CHAPTER - 3

Early Experiments:

i) Where Angels Fear to Tread
ii) The Longest Journey
iii) A Room with a View

It is rather a difficult task to trace the chronological order of the publication of Forster's novels with a view to ascertain his development as a novelist. The three novels which were first published constitute the first phase of Forster's development. Howards End and Maurice belong to the middle period of Forster's life. The final phase of his creative development culminates in the publication of A Passage to India.

Where Angels Fear to Tread is Forster's first novel which appeared on 5th October, 1905; it was warmly received by the readers and hailed for its brilliance and unique charm. Indeed, it made a mark as a fictional recreation of international situation and human relationships between the English and the Italians. It deals with a socially preposterous marriage between a middle class English lady and an Italian youth who is ten years her junior and culminates in kidnapping, homicide and physical torture. It appears that even the choice of human relationships on an international level is fraught with individuals misery and doom. Perhaps, Forster's cosmopolitanism stands at cross roads when it comes to clash with his wide pervasive vision of internationalism. None in the world immediately before the outbreak of the First world war would be prepared to assume proprietary, interest in a widowed daughter-in-law and her child that the Herritons assume in Lilia and Irma.
No modern daughter-in-law would for one minute tolerate such an interest. And if she chose to remarry, whether a foreigner or otherwise—the choice, she would firmly insist, would be her own business. That her former in-laws, moreover, would actually try after her death in childbirth, to 'rescue' her baby from its foreigner father, even to the Point of kidnapping it, is hard enough to believe. But grant the kidnapping and the consequent accidental death of the infant, what are we to think when the child's grief-stricken father not only refuses to report the crime to the Police but almost immediately forgives the kidnappers? 3

The novels' implausibilities, however, are not simply attributable to a cavalier disregard for realism. Rather they stem from Forster's instinct for allegory. In traditional allegory the clash of simplified characters embodying absolute moral values almost inevitably leads to far-fetched incidents. And so it is in Where Angels Fear to Tread, where the supporting characters and settings generally express clear-cut moral alternatives. 4

Poor Lilia is truly vulgar and silly—her "one qualification for life was rather blowzy high spirits, which turned boisterous or querulous according to circumstances." 5 A lesser novelistic intelligence than Forster's would have made her dashing or sensitive so that the Herritons would seem more culpable, but they are quite culpable enough in their domineering superiority, as unpleasant a family as one can imagine. Mrs. Herriton, beneath her genteel manner, is a person of great violence and her face can become distorted with mean and terrible rage. With "her diplomacy, her insincerity, her continued repression of vigour," 6 she had made her life meaningless and had become a "well - ordered, active, useless machine".
able to inspire her children with fear but not with reverence. She has let her children go their ways, yet she has subtly dominated them, ruining her daughter and all but ruining her son. Harriet is a Low Church fanatic, a dull cassandra; her brother Philip once said of her that she had "bolted all the cardinal virtues and couldn't digest them." As for Philip, he has managed to protect himself by priggishness and aestheticism. He is as nearly impossible as it is possible for the hero of a novel to be.

But the vulgar Lilia is to be more than amusing. So far from not being responsive to Italy, She has taken the country all too seriously and it appears that she is actually planning to marry there. Her fiance, she says, is of noble birth, but the Herritons, naturally suspicious, are right in supposing that she lies. Mrs. Herriton dispatches Philip—he is in a painful position because "for three years he had sung the praises of Italians but he had never contemplated having one as relative"—to break off the match. He arrives at the little town of Montermino to discover that things are worse than he had supposed. Lilia had engaged herself to a boy twelve years younger than she, not only not noble but not even genteel. He is the son of a dentish—and at this news: he is disgustingly pained and a apprehensive of the end of romance. (Ch.2)

Philip's meeting with Gino does nothing to relieve his distress. The Italian is familiar and vulgar, and accompanies his mirthful announceent that he and Lilia are already married by pushing Philip onto the bed. This moment of absurd disillusionment is the first step in Philip's education.
But the immediate effect of the Pain is to make Philip even stupider and more unpleasant than before. He loathes Lilia's young Gino Carella, so clearly not a gentleman, and he is arrogant and rude to him. And Gino indeed, is no gentleman, or even quite a moral person. When Philip offers him a thousand lire to give up Lilia, it is not at all an easy decision for him to make; over his beautiful face pass many conflicting emotions, "avarice, insolence, politeness, stupidity and cunning". But actually he is no longer free to make a choice—he and Lialia are already married.

There is nothing now to do save leave the married couple to themselves. And Lilia, left to herself in the little provincial Italian town, is far more miserable than she had ever been in Sawston. Foster's Lilia is not sexual and whatever feelings she at first had for her young husband soon pass with boredom. There is almost no society in Monteriano, and what little there is Gino is not willing for her to see; in Italy there exists for men "that true socialism which is based not on equality of income or character, but on the equality of manners", but it exists at the expense of the sisterhood of women. Gino asserts an Italian husband's authority and on the one occasion when his wife challenges it, his range is so literally blind and so terrible that she never tries again. Nor has she any way of dealing with his early infidelity. Once she tries to escape, only to be brought home kindly and inexorably by her young husband. In fact it was his great ambition often filled with intense passion. Love with a woman was a mere triviality. This desire of Gino's—this manifestation of the 'survival theme' is to dominate the novel. At last the hapless Lilia gives birth to a child (Ch. 4)

As for Gino, he neither loves nor hates. He is normally lustful but never
really passionate in his sexuality. He had only one desire to become the father of a man like himself. Lilia's death in the novel remains an unmotivated incident. This death at childbirth is nothing but "brusque casualness"—lack of reason and motivation in Forster's scheme of things. One thing to say is that certain kinds of unmotivated events in fiction represent what happens in life. Life is not only a matter of logic and motivation but of chance. The story-teller may—perhaps suggest this element of life, the only restriction being that he abstain from "solving" a given "problem" by the agency of chance. What Thomas Hardy called "crass casuality" has its place in human existence. In Forster's world death gives a peculiar emphasis to life and it is the essence of the drama of death that it so often is crassly casual. Another justification of Forster's use of sudden death is aesthetic: it is a usual device for his contrivance of plot. Just as in a game of chess, the value of all the pieces on the board may be changed by the removal of a single piece, the forces shifting and the game entering a new phase, so in a novel of a certain integration the death of any integral character may alter the value and the situation of all the other characters. Our modern taste does not approve a metaphor which compares the novel to a game. In serious literature we do not want, we consider childish, the play of wit and ingenuity that makes a work of art our friendly opponent, pleasing us by outwitting us. We have, that is, turned away from plot, and in doing so we have lost an immemorial aid to thought.

The plot in the novel in its logical intellectual aspect represents the novelist's interest in casualty. It is concerned with mystery involving all the old devices of recognition, scenes, secrets, letters proving something serious,
stolen babies, destroyed wills, long-lost brothers, hidden scenes, shocking revelations and even physical conflict. A critic has written of Forster as a “contemplative novelist”; perhaps he is, but he contemplates by means of hot melodrama. (E.M. Forster: Aspects of the Novel)[14]

Critics have debated Forster’s contention over the importance and necessity of plot in a novel. The plot as such has been reduced to the Herritons in England, the news of Lilia’s baby is a nuisance and a danger. Soon Irma Herriton, Lilia’s English daughter, begins to receive postcards, one of them improper, from her “lital brother” in Italy. This is a blow; the Herritons had hoped to keep the news of the child secret not only from Irma but from all Sawston. Gino is written to and ordered to cease communication, but the secret is out and its deepest effect is upon Caroline Abbott, Lilia’s former chaperone. She had, she tells Philip, been responsible for Lilia’s marriage. Drunk with rebellion in Italy, she had hated Sawston for its idleness, stupidity, respectability and petty unselfishness (“Petty selfishness” Philip corrects her. “Petty unselfishness”, she insists and immediately becomes the heroine of the novel). She herself could not escape but she had urged Lilia to take the offered chance. And now she is filled with remorse; she feels that she is the cause of Lilia’s unhappiness and death. There is one way of atonement. The child must be brought to England and properly reared.¹⁵

And in this the Herritons concur; they say it is what they themselves want, although actually they have no desire for the child. But Caroline now has a moral purpose beyond anything she had ever felt in her Church charity work. Her passion both affronts and shames the Herritons. They make an
offer to Gino through their solicitors and are relieved when it is refused, Caroline, however, sees through their insincerity and offer to go to Italy at her own expense. At this Mrs. Herriton takes vulgar offence and dispatches Philip who has been behaving like an old gossip to fetch the Carella baby. And because the baby must now really be had, Caroline having made such an issue of it, and because Mrs. Herriton knows that Philip’s heart is not in the venture, she orders Philip to pick up his sister Harriet who is summering in one of the Protestant cantons of Switzerland.

The brother and sister make a dreadful trip, Harriet filled with rage and scorn and moral fervour, Philip trying to enjoy his Italy. To their surprise, Caroline Abbott has come to Monteriano before them. “Spy or traitor?” Philip challenges her, and the increasingly remarkable young woman answers, “spy”. For Mrs. Herriton had behaved in sincerely and dishonourably, not wanting the child, yet acting as if she did; Caroline is here to help the Herritons if they really try for the baby, or to get it herself if they do not.

But Caroline’s own purpose has somehow changed. She has had an interview with Gino and he has not been quite the beast she he has not been quite the beast she knows him to be. And Philip’s own moral fibre is further weakened when she mentions that Gino has expressed his regret for his rudeness of the last visit; Philip’s old love of Italy returns “there were no cads in her; she was beautiful, courteous, lovable, as of old.” Harriet, however, is not in the least weakened. Unapproachable by any amenity, she is firm in her religious duty and demands that things be settled immediately. Gino must be taught English business methods. But Gino has gone away for the day and that evening there takes place an incident which
advances Philip's education a step further. The English party go to the performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor* at the little local theatre.

The scene is a great one and carries the novel to the heights of comic bravura. It begins with a description of the theatre which has been lately done up in tints of tomato and beet-root, calling forth the comment, already quoted, on the vital bad taste of Italy. "This tiny theatre of Monteriano spraddled and swaggered with the best of them, and these ladies [painted on the proscenium arch] with their clock would have nodded to the young men of the Sistine." Miss Abbott is charmed and she is sorry that she has not brought any pretty clothes: something has indeed happened to her moral fibre. But Harriet remains firm and dominates the house. For the audience accompanies the opening chorus with "tappings and drummings, swaying in the melody like corn in the wind. Harriet, though she did not care for music, knew how to listen to it. She uttered an acid 'Shish!" The house becomes quiet, "not because it is wrong to talk during a chorus but because it is natural to be civil to a visitor." Harriet has turned "this great evening Party into a prayer meeting"; Sawston has met Italy and has triumphed. But the audience is soon out of hand again and when the mad Lucia ("clad in white, as befitted her malady") ends her aria, it explodes into pleasure, shouts, kisses, flowers and a bouquet with a *billet doux* in it which hits poor Harriet. "Call this classical;" she cries as she gets up, "'tis not even respectable!" And it is in the midst of this wonderful *brio* that Philip meets Gino and is embraced by him as not only a friend but a relative, a brother-in-law, a brother. (Chap.7)
It is a great event for Philip. He feels free and happy in the warm Italian holiday spirit of Gino and his friends. And feeling so, knowing that Gino feels so, he in quite certain that Gino can have no attachment to the child, for he is English enough to suppose that love must be solemn. But Miss Abbott is soon to know otherwise. She calls on Gino and is admitted in his absence; she waits in the stiff, dull parlour that has been grimly consecrated to the dead Lilia. And as Gino enters, unaware of her presence, he leaves open the door of his room. (Chap. 7) In this living and nourishing mess is the child, and as the interview between Caroline and Gino develops, she learns what we have always known, that the child is the passion of Gino's life. Now for the first time she understands that the baby is real, a human being, not a principle. (Chap. 7) As she and Gino talk, "the horrible truth, that wicked people are capable of love, stood naked before her, and her moral being was abused."

When Philip comes to make his offer for the baby, he finds Miss Abbott holding the child on her lap, drying it after its bath, while Gino watches "to all intents and purposes, the Virgin and child, with Donor."

Gino is to be the Donor in more senses than one, but Miss Abbott is to remain a virgin. So is Philip, for this strange little comic novel is to end in enlightened and tearable despair.

Yet before despair, there is tragedy and cruelty, two of the English Party now know they can never have been influenced by Gino's elemental love for the child. But Harriet, the grim spirit of religion, untouched and untouchable by love, does not know, and she gets the baby. She steals it, just in time to catch the train out of Montariano. Philip, unconscious of his
sister's mad crime, believes that Gino, not so great a man as he had appeared, has, after all, sold the baby. On the way to the station the baby sickens; and when the carriage overtuns, it is dropped by Harriet and found dead. Philip, his arm broken in the accident, carries the news to Gino.

And now occurs the scene of horror which matches and balances the scene of joy at the opera. It is the crucial scene in the book crucial dramatically and crucial philosophically. Gino receives the news in terrible silence, then hurls the lamp out of the window and in the darkened room obscenely stalks Philip. When he catches him, he methodically tortures his broken arm and then carefully and slowly begins to choke him to death. The entrance of Caroline Abbott, gifted with great powers by a kind of transfiguration saves Philip and even brings about the reconciliation of the two men.

E.M. Forster has been charged of devilish and diabolical values in his novel. What Forster seems to be saying is that love arises from a generally passionate nature and depends upon a valuation of things so passionate as to quite overwhelm the reason, even to the point of cruelty. To judge Gino's cruelty, we must take the incident in its novelistic context; we must first set it beside Philip's profound indifference to life, then for everything may be differentiated, even cruelty we must compare it with the moral cruelty of Harriet, the genteel cruelty of Mrs. Herriton in England; and we must observe that, when the Passion is over, Gino is ready not only to forgive but to love Philip. He is not a creature of tragedy, only of passion, and as the novel ends we learn that, once his sorrow is past, he will be happy again. This is perhaps shallowness, but many years later, in his war pamphlet, Nordie
Twilight, Forster will find part of the German malady to lie in Germany's too great sense of the tragic in life.

Eventually, in addition to God, Italy and Caroline Abbott, Philip has Gino to thank for the spectacle of life being beautiful and heartening. But it still remains a spectacle; his salvation cannot be complete. On the trip back to England he proposes to Caroline, for Gino has very explicitly directed Philip's eyes to her physical attractions. But she gently refuses him; she likes him but he is still an uncommitted man. He is invalidated by Gino and she loves Gino, physically, sexually "he's handsome." "I mean it crudely, she says, --you know what I mean... Get over supposing I'm refined. That's what puzzles you get over that." She has been "saved" because, while she "was worshipping every inch of him, and every word he spoke," Gino has thought of her as "a superior being--a goddess." So, "saved," and with the knowledge that "all the wonderful, things are over," she condemns herself to a life that is at best endurable. 10

The novel ends with an almost intentional weakness, petering out in sad discourse. Yet its effect is invigorating. A point has been made, an idea developed. The life of self complacency has been confronted with the life of self, and Sawston and its illusions can never again have their hold upon Caroline and Philip. We are not misled with false conversions on their Part, the life of self with its healthy overflow of emotion is not for them and at best they can but understand it. Nor have we been misled by any over estimation of the life of self Forster is not taken in by his Gino as Santayana is by his analogous Mario, and if he defined Mediterranean instinct against British cant or Phlegm, he knows the limits of its value. The invigoration of
the book comes from two ideas meeting and one of them being modified. Nothing important has been changed, but in the struggle things have assumed their right names and true meanings.\(^{20}\)

The fact remains crucial to *Where Angels Fear to Tread* that inspite of the seriousness of its theme with violence & suffering, the novel ends up in a comic vision infused with wit and gaiety. It has been also pointed out that though it is a tragic novel infused with the idea of the Violent opposition between British respectability and "a kind of pagan and masculine integration" it also presents its protagonist as a cruel person, the scene of Gino’s cruelty being one of the more remarkable in modern fiction.\(^{21}\)

Of Forster’s five novels perhaps, *The Longest Journey* is by conventional notions the least perfect—the least compact, the least precisely formed. Yet although Forster himself says that "it is a novel which most readers have dismissed as a failure," it is perhaps the most brilliant, the most dramatic and the most Passionate of his works. In its arbitrary departures from the properties of the modern novel there is a genuine refreshment and even a special claim upon our affections. Those of us who respond to this claim will grant that the book is not a perfect whole, but we feel that it does not so much fault apart as fly apart: the responsive reader can be conscious not of an inadequate plan or of a defect in structure but rather of the too much steam that blows up the boiler.\(^{22}\)

However, *The Longest Journey* is one of the most personal novels of E.M. Forster and its unpopularity is due to its faults perhaps. It is a subtle and searching examination of a problem which confronted Forster both as a humanist and a novelist. The formidable problem is the relationship
between vision and truth as much as between symbol and reality. The story of The Longest Journey begins with a metaphysical discussion. A group of Cambridge undergraduates are belabouring the problem which fascinates all young students of philosophy, whether a thing really exists, really is there, if no observer is present to see it. One of the disputants, Stewart Ansell-he is not the hero but he is one of the heroic people in the story insists that the cow (they have chosen a cow as example, rather than the table consecrated to such discussions) is really there; others disagree. They are not especially expert in their argument and they proceed chiefly by the reiteration of their opinions. The scene, delightful but apparently trivial, is a statement of what the story is about: it is about reality appearance and reality and the word "real" recurs again and again in the novel.

Few stories are metaphysical and few begin with metaphysical discussions, but many of the best stories deal with just this problem of appearance and reality. It is, indeed, one of the great themes of literature. It is what much of the Odyssey is about; Oedipus Rex and Don Quixote deal with it pre-eminently; it is Shakespeare's great subject in Hamlet, Othello and Lear, as well as in Troilus and Cressida, The Winter's Tale and The Tempest; it is the essential matter of Faust; it is everlastingly teasing Tolstoy. It is not "truth" that these stories deal with; reality is a more exact concept than truth and simple people are more interested in it than in truth; reality is the word we use for what can be relied on, felt, pushed against. It is what is thick, and lasts.

The discussion of reality is interrupted by the arrival of a young woman. Who is the guest of the undergraduate who is host to others. Rickie Elliot,
having invited Agnes Pembroke and her brother Herbert for a visit, has quite
forgotten to meet them or provide for them. Thus has this unconscious
mind spoken for him, but he is unfortunately not to listen to his
unconscious mind. Agnes enters, poised and voluble, dominating the group
of embarrassed young men. Her first bright social words are of a
horsewhipping for the forgetful Rickie. As unobtrusively as possible, all the
undergraduates slip away, leaving only Stewart Ansell with Rickie and Agnes.
Rickie introduces Ansell, Agnes puts out her hand in greeting, Ansell acts
exactly as if she were not there and Agnes stands with outstretched unshaken
hand. When Rickie later visits Ansell to scold him for this shocking rudness,
Ansell insists that he could not have been rude because no one was there.
This, as Rickie points out, is both nonsense and at variance with Ansell’s
philosophic views about the cow, and Ansell replies.24

"Which, to our destruction we invest with the semblance of reality—so
terrible can be the wrong notion of the real, and it is exactly to his own
destruction that Rickie is to mistake its nature.″

Rickie is the son of a loving mother and a hateful father. The mother
is gentle and passionate, the father facetious, fastidious and cruel; like his
only son, he has a deformity of the foot. Within a brief span both parents
die suddenly in the Forster fashion, leaving Rickie fairly well off but eager
for love, remembering his mother’s affection and his father’s hatefulness.

He marries Agnes Pembroke. She is older than he and stronger than
he—stronger not only by reason of nature but also because her heart is not
involved in the marriage for her days of passion are behind her and Rickie
is but a second best. Agnes had been engaged to Gerald Dawes, a young
man in every way Rickie's opposite. Gerald had been stupid and conventional, athletic and peevish. One day Rickie chanced to overhear Gerald and Agnes in conversation; from the way they picked and bickered he understood that they did not love each other. But this was only his undergraduate simplicity, for the cold dull tiff ended in a fierce kiss which, in Rickie's eyes, quite transfigured the pair. It seemed impossible to him that these two burning people should endure the pain and humiliation of a long engagement; he offered Gerald money to marry on, and Gerald—he had been brutal to Rickie at School—turned on him in violent rage.26

Rickie's action was Shelleyan. The title of the novel is taken from Epipsychidion and the theme of the book might well have been suggested by Alastor. The latter poem as Shelley tells us in his preface, is about "a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius" whose immagination is "inflamed and purified through all that was excellent and majestic". But he thirsts for intercourse with an intelligence similar to himself. "He seeks in vain for a prototype of his conception. Blasted by his disappointment, he descends to an untimely grave". This, Shelley tells us, is the retribution for his self-centered seclusion; the youth did what Ansell had warned Rickie against doing to his destruction he had invested or had tried to invest with the semblance of reality the subjective product of a diseased imagination.27

Rickie was suffering from a peculiar state of mind where in all his meaner spirits suffered nefarious decay, "deluded by no generous error, or instigated by no sacred thirst of doubtful knowledge." This state of his mind lost all hope in everything even including the healing power of love and
sympathies. He could hardly rejoice in human joy or mourn with human misery. Forster says that all roots of affection appeared to have been buckled. Forever rendering him in a state of loneliness where one is "morally dead" and is "neither friends, nor lovers, nor fathers, nor citizens of the world". They are such people who may be called belonging to "unforeseeing multitudes, who constitute together with their own, the lasting misery and loneliness of the world." This has a kind of noble despair about it; one is either blasted by devotion to an illustrious superstition which one endows with the semblance of reality or one unrolled among the unforeseeing multitudes who slowly and poisonously decay. But The Longest Journey is written to show that such a tragic dilemma is not necessary. Rickie is the votary of generous error and illustrious superstition; he believes in high morality, in the inner life, in the goodness of man and having at Cambridge, turned his desires toward objects excellent majestic and majestic, and having there had intercourse with male intelligences similar to himself, he seeks for the female prototype of his conception. He endows Agnes with the semblance of reality but what he believes her to be is only the product of his diseased imagination; actually she is one of the unforeseeing multitude. He himself joins the multitude and begins to decay; he is eventually saved, but because, on his return to generosity, he still demands what is unreal, he is destroyed.

The multitude of the unforeseeing is powerful in the novel. It includes Agnes Pembroke and her brother Herbert, who touches Rickie practically; and Rickie's aunt, his father's sister, the malignly witty and intelligent Mrs. failing; and in the shadowy background the dreadful family of the shabby
gentle Silts; all these, in Shelley's words, "love not their fellow beings live unfruitful lives and prepare for their old age a miserable grave".

Although Forster has characterized characters in fiction as 'flat' and 'round' but is silent his own characters in his novels, Ansell in The Longest Journey is a fragrant character. Of Rickie it is said that "he suffered from the Primal curse, which is not—as the Authorized Version suggests, the knowledge of good-and-evil." Yet at the same time he believes in absolutes. And it is easier, especially if one is weak, to act on absolutes than he must choose between an absolute idealism and an absolute "practicality". Actually the choice is an unreal one and five characters in the novel, three living and two dead, are never confronted with it. Rickie's mother and the manly sensitive farmer who loved her had known the way of love and instinct, and though chance had worked against them, the husband of Rickie's aunt, had chosen the way of love and intellect; a landowner, a member of Parliament, a political theorist, he had been loved by his theorist tenants for the reforms on his estate (since undone by his widow), and his political wisdom had won him a small but worthy admiration.

The creation of the Fallings is peculiarly brilliant, for Mrs. Falling is the false show and therefore the negation of what in her husband had been real. Intellectual and clever, she sees herself a romantic heroine of the mind; actually she has withered into a kind of fancy-picture of an 18th century worldling, in "the habit of taking life with a laugh—as if life is a pill". (The Longest Journey: Part 2, Chap. 26)2 When we first see Mrs. Falling she is engaged in chilling the memory of her dead husband, for as she writes the introduction to his posthumous essays, she subtly mocks his generousity.
But that generosity had been large and wide. (Part 2, Chap. 26) "Attain the practical through the unpractical. There is no other road." Such had been Mr. Failing's belief and, together with a trust in the salutary powers of Nature and man, it puts him in the tradition of romanticism, of British liberal romanticism. Now, when romanticism is publicly mentioned only to explain its guilt in German ideology, it is useful to remember Mr. Failing.

Stewart Ansell, Rickie's closest friend, is a kind of spiritual descendent of Mr. Failing. He in one of Forster's most successful characters. More rigorously intellectual than Mr. Failing, Ansell is of the same stuff. And when he sees the life of Rickie's boarding house at Sawston School, his comment is what Mr. Failing's would be: (Part 2, Chap. 26) Stewart Ansell is good in a way that Rickie cannot be—by his devotion to the intellect which makes him a whole person. The passionateness of his intelligence gives him his innocence and his insight. It is he who at first glance sees through Agnes, knows she in not there, or if there, not a human person but a Medusa. It is he who precipitates the terrific scene in the dinning-hall which is the novel's climax, making good his boast of the effectiveness of the intellectual. No less than Ansell and more directly in the scheme of the novel, Stephen Wonham is descended from Mr. Failing. Stephen had, indeed, been Mr. Failing's protigi and now continues in the charge of Mrs. Failing. Apparently a great tout of a fellow, he has not been able to get on in the schools and so he lives on the Failing estate in Wiltshire, spending his time in the open with the tenants and labourers or reading third-rate agnostic pamphlets to understand the secrets of the universe. He is a Meredithian boy grown up Crossjay Pattern some years older, and Mrs. Failing Keeps him about as a
kind of living symbol: he is the “Fresh”; she has little use for his honesty. Although a gentleman born, Stephen has none of the gentleman’s attitude towards the poor. He will disgust Rickie by holding a personal grudge against a simple shepherd, just as he will disgust the intellectual Mrs. Failing because, when he lends money to his poor friends, he required payment to the last farthing. He believes in short, that his natural inferiors are his equals. He is vindictive and combative and affectionate; he is simple and trusting and, though slow by no means stupid. Of him Stewart Ansell uses the world that Philip Herriton had used of Gino; he is “great”.

Here then, in Mrs. Elliot and the man who loved her, in Mr. Failing in Ansell and in Stephen, are people who choose the human way, neither being blasted by their own too high hopes nor sinking into torpor and decay. Rickie should have been of their number. Some fatality, some weakness, but most of all a wrong view of the nature of reality, drove him elsewhere drove him to the plausible, practical Pembrokes and laid him open to the cruelty of Mrs. Failing.

Two kinds of people are counted among the unforeseeing multitude—those whose hearts are bad and those whose hearts are undeveloped. Among the former are Rickie’s father and Rickie’s aunt. Mrs. Failing is subtly aware of her condition and almost ashamed of it but it has advantages. For if the good life “pays” so does the bad. It pays in different coin, but it pays—in the coin of power, superiority, possessions, or the pleasures of cruelty. As for a man like Herbert Pembroke, he has the will to be good but the undeveloped heart prevents him. He is stupid. It is not clear whether his head diminishes his heart or his heart his head; in any case, some failure of connection between the two makes the stupidity. 

81
Herbert was Sawstor and Sawston School, genteel and cultivated Philistinism very full of "ideals" and when Rickie married Herbert's sister, he became a part of Sawston—far "practical" reasons. The marriage with Agnes was based on an illusion which each of the parties entertained, a falsification of reality. For poor Rickie, the illusion was of Agnes's sexual and moral warmth. What shown about her was no quality of her own, or anything he could stimulate her to; it was what had been generated by Gerald and herself in the passionate kiss Rickie had witnessed—but "she was never to be so real to him again."

Indeed, although the novelist does not say so, we can almost imagine that Rickie was in love not so much with the girl herself as with her "manly" and brutal lover in love in the sense that he was identifying himself with the strong and dominant man by marrying this "girl like an empress", this "kindly Media, a Cleopatra with a sense of duty"; Agnes, with her gay talk of house whipping, her pleasure at the idea of the weak by in the hands of the strong boy, was Gerald's counterpart.

As for Agnes, apart from the convenience of the marriage, she had been dazzled by Rickie's single moment of spiritual power. For Gerald-died in the most notable of sudden deaths: "Gerald died that afternoon. He was broken up in the football math" and Agnes had prepared to meet the terrible blow with fortitude and phlegm. But Rickie forces her to "mind" the tragedy.

Agnes "minds" and is "great" : it is her own moment of greatness. Neither she nor Rickie is great again. Agnes is conventional, snobbish, hard. Rickie is second-best for her; he cannot continue to arouse her imagination.
by his insight and certainly not by his sexuality. She must be dominated or dominating, and her notion of dominance is mixed up with some notion of brutality. She is not dominated, therefore she becomes dominant and thus she deteriorates. We move into a new moral dimension with this situation, for Agnes, Forster points out, is helped toward her deterioration by Rickie's very virtue which kept him from mastery.

Rickie, drawn by the exigencies of his marriage into the life of Swaston School, takes to "practicality" with a vengeance, and is ruined by it. He does nothing very bad, only petty little things in the interests of quite legitimate sums of money, things which he is almost proud to do because they seem to him mature and better than his old college notions. But he becomes a martinet in class and a cats paw in Herbert's dull, sullen war on the day-boys. What happens to him is nothing spectacular. It is only that a "cloud of unreality" settles upon his spirit. The cloud had not been made by Sawston School and it had been of his own choosing, though Agnes had directed the choice. He had chosen it just before his marriage when he and Agnes had gone to visit Mrs. Failing in Wiltshire. There for the first time he had met to Salisbury Cathedral together, disliking each other and showing their dislike, Rickie by acting like a prig, Stephen by acting like a boor; Stephen had culminated his boorishness by getting drunk and singing an obscene song about Mrs. Failing.

And then it turns out that this boisterous and disgusting young man is Rickie's half brother: the casual communication of this fact is Mrs. Failing's revenge upon Rickie after a small difference of opinion. The news shatters Rickie rather more than Mrs. Failing had expected. He is convicted that
stephen is bad with all his father's badness. Yet he puts he must claim the kindship; stephen must know of their brotherhood. (Part 2, Ch.14)\textsuperscript{33}

Thus the cloud of unreality settles down upon Rickie, deepening as Sawston claims him more and more, Cambridge and his friends less and less. Ansel refuses to see this painfully deteriorated friend and Rickie stands alone, his marriage quite dead, his self a burden to him. A daughter born with more than the usual Elliot deformity dies mercifully soon.

Rickie's release comes by chance and melodrama—by Ansell and Stephen meeting on his lawn, and by a revelation. stephen and Ansell begin their acquaintance with a fight, the reason for the fight is absurd, they act like a pair of small boys: it simply suits Forster to have the head and the heart engage in a physical struggle before they become, as they do, fast friends. They become friends over Mr. Failing ; Ansell is reading and admiring his book, stephen had known the living man. Only one conversation between stephen and Mr. failing is recorded. (The Longest Journey:Part 1, Chap.12)\textsuperscript{34}

But stephen is no longer on the roof of the mansion and the doors and windows are shut against him—he has been turned out of Cadover by Mrs. failing. He has ceased to amuse ; and he has angered her by making the tenants and labourers restless and telling them what their rights are. He has made a fuss about a dangerous railway crossing that has already played a part in the story and will again, and Agnes has seen to it that an account of the ribald song should reach the ears of Mrs. Failing. So, refusing to accept money from his benefactress, accepting only a packet of old letters, he has come hungry and penniless to tell Rickie that he has learned they are half
brothers. To Ansell, stepher is "worderful" as Gino had been to Caroline and Philip. (Part 2, Ch. 26)\textsuperscript{35}

Certain figures of the Greeks, to whom we continually return, suggested him a little. One expected nothing of him—no purity of phrase nor swift edged thought. Yet the conviction grew that he had been back somewhere—back to some table of the gods, spread in a field where there is no noise, and that he belonged for ever to the guests with whom he had eaten.

Meanwhile he was simple and frank and what he could tell he would tell any one. He had not the sub urban reticence.\textit{(The Longest Journey, Part II, Ch.26)}\textsuperscript{36}

What he tells is that he has discovered that Rickie and he had the same mother. This news comes to Rickie himself in an impossible and rather superb scene, whose truth, as Peter Burra says, is "operatic". Ansell reveals the great fact in a furious denunciation of Rickie before the whole boarding house of boys assembled for dinner: he is justly indignant, for Agnes has just tried to buy off Stephen from claiming brotherhood and Rickie has refused to acknowledge a wicked brother who is the byblow of his father's wickedness. The revelation of the truth is to Rickie a terrible shock, yet he recovers quickly from it and when, some days later, Stephen returns, roaring drunk and vindictive, and sets to smashing up the house, Rickie has gone through a crisis in his emotions which has made him ready for brotherhood. He offers to help Stephen and to "cure" him, but Stephen knows that the offer is merely a principled one, made from Rickie's idealization of their mother, not from any feeling for him. In the end, it is Rickie who is cured by Stephen's inducing him to leave Agnes, Dunwood House and Sawston.
But Rickie is still to be destroyed. As the novel approaches its close, it moves with a certain ambiguousness, yet its point is clear. The illusion of Agnes has been exorcized but a new illusion takes its place. Rickie had begun to see his mother’s spirit in his newly discovered brother, assuming a moral quality in him which is not in fact there. Once again the illustrious superstition begins to work in Rickie. Stephen has been drinking heavily, Rickie is much distressed and at last manages to elicit a promise of sobriety. But Stephen breaks the promise and Rickie is devastated he is, as he says, bankrupt for the second time. Under the spell of his noble superstition he is quite blind to the simple reality of a drunken man; all he can see is that his mother’s spirit is being defiled: “the woman he loved would die out, in drunkenness, in debauchery, and her strength would be dissipated by a man, her beauty defiled by a man, She would not continue.” And for Rickie this fantastic notion of his mother’s destruction means that he must return to Agnes and be corrupted by her.37

In certain of its aspects, the three sections into which The Longest Journey is divided—Cambridge, Sawston, and Wiltshire—mark the three major kinds of experience to which Rickie is exposed in the course of his adult life. Cambridge, as Forster presents it, is humanistic. Its atmosphere encourages learning and friendship. Rickie makes friends here, reads classics, talks philosophy, and is happy for the first and only time in his life. His familiar rooms are his home, a shelter-like the Dell at Maddingly—from the outer world which, both of his parents being dead, affords him no place to settle. To be sure, there are ‘sets’ at Cambridge—the athletes or ‘beefy set,’ and Rickie and his non-athletic, cultivated friends who generally
consider themselves 'saved.' Rickie who should like to break down the barriers deviding the sets; but for that ambition his friends tease him. 38

Mrs. failing has advised Rickie to go back to Agnes, to trust to conventions and to be aware of the earth. But Rickie has cried to God to receive him and pardon him for trusting the earth. While he is engaged with his aunt's butler, Leighton whom he convinces about his second bankruptcy, he discovers Stephen in a state of drunkenness lying stupefied on the railway tracks as an engine approaches. Rickie saves Stephen but lacking in a conviction to save himself. Thus Rickie destroys himself by mistaking the nature of reality. As such The Longest Journey ends up with a gloomy and somber picture with a number of sudden deaths in the novel. Thus Forster's humanism turns tragic culminating in eventual deaths.

Forster's third novel, A Room with a View, is less ambitious and better controlled than The Longest Journey, and most readers like it more. Unlike The Longest Journey, it is an overtly romantic novel, a love story whose heroine, after trying form a sense of propriety to ignore her love for a socially questionable young man, finally marries him, and, so far as we can determine, lives happily ever after. More than forster's other four novels, it recalls Jane Austen. With due allowance for changes of fashion and idiom, most of the characters might have stepped from the pages of one of her books, and Summer Street, the home of the heroine and her family, in the sort of quite English village about which she wrote—Highgate or Longborn—a century later. Forster's novel too, displays a gift for satire and comedy that recalls the art of the earlier novelist.
Yet *A Room with a View* is wider in scope than any of Jane Austen’s novels. Its heroine Lucy Honeychurch travels to Italy where she encounters a spirit totally new to her. Wilder and freer than the spirit of Summer Street and her home Windy Corner, it embraces beauty, passion, violence, and love; and it makes an indelible impression on Lucy. Not only does she acquire a new view of the world, she becomes involved in a new life. The result is that try as she does to return to the old view and the old life, she cannot. They no longer fulfil her needs, and she cannot be happy until she accepts the new. In another respect, too, the novel goes beyond one of Jane Austen’s, for it reaches out beyond Lucy and her social environment toward the unseen and the infinite. It pits the genteel pretensions of village life against the mystery of life itself. Envisioning man in a disjointed, inexplicable universe, it implicitly searches for some means of gaining a sense of wholeness and harmony, a sense that the inner life and the outer can be attuned.39

Comedy, we are often told, depends on incongruity. We are often told that tragedy has the same dependence. The incongruity is between the real and the unreal; both comedy and tragedy require blind characters. In *Oedipus Rex* and *King Lear* the blindness finds physical expression; in *Othello* the many metaphors of vision stress Othello’s inability to see what is before his eyes, and Orgon in *Tartuffe* is as unable as Othello to see what his senses present to him. This confusion of the real with the unreal, which had touched Forster’s first novel and dominated his second, also the theme of *A Room with a View*.

The incongruity on which the comedy of the novel rests is symbolized by the blood on certain photographs. They are alinari prints of some of the
famous pictures of Florence and have been bought by Lucy Honeychurch, an excessively proper though quite pretty girl, who is travelling in Italy with her elderly cousin, Charlotte Barlatt. The purpose of the photographs in to remind Lucy, when she returns to England, of her triumphant appreciation of Giotto’s tactile values. But in the Piazza Signoria, at “the hour of unreality—the hour, that is, when unfamiliar things are real,” two men, Florentines, argue about money and one draws a knife and stabs the other; Lucy faints into the arms of young George Emersion, a fellow guest at her pension, and as George escorts her home, he throws a little package into the Arno—it is her photographs, he explains, which have been stained with the blood of the murdered man.

For Mr. Eager, on English clergyman resident in Florence, the event in the Piazza is a disgrace to the fair traditional city. 40 “This very square—so I am told—witnessed yesterday the most sordid of tragedies. To one who loves the Florence of Dante and Savonarola there is something portentous in such desecration—portentous and humiliating.” 41 The irony is almost too obvious. Mr. Eager, choosing to forget what the Florence of Dante and Savonarola was like, has turned life into art, thus it can be contemplated by the timid. But art is not life, as we are reminded by the blood that now and then falls on our pictures, or to be more precise, we should say that the art of the timid is not life: to the courageous the pictures have had blood on them from the first. 42

Caroline Abbott had said “I mean it crudely—you know what I mean... Get over supposing I’m refined,” 43 and A Room with a View is about “crudeness” and “refinement”. Its theme is stated by the old socialist, Mr.
Emerson: "The love of the body - not the body, but of the body." It deals with the physical reality upon which all the other realities rest. The blindness to this reality is the source of the comedy and the comedy is played out to the verge of tragedy.

The blood on the photographs is symbolic not only of the novel's point but also of its method. Nothing could be more artful, nothing more disembodied than this story about naturalness and the body. Its hero and heroine are as nearly creatures of air or mythology as it is possible for two young people to be in a story about sexuality. As in any good novel, the characters grow out of the author's prose, and the prose of A Room with a View is swift and airy, its most memorable effects are of impalpability, of brightness and of wind. At the very end of the book darkness and evil are introduced, and for the first time we see that we have, after all, been dealing with matters of great consequence and reality. The effect of the contrast, of the sudden introduction of evil, into what has seemed an almost trivial world, in remarkable—almost too remarkable: we feel that a novel should not acquire its stature from a single effect.

By the way, Douglas Hewitt has suggested in his English fiction of the Early Modern Period (1890-1940) that Forster's A Room with a View followed in 1908, though it had been begun earlier and redrafted; it takes us back to the Anglo/Italian polarity, with English allies of the Italian virtues in the Emersons and the possibility, therefore, of a marriage between Lucy Honeychurch and George Emerson. This is celebrated, like Philip Herriton's salvation, in terms of the utmost eloquence. Lucy, having entered the 'armies of the benighted' when she denies loving George Emerson is won back by
his father and saved from muddle by such appeals as ‘Marry him; it is one of the moments for which the world was made’ and ‘we fight for more than Love or pleasure: there is Truth. Truth counts, Truth does not count’. Forster reinforces the proclamation: “He gave her a sense of deities reconciled, a feeling that, in gaining the man she loved, she would gain something for the whole world.”

All three of the early novels are about admitting something, about being brave enough to defy convention and proclaim the truth, and when the characters do so we are given a sense not nearly that they are likely to be happier and more decent but that the powers of truth and love have triumphed. The triumph, however, often seems excessive. Lucy’s admission that she loves George Emerson, Carolin’s that she loves Gino, and Rickie’s that he has an illegitimate brother are certainly, by the standards of the snobberies and proprieties of the day, significant, but our attention is taken away from the feelings of the people and directed towards a general principle of taking sides, proclaiming love and truth, being ennobled, winning the good fight. It is tempting to suggest that all such admissions are ‘really’ surrogates for an admission of that homosexual nature which could not be admitted and a proclamation of the value of such love. The restrictions placed upon his nature must surely make Forster especially aware of the oppressions of society and the meannesses of convention; they place him with the rebels and the minorities. But it also forces him to write of love as a triumph of principles rather than of bodies and feelings and leads him into rhetorical excesses in an attempt to arouse a response to what is, for him, not real.
So, the slender story begins with a room without a view. Lucy and Charlotte, when they had first arrived at the Pension Bertolini, were sorely disappointed in their rooms which, contrary to promise, had no view. Old Mr. Emerson, publicly and loudly, but in all generosity, had offered to exchange rooms, for his and his son's did have views. We must suppose for this novel a state of manners which permits Miss Honeychurch and Miss Bartlett to be embarrassed and even affronted by the offer and to refuse it, although perhaps such manners are archaic even for 1908; it is not until Mr. Beebe, a clergyman of their acquaintance, assures them of the propriety of accepting the offer that they consent to make the exchange. But they continue to be as cool as possible to the Emersons.

Both George and Lucy are young people imprisoned, Lucy by her respectability, George by a deep, neurotic pessimism. But the scene of death on the Piazza has not been lost upon them. It begins, indeed, the destruction of their prisons. George has held Lucy in his arms and now wants to live. Lucy's dull propriety begins to give way before the possibility of passion.

Indeed, Mr. Beebe has been wondering about Lucy ever since he heard her rather startling performance of Beethoven. Suddenly and irritably — she begins to develop. She has come to Florence for "culture" — for correct knowledge about Giotto's tactile values and to buy "florid little picture frames that seemed fashioned in gilt pasty; other little frames, more severe, that stood on little easels and were carven out of oak; a blotting book of Vellum; a Dante of the same material; cheap brooches, ... pins, pots, heraldic saucers, brown art-photographs; Eros and Psyche in alabaster, St. Peter to match", all the facile tourist-trove of Phrases and objects. And she finds instead "the eternal league of Italy with youth". She discovers that she has
less respect for Charlotte, for Mr. Eager, even for Miss Eleanora Lavish, the novelist who is so free and frank who fells here that "One doesn't come to Italy for niceness, one comes for life;" and who is quite sure that life is local colour.

Certainly some of the young Cambridge aesthetes of Forster's time, men like Lytton Strachey and Duncan Grant did not seek to preserve any kindship with the Phitistine, but "aimed rather at a life of retirement among fine shades and nice feelings and conceived of the good as consisting in the passionate mutual admirations of a clique of the elite."

Then on a picnic there is some confusion and Lucy, in search of the two clergymen asks the coachman in her limited Italian, "Dove buoni uomini?"

The coachman having his own motion of what a good man is directs her to George Emersion. She tumbles down a bank to a flowery terrace, and the flowers, the sudden wide vista of the Val d'Arno and her own emotions quite overcome her and she submits to George's kiss. But before a word can be exchanged between them the "silence of life had been broken by Miss Bartlett who stood brown against the view". George's is the first of three kisses by which the comedy is punctuated. Lucy receives the next one from a young man named Cecil Vyse. For Lucy, confused by her own passion, has submitted to the wisdom of the brown Charlotte Bartlett. Old Mr. Emersion had declared at the picnic that Lorenzo de Medici had been quite right when he said, "Don't go fighting against the spring," but Charlotte knew how to wage just that fight. Convinced herself, she convinces Lucy that George, like all men, is a rake and his kiss but a masculine "exploit."
Charlotte knows otherwise and carries Lucy off to Rome where Cecil Vyse is staying (with his mother); Cecil falls in love with Lucy from the heights of a charly superior culture and later, in England, Lucy accepts his offer of marriage. The engagement is not the occasion for Cecil’s kiss. The kiss does not occur until some days, a delay which has been criticized (by Miss Rose Macaulay in her book on Forster) as unnatural, as no doubt it is. But unnaturalness, even to this extreme, is part of Cecil’s nature and the story is now for some time to be preoccupied with Cecil’s nature. It becomes Meredithian in the social comedy that ensues, in the praise of Nature and naturalness, in Lucy’s young brother Freddy with his true perceptions, in the scene of sunshine and water that is to be the second meeting of Grange and Lucy, and most of all in the dissection of Cecil.31

Cecil despises women who talk about cookery and he has a quick eye for interior decoration; he is the cultured man in this story and although he is not cruel, like Rickie Elliot’s father, his culture makes him peevish and superior. Culture for him is a way of hiding his embarrassment before life. He is taken to call on Lucy’s mother’s old friends and, feeling the engaged man’s natural resentment, he behaves badly. Certainly it had been a bore, “yet the smirking old women, however wrong individually, were racially correct,” and Cecil should have had wit enough to see it.

The comedy now proceeds on good and bad taste. A certain Mr. Flack, a contractor, has built two villas which horrify the gentry of the neighbourhood. They are very ugly, but, as usual, Forster is on the side of ugly houses. If Mr. Flack is not properly trained in the use of columns, still his columns, bad as their capitals are, represent Mr. Flack’s own taste and
desire. Sir Harry Otway, the leader of local society, had vainly tried to direct Mr. Flack's taste; now he has bought the villas, meaning to tear them down, only to find that Mr. Flack has installed an aged, bedridden aunt in one of them. How to let the other is a problem, for it is too expensive for the peasant class and too small and dreadful for "any one the least like us." It is a house for a bank clerk and everyone fears that a bank clerk will rent it. But cecil, the devotee of Meredithian Comedy (he possessed, in addition, "his full share of mediaeval mischievousness"), solves the problem of the tenant. he has struck up an acquaintance with the Emersons in London and he thinks it a fine stroke to introduce this strange pair to the community.

But before this has happened, Lucy has been kissed by Cecil. He has noticed that when Lucy walks with him she sticks to the rood and avoids the fields and trees. He comments on this and she agrees it is so; indeed, when he questions her further, she says that she thinks of him always as in a room, a drawing room, and without a view. But she is good naturedly willing to walk in the woods with him; and beside a tiny pool that sometimes fills up in a heavy rain, she is quite willing to be kissed. It is not a successful kiss except as it reminds Lucy of George's.

The comedy begins to be played out quickly and in the open. With the Emersons coming to the villa, Lucy is in a Panic and reproaches Cecil for his trick; he, thinking she is snobbish snobs in Forster's novels always think everybody else is snobbish and planning to educate her in the best ideas, tells her, "I believe in democracy" and is surprised to hear her snap, "'No you don't know what the word means." More is involved in this little love story then love; as always in Forster, sexuality and right political feeling have a point of contact.
George and Lucy meet again. It is just after George has been swimming with Freddy and Mr. Beebe in the pool, and the pool in the sun and wind "had been a call to the blood and the relaxed will" and had dispelled his bleak neurotic despair. He runs shouting through the woods and comes face to face with Lucy and Mrs. Honeychurch, neither of whom is quite shocked at his being except for Mr. Beebe's clerical hat, quite nacked. The mischief is done and George's exhilaration and Lucy's—continues on the tennis-court.\textsuperscript{52}

He wanted to live now, to win at tennis, to stand for all he was worth in the sun in the sun which had begun to decline and was shining in her eyes; and he did win. (\textit{A Room with a View}: Part II, Chap. 15)\textsuperscript{53}

And it is because of Cecil's behaviour about tennis that Lucy finally jilts him. She hears Freddy begging Cecil to make a fourth at tennis and Cecil's voice replying that he is not an athlete as observed earlier in the morning of the same day. (Part II, Ch. 16)\textsuperscript{54} Cecil jilted is a better man than Cecil engaged; "for all his culture, Cecil was an ascetic at heart and nothing in his love became him like the leaving of it." But Lucy's bleak with Cecil does not mean her Union with George. He has caught her behind a bush and kissed her again; and she knows that his first kiss was not an "exploit," but again she turns to Charlotte Barlett and, for no reason, refuses to marry George. It is here that the story passes into strangeness and into something like horror. It passes, indeed, from Lucy and George to two other people. They are Miss Banlitt and Mr. Beebe.
As the story makes this change, Lucy stands on the brink of an abyss. Charlotte Bartlett's words of congratulation are the first Lucy hears when she refuses George and she responds to them with the part and vulgar words of her own self congratulation; her voice rings with Charlotte's favourite manner. As she goes out of doors, she is "aware of Autumn"—"summer was ending and the evening brought her odours of decay, the more pathetic because they were reminiscent of spring." In the subtle—sometimes too subtle—thematic fashion he often uses, Forster had written almost these very words earlier in the novel when he had said of the sweet elderly Miss Alan of the Pension Bertolini that "A delicate pathos perfumed her disconnected remarks giving them unexpected beauty, just as in the decaying autumn woods there sometimes arise odours reminiscent of spring".

Now Miss Alan and her sister they have touched the story lightly again as possible tenants for the Flack villa - are on the point of another tour, this time to Greece and the near East; they want the name of "a really comfortable Pension in Constantinople." And beckon Lucy not only to the trip but to the state of being a Miss Alan. Charlotte Bartlett also beckons. Something deep in Lucy wants to follow. She wants to join the "unforeseeing multitude" of Alastor which is the same as the "vast armies of the benighted" to which Charlotte is recruiting her. 35

And of this Mr. Beebe is glad. The sunny comedy had darkened with Lucy's response to the temptation of celibacy; it becomes terrifying with Mr. Beebe's happiness at Lucy's sure movement toward the benighted army. The effect of surprise is almost illegitimate. "... who would have
supposed," we have been asked of Mr. Beebe early in the story, that
tolerance, sympathy, and a sense of humour would inhabit that militant
form? And when the tolerant Mr. Beebe had seemed disappointed over
the engagement of Cecil and Lucy, could it be anything but dissatisfaction
on the part of one who understood the implication of the way Lucy played
Beethoven? And this seemed surely to account, too for his pleasure when
the engagement was broken.

The feeling against religion in this novel is naive and direct and makes
a small sub plot. In Florence Mr. Enger—he had been carefully contrasted
with Mr. Beebe but now we know that both are cut from the same cloth—had
hinted that old Mr. Emerson had, in effect, murdered his wife, George's
mother. But we learn that Mr. Eager himself had been the "murderer" of Mrs.
Emerson, for when George had typhoid in childhood, Mr. Eager had played
upon Mrs. Emerson's fears about her son's lack of baptism— he made her
think about sin, and she went under thinking about it." And now Mr. Beebe
is trying to murder Lucy's soul.

Of course, help comes from an unexpected source. And Lucy moves
more and more to Charlotte Bartlett until even her mother comments on
the resemblance in tone, but it is Charlotte Bartlette who rescues Lucy by
bringing her face to face, in Mr. Beebe's study, with old Mr. Emerson. Mr.
Beebe had not wanted them to meet and he is furious with Miss Bartlett,
Knowing that Mr. Emerson could win the day for his son. And in this scene
the old agnostic has "the face of a saint who understood," while at the news
of Lucy's surrender to George, Mr. Beebe's face is "suddenly inhuman." To
him the whole affair is "lamentable, lamentable incredible." He can never
forgive the young people.38
In the final chapter, which follows, George and Lucy are honeymooning at their old Pension in Florence. George is completely happy. His nagging doubts as to the ultimate purpose of life have been resolved. As Alan Wilde has observed, his Everlasting Why has turned into an Everlasting Yes. And one must agree, with Wilde's assertion that 'the Problems that George himself raises' are not 'adequately answered by his love for Lucy'. By the way, we know that "together on their honeymoon at the Pension Bertolini, George and Lucy try to puzzle out Miss Hartlett's reversal. That she knew Mr. Emerson was in the study is certain. Then why had she brought Lucy to the study? Something deeper than her deep negation had wished the right outcome of the affair, just as something beneath Mr. Beebe's warm tolerence wanted it killed".
Notes and References.

1. E.M. Forster, Where Angels Fear to Tread,
The Longest Journey, and A Room with a View.

2. Trilling, PP.51-52.


5. See Trilling, P.53.

6. Ibid., p.53.

7. Ibid.

8. Ibid.

9. Ibid.


11. See E.M. Forster, Where Angels Fear to Tread, PP.37-38 (See also Lionel Trilling's E.M. Forster : A Study, PP.54-55.)

12. Trilling, P.56.

13. Ibid, P.56.

14. According to Trilling, E.M. Forster:
A Study, ibid., the phrase is quoted by Jacques Barzun in "Truth and Poetry in Thomas Hardy" (The Southern Review, Summer, 1940).
The essay is a defence of Hardy's "Lack of motivation". "The truth is", says Mr. Barzun, we blame Hardy for failing to show adequate cause when the lack of adequate cause is what Hardy in trying to show.

15. Trilling, P.59.

16. Ibid., PP.59-60.
17. Ibid., PP.60-61.
18. Ibid., PP.61-62.
20. Ibid., P.66.
22. See Ibid.
24. Trilling, PP. 67-68.
25. Ibid., P. 68.
26. Ibid., PP. 70 - 71.
27. Ibid., P. 71.
29. Ibid., PP. 72-73.
30. Ibid., PP. 73-74.
31. Ibid., PP. 74-75.
32. Ibid., PP. 75-76.
33. Ibid., PP. 77-80.
34. Ibid., P. 80.
35. Quoted in Trilling, P. 81.
37. Trilling, PP. 82-83.
38. See Martin, P. 32.
40. Trilling, PP. 85 - 86.


42. See Trilling, E.M. Forster, P. 86.

43. Quoted in ibid., P. 86.

44. Ibid.

45. Ibid., PP. 86 - 87.


47. Ibid., PP. 71 - 72.

48. Trilling, PP. 87-88.


50. According to Trilling, E.M. Forster: A Study, P. 88, Epipsychidion is again relevant: Love is like understanding, that grows bright, Gazing on many truths; 'tis like thy light, Imagination! which from earth and sky, 

As from a thousand prisms and mirrors, fills The Universe with glorious beame, and Kills Error, the worm, with many a sun-like arrow.

A Sepulchre for its eternity.
51. See Trilling, PP. 89 - 90.

52. Ibid., PP. 91 - 92.

53. E.M. Forster's *A Room with a View*, P. 75. Where it appears under the
title "The Disaster Within".


55. See Trilling, PP. 93 - 94.

56. Quoted in Trilling, P. 95.

57. Quoted in ibid.


    P. 60. (See also J.S. Martin's *E.M. Forster: The Endless Journey*, P. 104).