequence concentrates on his friends and colleagues in academic, scientific, and political circles, but Lewis is always there as confidant, or invaluable friend. One could study the sequence in many ways, such as a social study of the times, a challenge to the experimental novels of Virginia Woolf and James Joyce, an answer to F. R. Leavis' sarcasm that Snow doesn't begin to be a novelist, as an English version of Proust's Remembrance of Things Past, as examples of how auto-biography can be turned into imaginative fiction. This study will touch on all these facets, but will concentrate on a study of Lewis Eliot.

After a survey in Chapter I of the kinds of previous criticism given Lewis Eliot, this paper will look at him in

seven ways. Chapter II will look at him in terms of a technique ubiquitous in the sequence: the use of antithesis. Such antithesis occurs in the sequence in descriptions of situations, tensions between people, surprises in life, the complexity of people, and the differences between appearances and reality. It is an important clue to how Lewis Eliot understands himself, his world, and his acquaintances.

Chapter III approaches Lewis in terms of the now famous argument over the two cultures, science and the humanities. Lewis brings the two cultures together by making the reader love individual members of each culture. Lewis seems a good bridge between the two cultures.

Chapter IV looks at Lewis in terms of how point of view in a novel sequence is translated through him. It spends little time discussing the limitations of the first person narrator but elaborates on the aesthetic distance of Snow from his narrator, Lewis' biases, and the reflective intelligence at work in Lewis.

Chapter V studies the use of time as perceived by Lewis. The whole sequence is told in retrospect, a middle-aged man looking back at himself as a young man, an old man telling what has happened in the last four or five years, and remembering his whole life in the meantime. The chapter studies how much Lewis is tied to the past, the present, and the future. It studies not only the psychology of his

memory but also Snow's technique of "resonances," how Lewis himself finally experiences what he has previously observed. It examines the problem of what Lewis' "compartmentalizing" of his life means, that is, what is happening when one volume which in time overlaps another story pays little attention to the emotional problems studied in the other story. In chapter V is examined the sequence's theme: man's inability to learn except by living.

Chapter VI studies Lewis' theories of free will, fate, luck, and optimism and how he sees his life as influenced by them.

Chapter VII claims that the narrator is revealed through his style. It assumes that Snow might manage any kind of style he wishes but that he has deliberately chosen a style to reveal the life style, thinking, and the way Lewis comes to terms with life. The facets of style studied are imagery, diction, and several special sentence patterns.

The final chapter analyzes the code of Lewis, summarizing ideas from Chapters II to VII which are part of this code. It tries to tie the code to the title of the whole sequence, "Strangers and Brothers."

The bibliography pertinent to this study does not include Snow's novels outside the eleven volume sequence. It does include a comprehensive survey of Snow's comments in his own person on problems touched by the ideas or

techniques in the novels as well as a comprehensive survey of reviews, articles, and books on the novels by the critics. It omits the numerous book reviews and articles by Snow which do not concern the sequence. I have studied the copious criticism arising out of the Rede Lecture; but, since I found little of it relevant to the sequence, I have omitted almost all of it from the bibliography and worked in Chapter III from the Lecture itself. I cite nothing in the bibliography which I have not read myself.

The Appendix consists of two letters. The first one is one I sent to Lord Snow after I had written the first draft of the dissertation. In it I ask him about certain points on which only he could have information. The other is his gracious reply. In it several textual details are clarified; he gives his opinion on the best criticism of his work; he supports my theories on the theme of the sequence and the true perspective to be given the Rede Lecture.

CHAPTER I

WHAT THE CRITICS SAY ABOUT LEWIS ELIOT

The critics look at Lewis Eliot, the narrator of C. P. Snow's sequence, "Strangers and Brothers," in two ways: as a vehicle for point of view, i.e., narrator, of the sequence, and as a man in his own right. Usually the one view involves the other. What kind of problems will the author have in presenting eleven novels, closely autobiographical, told by the same narrator? How does Snow handle or mishandle these problems? What is the reader's reaction to Lewis as a presence, as a man, as the hero in a success story?

Some examination of the reviews, especially of the last novel in the sequence, Last Things, will show the usual reactions of the critics. The Life review, typical of totally admiring reviews, essentially gives no attention to Lewis Eliot. It concentrates on Snow's generous spirit and "enviable ease," in handling the two cultures.[1] In Saturday Review, which usually gives Snow's novels high admiration (exception: Corridors of Power), Robert Morris has much to say for Snow's optimism but is of two minds about Lewis. After mentioning that Lewis is "the author's

surrogate voice" Morris finds that the Lewis who narrates Last Things now has a style which parallels his life. Morris says that usually in the other novels the narrator seemed different from the weak points of his prose style:

> It is imperative but often trying to separate Eliot's personality from his literary manner. Critics have charged Snow with many things, but never, so far as I am aware, of being a stylist. Oddly enough, the very strengths of his prose - accuracy, directness, simplicity, control, and impeccable ear for day-to-day conversation - account for its weaknesses: flat, low-keyed dialogue, description as dull as heavy water, sentences at times so wooden as to be petrified, and disquistions so stiff as to suggest rigor mortis. Having run the risk more than once of proving that style is the man, the unflagging and latterly senescent Eliot-narrator has barely been equalized by the not much more interesting Eliot-protagonist.[2]

Chapter VII of this study examines in what way Lewis' style really reveals his character and personality.

Lewis' emotion in the whole sequence, Morris claims, is unsustained and ineffective. Morris sees Lewis as unchanged through fifty years, "a character of simple form and function rather than one motivated by complex feelings" (p. 44). The study of antithesis in Chapter II challenges Morris' epithet of simplicity. Morris sees Lewis fifty years after his first appearance in the sequence as unchanged and undeepened from "his initial portrait of a cool, determined, reasonable, honorable, ambitious, slightly masochistic young man...," unable to respond with anything other than "deadpan stoicism or sage imperturbability" (p. 44).

In Last Things, Morris says, Lewis is still

> governed as ever by resignation and self-control, still devoted to love, politics, and his ego, always the model liberal conservative, no longer [able to navigate] the swift tides of change. Too old for passion, too worn for the power game, Eliot falls back on what he understands best - himself... hoping for ten more years of life to devote to writing and "last things," to meet death with (in Rilke's phrase) "no unlived lines in the body," but mostly simply hoping. (p. 45)

Morris makes Lewis seem enervated and a mere egoist instead of a man curious about a surprising world and still ready to tie himself to "idiot hope."

The Atlantic review, by Richard Jones,[3] attacks the whole sequence, especially Lewis Eliot, the theme, and the language. Jones cites Snow's remark that Lewis Eliot is Snow himself, but ignores the ambiguity of the assertion (p. 112). Helen Gardner, as wrong headed as many of her views were in 1958 when she reviewed The Conscience of the Rich, was right to emphasize that Snow "accepts fully the limitations of narration in the first person."[4] Jones could have profited from a non-biographical approach.

The reviewer of Last Things in the London Times Literary Supplement is especially perceptive on this point:

> Before considering Eliot as a character, one has to get clear of the idea that there is any critical purpose in identifying him with his creator... Some of the things that happened to C. P. Snow add flavor and veracity to events in the life of Lewis Eliot, but the points of difference are far more numerous and notable than those of correspondence.[5]

I cannot agree with Jones, who sees Lewis as a bore. The Times reviewer here is perceptive to one's overall reaction to Lewis:

> At first he seems a self-important climber, congratulating himself that in politics he is a "liberal and speculative man", and pushing his nose into all sorts of affairs that have little to do with him. Yet this impression does not prevail.
>
> (p. 1223)

Perhaps Jones wants only the ironic attitude that J. Alfred Prufrock takes towards himself. Indeed, there are many striking parallels between Prufrock and Lewis Eliot - parallels I suspect any sensitive modern man would find with himself. and Prufrock - but it is not in Lewis Eliot's nature to be ironic about himself.

Of course Lewis can pass true judgment on himself: until the age of thirty five (he tells us in Last Things), he had been a bad son, a bad friend, and a bad husband.[6] Jones reluctantly admits:

> Eliot then sits in judgment on himself and regrets all his early life. He finds himself to have been a bad son, husband, and friend. The reasons for this are never clearly given, but the inference is that he has put getting on before personal relationships.[7] Is this a worlding's conversion? It's hard to say. Is this a final proof that the whole sequence is a satire on the futility of power-seeking at the expense of losing one's own soul? For a moment it seemed so, and then I remembered that Snow believes that satire is cheek. He has said so. No, Eliot's meditation on last things must be taken straight.
>
> (p. 114)

To give another man's version of life, which may differ in

several ways from your own, needn't be satiric. If one traces Snow's remark on satire, found in Science and Government, he will see that Snow is trying to describe realistically how closed politics works. He is trying to be objective, to describe real politik. There is considerable satire, usually gentle, in Lewis' portraits of some of his acquaintances: Gay, Mr. March, Rose, Herbert Getliffe, Mrs. Beauchamp (in Homecoming), Ronald Porson(in Sleep of Reason), Mrs. Henneker (Corridors of Power), perhaps Sawbridge and Howard (the two Communists), Ralph Udal (the complacent vicar in The Light and the Dark). But when one wishes to explain a truth in order to cope with the world better, one doesn't satirize. Almost every critic misapprehends Snow's one comment (not even in a literary context) on satire.

A critical problem is of course whether Lewis Eliot will be satirical in his descriptions of certain people and events and whether Snow will ever reveal that he is satirizing certain vices and follies of his narrator. Gardner says he refuses; Jones says he isn't aware; others say he is inept; Snow claims he is a realistic reformer.

Jones describes Lewis' inability to grasp what moves modern youth, calling him "the ultimate square" (p. 114). The Times reviewer, on the other hand, likes Lewis' "attempt to come to terms with the student generation" (p. 1223), and admires the "sweet serenity" Lewis has gained at the end of the sequence.

Jones really damns the theme. To him, the theme of the sequence is "simply getting on" (p. 116). Jones sees Lewis as a philistine who retells Snow's own success story, who fulfills the "archetypal English Destiny, that of the young man without social connections or prestige whose talents have been needed and used by the ruling class (p. 114). What happens to such a person often has a crippling effect on him, and "Eliot does not escape. The outcome becomes acceptable at the cost of something personal, essential in himself" (p. 114). The theme of the sequence has become "Snow's interesting career" (p. 114). Jones is not the first critic to talk about the drive for success in Lewis Eliot. But Lewis has anticipated them in the sequence by analyzing his own ambition, his gambles with luck, his evaluation of his success, his changes of attitudes, and his respect for the ambitions of his son.

Harvey Webster's review of Corridors of Power, put into a discussion of the whole sequence up to that time and called "The Sacrifices of Success,"[8] describes managers and lists the important failures and successful people in Snow's novels, but never answers the question about what a man pays for success. He drops the phrase, not developed, that "power let loose corrupts" (p. 9). Lewis gets only a neutral sentence as the prime example of a success. Other successful people, Webster says, aren't necessarily very intelligent; some of the successful people even envy the

failures; they don't meditate on the value of what they are doing but competently get things done. They all do what seems social good, and, if they do harm, they do it without malice (p. 10). Webster nowhere indicates that Lewis has any of the spiritual shortcomings of the successes, only that Lewis as a student of people can see these.

A big surprise is that Norman Podhoretz didn't discuss what Lewis gains and loses in succeeding when he reviewed Corridors of Power in 1958, ten years before Podhoretz wrote Making It.[9] Incidentally, that was the first time Snow had "made it" in The New Yorker: his previous books had usually gotten 100-300 words; Podhoretz gives him 1750 words.

Jones describes the sequence's theme as "getting on"; Alfred Kazin calls it "the great career" in his 1959 essay:

> This is a society of ambitious people who have learned to sharpen their wits on each other...how fascinating, how stimulating to a novelist's powers, can be a society full of intellectuals on the make, delicately balancing off against each other native gifts, racial background, physical strength, energy, stubbornness, originality...It is this theme that makes Snow's novels always absorbing. The interest of characters who appear always from this competitive point of view is immense....[10]

Kazin sees played against this personal ambition

> the sometimes tragic mystery of personality, which often unmakes the career that the will has made...The pervasive melancholy of Snow's work comes from his constant sense of the trickiness of the human heart, the

> perverseness and indisposability of human character, which binds us to people we should not love, to actions that are destructive of everything we value.
> (pp. 174-175)

Thus Kazin's idea touches on the technique of antithesis as well as on the Eliot Code. It is indeed Snow's most perceptive insight: his acceptance of the contradictions within man, the true existential predicament of man's absurdity, the whole man not available to complete reason.

Frederick Karl[11] denies Snow existential insight. Karl concedes that the Snow hero overlaps the existential hero who cannot fall back on any given values except those he accepts himself. But, to Karl, if a Snow hero is not a Meurseult, he is not existential. Describing the one kind of existential figure he accepts, Karl says:

> What everyone else wants leaves him impassive, even if he is aware of the wishes of others. The chances are that he lives within his own bounds, sees things solely from his own point of view, and fails to communicate with anybody else.
> (p. 124)

Karl tries to explain away Lewis' recognition of the irrational:

> Snow attempts to show that the irrational can be partially controlled, although he does admit that there are forces in operation untouchable by the human will. In addition, the quality of nothingness which the existentialist explores is alien to Snow, for his chief characters, while they may feel the emptiness of their existence, nevertheless proceed as though life has meaning, a meaning which they seek and expect to find. Both Eliot and Charles March face decisions

> which contradict any notion of a meaningless universe; in their decisions, they hope to find stability, perhaps even happiness. (p. 125)

But Lewis gives a whole book to the absurd quest of his best friend, Roy Calvert, a good man who searches desperately before he resigns himself to the absurd universe.

Because Lewis' feelings of emptiness or nothingness are transitory, Karl claims that Lewis is thus divided from the existential "notion of nothingness, which proceeds from the fact that man is a stranger in an inexplicable universe." (p. 125). But Snow does not go by theory. He lets Lewis tell things as Lewis sees and experiences them. The twenty-eight-year-old Lewis faces his mortality at Mentone; he sees the tragic quest of Roy Calvert; he finds nothingness in Last Things.

Karl in 1963 did not have of course the privilege of reading the 1970 Last Things, and he never comesto terms with Lewis' "idiot hope." So Karl says:

> The existential writer, moreover, is death-oriented. A good deal of his philosophical outlook is concerned with demonstrating that a man to be truly alive must be aware of death, and ultimately must be able to face it without fear and trembling. While [Eliot] does face death, when early in his career he suffers from something diagnosed as pernicious anemia, he nevertheless does not transcend death so much as transcend his illness through an act of will and determination. Eliot does not accept the irrationality of the universe which can arbitrarily condemn him, although he does examine this possibility; what he does instead is to try to find ways to overcome what appears

> irrational to him. He applies reason to an inexplicable situation, hoping to overcome it. And he is successful, even though he comes out of his limitations...[but] he has no real idea of emptiness or nothingness...The will can conquer. In the existential writer there is little of this belief. For him, the will is baffled at every turn, until the individual virtually gives up...Snow's view of modern man is close to the way most people like to view themselves; that is, buffeted by forces they do not understand, but forces nevertheless which they believe they can overcome.
> (pp. 125-26)

Karl does not do justice to the mystery of personality, the possibilities of temperament, and the usefulness of "idiot hope." The pragmatist plays it by ear: if it works, it's useful. There are no absolute truths. How can a man come to terms with himself? It's a changing decision, to be taken in terms of what his aims and temperament are like at the time. The Lewis Eliot of the first novel will change to the Lewis Eliot of Homecoming and then on to the Lewis Eliot of Last Things. An absolute answer is unacceptable to a changing man.

There is some confusion over the position Lewis takes as a "spectator" up till he marries his second wife. Kazin begins to see that this spectator position has two facets: the non-participant who picks out "victims" to befriend, an activity which looks like a passion for helping others but which really allows him to keep his privacy; and the observer of the world who is trying to understand what other people are and want and who is collecting materials

to be a novelist (p. 176). This is the "hero as thinker," Kazin says (p. 177), and if stories told by such analytical intelligence give a position for writing novels in a time when some critics were saying that the form is dead, it also often shows the limitations of giving "character as explanation" (p. 177).

William Hall,[12] on the other hand, works out a whole psychology of man's double nature, based on what he sees as the harmfulness of being a spectator. Hall doesn't see that there are good things to be said about being a spectator as well as bad. Hall explains Lewis' compartmentalizing, his memory's sense of loss as well as his misalliance to his first wife as the result of spectator pathology (p. 204). Most of the critics have caught Lewis' outright explanation of his flaw, his indulgence of his private self - but unlike Hall they don't use it to interpret the Proustian moments of recall or to explain compartmentalization.

This study will look at the double man in Lewis Eliot, at his flaw, at what great changes occur in him first at Mentone, then during his breakoff from Margaret, at what he has to become or learn before Margaret will marry him, and at the position of spectator as the writer's necessary position. Much of the analysis will use the section of Homecoming called "Condition of a Spectator."

Karl wants to know why Snow waited until volume six

to reveal the real nature of Lewis. Karl sees Snow as tricking the reader here and giving him a different Lewis in Homecoming than seen even in the two overlapping novels (pp. 107-08).

Paralleling Hall's explanation of compartmentalization are several others. Robert Adams feels that Lewis' deliberately telling only the one story at a time not only makes him seem spiritually cold but also deprives the sequence of the "resonance" Snow has claimed for the novels.[13] Robert Davis sees the compartmentalization as purely a plot device:

> In the interests of dramatic simplicity, Snow sacrifices the complete interweaving of themes and relations that the general design of his series - inspired, he suggests, by Proust - ought to encourage.
> (p. 21)

Karl (1963) sees a confusion on the part of Snow so that Lewis ends up "desiccated as a character" who like a machine can only "compartmentalize his wounds and continue to function in the public world" (p. 38). Bernard Bergonzi (1960) sees the compartmentalization merely as bad strategy on Snow's part:

> Were Eliot really plausible these separate strands of experience would be co-existing in his consciousness and sensibility, modifying each other, and together forming new patterns.[14]

Michael Millgate (1960) thinks that "Lewis Eliot is more satisfying as an observer than as a suffering individual," but sees the whole sequence depending "upon a complex

structure of intellectual and emotional cross-references" such as references to smells and weather.[15] In other words, Millgate does not think that Lewis compartmentalizes.

By now almost every literate person must be familiar with the Snow-Leavis controversy on the two cultures. This paper will look at the controversy from Lewis Eliot's point of view, to see how he views it, whether he bridges it, what meaning his experience gives the controversy. Davis says:

> ...if we...forget temporarily about "the Two Cultures" and read carefully through Snow's fiction to see what actually occurs there, we find it almost totally inconsistent with what we had been led to expect.
>
> Not since H. G. Wells has a popular, social minded novelist known so much at first hand about science. For nearly twenty years before 1958 Snow had been in an ideal position to carry out in his fiction the program defined in "the Two Cultures." By bringing together two kinds of imagination which he had himself experienced, he could enable scientists and literary men to appreciate each other, and the lay public to appreciate both. He could dramatize for his readers the struggle towards those social goals which he had condemned the major writers of his century for betraying.
>
> In all of C. P. Snow's novels taken together [this includes The Search] there is less concrete evidence of how the scientific mind works and how its methods and discoveries differ from those of the literary man or philosopher or theologian than we could find in almost any article of any issue of Nature or Scientific American. There is simply no comparison, in this respect, between his work and that of Aldous Huxley or of H. G. Wells himself.
>
> That is not because of any intrinsic difficulties that make the new science incommunicable. While

> Snow's later novels were being written, the educated public was already fascinated by living cells and the role of the giant molecules in life processes. The attempts to "break" the genetic codes carried by DNA had obvious appeal to the Wellsian type of imagination. But such matters are not touched upon in any of Snow's serious fiction...Except for one early, anonymous, and now unattainable effort, Snow is emphatically not a writer of science fiction.
> (pp. 5-6)

I have read the "unobtainable" New Lives for Old and found it fascinating for its handling of human problems, not for scientific problems or the scientific mind. The adult Snow who writes the sequence does not of course wish to write science fiction but to show scientists living among all types of men. Shown are the joy and druggery of their work, their political inclinations, the way they marry, bring up their children, vote, speak out on issues. The careers of several scientists are followed: Francis Getliffe, a physicist who specialized on radar during World War II; Luke, a nuclear physicist, the head of the British Atom Bomb establishment; Nightingale, an unsuccessful theoretical chemist who turns college bursar; Crawford, a famous physiologist, a specialist on the brain, who becomes the Master of the college; Martin Eliot, Lewis' younger brother, a nuclear physicist whose talent really lies in administration; Mountenay, a Nobel Prize winner in physics; Sheffington, a rich ex-military man turned scientist; Howard, a chemist who is accused of faking scientific evidence. Lewis Eliot, a non-scientist, cannot grasp their specialized work but

he can see what it means to them and how it influences them outside the laboratory. Snow makes Lewis interested in these men as men, thinking probably that if the reader loves a scientist as a man, the cultural gap will begin to close.

The New York Times Book Review[16] points out a striking example of a simile from science Lewis used in Last Things. This study examines such figures of speech and their appropriateness.

In David Cornelius and Edwin St. Vincent's book Cultures in Conflict: Perspectives on the Snow Leavis Controversy (1964),[17] there is no reference anywhere to Snow's novels. Martin Green's Science and the Shabby Curate of Poetry (1964),[18] which arose out of the same controversy, also surprisingly has nothing to say about Snow's novels. Stanley Weintraub's casebook C. P. Snow: A Spectrum (1963)[19] gives Snow's essay "Science, Politics, and the Novelist," where Snow discusses the difficulty a writer would encounter if he used stream-of-consciousness to convey a scientist's scientific experience. The sections from The Search which Weintraub gives concerning the stars, paralleling an auto-biographical passage in Snow's own life when he first read about atoms, are irrelevant to this study on Lewis Eliot. Weintraub does reproduce passages on the psychology of scientific fraud from The Affair and on the atomic reaction experiment from The New Men, pertinent

passages when one analyzes how the mind of Lewis copes with such ideas and experience.

Rubin Rabinovitz sees, though he seems to be disappointed, that Snow's novels are not concerned with science but often with scientists. Rabinovitz seems to think always of the narrator as Snow, not Lewis Eliot:

> Usually Snow's sole use of science is as background, since some of the people he writes about happen to be scientists. Indeed, it is the profession of scientists, rather than scientific knowledge, which most interests Snow. His novels The Search and The New Men do not teach the reader very much about science, but attempt rather to show what the men who are dedicated to science are like. In The New Men Snow has the opportunity to deal with science in a very direct manner, for he is concerned with the building of an atomic pile and, eventually, a bomb. Yet there is actually very little nuclear physics in the novel, since the main emphasis is put on the bureaucratic problems involved in the project...The Affair...gives only vague hints at the nature of the fraud and exactly what the purpose of the research was.[20]

Rabinovitz claims that Snow's leaving out the science (Rabinovitz doesn't see it as Lewis) is a weakness. He sees Joyce's "Ithaca" chapter in Ulysses (and Joyce is one of the experimental writers who Snow complains have ignored scientific developments) as "far more stylistically concerned with science than any of Snow's prose" (p. 137). Rabinovitz also sees Snow as summarily dismissing the time theories of Bergson and Einstein from his novels as well as analytical psychology (pp. 138-40). Contrary to Rabinovitz's assertions, Lewis does understand analytical psychology,

all the way from his friend Roy Calvert's repudiation of its manic-depressive analysis to the elderly Lewis' refusal to overread his acquaintances' psychology in Last Things.

The narrator's style has often been explained by paralleling it with scientific method. Karl says that Snow uses

> the factual, occasionally compassionate tone of administrative prose that is more suitable to outline a procedure than to limn a psychopathic personality. At the very beginning of the series, in Strangers and Brothers, Snow reveals the detailed precision, the almost scientific calculation of his style...The emphasis upon enumeration and the keyed-down flatness are generally indicative of Snow's prose style...Snow, like Wells, ...has forsaken 'romantic' prose for scientific prose....
>
> (p. 17)

Karl fails to see any attempt by Snow to let it always be Lewis Eliot's prose, not Snow's.

Weintraub sees the style as

> administrative, often scientific, prose, precise, flat and unemotional with its figures of speech more often from chemistry or anthropology or medicine than from ethics... Snow's personal bridging of the chasm of the 'Two Cultures'...Whether or not such prose is appropriate to someone else's fiction is irrelevant: it is consistent with what we know of Lewis Eliot.
>
> (p. 14)

Weintraub reiterates his understanding that it's always Lewis speaking, not Snow, yet to Weintraub (but not to me, for I think Lewis is a wonderful mimic and has a good ear, like his friend Roy Calvert), it causes an unsolved problem

of style when other characters speak just like Lewis Eliot:

> ...the deceptively flat, disconcertingly solemn and understated style so appropriate for his stodgy and pragmatic narrator. The difficulty intensifies when other characters speak, and although the failure of differentiation of voices here and there may be ascribed to their being recorded for us and played back by Lewis Eliot, it is a problem nevertheless.
> (p. 14)

Rubin Rabinovitz cites Karl's description of Snow's prose but disagrees:

> there is really little that can be called scientific in his prose style. He is not a follower of Zola and the naturalistic movement which actually attempted to use scientific methods in the writing of fiction, and he had never propounded any theories which incorporate scientific practices into fictional technique. Nor has his imagery particularly reflected modern technology; usually his images center on cosy interior scenes or lighted windows seen from the outside. Snow's vocabulary, likewise, employs few technical terms except when he happens to be describing a scientific operation.
> (p. 137)

Weintraub (1970) points out exceptions in Last Things to Rabinovitz's final statement, but Rabinovitz published in 1967.

Kenneth Watson (1965) sees the style as deliberately flat:

> ...the deliberate flatness, seemingly at times drained of emotion as if exhausted, is deliberate. There are nowhere in the sequence any of those attempts to colour the style more highly which show inner weakness. And nowhere is this surface unemotional quality more strictly maintained than in The New Men.[21]

Watson then quotes a passage from The New Men where the

characters are outraged, yet keep their talk cool and dry. Watson explains the tone:

> It is only without surface emotion that one can speak of such things.
> (p. 137)

He analyzes and praises the use of understatement, restraint, and a language consistent with character. Watson thinks that the language probably also parallels Snow's own temperament but that the parallel is unimportant compared to how the language fits situation and character (p. 138).

The style of the man can be found not only in his diction and imagery but also in his quick, neat references to weather, landscape, and smell. Michael Millgate shows the Proustian parallels, how weather

> evokes a mood; a change in the weather will often accompany a climax in the narrative; occasionally the ironic effect of 'pathetic fallacy' in reverse...For the most part, however, the descriptions of weather are usually mainly to 'fix' to 'place' the moment in our minds, and so prepare the way for its future evocation.
> (pp. 38-39)

Watson sees the texture of the novels as usually "austere" and claims that emotional cross-references in terms of weather and smell are kept simple and clear-cut so as not to interrupt the flow of the narrative (p. 39).

Charles Brady calls Snow, not distinguishing here Lewis Eliot from Snow, "an epicure of weather," but does not, like Millgate, analyze the use of weather.[22] Alastair MacDonald's study of Snow's imagery (1966) chronologizes

and catalogues the imagery to support MacDonald's thesis that Snow (again, not Lewis Eliot) has a faulty Weltanschauung. Snow, MacDonald says, has compromised the spirit with the world of affairs; he has substituted the world of affairs for religion and the tragic vision.[23] MacDonald thus touches on antithesis, style, and the Code.

When I visited Snow in September, 1969, he highly recommended George Steiner's review of The Sleep of Reason.[24] This review does take the right attitude toward Snow and his sequence, but it ends up saying little specifically on the sequence. Steiner is interested in why critics harrassed Snow (they do it, Steiner says, because Snow refuses to dive and glide: p. 85), and he finds that the theme of The Sleep of Reason is "staying awake" (p. 89). Yet in general, Steiner's article says so little that I wrote Snow in January, 1971, asking which articles he now considers the best ones on his whole sequence. He replied (see the two letters in the Appendix to this study) that he now quite agrees with me about Steiner's article and recommends the reviews of Last Things in the Times Literary Supplement[25] and New Statesman.[26] He did not give details on why he considers these as good articles, but it is my guess that he likes Bradbury's (New Statesman) emphasis on "tragic isolation," "lonely angst," and "solitude," and that he likes the anonymous Times reviewer's clarification between Snow the man and Lewis Eliot the narrator. Perhaps half

of the Times article describes and analyzes Lewis Eliot; one third, of Bradbury's article. Bradbury speaks of survival as being the real theme of Last Things: "It is not an elegant survival: Eliot achieves it with all the bitter irascibility against the human condition and the people who shore him up that old age can bring to bear" (p. 566). Bradbury sees the sequence's end as combining both nihilism and hope! He sees Lewis as symbolic of the impossibility of reconciling the opposing forces of modern life. Lewis is not a hero:

> Eliot's irascibility with the human condition is in part an irascibility with himself. He has not been much of a man, and his loving and his giving have been muted and wanting; he has made a decent, but not a very vivid and living, self. He is not entirely likeable and certainly not entirely complete.
> (p. 567)

The Times reviewer describes the changes in the personality and character of Lewis. In the early books he is a "self-important climber," not friendly, and nosey, but he develops the loyalty of friendship, paternal love, and a "sweet serenity" (p. 1223). Yet Lewis' character is not dramatized enough, the reviewer claims, for the reader is too often told instead of shown his traits and he is never treated with the touch or irony which would make him come alive. As an individual emotionally tied to the homecoming imagery, the ubiquitous feeling of disaster, and the position of an outsider looking in, Lewis, the Times critic claims,

fits Snow's idea that in Lewis' world the individual is less important than the power in the group, the committee, the statistic. The Times reviewer tries to fit the characters into their relation to the winning and losing in this power structure. In spite of the critic's tying himself to his thesis, he recognizes Snow's humor (p. 1224) and something he calls Snow's great weakness, his "yearning romanticism," as seen in Snow's handling of Roy Calvert.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTER I

In general the critics have been obsessed with identifying Lewis Eliot with C. P. Snow, though often for a mere ad hominem attack or easy reviewing. They ignore or misread Snow's realistic attitude towards satire. They try to make him into a Trollope or a reactionary writer who disdains existentialism. Contradicting each other, they theorize on Lewis' compartmentalizing and his spectator position. They look for the wrong bridges in Lewis for the Two Cultures. They cannot agree on a description of Lewis' style or what it reveals about Lewis, although usually they find it a bad style. The critics that wish to defend Snow's sequence often merely generalize about a proper attitude towards it instead of taking the student close to its details and techniques.

ENDNOTES TO CHAPTER I

[1]Maurice Edelman, "The Cycle Closes in Snow-land," Life, August 27, 1970, p. 8.

[2]"Thematic Skeletons Fleshed Out with Plot and Character," Saturday Review, August 22, 1970, p. 44. Further citations from or references to a review or book, after it has once been given an endnote, will appear in parenthesis in the text.

[3]"The End of the C. P. Snow Affair," September, 1970, pp. 112-14, 116-17.

[4]Helen Gardner, "The World of C. P. Snow," New Statesman, March 29, 1958, p. 409.

[5]October 23, 1970, p. 1223.

[6]Last Things, p. 216. In further references to the novels of the sequence, the following editions of the novels will be used:

Strangers and Brothers: New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1960. SL 80.

Time of Hope: New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, n.d. SL 130.

The Conscience of the Rich: New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1958. SL 24.

The Light and the Dark: New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, n. d. SL 92.

The Masters: New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, n.d. SL 105.

The New Men: New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1954, SL 33.

Homecoming: New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1956, SL 115.

The Affair: New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1960.

Corridors of Power: New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1964.

The Sleep of Reason: New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1969.

Last Things: New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1970.

[7]Robert Davis points out how often "the personal thing enters the plot, motivation, and outcome: C. P. Snow, Columbia Essays on Modern Writers, Number 8 (New York: Columbia University Press, 1965), pp. 11, 30, 31, 35.

[8]Saturday Review, July 12, 1958, pp. 8-10, 34.

[9]The New Yorker, May 10, 1958, p. 143.

[10]"A Brilliant Boy from the Midlands" (1959), reprinted in Contemporaries (Boston: Little, Brown, and Co., 1962), p. 172.

[11]C. P. Snow: The Politics of Conscience (Carbondale: Southern Illinois Univ. Press, 1963), pp. 124-25.

[12]"The Humanism of C. P. Snow," Wisconsin Studies in Contemporary Literature, 1963, pp. 199-208.

[13]"Pomp and Circumstance," Atlantic Monthly, November, 1964, p. 96.

[14]"The World of Lewis Eliot," Twentieth Century, March, 1960, pp. 224-25.

[15]"Structure and Style in the Novels of C. P. Snow," A Review of English Literature, April, 1960, pp. 39-40.

[16]Stanley Weintraub, "Last Things," August 23, 1970, p. 4.

[17]Chicago: Scott, Foresman, and Co.

[18]London: Longmans.

[19]New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[20]The Reaction Against Experiment in the English Novel: 1950-60 (New York: Columbia Univ. Press, 1967), pp. 136-37. A critical review of Rabinovitz was written by Dr. Robert Murray Davis: "Market Depressed and Unstable. Surveys of the Recent English Novel," Papers on Language and Literature, VI #2 (Spring, 1970), 211-23.

[21]"C. P. Snow and The New Men," English (London), 1965, p. 137.

[22]"The British Novel Today," Thought, Winter, 1959-60, p. 539.

[23]"Imagery in C. P. Snow," University Review (Kansas, Mo.), 32(1966), 303-06; 33(1966), 33-38.

[24]"Last Stop for Mrs. Brown," The New Yorker, July 5, 1969, pp. 83-91.

[25]October 23, 1970, pp. 1223-24.

[26]"Snow's Bleak Landscape," October 30, 1970, pp. 566-67.

CHAPTER II

ANTITHESIS

The title of the sequence and of the first book (1940) is "Strangers and Brothers." The first image, in the opening line of the first novel, is that of the narrator basking beside a comfortable fire of early autumn, as one of his friends comes in and says, "I'm in trouble, Lewis." Lewis thinks at first that the friend is acting; then he believes him. The friend is described as having a "worried smile." He likes women enough to return their interest; "yet sometimes he captured it...without taking a step himself."[1] Two pages later he has "a rueful, embarrassed smile." (p. 6) Lewis comments to the reader that Lewis too "was used to the hope and hopelessness, the hopes of twenty, desolately cold half an hour ago, now burning hot." (p. 6) They go to see George Passant, their guru and college teacher, who offers them some refreshment with an invitation "affable and diffident." (p. 7) They tell George the problem, and George offers to help. Then George tells a story of his early training as a lawyer, how the junior partner had criticized him for not behaving like a lawyer while he was training to be one, how George started acting the part, and

how he was then criticized by the senior partner for acting like a lawyer before he was one. All these opposites are put together in the first chapter of the first novel. The novel ends anticipating how George, after having discovered his self-deception, will be struggling in the future. This is the way the future is balanced:

> There were to be times, darker than now, when he would have to see himself and ask what was to become of him. Yet, in those dark moments, he would again - as he was now - be drawing a new strength from his own self-distrust.
> (p. 309)

The opening scene of his masterpiece The Masters (1951) also gives us Lewis by a warm, cosy fire, on a snow-bound, cold January day. Jago, a college colleague, enters and is described in antithetical terms. We are told that he was usually easy but apologized too much, that one's first physical impression of him was deceptive, that

> he was tall and thick about the body, with something of a paunch, but he was also small-boned, active, light on his feet...At first glance, people might think he looked like a senator. It did not take them long to discover how mercurial he was...In fact, people forgot all about the senator and began to complain that his sympathy and emotion flowed too easily. Many of them disliked his love of display. Yet they were affected by his depth of feeling.
> (p. 4)

From his cosy, comfortable place before the fire, Lewis hears that the Master has incurable cancer.

In the opening chapter of The Affair (1960), Tom Orbell, meeting with Lewis, is described. Notice the but,

the although, the colon here signaling antithesis, and the description of the smile:

> He was a large young man, cushioned with fat, but with heavy bones and muscles underneath. He was already going bald, although he was only in his late twenties. The skin of his face was fine-textured and pink, and his smile was affable, open, malicious, eager to please and smooth with soft soap. As he greeted me, his welcome was genuine, his expression warm; his big light-blue eyes stayed watchful and suspicious.
>
> (p. 3)

The chapter title is "An Unsatisfactory Evening," although there's a coal fire blazing and Orbell starts talking "as though determined to have a cosy drinking evening." (p. 5) Orbell talks about the generation war: the young against the old. He is "spontaneous; at the same time he was wily." (p. 5) Orbell's female guest, Mrs. Howard, wife of the scientist fired from his job for fraud, bullies Orbell. We are told:

> Tom Orbell was as clever as they came; psychologically he was full of resource and beneath the anxiety to please there was a tough wilful core. But his forehead was sweating, his voice was not so mellifluous or easy. He was frightened of her. While she sat there, pretty, set-faced, strong-necked, she had only one thought in her head. She had come to talk to him and make him act. Talking to Tom, who was so much cleverer, she had the complete moral initiative.
>
> (p. 8)

The opening chapter of the final book, Last Things, shows us Lewis and his wife returning home from a week's vacation in the summer of 1964, so there's no cosy fire in the fireplace, which moreover by 1964 is disused. They read

a week's accumulation of mail, including letters from their two sons. Maurice, Lewis' stepson, is probably "one of nature's innocents or saints." (p. 6) Charles, on the other hand, "was not at all innocent." (p. 6) Then they are invited to the stately country home of an old college colleague, Lester Ince, who has married a wealthy woman; we see him

> as landowner. Lester Ince in a puce smoking jacket, at the head of his table in the great eighteenth century dining room, ceiling by Thornhill: Lester pushing the decanter-runners around, after the women had left us.
> (p. 8)

This Lester Ince in contrast to

> the junior fellow of my old college only ten years before...He surveyed his colleagues and decided he didn't think much of them...The best college hock Lester firmly described as cat's pee...he became identified as one of the academic spokesmen of a new wave.
> (pp. 8-9)

Lewis and Margaret come away from their weekend at the country estate in contented, mocking spirits, much amused. They play a diverting game on the way back, thinking of the friends of Ince's roughneck years who would be amused to see the Ince who owns the country estate.

> The game was still diverting us as we entered the flat.
>
> Beside the telephone, immediately inside the hall, there stood a message on the telephone pad. It read...Mr. Davidson [Margaret's father] is seriously ill....
> (pp. 10-11)

Further examples from Last Things:

Chapter IV: Describing his reaction to Muriel, the woman presently married to his nephew and who will have an affair with his son Charles, Lewis says:

> I found her - in some inexplicable and irritating fashion - very attractive.
> (p. 31)

Describing his disreputable nephew Pat (Whom I like but whom Lewis finds opportunistic and unprincipled), who has been visiting Margaret's sick father:

> Pat was on the make, he was a busybody, a gossip, often a mischief-maker, and several kinds of liar: but he was also kind...life-givers of Pat's species had, so far as I had met them, usually been people who wouldn't pass much of an examination into their moral nature.
> (p. 32)

Chapter XV is called "Waking Up to Well-Being" and describes how on the morning his retina comes loose, Lewis wakes up "comfortable..lying relaxed and well." (p. 151) He decides to have a minor operation to refix the retina, and his heart stops for more than three minutes during the operation.

Chapter XXI: Lewis, talking to his son Charles after Lewis' heart attack, remembers forty years back to his mother's invalid bedroom, his mother's ambitions for him, and her longing to invade his heart: "I repelled it, longing that I might do otherwise." (p. 203)

Chapter XXVI: Lewis telling Muriel how he has tried to give Charles independence:

> When he was a child, I watched his progress obsessively from hour to hour. Then I dropped

> it, determined that I wouldn't live life again in him.
> (p. 258)

Chapter XXXX: Arthur Brown gives the funeral oration for Francis Getliffe. To Brown

> Civility meant being careful...Butnow...he was letting go.
> (p. 399)

Three chapters from the end of the book, Lewis is summarizing the three drives of his life: ambition, love, and a social conscience. Of a better world he says:

> I believed that I had wanted some good things. Whether I had helped to get any, that was another matter.
> (p. 413)

The smiles in Last Things are outward symbols of the inner complex man:

Hector Rose's: Impassively he let show a smile, but unlike his committee smile, it contained a degree of both malice and warmth.
(p. 56)

Martin: He gave a smile which was open and quite unironic. Anyone who saw it wouldn't have believed that he was a pessimistic man.
(p. 68)

Margaret's father: Davidson produced a good imitation - perhaps it was more than that - of his old Mephistophelian smile.
(p. 85)

Davidson gave a genuine smile.
(p. 87)

The present college master, a cripple, G. S. Clark: His smile gave an impression both of sweet nature and obstinancy.
(p. 133)

Charles: He gave a disarming, untypical boyish smile.
(p. 141)
Charles gave a tight smile, but he wasn't responding to the kind of sarcasm, or grim facetiousness, with which he and I, and Martin also, liked to greet our various fatalities.
(p. 200)

He gave her a smile, reassuring but secretive.
(p. 279)

Godfrey, the Anglican Priest: Godfrey smiled tentatively....
(p. 207)

Gorden Bestwick, college friend of Charles: He gave a grim friendly smile.
(p. 266)

Muriel: For an instant she gave a sharp and attacking smile.
(p. 352)

Margaret: She was smiling, making a decent show of being sarcastic, but underneath, the sarcasm melted away.
(p. 375)

TONE OF VOICE

from Last Things:

Walter Luke: In a comradely, roughly casual but unaggressive tone, Walter said to Charles....
(p. 368)

Muriel: The voice at the other end of the line was polite but frigid.
(p. 417)

Her tone was still impersonal, but unrelenting.
(p. 418)

Azik: "She has to make her own mistakes, perhaps," said Azik, in a tone soothing but not quite

> assured, as though this violence in his wife was a novelty with which he hadn't had much practice.
> (p. 42)

Charles: ...he said, with a cheerful sarcastic flick....
(p. 136)

> Yet, strangely enough, though he had made remarks which sounded arrogant once or twice that night, that was the only one that struck me so.
> (p. 338)

These examples illustrate that antithesis is used through the whole sequence, that it's always Lewis who is doing the interpreting of the play of opposites, that he is quick to pick up the antithesis in situations, in the tension between people, in the surprises in life and in people, in the complexity of individuals, and in the patterns of the universe.

One might expect that over thirty years and eleven novels the temptations to change style or techniques would be too great to resist. But one of Snow's points about Lewis Eliot is that he does not change in some of his characteristics. We get Lewis' biography given to us always from the mind of an adult: Lewis is about thirty four years old when he tells us his first story, of George Passant and the Group. The reason for Lewis' telling the story is never given. He never says that he wishes to immortalize his friends or to write an autobiography which will help youth understand itself or any of the other

conventional or ingenious excuses for a first person narrator to set down his words. Perhaps that would be too artificial for Lewis. We do know that by 1943, while he's still in government service, he feels that he's going to have to write some books someday and that he feels that he is collecting materials at that time. (Homecoming, p. 196) Lewis doesn't quit his government job until Roger Quaife resigns in 1958. There is some hint that he is writing other books besides the sequence. If the date for his remark for thinking about writing books (1943) and the date of publication of Strangers and Brothers (1940) don't make sense, it is only because Strangers and Brothers should have been printed in 1946 to fit the remark. But the real point is that the story is always told by Lewis looking back twenty years on his earlier life and that by this time he has become formed in the way he perceives the world full of antitheses. That part of him never changes in the whole sequence. There are for Lewis changes in taste, changes in his relation to his private self, replacements of his ambition, and realinements to love. But there is no change in seeing the world and people and himself as full of antitheses. No. The narrator always sees the ironies, contradictions, and surprises of life.

It is another matter, of course, to ask whether the even younger Lewis, from twenty to thirty five, saw the world in similar terms. The reader meets him in the novels

which cover the years up to 1940:

Strangers and Brothers: 1925-33.

The Conscience of the Rich: 1927-36

Time of Hope: 1914-33

The Light and the Dark: 1935-43

The Masters: 1937

Homecoming: 1938-51

The New Men: February 1939-1946

and occasionally by a remark thrown out in the other three novels. But it's always Lewis evaluating and remembering what he was, not Lewis telling it to us on the spot.

Yes, we do get changes in taste but never a repudiation of the antithetical in what he sees. When he talks in Homecoming about his change of taste in people by 1943, we see that his youth was attracted by antitheses, although certain values he now repudiates:

> ...in my youth I had been as tempted as most men by the petty treachery, the piece of malice warm on the tongue at a friend's expense, the kind of personal imperialism...in which one imposes oneself upon another. Even more I had been fascinated by the same quick sands in other men. As to many of us when young, the labile, the shifting, the ambivalent, the Lebedevs and the Fyodor Karamazovs, had given me an intimation of the depth and wonder of life. But as I grew up I began to find it not only unmagical, but also something like boring, both in others and myself. At the age when I got rid of Gilbert Cook [38] I found it hard to imagine the excitement and attention with which, in my young manhood I had explored the transformation ~~scene~~ temperament of an early friend. As I got near forty, my tastes in character had changed, I could not give that attention again.
> (pp. 187-88)

William Hall thinks that Lewis' reference to "an early friend" concerns his attachment to such characters as Roy Calvert, George Passant and Charles March,[2] but I can't agree, for they are always referred to with the greatest affection and respect. I don't believe that Lewis is even referring to the people like old Winslow in The Masters, a bitter man with a sharp tongue, but to characters he never describes in the sequence.

But the point is that even without the perspective of age, Lewis saw the contradictions in people and life.

Here is a scene which takes place when Eliot is twenty-two. Everything he tells is, of course, from looking into the past. But here he tries to describe how he feels at twenty-two about his new acquaintance, Charles March:

> I thought that at first sight we had found something like kinship in each other's company. I knew little of the actual circumstances of his life, and the little I knew made the feeling of kinship seem distinctly out-of-place...His family was very rich, I had gathered: I was spending the last pounds of a tiny legacy on this gamble at the Bar.
> (The Conscience of the Rich, p. 4)

Lewis describes Charles March's manners:

> I was already used to his anxious, repetitious, emphatic politeness; when I first heard it, it sounded sarcastic, not polite.
> (p. 5)

After taking their Bar examination, Lewis and Charles go out together for dinner and the theater. The first chapter ends with the pointed contrast between their

emotions:

> ...but on the instant all anxieties were washed away...I let myself sink into the sensation that all I wanted had come to pass. The day's apprehension disappeared within this trance; luxury and fame were drifting through my hands.
>
> Then, just before the curtain went up, I glanced at Charles. Soon the play started, and his face was alive with attention; but for a second I thought that he, whom I had so much envied a few hours before, looked careworn and sad.
> (p. 7)

They become better friends as they work in the law offices, but, although Charles asks about Lewis' family, Charles won't talk about his own:

> It was strange to feel so intimate with a friend of one's own age, and yet be shut out.
> (p. 8)

Lewis sometimes goes out with Charles and lets Charles pay. Lewis likes the small luxuries. Of Charles, Lewis says:

> At bottom, I thought, his tastes were simpler than mine...like most young men on the rise, I was a bit of a snob at heart.
> (p. 9)

This last remark appears to be hindsight. Lewis contrasts Charles with George Passant. George

> was a very different person from myself; he saw the world, the people around him, his own passions, in a way which seemed strange to my temperament and which I had to learn step by step. While with Charles, right from our first meeting, I felt that he saw himself and other people much as I did; and he never exhausted his fund of interest.
> (p. 10)

Charles, we come to find out, has a hard time fighting to be good. We see here the contradictions the twenty-three-

year-old Lewis saw in himself and Charles:

> He knew - it was a link between us, for I also knew - what it was like to be cruel. To be impelled to be cruel, and to enjoy it. Other young men could let it ride, could take themselves for granted, but not he. He could not accept it as part of himself. It had to be watched and guarded against. With the force, freshness and hope of which he was capable, he longed to put it aside, to be kind and selfless as he believed he could be kind and selfless. When he spoke of wanting to lead a 'useful' life, he really meant something stronger; but he was still young enough, and so were the rest of us, to be inhibited and prudish about the words we used. He said 'useful' but what he really meant was 'good.' When Ann fought shy of my questions about what he hoped for, we both had an idea: he wanted to lead a good life, that was all.
>
> I sometimes thought it was those who were tempted to be cruel who most wanted to be good.
>
> Charles wanted to dull his sadic edge. He knew the glitter which radiated from him in a fit of malice. He was willing to become dull, humdrum, pedestrian, in order not to feel that special exhilaration of the nerves. For long periods he succeeded. By the time of that quarrel, he was gentler than when I first knew him. But he could not trust himself. To others, the edge, the cruel glitter, might seem dead, but he had to live with his own nature.
> (pp. 122-23)

One other example may clinch the point that Lewis has always grasped these opposites at work in humans and the world: it is from Time of Hope, when Lewis is about nine years old, in 1914. Much of the antithetical detail is given from hindsight. But not all. Here is a passage which gives the feeling of contraries even in the nine-year old:

> I used, both at that age and when I was a little older, to pretend to myself that [my father] read these books for the sake of knowledge. I liked to pretend that he was very learned about the tropics. But I knew it was not true. It hurt me, it hurt me with bitter twisted indignation, to hear Aunt Milly accuse him of being ineffectual, or my mother of being superstitious and a snob. It roused me to blind, savage, tearful love. It was a long time before I could harden myself to hear such things from her. Yet I could think them to myself and not be hurt at all.
> (pp. 16-17)

We have just seen that antithesis is used in the whole sequence, not just in some of the books. We have seen that though many of the contraries come from the hindsight of the narrator, such a grasp of antithesis has always been natural to Lewis Eliot. Now let us notice that, although some of the other characters seem to grasp that the universe and life are antithetical, their minds are always conveyed to us under the biased eyes of Lewis, who is only as honest with reality as an imperfect, non-omniscient man can be. In other words, Lewis' version of the truth is only one version, often revised by hindsight. First, let us see several acquaintances of Lewis who grasp the contraries of life. Then let us look at two situations where it is easy to see that we will never get other characters' versions of reality except through the biased eyes of Lewis Eliot.

At the end of The New Men, when Lewis' younger brother Martin has decided to leave the British atomic energy program and go back to pure science, Lewis analyzes

him:

> For to Martin, it was jet-clear that, despite its emollients and its joys, individual life was tragic: a man was ineluctably alone, and it was a short way to the grave. But, believing that with stoical acceptance, Martin saw no reason why social life should also be tragic: social life lay within one's power, as human loneliness and death did not, and it was the most contemptible of the false-profound to confuse the two.
>
> (p. 301)

Lewis' best friend, Roy Calvert, can perhaps most easily be described as a manic-depressive, although Roy himself repudiates that label.[3] After describing Roy's research into a Manichean religious text in a language Roy is the first to decipher (Early Soghdian), Lewis summarizes from hindsight the contraries of Roy's nature, not yet grasped by the twenty-four-year-old Roy or the twenty-nine-year-old Lewis:

> He did not know then that he had the special melancholy which belongs to some chosen natures. It did not come through suffering though it caused him to suffer much. It came by the same fate as endowed him with his gifts - his intelligence, his attraction for women, his ability to strike a human response from anyone he met, his reckless bravery.
>
> By the same fortune, he was inescapably under the threat of this special melancholy, this clear-sighted despair in which, more than anyone I knew, he saw the sadness of man's condition: this despair which drove him to outbursts of maniacal gaiety. He was born with this melancholy; it was a curse of fate, like an hereditary disease. It shadowed him all his life. Perhaps it also deepened him under his caprices, perhaps it helped to make him the most selfless of men. I did not know. But I knew that I should have wished him more commonplace and

> selfish, if he could only cease to be so haunted...But he exhilarated me with his gaiety, pierced me with his selflessness, deepened all I knew of life, gave my spirit wings: so I too did not see much that fate had done to him and I hoped that he would be happy.
> (The Light and the Dark, pp. 41-42)

Later, Roy says that he must believe that he can change his fundamental nature, although Lewis believes that no one can.[4] Several years later, Roy accepts his fate:

> At last he had given up struggling. He had seen his fate..."I see that I can't change myself."
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 309)

Here we get Roy's own words about accepting his tragic, contradictory nature, but never a summary of that nature from him.

Rosalind, Roy's wife, is not very self-analytical and is thus perhaps a good case to show that it is not she who grasps her complexities but the narrator. After Roy is killed in a strategic bombing mission over Germany, Lewis explains the contradictions in Rosalind's attitudes:

> Rosalind did not believe in an afterlife, did not believe in resurrection, either of the body or anything else; she believed that Roy had gone into annihilation. Yet with every atom of her whole existence, she begged that he might come to her again in the flesh.
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 399)

A final example occurs when Lewis is talking to his sixteen-year-old son Charles, who has just graduated from public school and wishes to go off travelling for three terms before he goes to Cambridge. He is exceptionally

bright and independent, ambitious and high minded for the good of mankind. He wants to do something useful for mankind by himself, not with his father's help. His father then analyzes Charles:

> It had the ring of a youth's ambition, at the same time arrogant and idealistic, mixed up with dreams of happiness. Some of it sounded as though it had been talked out with friends. Most of it, I thought, was solitary. He seemed spontaneous and easy-natured, but he kept his secrets.
> (The Sleep of Reason, p. 461)

The sixteen-year-old, gracious but laconic Charles never discusses his own nature. It would not be quite his style, as he'd say five years later.

Now that we have looked at the existence of antithesis in the whole sequence and its existence realized for us only through the eyes of the narrator, let us look at five types of antithesis which Lewis is quick to pick up.

I wish to save the antithesis of the sequence's title until the last chapter, except here to note its ubiquity in the whole sequence.

First, irony of situation. The examples given at the beginning of this chapter show novels beginning with the cosy interiors soon to be intruded upon by the announcement of some disaster or misfortune. Besides the four beginning chapters where the cosy or pleasant time is broken by the announcement of trouble, we have Homecoming's chapter "Lighted Window Seen from the Street," Lewis coming home on

weekends from Cambridge to London to see his first wife, Sheila, who is unable to love anyone. Thus there's always trouble in his home, no real domestic happiness and peace. This chapter tells us of a better-than-average homecoming, for Sheila has found a project to give her some pleasure. Lewis does not know this yet as he walks up to the house in the dark and sees the lighted windows with the curtains still undrawn. He remembers the envy and mystery of his youth, the outsider looking in at what he has never known and also what appears to be enviable to an outsider:

> If I had been a stranger, looking up the garden from Cheyne Walk, that glimpse of a lighted room would have had for me the charm of domestic mystery and peace.
> (p. 4)

The ironic remark reminds us that some of our categories overlap; here we have appearance and reality.

Another such contrast occurs when Sheila commits suicide. Lewis has just had a pleasant evening on the town with a friend and has stayed at his club all night. He rises and takes a leisurely breakfast:

> Next morning, in the breakfast room of my club, the coalfire crackled and spurted: the unfolded newspapers glinted on the table under the light: in the street outside the pavement looked dark with cold. Although I had a headache, it was not enough to put me off my breakfast, and the food was still good, so early in the war. I ate the kidneys and bacon, and, indulging my thirst, went on drinking tea; the firelight was reflected back from the grey morning mist outside the windows. Acquaintances came to their tables, opening their Times. It was all warmed and cared for, and I enjoyed

> stretching out the minutes before I rang up Sheila. At a quarter-past nine, I thought, she would be getting up. In comfort, I drank another cup of tea.
> (Homecoming, p. 77)

When he rings up he hears of Sheila's suicide.

The Light and the Dark opens with an odorous spring day in Cambridge. As is usual with Snow's descriptive passages, this one is terse and sensuous. It contrasts with the emotional trouble Lewis is enduring, his unhappy marriage to Sheila:

> I smelt blossom everywhere as I walked through the town that afternoon. The sky was bright, cloudless and pale, and the wind cut coldly down the narrow Cambridge streets. Round Fenner's the trees flared out in bloom, and the scent was sweet, heady and charged with one's desires.
> (p. 3)

For the final example of irony of situation, I can point to all the passages describing Lewis waking up from sleep, feeling good and then remembering what is going to happen that day. All these passages are referred to in this passage from Last Things, which occurs a few days after Lewis' operation, when his heart stopped:

> When I woke, I first had the sense of well-being that came after deep sleep. Then suddenly, eyes pressed by the darkness, I remembered what had happened. That wasn't the first time I had wakened happy and then been sickened by the thought of what lay ahead; there had been a good many such times since I was young: but this was the darkest.
> (p. 175)

Chapter IV will look at the kinds of generalizations

Lewis as narrator makes. It is comforting to realize that he does not generalize on antithesis of situation. He does not say, "Trouble always comes just when one is feeling cosy" or "Give me a fragrant spring day, and I'll spoil it by being blue." First of all, he knows that the generalization would not be true. There's too much happiness in the novels to contradict the generalization. Secondly, he has his own way of handling such matters of fate and luck, for he is superstitious: he pays them superstitious respect. He reminds us in Last Things:

> Until recently [Christmas Eve] had been a night when we had filled the flat with a mass all-comers' party. But, because I was surreptiously as atavistic or superstitious as my mother, we had killed the custom dead. On December 23rd, 1963, George Passant had called on me and had, not broken, but declared the news which still at times hag-rode me: which had cut off many thoughts about one whole phase of my youth. The following night, I had had to be host to one of those mass parties. Not again. That was four years before, and the memory was still sharp and shrivelling. (p. 376)

Besides the ironies of situation, Lewis is quick to see the antitheses which occur in the tensions between people. These antithetical tensions he sees in his own relations with other people and in the relationships between acquaintances which he is witnessing.

For instance, between Sheila and Lewis before he has told her he loves her:

> Even after that visit to Sheila's house I still did not tell her simply how much I

> loved her. Her own style seemed to keep my tongue playful and sarcastic; I made jokes about joy and hope and anguish, as though it were all a game.
> (Time of Hope, p. 168)

The first time Lewis meets Margaret, who will be his second wife, here's her smile at over-hearing a remark Lewis makes:

> Her smile lit up her eyes, flushed her skin, was kind, astrigent, lively, content.
> (Homecoming, p. 101)

Lewis is in the hospital, and she suggests that he read some books which she owns:

> Suddenly the air held promise, danger, strain.
> (Homecoming, p. 103)

I shall note under style that a series of words like this often contains antithesis and a balancing word like strain. Lewis' staff worker and friend, Gilbert Cook, who introduced Lewis to Margaret, is as curious as a gossip-column writer, and asks about Lewis' reaction to Margaret:

> About any official scheme, Gilbert asked me my intentions straight out, but in pursuit of a personal one he became oblique....
> (Homecoming, p. 107)

Except that this time, Gilbert asks straight out.

On their first date, Margaret and Lewis kiss:

> We smiled at each other with pleasure but much more with an overmastering, a sedative relief.
> (Homecoming, p. 111)

On this first date Margaret makes clear that their relationship must be the opposite of the relationship of Lewis and his first wife:

> "It wasn't a relationship...You were standing outside all the time. Are you looking for the same thing again...If so...it's horrible to say it, but it's no good to me."
> (Homecoming, p. 112)

When Lewis answers with a reticent no, Margaret's eyes shine with happiness and she says:

> in a sharp, sarcastic, delighted voice..."No wonder they all say how articulate you are."
> (Homecoming, p. 113)

Later, when Margaret learns that Lewis has been keeping secret from her that Sheila had committed suicide, they have a quarrel about Lewis' wish to keep some of himself private. Lewis' flaw, which will finally divide him and Margaret, is bared here. Margaret says:

> You want to be private...You issue bulletins about yourself...With those who don't want much of you, you're unselfish...With anyone who wants you altogether, you're cruel. Because one never knows when you're going to be secretive, when you're going to withdraw.
> (Homecoming, p. 165)

Lewis describes the limitations of his mind at this moment:

> Listening to her, I was beyond knowing where her insight was true or false. All she said, her violence and her love, broke upon me like demands which pent me in, which took me to a breaking point of pride and anger. I felt as I had done as a boy when my mother invaded me with love, and at any price I had, the more angry with her because of the behavior she caused in me, to shut her out.
> (p. 165)

Probably the best books to show the tensions between Lewis and others expressed in antithesis are the books concentrating on his life. Notice that I have taken all

the above examples from Homecoming, which is the story of his tragic first marriage and his romance with Margaret, its breakup, and then the happy second marriage. But it is perfectly easy to show the use of antithesis in his involvement with people like his brother Martin in a book like The New Men, one of the books of the sequence which does not have Lewis as its main character. Martin is climbing the managerial ladder to success. He can take Walter Luke's job as manager of the British atomic establishment if he proves that Luke is bad on checking security of the scientists. He takes the opportunity, and Lewis quarrels with him about loyalty, and about a willful hardening of the heart, and about crass opportunism. Martin throws back at Lewis how much waste in his life personal ties have caused Lewis and how much Lewis' unselfish motives are really disguised attempts at self-glorification and how much Lewis' ambitions for Martin are really disguised ambitions of Lewis himself in brotherly "possessive love."[5]

Examples of Lewis' seeing the tensions between two other people expressed in antitheses are as follows.

Hector rose, feeling that Gilbert Cooke is being emotional and unprofessional in giving too many details to Lufkin in a business meeting, responds to his underling with a tone described by antithetical adjectives:

> "Perhaps we can leave it there, can we, Cooke?" Rose said, polite, vexed, final.
> (Homecoming, p. 156)

The scientist Mountenay is outraged when he finds out that Martin, a fellow unbeliever and dear friend, has had his child baptized:

> "Rain making!" Said Mountenay. He went on denouncing Martin...His affection for Martin did not soften Mountenay's remarks.
> (The New Men, p. 82)

Irene, Martin's wife, meets in assignation her old lover, Hankins. Lewis sees them by accident. Notice the smile:

> They both looked pinched, tired, smiling.
> (The New Men, p. 288)

Hankins looks at Irene

> with an odd expression. His face, like that of many with a quickly changing inner life, was emotional but hard to read.
> (The New Men, p. 289)

The security investigator Smith's reaction to the Communist scientific spy Sawbridge is in antithesis:

> He had not spoken of Sawbridge's sentence with sentimentality, but as a matter of fact; but also I had not heard him condemn Sawbridge. Smith had more moral taste than most persons connected with crime and punishment; the country had a right to guard itself, to make sure that men like Sawbridge were caught; but, in his view, it had no right to insult them.
> (The New Men, p. 263)

Joan Royce's love for Roy Calvert is often presented in antithesis:

> She could throw aside his caprices and whims, for she had seen him comfort her mother with patience, simplicity and strength.
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 184)

and

> I thought it would be like her if, despite her shrinking diffidence, she finally asked to become his mistress.
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 184)

When Roy leaves Joan, she gets a job in the Treasury and tries to forget him. Here's the tension still between the old lovers as seen in Joan's activities:

> She liked it and hated it. In protest, she lived at night the gayest life she could snatch. She went out with every man who asked her. I saw her often in public-houses and smart bars and restaurants. She was searching for a substitute for Roy, I knew - and yet also she longed for the glitter and the lights more than many giggling thoughtless women.
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 349)

In the college community of the professors in The Masters, the relations between the men often show antithesis. Between Winslow and Jago "there was an absolute incompatibility." Here's how one of their conversation goes:

> [Winslow] was finishing his second glass of sherry. Jago, who was trying to placate him, said deferentially:
>
> "Did you get my note on the closed exhibitions?"
>
> "Thank you, yes."
>
> "I hope it had everything you wanted."
>
> Winslow glanced at him under his heavy lids. For a moment he paused. Then he said: "It may very well have done. It may very well have done." He paused again. "I should be so grateful if you'd explain it to me sometime."
>
> "I struggled extremely hard to make it clear," said Jago, laughing so as not to be provoked....
> (pp. 18-19)

The third kind of antitheses Lewis is quick to see are the surprises in life and in people. In Last Things he gives us his view of the surprises life has for us. Lewis has just seen off his son at the airport. Charles is going to the Middle East as a free lance journalist.

> It might have seemed an end. But not to me, and not, perhaps to him. He might know already, what had taken me so much longer to learn, that we made ends and shapes and patterns in our minds but that we didn't live our lives like that. We couldn't do so, because the force inherent in our lives was stronger and more untidy than anything we could tell ourselves about it. Just as a young woman like Muriel believed she could discard affections which she thought she had outlived, so I, growing old, believed that my life had constricted, and that, with not much left of what I had once been hungry for, I should find them - those last demands - weakening their hold on me. We were wrong, and wrong in the same fashion. Muriel was bound to discover that her life was going to surprise her: and mine, even now (no, there was no "even now" about it, time and age didn't matter) hadn't finished with me.
>
> (pp. 428-29)

In an article in Mademoiselle in 1958 Snow analyzes love and suggests that we ought to keep ourselves open to the pleasant surprises life can give us. Here, you will notice, it is a style of life we can cultivate, and we are not mere pawns played upon by Fate:

> None of us know ourselves well enough to be sure what's open to us, at least in the essential things. In minor ways we are foredoomed all right: we oughtn't to be more than fourteen before we realize we shall never run the hundred yards in ten seconds, and we oughtn't to be more than twenty before we know we shan't write Hamlet. But right at the heart of our lives we don't know what's open in the future, and we

> ought to act as though we don't. You think you are not the person to be swept up in a great passion: if you think it long enough, you will make it more certain. In actual fact, you can't be sure, and you oughtn't to be sure. You think you're too emotionally constricted to give love - or too diffident about yourself to attract it. The answer is, no one can tell, you least of all. Life is in some ways kinder (in others harsher) than one thinks when one is young and diffident: people struggle out of lovelessness when one would not believe it possible. But they won't struggle so much if they've decided the future is neatly charted for them and that it is not going to alter much. No one can be sure of that. The nearer you come to the core of your emotional existence, the less you can predict or ought to try. There above all we've got to give life a chance.[6]

I do not wish to identify Snow with Lewis Eliot, but here their idea seems the same.

These surprises Lewis encounters are not the surprise endings of O Henry novels or the almost unprepared for biographical surprises Dostoevsky drops onto his reader (Examples: Raskolnikov's heroics in a fire and his engagement to his landlady's daughter). In Lewis' view, character motivation is causal, prepared for, and believeable although always lively, but there is always the element of "but this time it was different." When the election of a college master comes up, the suspense is less "who will win the election" than "who will vote for whom and why." When there's a trial, the reader is less interested in whether the character will be found innocent or guilty than in what we learn about the people as we see them in action

or hear their lives examined.

I also am not talking about Lewis's holding off until Homecoming to tell us about his flaw of privacy, although the psychology of possessive love, part of this flaw, was given in Time of Hope.

Let us look at how happiness surprises Lewis. Much sadness, tragedy, and bad luck are in the novels, but they are also full of hope, humor, and happiness. The examples I wish to look at are the occasions when Lewis is surprised by joy. The best and clearest example occurs when Lewis is recovering from his eye operation and heart attack:

> I was immediately taken over by a benign and strangely innocent happiness. I didn't for an instant understand it. It was different in kind from any happiness I had known, utterly different from the serenity, the half-complaisant satisfaction, in which I had gone about after refusing the government job. Perhaps the nearest approach would be nights when I had wakened and recalled a piece of work that had gone well. But that wasn't very near - this didn't have an element of memory or self-concern. It was as innocent as nights when I woke up as a child and enjoyed the sound of a lashing storm outside. It was so benign that I did not want to go to sleep again.
>
> (Last Things, pp. 186-87)

The earliest example occurs when Lewis has just done well on the final examination for the Bar. He is invited to the theater by his rich young Jewish friend, Charles March. This passage occurs with variations both in Conscience of the Rich and Time of Hope. Here it is from Time of Hope:

> In the theater that night, listening to the orchestra, I was all of a sudden carried on

> a wave of joy, certain that all I wanted was not a phantom in the future but already in my hands. I was not musical, but in the melody I possessed all I craved for. A name was mine; I was transferred from an unknown, struggling, apprehensive young man; a name was mine. Riches were mine; all the jewels of the imagination glittered for me, the houses, the Mediterrean, Venice, all I had pictured in my attic, looking down to the red brick houses and the slate; I was one of the lords of this world...Yes, and love was mine. (p. 257)

Another example combines patriotism with this joy. Lewis, age fifty, leaving a London dinner party, looks at the familiar London streets:

> I had a sense...of joys hidden about the place, of love, of marriage, of miseries and elations...The dark road across the Park, the sheen of the Serpentine, the livid lamps of Bayswater Road - I was full of the kind of emotion which one cannot hide from oneself, and yet which is so unrespectable that one wants to deny it, as when a foreigner says a few words in praise of one's country, and, after a life-time's training in detachment, one finds oneself on the edge of tears. (Corridors of Power, p. 14)

A third example combines sadness with this joy. Lewis is strolling across the Park with Roger Quaife. It is immediately after this surprising reverie that Lewis is given the surprising news of Quaife's extramarital affair:

> The smell of the water, of the autumn night, had filled me with a sense, vague but overmastering, of sadness and joy, as though I were played on by a memory which I could not in truth recall.... (Corridors of Power, p. 165)

Here is a final example of Lewis being surprised by joy. In The New Men, when Lewis comes to watch the plutonium tests,

Luke lets him touch the container:

> I put two fingers on the bag - and astonishingly was taken into an irrelevant bliss.
>
> Under the bag's surface, the metal was hot to the touch - and yes, pushing under memories, I had it, I knew why I was happy. It brought back the moment, the grass and the earth hot under my hand, when Martin and Irene told me she was going to have a child; so, like Irene in the Park under the fog-wrapped lights, I had been made a present of a Proustian moment, and the touch of the metal, whose heat might otherwise have seemed sinister, levitated me to the forgotten happiness of a joyous summer night.
>
> (pp. 239-40)

Lewis also finds surprises in his own nature, to which he responds with grateful wonder. He finds that he can give freedom to Charles, his son; Charles will not be tied to him by obsessive love:

> ...I realized...I was luckier than Martin. Anyone who knew us in the past, in the not-so-remote past, would have predicted that, if either of us were going to be obsessively attached to his son, it would be me. I should have predicted it myself. I was made for it. All my life history pointed that way. I had deliberately forewarned myself and spoken of it to Margaret. But, though I was used to surprises in other's lives, I was mystified by them in my own. It hadn't happened...it came by a grace that baffled me - I didn't want to possess him. I didn't want to live his life for him or live my own again in him.
>
> (<u>The Sleep of Reason</u>, pp. 97-98)

Then there are the two miracles. Lewis' eye's retina had slipped in 1963; he underwent an operation which failed, and then miraculously the retina returned by itself.

The second miracle is that his heart stops for over

three-and-a-half minutes and through open chest massage his physician gets it going again.

There are surprises for the reader in the other characters too. The sequence covers some of the characters' lives for over thirty years. Nightingale, the unsuccessful theoretical chemist, who seems to have no moral character and whom no one likes, finds a happy marriage, and we discover that he has been a war hero twice.[7]

The unmatchable sardonic Winslow at eighty surprises Lewis:

> By all the rules he should have been left with nothing, for the bitter, rude old malcontent had had a marriage happier than most men's [his wife has died]. But in fact, whenever I met him, he appeared to be in some subfusc fashion enjoying himself.... (The Affair, p. 61)

Even Lewis' old college colleague Brown has a surprise for him. In Last Things, when Francis Getliffe, Lewis' dear friend and agnostic, dies from cancer, it is decided to give a memorial service for him in the college chapel which Francis would on principle never enter during his lifetime. Brown elects to give the eulogy. He gives the truth, and ignores his usual kindly diplomacy:

> Anyone who knew Arthur Brown must have been astonished. All his life he had been confining himself to emollient and cautious words. He had much dislike for the brash or those who said "something out of place." Civility meant being careful: one's own convictions and much less one's self-expressions were no excuse for embarrassing others.

> But now - how much effort had it cost him? - he was letting go.
> (p. 399)

Even his second wife, Margaret, has surprises for him:

> In some ways she had changed during our marriage: or rather, parts of her temperament had thrust themselves through, in a fashion that was to me a surprise and not a surprise, part of the Japanese-flower of marriage. To others, even to friends as perceptive as Charles March or my brother, she had seemed over-delicate, or something like austere. It was the opposite of the truth. Once she had dressed very simply, but now she spent money and was smart. It might have seemed that she had become vainer and more self-regarding. Actually, she had become more humble. She didn't mind revealing herself, not as what she had once thought suitable, but as she really was: and if what she revealed was self-contradictory, well then (in this aspect true to her high-minded intellectual ancestors, from whom in all else she had parted) she didn't give a damn.
>
> Earlier, she used to think that I enjoyed "the world" too much. Now she enjoyed it more than I did.
> (The Sleep of Reason, pp. 72-73)

This description of Margaret leads us into the fourth way that Lewis is quick to see antithesis. He sees the complexity of people revealing itself in antithesis. Some people of course seem simpler than others. Old Gay, for instance, the delightful old Norse saga scholar, seems to be all Ben-Jonson humour, pure comic theater and no soul. But he seems to be a great exception, all one level, as does Crawford, a serious character. The other great comic characters in the sequence often have more than half a tragedy in them. Take Muriel Royce and Mr. March, for

instance.

Muriel Royce, wife of the headmaster of the college in The Masters, is a special friend of Roy Calvert. She seems a mere snob. But all great literature and all philosophy deal with the difference between what seems to be and what is, between appearance and reality:

> ...she was a formidable and grandiose snob. She was much else besides, she was a woman of character and power, but she was unquestionably a snob...She was a stiffly built heavy woman, her body seemingly cylindrical in a black evening dress; she looked up at me with bold full tawny eyes, and did not let her gaze falter. Yet I had felt, from the first time I met her and she looked at me so, that there was something baffled about her, a hidden yearning to be liked - as though she were a little girl, aggressive and heavy among children smaller than herself, unable to understand why they did not love her.
>
> (The Light and the Dark, pp. 13-14)

Mr. March is a rich Jewish financeer, the father of Lewis' close friend Dr. Charles March. Perhaps most satirized - and Lewis' satire is almost always gentle with his acquaintances - is Mr. March's complete recall. But his tragedy comes from his painful obsessive love for his son Charles. Here's his comic total recall:

> Mr. March, getting into his stride, changed into a kind of anecdote that I was not ready for. I had read descriptions of total recall: Mr. March got nearer to it than anyone I had heard. Each incident that he remembered seemed as important as any other incident...and he remembered them all with extravagant vividness. Time did not matter, something which happened fifty years ago suggested something which happened yesterday.

> I was not ready for that kind of anecdote, but his children were. They set him after false hares, they interrupted, sometimes all three were talking at once. I found myself infected by Mr. March's excitement, even anxious in case he should not get back to his starting-point.
> (The Conscience of the Rich, pp. 18-19)

When Charles insists on becoming a physician instead of a lawyer, on marrying Anne, and on protecting Anne's freedom of choice even though it will bring trouble onto the March family, Mr. March's pride causes him to ostracise his son. Here's his tragic side. He is driven by

> a father's excessive love, of a love which, in the phrase that the old Japanese used to describe the love of parents for their children, was a darkness of the heart.
> (The Conscience of the Rich, p. 319)

Herbert Getliffe, Francis Getliffe's half-brother and the lawyer in whose office Lewis gets his training, is another half-comic, half-serious character. Francis Getliffe is apologizing to his wife, Mr. March's daughter, that Herbert has got the March family into trouble. In this passage we see Francis' antithetical smile, his surprise for Lewis, and the complexity of Herbert Getliffe's character:

> Francis...said with a smile, tart but yet distressed:
> "I'm sorry that my brother should be responsible for this. It isn't altogether his fault. Ever since I can remember, I've been listening to his latest manoeuvre. He's got too much energy for one man. That's what has made him a success." [Francis] had just surprised me by being more effective than any of us. Now he surprised me again - by showing something he had never shown before, his true relation to his half-brother.

> Occasionally he had not been able to disguise his shame and anger at one of Herbert's tricks: but he had spoken of him very much as Charles used to speak, with amusement at his exploits, with indifference, with humorous disapproval. His apology to Katherine had torn that aside. Now we saw the affection, the indulgent, irritated, and above all admiring affection, which a man like Herbert Getliffe so often inspires in his nearest circle; so that Herbert's children, for example, would come to worship him and make his extravagances into a romance. That was true even of Francis, so responsible and upright.
>
> (The Conscience of the Rich, pp. 176-77)

These are examples of the complexity of character where one would least expect it, in figures meant to give comic relief. The complexity, the antithetical qualities in the non-comic characters, are seen everywhere. Another good example which vividly illustrates reality in contrast to appearance is in the following analysis of the marital relation between Charles March and his wife. Charles has hesitated to tell Anne what she must do, contrary to her political beliefs, in order to save the March family from scandal:

> Nearly all the Marches, seeing his hesitation, would have had no doubt about it: he was under her influence, she was the stronger, he did what she told him.
>
> The truth was just the opposite. Often he behaved to her, as now, with what seemed to many people an exaggerated consideration, a kind of chivalry which made one uncomfortable. But the reason was not that he was her slave, but that she was his. She adored him: at the heart of their marriage she was completely in his power. It was out of a special gratitude, it was to make a kind of amend, that he was driven to consider her so, in things which mattered less.
>
> (The Conscience of the Rich, pp. 244-45)

Lewis' wife Margaret, as she is in 1963, finds these contraries in her religious life:

> In the midst of happiness, she wanted something else. She had thrown away the web of personal relations, the aesthetic credo in which and by which her father, whom she loved, had lived his life. That was too thin for her: and as for the stoical dutifulness of many of my political or scientific friends, she could admire it, but it wasn't enough. She would have liked to be a religious believer: she couldn't make herself. It was not a deep wound, as it had been for Roy Calvert, for she was stronger spirited, but she knew what it was - as perhaps all deep natured people know it - to be happy, to count her blessings, and, in the midst of content, to feel morally restless, to feel that there must be another purpose to this life.
> (The Sleep of Reason, p. 73)

Appearance and reality again are clearly seen in her:

> She seemed controlled, whereas I was easy and let my emotions flow, so that people were deceived: her loves and hates had always been violent and below the surface they were not damped down. She was exhibiting one of them now, against my nephew Pat.
> (The Sleep of Reason, p. 74)

It would be hard to find a developed character in the sequence, outside of Gay and Crawford, who isn't seen by Lewis as antithetical in his character, full of complexity, different from what he appears to be. Three more examples may suffice to establish the point. First, two passages, the George Passant after the trial in Strangers and Brothers and George in middle age.

> George, of all men, however, could not be seen in half-truths. It was more tolerable

> to hear him dismissed with emnity and contempt. He could not be generalized into a sample of the self-deluded radicalism of his day. He was George, who contained more living nature than the rest of us; whom to see as he was meant an effort from which I, his oldest friend, had flinched only the day before...The man who was larger than life, and yet capable of any self-deception; who was the most unselfseeking and generous of men, and yet sacrificed everything for his own pleasures; who possessed formidable powers and yet was so far from reality that they were never used; whose aims were noble, and yet whose appetite for degradation was as great as his appetite for life; who, in the depth of his heart, was ill-at-ease, lonely, a diffident stranger in the hostile world of men.
> (p. 297)

George, let go from his job in London at Lewis' government office, is leaving for his hometown. Lewis summarizes him:

> He was a happy man: he always had been but was growing even happier in middle age, when it seemed to all external eyes that he had totally failed.
> (Homecoming, p. 331)

Finally, here is Lewis' comment on himself as a young man. He has just passed his Bar examination. He is not yet twenty-two, he sees success before him in the future, he's been advised to keep away from Sheila, who will bring him only unhappiness. But he writes to Sheila, inviting her back to an assignation in London. From hindsight the narrator describes the contraries at work in his young self:

> I had tasted the promise of success. I was carving my destiny for myself. Compared with the ordinary run of men, I felt so free. I was ardent and sanguine and certain of

> happiness. It would have seemed incredible to hear that, in the deepest recess of my nature, I was my own prisoner.
> (Time of Hope, p. 261)

A fifth way Lewis is quick to pick up antitheses is in the way he sees the universe working, that is, how life is played out, how human nature is contrary, and how appearance is so often different from reality. He does not say, however, that the plans of men always go awry. Of necessity to make his point, he will have to generalize, but always of course from data arising out of the immediate situations. Here are some of his generalizations on such contraries. Such generalizations are not plentiful, for Lewis spends most of his time reporting dialogue containing little generalized philosophy, or he may analyze individuals instead of men and life in general.

I Lewis' generalizations recognizing the contraries by which life is played out:

> Very few men, the Georges least of all, are secure in their aspirations; it takes someone both intimate and unsympathetic, to touch one's own doubts - to give one, for part of one's life at least, the comfort of taking oneself at the lowest terms. At times we all want someone to destroy our own "ideals." We are ready to put ourselves in the power of a destructive, clear-eyed and degrading friend.
> (Strangers and Brothers, p. 242)

> To many, there was something seedy and repellent in those indications of a life continuously wary, looking for a weakness or a generosity - they were identical when one was selling an idea.
> (Strangers and Brothers, p. 261)

> It had been bitter to watch [Roy Calvert] suffer and know I could not help. That was a bitterness we all taste, one of the first facts we learn of the human condition.
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 182)

II Lewis' generalizations on the contrariness of human nature:

> ...the depths of harshness and suffering will go along with the gentle, corruption and decadence along with the noble, as long as we are men. They are as innate in the George Passants, in ourselves, as the securities and warmth upon which we build our hopes.
> (Strangers and Brothers, p. 298)

> [The gibe] was one of those outbursts, triumphantly warm on the tongue, whose echo afterwards makes one wince with remorse. It was one of those outbursts that everyone is impelled to at times, however subtle and astute. In fact, I was to discover, the more subtle and astute one was, the more facilely such indiscretations came.
> (Strangers and Brothers, pp. 117-18)

> It is one of the myths of character that subtlety and astuteness and discretion go hand in hand by nature - without bleak experience and the caution of age, which takes the edge both from one's sensitiveness and the blunders one used to make. The truth is, if one is impelled to share people's hearts, the person to whom one is speaking must seem, must be, more vivid for the moment than anyone in the world. And so, even if he is irrelevant to one's serious purpose, if indeed he is the enemy against whom one is working, one still has the temptation to be in a moment's conspiracy with him, for his happiness and one's own against the rest. It is a temptation which would have seemed, even if he troubled to understand it, a frivolous instability to George Passant. But, for many, it is the cause of the petty treasons to which they cannot look back without shame.
> (Strangers and Brothers, pp. 167-68)

III Lewis' generalizations on how reality is often different from appearance.

> It was hard to tell the truth about any man; the conventional phrases, the habits of thought which came so glibly, masked all that men were like.
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 400)

> There were many reasons which sent people off on their sexual travels, and sheer passion was one of the least common.
> (The New Men, p. 218)

> Nearly always, I thought, there was something men and women were protesting, when deliberately, and with pride, almost with conceit, they showed you their most callous side.
> (The New Men, p. 39)

> All loves but one's own have an element of the tiresome.
> (The New Men, p. 74)

> ...the special cruelty that can break out of any 'unselfish' love, of a father's or a brother's, with anyone who is asking nothing for himself - except that the other person should fulfill one's dreams, often one's self-identificatory dreams.
> (The New Men, p. 116)

> No one was ever really honest about the sexual life. How many of us made fantasies year after year? There weren't many who would confess their fantasies, or admit or face what their sexual life had been.
> (Last Things, p. 67)

> Sometimes there were ironies on the positive side, one of them being that the faithful were the more strongly sexed and in the end got the more fun.
> (Last things, p. 108)

> An interesting life. Did anyone think - to himself - of his own life like that? That was the kind of summing up that a historian or biographer might make: but it didn't have

> any meaning to oneself, to one's own life as lived.
> (Last Things, p. 218)

IV Lewis' generalizations on how human plans, ingenuity, and intentions end up with effects opposite to what were intended.

Looking for these expected generalizations, I could not find them. One could find them in Thomas Hardy's world, which Hardy sees ruled over by the ironic doomsters or Hap. But not in Lewis' world. Lewis' plans and intentions indeed do work out, though he gives much of the credit to luck. He refuses to generalize on Roy Calvert's fate or Sheila's fate or George's. He had never planned on happiness in his marriage with Sheila. Lewis stands with the Sophoclean maxim, which graces Brown's funeral eulogy for Francis Getliffe: call no one happy until he has died. So much is a mere matter of luck. Lewis sees man's condition as essentially tragic but not as essentially ironic. Particular people's plans, ingenuity, and intentions may end up contrarily, but Lewis does not see that these cases suggest generalizations. The one example I have found is at the end of The Affair, where the possibility is suggested that Nightingale, who has been suspected of forging evidence against Howard, may be innocent:

> If so, it was one of the sarcasms of justice. One started trying to get a wrong righted; one started, granted the human limits, with clean hands and good will; and one finished

> with the finite chance of having done a wrong to someone else.
> (p. 363)

SUMMARY OF CHAPTER II

Lewis' insight into antithesis is not peculiar to any one novel or to any age of the narrator. It is used copiously in all the novels of the sequence, and even the young Lewis sees the contradictions and ironies of the world and himself as well as the older Lewis. Moreover, the narrator claims this insight also for several of his acquaintances, although it is through Lewis' analysis of them and not through their own confession that we find this out. Lewis is quick to pick up five kinds of antitheses, though he does not generalize much on these except on type five. He sees the irony of pleasant situations ending in serious or tragic situations. He sees how antithesis reveals the tensions between people. He sees antithesis working itself out in surprises in life about himself, for himself, and for other people. The complexity of individuals is often a matter of opposite motives, impulses and mysteries working in them. And, working with the great theme of all art and literature, Lewis looks at the difference between appearance and reality, what looks true and what really is true.

ENDNOTES FOR CHAPTER II

[1]*Strangers and Brothers* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1960), p. 4. All the references to the novels of the sequence will be to the American editions, in which the pagination of the hard bound and paperback editions are the same. Otherwise, any reference to the English editions will be specially mentioned.

[2]William F. Hall, "The Humanism of C. P. Snow," *Wisconsin Studies in Contemporary Literature*, IV(1963), 204.

[3]*The New Men*, p. 301.

[4]*The Light and the Dark*, p. 179.

[5]*The New Men*, p. 273.

[6]"The Changing Nature of Love," *Madamoiselle*, XLVI (February, 1958), p. 181.

[7]*The Affair*, pp. 27, 85.

CHAPTER III

THE TWO CULTURES AS SEEN IN THE SEQUENCE BY LEWIS ELIOT

Now we listen to the voice of Science, disinterested and pure, the voice of Intellect at its highest, the voice that we shall always associate with Sir Francis Getliffe," Tom [Orbell] declaimed.

(The Affair, p. 371)

Literary intellectuals at one pole - at the other scientists, and as the most representative, the physical scientists. Between the two a gulf of mutual incomprehension - sometimes (particularly among the young) hostility and dislike, but most of all lack of understanding.

(The Two Cultures, p. 4.[1])

Yes, the six o'clock news had contained the announcement about the bomb, and he in innocence, had broadcast just after. "I wonder how many people listened to my immortal prose!" cried Hankins. " 'Current Shakespeareana.' I wish it had been something slightly more obscure. The influence of the Duino Elegies on the later work of C. P. Cavafy - that's how I should have liked to have added the only comment literary culture was entitled to make on this promising new age."

(The New Men, p. 184)

"There aren't more than five or six men in the whole history of science who've made a difference that you can call a difference... Take old Francis Getliffe. He's kept at it, year in, year out. He's done some pretty nice work. If I'd stuck at physics as long as he has, I might have done about the same...

well, if old Francis had never existed or had gone in for theology or stamp collecting or something of the sort, someone else would have come along and done exactly the same work within a matter of months. All that happens is that the old boy gets a hell of a lot of satisfaction...."

"What you're saying," Charles asked him, "would apply to anything creative, wouldn't it?"

"Unless you were old Will Shakespeare, I should think it did."

..."No one wants to do second-hand things, do they? Scholarship's second hand, even the best of it. Criticism' second-hand- "

"That comes from having a literary education," Walter burst out in his old-style raucous vein. "You think a bloody sight too much of criticism if you put it as high as second-hand. Our infernal college..." (he turned to me) "after we'd cleared out elected some damn fool who'd written a thesis on the Criticism of Criticism. Instead of electing him they ought to have kicked his bottom down the Cury.

...[Charles says:] "You wouldn't allow the old romantic conception of the artist. That is, an artist is justified whatever he does and it doesn't matter much whether he's any good so long as he thinks he is."

"That's piffling nonsense," said Walter Luke.

"I believe it's disposed of forever. Among my generation anyway," said Charles. "You've never had any time for it, have you?" He turned to me.

"That's putting it mildly," I replied.
(Last Things, pp. 370-71)

[Rutherford] had deep sympathy for the creative arts, particularly literature; he read more novels than most literary people manage to do. He had no use for critics of any kind...Was Rutherford the greatest experimental scientist since Michael Faraday? Without any doubt.

Greater than Faraday? Possibly so. And then - it is interesting, as it shows the anonymous Tolstoyan nature of organized science - how many years' difference would it have made if he had never lived? How much longer before the nucleus would have been understood as we now understand it? Perhaps ten years. More likely only five.

(Variety of Men, pp. 10-11.[2])

"There's too much Pecksniffery about you scientists, Marty [Martin]. You think you can do anything you like with the rest of us, and switch on the moral uplift whenever you feel good."

(Remark by Lester Ince, The Affair, p. 159)

"Scientists are too bumptious," [said Royce, the college's master]. It was strange to hear him, even when so many of the vanities of the self had gone, clinging to the prejudice of a life time.

(The Masters, p. 198)

"Do you want a scientist as Master? Crawford's field is a long way from yours," I said.

"I should never give a second's thought to such a question," Gay rebuked me. "I have never attached any importance to boundry-lines between branches of learning. A man can do distinguished work in any, and we ought to have outgrown these art and science controversies before we leave the school debating society. Indeed we ought."

I had been snubbed and very reasonably snubbed.

(The Masters, p. 284)

The Master, fairminded in most ways, could not conceal his dislike and contempt for scientists, and had recently remarked of one deserving candidate "What rude mechanic are we asked to consider now?"

(The Masters, p. 43)

[Rutherford] hoped that I was not going to write all my novels about scientists. I assured him that I was not - certainly not another for a long time. He nodded. He was

> looking gentler than usual, and thoughtful. "It's a small world, you know," he said. He meant the world of science. "Keep off us as much as you can. People are bound to think that you are getting at some of us. And I suppose we've all got things that we don't want anyone to see."
> (Variety of Men, p. 13)

Most college students and professors know Snow's work through The Two Cultures controversy and not through the novels. They thus think of him as an apologist, not particularly witty, certainly not epigramatic, for more scientific education. They hear him attacking Yeats, Pound, Joyce, and T. S. Eliot, the literary gods of the twentieth century, and they are turned off. They never get around to the novels.

I do not intend in this chapter to rehash the copious literature of the controversy but to look at the ideas in the Rede lecture as paralleled in the Strangers and Brothers sequence. That is, I shall look at the life of scientists as seen by Lewis Eliot. Instead of asking whether C. P. Snow is a bridge between the two cultures, I shall examine in what ways Lewis, a lawyer, administrator, and writer, is such a bridge. To illustrate this point, I shall show how his liberal education in the two cultures over a lifetime is revealed by his figures of speech and allusions. I shall show the things which are not in the novels which The Two Cultures lecture commented on. Finally, I shall look at some of the characteristics in which Lewis sees his scientists

as individuals, unavailable to generalizations about scientists.

Although his oldest and closest friends were George Passant, a provincial lawyer who never becomes a worldly success, and Roy Calvert, a specialist in ancient languages of the Middle East, Lewis has had as well as his own brother Martin, scientists as friends ever since his teaching days at Cambridge. Thus in his adulthood he has been intimate with the lives of such top scientists as Walter Luke, Francis Getliffe, David Rubin, Leonard Getliffe, Sheffington, and Crawford. He knows the kind of people the best ones are, what their lives have been, how they live. I have isolated to examine eleven facets of the lives of these scientists as seen by Lewis: what they are at work, what they are when they are unsuccessful and successful at their work, the two ways they look at their work with Nature, their erotic life, their preoccupations with their families, how they collect and look at the bonuses of a successful scientific career, how they function in their social responsibilities, that is, in the pursuit of justice and decency, how they philosophize, how they come to terms with politics, how they feel about aesthetics and religion. In all their life, I believe it is in item two, in the presentation of the joy that lights up their minds and bodies when they have solved a problem, that Snow has done best and at which he has been most original: the joy that is in their work. Lewis' presentations of this

joy bridge the gap between every difficulty in the two cultures that prevent one from loving the other.

Scientists at work:

Walter Luke, Martin and others are working at a snag on their atomic pile, which is otherwise ready for its initial run:

> The hanger was noisy that morning, like a cathedral echoing a party of soldiers. Workmen, mechanics, young scientists, went in and out through the door in the pile's outer wall; Luke was shouting to someone on top of the pile; Martin and a couple of assistants were disentangling the wire from an electrical apparatus on the floor. There were at least twenty men in the hanger, and Mary Pearson was the only woman. And in the middle, white-walled, about three times the height of a man, stood - catching our eyes as though it were a sacred stone - the pile.
>
> Luke greeted me. He was wearing a windjacket tucked into his grey flannel trousers.
>
> "Well, Lewis," he shouted, "we're in a hell of a mess."
>
> ...The 'pipery' (Luke meant the pipes, but his scientific idiom was getting richer as he grew more triumphant) had 'stood up to' all tests. The uranium slugs were in place. In the past week, Martin had put in a dribble of heavy water, and a test sample had picked up no impurities. But there was one 'bloody last minute snag' like finding at the critical moment that you have forgotten - Luke produced a bedroom simile. Most of the 'circuitry', like the pipery, was in order: there was trouble with one switch of the control rods...Both Luke and Martin themselves were working on the circuits. A couple of radio engineers wanted Luke to let them improvise a switch.
>
> "Think again," said Luke. "That cut-off is going to work as we intended it to work, if

> it means plugging away at the circuits until this time tomorrow.
>
> Someone went on arguing...
>
> As Martin returned to the labyrinth of wires, both he and Luke ready to finger valves for hours to come, I wished that I had stayed away or that they had a job for me....
> (The New Men, pp. 99-100)

There really are only a few passages in the sequence dramatizing scientists at work. Lewis does nottry to make drudgery interesting, though the scientists' work is drudgery for fascinating reasons. The reader is shown enough of the scientists' work to make it real or to make a point, or he is shown where the scientist works or that he has exhausted himself on his job. After all, this is what Lewis really sees: he does not stand in the laboratory or over the desks of his scientific friends hour by hour. He sees them going to work, coming from work; he occasionally visits them on the job, as in the above passage, at a dramatic moment in a test. He sees two types of scientists: the experimental and theoretical ones of the university, and later the managers of the big projects, like Walter Luke and Martin on the Barford Atomic Energy project. Since he himself is working as an administrator, his work is with the managers, and readers in these novels covering the war years get science from an administrative point of view: what project is going to be funded, who will manage it, where will his help come from, who will work out the details

with the politicans, how will security be kept, who will be publicly recognized. The scientists Lewis knows and talks about during these war years are the big men on the rise, not the obscure. They are out to make something big work and to make a great career for themselves. They are rushing to get Radar workable, or to beat the Germans to atomic energy, and they are talented, hard working, ambitious. So the reader seldom goes into the laboratories with them. He goes into strategic conferences with them or watches them at important moments win or lose. But the reader probably doesn't want them moment-by-moment, in a Mrs.-Dalloway-like day, at their jobs. Lewis is not omniscient; he cannot read their stream of consciousness. Besides, how would a novelist represent a scientist's stream of consciousness?

> In its own nature [the scientific experience] is enough unlike other kinds of experience to have an exceptional qualitative interest. But it is not easy to express it. Any technique based on the stream of consciousness, or even related to it, would make the job forever impossible.
>
> Just think what stream of consciousness becomes to a scientist in the deepest part of his experience. It won't involve words, or anything which can be correlated to words. It is nothing like one of Joyce's onanistic reveries. A differential equation, perhaps - another equation following from it - a transformation which may bring a solution - but all this in symbols, and only expressible in symbols. <u>That</u> is the stream of consciousness. It may bring an intense sense of beauty and joy - but just try to convey it by any attempt to reproduce the stream. You will simply cease to communicate. It is <u>a priori</u>

> obvious that the only hope of suggesting what such an experience is like is to use, as Proust did, every literary weapon to hand, including, of course, the weapon of the reflective intelligence. Even then, it remains one of the most difficult of themes, and it has not yet been done well.[3]

Thus the reader is given fingernail sketches of people's careers as the reflective intelligence tries to put them in context of a total social situation:

> [Arnold Shaw] was an obsessively conscientious administrator. He was also a genuine scholar. He had started life as an inorganic chemist, decided that he wasn't good enough, and taken up the history of chemistry, out of which he had made a name. In this university the one person who had won international recognition was young Leonard Getliffe [Francis' son]. After him, a long way after, in a modest determined fashion, carrying on with his scholarship, came [Arnold Shaw].
>
> (Sleep of Reason, p. 22)

> Leonard was, in the jargon of the day, a real flier. He was more gifted than his father: he was, so David Rubin and the others said, one of the best theoretical physicists going. All he needed was a bit of luck, they said, talking of luck exactly as did people in more precarious fields: then they would be tipping him for a Nobel prize. He might be more gifted than his father, but he was just as high principled. He could do his theoretical work anywhere; why not try to help a new university? So when Arnold Shaw had invited him, he had without fuss left Trinity and come.
>
> (Sleep of Reason, pp. 19-20)

Here is Leonard in his office, where Lewis would naturally meet him, not in the laboratories of his students:

> Thus I was sitting in Leonard Getliffe's office (they used the American term by now) in the physics department...In the room was a blackboard covered with symbols; there were three or four photographs, among whom

> I recognized Einstein and Bohr; on the desk, notebooks, trays, another photograph, this time of Vicky Shaw.
> (Sleep of Reason, p. 112)

Here is the young Francis Getliffe in 1937, as summarized in terms of his career by the reflective intelligence:

> His sunburn made him look well, on the surface; but under the eyes the skin was darkened and pouched by strain. He had been doing two men's work for months - his own research on the nature of the ionosphere, and his secret experiments for the Air Ministry. The secret was well kept, neither I nor anyone in the college knew any details until three years later, but he was actually busy with the origins of Radar. He was tired and overloaded with responsibility. His fundamental work had not received the attention that he had looked for, and his reputation was not yet as brilliant as we had all prophesized. He was seeing some of his juniors overtake him; it was hard to bear.
>
> Now he was throwing every effort into a new research. It had not yet started smoothly. It was an intolerable nuisance for him to come back to this trouble over the Mastership. He did not want to think about it, he was overtaxed already with the anxieties of air defence and the gnawing doubt that his new thoughts about the propagation of waves would not quite work out. Plugged into the middle of this human struggle, he felt nothing but goaded - irritation and impatience.
> (The Masters, pp. 73-74)

It is interesting to see where Lewis does not go to see scientists at work. He never takes us into the laboratories of the provincial university while he is going to college there, but of course as a pre-law student taking only the courses a man will need to read for law, he

wouldn't be taking science courses. Lewis does not go down to the dissecting rooms when his friend Charles March is studying medicine. The reader does get the medical talk from Lewis' physicians during his two eye operations, although it has a bit of theatrical flare to it, for Mansel is a famous doctor. The reader scarcely finds out what Martin's speciality is, and Lewis does not go to Martin's classroom or tutorial sessions. The reader is not treated to lectures by Crawford or David Rubin. (On the other hand, a witty speech by Roy Calvert is summarized as well as speeches by others in Parliament.) He is not shown the communist scientists researching. George Passant never describes the toil of a scientist; Lewis' son Charles never reproduces for him a Cambridge scientific course. Sheila never signs up for a course in astronomy; the computor rooms are never visited.

But the reader does see scientists winning and losing in their careers. Above, Francis Getliffe was shown at a period when he is losing. Here is Nightingale, the loser in his whole career, as summarized by Lewis' reflective intelligence:

> He was forty-three, and a bachelor. Why he had not married, I did not know: there was nothing unmasculine about him. That was not, however, his abiding disappointment. He had once possessed great promise. He had known what it was to hold creative dreams: and they had not come off. That was his bitterness. As a very young man he had shown a spark of real talent. He was one of the

> earliest theoretical chemists. By twenty-three he had written two good papers on molecular structure. He had, so I was told, anticipated Heitler-London and the orbital theory; he was ten years ahead of his time. The college had elected him; everything seemed easy. But the spark burnt out. The years passed. Often he had new conceptions; but the power to execute them had escaped from him.
>
> It would have been bitter to the most generous heart. In Nightingale's it made him fester with envy. He longed in compensation for every job within reach, in reason and out of reason.
>
> (The Masters, p. 47)

When the first run of the atomic reactor fails to come off, the reflective intelligence of Lewis summarizes the reactions of the two main scientists, Luke and Martin. This summary has just been preceded by description and dialogue:

> They both felt the fury of collaborators. The fabric of businesslike affection opened, and one saw - Martin's anger at having been led astray, his dislike of trusting his leader too far, perhaps his dislike of having a leader at all, perhaps a flicker of the obscure, destructive satisfaction that comes to a junior partner in a failure for which he is not to blame. One saw Luke's resentment at the partner to whom he had done harm, the ferocious resentment of the leader to someone he has led into failure. Luke was a responsible, confident man, he knew Martin had served him with complete loyalty: in disaster he was choked with anger at the sight of Martin's face.
>
> But those feelings were not their deepest. Each was face to face with his own disaster. Each was taking it in his own fashion. I did not know which was being hurt more.
>
> (The New Men, p. 109)

This reflective intelligence is not used all the time to give these psychological moments. The narrative device of description as well as the dramatic device of dialogue preceded the above summary and analysis. When the news is broken to the rest of the scientists, Lewis uses descriptive detail. Here is the group when it knows that it has lost:

> [Luke announces:] "It's a flop. That's all for tonight. We'll get it right, but it's going to take some time."
>
> A hush. A hysterical laugh. A gasp. Men talking at once. Pushing up her glasses, Mary Pearson began to sob, tears rolling down her face. I caught sight of young Sawbridge, his mouth open with pain like a Marathon runner's: for once I saw emotion on his face, he too was nearly crying.
> (The New Men, p. 113)

For the individual scientist failing on a particular job, I don't remember any particular passage. The closest to descriptions of such a failure are passing remarks dropped when the narrator wants to show the passage of time, as for instance here in The Sleep of Reason, summarizing how comfortable Francis Getliffe's house always seems to Lewis:

> It had been welcoming even when he was torn by ambition, when his research was going wrong or his public campaigns had wrecked his nerves.
> (The Sleep of Reason, p. 75)

But the great skill in these novels in bringing the two cultures together is Lewis' showing us the joy that radiates from the whole being of the scientist who is

successful in his research: the ecstasy of winning.

The first example, I believe, in the sequence is Luke in 1937 having worked out the problem of the slow neutron. This is a marvelous passage set in context of the solemn struggle for a new master. It is meant to show the spontaneous sympathy and imagination of Jago, the non-scientist candidate sponsored by Lewis' group. It is meant not for comic relief, but for spiritual exaltation in this solemn section, as Roy Calvert, Gay, and Winslow have previously given us comic relief. It is meant to show the uprightness in Francis Getliffe, not in scientists in particular, but an uprightness, a fairness that Francis has had to develop, to train himself in all his life, a matter of individual moral choice. It shows us the beauty a scientist gets from science. And it shows Luke being Luke, not just a scientist but a particular scientist in love with his job and winning:

> Then Luke bustled in late. He hurled himself into the seat next Roy Calvert's, and swallowed a plate of soup at an enormous pace. He looked up and smiled round at us indiscriminately - at me, at Francis, at Nightingale. I had never seen a face more radiant with joy. One did not notice the pleasant youthful features: all one saw was this absolute, certain, and effulgent happiness, and it warmed one to the bottom of the heart.
>
> "Well?" I could not resist smiling broadly back.
>
> "I've got it out! I know for sure I've got it out!"

"Which part of it?" said Francis Getliffe.

"The whole damned caboodle. The whole bloody beautiful bag of tricks. I've got the answer to the slow neutron business, Getliffe. It's all just come tumbling out."

"Are you certain?" asked Francis, unwilling to believe it.

"Of course I'm certain. Do you think I'd stick my neck out like this if I weren't certain? It's as plain as the palm of my hand."

Francis cross-questioned him, and for minutes the technical words rapped across the table - 'neutrons', 'collision', 'stopping power', 'alphas'. Francis was frowning, envious despite himself, more eager to find a hole than to be convinced that Luke was right. But Luke was unperturbed, all faces were friendly on this day of certain joy; he gave his explanations at great speed, fired in his homely figures of speech, was too exalted to keep back his cheerful swearwords; yet even a layman came to feel how clear and masterful he was in everything he said. Gradually, as though reluctantly, Francis' frown left his face, and there came instead his deep, creased smile. He was seeing something that compelled his admiration. His own talent was strong enough to make him respond; this was major work, and for a moment he was disinterested, keen with admiration, smiling an experienced and applauding smile.

"Good work! he cried. "Lord, it's nice work. It's one of the most beautiful things I've heard for a long time."

"It's pretty good," said Luke, unashamed, with no pretense of modesty though his cheeks were flushing scarlet.

"I believe it's wonderful," said Jago, who had been listening with intense interest, as though he could drown his anxieties in this young man's joy. "Not that I understand most of your detestable words. But you do tell us that he has done something remarkable, don't you, Getliffe?"

> "It's beautiful work," said Francis with great authority.
>
> (The Masters, pp. 318-19)

Luke goes on to tell when he first felt the experiment was coming out. He has been living and eating more or less at his laboratory ever since then. He hasn't been to bed for several days, he's been so excited to see whether he'd get the final answer. Then comes Luke's simile for what winning at science means to him:

> "It's wonderful," he burst out in a voice that carried up and down the table, "when you've got a problem that is really coming out. It's like making love - suddenly your unconscious takes control. And nothing can stop you. You know that you're making old Mother Nature sit up and beg. And you say to her 'I've got you, you old bitch.' You've got her just where you want her. Then to show her there's no ill feeling, you give her an affectionate pinch on the bottom." He leaned back, exhausted, resplendent, cheerful beyond all expression.
>
> (The Masters, p. 320)

Later, Lewis walks Francis back to the gate. There's a strain between them, for they are going to vote on different sides for a Master. Francis compliments Luke again, carefully admiring the work:

> "I doubt if you know how good it is," he said. He paused. "It's better than anything I've done yet. Much better."
>
> He was so quixotic, so upright, so passionately ambitious: all I could do was pretend to be ironic.
>
> "It's time we two had a bit of luck," I said. "These boys are running off with all the prizes. Look at Roy Calvert's work by the

> side of mine. I may catch up if I outlive him twenty years."
> (The Masters, p. 321)

When Martin begins working with Luke at the Barford atomic project, he has a scientific vision that smacks him with joy while, like Archimedes, he is in the bath tub. He is visiting his brother Lewis, who thinks Luke's Barford experiment will not come off. Lewis comes home in a bad mood, because he is angry at Martin's bad luck. He hears some kind of unrhythmic tapping from the bathroom and calls out to Martin:

> "What are you doing?"
>
> "Trying to lodge the pumice-stone on the top of the shaving-cupboard."
>
> It was one of the more unexpected replies. From his tone, I knew at once that he was lit up with happiness. And I knew just what he was doing. He kept his happiness private, as he did his miseries; and in secret he had his own celebrations. I had watched him, after a success at Cambridge, stand for many minutes throwing an indianrubber up to the cornice, seeing if he could make it perch...He came in wearing a dressing gown of mine, and at once I was given enough excuse to hope as much as I could manage. As with most guarded faces, his did not lose its guard in moments of elation - that is, the lines of the mouth, the controlled expression, stayed the same; but his whole face, almost like one of the turnip masks we used to make as children, seemed to be illuminated within by a lamp of joy...Martin had been visited by an experience which might not come to him again. So far as I could distinguish, there were two kinds of scientific experience, and a scientist was lucky if he was blessed by a visitation of either just once in his working life. The kind which most of them, certainly Martin, would have judged the higher was not the one he had just known: instead, the higher

> was just like (it was in my view the same as) the experience that the mystics had described so often, the sense of communion with all being. Martin's was quite different, not so free from self, more active: as though, instead of being one with the world, he held the world in the palm of his hand; as though he had, in his moment of insight, seen the trick by which he could toss it about. It did not matter that the trick had been invented by another; this was pure experience, without self-regard, so pure that it brought to Martin's smile, as well as joy, a trace of sarcastic surprise - 'Why has this happened to me?'

At the time of the Howard affair, Francis Getliffe is on to something exciting. Lewis, Martin, and Sheffington visit his laboratory to talk him into helping the Howard case:

> ...we found him lit up with happiness..."Have a look at this," called Francis..."Isn't it lovely?"
>
> He explained to them, he explained to me as though I knew as much as they did, what he had found out. "It's a new kind of source," he was saying. "I've been keeping my fingers crossed, but this is it."
>
> They were all three talking quickly, Martin and Sheffington asking questions which were incomprehensible to me. Out of it all I gathered that he was on to something," not as big as his major work, but scientifically both unexpected and sharpedged. He had made his name by research into the ionosphere, but since the war he had moved into radio astronomy; he was over fifty, he was keeping on at creative work when most of his contemporaries had stopped. As I watched him, his long face warm with delight, I thought this discovery was giving him as much joy as those of twenty years before - perhaps a purer joy, because then he had not satisfied his ambitions. Now he was free to be enraptured with the thing itself.
>
> "Really, it is beautiful," he said. He

> smiled at us all, shamefaced because he was so happy.
> (The Affair, p. 100)

We have seen how Luke looks at nature and the two ways the exaltation of science can flood a scientist. Here is the conversation Mounteney and Martin have with Lewis on the two types of scientists:

> Science, said Mounteney, had been the one permanent source of happiness in his life, and really the happiness was a private, if you like a selfish, one. It was just the happiness he derived from seeing how nature worked; it would not have lost its strength if nothing he had done added sixpence to practical human betterment. Martin agreed. That was the obscure link between them, who seemed as different as men could be. Deep down, they were contemplatives, utterly unlike Luke, who was as fine a scientist as Mounteney and right out of Martin's reach. For Luke, contemplation was a means, not a joy itself; his happiness was to 'make Mother Nature sit up and beg'. He wanted power over nature so that human beings had a better time.
>
> Both Mounteney and Martin wished that they shared Luke's pleasure. For by this time, their own was beginning to seem too private, not enough justification for a life. Mounteney would have liked to say, as he might have done in less austere times, that science was good in itself; he felt it so; but in the long run he had to fall back to the justification for himself and other scientists, that their work and science in general did practical good to human lives.
> (The New Men, p. 83)

Having seen scientists at work, failing or winning at their jobs, philosophizing on science, let us look at them outside their science. They too are real men, Lewis lets the reader see: they not only have their work but also fall in love, have families, are concerned with status and

honors, fight for justice, philosophize about life, engage in politics, face religion. They don't play much. Play does not seem to exist for them as a thing in itself, as Roy Calvert and Lewis like cricket. Play is tied to their involvement with their children, or, like Luke playing the piano, to kill time in the long dull stretches on the atomic project, or Francis mountain climbing to refresh his laboratory life, almost a part of their job; or part of their love life, taking their girl or wife to the theater. When they take up a hobby, as Martin takes up collecting botanical species, it may be in compensation for coming off second rate in their careers.

The scientist is not a strange monster; he is a real live blooded man who falls in love in no special scientific fashion but sometimes in odd human fashion.

The Pearsons are in love, inexplicably so. Lewis analyzes their happiness. Dr. Pearson is the best electrical engineer at Barford, but overbearing, too pleased with himself. Mrs. Pearson has been taught to read the instruments. Luke says he thinks the Pearsons are lucky to see so much in each other because no one else would think they are wonderful. Yet during a conference, Lewis sees them glance at each other:

> I saw the flush on Mary Pearson's face, I saw the smile on Pearson's as he glanced at her. I had not often seen a man so changed. When I met him, he had filled me with antipathy; it came as a shock to see

> his face radiant. Somehow Bevill's bumbling words had touched the trigger. The conceit had vanished, the indifference about whether he pleased; it was just a face lit up by a mutual love. And so was hers. Her skin was flushed down the neck of her dress, behind her spectacles her eyes were moist with joy.
>
> Anyone watching as I was would have had no doubt: those two must be sharing erotic bliss. You can share erotic bliss with someone and still not be suffused by love as those two were, but the converse does not hold, and no husband and wife could be so melted by each other's smile without the memory of bliss, and the certainty that it would soon be theirs again. I guessed that their physical happiness was out of the common run. It had been worth listening to the Minister's philosophizing to see it shine.
>
> (The New Men, pp. 61-62)

Luke's sexual life is uncertain, though he has a happy marriage and a family. He finds it hard to believe in his attractiveness, and he ties a sense of deprivation from all his hard work with lack of sexual adventure:

> As he walked beside me his whole bearing was jaunty, and many women, at a glance, would have judged him virile. Yet he was sexually a genuinely humble man. He did not believe that women noticed him, it would not have occurred to him to believe it...
>
> "I've kept myself out of things when I ought to have rushed in. I thought I couldn't spare the time from science...There are times when I want to see all the places and read all the books and fornicate with all the women."
>
> (The New Men, pp. 62-63)

Francis Getliffe has a happy marriage. By the time of the Jago-Crawford election at the college in 1937, he has been married for more than five years. Francis wants Crawford as Master, not for Crawford's science but because

the times call for a liberal; Lewis wants Jago because Jago, although he is not a liberal in politics, has the human touch that Crawford does not have. Francis invites Lewis home to dinner, to argue Lewis into voting for Crawford. The reader is shown the beautiful marriage relationship. One would never know from any detail that Francis is a great physicist:

> When I arrived for dinner at their house in the Chaucer Road they welcomed me as in the old days. As Francis poured out Sherry and took his wife a glass, he seemed less fine-drawn than in college. He looked at her with love, and his restlessness, his striving, his strenuous ambition, all died away; his nerves were steadied, he was content to the marrow of his bones. And she was happy through and through, with a happiness more continuous than a man could know.
> (The Masters, p. 192)

Two other scientists in love should be mentioned, from the younger generation: Francis Getliffe's son Leonard, a theoretical physicist, and Vicky Shaw, a physician. Leonard is unrequitedly in love with Vicky, and Vicky is in love with Pat Eliot, Lewis' nephew, who first marries Roy Calvert's daughter and then, after a divorce, Vicky. Plotted, these affairs seem an amusing triangle, but they are passionate.

In a sense Vicky is not really a scientist but somewhere between them and the humanists in her role as a physician. She has characteristics which someone else besides Lewis would claim belong to her as a professional woman,

but not Lewis. Lewis likes her because she does not make him feel like (quoting Yeats) "an ageing man with a public face" (The Sleep of Reason, p. 17). She has "the special vulnerability, of a young woman for the first time openly in love," (p. 17). But not with Leonard, who is begging her to marry him. Everyone is telling her to marry him:

> The only person who didn't want the marriage was Vicky herself. She wouldn't respond. She was a kind girl, but she couldn't see any way to be kind. Sometimes, when she saw him, she felt - there was no repressing it - plain irritated. Often she felt guilty. People told her this was someone of a quality she would never meet again: they told her she was interferring with his work. She knew it. For a while it had been flattering, but that wore off. Once, when I had been staying in the Residence, she had broken out:
>
> "It's not fair! I look at myself in the glass. What have I got to produce this sort of passion? No, it's ridiculous."
>
> She had little conceit. She could have done with more, I thought. She wanted to shrug the responsibility off, and couldn't. She was honest, and in some ways prosaic. But she didn't seem prosaic when she talked about the man she loved.
>
> She had fallen in love herself - but after she had met Leonard Getliffe. The man she loved could scarcely have been more different than Leonard. I knew him, I knew him better than she did, or at least in a different fashion, for he was my nephew, Martin's son...
>
> After all, I was looking at him with an uncle's eyes, not with those of an adoring young woman. I thought that he was an engaging youth, but I had been astonished when she became enraptured. To begin with, he was only twenty, four years younger than she was...

> Then she asked me favours: could they come and see us at our London flat? Could I bring him down to the university some time? She was innocent and shameless: yet anyone would have said that she was one of the stablest of young women, and it would have been true. That was why it was a liberation to abandon herself like this. If he arrived at that moment, she would be proud to throw her arms round his neck.
> (The Sleep of Reason, pp. 20-21)

No one would ever guess from the picture of her in love that Vicky is a physician. She is just a real human, smitten with passion.

Leonard's passion too, even more than Vicky's, the reader sees analyzed by Lewis' reflective intelligence. The scene is the college court, where the members have been listening to some male and female students who have been caught sleeping with each other and may be expelled. Leonard speaks up for one of the boys who seems to have talent in physics:

> On his clever conceptualiser's face there was a half smile, a mannerism which some found irritating. It meant nothing. He spoke like a man sure of himself. Underneath the fine nerves, he was more virile than most. If Vicky had been an older woman, she would have been bound to perceive it. Yet it had quite escaped her. I wonder if, free that morning from his obsessive love, he had time to be bitter because it was weakening his manhood...I wondered also if he felt envy for the culprit. Envy because, instead of being prisoners of love, they took sex as though it didn't matter. Or because they just took sex as it came.
> (The Sleep of Reason, p. 41)

The scientists have families to be preoccupied with. Francis has his large family; Martin has Pat and

Nina. They act with the pride of fathers, in Martin's case, with too much possessive love:

> It seemed possible that the birth of [Pat] had removed or weakened one strand in [Martin's] love for [Irene]. He still had love for her, but the protective part, so powerful in him, so much a part of his whole acceptance of her antics, had been diverted to another. Hearing him speak to his son that evening, or even hearing him speak to her about his son, I felt - and now I knew she felt it also - that all his protective love had gone in love for the child. He would be too anxious about his son, I thought, he would care too much, live too much in him - just as I had at times lived too much in Martin.
>
> (The New Men, p. 145)

Francis brags about his scientific sons:

> "I'm getting just a little tired," said Francis, "of people telling me that as a scientist he is an order of magnitude better than I am." But he said it with the special pride of a father who enjoys his son being praised at his own expense. To give an appearance of stern impartiality, as of one who isn't going to see his family receive more than their due, he said that their second son, Lionel, wasn't in the same class. "I don't think he's any better than I am," said Francis judiciously. "He ought to get into the Royal before he's finished though."
>
> (The Sleep of Reason, p. 82)

Here is Martin playing with his children after Christmas:

> Through the wet and windy Boxing Day, Martin played in the big drawing room with the children - played just as I remembered him in our own childhood, concentrated and anxious to win.
>
> (The Affair, p. 79)

Lewis shows Francis worrying about his daughter, who may be sleeping with her boyfriend. Lewis and Francis

are at the Athenaeum, waiting for her:

> ...Francis looked more baffled than I had known him. Both he and his wife were lost. Penelope was more obstinate than either of them, and she wasn't given to explaining herself. She had never been an academic girl: she had taken some sort of secretarial course, and she showed about as much interest in Francis's scientific friends as she would have done in so many Amazonian Indians. At present, however, she was prepared to recognize their existence. It had occurred to her that some of them lived in the United States; no doubt one could be persuaded to give her a job.
>
> "I've got to stop it," said Francis, as we went on waiting. "I can't have her going over." He spoke resolutely, like King Lear in the storm, and about as convincingly.
> (Corridors of Power, p. 181)

Sometimes, Lewis' scientific friends show more human frailty than the reader likes. They place too much emphasis in being "Sirs," getting into the Royal Society, being famous, collecting the bonuses of top men in their field. Lewis may be a bit obtuse at times to the snobbery a reader may find in an excessive emphasis placed on honors. He has been an ambitious poor boy on the rise, and he never seems to get over the visible and audible signs of having made it. He tries to be nonchalant about his own title, his public face, his famous acquaintances, and his positions of power, but his pride often shows through. Yet there is a humane style which ought to go hand-in-hand with the hard worker who succeeds, a style which Lewis recognizes. Critics often insist that it is Snow himself bragging when Lewis

seems too impressed by titles and honors. I see that Lewis is Lewis, not Snow. And Lewis does not object to honors, only to a bad style in going after them or in carressing one's ego with them. His objection is clear in a case from The Masters. The unsuccessful Nightingale keeps expecting to be elected to the Royal Society, and even switches sides in the election of the master, hoping that he'll thus get Crawford to sponsor him in the Royal Society's elections. In context of The Masters, the incident is meant to show Crawford's insensitivity to humans when he talks tantalizingly about the Royal's elections in front of Nightingale as well as Nightingale's wrong but understandable set of values. The implication is also there that Lewis is satirical. There is never much satirical tone from Lewis against such honors, just against bad style before the wrong people:

> Crawford talking unconcernedly of the 'Royal', making it sound like a club to which one belonged as a matter of course, turned the knife in [Nightingale's] wound as if he were jealous in love and had just heard his rival's name.
>
> (The Masters, p. 157)

If the famous Crawford does not have human sensitivity before Nightingale, Nightingale matches him with poor heroic style:

> Nightingale suffered meanly, struggling like a rat, determined to wound as well as be wounded. There was no detachment from his pain, not a glimmer of irony. He bared his

> teeth, and felt release through planning a revenge....
> (The Masters, p. 157)

Lewis meditates on vanity during the election campaign. He looks at its possible existence not only in Crystal and Jago but also in himself:

> How much of my own objection to Crawford was because he once spoke of me as a barrister manque?
> (The Masters, p. 327)

Francis Getliffe watches Nightingale's vanity with a certain sympathy. Lewis, who always agrees with Brown's evaluation of Francis as the upright man, once again here emphasizes Francis' justness:

> "I wish someone would put Nightingale out of his misery."
>
> "Do you know the result?"
>
> "I've heard the lists. He's not in of course. But the point is, he's never even thought of. He never will get in," said Francis.
>
> "I doubt if anyone could tell him," I said.
>
> "No," said Francis.
>
> "When are you going to get in, by the way?" I asked....
>
> "I shan't let myself be put up until I stand a good chance. I mean, until I'm certain of getting in within three or four years. I'm not inclined to go up on the off-chance."
>
> "Does that mean the first shot next year?"
>
> "I'd hoped so. I'd hoped that, if I was put up next year, I was bound to be elected by 1942. But things haven't gone as fast as they should," he said with painful honesty.

> "You've been unlucky, haven't you?"
>
> "A bit," said Francis. "I might have got a shade more notice. But that isn't the whole truth. I haven't done as much as I ought."
>
> "There's plenty of time," I said.
>
> "There's got to be time," said Francis.
>
> None of us, I thought, was as just as he was, or made such demands on his will.
> (The Masters, pp. 148-49)

Francis as a successful man in late middle age does not always have the humility a reader may enjoy. His psychology is candid, his vanity is innocuous, his taste is good, but when the winners get together as equals, it may pique the reader who is a nobody, and Lewis seems a bit impervious:

> He was chatting about some of our contemporaries who also had done well. He would always have been fair about them, because he had a strict code of fairness: but now, it occurred to me, he was just a shade more fair. He was showing that special affection which one who has in his own eyes come off feels towards others who have done the same.
> (The Affair, p. 12)

Yet Lewis as a writer is set on being a realist: to tell the reader how human psychology really seems to work, not to create heroic, unhuman figures:

> Of my close friends, Francis had had the greatest and most deserved success. Quite late in life he had done scientific work with which he was satisfied. That was his prime reward. The honours had flowed in: he was no hypocrite, and he liked those too. There had never been anything puritanical about his radicalism. On a question of principle, he had not made a single

> concession: his integrity was absolute: but, if orthodoxy chose to catch up with him, well, then he was ready to enjoy sitting in the House of Lords.
> (The Sleep of Reason, p. 76)

Compared to Francis' ambitious acceptances, it is refreshing to meet David Rubin, who is less intoxicated with ambition, just a natural great scientist. Rubin is receiving an honorary degree at the university in Lewis' home town, along with several other people:

> I was only half listening, with my eye regarding David Rubin, whose turn was still to come. At each academic pun, a smile crossed his clever sad Disraelian face. One might have thought that he enjoyed this kind of jocularity or that he was intoxicated by the occasion, never having been honoured before. If one did think either of these things, one couldn't have been more wrong. I had known him for a good many years, and I sometimes thought that I knew him less than at our first meeting: but I did know one thing about him. He felt, underneath his beautiful courtesy, that his time was being wasted unless it was spent in his own family or with one or two colleagues whom he accepted as his equals. He had been adviser to governments, he had had all the honours in his own profession, he was courted by the smart, and he was so unassuming that they believed that they were doing him a favour: it must have seemed, people said, a long way from his Yiddish momma in Brooklyn. Not a bit of it. His skin was like parchment, there were panda-like colorations under his eyes, he had never looked satisfied either with existence or himself. But, satisfied or not Rubin was one of the aristocrats of this world. He walked among us, he was superlatively polite, and (like Margaret's forebearers) he didn't give a damn.
> (The Sleep of Reason, p. 156)

Gruesome as it may seem, the last honors a man may get are his obituaries and his eulogies. Lewis writes Francis' obituary three or four years before Francis dies, for it was the usual case in the official world for the Times to ask a friend to write an obituary before the person dies. When Francis does die, he collects these final bonuses:

> The obituary notices were the longest of those for any of my friends, but they were stiff records of achievement, as though Francis's public persona had warded off the writers from coming anywhere near him. A few personal notes followed, a surprisingly warm one from L of S (Luke of Salcombe), one from me.
>
> (Last Things, p. 390)

The "Announcements" section of Last Things quotes the Time Magazine and the London Times obituaries. The Memorial Service is in the college chapel, and Lewis tells who comes to the memorial service besides Francis' family and the college:

> It was, I thought later, a slice of official, or functional, England, but not one that the young were familiar with. Few people there were likely to be mentioned in gossip columns and fewer were rich. Some of the scientists had creative work of the highest order to their credit, but a young man as well informed as Gordon Bestwick would scarcely know their names.
>
> (Last Things, p. 397)

Walter Luke ends up in the House of Lords too. He philosophizes to Lewis and Lewis' son Charles one day after Luke has been talking to the House. He has no irony about himself. He has been talking about first rate scientists

in history. He is not, he says.

> "If your head's the proper size, you see that you're not all that significant. Anywhere. So I finished up here." Walter swept an arm as though to take in the Palace of Westminster. "Hell, it's good enough for me."
> (Last Things, p. 370)

The philosophizing of Luke happens to be on science. The scientists do not philosophize for many pages in the book, perhaps because philosophy is not dramatic. They do like to talk, however, and The New Men points out that their favorite subject to argue on is politics (p. 31).

I have quoted previously Martin's thoughts, summarized by the narrative intelligence of Lewis, on the positive response of the man of good will to the social troubles of mankind even though the individual human condition is tragic. And I have quoted Luke on the joys of success in scientific experimentation which Luke sees and similar remarks dropped by Martin and Mounteney. The opening of this chapter quoted some of Luke's philosophizing the day Lewis and Charles meet him in the House of Lords. Luke's conversation is probably the longest bit of philosophizing from a scientist in the sequence, about four pages. Lewis seems to agree with Luke's ideas. But Lewis does not always agree with the philosophizing of a scientist. He is ironic about Crawford's summarizing remarks at the end of The Affair:

> "I think I remember saying that in my experience sensible men usually reach sensible conclusions."

> He said it with invincible content, with the reverence of one producing a new truth. Martin, who was in high spirits, glanced at me.
>
> (The Affair, p. 374)

Crawford's aphorism, which parallels the pragmatic idea of the American philosopher Pierce - Truth is that point of view towards which competent people tend to converge - did not apply to the first decision against Howard, who Lewis is now certain is innocent. Martin is also thinking about the upcoming college elections for Master. Certainly Winslow, the old non-scientist, would disagree with Crawford: he comments on the last three elections for Master:

> "I've been inside the building four times for magisterial elections. Three of which, it became fairly clear soon after the event, showed the college in its collective wisdom choosing the wrong candidate."
>
> (The Affair, p. 65)

The scientists also are obsessed with justice in this world. Sometimes they are indifferent to individuals and moved only by principles. Such is the case with Skeffington, who starts the reexamination of the Howard affair. Skeffington personally, as Martin points out to him (The Affair, p. 96), has a lot to lose himself by arguing the cause, but the abstract idea of justice pushes him on. He does not have the feeling of the brotherhood of man which is essential to the Eliot Code. Such indifference to the Code is not a peculiarity of scientists, for Martin, Luke, and Francis have no such indifference. But this aloofness

is a failure of individual temperaments, as seen in men like Skeffington and Crawford and Howard himself. For Skeffington:

> I was thinking Skeffington was a brave and honorable man. He had not had an instant's hesitation, once he believed that Howard was innocent. He was set on rushing in. Personal relations did not matter, his own convenience did not matter, nor how people thought of him. Both by nature and by training, he was single-minded: the man had his rights, one had to make sure that justice was done. Yet, inside that feeling, there was no kindness towards Howard. There was no trace of a brotherly emotion at all. The only residue of feeling he had for Howard was contempt. Contempt not because he and Skeffington had not an idea in common, but just because he was an object of justice. I had seen the same in other upright men: one was grateful for their passion to be just, but its warmth was all inside themselves. They were not feeling as equals: it was de haut en bas: and, not only towards those who had perpetrated the injustice, but also, and often more coldly, towards the victim, there was directed this component of contempt.
> (The Affair, p. 76)

Crawford is dispassionate, apt to ask for "data" on the Howard case. He is a FRS, a Nobel laureate, a liberal, "arrogant, not over-active, not interested in men's motives, but quite a fair judge of what they could do" (The Affair, p. 149). At least four times he is described as having some feature Buddha-like. The image suggests more than the connotations of aloof objectivity. Indeed, the Buddha imagery suggests the disguise Crawford wears over his too easy acceptance of his good luck and a life without much self-questioning. He, like Skeffington, is indifferent to individuals:

> Crawford was not one to whom friends mattered.
> (The Affair, p. 148)

and

> Crawford, impersonal even to his friends, would be the last man to think of helping [Nightingale get the tutorship].
> (The Masters, p. 158)

Yet, although he ignores people as individuals, he is "a man of justice and fair dealing" (The Masters, p. 276).

Howard too, after all Martin, Orbell, Getliffe, and Skeffington have done for him, is indifferent to their personal careers:

> It would not have occurred to him to think what Skeffington and Tom had risked; and yet anyone used to small societies would have wondered whether Skeffington stood much chance of getting his fellowship renewed, or Tom, for years to come, any sort of office. Howard did not care. He still had his major hopes. They were indestructable. Men would become better, once people like him had set the scene. He stamped out of the room, puzzled by what had happened, angry but not cast down, still looking for, not finding, but hoping to find, justice in this world.
> (The Affair, p. 372)

When Martin throws his efforts in to help the Howard cause, the almost-omniscient reflective intelligence of Lewis explains Martin's complex motivation. His third motivation is that this time Martin, who has been petty and selfish at other times, is giving himself a treat! The realistic explainer of worldly psychology, Lewis, says that Martin is giving himself a "treat" in using his political skills "for a purpose which he felt, without any subtlety

or complexity at all, to be nothing but good" (The Affair, p. 98).

The voting of the college for the Master in 1937 and Howard's communism are appropriate transitions to the political life of scientists. With the exception of Lewis, all the liberals vote for Crawford, because, as Getliffe and Pillbrow explain to Lewis, he is for the right thing.

In the Rede Lecture Snow said,

> Statistically...slightly more scientists are on the Left in open politics...
> (The Two Cultures, p. 10)

In politics a big distinction comes here too between the engineers and the top scientists. The Rede Lecture says:

> It is permissible to lump pure and applied scientists into the same scientific culture but the gaps are wide. Pure scientists and engineers often totally misunderstand each other. Their behavior tends to be very different: engineers have to live their lives in an organized community, and however odd they are underneath they manage to present a disciplined face to the world. Not so pure scientists. In the same way pure scientists still, though less than twenty years ago, have statistically a higher proportion in politics left of centre than any other profession: not so engineers, who are conservative almost to a man. Not reactionary in the extreme literary sense, but just conservative. They are absorbed in making things, and the present social order is good enough for them.
>
> Pure scientists have by and large been dim-witted about engineers and applied science. They couldn't get interested. They wouldn't recognize that many of the problems were as intellectually exacting as pure problems, and that many of the solutions were as satisfying and beautiful. Their instinct -

> perhaps sharpened in this country by the passion to find a new snobbism wherever possible, and to invent one if it doesn't exist - was to take it for granted that applied science was an occupation for second-rate minds. I say this more sharply because thirty years ago I took precisely that line myself. The climate of thought of young research workers in Cambridge then was not to our credit. We prided ourselves that the science we were doing could not, in any conceivable circumstances, have any practical use. The more firmly one could make that claim, the more superior one felt. Rutherford himself had little feeling for engineering....
> (The Two Cultures, pp. 31-32)

When the scientists meet at Barford to try to get the use of the Atomic Bomb stopped, here is the group that is interested:

> It struck me that all the top scientists at Barford were present, but none of the engineers. As an outsider, it had taken me years to understand this rift in technical society. To begin with, I had expected scientists and engineers to share the same response to life. In fact, the difference in the response between the physicists and engineers often seemed sharper than the difference between the engineers and such men as Hector Rose. The engineers, the Rudds and Pearsons, the people who made the hardware, who use existing knowledge to make something go, were in nine cases out of ten, conservatives in politics, acceptant of any regime in which they found themselves, interested in making their machine work, indifferent to long-term social guesses.
>
> Whereas the physicists, whose whole intellectual life was spent in seeking new truths, found it uncongenial to stop seeking when they had a look at society. They were rebellious, questioning, protestant, curious for the future and unable to resist shaping it. The engineers buckled to their jobs and gave no trouble, in America, in Russia, in Germany;

> it was not from them, but from the scientists, that came heretics, forerunners, martyrs, traitors.
>
> (The New Men, pp. 174-75)

The rationale for scientists' political interest is given both in the Rede Lecture and the novels:

> But nearly all of them - and this is where the colour of hope genuinely comes in - would see no reason why, just because the individual condition is tragic, so must the social condition be. Each of us is solitary: each of dies alone: all right, that's a fate against which we can't struggle - but there is plenty in our condition which is not fate, and against which we are less than human unless we do struggle.
>
> Most of our fellow human beings, for instance, are underfed and die before their time. In the crudest terms, that is the social condition. There is a moral trap that comes through the insight into man's loneliness: it tempts one to sit back, complacent in one's unique tragedy, and let the others go without a meal.
>
> As a group, the scientists fall into that trap less than others. They are inclined to be impatient to see if something can be done: and inclined to think that it can be done, until it's proved otherwise. That is their real optimism, and it's an optimism that the rest of us badly need.
>
> In reverse, the same spirit, tough and good and determined to fight it out at the side of their brother men, has made scientists regard the other culture's social attitudes as contemptible.
>
> (The Two Cultures, pp. 6-7)

One passage quoted before parallels these ideas from the Rede Lecture: Martin's response to the social condition (The New Men, p. 301). Perhaps parallel to Martin's optimism for science are Charles March's reasons why he has

chosen to be a physician instead of following the family's choice of law:

> "It's exactly to prevent myself being wasted that I've thought of this...I agree, I wouldn't like to feel that I have wasted my time altogether. The chief advantage of becoming a doctor is precisely that it might prevent me from doing that. I shall still be some use in a dim way even if I turn out to be completely obscure. It's the only occupation I can find where you can be absolutely undistinguished and still flatter yourself a bit."
> (The Conscience of the Rich, p. 112)

The scientist as seen as a human by Lewis has not only his professional, erotic, family, egoistic, philosophic, political, and moral life but also his hobbies, his aesthetics, and his religion. Lewis' hobbies seem to be eating, drinking, Russian literature, observing people, and perhaps collecting modern paintings (a portrait of, perhaps, Lewis, by the Australian painter Sydney Nolan is on the jacket cover of some of the English editions of the novels). He is tone deaf and only occasionally quotes the poets, although he has read them. But his scientific friends have a taste for music. At Clark's party in The Affair, where among the crowd are Martin, Nightingale, and Getliffe, Clark puts on some music:

> After Clark had said that he was going to play us some Berlioz, I was left out of the party. All the others were musical, Clark passionately so: while as soon as he put on the record, I drifted into the kind of wool-gathering that music induced in me.
> (The Affair, p. 145)

Parallel to this, Snow says in the Rede Lecture:

> Their culture is in many ways an exciting and admirable one. It doesn't contain much art, with the exception, an important exception, of music. Verbal exchange, insistent argument. Long-playing records. Colour-photography. The ear, to some extent the eye.
> (The Two Cultures, p. 13)

Their religious life is sometimes a declarative agnosticism. Martin is a complacent agnostic though:

> Men like my brother Martin, who believed as little as Francis, would go through the forms without fuss, saying, as Martin did, that if he had been a Roman he would have put a pinch of salt on the altar and not felt that he was straining his conscience.
> (Last Things, p. 190)

Francis Getliffe, on the other hand, is emphatic about his agnosticism:

> Francis often behaved like a doctrinaire unbeliever of an earlier century than ours; like, for example, old Winslow, who refused to set foot in college chapel except for magisterial elections, and then only after making written protests. Francis likewise did not go into chapel even for memorial services; his children had not been baptized and, when he was introduced into the Lords, instead of taking the oath, he affirmed.
> (Last Things, p. 190)

Yet Skeffington is a high Anglican churchman:

> I said that the younger generation in the college were moving to the Right so fast that survivals like myself would soon be left standing outside the gates. Skeffington was not amused. He was a devout Anglo-Catholic, more pious, so I thought, than Tom Orbell, though not so given to protesting his faith. He was also a Tory, as Tom Orbell claimed to be.
> (The Affair, p. 33)

Now that I have detailed the scientists as seen by Lewis as real live humans, not an incomprehensible race far away from humanity, I shall look at Lewis as a bridge between the two cultures.

Unlike his creator, Lewis has never been a scientist. In fact, the reader hears nothing about science in Lewis' early education, up until the time he makes friends with Francis Getliffe at the March's home, where also there is his friendship - non-scientific - with Charles March in medical school. None of his early friends from the Group are scientists, and George Passant has no particular scientific penchants. Of course it is true that Lewis' father always wanted a telescope, but he was not scientific. Though Martin goes into science, he is more than ten years younger than Lewis, so by the time of The Masters (1937), Martin is only about eighteen years old, not yet at the university doing science.

But perhaps just because he does not have a scientific education, Lewis is a good bridge between the two cultures. He is interested in showing us scientists as humans and science as a rewarding career. As a student of humans, and as an intimate of Francis and Martin and Luke, he sees what they are like and what science does for them. He loves them as humans, and he can watch them as professionals.

For Lewis is a watcher of professionals. He is

fascinated by ambition and who is succeeding in his career. In the host of characters in the sequence there are probably less than a dozen men who are not ambitious professionals. These professionals are the special study of Lewis, and he delights to show them being winners. The sequence has the Roy Calverts, the Hector Roses, the Roger Quaifes, the Mansels, the Caves, the Davidsons, the Browns, the Cornfords, the Orbells, the Dawson-Hills, the Luffins. Lewis specializes in winners, but he is a realist who sees all the losers too, the Georges, Nightingales, Porsons.

Lewis' literary culture has always been quite good, as the reader can tell from the literary allusions he drops. He seems especially fascinated by French and Russian literature, but he has read as a young man his Donne, Shaw, Yeats, and Thomas Wolfe (Time of Hope, pp. 140, 95; Strangers and Brothers, p. 154). . The Conscience of the Rich brings in his favorite two authors, Proust and Dostoevsky, as well as Balzac and Shakespeare. The Light and the Dark alludes to Housman, Trimalchio, and Tale of the Gengi; Homecoming, Bennett, Gide, Amiel, the Goncourts. Lewis can pass an inquisition on painting from his future father-in-law, Davidson. His comparisons in history range from Sarvonrola to Freud, Marx, Jung, Adler, Robespierre, the Manichees, Dreyfus, the Shoguns, Marcuse, and Hammarskjold. He is a writer himself. He has been in governmental service for sixteen years.

His wartime job as administrator takes him among the Barford atomic scientists, three of whom are his intimates: Luke, Martin, and Francis. Later on, for the reexamination of the Howard affair, he is invited down to advise the Seniors. He has to learn

And the reader learns along with him. Lewis often jokes about the scientific words that fly over his head, but he does his best to let the reader know how he understands the saturation bombing theory, the scientific fraud of Palairet, the atomic energy theory. And Lewis the layman does not talk down to the reader. The reader learns at the same time Lewis does.

But the novels are not meant by Lewis to be an education in science, substitutes for the text book and laboratory. There is only as much science as is needed to make the point about administrators needing some knowledge of statistics or radioactivity or scientific fraud. Otherwise, Lewis whits the reader's appetite for the man: love the man, see him transformed by his job, and you can be fascinated by his subject. Lewis makes us open to science and scientists.

Not until there is a full concordance of the sequence can the final word be said on it, but I believe I can illustrate the growing scientific education of Lewis by looking at the scientific allusions and metaphors he uses. As Lewis gets to know about science, his comparisons and figures of speech begin to come from science.

The Time of Hope, ectomorphic, p. 310.
photophobia, chapter title.

The Conscience of the Rich, cyclostyled, 235.

The New Men, ectoplasmic, 117
Newton, 280
plutonium, 30
isotope, 30
feasible (pun), 16
Archimedes, 50
heavy-water, 46
fission, 45.
uranium, 43
R.D.F. (Radar), 42

The Affair, ectomorphic, 338
exophthalmic, 139.

The Sleep of Reason, Einstein and Bohr, 112
Brownian Movement, 153
computor, 95
acromegalic, 255
relativity, 325
Hamiltonian Algebra, 394.

Last Things, Einstein, 48, 188
paranoid, 121
photolysis, 153
mescalin, 155
"a bit of decent scientific thinking," 191
cosmogonists, 219
ESP, 229
dolichocephala, 243
psychosomatic, 266
scientific Calvinism, 277
psittacosis, 312
aphasia, 373
group hypnosis, 378
trauma, 379
parthenogenesis, 420
Brownian movement, 428

As far as I can see, there are essentially no scientific allusions or figures of speech in the early novels; they grow more abundant in The New Men, and begin to be plentiful in Last Things. Even the critics notice them by the time of The Sleep of Reason, either to laugh at the esoteric vocabulary (cf. Jago in The Masters: "I believe

it's wonderful...Not that I understand most of your detestable words;" p. 319), or to see Snow (not Lewis) as brilliantly bridging the two cultures gap in his metaphors.

Even though Lewis in his liberal education going on before the reader becomes a bridge between the two cultures, showing us not only the transfigurations of the career but also the humanness of the scientists, he is not a mere dramatization of the Rede lecture. Indeed, the sequence does not involve itself in a great deal of the lecture. Not only is there no Huxley in the sequence who gives us a famous lecture on a piece of chalk or intellectuals portrayed as natural Luddites or even a sociologist's view of the scientific culture whipped off some evening before a coxy fireplace with Lewis and several sociologists, there is almost no talk about the scientific revolution, or the rich and poor nations, or about educational schemes. Admittedly there is some small allusion, but nothing impressive. Mr. Davidson is never comfortable with telephones; Luke is working on the problem of how to feed England. Guy Grenfell wants to get a job in famine relief; Lewis' son Charles has seen subsistence life in Pakistan; Mounteney and Martin talk about how many years science has given to life expectancies. The educational problem of the two cultures, dropped by Snow into our laps in the Lecture (pp. 33-39), is not handled at all by Lewis in the novels. It is interesting that recently Snow has rethought his

remarks on education, but his advice still does not look like the kinds of things Lewis has talked about. Essentially, Snow now suggests that in our ordinary academic courses we should devise methods "to illustrate the distinction between the two kinds of knowledge": cumulative knowledge and non-cumulative knowledge, that is, science and the humanities.[4] The following paragraph could easily have been in the sequence, say, coming from Francis or Luke, but it does not:

> No scientist, or student of science, need ever read an original work of the past. As a general rule, he does not think of doing so. Rutherford was one of the greatest of experimental physicists, but no nuclear scientist of today would study his researches of fifty years ago. Their substance has all been fused into the common agreement, the textbooks, the contemporary papers, the living present. This ability to incorporate the past gives the sharpest diagnostic tool, if one asks whether a body of knowledge is a science or not. Do present practitioners have to go back to an original work of the past? Or has it been incorporated?
> (Times Literary Supplement, p. 739)

On education the nearest Lewis gets to the two cultures and education are the arguments on more scientific fellowships in The Masters (pp. 136-37), Mounteney's objection to Lewis attending the scientists' meeting to get together the case against using the atomic bomb (The New Men, p. 176), Sawbridge's lack of reading (The New Men, p. 81), and Lewis' remarks in The Appendix to The Masters on how the scientific revolution changed the universities

(The Masters, pp. 370-71).

In spite of Snow's generalizations in the Rede Lecture about scientists and the scientific culture, the scientists in the novels are not presented much in terms of types. We all know that absolute uniqueness does not exist in humans, and in literature we expect believeable and interesting characters to fit meaningfully somehow into a type of person (the disappointed ambitious man, the young male who disguises his ineptness, etc.) and also to be something we could not predict just knowing this type. Lewis sees his scientific friends this way: with a touch of the scientist's objectivity or passion to catch nature's secrets or belief in a better world and a lot of something purely personal. Lewis specializes in seeing the individual temperament in his scientists.

The willpower, discipline and fairness in Francis Getliffe, for instance. Chronologically, the reader first meets Francis in The Conscience of the Rich, where Francis is courting Katherine March, c. 1925. Even there, on the first meeting, Lewis describes Francis as "scrupulous," "kind-hearted," with a "fastidious, quixotic" face (p. 43). Even at this time his dislike of being diffident has caused him to train himself.

More than twenty-five years later (1953), Lewis describes him in almost the same words:

> I could remember him thin-skinned, conquering his diffidence by acts of will. He still looked quixotic and finefeatured: his sun-burned flesh was dark over his collar and white tie. But success had pouched his cheeks a little and taken away the strain...He would always have been fair about [our contemporaries who also had done well], because he had a strict code of fairness....
> (The Affair, pp. 11-12)

And in the other novels Francis is continuously described as "disciplined" (The New Men, p. 179; Corridors of Power, p. 5) and "fair" (The Sleep of Reason, p. 81).

At the chapel memorial service for Francis' death, when Arthur Brown claims "no juster man has ever walked the courts of this college," that he was "absolutely upright in all his dealing," "the most scrupulous of colleagues," Lewis thinks perhaps Brown had "not noticed the struggle between the disciplined and the acerb" (Last Things, p. 398). And earlier in the book Lewis tells us, "Francis had plenty of courage, but it was the courage of the will" (p. 44).

As Lewis emphasizes in the sequence this personal part of Francis Getliffe - his discipline and fairmindedness - he emphasizes Martin's secretiveness. This secretiveness seems to have been a trait shared by the two brothers:

> We were both evasive, reticent men, who used irony to cheat out of its importance the moment in which we breathed.
> (The New Men, p. 197)

It is the flaw in Lewis which Margaret makes him correct. However, no one ever seems to take Martin to task for it. Martin seldom opens up. He surprises Lewis when he does:

> It was after dinner that Martin spoke with an openness that came out of the blue, that I had not heard more than twice in his life.
> (The New Men, p. 142)

And Lewis in The Sleep of Reason, getting ready to tell how Martin opens up about his son Pat, says:

> He had been controlled and secretive all his life, and in middle age he was letting secretiveness possess him.
> (The Sleep of Reason, p. 84)

The second remarkable characteristic of Martin is his obsessive love for his son:

> People sometimes thought [Martin] a self-contained and self-centered man: but now, more than in sexual love, he was totally committed. This had been so all through his son's life. It was a devotion at the same time absolutely possessive and absolutely self-abnegating...it was men like himself, stoical and secretive, who were most often swept by this kind of possessive passion.
> (The Sleep of Reason, p. 89)

Thirdly, Martin is a born manager:

> Martin was a natural politician. Inside the college, there was no one in his class, except Arthur Brown.
> (The Affair, p. 98)

and

> People often thought that those who "handled" others, "managers" of Martin's kind, were passionless. They would have been no good at their job if they were. No, what made them effective was that they were capable of being infuriated on the one hand, and managerial on the other.
> (The Affair, p. 178)

Luke will be the third example of the scientist seen in terms of his personal element. It is not especially

unusual that he is a poor boy who did well in a scientific career: Martin Eliot and Sawbridge (the Communist spy) are two such scientists from Lewis' home town. It is his energy, his explosiveness, his racey talk, his humility, his emotion, his refusal to sophisticate himself that make him really Luke. Of course his individual temperament has the courage and recuperative powers spoken of in The New Men (pp. 111, 139), but over his whole career, the thirty years the reader sees him, it is the other six characteristics that make him himself. When Lewis surprises the reader in Last Things by showing him Lord Luke of Salcombe tactfully explaining away a political problem before the House of Lords, Lewis has to explain the psychology of the three periods of Luke's life (Last Things, p. 365). Lewis wants to make clear that Luke has not always been tactful, but that this tact too is part of the personal Luke.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTER III

The novels of the sequence are not meant to dramatize the arguments from the Rede Lecture or to give laymen fascinating lectures on scientific subjects. Lewis does, however, make brilliant scientists real and believable, not strange creatures from another culture. Lewis is especially winning when he shows us the joy and transfiguration of a research scientist succeeding at his investigations. He does not try to reproduce a scientist's stream of consciousness, but gives the reader the scientist's life by using the reflective intelligence. As a bridge for the non-scientific reader to the scientific culture, Lewis is good because he, well versed in culture, learns about scientists' lives - professional, spiritual, moral - along with his reader. One can even see Lewis' gradual education in the scientific culture by the increasing imagery from science as the sequence progresses. What Lewis in the sequence does not dramatize from the Rede Lecture are the arguments about a proper education and the problem of the rich and poor nations. Lewis is especially perceptive in seeing scientists not as types but, especially for his close acquaintances, as individuals unforgetable for their personal qualities.

ENDNOTES TO CHAPTER III

[1]C. P. Snow, The Two Cultures and a Second Look (Cambridge, England: Cambridge University Press, 1964).

[2]C. P. Snow, Variety of Men (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1967).

[3]C. P. Snow, "Science, Politics, and the Novelist," Kenyon Review, 23 (Winter, 1961), 14.

[4]C. P. Snow, "The Case of Leavis and the Serious Case," The Times Literary Supplement, July 9, 1970, p. 739.

Chapter IV

POINT OF VIEW

This chapter studies three things: Snow's aesthetic distance from his narrator, Lewis' biases, and the reflective intelligence at work in Lewis.

Almost every critic except Helen Gardener identifies Lewis Eliot with Snow himself. To support their views, they cite the parallels between Lewis' and Snow's biography and, to clinch their point, Snow's own remarks from an interview in 1962. What they wish to illustrate is that Snow fails to see Lewis' snobbishness, his overzeal for honors, his pride at being a success, and his inability to satirize vices and follies. I insist that Lewis recognizes his ambition, that he accepts honors with both humility and pride, that he satirizes gently, and that he tries to present a realistic psychology of himself and the success society - thinking that one must see clearly before he works with his human nature. Snow gives Lewis parallels from his own biography because he can trust the details of his own life. Snow's remarks on satire and his identification with Lewis are vague enough to allow interpretations different from that of the critics in general.

As the anonymous Times Literary Supplement reviewer of the sequence says, there is not much critical purpose to identify Snow and Lewis, for naturally Snow would use the materials at hand:

> Before considering Eliot as a character, one has to get clear of the idea that there is any critical purpose in identifying him with his creator. The points of similarity in their backgrounds and careers have often been noticed, and more are provided in Last Things. During the course of an eye operation for the replacement of a detached retina Eliot's heart stops, as Snow's heart stopped when he had a similar operation. In some details Eliot's family life resembles Snow's, just as at several points the posts he has held are like those held by Snow. But anybody setting out on an enterprise like this novel sequence makes use of the materials to hand, and what materials are better known to a writer than those of his own life? It has clearly been Snow's conscious intention from the start to fit whatever happened to him into the pattern of the sequence when this seemed appropriate, but none of the books is to be identified as a roman a clef full of real people and incidents masquerading under deceptive labels. Some of the things that happened to C. P. Snow add flavour and veracity to events in the life of Lewis Eliot, but the points of difference are far more numerous and more notable than those of correspondence.[1]

Why do readers not say that T. S. Eliot is Prufrock? Because they sense Prufrock's awareness of his shortcomings. Why do they decide Joyce has aesthetic distance from Stephan Dadalus? Because Stephen hates to wash, because he can be obviously pedantic, because there are witty parallels with the Odyssey. Why do readers insist that Snow is Lewis

Eliot? Because they skip over Lewis' admissions of his shortcomings, because Lewis is so obviously a success like Snow although Snow says, "Remember he is not a particularly successful man, considering his ability" (Interview, 108), because he seems to have no social faults, because there is no game played with literary structure. The parallels with Prufrock are not accidental, of course, because much of Prufrock's life and preoccupations happen to parallel the spiritual and emotional history of any sensitive modern man who has awareness. And of course the parallels, allusions, and psychology as in Proust's Remembrance of Things Past are not meant to be a game but realism.

The interview is laconic, and Snow has not gone on record with detail to explain his enigmatic remarks:

> Interviewer: How far would you say that Lewis Eliot is yourself? Or is he a kind of literary persona?
>
> Snow: I would have thought that in depth Lewis Eliot is myself. In a good many of his situations, a good many of his external appearances he is not me, but in any serious and interesting sense he is.
>
> (Interview, p. 93)

Biographically, they were both born in 1905 in a provincial city; they were poor boys who won scholarships and made good; they taught at Cambridge, worked in government, became writers, and received titles. Snow is tone deaf; so is Lewis. Snow had an eye operation during which his heart stopped; so did Lewis. Snow has a step-daughter

and one son; Lewis has a step-son and a son. I remember an incident which happened when I was visiting Snow in September, 1969. His step-daughter, who seems to be paralleled in many ways by Maurice in the novels, came in from her secretarial job while we were talking about a character in the novels. She had overheard only part of our conversation, and she asked whether we were talking about the character based on her. I myself asked Snow whether he identified with Lewis, and he said yes. I was too polite to ask for details, and he did not volunteer any. He told us about his teenage son, who had just come back from a trip by himself across the whole of Africa, south to north, and how Snow himself would never have thought in his youth of doing such a thing. Straight out of Last Things (p. 244). Had I been prepared with details in 1969 and had I dared to flaunt propriety to ask an author to discuss his characters while he is still working with them, I would have asked Snow whether Lewis doesn't overvalue success, honors, and his value as a confidant. Yet I've been trained to trust the work, not the writer, and to realize that the writer is merely another critic of his work, not the last authority. Besides, answers to such questions depend on the mood of the answerer.

The biographical differences between Snow and Lewis ought to be pointed out. Snow has been married only once, to his present wife, novelist Pamela Hansford Johnson, in 1950. Snow took a Ph.D in physics; he is not a lawyer.

He gives his Ph.D. research in crystollography in a pun on the name C. P. Crystal in The Masters, who voted against Jago, whom Lewis votes for (although he later admits his mistake: Corridors of Power, p. 44). I gather that Brown has Snow's physical appearance.

"In any serious and interesting sense" Snow is Lewis. Snow lets the reader decide what is serious and what is interesting. Non-fictional articles such as his Variety of Men reveal that Snow like Lewis is fascinated by luck (p. 205), by the tragic condition of man (p. 14), by successful men, by a benevolence for Russia (p. 237), by a love of Russian literature, by a fascination with power, by a Tolstoyan view of history, by a view of the antithesis in the world and man, by his feelings for men as his brothers.

So far much points towards a lack of aesthetic distance between Snow and Lewis. If the reader could see Snow the writer satirizing Lewis, the distinction would be clear. But of course the sequence is told entirely in first person by Lewis. Snow the author never makes an appearance. But Prufrock mocks himself? Can't Lewis also?

Lewis does not believe in mocking himself. He works hard, is sincere, does his best to be humble, to be a man of good will, with an effort to get the best from the people of this world and from himself. He thinks he often succeeds; Prufrock senses a continual failure (The great

exceptions are summarized in Time of Hope, p. 406). Lewis' stories, although often tragic, deal with hope, joy, and expectation.

The nearest Lewis comes to satirizing himself is in the criticism he passes on his life. He does not laugh at the follies and vices that caused him to treat his mother badly, to take away Sheila's real chance at a happy marriage, to break up Margaret's marriage. Being a realist, he tries to explain the psychology of these things, to show how human he is. In Last Things, he passes critical judgment on himself as having been a bad son, bad husband to Sheila, a bad friend to George (p. 216). He had to learn to overcome his secretiveness, to master his possessive love for Martin. He attributes much of his success to luck, not talent or hard work, though he obviously has always been a hard worker. He believes that a good man can take honors with a humble style, that the details of an old man's spiritual life are not a bore, that to disagree with the taste of the younger generation is not synonymous with being a square.

And Lewis the narrator knows the difference between how a mind and soul could work and how they do work. He as realist sets out to be honest with how his mind and soul work. If he does not begin a section of a book with an apology like Dickens' Pip in Great Expectations for his behavior as portrayed in the coming pages, the reason is

that he does not work morally ahead; he works morally by hindsight, seeing things in the perspective we live them. As Kierkegaard once said, "We live life forwards, but understand it backwards." Certainly though, Lewis gives the reader enough realistic detail so the reader can make his own judgments. Does Lewis over-value Roy? Is George's emphasis on freedom bad for a decent society? Is Lewis' relationship with his son Charles self-delusion on Lewis' part? Should Lewis quit going to parliament, give his paintings away, and go to a zen monastery? Lewis gives the reader all the information he finds relevant, and the implication is that the reader can arrive at his own conclusion while Lewis tries to be as honest as he can.

Perhaps the worry about aesthetic distance can be confronted by the question - who else would the reader want to hear the story from if he wants realism? Could he trust the story more from Martin or Jago or Roy or Margaret? It's merely a different story. I am interested in the way Lewis' mind sees the story, the world, the characters, not in how Snow sees Lewis' values. In the same way I am interested in how Marcel sees his world, not how Proust sees Marcel, and in how David sees the world of Giovanni's Room, not Baldwin. This concentration on the narrator's perception instead of the writer's analysis of the narrator's values I believe is true in all modern realistic fiction written in the first person.

If the reader is really interested in how Lewis sees the world and how the story is an attempt at realism, he does not worry about what the first person point of view cannot do but what it does do. It gives the reader a world, a set of characters, a set of values through a biased mind, a mind with certain orientations, certain inclinations.

What are Lewis' biases. I see at least twelve. He sees character in the physiognomy and smile. He dislikes people who have not had to struggle with self-questioning. He loves the undiplomatic and sees the necessity for diplomacy. He is a humanist, liking people. He cannot be objective towards his friends. He takes the managerial point of view. He is skeptical of systemized psychology. He is a yea-sayer. He is vulnerable to memories. He has the mind of a lawyer and committee man. He is a polite agnostic.

He believes in physiognomy: he gives us character often as if facial features reveal character. This happens through the whole sequence. For instance, in Brothers and Strangers, George Passant's intellect is revealed in his head:

> But it was his head that captured one's attention, his massive forehead and the powerful structure of chin and cheekbone under his full flesh.
> (p. 7

Roy Calvert as a teenager, who has just got Jack Cotery into trouble by the love gift of an expensive watch:

> His face was good-looking, highly strung
> and very sad for a boy's: but sad, I felt
> as much by nature as by his present trouble.
> (Strangers and Brothers, p. 19)

Roy's father's face is "chubby and petulant, and quite unlike his handsome son's" (p. 36). He is out to fire Cotery.

Secondly, along with this emphasis on physionomy, Lewis is a connoisseur of smiles. Roy's smile here is a relatively simple one for Lewis, "a gay, charming smile" (p. 19), no pun intended. Jack Cotery has a "good-natured, impudent, amorous smile" (p. 60) and a "fresh, open smile" (p. 45). The complex people naturally have all varieties of smiles though the smiles are relatively simple in this first book, either just called "a smile" or given such epithets as "frank and affectionate" (George, p. 98), stiff and formal (Judge, p. 304), "an unconcealed, satisfied, and cunning smile" (a pedestrian, p. 307), friendly, almost bantering (George, p. 308). Occasionally, in this book one of the elaborate, complex smiles that the reader may feel Lewis invents appears - "an elaborately indifferent smile" (George, p. 101) - but this kind of smile comes more frequently in the later books. Lewis gives us, however, the rationale behind his poetics of the smile.

> Our range of expression is small, so that
> a smile in genuine pleasure photographs

> indistinguishable from a grimace of pain; they are the same unless we know their history and their future.
> (Strangers and Brothers, p. 156)

Lewis of course knows the history and the future of his characters; hence his elaborate readings of the smiles.

Lewis has a wide sympathy for his characters, as Pamela Johnson pointed out in 1950,[2] but his love is not indiscriminate. Several men he dislikes (several dislike him too, but he practices a worldly tolerance and indifference to them - Rose, Nightingale), such as Ralph Udal and Crawford. Thus, thirdly, Lewis dislikes people who have got through life with too much luck, without much self-questioning, with a too easy self-confidence (The Light and the Dark, p. 207). Lewis can see these faults on their faces, although they are cleverly disguised. Udal can look at one with "lazy kindness," and he can reply to Lewis' shock on hearing systematization of the spiritual life with an "indifferent" smile (The Light and the Dark, p. 207).

Both Udal and Crawford are natural and have good manners, although Crawford has an insensitivity at times, as when he talks about the Royal Society before Nightingale. But Crawford's easy self-confidence and impersonality can be seen by Lewis on his face and in his smile:

> He assumed that he would be listened to, and he had the trick of catching the attention without an effort. His expression

> stayed impassive: his features were small in a smooth round face, and his eyes were round and unblinking. His hair was smoothed down, cut very short over the ears; he had lost none of it, and it was still a glossy black, though he was fifty-six. As he spoke to the Deputy, he wore an impersonal smile.
> (The Masters, p. 82)

Crawford's disguise is that of Buddha; hence the Buddha imagery Lewis uses to present him.

The complicated smiles, based on Lewis' understanding of antitheses at work in people and situations are collector's items:

> Lady Boscastle: "smiling with charm and sarcasm" - (The Light and the Dark, p. 133).)

> Lady Mu: "her delicate, sarcastic smile" - (The Light and the Dark, p. 12L)

> Sir Oulstone Lyall (a plagiarist with a pun in his name): "He wore an impersonal, official, ambassadorial smile" - (The Light and the Dark, p. 161.)

From Last Things, the saintly Maurice's face is "innocent, good-looking, not feminine, but unhardened for twenty-one" (p. 61), and he has a "radiant unguarded smile" (p. 293). Lewis' tricky nephew Pat, on the other hand, may have a "shameless, ingratiating and also defiant smile." Interestingly enough, Pat's physionomy does not give him away (The Sleep of Reason, p. 136). Lewis, after all, tries to be a realist, not a theoretician, and even a bias cannot obscure the truth.

Fourthly, Lewis loves the undiplomatic and understands the necessity for diplomacy. He loves the

epigramatic Winslow, the mischief in Roy, the spontaneity in Luke, the impulsiveness in Jago. Thus when Luke is diplomatic before the House of Lords in Last Things, Lewis is of course glad for the sweet, reasonable public face that keeps his son Charles out of trouble, but he seems to miss the Luke of the middle period whose favorite epithet about public men was "stuffed shirts."

Fifthly, Lewis not only is a student of people and their motives but he also likes them. Though the reader will not catch him saying "Up with people" or "People who like people are the luckiest people in the world," he is a humanist. People come to him as confidant - hence the realism of using him as point of view - for he can understand. All this in spite of his flaw of privateness which Margaret makes him conquer. The pathology of the spectator he explains of course in Homecoming as in one way an elaborate disguise for keeping his privacy. George Passant has just called him "a preposterously unselfish friend" and Lewis from hindsight analyzes where he is after he has lost Margaret:

> George was a human brother. He fought with his brother men, he never wanted to be above the battle. He did not understand the temptation, so insidious, often so satisfying to men like me, of playing God: of giving so much and no more: of being considerate, sometimes kind, but making that considerateness into a curtain with which to shut off the secret self I could not bear to give away. Some

> of what he said was true: but that was because in most of the outward shows of temperament, what one loses on the swings one gains on the roundabouts. Because I had been so tempted to make myself into a looker-on, I asked little of those I was with. I was good-natured, sometimes at a cost to myself, though not at a fundamental cost. I had become unusually patient. I was fairly tolerant by temperament, and the curve of my own experience made me more so. Judged by the ordinary human standards, I was interested and reliable. All that, I had gained - it was what George saw, and it was not quite negligible - by non-participation. But what was [sic] George did not see was that I was being left with a vacuum inside me instead of a brother's heart.
> (Homecoming, p. 227)

In The New Men his brother Martin sees him as George does and calls him "a warm-hearted man who's affected by the people around him" (p. 300).

The humanist trying to be really a humanist, Lewis admits that his effort to reshape his life was not "specially successful," that it went only part way (Last Things, p. 217)

In old age he thinks back, honestly trying to see his humanism in perspective:

> Once I had told a friend... that, if I had never lived, nobody would have been a penny the worse. That was altogether too cut-and-dried for me now.
> (Last Things, p. 215)

And in analyzing to himself the mind of his son's mistress, he says of her contempt for the nonsense about human relations, thinking of himself who had often over-complicated them, that she deluded herself by thinking of them too

abstractly, that she would not be able to "discard affections which she thought she had outlived" (Last Things, pp. 423, 429).

His old age gives him the privilege of being the humanist spectator of youth. He is fascinated by his son's friends:

> I was interested in him and the rest of them, stimulated by their energies and hopes...a privileged position, having those energies under my eyes: it was much more like being engaged with my own friends at the same age, except that I - with my anxieties, perturbations, desires, and will - had been satisfactorily (and for my own liberation) removed.
> (Last Things, p. 241)

Sixthly, he cannot be objective towards his friends. Emotionally, he is tied to his friends, like most humans:

> By temperament, I was bound by chains to anyone who had ever really touched my life; once they had taken hold of me, they had taken hold for good.
> (Strangers and Brothers, p. 135)

Thus when he has to help George keep the job at the London civil service office, he finds it painful to force himself into a committeeman's objectivity:

> Addressing myself to Rose, I made my case. Probably I should have made it more fluently for anyone but George. I was not relaxed, I had to force myself into the professional idiom.
> (Homecoming, p. 314)

A continued difference between Lewis and his second wife, Margaret, is Lewis' evaluation of his best friend,

Roy Calvert. Before Roy died, Margaret and he had heard about each other, though they had never met. Margaret has too much character for Roy, and she suspects him

> of being a poseur, a romantic fake without much fibre, whose profundity of experience she mostly discounted and for the rest did not value. In her heart, she thought he encouraged in me much that she struggled with.
> (Homecoming, pp. 171-72)

When Roger Quaife wishes to get rid of Lord Gibley and take his job, Lewis studies his own reaction:

> For I had an affection for Lord Gibley. Sometimes my affections ran away with me. They had done so years before, I now believed, in a struggle on a pettier scale when I had been voting for a Master of my college. They had made me forget function, or justice, or even the end to be served.
> (Corridors of Power, p. 44)

Seventhly, he often looks at things from the managerial point of view. Some people of course would say that Lewis gets this attitude from Snow himself, who was the head of all scientific personnel in England during World War II. I don't want to argue the parallel but to show that Lewis finds it natural to himself from his teaching days on. He admires Brown, the archetypal manager at the college; he works in Hector Rose's administrative office until 1958, about eighteen years; he advises Luffkin, the industrialist, before the war, and he has a brother who has the natural talent of an administrator.

Thus in executive meetings he hears the talk of who will get the job, who can be trusted with the job, what

are the advantages and disadvantages of each applicant, who is on the way up so that he must be recognized and things opened to him. Out of executive council, he hears the talk of those who can pass the power around, and it fascinates him:

> [Rose] let fall what Bevill would have called one or two straws in the wind about the future management of Barford. He and Bevill wanted to get it on a business footing: Drawbell was dead out of favor. If they made a change of superintendent, and if Luke were well, it would be difficult to sidetrack him - but none of the officials, and few of the early scientists, relished the idea. He had made mistakes: he talked too loud and too much: he was not their man. Already they trusted Martin more.
> (The New Men, pp. 240-41)

Looking at things from the managerial point of view, Lewis understands and studies men on the make. Unlike his wife Margaret, he sympathizes with the ways men can climb besides just by work and talent, while she cannot "sympathize with the shifts, the calculations, the self-seekingness of men making their way" (The Affair, p. 82).

His brother Martin is the natural administrator, the born manager and fits his study of the managerial type on the climb:

> Scientific elder statesmen, civil servants like Rose, found him comfortable to talk to, after Luke; he was cagey in speech, he showed some respect for etiquette, he had good manners....
> (The New Men, p. 141)

Lewis' managers seem to work two ways: with a delicate objectivity like Rose and Martin and with the personal touch like Brown. Here is Rose interviewing:

> I knew already - I had heard Rose and Jones discuss the man - that the result was not in doubt. He was an ex-regular officer who had entered the department late in the war, and they agreed - his work had not come my way - that he was nowhere near the standard of the administrative class.
>
> Patient, polite, judicious, Rose and the others questioned him, their expressions showing neither encouragement nor discouragement, neither excessive interest nor dismissal. They were all three sensible at judging men, or at least judging men as creatures to do business with. They were on their own ground, selecting for the bureaucratic skills in which not only Rose, but also the youngest of the three, Osbaldiston, was expert.
>
> (Homecoming, p. 307)

This kind of manager does not take motives into consideration. He is interested in whether a man will do the job:

> Rose: "We're not required to say what is good for him and what isn't, and we're not concerned with his motives."
>
> (Homecoming, p. 315)

> Martin: "Motives aren't as important to me as they are to you...I'm more concerned with what one does."
>
> (The New Men, p. 299)

Brown, however, is interested in people as people as well as in running a college. Brown, Lewis says, mixes "policy and warmheartedness" (The Masters, p. 213). And

Roy Calvert says of Brown's support for Jago, "Uncle Arthur loves odd fish" (The Masters, p. 51).

Lewis analyzes Brown and Crystal as managers of the college:

> These two were the solid core of the college, I thought. Year by year they added to their influence; it was greater now than when I first came three years before. It had surprised me then that they should be so influential; now that I had lived with them, seen them at work, I understood it better.
>
> They were both genuinely humble men. They were profoundly different, at the roots of their natures, but neither thought that he was anything out of the ordinary. They knew that others round them were creative, as they were not; Crystal had once been a competent classic [sic], was still a first-rate teacher, but had done nothing original - Brown wrote an intricate account of the diplomatic origins of the Crimean war soon after he graduated, and then stopped. They did not even think that they were unusual as men. Either would say that the Master or Jago or one or two others were the striking figures in the college. All they might add was that those striking figures did not always have the soundest judgment, were not the most useful at 'running things'.
>
> For, though they were the least conceited of men, they had complete confidence in their capacity to 'run things'. Between them, they knew all the craft of government. They knew how men in a college behaved, and the different places in which each man was weak, ignorant, indifferent, obstinate or strong. They never overplayed their hand; they knew just how to take the opinion of the college after they had settled a question in private. They knew how to give way. By this time, little of importance happened in the college which they did not support.
>
> They asked very little more for themselves.

> They were neither of them ambitious; they thought they had done pretty well. They were comfortable and happy. They accepted the world round them, they believed it was good the college should exist, they had no doubt they were being useful in the parts they played. As they piloted their candidate through a fellowship election, or worked to secure this benefaction from Sir Horace, they gained the thrill that men feel at a purpose outside themselves.
> (The Masters, pp. 30-31)

Lewis is usually on the managers' side. But in his life the personal thing keeps cropping up. (See various remarks in Robert Davis' pamphlet on Snow on "the personal thing" - for instance, pp. 30, 33, 35.) When Rose decides that George Passant is not a good man to keep on, after Lewis argues for him, Lewis tells the managers off, and puts himself on the other side:

> I described his work, trying to apportion his responsibility...I said that he was a man of immense capacity. It was true - I was straining not to overstate my case - that his immediate judgment was not always first class, he hadn't the intuitive feel for what could or could not be done. But he had two qualities not often combined - zest for detail and executive precision, together with a kind of long term imagination, a forecaster's insight into policy. In the area between detail and the long term, he was not so good as our run-of-the-mill administrators: but nevertheless his two qualities were so rare that he was more valuable than any of them.
> (Homecoming, p. 314)

> Then I lost my temper. I said they were too fond of the second rate. I said that any society that deliberately made safe appointments was on the way out.
> (Homecoming, p. 317)

> The men I sat with in their offices, with their moral certainties, their comfortable, conforming indignation which never made them put a foot out of step - they were the men who managed the world, they were the people who in any society came out on top. They had virtues denied the rest of us: I had to give them my respect. But that morning I was on the other side.
>
> (Homecoming, p. 318)

Eightly he is skeptical of systematized psychology. Lewis of course knows the classical psychologists, for they were authors George Passant had recommended to his group in the twenties (Time of Hope, p. 95). He is perfectly capable of talking critically about such things as the subconsciousness (The Sleep of Reason, pp. 174-75). He can report in fascinating detail the courtroom explanations of the psychologists about the two lesbian women who tortured and killed the small boy, in The Sleep of Reason. But all the time he refuses to commit himself to a systematized psychology. He will worry out the problems of sexuality, of men fighting off their aloneness, of the confrontations with determinism and choice, but he refuses to explain his own or others' psychology by any system.

Lewis never comes out and denounces the systematized psychologists or professional psychology in general. But of the court explanations he does mention that "It sounded to listeners in court not used to this kind of analysis, strangely abstract, a dimension away from the two women's bodies in the dock" (The Sleep of Reason, p. 351), that

the psychologist annoyed some people because he seemed one of those who "had found life too easy: they were too sure of their own enlightenment" (p. 356), and that the psychologist would regard free will, determinism, and the tragic condition as "pseudo-problems": They would say "if there had been any meaning to them we should have found the answers...long ago" (p. 359).

The rationale for Lewis' rejection of systematized psychology is explained by Snow in the 1962 interview:

> As a young man I read a good deal of analytical psychology. As a scientist I was suspicious of it, more than I was as a writer. To an extent, that is still true. That is, I believe that though a writer today must know what analytical psychology is about, he is unwise if he lets it enter explicitly into his work. I have a fairly deep scientific feeling - I don't think it is more than a feeling - that probably the proper concepts of analytical psychology have not yet been reached. Which means that if you use the present concepts it is going to look very odd and amateurish when the real concepts are discovered. I would suspect that for the representation of personality in art, certainly in a novel, the ordinary terms we use among ourselves of things like will and conscience and so on, are closer approximations to what people are like than the present representations of analytical psychology. So therefore, for myself, I deliberately damp it down in all my work, though you will find traces here and there. And I think I am not sorry. It was a deliberate choice and if I was starting again I should make the same.
>
> (pp. 100-01)

Ninthly, he is a Yea-sayer. I use the term to mean someone who, like Carlyle's Teulfelsdrockh, having confronted

the Everlasting No, says yes to the Universe. Lewis says yes to hope. But first he says yes to his fate. Sick, with what doctors were diagnosing as pernicious anemia, after his first year of practicing law, he goes to Mentone, France, to recuperate. He thinks of suicide. He has been broken by unhappiness:

> Then, for a moment, I knew that I was crying out against my fate no more...In that clear moment - whatever I protested to myself next day - I knew that I had to accept my helplessness, that I had been broken and could do nothing more.
> (Time of Hope, p. 318)

Mentone breaks his blindness towards himself and his obsession for success. At the end of the novel, when he debates whether he will leave Sheila, he summarizes where he now is. "No one could call it a good record," he muses (p. 406). Yet,

> As I remembered, I was curiously at one with myself...I was twenty-eight, and I could still hope...and I felt as well as the strength of acceptance, a hope of the fibres, a hope of young manhood. That night, I had come to terms with what I must do.
> (pp. 406-07)

This yea-saying to life in his youth is his hope, called by Roy Calvert, his "idiot hope" (The Light and the Dark, p. 382). Lewis also sees it finally in Roy, who has been knocked down by life:

> Through his marriage, through his child, perhaps ironically through the very fact that he had 'resigned' and needed to trouble no more, he had come out of the dark.
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 384)

Corridors of Power ends with a representative attitude towards hope, typical of Lewis:

> Under the town's resplendent sky we talked
> of the children and their future. We talked
> as though the future were easy and secure,
> and as though their lives would bring us joy.
> (p. 403)

In the last novel, Lewis smacks into the realization of Nothingness. And out of this encounter comes a kind of mystical yea-saying:

> November 28, 1965. That morning, round about
> half-past eleven, I might have died. I liked
> telling myself that. Nothing had ever been
> so steadying, not at all bizarre or nerve-
> racking, just steadying: nothing had set me
> so free.
> (Last Things, p. 214)

And the sequence ends with the words:

> There would be other nights when I should go to
> sleep looking forward to tomorrow.
> (Last Things, p. 431)

Tenthly, he is vulnerable to memories. The reader is lucky with this natural leaning of Lewis. Though Lewis is tone-deaf, he is alert to the seasons around him, their flowers and weather and scents. They not only tie him to the world of nature but also tie him to the humans connected with these memories. A good example occurs with the beginning and the final passage in the book on Roy Calvert:

> The night was turning colder still, and our
> breath formed clouds in the twilight air.
> But we were hot with exercise, and Roy did
> not put on his sweater, but knotted the sleeves
> under his chin. A few white petals fell on his
> shoulders on our way towards the car.
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 11)

and

> The may [sic] on the trees was odorous on the cold wind. I felt beside me, closer than anything I saw and yet not close enough to take away the acute and yearning sadness, the face of a young man, mischievous and mocking, the sleeves of his sweater tied round his neck, as we walked away from cricket in the evening light.
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 406)

And as these memories tie the sequence together, so in old age he is tied to his childhood:

> I sat by my mother at her death bed. It was more than forty years before...in my hygienic flower-lined room, I smelt brandy, eau-de-cologne, the warm redolence of the invalid's bedroom.
> (Last Things, p. 203)

Or in middle age, he remembers his first love:

> The smell of the water, of the autumn night, had filled me with a sense, vague but overmastering, of sadness and joy, as though I were played on by a memory...when my first love, long since dead, had told me without kindness that she would come to me.
> (Corridors of Power, p. 165)

Eleventhly, he has a committeeman's mind, a lawyer's knack for the right strategem. Lewis watching a friend in committee in The Sleep of Reason muses:

> He had spoiled his case, I thought irritably. That was what theoreticians called cat-humour. Why didn't they keep it for their seminars?
> (p. 42)

Lewis observing the technique of a lawyer examining an old prison psychiatrist:

> Just for an instant, [the lawyer] was tempted away from his own strategy. He began to ask

> when "our expert" had last been in touch with professional trends? Had he read -? [the lawyer] shook himself. The jury wouldn't like it....
> (The Sleep of Reason, p. 374)

Lewis telling the reader his mind when he is trying to protect his friend Arnold Shaw in committee meeting:

> I had had too much practice at committees to be drawn.
> (The Sleep of Reason, p. 44)

Lewis judging a man as a witness:

> As I listened to [G. S. Clark], he did not seem either saintly or crippled. He was the best witness who had come before the Court. He knew exactly what he had come to say, and without fuss, qualification or misgiving, said it.
> (The Affair, p. 323)

However, he realizes that it is only a certain kind of temperament that works in the spectacular way a lawyer needs in a courtroom or that shows best in committee. His best friend, Roy Calvert, a miracle as a private friend and as a social guest, is ineffectual in committee, for instance:

> Roy never got the ear of a college meeting. He became too ingenious and elaborate; tete-a-tete with any of these men, he was perceptive, but when they were gathered together he became strangely maladroit.
> (The Masters, p. 82)

Finally, he is a polite agnostic. His religious belief thus prevents him from giving the reader a heart-felt believer's view of the world. He will try to convey how a Martineau gives up everything - law practice, influence, possessions - and goes on the road like a begging friar,

how lovingly pious George Passant's father is, how Church-of-England some of the young dons are in the 1950's. He feels that he grasps the mystic's experience, that he has stood exalted before the splendors of the natural world and human existence, but he does not have a religious man's faith in divine guidance and a meaningful plan for the universe in eternity. He is a humanist, not a Christian, a student of mankind and not of God. As he grows older, like Darwin in his Origin of the Species, his most frequent phrases become "I was astonished," "I was amazed," "I was taken by surprise." For those who like to keep a running tab on Lewis versus Snow, Margaret versus Pamela Johnson, Snow tells us this about themselves:

> My wife is a Christian; I should describe myself as a pious agnostic. But both of those attitudes seem to me permissible attitudes to extract from this tangle of insights which we now have into what the natural world is really like.[3]

Finally, under point of view, one can see several interesting facets of Lewis' reflective intelligence at work: how he generalizes and satirizes, what he chooses to dramatize and to analyze, how he handles such tones as irony and nostalgia, and where his poetic sensibilities lie.

He prefers to generalize on individuals more than on types of people. About himself, for instance:

> It had become second nature to listen to confidences and not to offer them.
> (The Masters, p. 4)

He likes to avoid the absolutely categorical and to leave room open for exceptions. Often it is the exception that he wants to emphasize:

> However, when we returned to one of the bright shopping streets, and someone greeted me by name, [my son Charles] did ask, after we had passed on: "What does that feel like?" ..."To tell you the honest truth," I said, "it makes me want to hide." ...He knew that, as a rule, I was not self-conscious, was used to the public life. He did not understand it. But if he didn't understand it, neither did I.
> (The Sleep of Reason, p. 4)

Or he wishes to contrast others with himself:

> Their nerves [Mr. and Mrs. Howard] were steadier than mine, I thought. If I had been in their place, I couldn't have endured to plant myself in the college waiting. However certain I had been of what I was going to hear. In fact the more certain I had been, the more I should have been impelled, by a streak of superstitious touching-wood, which they would both have despised, to make it a bit hard for the good news to catch up with me. In their place, I should have gone for a walk, away from telephones or messengers, and then returned home, hoping the news was there, still wishing that the envelope could stay unopened. Not so these two.
> (The Affair, pp. 173-74)

The same uses of generalizing on the individual, looking for the exception and the contrast can be found for generalizations about other people. "My brother was the most discreet of men," Francis "would always have been fair about them, because he had a strict code of fairness," and "In politics both he and Martin remained liberal and speculative men" (The Affair, pp. 5, 12, 13) are three

typical categorical generalizations about other individuals.

For the exception to the rule:

> "He's an unmitigated swine," [Brown] said.
>
> For an instant I was both astonished and thrown off my stride. I did not know many people more tolerant of others than Brown was. Also, he had spent so many years guarding his speech that it often seemed he couldn't speak in any other way.
>
> Even Brown himself seemed startled at hearing his own outburst.
> (The Affair, p. 21)

or, in a comic manner, Margaret saying goodbye to the Howards visiting the Eliots:

> Margaret, usually gentle-mannered and polite, was out of her chair with alacrity.
> (The Affair, p. 44)

For contrast with others, he generalizes Margaret's attitude towards death:

> She wouldn't have talked, as more protected people might, of any of those figures [of speech] which, by pretending to face the truth, in fact made it easier to bear. The swallow coming out of darkness into the lighted hall, and then out into the darkness again. That was too pretty for her.
> (Last Things, p. 20)

Sometimes the individual is put into a class about which an assertion is made:

> It wasn't the cool, such as Davidson, who felt most passionately about death.
> (Last Things, p. 20)

Sometimes the individual is merely put into a class, and no assertion is made about the class:

> I thought that he was one of the shrewdest managers of people that I had met.
> (The Affair, p. 19)

> Brown was a "pillar of society."
> (The Affair, p. 20)

Sometimes the insight into a type of thing is tied onto a particular example:

> Now he had the warm, sharp-edged, minatory affection that one feels for a protege who has done pretty well.
> (The Affair, p. 23)

To avoid oversimplifying the people, Lewis modifies the extent of his generalizations about them with such words and phrases as usually, often, sometimes:

> He was spontaneous, as he usually seemed to be.
> (The Affair, p. 5)

> He had the wild generosity one so often finds in misfit lives.
> (Corridors of Power, p. 178)

These modifying words of course Lewis uses even more frequently when he generalizes about classes of people and things:

> I sometimes thought it was those who were tempted to be cruel who most wanted to be good.
> (The Conscience of the Rich, p. 122)

> Men with that flaw at the root often spend their lives in pursuing unrequited love.
> (The Conscience of the Rich, p. 223)

> Except for the odd scientist like Walter Luke, people of our origins, making their way into the professional life, tried to take on the sound of the authoritative class.
> (Last Things, p. 267)

Lewis does not generalize widely without these modifying words about whole classes it seems to me, although I have no statistics on his generalizations, merely my impressions. The critics often laugh at the aphorisms Lewis comes up with. Examples typical of these embarrassingly "weighty utterances" - and they are not so plentiful as this critic implies - are found in Last Things, quoted by the Playboy Magazine critic:[4]

> In one's solitude one is unique. Behavior was more important than nature.

Really, as an aphoristic philosopher on classes of things, Lewis comes off well about half the time. Some of his better aphorisms from Last Things:

> Persons in search of advisors had a singular gift for choosing...those who would produce the advice they wanted to hear.
> (p. 116)

> Always, if you were the one staying behind, you were wishing, even though you were saying goodbye to someone you loved, that it was over.
> (p. 428)

> Two men struggling for the same post could, for a fluctuating instant, feel closer than any friends.
> (p. 424)

> One of the first lessons you learned in any sort of professional life was that you should never be ill. It reduced your mana.
> (p. 195)

> Charles and his circle were more genuinely international than any of us had been... It was the poor world that captured their imagination.
> (p. 242)

Again, I do not have statistics, but merely general impressions, but it seems that the difference between Lewis Eliot as narrator of the sequence and C. P. Snow as speaker in such essays as those in Variety of Men is that Snow likes to generalize more on classes of things and is seldom caught up in the weighty aphorisms the critics find from Lewis Eliot.

Lewis satirizes snobbery, egotism, and harmless quirks.

Snow's remarks on satire have been misunderstood. These occur in an analysis of closed politics as it concerns Tizard-Lindemann-Churchill. Snow has been trying to explain real politics, not to criticize it (Compare Interview, p. 106). He wants the reader to understand how things really happen. As a realist, he believes that one must see realistically before one can reform.

> In all closed politics the three forms I have isolated - committee politics, hierarchical politics, court politics, interweave, interact, and shift from one to the other. That is independent of the objectives, which may be good or bad; it is simply the way men have to operate, in order to get anything done at all. I do not mean that as satire. Satire is cheek. It is the revenge of those who cannot really comprehend the world or cope with it. No, I mean my description of politics to be taken as neutral statements. So far as I have been able to observe anything, this is how the world ticks - not only our world, but also the future world one can imagine, juster and more sensible than ours. It seems to me important that men of good will should make an effort to understand how the world ticks; it is the only way to make it tick better.
>
> (Science and Government, p. 66)

In Science and Government, it would be out of place to satirize instead of explaining. Certainly in the sequence Lewis explains the psychology of those people whom he satirizes. And it is people that he satirizes, not institutions or events. Other narrators would satirize a college meeting, a wine-tasting party in Brown's rooms, a job interview, a meeting of revolutionist Cambridge students - but not Lewis. Lewis keeps to individuals - although the one act plays Snow wrote with his wife, Pamela Johnson, show Snow perfectly capable of comedy of situations. So in context of the sequence, "satire is cheek" means that the use of satire and nothing else, no realistic exploration of the satirized characters' psychology, would show Lewis' inability to comprehend and cope with the world.

Satire, the witty criticism of vices and follies, is always gently used by Lewis. He even makes the reader love the snobs: one understands their defenses, their weaknesses, and yet it is delightful to hear them exposing themselves in their harmless snobbery. Lord Boscastle and his sister, Mrs. Royce, are the two main snobs in the sequence.

The satire of Mrs. Royce (Lady Mu) isn't done to show vices and follies for their own sake but to show the sensitive compassion Roy Calvert has for a complicated, unhappy woman like Mrs. Royce. It also makes her troubled character less painful for the reader to bear. She gets

confused into intellectual malapropisms in the small talk she thinks she must make in her position as wife of the Master. But she is obsessed with the family house at Boscastle. Her comic tag is her phrase "our house" (The Masters, pp. 16, 21).

The tag for Lord Boscastle's snobbery is "I'm afraid I don't know the fellow" (The Masters, p. 17). He brings it out whenever someone seems to threaten his exclusive status. But his snobbery is innocuous: he never threatens anyone's happiness; he doesn't have political or economic power. And Joan, his niece, laughs at him, and Roy Calvert, with his mischievous games that Lewis enjoys so much, mimics him.

Old Gay, the scholar of the Icelandic Sagas, is not a snob but an egoist. He too has his comic tags, as if he were a character out of Dickens. Congratulate seems to be his favorite condescending word; his ("my") Norse men his favorite allusion and comparison, and "a _____ and a half" his usual tag:

> "That was a cat and a half."
> (The Masters, p. 41)

> "Ah, that was a book and a half."
> (The Masters, p. 280)

Some of the harmless quirks satirized by Lewis are Mr. March's photographic memory which he loves to let go, Hector Rose's profuse thanks for someone walking down a hallway to see him, Herbert Getliffe's slips in memory,

Mrs. Beauchamp's noiseyness and open invitations to matrimony, Mrs. Henneker's enthusiastic persistence about the memoirs of her husband, Howard's roughneckisms, Sawbridge's laconisms, Ronald Porson's social belligerences, Irene Eliot's yelping laughter, and Winslow's saturnine epigrams. Usually Lewis lets these people expose themselves by their own words, but sometimes his reflective intelligence comments:

> In the afternoon I attended a departmental meeting, Rose in the chair. He hadn't spoken to me that morning; he greeted me with overflowing politeness, as though I were a valuable acquaintance whom he had not seen for months. No one round the table could have guessed that we had been sitting side by side, in anxiety, the night before.
> (Corridors of Power, p. 384)

Some critics have sharply attacked Snow for summarizing and analyzing in the wrong places instead of dramatizing. LeRoy Smith, for instance, goes into detail to explain that

> In scene after scene throughout the nine novels the possibilities of dramatic development are ignored or are used only to lead up to or provide the opportunity for commentary. Where dramatic development occurs, it is characteristically interrupted by, subordinated to, or replaced by analysis. Action merely provides a frame for commentary. Scenes serve as bridges between passages of analysis. Dialogue appears not at the climax of a scene, but on the way to it, but climax is blunted by a switch to exposition. What promised to be climactic becomes anticlimactic because its dramatic quality is vitiated by commentary, its edge is removed by foreshadowing or

> flat reporting, or there is a deliberate playing down of dramatic possibilities.[5]

Much of what Smith says can be attacked by examination of the plays made from three of the novels, where the dialogue is often lifted straight from the novels or by an appreciation of the hindsight that Lewis has as narrator.

When there is a chance for character to be shown in action or speech, for comedy, for visual and audible clashes of minds, goals, and motives, Lewis dramatizes, as one would assume that any good modern writer would. He does not have turns in the plot like the nineteenth century installment writers, so he does not worry much about dramatizing turns in the plot. The plays do, of course. See, for instance, the dramatic way Act I of The Affair ends. There is only a perfunctory attempt to use this dramatic turn at the end of chapter six in the novel. The stories are not concerned with dramatic revelations, so there are few to dramatize.

Lewis summarizes of course biographical detail, the setting and description. There is no real use for such information to be presented in page-consuming dialogue.

He analyzes whenever the reflective intelligence is needed to put facts into perspective, to see people or events from hindsight, from Lewis' total knowledge of the people or events up to the time he narrates, when he wishes to guess intelligently, to generalize about a person's character, to get behind conversation and appearances. Much

of his decision comes from his realistic psychology. Virtuous people, he says in Sleep of Reason (p. 427), don't usually talk much about virtue.

Thus Lewis gives dialogue whenever there is a chance for Winslow or Gay to talk, action and talk when Roy is comforting a "brother" who depends on him or when he is out for mischief, when Martin confronts Lewis on possessive love, or when Charles March tries to break away from his father.

He gives thumbnail sketches which let the characters live for the reader in the same background as they live in Lewis' mind. He gives the weather or seasonal image or few stage properties to make the action go on really here on earth, not in nevernever land.

He analyzes when hindsight can see how Francis Getliffe all through life has disciplined himself to self-control, justice, high goals, when the opposites at work in George Passant must be explained, when he knows enough about Crawford to guess that Crawford envies Jago's sexual charm, when a stranger could never guess Martin's intentions, when nothing in the conversation would ever hint that Hector Rose trusts but does not like Lewis.

Lewis' usual tone is that of the sympathetic spectator of his characters' lives in those novels not about himself and serious analysis, not much to be amused about, in those about himself. He does not think he is a saint or a leader, but there has not been much to laugh at in his

ambitious, painful, and somewhat successful life. He is not wryly amused by himself. But when he wishes, he can be ironic or dry, entertained or inspired, bitten with nostalgia, moved by pathos.

In his dialogue of course he does not try to bring out his own wit (Pamela Johnson noticed this in 1950: "Three Novelists," p. 89) but reveals his enjoyment by letting someone else be ironic or dry. For instance, when Sir Horace, a potential benefactor to the college, flounders onto the subject of the chapel service, Lewis is careful to report Winslow's dry response:

> Winslow greeted Sir Horace with his usual sarcastic courtesy. The conversation spurted and floundered. Sir Horace turned uneasily to the chapel service.
>
> "I was very much impressed by your service, Mr. Winslow. There was nothing showy about it, you know what I mean?"
>
> "Indeed?' said Winslow.
>
> "I thought the chapel was very fine," Sir Horace persisted. "It's a very good bit of eighteenth century panelling you've got - I suppose it must be eighteenth century, mustn't it?"
>
> "I'm sure you're right, Sir Horace," said Winslow. "But you're bound to be a far better authority than I am. I've only been inside the chapel to elect Masters."
>
> (The Masters, p. 128)

Why should one be ironic or dry when he can produce a Winslow, a Roy, a Hector Rose to dramatize it for him? So the point is, Lewis is not ironic or dry through himself but through

his characters. Also, his entertained tone will not be usually in his narrative or analysis but will be hinted in the verbatim dialogue or monologue coming in full gush from other characters. Examples would be the monologues from Mr. March.

On the other hand, he is inspired by success, by luck, and by love, and he tells how he feels:

> [Luke's success] warmed one to the bottom of the heart.
> (The Masters, p. 318)

> The afternoon became a fervent, flushed, pulsing and exuberant time. This I could do; I was immersed in a craftsman's pleasure. (Lewis taking an examination: The Conscience of the Rich, p. 3)

> Waiting for her, I was alight with hope.
> (Time of Hope, p. 262)

> Twenty minutes before I had been on edge lest anyone...should pass the window and see us sitting there. Now, although we were smiling at each other and our faces would have given us away to an acquaintance, I felt that secrets did not matter, or more exactly that no one could notice us; I had been taken by one of those states, born of understanding, desire and joy, in which we seem to ourselves anonymous and safe. It was a state which I had seen dangerous to discrete men going through an illicit love-affair, when suddenly, in a fugue of astonished bliss, such a man can behave as if he believed himself invisible.
> (Homecoming, p. 271)

To such luck as his eye healing, his son getting well from meningitis, he responds with understatement or sweat, giddiness, and sleepy joy (The Sleep of Reason, p. 182; Homecoming, pp. 394-96).

Nostalgia he responds to like Proust, except more tersely: he is apt to name a character from Remembrance of Things Past and to give a paragraph about his psychology and the memory:

> Just then I heard Taylor talking in a quiet voice to his neighbor. Taylor was off to Berlin, so he was saying, to see some of the Orientalists there: he produced a couple of names, then one that, nearly twenty years before, I had heard from Roy Calvert, Kohlhammer. The name meant nothing to me. I had never met the man. I did not know what his speciality was. Yet hearing that one word mumbled, in a pinched Midland accent, by Taylor, I was suddenly made to wince by the past. No, it was not the past, it was the sadness of the friend dead over ten years before, present as it used to be. That single name gave me a stab of grief, sickening as a present grief - whereas the name of Roy Calvert himself I had heard without emotion. Often enough in the college, I had looked up at the window of his old sitting-room, or as at the feast made up my own Charlusian roll-call of the dead - all with as little homesickness as though I were being shown round a new library. But at the sound of that meaningless German name, I felt the present grief.
>
> (The Affair, p. 63)

His poetic sensibilities seem to lie in such Proustian moments of recall often tied to the weather, of which the critic Charles Brady calls him an epicure (p. 539). To landscape he responds with a touch for the clean, vivid image or two, which give a quick sense of being there. He is open, like his son's favorite Hobbits, to the cosy comforts of fireplace and the reading lamp:

> One...hurried back to the cosy island in front of the fireplace, the pool of light

> from the reading lamp on the mantelpiece,
> the radiance which was more pleasant because
> of the cold air one had just escaped.
> (The Masters, p. 3)

He is naturally moved to terse lyricism by love:

> It might have been a holiday long forgotten
> or an illness in childhood, as I lay there
> in a content so absolute that it was itself
> a joy, not just a successor of joy, gazing up
> at the ceiling. In the crook of my arm
> Margaret's neck was resting; she too was
> gazing up.
> (Homecoming, p. 120)

He is open to London, even to modern London with its trash:

> As we got off at Marble Arch and walked
> along the pavement rustling with litter,
> under the trees, Margaret gave a smile of
> pretended sarcasm and said: "Yes, I suppose
> there are some who'd say we had come through."
>
> I put my arm round her and held her as we
> walked slowly, as slowly as though we planned
> to spin the evening's happiness out. The
> vestigial headache, seeping in with the
> saturated air, seemed like a sensual ache.
> There was a smell of hot grass and fumes,
> and, although the lime was almost over, just
> once I fancied that I caught the last of it.
> (Homecoming, pp. 398-99)

He is also tied to lights from windows and the idea of home, analyzed in Chapter V.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTER IV

Although there are many interesting biographical and ideological parallels and a few differences between Snow and his narrator, the aesthetic distance between the two can be seen in the realistic psychology Lewis pursues, especially in his non-satirical criticism of himself. But the truly interesting thing about Lewis as point of view is not his parallels with Snow but how his mind works. One can see that Lewis as narrator has such biases as a belief that, as understood by the reflective intelligence, character is revealed in physiognomy and smiles, a dislike for people who have had an easy life without much self-questioning, a humanistic love for people and for the undiplomatic, though he sees the necessity for diplomacy, a difficulty in being objective about his friends, a managerial point of view, a skepticism towards systematized psychology, a penchant for yea-saying, a vulnerability for memories, a mind appreciative of law and committee technique, and a polite agnosticism. His reflective intelligence generalizes especially on individuals, not classes. It gently satirizes snobbery, egotism, and harmless quirks, not social institutions. It analyzes at appropriate moments, leaving drama for effective

comedy and character when it can be seen by action and speech, or the visual and audible clash of mind, goal, and motive. It leaves irony to dialogue, not to the narrator's comments, but puts inspiration and nostalgia into Lewis' own comments to the reader. It ties Lewis' poetic sensibilities to terse Proustian evocations of weather, to cosy scenes, to modern London, love, the lighted window, and home.

ENDNOTES, CHAPTER IV

[1]"The World of Power and Groups," The Times Literary Supplement, October 23, 1970, p. 1223.

[2]"Three Novelists and the Drawing of Character," English Association: Essays and Studies, London, New Series 3 (1950), 84.

[3]C. P. Snow, "Writer's Luck," American Academy of Arts and Letters: Proceedings, November 6, 1961, p. 191.

[4]Playboy, October, 1970, pp. 26, 30.

[5]LeRoy Smith, "C. P. Snow as Novelist: A Delimitation," South Atlantic Quarterly 64 (1965), 329.

Chapter V

A DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF TIME

This chapter examines how much Lewis Eliot is able to live in the present moment, how much he is tied emotionally to the future and the past. Usually, studies on time in a novel apply themselves to such mechanical aspects as representational time versue historical time, the use of flashbacks or flashaheads, Proustian moments, and psychological time versus chronological time. This chapter, on the contrary, studies time as Lewis makes it available to himself, how he has come to terms with time. In a way it is a study of Lewis' emotions and five senses and his relationship to his selfhood. Any subconscious evidence he drops is important, but in general what he consciously tells the reader about the use of time by his psyche is examined. The chapter examines how much he lives in a present essentially untied to the past and future (in so far as that is possible) and then how he lives in those present moments tied to the past or the future.

It is not often that Lewis seems to be living in the present moment untied to the past or future. What one would expect, the moments of well-being and joy are

usually connected emotionally with the past or the future. Some of these moments of joy have already been discussed under antithesis, and one will be discussed in a moment under "nothingness." The chapter in Last Things called "Waking up to Well-Being" is ironic of course and will be omitted. Often Lewis' emotional state seems to be irrelevant to the plot it is unfastening, and he does not tell how he feels about himself. But there are clearly places in the sequence where he seems to be aware of pleasantly living in the present moment, untouched by anxiety or the persistent, nameless dread which nags him, unstretched by his hopes, more than comfortable with himself, elated in his being for no particular reason. A particular reason would of course tie him to the past or the future.

One of the first examples in the sequence occurs in his youth, before he reaches puberty: watching a cricket match. As in all competitive games, the interest in this is tied to his zest for competition, but essentially here the fascination is for the present:

> Soon I had no time to attend to my father. I was immersed, tense with the breath-taking freshness of the first minutes of play. The wickets gleamed in the sun, the ball flashed, the batsmen played cautious strokes; I swallowed with excitement at each ball.
> (Time of Hope, p. 14)

One notices the sense data.

Even more clearly, the opening scene of Time of Hope, before the sense of overwhelming dread drops on him, shows

the nine-year-old Lewis in the child's comfortable accommodation to the physical present. The passage, from which I shall quote only a short section, is filled with sense data from nature:

> I went home alone, tired and happy after the day in the sun. I was not in a hurry, and walked along, basking in the warm evening. The scent of the lime trees hung over the suburban streets; lights were coming on in some of the houses; the red brick of the new church was roseate in the sunset glow.
>
> (Time of Hope, p. 3)

One feels that Lewis is living in the present because he seems appreciative of the sense data for themselves, untied to memory or longing. Similarly, the opening scene of The Masters gives Eliot basking in sensuous comfort in the present moment:

> I was comfortable in my armchair, relaxed and content. There was no need to move.
>
> (The Masters, pp. 3-4)

The reader is told the weather, the room temperatures, the play of firelight. One begins to suspect that when Lewis gives sense data for a sense of season and place and does not tie them to the past, he is doing more than simply orienting the reader to a realistic setting - it is metaphor for saying that he is living comfortably in the present:

> I looked round for my gown, all of us on our way to the combination room. The room itself looked transformed from when it was laid for wine at night: a blotter, a neat pile of scribbling paper, an inkwell, pens and pencils, stood in each place instead of glasses; covered

> with paper, the table shown white, orderly, bleak; the curtains were not drawn, though the wall lights were switched on, and through the windows came the cold evening light. The room seemed larger, and its shape was changed.
> (The Masters, p. 79)

As one might expect, the lover, physically satisfied, lying in the arms of his sweetheart, unlike the Dylan-Thomas lovers ("their arms round the griefs of the ages"), is joyfully alert to the present. Lewis shows only one such scene (Homecoming, p. 120). He makes a gratuitous reference to the past, but one feels that he is merely trying to explain that he is involved in pure nowness.

Thirdly, watching with his wife his one-year-old child playing, Lewis is joyfully tied to the present, not thinking of the son growing up or the erotic struggles Lewis has gone through to get here. Again, a gratuitous comparison is made to the past for mere clarity:

> Looking at him, I was suffused with pleasure, pleasure unqualified. In the days when Margaret and I first lay together watching the firelight on the ceiling, I thought that I had not known before the sweetness of life, and that here it was. Here it was also, as I looked at the little boy....
> (Homecoming, p. 354)

Another kind of living purely in the present is living in no-time. These no-time moments are explicitly the moments Lewis gets lost in his reading:

> I found some matches, climbed on the table, lit the gas lamp, then settled down to read. Since I had arrived at the house, found all serene, seen my mother, I was completely

> reassured. I was wrapped in the security of childhood. Just as the misery had been eternal, so was this. The dread had vanished. For those moments, which I remembered all my life, had already passed out of mind the day they happened. I curled up on the sofa and lost myself in The Captain.
> (Time of Hope, p. 5)

The idiom "to lose oneself" refers to this emersion into a present no-time, common to all readers, when one does not tie his aspirations, regrets, or memories to what he is reading.

There must be another kind of no-time, where one is not aware of his own self, his own existence, his own body collecting sense data, his own emotional response, but like a smooth machine performs his functions. It would be a sense of time like a human body untouched by euphoria and unnoticed because it gives no trouble. This is a use of time untugged by the past or future, unenhanced by physical euphoria and untainted by egoism, any thoughts of self. These are the moments when a narrator becomes disembodied spectator and narrator, a voice without emotion. Lewis seems unable to tell anything without registering his own emotional attitudes towards it.

There are also the occasions when the tension eases and one gains the exhilaration of the easing of the muscles. A theoretician could make a case that one is tied to the past for his exhilaration, but it seems to me the sense is one of the exaltation of the present moment. The best

example in the sequence is the occasion when Lewis and Margaret learn that their son Charles will recover from meningitis (Homecoming, pp. 393-94).

Lewis' confrontation with Nothingness in his old age finally lets him live in the present:

> There was nothing which gave me a greater sense of calm or of something more liberating than calm. November 28, 1965. That morning, round about half-past eleven, I might have died. I liked telling myself that. Nothing had ever been so steadying, not at all bizarre or nerveracking, just steadying: nothing had set me so free...it made one's concerns, even those which before the relevant morning would have weighed one down, appear not so much silly as non-existent...everything disappeared, longings, hopes, fears, ego...as though troubles past or to come had been dissolved, and become one with the moment in which I was watching the car's lights move across the bedroom wall.
> (Last Things, pp. 214-15)

Lewis is trying to explain what his confrontation with his own death does for him for a while. He was terrified all the night after he had been told that his heart had stopped during the operation for almost four minutes. That night he lived in the presence of terror, an awful kind of living in the present:

> There was no alleviation, no complexity, nor, what had helped in bad times before, no observer just behind my mind, injecting into unhappiness and fear a kind of taunting irony, mixed up with hope. No, nothing of that. This was a pure state and apart from it I had, all through the night, no existence. All through that night? That wasn't how I lived it. The night went from moment to moment. There mightn't be another.
> (Last Things, p. 166)

He of course picks up all the hospital sounds and touches and the hallucinations in his blinded eyes. He is frustrated and lives in the present in fright:

> It was abject to have no interest - or even, so it seemed, as though every second of the night was precious - for anything but fright. (Last Things, p. 167)

He tries to figure out what he is frightened of in death. He discovers what does not preoccupy him:

> One had no interest left, except in the absolute loneliness. Questions that had once been fascinating - they had no meaning. Politics, the world, what would men think about one's work: that was a blank. Friends, wife, son, all the future: that was as dead a blank.
> (Last Things, p. 168)

After the doctors visit him the next day he goes to sleep, wakes up with a "sense of well-being" and then starts worrying, terrified by the future (p. 175). Then Margaret comes to visit and stays much of the day with him, trying to reassure him. When she leaves, he is visited by moods which he realizes are unstable and unreliable, and he wakes up the second morning "with a curious indifference, as though I hadn't energy to waste" (p. 182). He tells Margaret to get him some likeable visitors. He wakes up the third night with "a benign and strangely innocent happiness" which he can describe only by comparing it to things in the past, although it is not anything in the past that makes him happy. This is his first experience of living in the present joyfully with Nothingness:

> ...I was immediately taken over by a benign and strangely innocent happiness. I didn't for an instance understand it. It was different in kind from any happiness that I had known, utterly different from the serenity, the half-complaisant satisfaction, in which I had gone about after refusing the government job. Perhaps the nearest approach would be nights when I had wakened and recalled a piece of work that had gone well. But that wasn't very near - this didn't have an element of memory or self-concern. It was as innocent as nights when I woke up as a child and enjoyed the sound of a lashing storm outside. It was so benign that I did not want to go to sleep again.
>
> (Last Things, pp. 186-87)

Then the next few days he has visitors - Francis, Pat. The doctor decides to let him use his one good eye. He practices just looking at an orange - absorbing himself in sense data similarly to catching the sense data of living in the present moment - as someone once told him to. He finds himself humorously bored (p. 199). His son Charles comes up to see him, and Lewis has a Proustian recall of his mother's deathbed room while Charles is not saying much because Charles is so self-conscious (pp. 200-03). Later that day Maurice brings the Anglican priest to see Lewis, and the priest argues that Lewis did not really "die" and warns Lewis to be generous in judging himself (p. 211). These are the events which have preceded this fifth night, when Lewis has his reorientation to Nothingness. At first he wants to lie in the dark, thinking. This is his second experience of joyfully living in the present with Nothingness:

> I was serene and content, I didn't mind lying awake: which in fact I did, luxuriously, looking out one-eyed into the dark bedroom.
> (Last Things, p. 212)

He lies in the dark, aware of the occasional lights he sees, remembering scenes from his youth and middle age. Then his sense of the freedom of Nothingness falls onto him, disengaged from the journey or progress from birth to death, T_o to T_1 (p. 214).

In a way living in the present sounds like Lewis' idea of continuous creation. He uses this phrase to criticize the biographer's term "an interesting life":

> A slice disappeared, was replaced again. Something was lost, something new came in. All the time it looked to oneself as though there was not much change, nor deterioration, nor journey towards an end. Didn't each of our lives, to ourselves as we lived them, seem, much more often than not, like a process of continuous creation.
> (Last Things, p. 219)

But in spite of his theory of continuous creation, he seems only occasionally to be able to live consciously in the present.

John Wain once began a book with the words, "The moment he decided to commit suicide, Edgar began to live in the present."[1] The point is that it is difficult for one to learn to live consciously in the present. Certain yoga exercises, certainly alien to Lewis, have been developed to make one more aware of living in the present. The writer Camus in his The Stranger captures his protagonist's

awareness of living in the present. But Meursault is a stranger among humans who are tied like Lewis emotionally to the past and future. Emotionally and spiritually, Lewis does not live much in the present. He orientates himself, emotionally and spiritually knows himself and others by his references to the past and the future. This is probably true for most people, and now I shall show how it works out for Lewis Eliot.

As a narrator, Lewis functions better of course because he does tie himself and his acquaintances to the past and the future. Life as a story is not a happening, occurring spontaneously in the present moment. Life indeed, as Lewis says, is a continuous creation, but it rides on the crest of the past into the waters of the future. I am not thinking of a purely academic idea of a person existing entirely in the present, but of a person who lives in general in the present. To such a person the whole impact of such a scene as the opening of Homecoming would be meaningless except the weather and landscape of the opening paragraph.

What are some of the more important things that tie Lewis emotionally and spiritually to the past? What are his attitudes towards these chains? How do the chains tug?

I do not wish to expatiate upon them, but I shall mention the habits he has carried with him, such as the exposition of a problem or idea over a bottle of wine and the careful listening necessary to a confidant and lawyer.

Also he has learned judicious caution from his early poverty and the trickiness of winning in his profession and in power situations. He responds to many optimistic situations with the caution of superstition perhaps caught from his mother. His privacy about himself, his real self, gives him certain social advantages and erotic disadvantages. Living through the Depression makes him less open to the economic freedoms of the 1960's than his son Charles and more tied to his career and work. So does his ambition instilled by his mother and the grip of the provincial small town. Detailed examination of these chains would furnish out a long chapter. Instead, what I wish to expatiate on are revealed in the Proustian moments of recall and the symbols that tie him emotionally and spiritually to the past.

The main symbol, the window, especially the lighted window, draws him - as it also draws Luke - with the sense of the outsider envying a life denied to him, a life of content, happiness, success, and love:

> From the houses on each side of Muriel's, lighted windows were already shining. Looking at one of them, amber curtains drawn with a chink between them, a standard lamp just visible, for an instant a shape passing across, I felt a curiosity, or something softer like a yearning, which when I was younger I should have thought inadmissible, maudlin, and nevertheless undeniable, and which was just as undeniable now. Once, long before, when I was an outsider, gazing at strangers'

> windows from the nocturnal streets, it might have been explicable that I should have imagined the hearth-glow of homes such as I didn't have: when I longed for one to return to. Often I had pretended to myself that it was sheer inquisitiveness about others' lives, trying to feel proud because I wasn't tamed and was on my own. That wasn't altogether false. The inquisitiveness was there also. Walking with Maurice on the sombre Christmas afternoon, two or three years ago, I had been oddly gratified - more than the event deserved - as he pointed to lighted rooms in the derelict squares and told me some of the stories that lay behind.
>
> Yet that evening in Muriel's garden, when curiosity and longing ought both to have been satisfied, I felt the same emotion as I should have felt as a young man. Habits, I had told myself before this, at a time when I had learned less, lived longer than freedoms. Sometimes they told one more about oneself.
>
> (Last Things, p. 351)

The Proustian moments tie him emotionally and spiritually to his parents, friends, love, anxiety, and country. They are often tied to the window symbol, and the window symbol to the idea of a perfect homecoming:

> I had been upset by the sound of the young woman's name...it was not for her sake that I left the party, went out into Glebe Place, turned down towards the Embankment, and, without realizing it, towards the house I had lived in years before. I was not driven so because of anything that happened at that party; no, it was because, for the first time in years, my grief over Sheila had come back, as grinding as when, after her death, I went into our empty room.
>
> At the first murmur of Robinson's voice, I had felt a presentiment; listening to what otherwise might have amused me, I had been rigid, nails against my palms, but still

impervious, until, when I asked the young woman her name, the reply set loose a flood of the past. Yet I had only heard that name before in circumstances entirely undramatic, having nothing to do with Sheila or her death: perhaps Charles March had mentioned it in the days we saw each other most often, before either of us had married, walking about in London or at his father's country-house. That was all; but the flood that name set loose drove me down the dark turning of Cheyne Row towards the river.

Down Cheyne Row the windows were shining, from the pub at the Embankment corner voices hallooed. I was beset as though I were still married and was going through the back streets on my way home.

I was not seeing, nor even remembering: it was not her death that was possessing me: it was just that, walking quickly beside the bright houses, their windows open to the hot evening breeze, I had nothing but a sense of failure, loss, misery. The years before, when I received bad news, fresher and more sharply wounding, the news of Margaret's child, I could put a face on it, and make myself shove the sadness away. Now this older sadness overcame me: my stoicism would not answer me. I felt as I had not done since I was eight years old, tears on my cheeks.

Soon I was standing outside the house, which since I left it in the spring after Sheila died, I had not been near, which I had made detours not to see. Yet the sight dulled my pain, instead of sharpening it. One outer wall had been blasted down, so that, where Mrs. Wilson used to have her sitting-room, willowherb was growing, and on the first floor a bath jutted nakedly against the cloud-dark sky. The light from an Embankment lamp fell on the garden-path where grass had burst between the flags.

Gazing up at the house I saw the windows boarded up. Among them I could pick out those of our bedroom and the room next door.

> In that room Sheila's body had lain. The thought scarcely touched me, I just looked up at the boards, without much feeling, sad but with a kind of hypnotised relief.
>
> I did not stay there long. Slowly, under the plane trees, past the unpainted and sun-blistered houses, I walked along the Embankment to my flat. The botanical gardens were odorous in the humid wind, and on the bridge the collar of lights was shivering. Once the thought struck me: had I come home? Was it the same home, from which I had not been able to escape? The lonely flat - how different was it from the house I had just stood outside?
>
> (Homecoming, pp. 221-22)

The triggers to these Proustian moments are usually a name, a smell, or a window. The occasion will be unpredictable, the emotion hard to guess.

For time has a way of changing the content of a feeling, especially after Lewis' vision of Nothing:

> Moments which might originally have been miserable or joyous - they were all content-giving now. Lying awake as a child, hearing my father and some choral friends singing down below: walking with Sheila on a freezing winter night: sitting tired and ill by the sea, wondering how I could cope with the next term at the bar: triumph after an examination result, drinking, chucking glasses into the fireplace.
>
> (Last Things, p. 218)

All except the chains of anxiety and shames he loves because they seem to give him his spiritual and emotional identity. Although he can regret some of his experience, he will not repudiate it, for it is he and the realist cannot deny his past. When he sits in judgment on himself, the remorse occurs to him -

> I could still think with displeasure about what I had done, and wish that whole episodes or stretches of years might be wiped away. But I wished that, and still felt a kind of joy, with no angst there...when I was recovering from the first operation, and Charles March had said that it was impossible to regret one's own experience, I had on the moment been doubtful, and later... utterly denied it. I did regret, sometimes passionately, sometimes with remorse, but more often with impatience, a good deal of my youth.
>
> (Last Things, p. 215)

but he is, in his old age, tied to his other memories:

> Yet, as I lay in bed, it wasn't the remorse - the tainted passages, the days, the years - that became mixed up with this present moment... I was vulnerable to memories, I wanted to be, some I was forcing back to mind. They were what remained, not the judgments or the regrets.
>
> (Last Things, p. 218)

Lewis has been tied to the future all his life by his ambition, his idiot hope, love, and in his old age by his psychic heart.

In spite of his retirement from his mother's possessive love, he takes, one feels, his ambition from her hopes. He gets his ambition from his past, and it drives him into the future. However, his own possessive love for Martin and his son Charles, he repudiates, even though it is like hers which drove him to success. Lewis makes it very clear how his mother filled him with ambition:

> My mother talked to me about the hopes of her youth, her family, her snobbish ambitions, her feeling for my father, her need that I should rectify all that had gone wrong in her life.
>
> (Time of Hope, p. 32)

and

> I was marked out as the instrument of fortune. Since the bankruptcy, she had invested all her hopes in me.
> (Time of Hope, p. 36)

Before he meets George Passant, who will give him direction, he wanders around uncomfortable in the present, longing for a meaningful future:

> During the summer after my mother's death I used to walk to the office in the warm and misty mornings; there was a smell of rain freshening the dusty street, and freshening my hopes as well, as I walked along, chafing at another wasted day ahead...I gazed down into the sunlit street, and my mind was filled with plans and fancies, with hope and the first twist of savage discontent. My plans were half-fancies still...I was angry that no one gave advice that seemed ambitious enough.
> (Time of Hope, p. 89)

George finally suggests that Lewis be articled to a law firm and work to become a solicitor, but Lewis is willing to gamble for higher stakes, "to choose the wilder gamble, and read for the Bar" (Time of Hope, p. 119). His decision exhilarates him, "flooding me with a sense of champagne-like risk and power" (Time of Hope, p. 119).

The window symbol is tied to his ambition:

> I was pushed forward by the desires, longings, the inarticulate aspirations, of my mother and all her relatives, my grandfather and all his companions arduously picking up their artisan culture, all my connections who had stood so long outside the shop-windows staring at the glittering toys inside.
> (Time of Hope, p. 171)

and at the time of his Bar examination:

> In the warm May evening...I walked at leisure down Park Lane and through the great squares. Some of the houses were brilliant with lights, and through the open doors I saw staircases curving down to the wide halls. Cars drove up, and women swept past me on the pavement into those halls, leaving their perfume on the hot still air. In my youth, in my covetousness and pride and excitement, I thought that my time would come and that I too should entertain in such a house.
> (Time of Hope, p. 255)

I have already quoted in the chapter on antithesis his joy after the Bar examination, how he dreams of the rewards of the future: fame, riches, the world, love (Time of Hope, p. 257).

By 1933, the year he takes a tutorship at Cambridge, he can summarize his life. A bit of pollen in the air takes him back ten years to "the chalky air in Marion's classroom" (Time of Hope, p. 406). Ten years ago, he says, he had challenged the future "for a better world, for fame, for love" (Time of Hope, p. 406). None of these he had got. But his idiot hope ties him to the future:

> I was twenty-eight, and I could still hope. Those random encouragements were blowing in the warm wind, and I felt, as well as the strength of acceptance, a hope of the fibres, a hope of young manhood.
> (Time of Hope, p. 407)

Roy Calvert once said to Lewis that perfect lucidity would make one give up. He felt that Lewis luckily covers his eyes at the last minute. "Otherwise, why should you go on?" (The Light and the Dark, p. 382) Roy sounds half-envious,

half-ironic. "You'll always have a bit of idiot hope, won't you?" he continues. "I'm glad that you always will." Lewis in his old age evidently agrees with Roy. Twice in Last Things, one of these on the final page, he asks, "Who would dare to look in the mirror of his future?" (pp. 214, 431). The reference is to the future without the glasses of idiot hope, without the eyes covered at the last minute.

Yet the last thing told the reader in the sequence is Lewis' urge (and mankind's) into the future:

> There was still a flux of energy, of transformation, yes tantalisingly an inadmissible hope....
> (Last Things, p. 429)

and

> Whether one liked it or not, one was propelled by a process of renewal, or hope, or will, that wasn't in the strictest sense one's own. That was as true, as far as I could judge first-hand, for the old as well as the young.
> (Last Things, p. 430)

In stories of the young man from the provinces making his way up into the world, to live so much in the future would be expected. But having won love, honor, fame, riches, and still to look with exhilaration towards the future is unusual. Most tales stop before the end or show disenchantment with the goals.

This anticipation of the future Lewis regards as the healthy function of his "psychic heart":

> Themes of a lifetime wore themselves out: But we weren't left empty...somehow the

> psychic heart went on pumping, giving one a new or transformed lease on existence....
> (Last Things, p. 220)

and

> Muriel was bound to discover that her life was going to surprise her: and mine... hadn't finished with me...even when one came to the last hard core of feeling - interests worn out, both kinds of love...now slackened - when one came to confront oneself alone, then still there was a flux of energy, of transformation, yes tantalisingly an inadmissible hope....
> (Last Things, p. 429)

Thus in answer to the critic Jones, one can say that training the heart to living in the future exhilarates Lewis even in old age, he has fed on idiot hope so long.

The history of Lewis' ambition is carefully studied by Lewis in the sequence. The sequence is not, as Jones would have us believe, merely Snow's interesting career. Lewis is perfectly conscious of the ambition in his life. Although once by appearances, Lewis' brother Martin claims that Lewis has sacrificed himself to personal relationships (The New Men, p. 272), Lewis knows perfectly well that he has always been driven by ambition. He freely and frequently admits it. Back in 1923, he had admitted it to a friend:

> "I want success...I don't mean to spend my life unknown...I want everything that people call success. Plus a few requirements of my own...And if I fail I shan't make any excuses. I shall say that it is my own fault."
> (Time of Hope, pp. 107-08)

Out of ambition he gambled with luck in his youth:

> If my luck held at every point and I came through, there were rewards, not only money, though I wanted that. It gave me a chance, so I thought then, of the paraphernalia of success, luxury and name and, yes, the admiration of women.
>
> There was nothing more lofty about my ambition at that time, nothing at all. It had none of the complexity or aspiration of a mature man's ambition - and also none of the moral vanity.
> (Time of Hope, p. 120)

Then Lewis shows us his five years of struggle with law training, getting established in a law career, his illness, his ill-fated marriage. At the age of twenty-eight, in 1933, he summarizes where he is:

> I had longed for fame: and I was a second-rate lawyer.
> (Time of Hope, p. 406)

Really, at twenty-eight, he is doing rather well, being an advisor to Lufkin's companies, soon to be asked to teach at Cambridge. During the war he climbs to importance in the civil service, staying there for eighteen years, at which time both he and his Conservative friend Roger Quaife resign. He collects the bonuses of a good administrator and retires to writing. When he visits his father in his hometown in 1963, his father mentions that it is too bad that Lewis' mother couldn't have lived to see his title, money, and famous name (The Sleep of Reason, p. 10). There are a lot of sirs tied to the old group in these last two books, probably too much for a humble taste. Yet Lewis'

thirst for fame has been quenched - or, as he says, it has waned. He thinks over his life as he is confronted with his son's ambitions. Ambition for fame drove him on for the first half of his life, he says. And he refers back to 1923, when he confessed his hopes to his friend. His thirst for fame waned, but his hopes for a better world held on. Lewis is happy to see this kind of ambition for a better world in his son Charles (Last Things, pp. 412-13).

Love has often tied him painfully to the future. His satisfied love for Margaret lets him live in the present, but his unsatisfied love made him live in painful expectation:

> I sat by the fire on winter nights, working on one of Getliffe's "points", forcing back the daydreams, forcing back the anxious hope that tomorrow there would be a letter from Sheila. For I was waiting for letters more abjectly than I was waiting for briefs. When I asked her to come back, I had surrendered. I had asked for her on her own terms, which were no terms at all. I had no power over her. I could only wait for what she did and gave.
> (Time of Hope, p. 280)

The symbol of peaceful love is caught in the idea of homecoming and the window symbol:

> We were in sight of home. A light was shining in one room: the others stood black, eyeless, in the leaden light. It was a homecoming such as, for years, I thought I was not to know. Often in my childhood, I had felt dread as I came near home. It had been worse when I went, as a young man, towards the Chelsea house. Now, walking with Margaret, that dread had gone. In sight of home my steps began to quicken, I should soon be there with her.

> It was a homecoming such as I had imagined when I was lonely, but as one happening to others, not to me.
> (Homecoming, p. 399)

Three other things are pertinent to Lewis' use of time, two of which were saved from the chapter on point of view to be handled here: the possible theme of the sequence, the use of resonances, and the compartimentalizing Lewis as narrator does.

Remembering that Jones the critic has said that the theme of the sequence is "getting on,"[2] one can answer that perhaps it is really that the human never learns much from the past but thrusts himself with idiot hope - the lucky ones - into the future. Two places in Last Things Lewis tries to make this clear: first, when he is explaining the "psychic heart's" push into the future, and secondly when he watches his son's mistress, Muriel, looking at her baby:

> Before the operational experience of mine, and in the bedroom since, I had been discovering this for myself. In fact, it was something each of us had to discover for himself: you couldn't reach it by empathy, it was too unfamiliar, and perhaps too disconcerting, for that.
> (Last Things, p. 220)

and

> "He's fairly good value, though, he really is," she said, still trying to speak coolly, but without success, as sitting on a garden seat she gazed devotedly towards the boy. Was she one of those, I thought, who after the splendours and miseries of sexual love...

> turned for a different, untroubled, idyllic affection to their children? Just as old Mr. March had presumably done, when he watched his son in infancy. Just as my brother Martin had done. Just as I had done myself...None of us learning anything from what we had watched, with sympathy and even with pity, in others.
>
> (Last Things, pp. 420-21)

This use of resonance was first mentioned in Snow's introduction to the British edition (it is not included in the American edition) of The Conscience of the Rich. Snow calls it the "inner design" of the sequence, as the Times Literary Supplement reviewer reminds the reader (p. 1223, October 23, 1970). I include the whole quotation, for Snow also comments on how each novel can be read as a separate entity, and one where chronologically the novels fall into the sequence.

> Like the other novels in the Strangers and Brothers sequence, this book is intended to make sense by itself. Anyone reading it who did not know the others would, I think, find no difficulty at all.
>
> For those who are familiar with the sequence, however, I should like to add a word. The book is appearing out of place; it should really come second. The complete design of the sequence has been a little obscured because The Conscience of the Rich has not come out till now [1958]. It is not usually very profitable for a writer to try to explain his own work; literary history is packed with discouraging examples. But perhaps, since this gap in the sequence is being filled, I can risk saying what, in my mind at least, the design is conceived to be. Obviously, the entire work tells the stories of a number of people through a period of time: that does not need saying. Obviously, through the

> entire work there is an attempt to give some insights into society: those have been better understood than I expected when I began. Nevertheless, the inner design has always lain elsewhere - at any rate for me, and I cannot speak for anyone else. It consists of a resonance between what Lewis Eliot sees and what he feels. Some of the more important emotional themes he observes through other's experience, and then finds them enter into his own. I fancy that this may be clearer with the publication of The Conscience of the Rich. The theme of possessive love is introduced through Mr. March's relation to his son: this theme reappears in The New Men in Lewis's own experience, through his relation to his brother, and again, still more directly, in Homecomings. In the same way, through Charles March, Lewis in The Conscience of the Rich observes both the love of power and the renunciation of power. He observes these again, at various levels, in The Masters, The Light and the Dark and The New Men. In Time of Hope, Homecomings, and a later book he goes through those experiences himself. There are several more such themes, one or two more complex, and it is upon them that the inner structure of the sequence depends.
> (pp. vii-viii.)

This inner organization, the 1962 interviewer calls the thematic idea, or as Snow says, "the real heart of it." This long passage from the Interview helps comment on resonance and the theme of the sequence. Snow's novel The Devoted is evidently one he destroyed and replaced with Last Things.

> Interviewer: Was the gap between the publication of Strangers and Brothers and that of The Light and the Dark entirely due to the war?
>
> Snow: No. The war would account for a gap of about three or four years, not the actual gap of seven years. I was writing fairly steadily as soon as I was free of the war by the autumn of 1944. The novels of the sequence were

written in an order different from the order of publication and they were also written to some extent together. Strangers and Brothers was written first, but in a form different from the present one. I wasn't happy about it at the time. I then started the first draft of The Conscience of the Rich, which was again very different from what it is now. I then completed Strangers and Brothers in its present form, and left The Conscience of the Rich, which for entirely private reasons I wanted to hold up. I wrote The Masters in 1945, then thought that this was going to give an impression of the whole sequence which wasn't the thematic impression that I wanted to give, and so then I wrote The Light and the Dark. I published them in the order: Strangers and Brothers, The Light and the Dark, Time of Hope, which was written later, then The Masters. But I should like people to read The Conscience of the Rich after Strangers and Brothers; that is the way the structure is best seen.

Interviewer: At what stage did you conceive the idea of the whole Lewis Eliot sequence? Did you have it when you wrote the first draft of Strangers and Brothers?

Snow: In principle, yes. I had the idea out of the blue - in what seemed like a single moment - in Marseilles on 1 January, 1935. I was walking down the Canebiere. It was a bitterly cold night, well below freezing point. I was staying in Marseilles for the night, having flown down from London, and was off on a boat to Sicily the next day. I was extremely miserable. Everything, personal and creative, seemed to be going wrong. Suddenly I saw, or felt, or experienced or whatever you like to call it, both the outline of the entire Strangers and Brothers sequence and its inner organisation, that is, the response or dialectic between Lewis Eliot as observer and as the focus of direct experience. As soon as this happened, I felt extraordinarily happy. I got the whole conception, I think, so far as that means anything, in a few minutes.

Interviewer: Did any particular circumstances prompt you to this? Did the idea of the sequence bear any relation to The Search, which does

seem to contain in embryo many of the things which you develop at much greater length throughout the sequence?

Snow: I think that is fair comment. Those things were probably going through my mind when I wrote The Search. It was a few months after when this particular creative experience came to me. I expect it had all been boiling up, and then suddenly I saw what I ought to do.

Interviewer: Do you remember when you first planned the sequence in detail in terms of the individual novels?

Snow: To a substantial extent about 1937 and 1938. I think if one searched the files of my publishers you would find a fairly complete sketch of the series probably by 1938 or 1939 and certainly by a few months later.

Interviewer: To what extent has your original conception altered with the passage of time?

Snow: Not very profoundly in structure, though to some extent in approach - in the idea of Lewis Eliot's character in particular. That is, I think I am less passive and less willing to admit that changes can be made by efforts of development and will than I was when I originally planned what might happen to him. But the actual structure, in the ordinary literary sense, of the sequence hasn't altered much. The difference is in feeling - because when one plans a long-term work one can't predict the future. Above all one can't predict one's own future.

Interviewer: This thematic idea, which you mention in the preface to The Conscience of the Rich, about the resonance between what Lewis Eliot sees and what he feels: was this always an important part of your original conception?

Snow: Yes, that was the actual conception I had on the particular evening of 1 January, 1935. That was the real heart of it.

Interviewer: Could you possibly give some idea of how the series is to be rounded off?

> Snow: Yes. The series of course depends upon this resonance which we've just mentioned. Putting it roughly, there are three books which are of inner experience. One of those is Time of Hope, one is Homecomings and one will be the last; there are flickers of inner experience throughout the others. But those three are the books which are really internal and upon which the whole of the external books, which are all the rest, depend. In order to get to the very last, the eleventh volume, there will be three external books between. One I recently finished, The Affair, is the last of the Cambridge books, and there is another which is a much shorter novel, very short for me. Although it is external, it shows a particular turn and development in Lewis Eliot. It is called The Devoted. Then there will be a longish book called The Corridors of Power, which is about the high and active managerial and social world in England. And then we come back in the final volume to Lewis Eliot himself.
>
> Interviewer: So that presumably by the end of the sequence we shall be in an absolutely contemporary world. Is that so?
>
> Snow: That is right. Actually The Affair is set in 1953 to 1954, The Devoted slightly earlier, about '45 to '47. The Corridors of Power will be set in the late fifties, say '55 to '59, and then the final volume will bring the sequence to within a couple of years of the date of writing.
>
> (Interview, pp. 94-97.)

The big point I wish to make is that by the time of Last Things, what Lewis Eliot wants to say on the theme of resonance is that the only way to learn about life is to live it. This is indeed in contrast to what Robert Morris says in the Saturday Review's critique of Last Things:

> ...a world where...the present may understand and build upon the past....
> (p. 44)

One just does not learn by object lessons. The resonances in the novel are the object lessons. The three great object lessons in Lewis' life have been (he calls them "themes") the concern for political things, the kinds of love, and one's own solitude (Last Things, pp. 220-21). And each time his life surprises him, and his comments on these three themes note that they surprise him. His words are "I had been discovering this for myself," "raising my voice [in political causes] with a freedom which I hadn't known before," "with the sense...of surprise ahead," "in a fashion that astonished me," and "a kind of perplexed delight, for which I had been totally unprepared" (Last Things, pp. 220-21).

To the complaint from the critics that Lewis compartmentalizes his feelings, cited in Chapter I, Lewis himself has two things to say. He tells the reader how his administrative jobs taught him to compartmentalize his feelings and he recognizes that one can tell only one complex story at a time:

> My old colleagues who had to live the disciplined official life had taught me, not that I was good at it, to cut off my thoughts. Douglas Osbaldiston went each morning to see the wife he loved, able to move only her lips and eyes: he arrived at the Treasury as immersed in the day's time table as when he was happy. At times it was better to think of the timetable.
> (The Sleep of Reason, p. 225)

and

> [Charles March's] story, like George Passant's took such a hold on my imagination that I have chosen to tell it in full, separated from my own.
> (Time of Hope, p. 279)

I feel that Lewis handles the cross references and explanations to the other sections of his life with ease and clarity. A skillful example is his handling of his marital problems at the beginning of The Light and the Dark, which is a book on Roy Calvert, not himself.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTER V

Lewis does not live much in the present, consciously untied emotionally to the past or future. Those few joyful moments of living in the present are full of sense data. Also he loses himself in no-time in his reading. As narrator, he almost always reveals his emotional attitudes and does not exist as a disembodied presence. His confrontation with his own death disengages him from time. His theory of experiencing life as "continuous creation" still ties him to past and future. Chains tying him to the past are habits caught in his youth, but he emphasizes most the emotional chains with the past revealed in Proustian moments of recall and the window symbol. Time often has changed the feeling in a memory. After his vision of Nothingness, he can judge his early life but he finds his displeasure removed. Ambition, idiot hope, painful love, and his psychic heart tie him to the future. His ambition for a great career, caught from his mother, drives him through the first half of his life into living in expectation of the future. Idiot hope keeps him from being a fatalist. His psychic heart takes over when his ambition fades to make him joyfully expectant of the future. He outgrows his ambition for a great career

but never for a better world. Painful love ties him painfully to expectation, but peaceful love lets him live in the present. The window symbol is often tied to the hopes of the future; real homecoming to fulfillment of the present. The possible theme of the sequence, how one can learn only through living, not by example, seems to be the final way Snow worked out his theory of resonances in the sequence. Lewis' skill in telling a single story at a time yet making the reader aware of other phases in Lewis' life at the same time comes not only from his emotional training in government but also from a deliberate choice on his part for narrative technique.

ENDNOTES TO CHAPTER V

[1]John Wain, *Living in the Present* (G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York, 1960), p. 1.

[2]See Chapter I.

Chapter VI

THE FATED TEMPERAMENT: FREE WILL, FATE, LUCK, AND IDIOT HOPE

When the interviewer asked Snow in 1962 whether his original conception of the sequence had altered since he conceived it, Snow answered:

> Not very profoundly in structure, though to some extent in approach - in the idea of Lewis Eliot's character in particular. That is, I think I am less passive and less [sic] willing to admit that changes can be made by efforts of development and will than I was when I planned what might happen to him.
> ("Interview," p. 96)

The statement is vague, and Snow seems to have made a slip of the tongue, saying "less," meaning "more." It is clarified a bit later in the interview when he agrees that he is obviously for "individual responsibility for one's actions" (p. 101).

Snow's theory parallels Lewis' theory, which is most clearly stated in The Sleep of Reason:

> Free.choice. Who had a free choice? Did any of us? We felt certain that we did. We had to live as if we did. It was an experiential category of our psychic existence... We had to believe that we could choose. Life was ridiculous unless we believed that. Otherwise there was no dignity left - or even

> no meaning. And yet - we felt certain we could choose, were we just throwing out our chests against the indifferent dark? We had to act as if it were true. As if.
> (The Sleep of Reason, p. 426)

It is hard to talk about free will without talking about its complementary terms optimism, fate, and predestination. Again, Snow's views parallel Lewis':

> Ever since men began to think introspectively about themselves, they have made guesses, and sometimes had profound intuitions, about those parts of their own nature which seemed to be predestined. It is possible that within a generation some of these guesses will have been tested against exact knowledge. No one can predict what such an intellectual revolution will mean: but I believe that one of the consequences will be to make us feel not less but more responsible towards our brother men.
>
> It was for this reason among others that, in the original lecture, I drew a distinction between the individual condition and the social condition. In doing so, I stressed the solitariness, the ultimate tragedy, at the core of each individual life; and this has worried a good many who found the rest of the statement acceptable. It is very hard of course, to subdue the obsessions of one's own temperament; this specific note creeps into a good deal of what I have written, as Alfred Kazin has shrewdly pointed out: it is not an accident that my novel sequence is called Strangers and Brothers. Nevertheless, this distinction, however it is drawn, is imperative, unless we are going to sink into the facile social pessimism of our time, unless we are going to settle into our own egocentric chill.
>
> So I will try to make the statement without much emphasis of my own. We should most of us agree, I think, that in the individual life of each of us there is much that, in the long run, one cannot do anything about. Death is a fact - one's own death, the deaths of those one loves. There is much that makes one suffer which is irremediable: one struggles against it all the way, but there is

> an irremediable residue left. These are facts: they will remain facts as long as man remains man. This is part of the individual condition: call it tragic, comic, absurd, or, like some of the best and bravest of people, shrug it off.
>
> But it isn't all. One looks outside oneself to other lives, to which one is bound by love, affection, loyalty, obligation: each of those lives has the same irremediable components as one's own; but there are also components that one can help, or that can give one help. It is in this tiny extension of the personality, it is in this seizing on the possibilities of hope, that we become more fully human: it is a way to improve the quality of one's life: it is, for oneself, the beginning of the social condition.
>
> Finally, one can try to understand the condition of lives, not close to one's own, which one cannot know face to face. Each of these lives - that is, the lives of one's fellow human beings - again has limits of irremediability like one's own. Each of them has needs, some of which can be met: the totality of all is the social condition.
>
> We cannot know as much as we should about the social condition all over the world. But we can know, we do know, two most important things. First we can meet the harsh facts of the flesh, on the level where all of us are, or should be, one. We know that the vast majority, perhaps two-thirds, of our fellow men are living in the immediate presence of illness and premature death; their expectation of life is half of ours, most are under-nourished, many are near to starving, many starve. Each of these lives is afflicted by suffering, different from that which is intrinsic in the individual condition. But this suffering is unnecessary and can be lifted. This is the second important thing which we know - or, if we don't know it, there is no excuse or absolution for us.
> (The Two Cultures: and A Second Look, pp. 75-77)

I already have quoted in Chapter III the passage in the Rede Lecture that this section from A Second Look comments on, and I have also given the passage from The

New Men in which Martin Eliot states his parallel views (The New Men, p. 301). One can also cite Snow's admiring description in Variety of Men on the temperament of scientists in the 1920's and 1930's, which parallels the description of Martin's attitude:

> They did not need teaching anything at all about the existential absurdity...The scientists did not think constantly of the individual human predicament. Since they could not alter it, they let it alone. When they thought about people, they thought most of what could be altered, not what couldn't.
> (Variety of Men, pp. 14-15)

Lewis' own view is given in The Light and the Dark, in respect to Roy Calvert:

> He had once said, just before the only flaw in our intimacy, that I believed in predestination. It was not true in full, though it was true as he meant it. I believed that neither he nor any of us could alter the essence of our nature, with which we had been born. I believed that he would not have been able to escape for good from the melancholy, the depth of despondency, the uncontrollable flashes and the brilliant calm, the light and dark of his nature. That was his endowment. Despite his courage, the efforts of his will, his passionate vitality, he could not get rid of that burden. He was born to struggle, to pursue false hopes, to know despair - to know what, for one of his nature, was an intolerable despair. For, with the darkness on his mind, he could not avoid seeing himself as he was, with all hope and pretence gone...So far, I believed in what he called "predestination". I believed that some parts of our endowment are too heavy to shift. The essence of our nature lay within us, untouchable by our own hands or any other's, by any chance of things or persons, from the cradle to the grave. But what it drove us to in action, the actual events of our lives - those were affected by a million things, by sheer chance,

> by the interaction of others, by the choice of our own will. So between essence and chance and will, Roy had, like the rest of us, had to live his life.
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 383)

The idea that one can predestinate himself, Snow describes in an article on romantic love and knowledgeable love:

> The point is, we none of us know ourselves well enough to be sure what's open to us, at least in the essential things. In minor ways we are foredoomed all right: we oughtn't to be more than fourteen before we realize we shall never run the hundred yards in ten seconds, and we oughtn't to be more than twenty before we know we shan't write Hamlet. But right at the heart of our lives we don't know what's open in the future, and we ought to act as though we don't know. You think you are not the person to be swept up in a great passion: if you think it long enough, you will make it more certain. In actual fact, you can't be sure, and you oughtn't to be sure. You think you're too emotionally constricted to give love - or too diffident about yourself to attract it. The answer is, no one can tell, you least of all. Life is in some ways kinder (in others harsher) than one thinks when one's young and diffident: people struggle out of lovelessness when one would not believe it possible. But they won't struggle so much if they've decided the future is neatly charted for them and that it is not going to alter much. No one can be sure of that. The nearer you come to the core of your emotional existence, the less you can predict or ought to try to. There above all we've got to give life a chance.
> ("The Changing Nature of Love," Mademoiselle, XLVI (February, 1958), 181)

Essentially that is the theory, at each point on which Snow and Lewis agree, on free will and fate. One is given an unchangeable temperament; he is committed to

aloneness and the solitude of his own death; he has to act as if he has free will in order to give dignity and meaning to his life; he is responsible for his moral actions; he must beware of predestinating himself. To these items I add that luck counts for much, and hope and will power keep us open to luck.

Those are Lewis' generalizations; his stories show how he sees these alive in the detail of the lives under review, his own and his friends.

Especially five characters in the novels seem to have clearly to Lewis this unchangeable temperament: himself, Sheila, Roy Calvert, George Passant, and Charles March. He of course does not regard it as a matter of much concern unless it gives trouble, so that is probably why not much emphasis is given to the dramatization and analysis of the fated part of the temperaments of Martin or Margaret or Francis Getliffe or Maurice. Lewis is interested in that part of one's temperament that seems beyond one's self-control and hurts one. Simplified identification tags for the five troublesome temperaments might be Lewis' vain sense of privacy, Sheila's inability to love, Roy's manic-depression, George's self-deceptive optimism, and Charles March's sadism. Each gets a novel: Homecoming for Lewis'; for Sheila's, Time of Hope; for Roy's, The Light and the Dark; for George's, Strangers and Brothers; for Charles

March's, The Conscience of the Rich. Their fates stretch beyond these novels, of course, into the other novels in which these characters play a part.

What has always interested me about the theoretical statements has been their generality ("those parts of their own nature which seemed to be predestined"); and what have interested me in the individual applications have been the refusal of the characters to seek psychiatric help and Lewis' partial success in modifying his temperament.

Since Roy's case seems to be the clearest of the tragic predestinations of individual temperament, I shall look at it in detail to establish the characteristics of the fated temperament.

Roy's tragic temperament is summarized tersely in The Sleep of Reason:

> He had been gifted, but he had had to struggle with a manic-depressive nature, often so melancholy that he detested his own life.
> (The Sleep of Reason, p. 196)

Margaret is jealous of a hold Roy has over Lewis' youth that she has no part in and calls Roy "a miniature Byronic hero," a description which Lewis denies (The Sleep of Reason, p. 202). It is interesting that Lewis is careful to play against his affectionate view of Roy the opposing views of Margaret, Luke (Last Things, p. 367), and Francis Getliffe (The Light and the Dark, p. 401).

Roy's first appearance in the sequence was as a fifteen-year-old boy in Strangers and Brothers, with a romantic infatuation for Jack Cotery, which he outgrows. But even there, his face shows a sadness in his nature (p. 19). The critic Karl fails to see that the reader has been prepared for the twenty-four-year-old Roy met in The Light and the Dark. Yet it is with the echo from Strangers and Brothers that Lewis starts to tell Roy's story in The Light and the Dark. The opening page of the novel reveals Roy's nature from his face as the narrator remembers its history:

> And once or twice already I had seen his face, not sad, but stricken and haunted by a wild melancholy, inexplicably stricken it seemed for so young a man.
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 3)

Up until he takes his college degree, he has only felt the "shadow's edge" of despondency. Then his temperament closes down upon him, and by chance he takes up the translation of two religious texts of the Manichaean heresy.

The Manichaean heresy has interesting parallels with his temperament. Yet there are confusions between the two which are never noticed by critics. The religion seems based on "the most subtle and complex representation of sexual guilt" (The Light and the Dark, p. 38), but Roy has no sexual guilt. Secondly, Roy interests himself only in the words of the text and only perfunctorily in "the societies where this religion grew" and "the people

in the congregations which used his liturgy" (The Light and the Dark, p. 40), in spite of what one would have expected from Roy. Thirdly, Lewis points out that to the Manichees "Man's spirit is part of the light, and his flesh of the dark" (p. 38). Yet Roy's spirit seems also to have the dark. Really, Roy's spirit or temperament has both dark and light:

> He had the special melancholy which belongs to some chosen natures...It became by the same fate as endowed him with his gifts - his intelligence, his attraction for women, his ability to strike a human response from anyone he met, his reckless bravery. (p. 41)

Lewis confuses the issue a bit by bringing up the matter of the sexual origins of the sect and talking about Roy's buoyant animal spirits (p. 41). Fourthly, Lewis also thinks that Roy generalizes from his own situation to mankind's situation in general, "the sadness of man's condition" (pp. 41-42). There is not enough evidence given that all the characters in the novel have such afflictions from their temperaments. Fifthly, Roy vacillates. He seems to be given a "clear-sighted despair" during his attacks of melancholy, that is, this insight into himself and a death wish, which is one way to escape himself (p. 41), followed by hopes to escape his temperament. The one feeling of despair or hope simply annihilates the other at times. Sixthly, of the three escapes which Roy tries - love, work, and belief - which are the essence of the plot

of the novel, love as an escape refers to erotic love affairs but Lewis confuses the reader by following up the list with a comment on Roy's agapé:

> Perhaps it helped to make him the most selfless of men...But he exhilarated me with his gaiety, pierced me with his selflessness, deepened all I knew of life, gave my spirit wings....
>
> (p. 42)

After several years of desperate struggle with his temperament, Roy decides he must make a break with Lewis for three reasons: Lewis' belief in predestination, already quoted from p. 383, will hinder Roy's optimism for change if he lets Lewis be his confidant; Lewis' agnosticism will make it hard for Roy to try Ralph Udal's religious faith; and Lewis' liberal politics will get in Roy's way, for he plans to try out the spiritual effects of a belief in Nazi fascism:

> "You believe in predestination, Lewis," he said. "It doesn't prevent you battling on. It would prevent me, you know. You're much more robust than I am. If I believed as you believe, I couldn't go on...I think you're wrong. I need to act as though you're wrong. It may weaken me if I know what you're thinking. There may be times when I shall not want to be understood. I can't risk being weakened, Lewis. Sooner than be weakened, I should have to lose everything else. Even you...There may come a time when I get out of your sight. There may come a time when I need to keep things from you."
>
> "Has that time come?" I asked.
>
> "Yes," he said.

> ...he could do no other than draw apart from me. If he were to keep his remnant of hope, he could do nothing else. For I could not hope on his terms....
> (The Light and the Dark, pp. 181-82)

Roy continues to try losing himself through sexual love and through Christianity. He takes up the defence of fascism. They all fail him. Finally he accepts his curse, his fate, the burden of self:

> At last he had given up struggling. He had seen his fate.
>
> "It's not easy to take," said Roy.
>
> He looked at me and said:
> "You've always known that I should realize it in the end."
>
> "I was afraid so," I said.
>
> "That's why I hid things from you...I shall always think it might have been different - if I could have believed in God. Or even if I could throw myself into a revolution. Even the one that you don't like...Fancy telling Francis Getliffe the whole story. He would look like a judge and say I must have manic-depressive tendencies."
>
> For the first time that morning Roy gave a smile.
>
> "Very wise," he said. "I could have told him that when I was at school. If that were all."
> (The Light and the Dark, pp. 309-10)

Lewis' afterthoughts on Roy's case twenty years after Roy's death suggest that psychiatric help would not really have helped Roy. Lewis thinks of Roy's case after hearing the psychiatrist testify in 1963 in the murder trial of the two lesbian women. Lewis' remarks cover more

than Roy, but Lewis' lack of confidence in a psychiatrist's ever helping Roy is clear:

> His profiles of all our lives, I thought, would have sounded just as sensible, a little sunnier than those lives had been to live. One could imagine how he would have described mine, or Margaret's or Sheila's, or Roy Calvert's. But one couldn't imagine it all: he had his own insight, lucid, independent. He would have told us things we didn't recognize or admit in ourselves. He would certainly have been more penetrating, and wiser, about George Passant than I had been. If Sheila had been a patient of his, he would have worked his heart out to reconcile her to her existence. He could not have admitted that to her - and at times to the rest of us, though not to him - it was not tolerable to be reconciled. He would have thought that she was resisting treatment: while she would have gone away, not ready to have her vision blurred, even if it meant living in a nightmare.
>
> (The Sleep of Reason, pp. 359-60)

One wonders how anybody could be reconciled to his tragic fate. Roy calls it "a pointless joke," says he cannot accept a joke like that, that "it would be like living in a prison governed by an imbecile" (p. 180), looks for a way out and fails, accepts his fate without reconciliation. (Compare the "absurd," A Second Look.) Lewis tries to show him the compensations:

> "For the rest of the time you'll get more out of life than anyone. Just as you always have done. You've got the vitality of three men."
>
> "Except when - "
>
> I interrupted him again.

> "That's the price you've got to pay. You've felt more deeply than any of us. You've learned far more of life. In a way, believe this, you've known more richness. For all that - you've got to pay a price."
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 310)

To which Roy answers, not wanting to argue:

> "Just so...But no one would choose to live such a life.
> (p. 310)

Lewis thinks that those who wage war against their temperaments are perhaps deepened in sympathy, personality, and character. He admits the high price one pays, but identifies with these fighters:

> [Roy] was born with this melancholy; it was a curse of fate, like an hereditary disease. It shadowed all his life. Perhaps it also deepened him under his caprices, perhaps it helped make him the most selfless of men.
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 42)

and

> [Jago] knew his powers and how they were never used. The thought wounded him - and also made him naked to life. He had been through heartbreak because of his own frailty. He had seen his frailty without excuses or pity. I felt it was that - not his glamour, not his sympathy, not his bouts of generous passion - it was that nakedness to life which made me certain we must have him instead of Crawford. He was vulnerable in his own eyes.
> (The Masters, p. 223)

When Roy "accepts" his fate, his inability ever to escape his temperament, it is so terrible that he has to refuse to look into the future. He uses the mirror image which Lewis will take up again in Last Things:

> "If someone gave me a mirror in which
> I could see myself in ten years' time -
> I should not be able to look."
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 311)

Lewis' final thoughts on the mirror are that no one would dare look into such a mirror. The only mirror of the future humans dare look into is the mirror of their hopes. And hope is just what Roy does not have. He has neither Lewis' idiot hope nor a tamed stoicism:

> As soon as he realized that his melancholy was an act of fate, that he could not throw off his affliction by losing himself in faith, he could see nothing to look forward to.
>
> Brave as he was, full of life as he was, he was not stoical. Many blows he would have taken incomparably better than I; wherever his response could be active, he was better fitted to cope. But this affliction - it was easy to think so, but I believed it was true - I could have put up with more stubbornly than he. He could not endure the thought of a life preyed on meaninglessly, devastated all for nothing. For him, the realization was an acute and tragic experience. He could not mask it, cushion it, throw it aside. It took away the future with something of the finality that stunned the old Master when he was told that he was dying of cancer. Roy felt that he was being played with. He felt intensely humiliated - that he should be able to do nothing about it, that his effort and will did not begin to count! Angrily, hopelessly, frantically, he rattled the bars of his cage.
> (The Light and the Dark, pp. 319-20)

From a hint Lewis accidentally drops that the foolish strategic bombing which the RAF is doing is the most dangerous job a person can take up, where he has the most chances to be killed, Roy joins the RAF. Rosalind, Roy's wife, comes

to Lewis to tell him about it and to try to get Lewis to help save Roy, who has had second thoughts:

> "Anyway he said that he'd been miserable for years. It was worse than being mad, he said. He hoped he'd get out of it. He'd struggled like a rat in a trap. But he couldn't escape. So he couldn't see any point in things. He might just as well be eliminated. That was why he chose to fly...Then he kissed me and laughed a bit. He said that nowadays it didn't always seem such a good idea. He was caught again. But he needn't worry this time, because there was nothing to do...You know, Lewis, he must have got it all worked out when he decided to fly. He said that he was looking round for the easiest way to disappear. He didn't want to give too much trouble. So he found out from someone reliable what was the most dangerous thing to do."
> (The Light and the Dark, pp. 367-68)

Lewis has made himself a collaborator with Roy's fate.

Roy admits to his fears:

> "I am afraid, you know...I am afraid of my death."
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 390)

Yet he has grown to maturity elsewhere now. Lewis tells us:

> He was mature now. He had learned from his life. For the rest of his time, he would know what mattered to him, who and what to take risks for, and when to speak.
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 379)

He is also able to see that sometimes man is not alone:

> "I was no use to you in the end," I said.
>
> "Everyone is alone. Dreadfully alone," said Roy. "You've thought that often enough, haven't you? One hates it. But it's true."
>
> "Sometimes," I said, in pain, "it does not seem so true."

> "Often," Roy repeated, "it does not seem so true."
>
> Suddenly he smiled brilliantly. "I've not been alone always. You may have been - but I've not."
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 380)

Some of this may be said just to comfort each other. But it also supports the theory presented by Snow in A Second Look that man can help those to whom he is bound by giving trust, affection, and understanding.

Roy also, ironically, has begun to come out of the dark. The irony of fate. I can't decide whether this is meant to be good or bad, but it is certainly wry.

> I felt that hope was gathering in him now. Through his marriage, through his child, perhaps ironically through the very fact that he had "resigned" and needed to trouble no more, he had come out of the dark...He was more content than he had been since his youth. Hope was pulsing within him, the hope which is close to the body and part of the body's life, the hope that one possesses just because one is alive.
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 384)

Roy is killed during one of the bombing missions. The obituaries and eulogies capture nothing of him. A wine rack, the spring scents, and the weather catch for Lewis what Roy was, the light and the dark:

> It was dark in the sunshine, and difficult to see.
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 406)

Roy's story was what originally led me into a deep interest in the sequence, and I've always thought that it would be the book to use to discover those who liked

read Snow and those who would not. Thus it has always surprised me to find Roy handled so cavalierly by the critics, passed off with labels or completely misread. He has even been called selfish, although Lewis makes a steady case for his selflessness. The whole problem of the tragic fate of the Snow hero, epitomized in Roy, has often been shallowly summarized. Moreover, his loveable mischief, similarities of which are later attributed to the best of the young men in the later novels - Pat, Maurice, and Charles, but not with the same intensity of aliveness and brightness and believe-ability - has been in general ignored.

Did Lewis have second thoughts on the meaningfulness of his friendship with Roy and on what Roy's life shows about the human condition? William Hall tries to make a case that he did, that Lewis rejects the moving dramatization of the tragic human condition as seen in Roy. LeRoy Smith thinks Lewis (Snow) settles for sentimentalizing the human condition and touches on Roy slightly for part of his case. To Robert Davis, Roy is just a good example of Snow contradicting himself on issues (Davis, p. 25) and as Snow's love story! Evidently as Lewis' love affair for Roy! (p. 26). Pamela Johnson sees Roy as symbolic of man's double nature, but she is interested in how Snow's novelistic technique keeps Roy superhuman (Johnson, "Three Novelists," p. 85). Frederick Karl sees

Roy's case more as symbolic of the times than as a study in fated temperament (pp. 61-62), and he complains that the cases of fated temperament are not available, because of Snow's style, to believeable analysis and are not typical of the human condition (p. 20).

Hall says of Eliot's preoccupation with Roy's tragedy:

> Eliot watches with sympathy: with much more sympathy than Snow reveals in his essays towards this kind of total preoccupation with one's own tragedy; and with much more sympathy than Eliot is himself to show, as he grows older, for attitudes and characters like Calvert's. In the later novels Eliot continues to withold judgment of those who cannot reconcile themselves to their "endowment" - but his attitude towards them grows much cooler. He sees them as less significant.
>
> (Hall, p. 203)

To support this assertion, Hall quotes two passages from The Affair. The first is an ironic comment on Lewis' tendency to help people who plead passionately. Mrs. Howard has been pleading passionately, also with sarcasm, about getting her husband's case opened again. Quoted by Hall:

> I was more suggestible than she [Margaret] was. I had to train and discipline myself out of it.
>
> (The Affair, p. 39)

The quotation seems irrelevant to Roy. It is true that Roy opens his heart to Lewis, but only after Lewis has guessed Roy's tragic struggle and Roy never pleads for help from Lewis. Also, Roy is never sarcastic about Lewis'

help.

Hall continues his quotation, this time from page 45 of The Affair, and not from the same passage as his own citation would indicate:

> As a young man I had been fascinated by, and so had over-valued, the ambivalent, the tricky, the excessively fluid and even now, though they no longer suggested to me the mystery of life as they once did, I had a weakness for them. I saw value in Tom Orbell, for instance, that others didn't.
> (The Affair, pp. 45-46, quoted by Hall, p. 203)

In context Lewis is contrasting his weakness for a certain kind of person with his wife's taste. Lewis likes the Tom Orbells; Margaret likes the "moral roughneck, the character who is craggy in its egotism," someone like Howard "with different credentials" (The Affair, p. 46). I cannot see that Roy is anything like Tom Orbell, and certainly not caught in the description "the ambivalent, the tricky, the excessively fluid." Perhaps the phrase "the mystery of life" captures "those who cannot reconcile themselves to their endowment" but not "the ambivalent, the tricky, the excessively fluid."

In other words, the passage Hall cites to show that Lewis' attitude towards people like Roy has changed does not really support Hall's assertion.

Roy struggles against predestinating himself, though Hall uses the term "crystallization," a term from Snow's article on romantic love (Mademoiselle, February,

1958, p. 105). Moreover, Hall wishes half the time to apply the term to "the experience outside oneself," the social condition of man which is "within man's will" (Hall, p. 200), and half the time, without realizing he has changed his terms, to Roy's tragic nature. Roy's problem seems to have nothing to do with man's social condition or Roy's attempt to make human relations better. As a matter of fact, Roy seems talented in human relations. Predestinating oneself should apply to the mysterious part of one's personality which may be open to developments and change but which is unanalyzable; the other kind of predestination must apply, according to Lewis, to an unchangeable part of one's personality, a part which Roy thinks is perhaps really open and which he wishes to refuse to let alone if he can. Hall fails to see that one's private condition comes in both parts, but Lewis is partly to blame for this confusion, since he often fails to show, unlike Snow in the essay in Mademoiselle, the part of the private personality open to surprises. Also, Lewis seems too certain about the predestined part of Roy's temperament, as if Lewis himself inadvertently has helped determine a part of the temperament which, as Roy was hoping, could have had some surprises. Lewis never thinks about this possibility and tells the tragedy from hindsight, as if his belief about Roy's predestined part of his self is merely confirmed by the later facts and there was never any question to Lewis that

accepting it would be predestinating it.

It is of course with the unknown possibilities of the future that luck enters. Lewis does not seem to have any philosophy of luck, but the theory of predestinating oneself opens for luck, and evidentally idiot hope makes one available for the lucky opportunities in life. In spite of what so many critics have said about the sequence concentrating so much on the will, Lewis considers himself not a self-made man but a lucky man and much of each man's life a matter of luck: In The Affair, for instance, speaking of one facet of his vain wish for privacy, his temporary mere spectator-attitude towards life, he says, "Only by luck...I had escaped" (p. 112). The will, like idiot hope, just makes one open to the lucky openings in life.

Much of Hall's analysis is tied to his description of the change in Lewis' own temperament, which I shall soon analyze, but he again refers wrongly to Roy in a description of Lewis' change in taste for certain characters. The context of the quotation is Lewis' decision to get his acquaintance Gilbert Cooke transferred to another department. Cooke not only is nosey but also reminds Lewis too much of the loss of Margaret, who has recently married a physician:

> [Lewis] no longer wishes to become involved, as he had formerly, with characters like Calvert, George Passant, or Charles March. (Hall, p. 204)

These characters Hall thinks are being described by the following words from Homecoming:

> ...the labile, the shifting, the ambivalent, the Lebedevs, and the Fyodor Karamazovs, had given me an intimation of the depth and wonder of life...my tastes in character had changed.
>
> (Homecoming, p. 188)

Hall does not notice that it is the Gilbert Cooke type of character that is being described, not a Roy Calvert.

Also Hall is ambivalent about the value of Lewis' change in taste. Hall emphasizes that it symbolizes an important step towards an idealized compromise for Lewis, one that Hall thinks Snow approves of (Hall, pp. 207-08). But also Hall sees it tied to Lewis' "nadir of despair," when he is a "superficial" spectator (Hall, p. 204). Incidentally, Hall never mentions that Margaret still is attracted to "the ambivalent, the tricky, the excessively fluid" (The Affair, p. 45).

Much of the difficulty in understanding Hall's theory of the proper balance Lewis achieves in handling the individual condition and the social condition will be clarified when I criticize Hall's handling of Lewis. Now I wish to criticize only Hall's misapprehension of Roy Calvert. So far, Hall has miscategorized Roy, connecting him to a Howard and a Gilbert Cooke; he has claimed that Lewis has lost his emotional ties to Roy and that this change in taste is an important step in the arrival at

a perfect emotional balance for Lewis. Hall has failed to handle clearly the theory of predestinating oneself, to distinguish clearly the two facets of man's individual temperament, one perhaps predestined, the other open to surprises and turns as well as to possible predestinating. Hall also accuses Roy of having an obsession with his manic-depression which makes him blind to the social condition, as if Roy never tried to make things easier for other people, and claims Lewis' minor difficulties of temperament as equal to Roy's. Hall seems to think that Roy too could have achieved some viable balance in his temperament but would not (and he is not excused by the fate of war) and that Roy never achieves the code which Lewis achieves:

> In following the career of Lewis Eliot through the sequence...the reader is following the career of modern secularized man in search of a code that will enable him to live decently and not altogether selfishly; and that the code of conduct that is set up as an ideal is at least as good, in its realism, its tolerance, its sympathy, and its striking lack of moral rigidity or self-righteousness as any of the other solutions [not discussed by Hall!] to the problem available.
> (Hall, p. 208)

Certainly Roy has that much of the same Code as Lewis. But Lewis lucks out on his temperament.

Before I consider what LeRoy Smith says about Roy, I wish to criticize Hall's handling of Lewis' own case. I do not wish to summarize here what I see as Lewis' final code. That, I shall handle in the last chapter. At this

point, now, I wish merely to criticize Hall's analysis of how Lewis sees his own private temperament and predestination.

At first Hall hints that C. P. Snow believes that any good man coming to terms with his own "individual condition," his awareness of his own "loneliness" and his own "endowment" will not fall into the trap of passiveness and "let others go without a meal" or the equivalent. Then Hall not only suggests that Roy Calvert became indifferent to mankind but also fails to show that Lewis, having come to terms with his temperament, ever does anything for anybody except Margaret. Hall fails to notice that Lewis, in spite of his motives to keep his own privacy, all his life has been a useful friend to the Marches, to Roy, to George (not enough, he admits in Last Things, though) as well as devoted to justice and a better world. Even during the time when Lewis feels that he is a spectator, uninvolved with his heart in human relations, after Margaret has left him, he involves himself, to his own probable disadvantage, in a lawcase for his secretary's fiance. He even gets George a job in London.

Then Hall confuses Lewis' learning to open his private self up to Margaret and his sharing his sadness and joy with her - confuses these successful relationships with social involvement. Hall does not save himself by his mere talk about Lewis' sympathy (p. 203) or by his single sentence which says that after Lewis has achieved

his "one successful relationship" he "is reluctantly drawn to outer social experiences" (p. 207). Hall never makes it clear what "outer social experiences" he is referring to (evidently, involvement in the Howard case, but this case is ten years after his marriage to Margaret!) and that the happiness in Lewis' marriage is not a moral ideal. For to Roy, Lewis has said sincerely that happiness is not the measure of the value of a person's relationship to another person:

> "Never mind happiness," I said. "It can cut one off from too much. My life would have been different without you. I prefer it as it is."
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 287)

Moreover, Hall fails to emphasize that Lewis feels that he has escaped by luck, not through will power. Hall does give a footnote on "reluctance," but he gives no context and true emphasis. Hall makes Lewis' case sound like intelligent strategy; Lewis wishes to emphasize his luck, out of his realism and not out of humility. Also, one could mention that Hall's presentation of Lewis' "one successful relationship" is suspiciously parallel to Jago's relationship with his wife, a relationship which has cut Jago off from much normal social relationship (The Affair, p. 343).

I think that Hall's carelessness in this case study is accidentally hinted in his repeated misspelling of Sheila's name. One must admire Hall's being the first (1963) to study deeply the case of the individual predicament

of Lewis, although he does go wrong. The steps in the change in Lewis' psychology Hall summarizes as follows:

> At the beginning of The Affair, then, Eliot is a changed man. He has passed through a number of significant stages of development. He has reached an awareness of the nature of his double self and has experienced, if only momentarily, the ideal balance a man should preserve between the knowledge of his inner self and the knowledge of the possibilities open to him in the experience - the social condition - outside himself. He has, made tolerant by the memory of this awareness, witnessed in a number of friends the same struggle to attain this ideal. He has, under the shock of experience, sunk into the passivity of despair. And finally he has recovered to re-establish the true balance in at least one relationship - that with Margaret.
> (Hall, p. 207)

In Lewis' case, Hall's three big mistakes are his confusion of the sharing of the human heart with the sharing of social responsibility, his confusion about what happens at Mentone, and his confusion of luck with education. A fourth mistake, not covered in this summary, is Hall's explanation of Lewis' compartmentalizing based on Lewis' "inability to achieve the ideal balance in his own total experience" (p. 205). The implication is that after his achieving happiness with Margaret he should no longer compartmentalize his stories. Hall refuses to see that the very nature of Roy's story, Martin's story, Charles March's story, and the Masters' story demanded compartmentalization. And of course 1963 was still too early to show Hall that those stories at the end which begin

to tie many stories together - The Sleep of Reason, Last Things - have lost a kind of narrative power the compartmentalized novels had.

I have written earlier of what happens at Mentone in terms of Lewis' ambition. Hall sees happening at Mentone a realization and an acceptance of Lewis' own individual condition, of his life being outside his will, his helplessness. Hall makes this discovery sound as if it is connected with his vanity, his privacy, by quoting from ninety pages later Lewis' beginning to realize his reason for being attached to Sheilah [sic]. What should be emphasized is that at Mentone Lewis discovers his own fate to die, discovers his ambitions to be at the mercy of mortality and luck as well as will power and his decision to play along with idiot hope. At Mentone, he knows very little about his vain sense of privacy.

His vain reluctance to share his privacy with others - his flaw - should not be seen as unescapable predestined temperament so much as a disposition which he through luck escapes partially. Lewis says in Homecoming (p. 338) that he finds it hard to learn to be really there in a relationship instead of being a benevolent spectator. The real point seems to be that he escapes not through effort but through luck. One cannot change his temperament merely by effort. But one can keep himself

open to the possibilities of changing - refusing to predetermine himself. In The Light and the Dark (p. 383) Lewis speaks of a million things which influence the events of our lives and can work on our dispositions. One is not educated into will power to change his temperament. But one may be educated to keeping himself open to luck and the other million things which may affect one's life and even one's temperament. Will power will not change one's heart; awareness of one's disposition will not change one. Lewis is not fated to his vanity that keeps him in his tragic privacy, if one thinks of fate as what can never be avoided or escaped. For he does manage to some degree to escape finally, by keeping himself open to the future.

LeRoy Smith claims that Snow sentimentalizes the human condition. The reasons Snow sentimentalizes, Smith says, arises out of Snow's limited moral vision. Snow wishes to give "the drama of individual man's destiny" (p. 319), yet he is "unable to penetrate its mysteries" (p. 319). He does not believe in (at least does not show) any "transcendence" or even the "intrinsic worth of the individual" (p. 320). The individual does not say yes to his own fate but to "contributing to the welfare of the group" (p. 320). Snow's methods are "paradoxical mysteries" (p. 319) and "compassionate identification, tolerance, love" (p. 320). The results are "pity and sentimentality" (p. 320). Snow ends up advising "stoic

acceptance and condolence and the prospect of 'jam'" (p. 321).

Smith does not analyze any particular case, as Hall does, but presents general theory on Snow's sentimentalizing of the human condition, with a slight touch at Roy Calvert, George Passant and Sheila (p. 319). He cites F. R. Leavis' so-called "opposing" views on the necessity of understanding all of human nature, on learning to work with all of one's being, and on the importance of fulfilling the individual instead of concentrating on society (p. 318).

In answer to Smith, I can say that I do not see that either Leavis or Lawrence (Leavis' ideal modern writer) has penetrated the mysteries of the human temperament any more than Snow has. Snow's version of Sons and Lovers, for instance - Time of Hope - certainly explains carefully to the reader the boy's tie to his mother and his first wife. It does not explain Sheila's frigidity or Lewis' vain treasuring of privacy. Lewis just does not know. He could cite Freudian theory, but he does not believe in it. (Neither did Lawrence.) He suspects that one can never be sure about how one received his difficulties of temperament. Of course Lewis could have invented some theories on Roy's manic-depression or borrowed some, but he really did not know.

Smith is vague about his denigrating label

"sentimentalizing" but makes it sound as if Lewis (i.e., Snow to Smith) gives more pity than humans deserve, makes humans act unrealistically, and overvalues the trivial. Certainly, to accept fate stoically, or to fight against it as well as one can until one sees the dead-end, as Roy does, is not sentimentalizing.

It is also easy to answer Smith on transcendence, the "intrinsic worth of the individual," and "jam." Partially he uses these words any way he wishes, for he illustrates with no examples. He also ignores Lewis' Tolstoyan view of history:

> That hadn't made me cynical (for cynicism came only to those who were certain they were superior to less splendid mortals): but it had made me Tolstoyan, or at least sceptical of the effect that any man could have, not just a junior minister, but anyone who really seemed to possess the power, by contrast to the tidal flow in which he lived.
> (Last Things, p. 111)

Smith has such a limited view of transcendence that he refuses to see Roy against the awful light and dark imagery of Roy's book, and against the great themes of love, power, faith, a great career. Lewis could claim that he is giving the world and posterity these real men in his books. He never makes this usual poetic claim, but it is obviously what any work of art does. What can he, an unbeliever, say to Mrs. Royce when her husband dies, to Rosalind when Roy dies, to Sheila in her solitary struggle with her temperament, to Roy in his solitary struggle with his

temperament? He can admit the truth, admit to his responsibility (Time of Hope, p. 407), let somebody trust him (Time of Hope, p. 408), and trust his idiot hope (Time of Hope, p. 407; The Light and the Dark, p. 382). When Sheila and Lewis are telling each other what they believe in, Lewis says:

> I had no faith in any of the faiths. For me, there was something which took their place; I wanted to find some of the truths about human beings.
> (Time of Hope, p. 233)

And surprisingly, Sheila responds, "I believe in joy." Lewis does too - it is his idiot hope, and that is why he can tell the reader:

> I had just heard an affirmation which sounded in my mind through Sheila's life and after, as clear, as thrilling, as vulnerable and as full of hope, as when she stared over the park and spoke into the darkness.
> (Time of Hope, p. 233)

I can only guess what Smith means by "the intrinsic worth of the individual," but if he means that Lewis is impressed only by statistical man or by abstractions, I could cite Lewis' disapproval of Crawford and Sheffington's impersonal handling of Howard, and Lewis' valuing particular friends, for instance, what Lewis says of Roy:

> I was seized and shaken by a most passionate sense of his nature, his life, his fate...to know him was one of the two greatest gifts in my life.
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 382)

The "jam" for the poor, what the socially-minded scientists wish to give to the poor of the world, a metaphor for food and health, is not really within the careers of his protagonists, even the scientists during the war, as I discussed in Chapter III. Justice, for all, maybe, human consolation and stoic admiration - which Smith seems to call sentimentality - but not social security and Care packages.

Snow is careful in his Second Look to show that there are two facets of the social condition that one can influence, and the protagonists of the sequence are really concerned with the first, to give their trust, hope, and affection to those to whom they are "bound by love, affection, loyalty, obligation" (The Two Cultures and a Second Look, pp. 76-77). After all, the sequence is called "Strangers and Brothers," and the Eliot Code will make clear there is some comfort when someone else gives empathy to one's aloneness.

I do not know what Pamela Johnson means when she says that Roy achieves a kind of triumph through his acceptance of death ("Three Novel's and the Drawing of Character," p. 86), but she seems right to point to George's (not Roy's) "indomitable hope," to see Roy as "incorporating the perpetual running fight between the Light and the Dark" (p. 85), to see him as "a creature at whom to marvel" (p. 85).

Davis seems more concerned with Lewis' love affair for Roy than for Roy's fated temperament. But he is alert to the wit and the theatrics in the novel. Davis' thesis is that what really moves men in Snow's novels are not the two cultures but the need for women and the need for success, with the decisions always influenced by "the personal thing," Lewis' appreciation of a human as an individual. Davis, however, can make "the personal thing" sound like a logical and ethical fault of Lewis; to me it seems one of the great bases for his code of life. In his summary of all the characteristics of Snow's (Lewis') view of the world, he does claim, "Each individual seems to him endowed with an unchangeable temperament which he must manage as best he can." (Davis, p. 43). But Davis does not dive into the details of the principle in Sheila, Roy, George, Charles March, or Lewis himself.

Karl does not object to Lewis' (Snow's) belief in the mysterious and fated temperament but on inconsistency:

> ...the valid enough belief that forces operate below the surface of behavior that are inexplicable and uncontrollable. Yet Snow proceeds throughout the series as though everything else is eventually explicable, and his style is that of a man who believes phenomena can be explained.
> (Karl, p. 43)

Also Karl claims that the reader is often not adequately prepared for revelations in the characters, such as Lewis' self-destructiveness (p. 44) or Sheila's sado-masochism,

which makes her "unable to follow the dictates of her sense, self-destructive in every move she makes, hating herself and everyone around her except those who need her" (p. 45). Karl complains that Roy and Sheila, my touchstones to the matter of fate, free will, luck, and idiot hope,

> are of course outside any help, but they are not representative. In fact, they fail precisely because Snow does not make them representative: they have conflicts which remain insoluble [sic] although the nature of the conflict is rarely adequately developed. Both have childhoods that seem regular enough, although both develop psychopathic tendencies, Sheila's need to withdraw from successful, ambitious people, and Roy's obsession to find a master.
> (Karl, p. 20)

To Lewis' own problems, Karl points out that Lewis is "life-oriented" (p. 48), adaptable (p. 50), and has the ability (not fault, as Hall would claim) "to compartmentalize his problems and deal with them as they arise: not to struggle with them en masse and become dragged down by their weight" (p. 50).

SUMMARY OF CHAPTER VI

Lewis Eliot and C. P. Snow hold identical views on free will, fate, luck, and hope, as can be seen in comparison of passages from Snow's lectures and critical writings and passages from the sequence. This chapter looks in detail at the individual case of Roy Calvert, and to a lesser degree at the cases of Lewis and Sheila, to see the applications of Lewis' generalizations. Roy's unavailing struggle against his fated manic-depressive temperament confirms Lewis' theory of the predestined temperament, with modifications for the dangers of predestinating oneself and the usefulness of will power and idiot hope, which keep one open to luck. The struggle also deepens personality and character. The fated temperament has often been mishandled by the critics. Hall misreads because he wishes to establish a case for reading the sequence as the education of Lewis on the proper balance one should make between one's private world and the social world. Smith is annoyed by a world view which he claims sentimentalizes the human condition. Karl looks for political symbolism and faulty development of character arising from Snow's techniques. Although Lewis is not a scientist who directs his free will and optimism to

improving the physical living conditions of the world, he feels that humans transcend themselves when they work for justice or give trust, love, and hope to those to whom they are bound.

Chapter VII

STYLE IS THE MAN

His art is one of the declarative sentence. He is unusually sparing of metaphor...Snow even at his most lyrical keeps description subordinate.
(Thale, pp. 65-66)

In reading this novel, I was unusually conscious of the features of Snow's style. He displays a greater variety of sentence structure than I have encountered in any other modern novelist, but he can emerge from the tumble of a convoluted sentence with all the aplomb of a Henry James. And not since I started reading the sesquipedalian prose of Spiro T. Agnew have I gone more often to the dictionary, to look up words like cachinnated, apolaustic, haring, dolichocephalic, inspissatedly. In his autumnal years, Lord Snow seems to be indulging his sheer delight in the lexical and syntaxtical resources of his native language.
(Edward Corbett, America, Aug. 22, 1970, p. 100)

There is a great deal of the qualification that indicates Snow's reluctance to oversimplify, that makes him so judicious.
(Thale, p. 70)

Little attention is given to the sounds of words or the rhythms of sentences; rarely are there any vivid passages or striking metaphors.
(Rabinovitz, p. 131)

Not only does Snow place a relatively obscure word like "climateric" next to a homely phrase like "flesh and bone," but the word itself is not used with the greatest precision.
(Rabinovitz, p. 134)

> The weighty utterances...detonate with their customary muffled boom and leave the exacting reader gasping for a little hard meaning. Lord Snow's style has a certain charm and creates an impression of moral fastidiousness; but with its rambling prose, its commonplace vocabulary tricked out here and there with pretentious words such as "acerb," "labile" and "surgent," its general imprecision and failure to hit the mot juste, its virtues are more apparent than real.
> (Playboy, Oct., 1970, pp. 26, 30)

> Critics have charged Snow with many things but never, so far as I am aware, of being a stylist. Oddly enough, the very strengths of his prose - accuracy, directness, simplicity, control, an impeccable ear for day-to-day conversation - account for its weaknesses: flat, low-keyed dialogue, description as dull as heavy water, sentences at times so wooden as to be petrified, and disquisitions so stiff as to suggest rigor mortis. Having run the risk more than once of proving that the style is the man, the unflagging and latterly senescent Eliot-narrator has barely been equalized by the not much more interesting Eliot-protagonist.
> (Robert Morris, Saturday Review, Aug. 22, 1970, p. 44)

> The metaphors from science are typical of the cycle.
> (Stanley Weintraub, The New York Times Book Review, August 23, 1970, p. 4)

This chapter studies Lewis' style as seen in the imagery, the diction, and several special sentence patterns.

A convenient place to begin the study of how much Lewis' style reveals his character and personality is to analyze the serious study of imagery done by Alastair MacDonald in 1966.[1] I have learned much from MacDonald, especially to look closely at the window and cricket imagery and the figures and images which give "an unusual, sometimes

violent 'metaphysical' yoking together" (p. 306), the images of energy,tension, and violence, the "reversibility" of some of the symbols (p. 36). Intuitively, I felt that he drew from the study of the imagery the wrong conclusions about the sequence's thematic statement and Lewis' (Snow's) Weltanschauung. The attempt to find logical support for my intuitive reaction has been difficult and enlightening. MacDonald is a good critic on whom to sharpen one's awareness. In the attempt to respond to MacDonald's criticism of the sequence's faulty vision of Lewis' ideal man, his Weltanschauung, his tragic vision, these are my responses.

I disagree with five things in the following statement of MacDonald's first conclusion: Lewis' idealization of the type of man in (b), the insidious hint that struggle and conflict are bad in themselves, the limitation of the struggle to the world of affairs only, the vague but denigrating suggestion that "uncertainty about the struggle itself, or about the aims of the struggle" is bad, and the confusion of luck and chance with images of flux and haze. Indeed, what I have been claiming is the theme of the sequence, that one can learn only by living, seems attacked by the last two items. Here is MacDonald's first conclusion:

> The imagery, grouped as we have seen, makes a statement about the Lewis Eliot self, and therefore, presumably, about man - or a certain kind of man whom he represents. The statement is something like this: there is (a) insecurity in the self, or no-position.

> There is (b) security and comfort in the form of position in the world, success, repute - and reassurance in the presence of men who are muscular, energetic, solid, marked out for the mastery of affairs. The attainment of (b) is threatened by circumstances, forces, or influences which must be resisted or broken; and images of breaking out, or confinement-freedom, are common. To get from (a) to (b) there must be struggle or conflict. Success depends on this, and on favorable chance. Most of life - when it is really being lived, the novelist suggests - is such struggle and conflict; and struggle-tension images are dominant. Also, there is uncertainty about the struggle itself, or about the aims of the struggle; images of flux and haze reflect this uncertainty.
> (Alastair MacDonald, "Imagery in C. P. Snow," University Review - Kansas City, 32 (1966), 306)

It is clear that MacDonald thinks that imagery is the man, but I believe that he misreads the imagery and the man here on five accounts.

Who are the men in the sequence up to and including Corridors of Power, the last book MacDonald had read when wrote his article, who are muscular, energetic, solid, marked out for the mastery of affairs? MacDonald mentions no one, perhaps because he unconsciously felt that specifics might make him vulnerable to attack. And indeed they would.

For instance, the Nazi Schäder fits the description:

> His hair was curly, untidy in a youthful fashion; he seemed tough and muscular. It was the kind of physical make-up one does not find in "intellectual" people, though I knew one or two business men who gave the same impression of vigour, alertness and activity...he was a born manager of men, and he had already had years of experience ...He ran his department rather as an

> acquaintance of mine, a gifted English industrialist [Lufkin], ran his business.
> (The Light and the Dark, pp. 258-260)

and

> He was a formidable man...I was troubled by his confidence: it was not the confidence of the stupid. He was lucky in his time, for he fitted it exactly. He was born for this kind of world. Yet he was likeable in his fashion.
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 263)

Yes, Lewis likes him, Lewis admires him as an administrator, but ethically clashes with him on the theme of power:

> "No one is fit to be trusted with power," I said..."No one. I should not like to see your party in charge of Europe, Dr. Schäder. I should not like to see any group of men in charge - not me or my friends or anyone else. Any man who has lived at all knows the follies and wickedness he's capable of. If he does not know it, he is not fit to govern others. And if he does know it, he knows also that neither he nor any man ought to be allowed to decide a single human fate."
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 261)

On the other hand, Jago, whom Lewis does like ("I liked him, he had captured my imagination, he was a deeper man than his rivals." The Light and the Dark, p. 8), is not "solid" or "marked out for the mastery of affairs":

> "I like imagination rather than ordinariness."
>
> "I'm afraid at times," said Francis stiffly, "that you forget about the solid virtues."
>
> "If you prefer it," I spoke with anger, "I like self-torment rather than conceit."
> (The Masters, p. 194)

It is true that Lewis likes the energetic, but also they must be "naked to life," "vulnerable" in their own eyes, and diffident (The Masters, p. 223).

Roy, for instance, is "slightly built but strong" (The Light and the Dark, p. 3), not "muscular"; he is energetic: "he worked in [his] room for seven or eight hours without a break" (The Light and the Dark, p. 7); he is unable to catch a meeting's ear (The Masters, p. 82), and not ambitious in his career (The Light and the Dark, p. 145). But he has "a style, as in most things, of extreme elegance and ease" (The Light and the Dark, p. 10; also p. 23), and treats "badly any acquaintance who might be of practical use" (The Light and the Dark, p. 29).

It is true that Lewis likes Brown, admires his capacity to run unofficially the college, but especially he likes Brown's humanness, his tolerance (The Masters, p. 55), his peace-making (The Masters, p. 206), and his spontaneous warmheartedness (The Masters, p. 213).

For a Master, Lewis says he would like the human qualities of "a disinterested interest in other people: magnanimity: a dash of romantic imagination" (The Masters, p. 103).

This begins to sound like an analysis of the Eliot Code instead of style, but the point is that Lewis does not idealize the type of man MacDonald says he does, and besides these explicit references I have collected to

support my assertion, there is nothing in the imagery that MacDonald collects to back up his assertion. It is interesting that MacDonald does not even try to mention names or to show "reassurance" imagery when Lewis is in the presence of men who are "muscular, energetic, solid, marked out for the mastery of affairs." If one looks at the great friendships, which in the sequence become the people who greatly move Lewis' imagination and ideals, what kinds of imagery are associated with them?

FRANCIS GETLIFFE:

> More El-Greco-like as the years passed
> (The Masters, p. 67)
>
> Francis, whom acquaintances thought buttoned-up and bleak, was speaking with emotion.
> (Last Things, p. 191)
>
> Francis, decisive and executive as ever, was carving out a pattern for his old age.
> (Last Things, p. 192)
>
> The struggle between the disciplined and the acerb.
> (Last Things, p. 398)
>
> He came in with long, plunging, masterful strides, strides too long for a shortish man.
> (The Conscience of the Rich, p. 43)

CHARLES MARCH: all the quotations except the first are from The Conscience of the Rich.

> The fire and devil of his youth - and the unfairness - did not often show. He was more inclined to speak like a responsible citizen who didn't want to be quoted.
> (Last Things, p. 388)
>
> His fair hair, just touching the beam of sunlight, set it into a blaze. (p. 4)

He had begun to talk about the characters of Alyosha and Father Zossima. (p. 10)

He threw himself with an intense vicarious interest into my relations with Herbert Getliffe. (p. 11)

with an angry, contemptuous sadic smile (p. 65)

ROY CALVERT: all of these quotations from The Light and the Dark.

his light, quick, graceful stride (p. 3)

He had only to enter a room for eyes to follow him. (p. 3)

Roy came in, lightfooted...Everyone watched him...No one's eyes could leave him. (p. 86)

gave my spirit wings (p. 42)

All the light and dark imagery:

hours and days of utter darkness (p. 41)

Day after day, Roy was left with darkness in his mind. (p. 67)

The roofs gleamed like silver under the harvest moon and the shadows were dense, black, and sharply edged. A light shown in an attic window...it was a scholar working late. (p. 73)

he was inflamed (p. 64)

a sad, contemptuous voice (p. 66)

his work seemed nothing but a drug (p. 40)

mocking smile (p. 41)

GEORGE PASSANT: the first five quotations from Last Things; the last three from Strangers and Brothers.

visited by one of his bold disciples (p. 96)

faithful to the last (p. 96)

his own secret circle (p. 97)

a leader in a strange and private sense (p. 97)

an "Adamic invention" (p. 99)

It was like one of those primitive Last Suppers (p. 59)

He still gave them faith in themselves (p. 136)

The entire party numbered twelve. (p. 58)

The catalogue is far from complete, obviously, but one sees these things: With Roy, the light and dark imagery is thematic as well as having something awesome about it. Lewis finds Roy awesome, or, as Pamela Johnson says, the reader is meant to marvel at Roy ("Three Novelists," p. 85). The other imagery catches his charm, his moral indignation over the self-assured, his irony about himself, and his variable moods. For George, one sees Lewis' vision of him as a kind of private religious - but secular - leader. For Francis, Lewis' admiration of his moral uprightness, will power, and private emotion. For Charles March, Lewis' admiration for the struggle Charles has with his sadistic temperament and his wish to be good and helpful.

There is nothing in the imagery of course really to suggest that struggle and conflict are bad in themselves. MacDonald may have inadvertently suggested this. Competition, Lewis loves, and the imagery shows this:

The afternoon became a fervent, flushed, pulsing and exuberant time. This I could

> do; I was immersed in a craftsman's pleasure. (The Conscience of the Rich, p. 3)

The struggles are not limited to the world of affairs. The explicit aims of his life, Lewis recites early in the sequence and examines several times later: a better world, fame, love (Time of Hope, pp. 120, 406; Last Things, p. 412). Fame essentially is a synonym for success in the world of affairs, with money, luxury, a name, and the admiration of women. There is indeed uncertainty about fame. In Last Things Lewis says that it "died on one or waned. Yet it drove me on for the first half of my life" (p. 412). MacDonald says that "images of flux and haze" reflect the uncertainty about the aims of the struggle; yet besides three references to chance in the sequence, he cites only three cliche terms, one of them irrelevant to "the aims of the struggle." So essentially MacDonald says that references to luck and chance plus two references to water show uncertainty about the struggle itself, or about the aims of the struggle. On the other hand, I have said that the probable theme of the sequence is that one learns only by living. In other words, the uncertainty is not an idea properly labeled "also," as MacDonald has done. The uncertainty of the struggle, the dependence upon chance and luck along with will power, hard work, planning, playing life by ear and switching professions several times, learning on the job and understanding

by hindsight - to use a line from Theodore Roethke, "I learn by going where I have to go" - that is the theme of the novel. It would make a neater case than I can confidently make if one could show that the imagery supported this: but two references to water!

What one really finds are images like the mirror image (The Light and the Dark, p. 311; Last Things, pp. 214, 431), "The mirror of his future" which one does not dare look into without idiot hope; and wind blowing to shake the world with a kind of inhuman indifference in contrast to a pact that has been made or tested:

> Out in the court the chilly wind was blowing, so strong that the staircase lanterns sprayed and shook in the midsummer dark.
> (The Affair, p. 374)

> Outside the window, the tops of the trees were swaying in the wind.
> (Time of Hope, p. 408)

> In the blustering night, under the college lamps, he walked away. I watched him walk alone, back to his house.
> (The Masters, p. 358)

> The may on the trees was odorous on the cold wind.
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 406)

Also, homecomings, window imagery, discussed under Time in Chapter V. One could add to MacDonald's short list of what he miscalls haze-flux imagery items from Time of Hope like jump (114), gamble (119, 121), risk (119), prickle of anxiety (119), plunged (122), cheated (243), chances, odds, betting (243).

The window imagery, MacDonald discusses in the second installment of his article under comfort symbols:

> C. P. Snow is not, properly speaking, a symbolic novelist. Yet, recurring images associated with the main groups of preoccupations sometimes take on the nature of symbol. Here too there is a dualism similar to that suggested by the involuntary use of imagery. The security thematically sought through successful ordering of affairs is no security, though it may be held on to as a stay in the chaos of "panic and emptiness" which leaps out through the imaged violence. The symbols are thus of dual-purpose. They are nearly always reversible. It is, for example, the firmest comfort symbols which are also, ironically, the most stark panic symbols.
>
> Light, and the window, are recurring symbols. Light, with its complementary darkness, is a pervasive image which touches all others. Comfort-desolation, confinement-freedom, solidity-success, and flux-haze may all be touched by, or expressed through images of light. The window is a sign of awareness. It is for looking out or in. Through it can be seen, or sensed, aspects of life of which one is actively aware. The lighted window means activity, or some portentous condition, within; the dark window, their significant absence.
>
> The window is both a comfort and a desolation symbol. It is also a tension symbol, sometimes with sexual undertones. The lighted window of childhood in Time of Hope, associated with Eliot's mother, and those in Homecomings, with his wife Sheila, are used as tension symbols. Lighted windows in The New Men are used in association with moments of crisis in the lives of certain characters. The warmly-lit window, or the shop window, are symbols of security-insecurity at social levels: explicit in the recurring reference to the underprivileged boy looking in, or pressing his nose against the shop window.

> The warmly lit interior (the study, the combination room, the drawing room - its name and association connoting social security) is a frequent comfort symbol. But warm light can also glow menacingly, just as white or cold light can connote evil or empty hopelessness, or flashing light connote profound disturbance or a universe threatened.
>
> Reference to the mystique of cricket constitutes a reassurance symbol. Cricket in Snow is, among other things, serenity, a kind of beauty, social position and security, corporate manliness. It is for relaxing, for reassurance, for proving of the self. Yet the cricket field is also associated with moments of tension, crisis, hopelessness, and fear of aloneness. There are few more stark desolation symbols than the emptying cricket ground in Time of Hope (Ch. II), or the deserted Lord's of Death Under Sail (Ch. VIII). They make an effect, produced elsewhere by other means - blowing wind, dust, sounds, effects of light and shade - of a dream-like desolation, of a haunting landscape of the dead or the inanimate, as do the paintings of Chirico and certain scenes in the films of Ingmar Bergman.
>
> There is nothing in the chosen comfort symbols themselves which is assured or unqualified comfort. They take their coloring from the Lewis Eliot consciousness. This is not unusual. Inanimate phenomena are emotionally significant only in the light of human emotion. But the chameleon nature of the symbols reflects a wavering: that fundamental and perhaps subconscious doubt about the ultimate value of the security Eliot seeks from life, and the ways of seeking it. It goes beyond the conscious and artistic irony, when comfort symbols are sometimes used effectively to heighten a sense of flux or insecurity. (Alastair MacDonald, "Imagery in C. P. Snow: Part II," University Review: Kansas City. 33 (1966), 36-37.)

MacDonald's final statement in this passage I handled in Chapter II under Irony of Situation. The whole passage is a preparation for his conclusions which are 1) that

"human feeling is something which gets in the way, something potentially dangerous, something feared perhaps," seen best in the "underplayed" descriptive imagery (p. 37); 2) that "Snow's imagery declares that he is writing about the beast in the jungle - the beast that we are, and may not know we are" (p. 38) (strange that MacDonald cites none of the animal imagery on this point); and 3) that

> the imagery suggests the ultimate failure of the compromise for man sought, and thematically expounded, between the individual human spirit and society, or the world of affairs. Mastery of this world of affairs is a substitute for the spirit - for, if you like, in the widest sense, religion. It becomes a religion in that it provides a sticking place for the sliding spirit.
>
> But the world of affairs is itself flux and chaos: a chaos manageable to a greater or lesser extent by a moment to moment attentiveness, but giving no enduring repose. It is this compromise, and his denial in himself of a potentially tragic vision, which makes the novels less satisfying than they ought to be.
>
> (MacDonald, Part II, p. 38)

At least three responses can be made to MacDonald's accusations. First, the ambivalent nature of the comfort symbols is mere realism. According to circumstances or moods, a window or light can be reassuring or uncomfortable. Secondly, Lewis wishes to master more than the world of affairs, and, as I have pointed out, leaves that ambition behind by middle age. Thirdly, Lewis is a humanist, as his Code will clearly show, and a humanist finds life and people his "substitute" for religion, indeed "giving no enduring repose,"

but the surprises and anticipations for tomorrow which the final chapter of Last Things dwells on.

It seems merely popular among critics to accuse Snow of a lack of tragic vision, usually with no explanation of the phrase. MacDonald does say that "It is significant that the novel in which the tragic vision is least denied, The Light and the Dark, may well claim greatness" (p. 38). But Lewis is a hopeful man, open to joy, and ten of the eleven novels end with such words as hope, joy, yes, freest, happiness, homecoming, high spirits, looking forward.

One has to agree with MacDonald that the world of affairs is full of flux and chaos, controlled to an extent by the managers whom Lewis admires. However, Lewis does not set himself up to be a manager, although he loves to watch them work. As the chapter on Point of View showed, he sees many things from a managerial point of view, and he loves to observe professionals at their tasks.

In studying Lewis as revealed by his imagery, one will find several important items which MacDonald omits. He omits some of the most striking figures of speech, such as imagery from games other than cricket, and imagery of animals; and in his categorizing, done to fit his thesis, he omits such categories as the imagery which shows Lewis' gradual education in science, covered in Chapter III, and imagery used functionally. Remember, Lewis is a professional writer, and he knows the function of imagery. Some of the functional

use of imagery was discussed in Chapter V under Lewis' biases. Two more will be discussed here, theatrical devices for catching characters and mnemonic functions.

The sequence has about fifty important characters who appear and reappear. It is important that the reader orient himself quickly to a character's reappearance. The reader needs to feel that he remembers the character immediately. If the character is meant to be amusing, the reader wants to see what variation will be played with him again. In spite of what the critics say, Lewis does differentiate the speech of each of the characters brilliantly, and to many he gives speech tags, which Snow may have learned from Dickens, whom he greatly admires, or from the Russian novelists or just at the theater. Snow or Lewis is not making his characters merely humours or types, with the exception of old Gay. He is being realistic, for most people do have speech characteristics, whether tone or vocabulary or manner or a phrase. But he is also playing to his reader, who will enjoy the skill used to present and re-present the identifying tags. Roy's repeated phrase is "Just so"; Luke uses the obscenity of the Plymouth docks; Brown invites people to go home and sleep on an idea; Mrs. Royce always calls Lewis "Mr. Eliot" and calls the country estate where she grew up "Bosy"; Lord Boscastle will say "I don't know him"; Gay will compare things with a "one and a half" and talk about "my Norse men"; Lady Boscastle speaks of people being

"untravelled." In their manners of speech, Royce the master has a brisk courtesy (The Light and the Dark, p. 86); Brown has "a rich, deliberate, fat man's voice" (The Light and the Dark, p. 85); Rosalind has a dying fall (The Light and the Dark, p. 135); Mrs. Royce with nonchalance gets her big words mixed up; Despard-Smith stutters and has "solemn anti-climaxes" (The Light and the Dark, p. 82), and Roy likes to ask him demure and preposterous questions; Mr. March and his daughter have photographic memories which lead them into long monologues that tie by association whole lifetimes together; Rose has an effusive politeness. Their speech reveals their preoccupations: Gay with his fame; Crawford, with his honors; Francis Getliffe, with trying to be just; Luke, with his contempt for the establishment, at least until he becomes Lord Luke; George, with his disciples' getting on; Brown, with diplomatically managing the college. Chapter II on antithesis showed that in spite of their preoccupations, Lewis does not see these characters as simple but complex, full of surprises. Yet his style in presenting them shows he has a theatrical eye and ear as well as a story teller's talent. His eye, one finds at work with Rose's ubiquitous flowers, the particular way each college colleague arranges his room or how his friends eat and drink, how they dress - Mr. March's formal dress for evening dinners at home, George "dowdy"(Homecoming, p. 191), Gay with his overcoats and scarves; how they walk - Roy with his light, quick, graceful stride, Lord Boscastle

with "his ample, portly walk...still light on his feet" (The Light and the Dark, p. 15); how old they look; their ease before people ("George, never at his ease except with proteges or women," Homecoming, p. 191); and their smiles, eyes, and the light in their faces. To Lewis, people are always living physical presences, and the things he ties to them, their clothes, their movements, voices and facial expressions show that to him a person's physical attributes and possessions reveal him as much as his talk, actions and history. People seem to exist for some people as pure mind or types of music or as symbols of ideas, but not to Lewis. People, as revealed in the things he uses to describe them, come with their bodies and their purses and jobs.

Many of these devices are mnemonic, to remind the reader quickly of a familiar character. Likewise, the Proustian moments are often tied to mnemonic imagery of weather or smells. Not always, though. Sometimes it is a car's license plate that the reader has never heard of before or a name Lewis has never said before that triggers the recall. But Lewis Eliot, the connoisseur of weather, is also the Englishman who loves the flower gardens and the streets of London. He knows Hyde Park by the inch, Cambridge by its sounds. He orientes himself by these concrete mnemonic images, where he has been emotionally in life, what it has meant to him.

Lewis also reveals himself in his diction. To

illustrate this, I shall refer mainly to the passages that Lewis speaks himself in dialogue or his commentary to the reader and not to words he puts in the mouths of the other characters. I have already pointed out to some degree how his scientific vocabulary grows as his scientific education grows. One can also point out his English-English vocabulary: some of the flowers' names are not readily recognizable to an American gardener: the may, the gilliflower; the should's and would's of course are not the American usage; and Lewis will comment on American words coming into usage in Great Britain:

> Thus I was sitting in Leonard Getliffe's office (they used the American term by now) in the physics department.
> (The Sleep of Reason, p. 112)

There are many British academic terms such as wrangler, the Master, combination room, a fine classic, tutor, the Royal Society, the Senior Oxford, tripos; and such British terms from everyday life as going on holiday, petrol, to order a car, kilos, burned bread (toast), aerodrome, aeroplane, pub, to ring back.

I am not capable of speaking professionally on the Midland dialect Lewis learned in his youth in his hometown. He is interested in dialect and speaks of Crawford's Scottish burr, Jago's lack of any Irish accent, although his hometown is Dublin (The Masters, p. 37), Gordon Bestwick's Birmington accent, undisguised by education (Last Things, p. 267), Luke's

profanity and accent from the Plymouth docks, George's Suffolk accent and odd Suffolk words like sunket (Strangers and Brothers, p. 13). Bestwick's accent, Lewis describes as having "the intrusive g's, ring-ging, hang-ing, which I used to hear when I travelled twenty miles west from home" (Last Things, p. 267). An occasional phrase, Lewis tells the reader, is from his childhood:

> "I never heard anyone say a bad word about him."
>
> That was a formal epitaph, such as I used to hear in my childhood in that road.
> (The Sleep of Reason, pp. 466-67)

But the language he gives his parents and his boyhood friends and relatives he has left behind him. "Perhaps it will blow over," says his mother (Time of Hope, p. 9). "I wish you'd show signs of ever doing anything," says Aunt Milly (Time of Hope, p. 10). "Confound the clock," again from his mother (Time of Hope, p. 11). "Is he shorter than me?" says his father (Time of Hope, p. 15). "I may have to file my petition [bankruptcy]," from his father. "If you've got to hear it, I couldn't abide it coming from anybody else," says his mother. "I can't call on a soul in the world," says Lewis' friend Jack Cotery (Strangers and Brothers, p. 9) and "Jesus love me...I'm going all randy sad" (Strangers and Brothers, p. 45) and "I've got to live" (Strangers and Brothers, p. 47), and "I'm the only one left, singing in the cold" (Strangers and Brothers, p. 10). Much of this

diction is the colloquial speech of the average English-speaking person anywhere, in England or in America. The got lingers on in Lewis' speech: "It's got to be done" (Time of Hope, p. 343); "You've got to know that too" (Time of Hope, p. 349); "He's got the right opinions" (The Masters, p. 76); "We've got to differ" (The Masters, p. 77). But then everyone seems to talk with the word got. It is not a word Lewis uses in his commentary however, just one for conversation. Otherwise, Lewis has taken up the spoken language of the professional classes. He has been an ambitious young man on the make, and his language reveals this fact:

> Except for the odd scientist like Walter Luke, people of our origins, making their way into the professional life, tried to take on the sound of the authoritative class. That was a half-unconscious process, independent of politics.
> (Last Things, p. 267)

Yet when he hears a word from his youth, he feels he must tell the reader about it. A word recreates a whole childhood in a provincial town for the reader:

> Rosalind began to use words that Azik had never heard, and that I hadn't since I was young. Mardi. Mardiarse.
> (Last Things, p. 92)

and

> I wondered if Martin remembered that our mother used a word for just that expression - "flabbergasted."
> (The Affair, p. 97)

Lewis is not a profane man, but he is a worldly one. His language is never obscene, but especially his emotional conversation is full of, and he also records from the speech of others, the conventional blasphemous epithets:

> "Christ, man" Gordon greeted him,"you're wet through."
> (Last Things, p. 278)

> "Are you, by God?" I said.
> (Last Things, p. 279)

> "For Christ's sake!" he cried, by way of applause.
> (Last Things, p. 136)

Lewis is not a puritan, but the bedroom to him is not the place where the novel usually happens. His mind is not obsessed with sex, and neither is his language. There are prostitutes, homosexuals, lesbians, mistresses (even his son has a mistress, as well as Lewis having had Margaret as a mistress), fornication, adultery in Lewis' world. Much of life is charged with romantic and sexual love. But the language used to describe it gives it the effect of the student of human emotions quietly getting to the heart of the matter. For instance, when Lewis' son goes off to live with a mistress, Lewis analyzes in these terms how he and Margaret feel:

> I hadn't been sure what she was feeling: at that moment, she was feeling exactly as I was, it wasn't just a fatherly response, she shared it. Nothing subtle, just pleasure, the warmth of sexual pleasure at second-hand. Mixed with approval that he didn't lack enterprise. But mainly we were getting what,

> if you wanted to be reductive, you could think of as a voyeuristic joy. That was there: but it wasn't quite all: it wasn't quite so self-centered as that. It wasn't in the least lofty, though. We were animals happy about another animal. And to parental animals, the happiness was rich.
> (Last Things, p. 280)

In the same honest fashion Lewis analyzes the sexual preoccupations of his own youth. Sex and love are handled in abstract words, as if they were uninvolved with the human anatomy, the glands, animal motions, and street language:

> It was the same with his stories of his conquests. He had much success with women, even while he was still a boy. If he had stuck to the facts, he would have evoked the admiration, the envious admiration, of all his companions, me among them...He knew that I did not believe a word of it. I was amused by him and fond of him, and I envied his impudence and confidence with women, and of course his success. Chiefly, though, he carried with him a climate in which, just at that time, I wanted to bask; because he was so amorous, because everything he said was full of hints, revelations, advice, fantasies, reminiscences, forecasts, all of love, he brought out and magnified much that I was ready to feel.
>
> For at this stage in our youth we can hold two kinds of anticipation of love, which seemed contradictory and yet coexist and reinforce each other. We can dream, delicately because even to imagine it is to touch one of the most sacred of our hopes, of searching for the other part of ourselves, of the other being who will make us whole, of the ultimate and transfiguring union. At the same time we can gloat over any woman, become insatiably curious about the brute facts of the pleasures which we are then learning or which are just to come. In that phase we are coarse and naked, and anyone who has forgotten his youth will judge that we

> are too tangled with the flesh ever to forget ourselves in the ecstasy of romantic love. But in fact, at this stage in one's youth, the coarseness and nakedness, the sexual preoccupations, the gloating over delights to come, are - in the secret heart where they take place - themselves romantic. They are a promise of joy. Much that Jack Cotery and I said to each other would have been repulsive to a listener who forgot that we were eighteen. The conversations would not stand the light of day. Yet at the same time they drove from my mind both the discontents and the ambitions. They enriched me as much as my hope, my anticipation, of transfiguring love.
> (Time of Hope, pp. 92-93)

The cliches in his speech are never at crucial points, where important distinctions are to be made. They are the cliches of easy talk, whether in speech or to the reader. But when an important point is being made, the cliches disappear. MacDonald says of the cliches that they occur most often in

> the direct speech of characters. This use is no doubt conscious and deliberate or "in character."
>
> Some characters, such as Herbert Getliffe, for example, are more addicted than others to stock colloquial expression. But they occur too, if less frequently, in the Lewis Eliot narrative....
> (MacDonald, p. 305)

MacDonald finds that the cliches, no matter in whose mouth, follow the same image patterns as the fresher imagery.

MacDonald is right about Herbert Getliffe's addiction to cliches, but otherwise his examples are unconvincing. So intent is he on pushing his thesis that the imagery contradicts Lewis' compromise with the world of affairs that he

misses such fine amusement as Bevill's getting his cliches mixed up:

> "I shouldn't be able to pull the wool over your ears." The minister sometimes got his idioms mixed up.
> (The New Men, p. 16)

and the dramatic and mnemonic use of tags he misses.

For the ubiquitous cliches he sees everywhere in Lewis' language, which, incidentally - for his point is not that Lewis is the unassuming literate raconteur by the fireplace - illustrate for him that Snow's style is framed "on colloquial speech" (MacDonald, p. 304), are not as plentiful as he suggests. Take the first chapter of The New Men, for instance, a chapter I have chosen at random. It is not the cliches which make Lewis' style colloquial. In the ten pages, in Lewis' narration and analysis, there are only two cliches - "who would take the plums" (p. 8) and "nothing but a red-herring" (p. 12). Balancing these there is at least one vivid original simile - "The coal fell suddenly, leaving a bright and fragile hollow in which the sparks stood still as fireflies" (p. 10), with such alert and terse descriptive language that the simile seems merely natural. And voices "sharpen", faces are "swept smooth," the rain forms "great driven puddles." Moreover, to an American ear, "red-herring" and "to take the plums" do not sound like trite language, overused so it has lost its vividness but still trying to be picturesque, but more like what Orwell calls the dead

metaphor, a denotative part of our vocabulary instead of connotative or descriptive.

Yet the tone of the chapter is that of a good-natured, serious raconteur beginning a long story for some of his intimate friends, without the sunset that Conrad's Marlow would need or the fireplace that a Henry James' narrator would use. It is unassuming and straight-forward: there are no set descriptions or long parentheses of memory. It really sounds like a man in monologue to his friends - it is obviously not the give and take talk of conversation. And it sounds like a man talking, not because of its cliches but because of the first person I, because of the copious quoted dialogue, the short paragraphs, the descriptive attention to the physical details of the people's actions and reactions. This colloquial style of the careful man who wishes to bring people and situations alive before his audience is the real Lewis Eliot, style is the man.

The rare word does not destroy this type of colloquial style. One loves to hear one's educated friends use the rare word in conversation with his peers. To be allowed to use the big word or the rare word is one of the rare pleasures of educated friendship. One does not use such words for pleasure in dialogue or argument, but when he gets a chance to tell a story. One uses them for the same reasons as he is allowed to use such descriptive phrases as "the hair curled, crisp and thick, close to his skull" (The New

Men, p. 7), "the coal was cherry-red in the iron wicker of the grate: (The New Men, p. 7), "it was a cagey, observant smile" (The New Men, p. 7). This chapter does not really have any rare words and probably only one big word ("platitudinously," p. 6). But Lewis does like to use the rare word, for which even the educated will go to the dictionary. Still, one loves him for it - it is good to hear him talk and drop along the line such rare words as (all from The Light and the Dark) farouche (p. 248), flaneur (p. 268), lanthenine (p. 289), apolaustic (p. 298), égaré (p. 304), disponible (p. 326), minatory (p. 345), extirpated (p. 39); or (all from Last Things) accidie (p. 13), photolysis (p. 153), susurration (p. 166), cachinnated (p. 174), diachronic (p. 214), louche (p. 226), dolichocephalic (p. 243), labile (pp. 320, 386), aphasia (p. 373), comminatory (p. 395).

I discovered something unusual as I was looking at the diction in the opening chapter of The New Men. It has a kind of formal simplicity whose cause I could not at first identify, and then I saw that this formal simplicity came from the avoidance of contractions in Lewis' narration and analysis: did not instead of didn't, had not instead of hadn't, could not instead of couldn't on the first page. I spot-checked the other novels for contractions in the description, narration and commentary. Evidently, only in his last three novels did Lewis begin using contractions for negations, except in dialogue.

Mauvais coucheur (p. 46), grande dame (pp. 54, 127), lourdon (p. 56), de haüt en bas (p. 76), amour propre (p. 133), démarche (pp. 143, 200, 306), parti pris (p. 150), idée recus (p. 157), l'Affaire (p. 162), voyeurs (p. 178), au fait (p. 194), cause célèbre (p. 195), deja vu (p. 236) ballon d'essai (p. 241), fainéante (p. 269), flaneurs (p. 283), douceur de la vie (p. 286), pudeur (p. 337), raison d'être (p. 369) are French phrases found in The Affair, most of them from Lewis' own mouth. One might at first suppose that their frequency resulted from Snow's study of the Dreyfus documents, the parallels to which are mentioned by Tom Orbell (p. 162) and by Snow himself in the "Note" to the British edition (Macmillan, 1960). Of course, the French is not difficult, and one might even pick it up from an English dictionary or from wide reading. It fits Lewis, however, not for its possible flamboyance but his education: The French he learned as a boy and taught his mother, his profession as lawyer (hence, his interest in Dreyfus), and his love of French literature, especially Proust, as well as his holidays in France. The moving story of his mother's insistence that the young Lewis teach her how to speak French is found in Time of Hope (pp. 48-49). That novel contains such French phrases as vie de province, (p. 53), cri de coeur (p. 59), ménages (p. 67), avant garde (p. 174), sauve qui peut (p. 239), chic (p. 274), tête-à-têtes (p. 276), billets-doux (p. 276), not a difficult list for the reader to compile

since all the words are italisized.

Some few words Lewis seems to misuse. Snow himself told me that he had invented the word sadic (The Conscience of the Rich, pp. 65, 122, 187, 224; Homecoming, p. 364; The Masters, p. 315, etc.), which becomes sadistic in the novel about the two lesbian sadists (The Sleep of Reason, pp. 149, 196, 301, 310, 316). Rabinovitz decides that Snow uses the words jet, hamitic, and climacteric wrongly, and I agree with Rabinovitz (Rabinovitz, pp. 134-35). But three words out of 135,000 words is a fine percentage for literacy.

Lewis' favorite word to describe character seems to be diffident. It shows his taste in character, a bit different than himself, but never pushy. He especially admires a character who tries to conquer his diffidence for moral principles (Francis Getliffe, The Conscience of the Rich, p. 43), for he likes people who have had to struggle with their temperament. Lewis may love the natural saint (Maurice), but he admires the people who fight to be good.

In a favorite hard word like labile (Last Things, pp. 320, 386; The Sleep of Reason, pp. 393, 478; The Affair, p. 140; The Conscience of the Rich, p. 172), his distrust of an undisciplined temperament shows. Jack, Pat, Tom Orbell, and Porson are all labile. They may be likeable, but one cannot really trust them.

Subfusc (The Sleep of Reason, p. 154; The Affair,

pp. 61, 332; Homecoming, p. 347; Corridors of Power, pp. 150, 230) is applied to Lufkin, Winslow (twice), Mr. Knight, Hector Rose, Collingwood. Usually it suggests something solid that will fool the frivolous eye and mind every time.

Quixotic (The Conscience of the Rich, pp. 43, 174; The Light and the Dark, p. 347; Corridors of Power, pp. 148, 289, 326, 403; The Masters, p. 321) is usually applied to Francis Getliffe and not to Lewis himself:

> He believed me to be more worldly, less quixotic, than he was: which was quite true.
> (Corridors of Power, p. 289)

and it is a natural impulse which Lewis admires:

> Years before, that was what I should have done. By now this kind of compulsion had grown dim. I was the worse for it. For most of it, the quixotic impulses might stay alive, but in time the actions didn't follow. I had used money to buy off my fellow-feeling, to save myself the expense of spirit that I was no longer compelled to spend.
> (Corridors of Power, p. 326)

Fibres seems to go along with temperament and luck, the physical and emotional man. Margaret's fibres will "speak of complete happiness" (Homecoming, p. 399). Lewis wonders whether Roy has married Rosalind perhaps because she had "given him a hope of the fibres, a hope of the press of life itself, stronger than any despair" (The Light and the Dark, p. 372). Lewis sees fibres as the good part of the mystery of one's temperament.

The final item to look at to see that Lewis' style does catch the kind of man he is will be three kinds of

sentence patterns.

Lewis does not wish to be a poet. He is more interested in the idea behind the words than in the music of the words themselves or the singing rhythm of the lines. If a line begins to sound rhythmical, to take over in a musical fashion instead of directing itself to the idea behind the line, Lewis changes the line to shake loose the rhythm. He is tempted, as a writer always is, in the opening and closing pages of a novel:

> The midges were dancing over the water.
> Close to our hands the reeds were high and
> lush...I was stretched to pluck a blade of
> grass, the turf was rough and warm beneath
> the knees

begins Time of Hope. One could make a case for the rhythms here reinforcing the emotion behind the passage. But Lewis does not want the rhythm to take over the passage. Each sentence will have its rhythm. But in his kind of talk, there must be a contrast between the rhythms of successive sentences to avoid one being moved by rhythm instead of ideas. For instance, continuing on the opening page of Time of Hope is the following, which I set as verse:

> The scent of the lime trees hung
> over the suburban street;
> lights were coming on
> in some of the houses;
> the red brick
> of the new church
> was roseate in the sunset glow.
>
> At the church the street forked;
> to the right past the butcher's,
> past a row of little houses

> whose front doors opened
> onto the pavement;
> to the left past the public library
> along the familiar road towards home.

The strong caesura at the end of line eight caüsed by the two strong monosyllabic words has nothing to balance it in the preceding sentence; certainly new church will not balance it because it has already played itself against red brick. The sentences refuse to roll themselves through each other.

Sometimes this prose discontinuity is obtained by playing a short sentence off a long one:

> But in fact I had no particular "bed time". My mother was capable but preoccupied, my father took it for granted that she was the stronger character and never made more than a comic pretense of interfering at home; I received nothing but kindness from them: they had large, vague hopes of me, but from an early age I was left to do much as I wanted.
>
> (Time of Hope, p. 5)

Notice how the following four sentences are balanced inside themselves but do not try to carry any rhythm between them:

> She was ill, hysterical and highly-strung; but she was also warm-hearted, good-natured, and had much insight. She was quick and business-like with the taxi-driver, but when she talked about her earnings on the stage, I felt that she was hopelessly impractical in running her life. I did not think she had been a love of Roy's. She spoke of him with a mixture of comradeship and touching veneration.
>
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 245)

Another structural device which reveals part of Lewis' way of thinking is the use of three or four words or phrases, the right and left ones opposites, the middle terms having a status between the antonyms. Chapter II discusses the use of antithesis. However, here the middle term is not the synthesis or compromise. This usage seems to be an attempt to be comprehensively realistic. Rosalind, for instance, can break into a smile "open-eyed, ill-used, pathetic and brazen" (The Light and the Dark, p. 218). Roy gives "a bewildered smile, full of amusement, memory, chagrin and shock" (The Light and the Dark, p. 238). Lady Boscastle is "sarcastic, flattering, insidious and shrewd" - A, Z, M, M (The Light and the Dark, p. 202). Lewis' son, Charles, is "able to feel guilty with Dostoevsky, innocent with hobbits, passionately insistent with a new girl friend, all on the same day" (Last Things, p. 244). Speaking of Margaret's attitude towards Sammikins, Lewis describes it as mixed up "of respect, pity, mystification" A, Z, M (Last Things, p. 129).

The third kind of sentence pattern which reveals the way Lewis' mind works, I shall call the "But" idea or the "something else" statement. A good example occurs in The Affair when Lewis is explaining Martin's complex nature. It takes a paragraph to explain Martin's calculating nature to get himself ahead. The point cannot be made until all that is said. The next paragraph begins, "That was all true.

But it was not all" and goes on to talk about Martin's romantic image of himself as he would like to be but knows he usually is not. Another example also concerns Martin, at the end of The New Men. Martin has retired from his powerful job at the Barford atomic establishment and is teaching at Cambridge. A paragraph describes how he has lost in the process his high spirits and the authority of action. Then the next paragraph begins "But he was happy" and the rest of the paragraph describes Martin's happiness. In Last Things, after she has lost Charles as a lover, describing why Muriel confides in him, Lewis gives as one reason that she thinks she can get back to Charles by being friends with Lewis. "That was a practical reason for talking to me and in fact confiding," Lewis says,

> It was useful that she should have me within calling distance. Yet, though she might not admit it, there was another reason, perhaps a stronger one, why, holding onto Charles, she also needed to hold on to me.
> (Last Things, p. 423.)

And Lewis goes on to explain his theory of rivals. The "something else" sentence reveals that Lewis likes to theorize, to present people in all their complexity and realism.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTER VII

This chapter studies how Lewis' style reveals the kind of man he is by looking at Lewis' imagery, diction, and several special sentence patterns. In approaching the imagery by a criticism of Alastair MacDonald's study one finds that Lewis forms his great friendships not with the Nazi Schäder, who fits perfectly MacDonald's description of the man Lewis admires, but with those who are ethically moved and who struggle with their temperament. The imagery shows that Lewis loves competition, and he struggles not only in the world of affairs for fame but also for social justice and love. What to me is the theme of the novel, that one learns life only by living it, MacDonald seems to make an incidental idea. Mirror imagery and wind imagery, risk and luck imagery seem to support my idea of the theme. MacDonald misses the realism in letting such comfort symbols as windows and the cosy interior be ambivalent; he misses Lewis' taking leave of ambition by middle age; he misses Lewis' humanism and exhilarating anticipation of the future. Lewis' vision is not tragic but opened to hope and joy, so there is no need to accuse him of lacking a tragic vision. Lewis does

not wish to become a manager, but he loves watching competent people at work, like the managers. MacDonald misses the imagery which shows Lewis' gradual scientific education, his ties to time, and his biases as well as Lewis the writer using theatrical devices, such as speech tags for the characters. The speech tags are both theatrically effective and realistic. So are visual items associated with the characters, which also show that Lewis feels people as physical presences, not ideas or mere spirits. Mnemonic imagery like weather and flowers may have Proustian effects on the memory or remind Lewis of the outlines of his life.

Lewis' diction shows him to be English, interested in dialect, an ambitious provincial boy who has taken on the language of the professional classes, a worldly but not a profane man, not a puritan but also not salacious. His words do not use the frequent cliches the critics blame him for, unless a character is identified by his own cliches. Lewis' colloquial diction tries to bring character and situation alive to the reader; it is like a serious, comfortable monologue to one's peers, and the big word or rare word is a pleasure in such a monologue. In the early novels a formal simplicity arises out of the omission of contractions in Lewis' narration and analysis. His French phrases come from his reading and his education. He probably misuses only four words. Favorite words like diffident, labile, subfusc, quixotic, and fibres show Lewis' admirations and

preoccupations.

His carefulness about not letting the skillful rhythms of each sentence tie themselves into poetic rhythms between the sentences shows that he does not wish to be a poet who believes in being moved by the music of a passage; Lewis wishes to write a prose which catches the idea behind the passage, unrevealed in its music. His use of the middle term between words or phrases with opposite meaning is part of his realism. The "something else" statement shows Lewis' penchant for theorizing, realism, and human complexity.

ENDNOTES TO CHAPTER VII

[1]Alastair MacDonald, "Imagery in C. P. Snow: Parts I and II," University Review: Kansas City, 32 (1966), 303-06, 33 (1966), 33-38.

Chapter VIII

THE LEWIS ELIOT CODE

Quotations from the Critics

Snow [prefers] the practical, rather than the imaginative, man. Society has rewarded these practical men: they are Nobel laureates, corporation directors, knights. The men who do not have these marks of success all have the same flaw: they are not "solid men," and though they may compete they never win...He praises those values in men which are most useful socially.

(Rabinovitz, The Reaction Against Experiment in the English Novel: 1950-1960, pp. 164-65)

There is a great intensification of self-achieved relationships - of great friendship, love...This is part of what is implied in the general title of "Strangers and Brothers," and it would appear that it is the strangers who can most readily become brothers.

(Thale, p. 30)

What the title of the novel [Strangers and Brothers] points to is our aloneness, and the way in which a man like George can make a brother of a stranger.

(Thale, p. 30)

Snow at his best recognizes that men are more nearly strangers than brothers, that they are strangers not only to others but also to themselves.

(Karl, p. 41)

The title of the first volume...indicates the mildly ironic assumption that people who should be brothers are really strangers, and that while it is advantageous to close the gap, it is doubtful if they ever will approach each other.

(Karl, p. 41)

Snow is suggesting that men remain strangers until there is a basis for human communication between them. We often

observe people around us - people we love, and people we like - who are suffering disillusionment, disappointment, loneliness. Often we are unable to make human contact with these people, we are unable to understand their predicament, because we are mere observers in life and have never personally known their agony. There is no basis for communication between ourselves and others because the experience of others is outside our own. The strangers in Snow's novels are the mere observers who see the tragedies of others at a cold distance. The brothers are life's participants who make contact with others because they have mutual understanding.

(Richard Lehan, "The Divided World: The Masters Examined," in Six Contemporary Novels, ed. by Wm. Sutherland, Jr., Univ. of Texas, Austin, 1962, pp. 48-49.)

Some of these men are committed by emotional and moral convictions to resisting the dehumanizing power of social organization in order that strangers may give life to the ideal of brotherhood, if not actually become brothers one to another.

(Raney Stanford, "The Achievement of C. P. Snow," Western Humanities Review, 16 (1962), 52)

Time and again he shows us the tragic loneliness of the individual but, over against this loneliness and lightening its darkness, he shows us also the comfort of community with its limited but real support for the human spirit. In society men who are strangers in themselves can discover that they are brothers...Those who fail to reach out and discover brotherhood - Eliot's first wife, Sheila Knight, and Roy Calvert of The Light and the Dark, for instance - are driven to self-destruction, while others - even if they are "cold-hearted" in their feelings toward the people round them, as Lewis Eliot's brother Martin confesses himself to be in The New Men - find that human sympathy and the will to service give their lives direction and inspiration. Such is Snow's moral vision.

(Kenneth Hamilton, "C. P. Snow and Political Man," Queen's Quarterly, 69 (1962), 422-24)

[Lewis Eliot] quests after insights into those values that emphasize the similarities rather than the differences among men.

(Robert K. Morris, "Thematic Skeletons," Saturday Review, August 22, 1970, p. 44)

Quotations from the Sequence

By temperament, I was bound by chains to anyone who had ever really touched my life; once they had taken hold of me, they had taken hold for good.
(Strangers and Brothers, p. 135)

He [George] still carried young people off their feet; he still gave them faith in themselves.
(Strangers and Brothers, p. 136)

It was like him [Brown] to mix policy and warmheartedness without thinking.
(The Masters, p. 213)

[Jago] had many friendly acquaintances, but, despite his warmth and candour, he seemed to have no intimate friends.
(The Masters, p. 236)

"You're saying [Lewis to Pilbrow] that you'll just vote for a programme. Are you ready to forget what human beings mean?"
(The Masters, p. 259)

For Brown loved his friends, and knew they were only men. Since they were only men, they could be treacherous - and then next time loyal beyond belief. One took them as they were.
(The Masters, p. 336)

Jago could bring sympathy...but he could not accept it himself...He was so made that he could not bear the equality of the heart.
(The Masters, p. 339)

In any mood, Roy was provoked by the Lyalls, by the self-satisfied, protected, and content; they were the men he could not meet as brothers.
(The Light and the Dark, p. 64)

I could not forget how robustly [George] stood by the side of his human brothers against the dark and cold. Human beings were brothers to him - not only brothers to love, but brothers to hate with violence. When he hated them, they were still men, men of flesh and bone - and he was one among them, in their sweat and bewilderment and folly. He hoped for so much from them - but if he had hoped for nothing, he would still have felt them as his brothers and struggled as robustly by their side. He took his place among them.

By choice he would not move a step away from the odour of man. There I never wanted to part from him. His fellow feeling had strengthened mine. There he was my master, and throughout my life I wished he would stay so until the end.

(Time of Hope, p. 105)

You have wanted a good deal for yourself."
It was the truth; it was the reason why the most sacrificial of human affections twist into the most selfseeking of all. It can cripple those who receive it, and those who give can never find anything of what they seek.

(The New Men, p. 310)

George was a human brother. He fought with his brother men, he never wanted to be above the battle. He did not understand the temptation, so insidious, often so satisfying to men like me, of playing God: of giving so much and no more: of being considerate, sometimes kind, but making that considerateness into a curtain with which to shut off the secret self I could not bear to give away...Because I had been so tempted to make myself into a looker-on, I asked little of those I was with. I was good-natured, sometimes at a cost to myself, though not at a fundamental cost. I had become unusually patient. I was fairly tolerant by temperament, and the curve of my own experience made me more so. Judged by the ordinary human standards, I was interested and reliable. All that, I had gained - it was what George saw, and it not quite negligible - by non-participation. But what was [sic] George did not see was that I was being left with a vacuum inside me instead of a brother's heart.

(Homecoming, pp. 227-28)

Both by nature and by training, [Sheffington] was a single-minded man: the man had his rights, one had to make sure that justice was done. Yet inside that feeling, there was no kindness towards Howard. There was no trace of a brotherly emotion at all.

(The Affair, p. 76)

On mourra seul.

(Last Things, p. 23)

William Hall, who does not summarize his theory of Snow's humanism into a convenient one-sentence statement, does conveniently package up the views of three other critics:

> The critics seem already [1963] remarkably unanimous as to the nature of the moral outlook revealed in Snow's sequence of novels "Strangers and Brothers." Lionel Trilling [A Gathering of Fugitives (Boston, 1956), p. 129] sees "no new notions of the moral life - on the contrary a set of rather old-fashioned notions, chiefly about loyalty and generosity." Bernard Bergonzi ["The World of Lewis Eliot," Twentieth Century, CLXVII (March, 1960), 225], who grants Snow no value at all as an artist, describes his moral outlook more harshly: "the moral assumptions underlying 'Strangers and Brothers'...seem to me distinctly shallow...the code of the good-chap-cum-man-of-the-world." Jerome Thale ["C. P. Snow: The Art of Worldliness," Kenyon Review, XXII (Autumn, 1960), 621-34], who has examined Snow's moral outlook more seriously than any critic so far, still reaches essentially the same conclusion. Snow, he writes, "is not to be defined by any single or easily identifiable set of ideas or attitudes...He offers little new to those looking for a new ideology and may simply look like a man with a very conventional stock of moral ideas." Thale sums up Snow's moral interest as that of "a tolerant knowledgeable pragmatism."
> (William Hall, "The Humanism of C. P. Snow," p. 199)

Hall himself finds a new humanism in Snow and the sequence, much of which I have already criticized in Chapter VI in terms of the fated temperament. The new humanism of Snow, Hall sets down as these principles:

1. Reject orthodox Freudianism.
2. Completely accept modern society, its industrialism, its social patterns, and the means by

which power is wielded in it.

3. Do not lose your awareness of your loneliness, your "endowment" (i.e., avoid scientific humanism's "predestination").
4. Do not sit back complacent in your unique tragedy and let others go without a meal (i.e., avoid literary humanism's "crystallisation").
5. Accept the two selves within your personality.
6. Balance those two selves.
7. Realize that such a balance exists when you remain constantly aware in only one relationship (ideally, between your "family," you and your wife and children) of the aloneness of individuals and the individual tragedy; and what you can do to help others without being obsessed by their aloneness and individual tragedies.
8. Keeping this balance, you will be realistic, tolerant, sympathetic, decent, not altogether selfish, not morally rigid or self-righteous.

I criticized Hall's saying that Lewis finally rejected his friendship with Roy Calvert, his implication that Roy was so obsessed with himself that he never tried to help anyone else, Hall's vagueness about how one predestinated himself, his confusion about what in the individual temperament is open to luck, idiot hope, awareness, and will, his failure to recognize that all of his life Lewis, balanced or

not, has tried to help people and to stand for justice, his failure to see that happiness is not a moral ideal for Lewis, and his failure to see that Lewis thinks much of his escape has been not through will power but through luck. In other words, I redescribed the two selves, I reinterpreted #4 into non-economic terms, and I objected to almost all the details of #7.

Having criticized someone who has ventured at length to describe the Lewis Eliot Code, I place myself now in his position.

Throughout this study I have been suggesting facets of Lewis' Code. I said in Chapter II that antithesis shows his sense of the surprises in life about himself, the world, and other people, his realization of the complexities of other people, and his realization of the unreliability of appearance. Chapter III emphasized that scientists are individuals whom we can love and that their joy when they succeed in their work is shareable. To Lewis, something is wrong with a man, though, who like certain individual scientists is impersonal, indifferent to the feelings of other people, who has no feeling for the brotherhood of man, only to principles. Chapter IV showed that Lewis sees his own psychology realistically, critically but not satirically. He dislikes people who have lived without much self-questioning; he loves undiplomatic people although he sees the need for diplomacy; he knows how hard it is to be

objective about one's friends. He often looks at things from a managerial point of view; he is skeptical of systematized psychology; he is a yea-sayer; he is politely agnostic. He will generalize on individuals but is hesitant to generalize on classes of people. He gently satirizes snobbery, egotism, and harmless quirks, not social institutions. Chapter V suggested that the ambition which drove him the first half of his life, he approves of but expects the good man to outgrow. Idiot hope keeps him from being a fatalist. He identifies much of the meaningfulness of one's life with the Proustian moments that tie one to his past. The theme of the sequence is that one can learn only by living. Chapter VI explained that, in terms of the fated temperament, there is always the danger of predestinating oneself, and will power and idiot hope keep one open to luck. The struggle with one's temperament deepens one's personality. Humans transcend themselves when they work for justice or give trust, love, and hope to those to whom they are bound. Chapter VII showed that Lewis takes his great friendships from men who are ethically moved and who struggle with their temperaments. As a youth and young man, Lewis has loved competition, but all his life he has struggled for social justice and love. Lewis takes people as people, not as symbols or mere mind but as physical presences. He is not a puritan but also not lubricious. Lewis loves people who are diffident, quixotic, and in touch with their fibres.

Several other principles must be noted on how Lewis' Code works in the private life and in his relations and duties to the rest of the world. The two parts of one's life overlap, but I shall approach in terms of one's private life what Lewis feels about the energies of the young, a career, will power, openness to life, humility, and how to take failure. In terms of one's relations and duties to the rest of the world, what Lewis feels about trying to do good, about being a spectator, and about Brothers and Strangers.

If all male youth patterned their lives on Lewis Eliot's life in their school days they would win all the academic prizes. They would have great expectations for themselves and nose around until opportunities opened up, all the while feeling ill at ease with their energy. They would look around until they found a mentor to encourage, listen to, and guide them. They would outdo his advice to work whenever they had nothing else to do:

> [George to Lewis] "From what I've seen of your work...you would pass the examination on your head, if you only follow my old maxim and work when there is nothing else to do. If you manage three hours' work a night before you come out for a drink, there will be nothing to stop you."
> (Time of Hope, p. 112)

They would gamble and take greater risks at preparing for a higher career than their mentor advises. They would spend disciplined years in hard study under Spartan conditions. They would have confidence in their talent and luck. They

would be attracted to other winners. They would try to look good to their superiors, yet not complain to their superiors when their superiors mismanaged them. They would prove themselves useful to their superiors but look around for better opportunities. If they became sick, they would try to keep up healthy appearances and concentrate their energies on appearances. Mana depends on appearances:

> One of the first lessons you learned in any sort of professional life was that you should never be ill. It reduced your mana.
> (Last Things, p. 195)

They would appear discrete, useful, and ambitious because they keep their real selves private. For the poor boy on the make, the "flaw" has advantages. Such training takes one into middle age, by which time one seems solid, has money, has lost his spontaneity, and at times hesitates to get involved. There are other examples in the sequence which Lewis would not recommend. One can be a parasitic opportunist climbing by charm and without principles, like Pat and Jack Cottery, or a saint like Maurice, who does not care to win, compete or impress. But Lewis likes the way of a winner like his son Charles, who is socially curious, sexually assured, self-confident and self-reliant and who wishes to be independent of his parents' influence and to catch ethical power for doing good in the big world the quickest, even if the most dangerous, way possible. Lewis also approves of Charles March, who is willing to give up

his family's good opinion of him and family wealth if he can feel that he is becoming useful and good in a profession like medicine.

One's choice of how to channel his youthful energies depends on his temperament, his environment, the call of the times, luck and chance. Charles Eliot has talked about careers and the times with his peers and his parents, has read widely, has travelled on his own to Pakistan, has been in conspiracy against the establishment's biological warfare program, and, as a climax, brings up the subject with his father and Lord Walter Luke. He is self-possessed, bright, good natured, ethically moved for mankind, the type of young man that Lewis approves of. He and his best friend Gordon Bestwick, up from the lower class like Lewis, seem to be the type of young man Lewis would want to be if he were a young man in 1968.

In other words, the energies of the young, in the Eliot Code, unless one is a saint like Maurice, will go into hard study, knowledgeable social decision, and as much of a private sensual life as will keep one flooded with wellbeing yet not diverted from a high calling.

Frederick Karl says that Snow or Lewis believes there is "a fearful law operating: that one must start young and sprint all the way in order to reach the top, or else give up the race altogether" (Karl, The Politics of Conscience, p. 112).

The ambitious young Lewis, out to make a name for himself, certainly believes this. The scientists working on research feel the same, for they too are all moved by ambitions for fame and success as much as by "making Nature sit up and take notice." The competition in science is so great that maybe only several months' difference lies between one scientist over another discovering an important principle. The college where Lewis taught seems full of has-beens like Nightingale, Winslow, Brown, and Crystal.

But by the time he meets Margaret, Lewis seems to have lost the sprinter's urge. He tells the reader, in Homecoming, by 1943, age 38, that his forbiddingly intense interest in success and power is ending. This loss is not entirely because, having lost Margaret, he becomes a spiritual spectator, not involving his heart, not sharing it. No, he outgrows his ambition for himself and begins to study it for the books he has been taking notes on. He becomes a student of success and power, not a competitor for them (Homecoming, p. 196). It is more accurate to say that he outgrows the race instead of giving it up.

Karl's remark fits the ideas of Lewis in his twenties but not the ideas of Lewis after he has met Margaret. Karl's law more nearly fits Hector Rose's mind, the administrator's mind, than Lewis'. It is precisely Rose who gives George Passant a difficult time getting a job in Lewis' department, just because George has not sprinted in a way

that looks good on an administrator's records.

Alfred Kazin in 1959 saw the sequence's "real subject" as "the great career" (Contemporaries, p. 172), that the seven novels were a record of a man's career (p. 173), that these characters are "intellectuals on the make" (p. 175), and that the characters are interesting because they appear from "this competitive point of view" (p. 175). Because Kazin sees the sequence in terms of the career and competition, exactly like the young Lewis did, he feels that having got "the brilliant boy to London" (p. 177), there is now in the sequence "a marked decline in intensity" (p. 177). Yes, if one sees the sequence as the great career, the young boy up from the provinces.

In spite of what Lewis tells about ambition as he analyzes his spectator psychology in Homecoming (p. 196, etc.), the Eliot Code would comment on a career. Snow's best study of great careers is of course Variety of Men. One could collect from there such aphorisms on a career as

> (quoting G. H. Hardy) When a creative man has lost the power or desire to create, "It is a pity but in that case he does not matter a great deal anyway"...Mathematics was his justification.
>
> (p. 36)

> For any serious purpose, intelligence is a very minor gift.
>
> (p. 52)

> The creative life was the only one for a serious man.
>
> (p. 58)

> [Hammarskjold] was determined to arrive at the place where decisions were made; and he was determined to make them. He wanted power. More than most men, he wanted to do good with his power.
>
> (p. 211)

> [on Robert Frost's romantic conception of the artist, which Snow disapproves of]: a life spent writing poetry needed no other excuse... everything round him, wife, children, friends, must be sacrificed.
>
> (p. 181)

> Zurich did not keep Einstein on as an assistant (i.e., the lowest grade of post-graduate job). That was a gross error in talent-spotting... at almost exactly the same time, Cambridge failed to keep Rutherford.
>
> (p. 96)

Snow also has written an article called "Careers" (Political Quarterly, 15 (October, 1944), 310-17), which is essentially a plan for setting up programs at the smaller universities and at a national level to inform students what careers are available or will be available and to suggest how to prepare more relevant dossiers on applicants for job openings. Snow's article seems to have come out of his job during the war years as chief of scientific personnel for the Ministry of Labor. And as everyone always points out, he himself has had four careers, as scientist, educator, administrator, and author.

But from the sequence, what generalization can one draw about the place of a career in the Eliot Code? It should be useful to mankind and not a mere pleasure to oneself. One cannot expect himself to be impressive, but he

must pick a socially meaningful career:

> "There aren't more than five or six men in the whole history of science who've made a difference that you can call a difference." (Luke speaking.)
> (Last Things, p. 370)

> "The old romantic conception of the artist. That is, an artist is justified whatever he does and it doesn't matter much whether he's any good so long as he thinks he is."
> "That's piffling nonsense," said Walter Luke.
> "I believe it's disposed of forever. Among my generation anyway," said Charles.
> (Last Things, p. 371)

and

> I think we ought to do things which will actually affect people's lives. Quite quickly. Here and now.
> (Last Things, p. 372)

These are the principles upon which Lewis' son makes his choice for a career, a freelance foreign correspondent in the Middle East, the quickest way to make a name for himself so he can "have some sort of say before he was middle aged" (Last Things, p. 408). Lewis' first emotional reaction to the program is "Good God...how romantic is all this?" but intellectually he knows "Charles was making a choice lonelier than most of ours had been" (Last Things, pp. 409, 410). Lewis approves of Charles' hope to help create a better world. He is not certain that he himself did much to better the world but

> Some of the pleasure - utterly unanticipated by either of us - which I felt in Charles' presence that morning, was because he too had the same desire.
> (Last Things, p. 413)

Likewise, Lewis approves of Roger Quaife. Roger says, "The first thing is to get the power. The next - is to do something with it" (Corridors of Power, p. 33). Roger believes he can do something for the good of all England and perhaps for the world, to help England get out of the nuclear arms race and perhaps influence the United States and the Soviet Union against their nuclear arms race. Such a career gives a good man meaning to his life:

> When [Roger] said he wanted to get power and "do something with it," he meant that he wanted a justification, a belief that he was doing something valuable with his life.
> (Corridors of Power, p. 391)

The same meaningfulness to one's life arising out of one's career can be seen in the career Charles March chooses:

> "I wouldn't like to feel that I've wasted my time altogether. The chief advantage of becoming a doctor is precisely that it might prevent me doing that. I shall still be some use in a dim way even if I turn out to be completely obscure. It's the only occupation I can find where you can be absolutely undistinguished and still flatter yourself a bit."
> (The Conscience of the Rich, p. 112)

The reason Lewis himself does not go straight to a great career for the good of mankind but takes up law, business law essentially, he explains thus:

> Charles had read for the Bar because he could not find a vocation; I had always known that, in the long run, I wanted other things. The difference was, I had to behave as though that doubt did not exist. To earn a living, I had to work as though I was single-minded. Until I made some money and some sort of name, I could not let myself look round.
> (The Conscience of the Rich, p. 37)

Notice that Lewis knows when to compartmentalize.

What place is the will assigned in the Eliot Code? Chapter VI examined fate and free will and the necessary illusion one works under for meaning in his life. For pragmatic psychological reasons people need to assume that they have free will. By choice, they can also begin to keep open to luck and the future their lives, their minds, their emotions, their temperaments, and their moral status. Its assumption can bring one joy:

> In most of the events of a lifetime, the will didn't play a part. We were tossed about in the stream, corks bobbing manfully, shouting confidently that they could go upstream if they felt inclined. Somehow, though, the corks, explaining that it would be foolish to go upstream, went on being carried the opposite way. Very rarely was one able to exercise one's will. Even then, it might be an illusion, but it was an illusion that brought something like joy. It could happen when one was taking a risk or remaking a life.
> (Last Things, p. 146)

Although one learns what life is only by living, he can help learn who he himself is by willing himself to be just or calculating or hardworking, etc. Ethically and in one's career, one can choose direction, or at least in what direction to fight the battle. Such choices tell one as much about himself and fill one with as much joy as knowing one's temperament or being surprised by joy.

One should keep oneself open to life and the future. On the surface, this principle seems so like a truism that one wonders why it needs to be said. But several people in

the sequence, however, could not do this. Lewis has suggestions how one can go about this openness in his private life.

The quality of one's private life is not measured by happiness, of course. That usually is a surprise and usually comes from luck. Once again, the remark to Roy from Lewis:

> "Never mind about happiness...It can cut one off from too much. My life would have been different without you. I prefer it as it is." (The Light and the Dark, p. 287)

Lewis does not have the answer to the torment of the temperament which leads Sheila and Roy to suicide. Lewis knows that Roy was a brave man (Last Things, p. 414); he also knows that Charles, Lewis' son, would have considered Roy mad. He thinks his own marriage to Sheila may have helped drive her to suicide and hopes in his imagination that Sheila forgives him (Last Things, p. 217). Accidie and ill-health from old age drive Mr. Davidson towards suicide. One, if he can, gives these people all the trust, love, and hope he is able. But there is no way to educate them into trusting their idiot hope.

People closing themselves up in ways other than suicide seem to live in imaginary worlds or become bitter with failure. To a certain extent perhaps everyone lives in an imaginary world. Lewis never admits it of George Passant, but George seems to have retired to his imaginary world after Lewis left for London. Perhaps this is what Lewis

means by his phrase George's "inner paradise" (Last Things, p. 216). By the time of The Sleep of Reason, Lewis cannot even really talk to George anymore (p. 211). One's children cannot keep one in touch with the real world, although certainly Lewis feels that through his children and their friends he touches energy and the perennial problems and challenges. He would observe, though not suggest, that a family can keep oneself open in ways George cannot stay open. But even with a family, people like Mr. Pateman or Mr. March live in a kind of solipsistic world.

Perhaps one keeps himself open best as Lewis has done, in two ways: he has become a student of people and involved in the creative life. He studies those he encounters. He studies himself too, for to be mature is to know whom one can risk himself for, or, as Lewis says of Roy's maturity:

> He was mature now. He had learned from his life [one learns only by living, not by example]. For the rest of his time, he would know what mattered to him, whom and what to take risks for, and when to speak.
> (The Light and the Dark, p. 379)

Lewis seems to agree with G. H. Hardy: that the creative life is the only one for a serious man. The creators, whether they are scientists like Francis Getliffe or Luke or writers like Lewis, keep a kind of alertness to the "continuous creation" Lewis talks about at the end of Last Things.

Be humble. Is it strange to say this part of the

Code of the man critics have often called pompous? Speaking of Rutherford, Snow says in terms Lewis applies to Francis Getliffe (The Sleep of Reason, p. 76):

> No one could have enjoyed himself more, either in creative work or the honors it brought him.
> (Variety of Men, p. 7)

But Lewis is a student of his own vanity. His flaw he sees tied to his vanity (Time of Hope, p. 406), and tragic flaws, one remembers, usually arise out of the best part in a man. He sees himself in Mr. Knight's vanity. He studies his vanity when he is offered a political appointment (Last Things, Chapters XII-XIV). He is a bit amused by himself (Last Things, p. 145). Not excessively however, for there is no useful reason to mock or satirize oneself. When he looks back over his life, summing up the good he has done, he is not impressed (Last Things, p. 413). Part of being humble seems to be knowing where one's pride is. Lewis knows how proud he is of Charles, his son. Lewis knows how attached he is to Margaret's honesty and social conscience. Lewis knows how pleased his mother would be with his success in the world. Yet he also knows that he is lucky. The greatest influence on his humility is his realization of his luck. In every book he tells us about his luck. "This wasn't an end," Lewis tells the reader on the last page of the sequence,

> though, if I had thought so, looking at the house, I should have needed to propitiate Fate, remembering so many other's luck, Francis

> Getliffe's and the rest, and the comparison with mine.
> (Last Things, p. 431)

English does not seem to have a regular word for the idea, which Lewis gives to the word propitiate, which here means "to give thanks for benefits received."

With the feeling that so much of what happens to one is a matter of chance and luck, one begins to be able to face failure stoically. Lewis is ignorantly bragging when as an eighteen-year-old, he tells Marion:

> I expect everything there is...And if I fail, I shan't make any excuses. I shall say that it is my own fault.
> (Time of Hope, p. 108)

At Mentone he comes face-to-face with his morality, with fate being outside his will; and, full of contradictions, he calculates his career, screws his willpower to the sticking point, leans on luck and proceeds.

He also sees that some of his bad luck comes straight out of the inclinations of his own temperament. His bondage to Sheila, a woman who has no love for him, is no accident. It is as much him as his temperament is. Frederick Karl is vivid when he discusses at this point Lewis' masochism and sadism (C. P. Snow: The Politics of Conscience, pp. 106-08), reductive terms from the systematic psychologists which Lewis would not like to use. Yet the point is, one humbly sees the relation between one's failure and one's own nature. George Passant is wrong in his paranoia when he blames his

lack of worldly success on his enemies and right when he sees that understanding his self-deception about his ambivalent motives for his group will give him strength (Strangers and Brothers, p. 309).

Lewis also sees that worldly success often depends on things he disdains, such as trickiness and lack of self-searching:

> [Charles March and I] overvalued power and clarity of mind, of which we both had a share, and we dismissed Getliffe because of his muddiness. We had not seen enough to know that, for most kinds of success, intelligence is a very minor gift. [Herbert] Getliffe's mind was muddy, but he was a more effective lawyer than men far cleverer, because he was tricky and resilient, because he was expansive with all men, because nothing restrained his emotions, and because he had a simple, humble, tenacious love for his job.
> (Time of Hope, p. 278)

Failure also lets one start again with a certain clarity about one's temperament. When Roger Quaife fails, he tells Lewis:

> "It's time I thought it out again from the beginning, isn't it?" He gave out a special kind of exhilaration. The exhilaration of failure: the freedom of being bare to the world.
> (Corridors of Power, p. 390)

Lewis, summing up his ten years of failing at his ambitions for a better world, fame, and love, says,

> As I remembered, I was curiously at one with myself.
> (Time of Hope, p. 406)

Failure need not kill idiot hope, the taste for

success in the future. After Martin's and Luke's failure at the atomic reaction, Lewis gets into his brother's mind: Martin, "after the fiasco, would be cherishing the first new pictures of wonderful triumphs to come" (The New Men, p. 117).

When Lewis comes to pass judgment over his life, lying awake in his hospital bed after his cardiac arrest, he remembers the words of the Anglican priest Godfrey:

> "As for judgment, well, you're capable of delivering that upon yourself. I hope you show as much mercy as we shall need in the end.
>
> (Last Things, p. 211)

So the proper response to failure is to see its relation to chance and luck, to large values, to one's own temperament, to idiot hope in the future, and to be temperate in criticizing oneself.

The Code as applied to the world outside oneself, one's relations with one's fellow man, insists that one keep trying to do good. This is clearly phrased in Last Things, when in Tolstoyan terms, analyzing what little effect a single man can have on the world, with a pessimism just the opposite of Thoreau's optimism, Lewis says,

> You had to do what little you could in action, if you were to face yourself at all.
>
> (Last Things, p. 111)

Later, he quotes Hammarskjold to Margaret (although for this particular job he feels that nothing useful can be done

[Last Things, p. 112]), on "the necessity for action, for half-way decent man in our time" (Last Things, p. 115). He is very proud therefore when his son Charles, as if taking over the spiritual energy of his father's ideals, "like a touch fingertip to fingertip" (Last Things, p. 413), takes on a social conscience.

Lewis of course admits that one's motives are not pure (Last Things, p. 413). But in this respect, he judges men by their actions, not their motives:

> Margaret and I had often agreed, behavior was more important than motive.
> (Last Things, p. 294)

Secondly, one must be the right kind of spectator. Homecoming analyzes the various possibilities for being pathologically a spectator. When one puts oneself above the battle, feels himself a mere observer of his fellow humans, not mutually involved in misfortunes as well as joys, he gets a vacuum for a heart. One has to know whom to take risks for, what to speak out for; one has to see himself, in spite of the loneliness of his private condition, as a brother here on earth. Lewis keeps his private self open by being a student of human actions - and as Karl adroitly points out, a novelist too (Karl, p. 113) - and Lewis keeps his heart human by helping others and giving himself. Lewis looks forward to the giving and being given.

This two-way involvement with mankind is not really contradicted by Lewis' description in Last Things of his

"privileged position" in watching young Charles and his group:

> I was interested in him and the rest of them, stimulated by their energies and hopes: it was like being given a slice of life to watch and to draw refreshment from, so long as one could keep from taking part oneself... being given a privileged position, having those energies under my eyes: it was much more like being engaged with my own friends at the same age, except that I - with my anxieties, perturbations, desires, and will - had been satisfactorily (and for my own liberation) removed.
>
> (Last Things, p. 241)

Lewis of course is no longer ambitious for himself or anxious for his future, and he has no wish to hide away his troubles. But Charles is not the peer to share them with. Evidently the proper relation between father and son is for the father to be a kind of spectator! And Martin and Mr. March violate this with their children, by possessive love. One should not be to his children a disinterested spectator; one should try to give them freedom to be what they wish, not what one wishes them to fulfill for him. One should watch his children's destinies without projecting his own desires into them, and one should know whom among his peers to share his private self with, and for what causes to risk oneself.

In short, the Eliot Code involves a proper relation to Brothers and Strangers.

One is a stranger to oneself as well as, with the best of intentions, to the world. One learns only by living, not by example. The strange and deceptive energies of the

young are best channeled into hard study, good intentions for a better world, and a sensitive exploration of the sensual life. The strong-minded man picks his career by intuition while a weaker man is taken by just chance. But one can discover meaning for his life if he picks a career useful to mankind. One can learn who he is by what he wills himself to do. Yet one probably never will know how much free will he has, a stranger to the truth of this matter. And one will never know how much his choices affect the strangers in the world. If one chooses to work on an atomic bomb, he finds it hard to know what he has committed himself to and whom he will benefit and hurt in the long run. One finds it hard to come to terms with himself if his temperament is difficult, to keep oneself open to life. If one closes himself into an imaginary world or bitterness, he merely escapes looking at who he might really be. Roy finds himself an especial stranger to those who have never had to struggle with their temperaments. A student of people is continually surprised by what he finds in his fellow strangers, but it keeps his life open.

As a student of one's own vanity and luck, one realizes he lives with a stranger who manipulates him and he must be humble. A stranger to the mysteries of others, one is tolerant. A stranger to actually knowing how to win, in a world where it is hard to know oneself, one must face luck stoically, lean on idiot hope, and show mercy to himself.

A stranger to one's power to do good, one can merely keep trying to do good in order to live with his own conscience. A stranger to other's lives, one keeps trying to do good, to right an injustice although it is hard to see the truth. A stranger to oneself, one is lucky to escape the temptation of being outside the battle; a stranger to others, he has to learn whom he will take risks for, what to speak out for.

One's fellowman struggles with the same problems in discovering himself, how to live with himself and to make life meaningful. A career can bring one to terms with oneself, one's talents as well as one's conscience, and in a man of good will, his social conscience will cause him to pick a career which will help his fellowman. The energies of the young make a brotherhood among them, their first age together in a time of hope. Men are brothers in the need to feel that they have free will. Men are brothers in the loneliness of their private lives. By studying one's fellowman, one can keep himself open. The creative life has joys to be shared with one's fellow man and also keeps one open. Humility is the proper way to respond to success when one knows that he has been lucky and someone else, his fellowman, has not. One tries to support his brothers in their failures by trust, understanding, and idiot hope. One's motives may not be pure, but one must keep trying to bring sense into such things as the nuclear arms race for the good of mankind or justice to the victims of injustice. And one must try to

keep his principles human, to treat others as individuals, not just as abstractions. As a spectator of the human condition and one's brothers' struggles, one should try to keep from being indifferent to humans that need one's help, yet walk the tight line between taking away someone's freedom to be himself and taking risks for the right humans and right causes.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTER VIII

William Hall, in contrast to other critics who see the Eliot Code as old fashioned notions of loyalty or generosity, or the shallow good-chap-cum-man, or a tolerant knowledgeable pragmatism, sees it as a new humanism based on a rejection of the Roy Calverts and on the balance achieved between one private relationship and a social responsibility. I objected to many details in Hall's interpretation, especially his idea of one private relationship. Items from Chapters II to VII suggested part of Lewis' Code, such as the surprises of life, the complexity of humans, the reluctance to see anyone - scientists, humanists, or managers - as types, the brotherhood of man, the virtues of self-doubting, the need to understand instead of satirizing, the expectation that a good man will outgrow his ambition, a pragmatic reliance on idiot hope, a grasp of oneself through one's ties to the past and future, the lesson that one learns about life only by living it, the danger of predestinating one's temperament, the usefulness of willpower and idiot hope in helping one be open to luck, the ways to transcend oneself, the qualifications of Lewis' great friendships, and Lewis' perception of people as real presences. One must realize that every

man is a stranger to himself in many ways, a stranger to the private lives of everyone else in many ways, a brother to mankind in his private loneliness, in his decision of how to use the energies of his youth, how to choose a career, how to look at his free will, how to keep himself open to life, face success and failure, satisfy his social conscience, rightly choose when to be a spectator. One's antennae help one discover how he can channel his youthful energies and discover a career, but Lewis always sees that acting with a social conscience gives meaning to life. Ambition he feels is best in motivating the young. The creative life seems the best life for the serious man. One must believe in his free will to feel that his life is meaningful. One should not measure his own life by happiness. Most people can best keep an openness to life and the future by studying people and involving themselves in the creative life. As a student of one's own vanity and luck, one learns humility, stoicism, and reliance on idiot hope in facing failure. In a world where one man has little influence for good, one still must work for good. And one must know where to stop being a mere spectator in order to give his private self to special people and to risk himself for people and causes.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

6718 Baytree Dr
Ft Wayne, Ind
USA 46825
January 3, 1971

Dear Lord Snow,

I have now finished writing the first draft of my PhD dissertation on your Strangers and Brothers sequence. Since you mentioned on my visit to you in September 1969 that if in any way you could help me, you would, I have a few simple questions to which only you could know the answers. I shall not be offended if you don't wish to answer any of these.

1. On the last page of Last Things you use the word propitiate. To me, the sense of the passage is that Lewis considers his whole life as having been lucky and that he wishes to give thanks for benefits received, not that he wishes to persuade an angry or whimsical god to be kind to him in the future. I don't think there is any conventional English word which says this, so you let the word propitiate do it. Am I right?

2. In your INTERVIEW, published in the Review of English Literature (Leeds), 1962, on page 96 we find:

> Interviewer: To what extent has your original conception altered with the passage of time?
>
> Snow: Not very profoundly in structure, though to some extent in approach - in the idea of Lewis Eliot's character in particular. That is, I think I am less passive and less willing to admit that changes can be made by efforts of development and will than I was when I originally planned what might happen to him. But the actual structure, in the ordinary literary sense, of the sequence hasn't altered much. The difference is in feeling - because when one plans a long-term work one can't predict the future. Above all one can't predict one's own future.

I think you meant to say "MORE willing to admit...." Am I right?

3. In Last Things, p. 181, Lewis refers to "the exchange about the cattleya." Is this an allusion to something in the book which you destroyed? I don't remember its being in Homecoming.

4. In Last Things, p. 434 (Announcements), I think you meant to say Grenfell, but you call him Guy Gresham. An obvious mistake?

5. The Interview (p. 97) also says that The Devoted would be set about 1945-47. Was that to be the book in which you gave details about Lewis' overcoming his privateness? Did you ever write this book?

6. The vision you had on January 1, 1935, described in Interview (p. 95): did it also include your sequence's title?

7. I am also afraid to tell you what I have decided is the theme of the sequence, but I have been taught that an author is merely another critic of his work, not the final authority, so I'll tell you so I can then ask my next question. I argue in my thesis that the sequence's theme - and the final way you come to work out your theory of resonances - is NONE OF US LEARNS ANYTHING FROM WHAT WE HAVE WATCHED, WITH SYMPATHY AND EVEN WITH PITY, IN OTHERS (Last Things, p. 421, reworded). I'm afraid to ask you whether you'd agree that this is the theme, and I really wanted to ask whether you also had got your theme on that January 1, 1935.

8. In the book you "destroyed," were we to find out more about Luke and the world's food crisis?

9. Why were the notes to the English edition of The Conscience of the Rich omitted in the American edition?

10. When I visited you in 1969, you said that George Steiner's article in The New Yorker was one of the best articles which you had read on your sequence. I read it and didn't think it said much, although its general attitude seemed right. In other words, it didn't seem to study the books, but just to compliment them. If one were to read just one article or book as a study about your sequence, what would you recommend now in 1971?

11. When will we get to see your sequence on TV?

12. As a novelist, do you consider your Rede lecture - which all English teachers read and teach to their classes - a bad influence on your reputation as a novelist? College students and teachers read and argue about the Rede lecture and no novels. You become the one who wrote the Rede Lecture (always considered by them as an essay, not a lecture), and D. H. Lawrence is the novelist. Or they read one of the Book of the Month Club selections, which is not the way I feel one would learn to like the sequence. I'd recommend first The Masters, then The Light and the Dark, to get the right impression.

As you can see, I try not to ask for anything I haven't been trying to work out myself. Any question which you consider an impertinence, please forgive me and ignore.

Yours sincerely,

Robert Novak

85 Eaton Terrace,
London, S.W.1.

7 January 1971

Mr. Robert Novak,
6718 Baytree Drive,
Fort Wayne,
Indiana 46825,
U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Novak,

I hope you have a copy of your letter of January 3, so I am going to answer your questions by number.

1) Correct.

2) Correct.

3) This is a reference to Proust (Swann's Way Volume II). It is the euphemism that Swann and his mistress use when they are thinking of going to bed.

4) Correct.

5) I did write The Devoted which was set just after the second war. It didn't carry the significance I wanted and it will never be published. I used certain parts of it in the Sleep of Reason.

6) No, the title occurred to me two or three years later.

7) I don't think I had one exclusive theme - more like three with solitariness the most enduring. That is not so far away from your own conception.

8) No.

9) I have no idea.

10) I think you are right about George Steiner.

There have been several very interesting, and serious, articles this fall including one in the T.L.S. of October 22nd and another in the New Statesman of October 30th.

/11)

11) The t.v. thing is being actively negotiated. If all goes well, it should begin to appear in the fall of 1972.

12) Yes I think this is true, though the effect is beginning to wear off. When I produce the omnibus edition also in 1972 people will have to read through the whole damn thing.

Yours sincerely,

(LORD SNOW)

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