CHAPTER - II

MAKING OF THE POET

Robert Frost became a legend in his own long lifetime and participated in the shaping of the legend of his life's story. The deep thinking, the immense skill and thought of the poetry, and—above all—the tragedies of his life were matters he kept very close to himself and revealed only to a few friends. Sentimental expectations about his personal life or conduct probably went hand in hand with sentimental and naïve interpretations of his poetry, which persist miraculously despite years of finely tuned and attentive scholarship and criticism. His personal story was filled. With what will appear to anyone to be a great number of hardships as well as triumphs. One should not be surprised by the darker passions that suffused his life nor by his immense humour; are both much more in the poetry as he seemed to face relentlessly the bleakest questions of existence.
The first decade of Frost's life was in part a tempest created by his father and the extraordinary and eccentric teaching of his mother, namely William Prescott Frost, Jr. and Isabelle Moody. Robert Frost did not enjoy his early schooling, often complaining of nervous abdominal pain. His mother was a conscientious and forceful educational influence, and by second grade Frost was baptized into her Swedenborg's Church. She also read aloud to him from Emerson, Shakespeare, Poe, the Bible, classical myths, and romantic poetry.

The early 1890s saw important growth in both Frost's indoor and outdoor schooling. At the top of his class in 1889 and 1890, Frost studied algebra, Greek and Roman history, European history, Latin, and, of course, English literature. Befriending an older student named Carl Burrell, Frost developed a lifelong interest in botany, astronomy, and evolutionary theory.

A poem inspired by Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, entitled "La Noche Triste" became Frost's first published verse and appeared in the Lawrence High School Bulletin in
April 1890. More poems followed, including "A Dream of Julius Caesar", and Frost became editor of the *Bulletin* as he prepared to graduate and enter Harvard. In his senior year he met and fell in love with his classmate Elinor Miriam white, beginning what would be a tempestuous courtship and the most important relationship of his life. He passed the Harvard College entrance examinations in Latin, Greek, ancient history, and physical sciences. Frost studied at Harvard during its golden age of philosophy, and took courses with George Santayana, Josiah Royce, the classicist George Herbert palmer, and Hugo Munsterberg. He also read *Principles of Psychology* under the tutelage of Munsterberg.

As the dawn of the century, Frost turned from the life of student – teacher to farmer – poet. Meantime, many incidents took place during these days of agony and frustration and his life was caught up in drastic ways. From 1906 to 1911, Frost made a transition back from farming to teaching, while still working on his poetry. He assumed a post teaching English at the Pinkeston Academy in 1906,
and he would develop a reputation for an innovative, conversational teaching style with an emphasis on "the influence of great books and the satisfactions of superior speech." Frost's teaching impressed the New Hampshire superintendent of schools sufficiently to invite him in 1909 to lecture before assemblies of New Hampshire state teachers. He also directed students in plays by Marlowe, Sheridan, and Yeats.

Elinor and Robert decided together that the family needed to move on from Dessy in some kind of adventure. Frost wanted to devote himself entirely to writing and thought that getting away from Derry might be a good idea. The choice was between journeying out west or going to England, and they chose the later with the money from the sale of the farm, the Frosts planned to live modestly in England for a few years where Robert could write. Elinor was attracted to the romance of living in a thatched - roof English Cottage. Frost hoped their money would last as long as four or five years but ultimately it did not. Frost's literary fortunes developed unexpectedly well within only a few
years, enabling him to return to the United States with both publishing and teaching opportunities. When he returned, he was on his way to one of the most remarkable Careers (if such a term can be applied to describe Frost’s remarkable life) in literary history.

Whatever Frost’s motives, he did not appear over eager to ingratitude himself in the London literary scene. Travelling into London, Frost met and sparred with W.B. Yeats, Maddox Ford, and Ezra Pound as well as Rupert Brooke, Jacob Epstein, T.E. Hume, Lawrence Binyon, Robert Bridges, Walter de la Mare, and Robert Graves, Frost eventually moved to rural Gloucestershire where he intensified his friendship with the Georgian poets, devoted more like himself to country things, Wilfred Gibson, Lascelles Abercrombie, and, perhaps most important, Edward Thomas. Edward Thomas and Robert Frost developed a deep-friendship through which both men, especially Thomas, grew as poets. It ended, tragically, with Thomas’s death in combat in 1917.
It would be wrong to simplify Frost's complex relationship with literary London. He spent time at Harold Monro's Poetry Bookshop and with sculptor Jacob Epstein through whom he met the critic and philosopher T.E. Hume, Frost was conscious from the beginning of being an outsider to literary London. On January 8, 1913, Harold Monro, editor of *Poetry and Drama* and publisher of Georgian Poetry, opened his Poetry Bookshop in London. Frost was present at this literary event. On the occasion, poet Frank Flint asked Frost whether he was American. Surprised, Frost responded, "Yes, How'd you know?" Flint simply replied: "Shoes". It was Flint who made the introduction between Pound and Frost and a number of the London literary elite. In an amusing way, Frost was first identified in London as an American by his square-toed shoes more suited to a New Engander.

Hulme and Frost had numerous fruitful conversations about a range of Philosophical and aesthetic matters including Henri Bergson's *Creative Evolution* and imagism at Hulme's flat on Frith Street. English poet, Robert Graves
who would later called Frost "One of the very few poets alive whom I respected and loved." Through Pound, Frost met Yeats twice at his Bloomsbury apartment and discussed the Irish poet's plays he had put on with students while teaching at the Pinkerton Academy. But he also found Yeats to be a "False soul", The Notebooks of Robert Frost, ed. Robert Faggen, Cambridge, Mass: Harvard University Press, 2007, p. 457, engaged in too much of a masquerade in and out of his poetry. Yeats holding forth seriously about leprechauns and fairies as well as treating Frost, as Pound did, with mild condescension also fueled Frost's animosity.

Frost's most complex relationship was with Pound, the Idaho-born poet who became a latter-day European troubadour and a father of literary high modernism. Though Frost shared Pound's belief that poetry should be every bit as well written as prose (or, at least as prose could be), Frost came to have little patience for Pound's Cosmopolitan championing of literary rebellion, the cult of making it new. Frost preferred "the old fashioned way to be new", a phrase Frost used to his remarkable appreciation of E.A. Robinson,
his Introduction to king Jasper. Though Pound wrote two insightful and largely positive reviews of *A Boy's Will*, Frost also became sorely annoyed by Pound's patronizing and condescending attitude toward him. Pound, Frost's junior, had taken the attitude that he had virtually discovered, this "VURRY Amur'k'n" writer, whom he once also went so far as to call a "backwoods, an even a barnyard poet."4

Frost's letters from late in 1913 indicate that though he was comfortable in England, money was running low. Beaconsfield had none of the appeal of rural England, and by March, the Frosts had decided to move to the village of Dymock in the heart of the Gloucestershire countryside to be near Wilfred Gibson, Lascelles Abercrombie and "those that spoke our language and understood our thoughts."5 Frost admired Gibson and described him in a letter to a friend back in the States as "my best friend. Probably you know his work. He much talked about in America at the present time. He's Just one of the plain folks with none of the marks of the literary poseur about him none of the wrongheadedness of the professional literary man."6 Surely
he imagined Gibson in marked contrast to both Yeats and Pound.

Frost returned to the United States in February 1915, Henry Holt published *North of Boston* in the same mount, followed by *A Boy's Will* in April. Frost's literary reputation had now grown as his financial resources dwindled. He prepared to move back to the United States determined not to become part of the elite group of modernist literary expatriots writing for a limited audience. However much Frost insisted on his subtlety and integrity, he also disdained obscurity.

Despite his irritations with Ezra Pound's condescension and politics Frost joined a powerful group of fellow writers including Eliot and Ernest Hemingway campaigning to drop treason charges against Ezra Pound. He also supported Pound's release from St. Elizabeth's mental hospital in Washington. Despite Frost's criticism of the New Deal, he remained, as he once said, a disappointed democrat.
Frost has always stood a large but solitary figure in the landscape of twentieth century American poets. Unlike almost all of his luminary contemporaries and near - contemporaries – Eliot, Pound, Stevens, Williams, Cummings, and Moore – Frost enjoyed an unrivaled popularity with a general readership. At the same time, at least for a long period, Frost had the respect of his peers and of critics as one of the great artists of his era. Yet he has often baffled some critics, scholars, and readers for his appearance of both artistic and political conservatism, a refusal to participate in the ferment of modernist and postmodernist pre-occupations with either self-defined ideas of the new or the self-reflexive attitudes toward language. A great craftsman, he seemed to believe in values of individualism, order, and human agency in an age when it had become simply native to do so. Yet readers have perceived his subtle and acute insight into human psychology, and a vision of life in the poetry that though couched sometimes in humour and wit was, without question, terrifying and bleak.
Frost developed a way both within and outside his poetry of seeming offhanded if not, sometimes, funny (in all senses of the word) and humourous, often joking with his readers and referring to his poems as jokes. But irony works in many different strategic ways in Frost:

I own any form of humour show fear and inferiority. Irony is simply a kind of guardedness. So is a twinkle. It keeps the reader from criticism... Belief is better than anything else, and it is best when rapt, above paying its respects to anybody's doubt whatsoever. At bottom the world isn't a joke. We only joke about it to avoid an issue with someone to let someone know we know that he's there with his questions: to disarm him by seeming to have heard and done justice to his side of the standing argument. Humour is the most engaging cowardice. With it myself I have been able to hold some of my enemy in play far out of gunshot.

At bottom, Frost's world isn't a joke, or one that can be hard at times to take. Frost always kept both his learning
and his intellectual interest muted. His posture as pastoral and somewhat untutored rural sage grew more pronounced as his fame increased - his immense learning of the classics, his great knowledge of science, theology, and philosophy, were matters that he kept largely to himself and to which he sometimes only hinted in his public talks. But his wickedly playful, shape - shifting evasiveness goes to the heart of the ethical force of much of his poetry. Frost suggested in a 1927 letter his writing might have on the attentive reader:

"My poems - I should suppose everybody’s poems are all set to trip the reader head foremost into the boundless."

Frost developed intellectually and artistically in considerable isolation, as a young student in Massachusetts both at Lawrence and, then, Harvard and while living as a poultry farmer in Derry, New Hampshire, in the first decade of the twentieth century. This does not mean that he did not react to the ferment of modernism or remain impervious to his time in England, to World War I, the Great Depression,
the New Deal, World War II, and the cold war. But Frost rarely allowed himself to be swayed easily by the moment and tended to absorb both politics and artistic currents carefully, subtly, and often ironically into the existing eddy of his poetic and intellectual preoccupations and symbolic landscapes.

Frost distrusted intellectual currents and fashions. Many though have mistaken his approachability and lucidity for simplicity, innocence, or naivety. Though Frost wrote lyrics within recognizable traditions, his innovations in meter, particularly blank verse, subject matter, and form, made him one of the most unusual, if not iconoclastic poets of his time.

Frost held respect for traditions and institutions and could in another thought go against Emerson’s ideal, expressed at the end of “Give All to Love”, of superseding the old in favour of the new:

I must have taken it as a truth accepted that a thing of beauty will never cease to be beautiful. Its beauty will in fact increase. Which is the opposite
doctrine to Emerson's in "Verily known when the half
gods go the gods arrive": the poets and poems we have
loved and ceased to love are to be regarded as stepping
stones of our dead selves to higher things. Growth is a
distressful change of taste for the better.⁹

Frost once said that the way he became a poet was "by
following the procession down the ages." Classical poets
including Horace, Virgil, Lucretius, and Ovid as well as the
great English poets, Shakespeare, Donne, Marvell, Milton,
Pope, Smart, Keats, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning
among many formed part of Frost's own canon; he knew
thousands of their lines by heart. Frost stressed both its
emphasis on the colloquial and its inspiration of the local in
poetry:

I am as sure that the colloquial is the root of every
good poem as I am that the national is the root of all
thought and art. It may shoot up as high as you please
and flourish as widely abroad in the air, if only the
roots are what and where they should be. One half of
individuality is locality; and I was about venturing to say the other half as colloquiality.¹⁰

Other notable Frost poems appear to work in some dialogue with poems by Emerson. For example, Emerson’s “Hamatreya” begins with a vision of men who once “possessed the land which rendered to their toil/Hay, Corn, roots, hemp, flax, apples, wool, and wood.” Frost’s The Gift Outright continues the meditation on who and how we “possess” the land and how it possesses us. Frost, too, though in a different way from Emerson, leaves open the question of the future of its possession.

A number of the attitudes and practices of high modernism became anathema to Frost. Frost defined five aspects of the modernist movement he found objectionable. First, Frost thought that modernism overvalued imagism over the play of rhythm and metre. Second, he believed that modernist fascination with fractured form and fragments sacrificed the inner form and organic integrity of the whole poem. He stated rather succinctly that everything, including a work of art, has two “Compulsions”: the movement to
inner form, driven by the spiritual or individual, "formity"; and the pressure from without, which may be social, "conformity". All poetry, Frost thought, followed those two principles, except for "poetry according to the Pound Eliot - Richard Reed School of art. For me I should be as satisfied to play tennis with the net down as to write verse with no verse set to stay me." A third, and related, aspect of modernism that troubled Frost was the way the emphasis on the image allowed for disassociation among the images or no great attempt to create connections among them. Fourth, Frost found the modernist poem because a kind of a self-referential game, "intimation, implication, insinuation and innuendo as an object in itself." Fifth, and related, Frost found much of modernist poetry a game of literary allusions, "The quote to see if you can place the quotations."

The tension in Frost between innovation and tradition remained throughout his work. Writing in 1913 from England to his former student John Bartlett, Frost
emphasized his desire to "reach out" and, if possible, by "taking thought":

There is one qualifying fact always to bear in mind... I want to be a poet for all sorts and kinds. I could never make a merit of being caviar to the crowd the way my quasi–friend Pound does. I want to reach out, and would if it were a thing I could do by taking thought.14

Frost was consonant with some of the attitudes of his contemporaries in his sense of the limits of self-expression in poetry.

Great American poets like Dickinson presented a luminous but powerful lyric ego in circumference and Whiteman an operatic ego. For all Whiteman's emphasis on self-song, he is not really more personally revealing than was Dickinson in her poetry. Though we are often tempted to identify Frost's biographical persona with the lyric "I" of his poetry, Frost who also resisted turning his poetry into self-expression, much less confession:
Poetry is measured in more senses than one: it is measured feet but more important still it is a measured amount of all we could say as we would. We shall be judged finally by the delicacy of our feeling of where to stop short. The right people know, and we artists should know better than they know. There is no greater fallacy going than art is expression...  

Frost’s comment is by no means the same as, T.S. Eliot’s assertion “Tradition and the Individual Talent” that poetry is an escape from personality Frost may be drawing on emotions and thought, what he liked to call (from the Roman poet Catullus) the mens animi, or the “thought of his emotions”, but not from the raw and unvarnished scraps of his personal life.

Frost’s way of “taking thought” in poetry took many forms. He once wrote that the mind is a dangerous thing in poetry and must be left in:

Too many poets delude themselves by thinking the mind is dangerous and should be left out. Well, the mind is a dangerous thing and should be left in... If a
writer were to say he planned a long poem dealing with Darwin and evolution, we would say it’s going to be terrible. And yet you remember Lucretius. He admired Epicurus as I admire, let’s say, Darwin. It’s in and out; sometimes it’s poetry sometimes intelligent doggerel, sometimes quaint. But it is a great poem. Yes, the poet can use the mind- in fear and trembling. But he must use it.16

Robert Frost rigorously engaged some of the most difficult intellectual problems of his time, particularly the conflict between science and faith, as well as lasting human ethical problems of justice and mercy, freedom and fate. Perhaps the most challenging intellectual problem of the age into which Frost delved as a writer was natural science in general and Darwin in particular. There is certainly, the early books he read on botany and astronomy contain detailed discussions about the impact of Darwinian thought on their subjects.

The discussion of science and Darwin had focused on the conflict between science and religion or science and
faith. Romantic writers such as Wordsworth, Emerson, and Thoreau, each in their own way, had allowed for a confluence between the mind and nature that led somehow to revelations of spirit. Darwin himself was an avoid reader of Wordsworth's poetry. Darwin altered and threatened much of this way of thinking by introducing a vast amount of waste into an uncertain, fluid, and clumsy game of chance and violence. Nature included human nature in the animal kingdom. Natural history and natural selection threatened science itself by including the human mind in the process of change, bringing enormous skepticism to the enterprise of scientific and positivistic certainty.

Frost hardly rejected Wordsworth, Emerson, or Thoreau. A reader of Frost's poetry will recognize his dialogue with Wordsworth in "The Mountain" and "The Black Cottage", with Thoreau's account of the loons in *Walden* in "The Demiurge's Laugh" or the French Canadian Woodhopper in "The As-Helve." But the dialogue remains complex.
Frost did not portray himself as a moralist ("never mind about my morality ... I don't care whether the world is good or bad-not any particular day"\textsuperscript{17}, he did continually suggest and dramatize a duality of conflict in which the poles of good and evil could be hard to discern. Frost wrote: "We look for the line between good and evil and see it only imperfectly for the reason that we are the line ourselves."\textsuperscript{18} Frost held science as another form of poetry, both created and limited by metaphor. Frost's sense of aesthetic pleasure always led to life beyond the poem: "My object is true form — is was and always will be — form true to any chance bit of true life."\textsuperscript{19} Frost emphasized speech rhythms and "the sound of sense". In his conception of poetry, the self-imposed restriction of meter in form and of concreteness in content stands not halfway down the scale of grace. He has made casual references to the general quality of these limitations which work to the advantage of new and lively poetry. To frost, the mystery, the wonder, the virtue, the magic of poetry is its heterogeneity of elements somehow blended to a single autonomous unit. The problem of the poet is to achieve this integration, this fusion.
Form may be said to be the most important characteristic which Frost finds essential to poetry for any age. We many start with the great variety of stanza forms and then break any of them down of the rich formal relationships of rhyme to rhyme, of line to line, of sentence to sentence, of words which talk back and forth to each other in the poem. Further-more, form in poetry in modulated by the relation, the balance, of emotion and emotion, of thought and thought, of emotion and thought, of the image and the metaphor, of the specific and the general, of the trivial and the significant, of the transient and the permanent. All these facts appear to Frost as related aspects of that tense word 'form'?

To give form in poetry is also to employ that intricate method of conveying organization, shapeliness, fitness, to the matter or substance of context or meaning of the poem. Before meaning finds its place in a poem, it must become subordinated to its proper balance and structure. Frost asserts that another requirement of poetry is that this formal fusion of distinct elements shall achieve the personal
idiom of the poet's expression without sacrificing that happy correspondence which must exist between his own experience and the experience of those who came after to read or hear the poem.

Modern critics have, however, rejected the conventional division of poetry into form and content. Out of the fusion grows a quality which is neither form nor content, but somehow a product of the fusion. John Crowe Ransom has described this extra quality as "texture" and is willing to call the fusion which produces its "structure". Frost's poetry is at its best when the two elements have become so reconciled that they are happily joined in a holy marriage and defy any attempted separation.

Frost has said many times that there is a striking analogy between the course of a true poem and that of a true love. Each begins as an impulse a disturbing excitement to which the individual surrenders himself. Frost thinks that the present moment serves as an illuminating agent which fires experience lost in the dark of memory and causes that experience to burst into flame. This accident,
producing an emotional intensity, might be described as an act which projects the past into the future.

This kind of inspiration is in no way related to what Wordsworth had in mind when he referred to emotion "recollected in tranquility." It is more closely related to the recognition scene, so long a source of surprise and emotional tension in dramatic narratives. In a peculiar sense, the poet's fresh recognition creates an emotional crisis. He is impelled to find release from the crisis and the resolution of it is the poem.

Frost implies that there are two kinds of recognition which he has experienced as a part of the poetic impulses; two different ways in which this sense of interplay between the past and the present is first motivated and finally resolved in the form of a poem. The first way occurs when some experience in the present inspires an emotional recognition that is more a matter of sense impression than of clear mental perception. The emotional tension - the lump in the throat - which is established through such recognition impels the poet into the physical act of recording
in poetry the details of immediate moment. And as this emotional tension finds its gradual resolution in the poem, the emotion finds its thought.

The first kind of recognition which Frost suggests as a part of poetic impulse may be seen by examining *Stopping by Woods*. The poem is a dramatic lyric which breaks into the middle of an incident so that there is a drama in miniature, revealed with setting and lighting and actors and properties complete.

Frost implies a second kind of recognition which he has experienced in the poetic impulse. The second occurs when the emotional pleasure is derived from the sudden mental perception of a thought which comes into sharp focus through the discovery and recognition of a particularly apt correspondence or analogy. The difference between these two approaches to the writing of a poem should be clear. The first begins as an emotional response which gradually finds its resolution in a thought metaphysically expressed; the second begins with the perception of the metaphor, and the rational focus is so pleasurable in its
sudden discovery that it produces an emotional afterglow. The first leads the poet to venture into the writing of the poem as an act of faith, without foreseeing the outcome; the second leads the poet to give shape and weight to a rational correspondence which has been perceived clearly before he begins to write the poem. Nevertheless, Frost is found of handling each of these by letting the specific displace the general until the analogy is implied or stated as a kind of climax to the poem.

William Wordsworth, the Prophet of Nature, took pleasure in turning from the present to find an emotional excitement and inspiration in happy memories of the past. Paradoxically, Wordsworth's pursuit of ultimate reality in the impulses from a vernal wood became a form of escape from the unpleasantness of the momentary and transient actuality. Frost's method is diametrically opposed. He takes pleasure in ignoring the ultimate reality of the philosophic and religious absolute; takes pleasure even in turning his back on the past, until a momentary experience is
illuminated with richer value by that which his past experience accidently brings to the present.

Frost’s quest of the present moments the greatest reality become a pursuit in the Emersonian sense; it become implicit with newly perceived aspect of an evident design in the universe Frost feels the initial delight in the surprise of remembering something. According to him, a poet must establish a careful balance between the personal intimacy of the experience and the separation of the experience through statement which gains perspective without loss of intensity. The thoughtful statement of the relationship between the present experience and the remembered experience balances the emotion. Equilibrium is truly a large part of artistry. The shrewdness of the poet is to remain true to the mood and the material at the same time. The projection of the poem arises out of the poet’s pleasure in discovering words, images, metaphors, phrases “native to the grain” of emotion, thought, and situation.

Frost’s image of experience hurled into the future is very closely related in spirit to Emerson’s theory of poetry.
The flash or recognition is a happy response to that union of impressions present and past. But the gradual elaboration of the thing felt with delight leads naturally to a statement of the larger understanding. Yet there is a further relationship between the theories of Emerson and Frost. One speaks of dead fact becoming quick thought; the other speaks of a 'clarification of life' which grows out of poetry. We are back to the problem of meaning, and of its importance to the poem. Is meaning in a poem a means to an end or is it an end in itself? Frost, like Emerson, would say that there is no pet answer to the question. Beauty is its own excuse for being; that the delight is the goal. It has been said that "in the high artist, ethics and aesthetics are one." Robert Frost's poetic theory, quite at odd with Puritan aesthetics, is nevertheless coloured by his Yankee heritage of Puritan teaching. His own belief in poetry as "a clarification of life" seems to have close relation to the ideas of the New England puritan, with certain differences indeed.

Poetry to Frost meant the touching of realms of spiritual values. His logic is that we don't join together in
singing an argument. Poetry highlights certain permanent truths and enduring qualities in human nature.

Frost has said little about his conception of poetry, as compared with Eliot, Yeats or Pound. He has given us only two short prefatory essays, "The Constant Symbol" and "The Figure A Poem Makes". Thee and "Poetry and School" form the basis of Frost's ideas on making poems. They contain significant definitions of the poet's intention. He declares that every poem is a new metaphor inside or it is nothing. Hence, for Frost poetry is metaphor. In the final round of this discussion, it is to be pointed out that Frost regarded the poem as a combination of impulse and art – both essential for its merit. He values both spontaneity or lyricism and discipline in his artistic expression. He imparts a dramatic situation or twist to most of his poems by developing them through speakers or characters. This adds intensity to his art. These qualities made him ideal of the masses. His conception of poetry is quite convincing and thought provoking.
Frost is interested in emphasizing the essence of sound, because to him a sentence is not interesting merely in conveying a meaning of words, it must do something more; it must convey a meaning by sound. Certainly it is what Robert Bridges characterized as speech rhythm. Further he gives importance to metre because it has to do with beat, and sound posture has a definite relation as an alternate tone between the beats. The two are in a creation but separate in analysis. Frost used various phrases to explain what he meant by 'voice tones', as 'the sound of sense', 'voice gesture', 'the voice of speech', 'sound posture', 'the images of sound', etc. Frost was giving nothing new in these phrases, but rather was emphasizing the dramatic essence of good poetry, the admirable essence of Shakespeare and the poetic dramatists.
**References**


12. Ibid. p. 162.

13. Ibid. p. 163.


