CHAPTER - 4

Experiment in Symbolism:

Howards End.

However, Howards End, the novel that follows next in chronological order of publication, is built up on a broader focus, quite ambitious in its pretentions, but loosely constructed and hence less satisfying. Forster has been charged with treating human beings in terms of sheep and goats and lacking in pity for 'unfortunate outsiders'. Such charges levelled against the novel are mistaken and misplaced. A novel is about human beings basically and treats human situations where characters may behave like sheep and goats at times. The real issue in the novel is not of sheep and goats but of morality.

Howards End is undoubtedly Forster's masterpiece; it develops to their full the them and attitudes of the early books and throws back upon them a new and enhancing light. It justifies these attitudes by connecting them with a more mature sense of responsibility. One can hardly deny the fact that the three novels preceeding Howards End leave the readers somehow unsatisfied not because they lack in right assumption but because the assumptions involved in these three novels are rather too easy to digest. It is also true equally that consciously or unconsciously the mythology and fantasy of Forster's early stories have found their way abstractly into these three novels. Although the formulations and solutions there have been just, yet they have not been worked out against sufficient resistance. Forster in
these novels instructs morals through mythology, but hardly puts anything
to test. In these three early novels what is bad in life has indeed the look of
reality, but what is good has the appearance of myth.

Forster is wonderfully accurate in his perception of the failures in
human relationships and he accurately names causes. But although the true
relationships he sets up against the false do indeed adequately illuminate
badness, they are never in themselves real. Thus Gino can stand as a criticism
of English feeling, but he cannot be part of Caroline's life. Agnes and Mrs.
Failing are entirely alive, but Rickie's mother, the symbol of life, is dead
and a spirit, and although Stephen marries happily we never see his wife,
she is only a voice. It is certainly significant that although we hear much
about the transcendent values of sexual love, we are never shown a happy
marriage, and when we consider the importance of Ansell in *The Longest
Journey* we cannot ignore the weight of his condemnation of marriage. Lucy
and George we feel, are too impalpable for anything but a merely symbolic
union.

Critics's response to and appreciation of *Hawards End* is quite often
fraught with diverse opinions. Forster has been called a romantic comedian.
It has been also argued that Forster in this novel is concerned with social
reality with a moral to convey to his readers. There is still a serious charge
advanced against Forster that the 'value' attached to *Hawards End* is
unsatisfactory and it remains "a perversity" of the novelist's intention. Yet
the fact remains the same at the bottom of the novel. It appears that in the
novel this is treated in the comic mode about the circumstances in which
the moral life which is also the full life of imagination, can be lived in society, about the compromises which it must effect with itself if it is to do so, and about the moral and imaginative value of making certain such compromises. It is to this sort of theme that we refer to when we talk of Forster as a "liberal" novelist,—to his concern with what is decent, human and enlarging in his daily conduct to his concern with personal relationship and responsiveness to life, to his desire to find that truth and goodness coincide. 8

But it is also a novel in which the moral life is concerned with transcendence, with questions about the way in which reality may be known. And this fact may lead us to give a very positive reading of the novel to say, that is, that it postulates an end that can be achieved, a contact with the infinite. 9 His liberalism finally justifies itself when it mirrors infinity; and Margaret Schlegel's "sermon" to her "lord" Mr. Wilcox: "Live in fragments no longer" is undoubtedly part of the ideal proposed by the book. In this sense, the book can be read as a metaphysical novel, and Cyrus Hoy has in fact offered a remarkably intelligent reading of it at this level, seeing it as solving a multiplicity of dualities and intimating "the comprehensive and harmonious vision of experience wherein the earthly partakes of the eternal, the particular testifies to the universal, and multiplicity becomes but another attribute of the one." 10

There is, like Forster's other novels, an attack on authority in Howards End too. This attack on authority in the novel may not in itself be a fault, it may also be a virtue provided it is treated there with a forceful indication of
what right authority should be Wilcox's relation to Charles in *Howards End* is good but formal where as Caroline Abbot's father is a nag, Rickie's father is cruel and all other fathers in the novel, to a remarkable number are dead. Of course it is possible that an American cannot judge fairly what a revolt against the English tradition of authority should be. The English father is said to be more dominant in the home than the American father; in England the school authority is stronger than in America and expressed in corporal punishment; the firmness of English class lines is also significant; and perhaps most important of all is the necessity in a colonial empire of putting a premium on the authoritative type, even in its excess. Yet even taking into account these provocations to rebelliousness, we cannot but feel that through all of Forster's early novels we are being led away from officialism and stuffed-shirtism not toward maturity but toward youth. In none of his novels does Forster give us a mature hero. When George Emerson says that "youth matters intellectually" we want to reply that what matters intellectually is not youth and not age but rightness: we begin to feel that a certain irresponsibility is here at work.

Yet it is never entirely fair to invalidate a negative criticism by saying that it is not sufficiently positive—Forster's criticism of modern life is certainly not the less valid because he fails to exemplify what he means by the good life. It appears that Forster, in the three early novels, has not fully done his job as a novelist: he represents the truth but he does not show the difficulties the truth must meet. And the criterion by which this judgment is made in a work of Forster's own: *Howards End* is a work of full
responsibility. Its theme is "Only connect the prose and the passion," and it shows how almost hopelessly difficult it is to make this connection. That the insights of Forster's earlier novels could have come to face this difficulty is their justification.\textsuperscript{11}

Forster is quite contemporaneous to our predicament in \textit{Howards End}. The fictional world presented in \textit{Howards End} is both socially and spiritually a fragmented world. Even the mutual communication among various classes in society in the novel remains a formal one. At bottom the novel presents a gulf between the rich and the poor and it also persists between men and women in a subtle but insidious form. The gap between public and private life also exists there and there remains an absurdity between the outer and the inner world.\textsuperscript{12} What role can such a world provide to those who deeply care for the inner life? Must they, so far as possible, cut themselves off from the outer one, or can they vitally connect themselves with it? The question, which is of fundamental importance to Forster as a humanist and a liberal, underlies \textit{Howards End}. The novel embodies a search for an answer.\textsuperscript{13} It appears that the novelist's imagination in the \textit{Howards End} tends to work allegorically. The fictional universe in \textit{Howards End} is peopled by character composed of contraries. Places and people in the novel are antithetical and they embody antithetical values.\textsuperscript{14}

Just as the country is opposed to the city, so are the major characters to one another. Margaret and Helen Schlegel value the inner life. The Wilcox family, with the notable exception of Ruth Wilcox, values the outer. Independently rich, Margaret and Helen Schlegel live with their adolescent
brother Tibby in Wickham place, a comfortable London house on a quiet street, the two young women (Helen is twenty-one when the novel opens, Margaret twenty-nine) devoting most of their energy to conversation and culture. Henry Wilcox, a successful London businessman, lives with his wife, Ruth, and their three grown children at Howards End, Ruth’s ancestral home. Showing little interest in casual conversation and culture, Henry and the children prefer to devote their spare energy to calisthenics and outdoor games. The Schlegel household is dominated by a feminine spirit; the Wilcox, by a masculine one. Superficially Margaret and Helen are similar, both bring liberal, cultivated, intelligent, and compared to almost any modern girl of their class, unbelievably sheltered and ignorant of the world. Yet the antitheses that help to define the novel’s structure also distinguish Helen from Margaret.\footnote{15}

*Howards End* is a novel about England’s fate. It in a story of the class war. The war is latent but actual, so actual, indeed, that a sword is literally drawn and a man is really killed. *England herself appears in the novel in palpable form, for the story moves by symbols and not only all its characters but also an *elm*, a marriage, a symphony, and a scholar’s library stand for things beyond themselves. The symbol for England is the house whose name gives the title to the book. Like the plots of so many English novels, the plot of *Howards End* is about the rights of property, about a destroyed will-and-testament and rightful and wrongful heirs. It asks the question, “who shall inherit England?”\footnote{16} The class struggle is not between the classes but within a single class, the middle. Neither the aristocracy nor the proletariat is
represented and the very poor are specifically barred "We are not concerned with the very poor", the novelist says. "They are unthinkable, and only to be approached by the statistician or the poet. This story deals with gentlefolk, or with those who are obliged to pretend that they are gentlefolk". At the far end of the vast middle class scale is Leonard Bast, the little clerk. He stands "at the extreme verge of gentility," at the very edge of the "abyss" of poverty. At the upper end of the scale is Mr. Wilcox, the business man, rich and rapidly growing richer. Between are the Schlegels, Margaret and Helen, living comfortably on solid, adequate incomes. The Schlegels are intellectuals and constitute the point of consciousness of the novel; upon them the story balances, touching and connecting the wealthy middle class and the depressed middle class.

The plot of *Howards End* is contrived to effect a partial synthesis of its antithetical elements. Margaret is to marry Henry, Helen to have a child by Leonard; then, in the final chapter, Margaret and Henry, with Helen and the child, will settle at Howard End, of which Margaret becomes the acknowledged mistress. But the character who dominates the novel belongs to none of these groups. She is Mrs. Wilcox, who, despite her position in the story, soon leaves it. It is perhaps significant that her name is Ruth, for she is sad, the home for which she is sick is her chief passion and she stands amid alien corn. She herself is descended from the yeoman class to which Forster gives his strongest sympathies. It is said of Ruth Wilcox by a "wise" character in the book, that she should have married a soldier, and Margaret Schlegel, who hated armies but liked soldiers, understands what it means. Certainly the man Ruth Wilcox married had nothing of the
Spirited Element in him. Henry Wilcox could give what his second wife in a moment of anger called an "unweeded kindness," but he lived the life of the platonic Artisans, gainful, mediocre and unaware. The result for Ruth Wilcox was not frustration or unhappiness but tragedy and her death was marked by Cynicism, "not the superficial cynicism that snarls and sneers, but the cynicism that can go with courtesy and tenderness". Her husband had loved her, but his best praise had been for her "Steadiness". Nor could her children draw on her for anything good. Her daughter Evie, handsome and tight-lipped, in a breeder of puppies, a dull and cruel girl; her younger son Paul, a vague figure in the novel, is a competent colonial administrator but a weak and foolish man; her elder son Charles is a bully and righteous blunder; her family, whom she loves and who adore her, are her alien corn. She is not sorry to die in her early fifties. Mrs Wilcox is not a clever woman—a whole scene is devoted to showing how clever people can even find her dull and she is not, in the usual meaning of the word, a "sensitive" woman. But she has wisdom which is traditional and ancestral. The house to which she "belongs" is a small though beautiful farmhouse and her ancestors were simple people, yeomen, Forster like Dickens puts his faith in men of the English countryside.

As a character Ruth Wilcox is remarkably—and perhaps, surprisingly successful. Her "reality" is of a strange kind and consists in her having no reality in the ordinary sense—she does not have, that is, the reality of personality, of idiosyncrasy or even of power. Her strength comes exactly from her lack of force, her distinction from her lack of distinguishing traits.
Before Mrs. Wilcox dies she has found the heir for her Howards End. She could not leave it to her family. "Howards end was a house: they could not know that to her it had been a spirit for which she sought a spiritual heir." As she lay on her death-bed she had pencilled a note expressing the wish that the house go to Margaret Schlegel. To the Wilcox family nothing could have seemed a greater betrayal. For the Wilcoxes and the Schlegels had dealings. They had met, joined for a moment when Paul and Helen had thought they were in love, and then had separated in a storm of "telegrams and anger". The Wilcox's had been aware of how nearly they had been tricked in that affair. Now, with Ruth Wilcox's note before them, they must defend themselves again; they manage to convince themselves that the note should never have been written and is not binding; they destroy it and send Margaret Mrs. Wilcox's vinaigrette.

In the end Howards End comes to Margaret; but it is to pass beyond her to a little classless child, the son of Helen Schlegel and the pitiful Leonard Bast. For each of these intellectual sisters has reached out to the mysterious extremes of the middle class, Margaret upward to the Wilcox's, Helen downward to the Basts. Such, in this novel, is their function as intellectuals. But the intellectual class does not descend only from the political priests and lawyers. Its origins are also to be found in the religious groups of the 18th century — further back than that, no doubt, in the beginnings of Protestantism: perhaps Erasmus and Milton are its true ancestors, but the 18th century witnesses such a notable breaking up of religious orthodoxies and such a transference of the religious feelings to secular life that it is
surely the true seed time of the intellectual as we now know him. One observes in the social circles of the first generation of English romantic poets the sense of morality, the large feelings and the intellectual energy that had once been given to religion. This moral and pious aspect of the intellectual's tradition is important. Intellectuals as a class do not live by ideas alone but also by ideals. That is, they must desire the good not only for themselves but for all, and we might say that one of the truly new things in human life in the last two centuries is the politics of conscious altruism.

Consequently, liberal intellectuals have always moved in an aura of self-congratulation. They sustain themselves by flattering themselves with intentions and they dismiss as "reactionary" whoever questions them. When the liberal intellectual thinks of himself, he thinks chiefly of his own good will and prefers not to know that the good will generates its own problems, that the love of humanity has its own vices and the love of truth its own insensibilities. The choice of the moral course does not settle the quality of morality; there is, as it were, a morality of morality. And one of the complications of the intellectual's life is his relation to people who are not intellectuals. The very fact of being articulate, of making articulateness a preoccupation, sets up a barrier between the intellectual and the non-intellectual. The intellectual, the "freest" of men, consciously the most liberated from class, is actually the most class-marked and class bound of all men who make money can easily be worried by the intellectual's judgment of him, so pervasive and so coercive (up to a point) is the modern respect for the ideal of disinterestedness. And if plumb the true feeling of the
intellectual (it is not done often enough) we must see his own obscure admiration for the powers of the business man. Then too, because the intellectual, whatever his social origin, always becomes a member of the middle class, he is obscurely aware how dependent is his existence upon the business civilization is likely to fear and despise.

The relation of the intellectual to the lower classes is no less confused. There is a whole mass of mankind, the enormous majority, indeed, whom he considers it his duty to "protect". To these people he vaguely supposes himself to be in a benevolent superior relation, paternal, pedagogic, even priestlike. He believes it necessary to suppose that they are entirely good; the essential goodness of the masses is for him as much a certainty as the essential badness of the business classes. He is supposed to have nothing but the most benevolent feelings toward them.

The situation is bad but comic. It is the situation of the Schlegel sisters in *Howards End*. The comedy begins when Helen Schlegel is momentarily seduced by the Wilcox way of life. Visiting at Howards End, she finds her new friends strong; she likes them because they are all "Keen on games" and because they put everything to use. Her own life of ideas seems suddenly inadequate.23

Actually, however, it was not a set of ideas that Helen was admiring—it was sex. It was with masculinity that she had fallen in love. It was the idea of men "taking hold", being efficient, having families and supporting them. Perhaps, too, of men own motor-cars, for in 1910 the automobile is already the totem of the Wilcox males; it pervades the novel, but never
attractively, and the Wilcox’s chauffeur, Crane, in contrast to Shaw’s genial Ennery Striker, is represented as a vaguely malevolent figure. Mr. Wilcox’s smoking room, decorated to the masculine taste, is furnished with chairs of maroon leather, “as if a motor-car had spawned”. Indeed, *Howards End* is not only a novel of the class war but of the war between men and women. Margaret like Helen, is to respond to the Wilcox masculinity. Indeed, she marries Henry Wilcox. More perceptive than Helen, she knows this masculinity for what it is—far from adequate—but she accepts it more simply, demanding less of it. Perhaps neither of these young women would have been so urgent toward masculinity had their father lived or had their younger brother Tibby been brought up by a man to be manly. But they feared their own feminine lives and the clever men of their acquaintance offered them no escape. And so Helen, when she is kissed by Paul Wilcox in the garden of *Howards End*, is quite carried away. The normal life seems suddenly open to her the life, one guesses, of the body.24

It is so easy for an Englishman to sneer at these chance collisions of human beings. To the insular cynic and the insular moralist they offer an equal opportunity. It is so easy to talk about “passing emotion” and to forget, and to forget how vivid the emotion was as it passed our impulse to sneer, to forget is at root a good one. We recognize that emotion is not enough, and that men and women are personalities capable of sustained relations, not mere opportunities for an electrical charge. Yet we rate the impulse too highly... To Helen, at all events, her life was to bring nothing more
intense than the embrace of this boy who played no part in it... In
time his slender personality faded, the scene that he evoked
endured. In all the variable years that followed she never saw the
like of it again. (Howards End: Ch: IV)\textsuperscript{25}

Helen responded to the masculine principle, but it turned out not to
be masculine at all. At breakfast next morning, Paul, who had a career to
make in Africa, was frightened and abashed. To Helen the sight is never to
be forgotten. "When that kind of man looks frightened, it is too awful. It is
all right for us to be frightened, or for men of another sort—father, for
instance; but for men like that!" She never does forget, though she thinks
she does; the sexual betrayal by the Wilcoxes generates in her a hatred for
Wilcoxism that is to make her act desperately, even insanely. The several
theme plays through the book, lightly, without much pressure save at one
point, but with great seriousness. The great fact about the Wilcoxes is that
which D.H. Lawrence saw, the fact of sexual deficiency. Paul with his fear,
Charles with his silly wife, Dolly—"she was a rubbishy little creature, and
she knew it"—Evie with her heavy love-banter, Mr. Wilcox with his lofty
morality and his single, sordid, clandestine love-affair, all exhibit the
deficiency. \textsuperscript{26}

Leonard is "one of the thousands who have lost the life of the body
and failed to reach the life of the spirit, who had given up the glory of the
animal for a tail coat and a couple of ideas." His grandparents had been
agricultural labourers, a fact of which he is ashamed; reading Ruskin is for
him what a revival meeting was for his grandparents—he hopes for a sudden
conversion, for the secret of life. When he touches the Schlegel World where art is breathed with the air and where ideas are not the secret of life but its very stuff, he is wholly confused. Margaret, as she observes him, questions all the 19th century's faith in education and perfectability through it.

What the Schlegel sisters cherished in Leonard was the solid grain of honesty under the pitiful overlay of culture, He has walked all one night to see the dawn in the country, moved by an impulse which was half native sensibility, half literary sentimentality "'But was the dawn wonderful?' " Toppled tiresome R.L.S. and the 'love of the earth' and his silk top-hat. But Leonard cannot understand this of himself; indeed, he is not interested in himself, only in his soul. Just so he cannot be interested in the Schlegel girls except as sounding boards for his culture; in this he is like the Wilcoxes, for, like them, he is not aware of people but only of their status and function: he is obsessed by class. And even the Schlegel cannot see Leonard for his class; their very passion for democracy makes them less aware of him than of the abyss that is at his feet, the abyss of wasted lives, of "Panic and emptiness" of which Helen especially is so conscious. Listening to the Allegro of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony she hears its terror truthfully stated. 27 Panic and emptiness make the dreadful fate that awaits people in this novel; they are the modern doom. And they threaten the unformed Leonard Bast as well as the cultivated Helen Schlegel.

Leonard is destroyed. The immediate cause of his destruction is Mr. Wilcox, who casually remarks to the sisters that Leonard's firm is unsound and advises that Leonard leave before the crash. The company turns out to
be perfectly sound but Leonard has taken and lost another job and he and his wife Jacky fall quite destitute. Thus Helen finds them. Paul's betrayal has done its work on her; she hates all Wilcoxes, the idea of Margaret marrying Henry is inconceivable and when she fantastically drags the Basts to Henry's country Place in Wales on the night of his daughter's wedding, her action is not so much humane as vengeful. Here the story takes its operatic turn, for poor Jacky is discovered to be Henry's former mistress and Margaret supports Henry in his refusal to help the Basts. That night Helen gives herself to Leonard, joylessly, out of an hysterical sense of justice.

Margaret's impulse toward Henry Wilcox is precisely the same as Helen's had been toward Paul, except that hers is more explicit and less sexually romantic. Henry is one of the race that runs the world, and he is masculine. She cannot continue to despise the people who control the ships and trains that carry "us literary people around". "'More and more,' " she says, "'do I refuse to draw my income and sneer at those who guarantee it.'" To be sure, it disturbs her that the man she is to marry thinks that both money and sex are unclean. He cannot talk directly about the one or feel at ease with the other. Yet she loves Henry and she looks for fulfilment in her marriage with him; she looks for reality. Writing to Helen at the time of the affair with Paul, the outer life betrays Margaret; it is the inner life which "pays" and which, in the end, takes over the outer life. Howards End has for some time stood empty, a mere storage place for the Schlegels' furniture and their father's library. Miss Avery, the sibylline character who cares for the house, cherishing the memory of Ruth Wilcox and identifying
Margaret with her, has arranged the furniture in the rooms and put the books on the shelves: thus by the agency of women, the best of traditional England is furnished with the stuff of the intellect. And over the bookcase Miss Avery has hung the father's sword: it was she who had said that Ruth Wilcox should have married a soldier. And in Howards End, thus furnished, Margaret and Helen meet after their long separation. For Helen has kept herself hidden from her family and has declared that she is going to live in Germany; Margaret, unable to understand the estrangement, has tempted her to Howards End to choose some souvenir of their old life before her departure. At the meeting she discovers that Helen is pregnant with Leonard's child. The reconciliation of the sisters precipitates what seems the end of Margaret's relation with Henry, for Helen wishes to spend the night among their old possessions and although Henry has no feeling except ownership for Howards End, he refuses to have it desecrated by Helen's presence. The outer life that fails Margaret now fails itself; but the inner life comes to its rescue. Leonard, torn by remorse over his relation with Helen, comes down to Howards End to confess to Margaret. The dull moral blunderer, Charles Wilcox, is in the library when Bast arrives. Knowing Leonard to be Helen's "lover", he snatches down the old Schlegel sabre to beat him with the flat. Leonard dies, not of the blow but of a weak heart, and as he drops he clutches the bookcase which falls and sends the books tumbling down on him in a shower—the books that in life had promised him so much and given him so little. Charles is jailed for manslaughter and his father, quite broken, relies wholly on Margaret, who establishes him in Howards End together with Helen and Helen's baby.
Not for nothing do Margaret and Helen bear the names of the heroines of the two parts of *Faust*; one the heroine of the practical life, the other of the ideal life: Henry Wilcox bears Faust's Christian name and he and Leonard together, the practical man and the seeker after experience, make up the composite hero. Helen's child is the Euphorion—he is the heir not only of Leonard Bast but of Henry Wilcox, for Howard End is to go to Margaret and from her to Helen's child. And the Eternal Feminine has taken complete control of the England which the masculine outer life has so sadly muddled. It is not entirely a happy picture on which Forster concludes, this rather contrived scene of business and contentment in the hayfield; the male in too thoroughly gelded, and of the two women, Helen confesses that she cannot love a man, Margaret that she cannot love a child. And the rust of London, with its grim promise of modern life “melted down, all over the world,” creeps toward Howards End. Meanwhile the Euphorion, the classless heir of all the classes in this novel, plays in the hayfield and suggests a hope. He is not only the symbol of the classless society but, as he takes his pleasure among the busy worker in the hay, he is also the symbol of the “Only connect!” which was Margaret's clue to the good life. “Only connect the prose and the passion, and both will be exalted, and human love will be seen at its height.”

In an earlier scene in which Margaret and Helen run into Henry on the Chelsea Embankment, Forster uses their differing response to the Thames as a way of revealing their antithetical attitudes to modern life. To Margaret and Helen the river is sad and mysterious, Margaret seeing in its shifting tides and everlasting flow a suggestion of the flux and formlessness of life.
Forster's *Howards End* suffers from many weaknesses. The characters in the novel are not adequately conceived and developed. The plot, too, is crudely managed. Forster's use of authorial sentimental comments in the novel is, of course, meant to control the readers' response to characters. However, these and other faults notwithstanding, *Howards End* remains a richly suggestive novel. It is larger than its immediate subject, the involvement of a couple of Edwardian ladies with the businessman and the family and with a struggling young clerk. It deals perceptively with timeless human relationships and with a defining characteristic of modern life, the divorce between a man's inner and outer worlds. Its best scenes, such as the Queen's hall concert, Aunt Juley's journey to Howard End, and Margaret's shopping expedition with Mrs. Wilcox, blend wit and humour with compassion and insight.

In the novel, the world, moreover, is not entirely chaotic. Here and there is order and a degree of stability. Contrasting with the seas, rivers, and tides, so prominent in the novel's imagery, in the landscape of Howards End, fixed and harmonious, symbolizing a life rooted for centuries in the soil. 'In these English farms, if anywhere,' muses Margaret, 'one might see life steadily and see it whole, group in our vision its transitoriness and its eternal youth, connect without bitterness until all men are brothers.' That is the novel's ultimate vision: the brotherhood of man as a goal to strive for, though never, perhaps, to be achieved.
Notes and References


2. See Trilling, PP. 98 - 100.

3. According to Trilling, *E.M. Forster: A Study*, ibid, P. 100, on the other hand, Rickie, in his moment of regeneration, asserts that happy marriages are possible. But his statement is not nearly so passionate as Ansell's aphorisms on the deep incompatibility of men and women.

4. See ibid.


6. See Bradbury, PP. 128 - 29.

7. See ibid, P. 129, and for details, see also Virginia Woolf's *The Death of the Moth, and Other Essays* (London : The Hogarth Press, 1942).


9. See Bradbury, PP. 129 - 30.


17. Quoted in Trilling, Ibid.

18. Trilling’s *M. Forster*, Ibid.


27. See Trilling’s *E.M. Forster*, pp. 111 - 12.

28. See ibid., pp. 113 - 14

29. Ibid., p. 114.

30. According to Trilling, *E.M. Forster*, pp. 114-15, one cannot help thinking of Schiller’s sword which Thackery bought in Weimar and which he hung in his study over his books.


33. See Martin’s *E.M. Forster: The Endless Journey*, ibid, p. 125.

34. Ibid., pp. 125 - 26.

35. Ibid., p. 126.