Chapter IV

Huxley's Analysis of the Human Situation

There appears an epigraph from Fulke Greville, on the fly-leaf of Point Counter Point, and the epigraph best sums up the theme of Huxley's early novels as the conflict between passion and reason. The amused agnostic looks at the wearisome condition of humanity with Olympian detachment, and gives expression to the sense of tragic solitariness, which has resulted from the alienation of the individual consciousness from that of the universal, tribal consciousness. In a letter to Robert Nichols Huxley wrote, that "men are more solitary now than they were; all authority has gone; the tribe has disappeared and every at all conscious man stands alone, surrounded by other solitary individuals and fragments of the old tribe, for which he feels no respect." Søren Kierkegaard expresses the spiritual dilemma of modern man in the word 'angst.' Modern man, rootless and unclaimed, alienated and lonely, is indeed a pathetic figure. He is represented in fiction by the new hero, who is self-divided, over-sensitive, and is afraid of making a fateful decision. He is another Arjuna who needs a Krishna, a system of values, to exhort him to action, to creative activity, which can bring about the integration of his personality. Gnawed by metaphysical anxiety,
he is desperately in search of an integrating experience, which may bring wholeness to his divided self. Finding no satisfying philosophy of existence, he seeks an escape from his dilemma, into some imaginary wombland of his own making.

It is this rootless figure, suffering from self-division, caused by passion and reason, in search of wholeness, whom we meet in the early novels of Huxley. Colin Wilson calls him "the cringing hero, the 'chinless intelligent man,'" who fails to face reality square in the face. He is the romantic idealist of Huxley's early poetry, who fumbles over books, thinks about God and the Devil, but crumbles to impotent dust before the struggles of the world. He appears in the person of Guy Lambourne in the story "Happily Ever After." Torn between romantic passion and sexuality, he fails to make the right approach towards Marjorie, whom he loves. Though he prefers to spend his time and energies in reading, he secretly yearns for the spontaneous living, as the spirit or flesh moves him. But he fails to act in a normal, natural way towards an emotional situation, because his reason always checks such a spontaneous reaction. He reminds us of Denis Stone, whom Colin Wilson calls "hopelessly unheroic" hero of Crome Yellow. Denis is a poet and novelist, who looks at life through the world of books, and cannot accept anything, unless
it finds its rational justification. He complains to Anne: "I can take nothing for granted, I can enjoy nothing as it comes along. Beauty, pleasure, art, women - I have to invent an excuse, a justification for everything that's delightful." At home in a world of ideas, Denis finds it difficult to assert himself in the world of day to day reality. His Hamlet-like nature does not allow him to act as a man of action. His attempts to act always end in humiliation and disgust. Even the simple act of retrieving his bicycle from the brake van at Camlet railway station ends in humiliation.

"A bicycle, a bicycle!" he said breathlessly to the guard. He felt himself a man of action. The guard paid no attention, but continued methodically to hand out, one by one, the packages labelled to Camlet. "A bicycle!" Denis repeated. "A green machine, cross-framed, name of Stone. S-T-O-N-E."

"All in good time, Sir," said the guard soothingly. He was a large, stately man with a naval beard. One pictured him at home, drinking tea, surrounded by a numerous family. It was in that tone that he must have spoken to his children when they were tiresome. "All in good time, sir." Denis's man of action collapsed, punctured.

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Agonizingly self-conscious, Denis regrets that he was born with a different face. Whereas other youngmen have faces of brass - of "those old, brazen rams that thumped against the walls of cities till they fell,"
he has "a woolly face." He can never be a successful man of action. He fails to tell Anne that he loves her. In sheer disgust, he gets a telegram sent from London recalling him back to the city, only to realize, at the time of departure, that Anne loves him.

"I'm wretched you should be going," said Anne. Denis turned towards her; she really did look wretched. He abandoned himself hopelessly, fatalistically to his destiny. This was what came of action, of doing something decisive. If only he'd just let things drift! If only...

Gumbril fulfils Denis's wish not to act, and he allows things to drift, to have their own course. Shy and over-sensitive, Gumbril lacks the sufficient will power to choose the right and the most desirable course of action in life. Frederick R. Karl and Marvin Magalaner call him a "modern jaded Hamlet," for he fails to join Emily, in whose company, he has earlier experienced, that truth, goodness and beauty are in reality one. He lacks the determination to overcome the temptation to pursue Myra, who invites him to the world of irresponsible sexuality. Unable to win this siren, who constantly thwarts his advances, he seeks escape in wishful day-dream.

Over the plushy floors of some vast and ignoble Ritz slowly he walked, at ease, with confidence: over the plushy floors and there, at the end of a long vista, there was Myra Viveash, waiting, this time, for him; coming forward impatiently to meet him, his abject lover now, not the cool, free, laughing mistress who had lent herself contemptuously once to his pathetic and silent importunity
and then, after a day, withdrawn the gift again. Over the plushy floors to dine. Not that he was in love with Myra any longer: but revenge is sweet... 

When he spoke to women—how easily and insolently he spoke now!—they listened and laughed and looked at him sideways and dropped their eyelids over the admission, the invitation, of their glance. With Phyllis once he had sat, for how long? in a warm and moonless darkness, saying nothing, risking no gesture. And in the end they had parted, reluctantly and still in silence. Phyllis now was with him once again in the summer night; but this time he spoke, now softly, now in the angry breathless whisper of desire, he reached out and took her, and she was naked in his arms. All chance encounters, all plotted opportunities recurred; he knew, now, how to live, how to take advantage of them.10

The "Mild and Melancholy Man"11 as he is, Gumbril wears a beard to transform himself into "a sort of jovial Henry the Eighth, into a massive Rabelaisian man"12 to effect a few conquests in the feminine world. This escape behind the guise of strength and virility, however, does not help him much to change his weak and indecisive nature into a strong-willed person, he desires to be. Francis Chelifer complains that in a world of self-divided creatures, poetry and awareness are "odd exceptions."13 Poetry fuses passion and reason, and thus provides an integral experience, which brings awareness of a higher level of reality. But since this integrating experience is not available, men are bound to shrink away from the world of reality, to seek shelter in some world of their interest. Philip Quarles comes to
the painful awareness that his Search for Truth, which he regarded as the highest of human tasks has been, in reality, another form of escape, "a rather refined and elaborate substitute for genuine living," and that "the pursuit of Truth is just a polite name for the intellectual's favourite pastime of substituting simple and therefore false abstractions for the living complexities of reality." Like Denis, Philip Quarles feels at home in a world of ideas. He finds it difficult to make any genuine contact with other human beings. Elinor complains that he is unable to come out of his cocoon, and that he had loved her only "by wireless across the Atlantic." Though he protests against his wife's complaint, he knows that she is speaking the truth about him. He avoids personal relations, for they threaten his solitude in which alone, "his spirit could live in comfort, in which alone he felt himself free." Anthony Beavis, the hero of Eyeless In Gaza makes a similar complaint, when he confesses that he is "inept when it comes to establishing a purely personal contact with another human being." To his dismay, he realizes that his revolt against escapism has never been successful.

And suddenly he perceived that, having spent all his life trying to react away from the standards of his father's universe, he had succeeded only in becoming precisely
what his father was - a man in
a burrow. With this small difference
that in his case the burrow happened
to be intermittently adulterous instead
of connubial all the time; and that the
ideas were about societies and not words.17

Not only central characters, the other characters
also express this escapist tendency. Henry Wimbush's
chief interest is the study of the past of Crome, and
he knows "more about Sir Ferdinando's household expenses
than about his own."18 His endeavour is to avoid
contact with human beings. He wishes: "How gay and
delightful life would be if one could get rid of all
the human contacts;" 19 Rosie Shearwater, sick of her
dull, drab, middle class apartment, imagines herself
as the great lady, who chooses and patronizes poets,
and inspires them, through her love, to excellent
poetic creations:

The lady and the poet, she was thinking,
the grande dame and the brilliant youngman
of genius.... The great lady slips out,
masked, into the street; touches the
youngman's sleeve: Come with me. She
chooses, does not let herself passively
be chosen. The young poet falls at
her feet; she lifts him up. One is
accustomed to this sort of thing.20

Like Rosie Shearwater, Mrs. Aldwinde also fancies
herself as the patroness of arts and letters. When
Chelifer is nearly drowned in the Tyrrhenian, and is
rescued to the shore, the simple facts, after having
passed through her dense imagination, assume a romantic
colouring. Huxley writes:
In her own mind Mrs. Aldwinkle...saw herself standing there on the beach...looking like one of those wonderfully romantic figures who, in the paintings of Augustus John, stand poised in a meditative and passionate ecstasy against a cosmic background....And at her feet, like Shelley, like Leander washed up on the sands of Abydos, lay the young poet, pale, naked and dead. And she had bent over him, had called him back to life, had carried him off in maternal arms to a haven of peace where he should gather new strength and, for his poetry, new inspiration.21

If hell is the presence of other people as Jean-Paul Sartre's play Huis Clos illustrates, then John Atkin's observation that Point Counter Point is Huxley's "descent into Hell,"22 comes quite true. Though the novel is based on the musical device of points and counterpoints, which produce perfect harmony, it produces nothing but a cacophony of different, discordant voices, which emanate from the private, individual universes. May be the lady of the house, or the governess, everyone has her own dream world to seek refuge from harsh reality."23 No human contact seems to be possible amongst Huxley's characters. Denis Stone sums up this predicament: "Did one ever establish contact with anyone? We are all parallel straight lines."24 Human beings, in Huxley's fiction, are like parallel straight lines which never meet.

Instead of striving for completeness, unity and wholeness, men and women of Huxley's early fiction
prefer to remain in their shells. They fail to attain to any integral experience, which may bring them wholeness, for their agnostic author was without any spiritual or moral vision, which could provide means of integration. Huxley confessed to Mrs. Kehevan Roberts, that his besetting sin was "the dread and avoidance of emotion... the substitution of aesthetic and intellectual values for moral values - of art and thought for sanctity." Though as an agnostic, Huxley had no philosophical solution to offer to the ills of modern life, he was, however, convinced of the fact that the malaise of modern life lies in industrial civilization, which man has built at the cost of his joy and peace. The machine culture has atrophied man's sense of wonderment, and has relegated emotion, from the centre, to the periphery of life. Huxley, therefore, remains the severest critic of the machine civilization.

II

The industrial civilization, with its advanced machine technology, has not only given a set back to the traditional modes of life, it has also been responsible for dragging man into a useless, mechanical existence. In his early fiction, as a rational agnostic, Huxley has no definite conception of values to offer his disillusioned, self-divided characters. He, however,
adheres to the philosophy of liberal humanism, which accords a place of central significance to man in the universe, and which advocates an emotive and imaginative approach towards the wonder and mystery of the universe. Since the religions, which once provided men with their ideals, have lost power, man has replaced them, by the cult of efficiency, good time and comfort. Huxley deplores the disappearance of the folkloristic culture, which provided a sense of belonging to man, for he was an integral part of the traditional community. He feels sad that the emergence of machine culture, has resulted in the disappearance of creative sports, which had been a source of joy to man. Henry Wimbush echoes Huxley's own sentiment, when he complains that the "country was desolate, without life of its own, without indigenous pleasures." Modern civilization offers the uniform kind of entertainment, which dulls rather than sharpens, the aesthetic sensibility. Huxley goes around the world, and sums up his impression about California, the Joy City of the West, the representative of our industrially most advanced civilization.

And what joy! The joy of rushing about, of always being busy, of having no time to think, of being too rich to doubt. The joy of shouting and bantering, of dancing and for ever dancing to the noise of a savage music, of lustily singing.... The joy of drinking prohibited whiskey from enormous silver flasks, the joy of cuddling provocatively bold and pretty
flappers, the joy of painting the cheeks, of rolling the eye and showing off the desirable calves and figure....

On and on we drove, through the swarming streets of Joy City. Across an open space there suddenly loomed up a large white building, magically shining...From its summit the beams of half a dozen search-lights waved to heaven. They seemed the antennae of some vast animal, feeling and probing in the void - for what? For Truth, perhaps? Truth is not wanted in the City of Dreadful Joy. For Happiness? It is possessed. For God? But God had already been found; he was inside the shining Temple; he was the Temple, the brand new, million-dollar Temple...what could those luminous antennae be probing for? Why, for nothing, of course, for nothing! If they waved so insistently, that was just for fun. Waving for waving's sake. Movement is a joy, and this is the Great Joy City of the West.27

The emergence of the New Stupid, an efficient slave to the Infernal Machine, a mere cog in the wheel, a fast consumer of goods, because he is a dutiful member of an industrialized community, which can keep going, only if there is rapid consumption, enjoying his immense leisure, by looking at the television, reading the newspaper and drinking cocktails, is a unique product of the present industrially-advanced civilization. Unaware of the fact, that there are absolute values like Truth, Goodness and Beauty, this piggish Babbitt is satisfied with a few mechanical gadgets, which can provide him distraction from thinking. It is this Babbitt who is
the chief target of Huxley's satire. Huxley is not alone in his revolt against Babbittry. Sinclair Lewis and E.M. Forster also castigate the machine civilization for its baneful effects on human personality. Huxley deplores that in the technologically advanced civilization, all sources of science are applied, in order that imbecility and vulgarity may flourish in the world. Advancements in machine technology and time-saving devices will increase only more leisure, which will in turn need more means of entertainment. The result would be many more Babbitts. Mark Rampion criticizes modern man's wholehearted devotion to scientism, and blames mechanical progress for the spiritual and mental ills of the present age. Rampion says:

...mechanical progress means more specialization and standardization of work, means more ready-made and unindividual amusements, means diminution of initiative and the progressive atrophy of all the vital and fundamental things in human nature, means increased boredom and restlessness, means finally a kind of individual madness that can only result in social revolution. 28

It is this conception of "progress" which Huxley debunks in Brave New World. He warns that modern man's ideal of robotism and mechanical efficiency will ultimately create an emotionally cold and spiritually barren world. He expresses his concern that man has "succumbed to the shoddy temptations of the Devil of
Machine." Ape And Essence "announces the death, by suicide, of twentieth-century science." The Arch-Vicar, in the novel, aptly points out that man's degeneration into apehood has been due to the fact that men in the twentieth century, have disturbed the equilibrium of Nature, and they were bound to suffer the consequences. He says: "These wretched slaves of wheels and ledgers began to congratulate themselves on being the Conquerors of Nature." But man cannot get something for nothing; victories over nature demand a heavy price. Huxley criticizes this false belief in inevitable progress:

The belief in all round progress is based upon the wishful dream that one can get something for nothing. Its underlying assumption is that gains in one field do not have to be paid for by losses in other fields. For the ancient Greeks, hubris, or overweening insolence, whether directed against the gods, or one's fellow-men, or nature, was sure to be followed, sooner or later, in one way or another, by avenging Nemesis. Unlike the Greeks, we of the twentieth century believe that we can be insolent with impunity.

The machine is, of course, writ large in the horoscope of man, and, in the words of Philip Quarles, "you can't go back, you can't scrap the machine." But man must learn to keep it under his control. "Man as a moral, social and political being," complains Huxley, "is sacrificed to homo faber, or man the smith,
the inventor and forger of new gadgets."34 Devotion to technics is not the ultimate end of human existence. Kuno, the main character in E.M. Forster's story "The Machine Stops," rightly protests that "these tubes and buttons and machineries neither came into the world with us, nor will they follow us out, nor do they matter supremely while we are here."35 Man's motto should not be ad majorem Industrae gloriäm; he should strive for the awareness of reality in him. Industrialism and efficiently have their place, but man should not industrialize his soul out of existence. Charles J. Rolo aptly estimates Huxley as a bitter critic of our civilization, when he says: "With ruinous contempt he \textit{Huxley} inveighs...against a civilization in which man dance Petrouchka to the baleful music of the machine."36

Moreover, the mechanical progress has led towards greater specialization and standardization of knowledge. The compartmentalization of knowledge has led, in the phrase of Erich Fromm, "to the abstractifying and quantifying attitude,"37 which has narrowed down the mental vision of the twentieth-century man. Lost in the world of his specialized field, the specialist is totally oblivious of the fact that there are other levels of experience, which must be taken into account, to arrive at an integral view of existence. Lypiatt,
the artist in *Antic Hay* bewails the fact that in the present age we "see no painter—sculptor—poets, like Michelangelo; no scientist-artists like Leonardo," because of the abject cult of specialization. Lop-sidedness is the chief affliction of specialists. They lack wholeness, for they do not allow their passional natures to achieve maturity. They are Peter Pans, for they suffer from arrested development. Lord Tentamount at forty is emotionally still a child. Huxley says: "In the laboratory, at his desk, he was as old as science itself. But his feelings, his intuitions, his instincts were those of a little boy." The famed nuclear scientist Henry Maartens is the "undiminished blaze of intellectual power," but "humanity was something in which poor Henry was incapable, congenitally, of taking an interest." If the intellectual suffers from emotional and spiritual paralysis, the ordinary member of the industrialized, Western community, does not grow intellectually mature. Huxley regrets that with "a vast number of people intellectual development ceases almost in childhood; they go through life with the intellectual capacities of boys or girls of fifteen." Whereas the intellectual is emotionally a Cretin, the ordinary people are barbarians of the intellect.

In his early novels, there are indications that Huxley, the agnostic, is in search of a philosophical synthesis, that may provide an integrated vision of life.
In his quest of wholeness, he accepts and rejects alternatives. Suggestions about mysticism, as a sane and healthy approach toward life, are made by Huxley, but nothing definite emerges till the publication of *Eyeless in Gaza*. The agnostic's struggle for a synthetic view of existence, as it emerges in early fiction, however, demands some attention.

III

In his early fiction, we do not find any definite commitment by Huxley to any specific view of existence. Stephen Jay Greenblatt, in this connection, rightly observes: "Huxley is profoundly aware of the sickness of society, but he cannot settle his mind on a standard of judgment."\(^43\) As an agnostic, Huxley scanned the human scene from the Pyrrhonic stand-point, which expresses itself in his fiction, as the observation of reality from multiple angles. As an aesthete — for that was the only frame of reference he had at that time — Huxley was appalled by the inane and inauthentic existence of the twentieth century Western man, who has lost his faith in the reality of God. Though the early novels, in the words of Sisirkumar Ghose, constitute "the Encyclopaedia of Enlightened Frustration,"\(^44\) the fact remains that their agnostic author, a highly self-conscious intellectual, yearns for integration and wholeness. Nicolas Berdyaev expresses this urgency of the human
spirit, to seek fusion of all separatist tendencies in an experience of wholeness, when he says: "Man lives in a shattered world and dreams of a world that is whole." Shearwater, the scientist in Antic Hay, in his nightmarish vision, in the laboratory, sees an old man, clutching his beard, and crying out "Proportion, proportion." Proportion is badly missing in modern life. Perhaps, Proportion could be gained by becoming a saint. It is for this avowed purpose that Gumbril finally decides to renounce the world of sinful pleasures, and leaves for the continent, at the end of this novel.

Calamy returns from his foreign travels with the firm determination to renounce his disgusting life of amorous pleasures. Theoretically he knows, that the most preliminary condition to seek peace and stillness, is to empty out the mind of those charnel images, which act as means of distraction. Unable to extricate himself from the mesh of desire, Calamy, like Huxley of Do What You Will, thinks of Latin compromise.

...he pictured a sort of graceful Latin compromise. An Epicurean cultivation of mind and body. Breakfast at nine. Serious reading from ten till one. Luncheon prepared by an excellent French cook. In the afternoon a walk and talk with intelligent friends. Tea with crumpets and the most graceful female society. A frugal but exquisite supper. Three hours' meditation about the Absolute, and then bed, not unaccompanied.... It sounded charming.
But somehow it wouldn't do. To the liver of this perfect Life of Reason the secret, the mystery and the beauty, though they might be handled and examined, refused to give up their significance.... If one wanted them to be more than these, one must abandon oneself completely to the contemplation of them. There could be no compromise.47

Calamy categorically rejects the possibility of a Latin compromise, and retires to mountains, to contemplate the beauty and mystery which beckon him. Huxley's fascination for the Latin compromise, however, continues up to Brave New World. He seems to favour the Greek ideal of "balanced excess" as a means to attain wholeness, for this ideal advocates an equal development of both body and mind. Huxley's temporary rejection of mysticism, and his preference for the Greek ideal of living, was due to his visit to India, which shook his faith in mysticism. Another and perhaps more potent influence which brought a shift in Huxley's attitude from mysticism to vitalism, was his association with D.H. Lawrence. Mark Rampion, who, to some extent, stands for the Laurencian philosophy, advocates that vitalism alone can bring wholeness to the self-divided persons, who fail to strike a balance between passion and reason. Rampion suggests that the "sane, harmonious, Greek man gets as much as he can of both states," and "the sane man at least tries to strike a balance"48 between the claims of the body and those of the mind. Huxley elaborates this Greek ideal of balanced excess:
Man has a mind: very well, let him think. Senses that enjoy: let him be sensual. Instincts: they are there to be satisfied. Passions: it does a man good to succumb to them from time to time. Imagination, a feeling for beauty, a sense of awe: let him create, let him surround himself with lovely forms, let him worship. Man is multifarious, inconsistent, self-contradictory; the Greeks accepted the fact and lived multifariously, inconsistently, and contradictorily.49

Mark Rampion, however, remains a modified version of D.H. Lawrence. Like Lawrence, Rampion does not regard intellect as inferior to blood. The fact that Lawrence did not take a sympathetic view of Rampion, and called him "a gas-bag"50 shows that Huxley could not accept the Laurencian creed in toto. Philip Quarles, who shares some of the attributes of his author's personality, confesses that the "chief difference between us, alas, is that his opinions are lived and mine, in the main, only thought."51 Unable to practise the Laurencian cult, Huxley, the intellectual remains, in the phrase of S. Diana Neill, "a cerebral vitalist."52 Moreover, the Laurencian cult of animal innocence of the primitive man was sadly contradicted by Huxley's visit to Central America. Huxley says: "The advance from primitivism to civilization, from mere blood to mind and spirit, is a progress whose price is fixed; there are no discounts even for the most highly talented purchasers."53 Therefore,
the reversion to a state of animal innocence is not possible at all. Though Huxley rejects Laurencian vitalism as a satisfying philosophy, he, yet learnt from Lawrence, that in any process of spiritual evolution, human body was as important as the mind. It was perhaps this conviction which led him, later on, to the study of tantric cults, and to experiment with drugs, to obtain an integral vision of life.

Having convinced himself that the Latin Compromise was another form of incompleteness, Huxley, in his search for wholeness, again returns to mysticism. He complains that the present age has no ideal image of man.

The Ideal Man of the eighteenth century was the Rationalist; of the seventeenth, the Christian Stoic; of the Renaissance, the Free Individual; of the Middle Ages, the Contemplative Saint. And what is our Ideal Man? 54

The agnostic, in his search for an ideal image of man, comes to believe that mysticism alone can provide a synthetic view of reality. An ideal man is a non-attached mystic, who experiences integration and peace in the mystical experience of the divine reality. It is the theocentric saint, Huxley comes to believe, who can answer the spiritual needs of the twentieth century split-man, for as he later on puts it, the "mystics are channels through which a little knowledge of reality filters down into our human universe of ignorance and illusion," and that a "totally unmystical world would be
a world totally blind and insane." The agnostic, therefore, dabbles with various forms of mysticism, to seek knowledge and certitude.
The fly-leaf of Point Counter Point bears the following lines from Fulke Greville’s "Mustapha."

Oh, wearisome condition of humanity!
Born under one law, to another bound;
Vainty begot, and yet forbidden vanity;
Created sick, commanded to be sound;
What meaneth Nature by these diverse laws?
Passion and Reason, self-division's cause.

Huxley's fascination for Fulke Greville goes back to the twenties of this century. In On The Margin, Huxley wrote: "Some day I shall compile an Oxford Book of Depressing Verse, which shall contain nothing but the most magnificent expressions of melancholy and despair. ... A duly adequate amount of space...will be allotted to that all but great poet, Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. For dark magnificence there are not many things that can rival that summing up against life and human destiny at the end of his "Mustapha."

On The Margin, p. 103.

2 Huxley, Letters, p. 245.


5 Huxley, Crome, p. 25.

6 ibid., p. 2.

7 ibid., p. 64.
8 Ibid., p. 218.


11 Ibid., p. 121.

12 Ibid., p. 118.

13 Huxley, Barren, p. 150.

14 Huxley, Point, pp. 443-444.

15 Ibid., p. 104.


17 Ibid., p. 469.

18 Huxley, Crome, p. 114.

19 Ibid., p. 204.

20 Huxley, Antic, p. 131.


23 Mrs. Bidlake ignores the crying of her grandson, and floats into an imaginative, spiritual world of her own making. Please see Point, p. 340.
Miss Fulke, the governess, fancies herself as a woman of unimaginable loveliness, but the contact with reality makes her aware of the disparity between what she imagines herself to be, and what she really is.

Please see **Point**, p. 256.


In his early novels, Huxley very often uses the metaphor of "parallel straight lines" to emphasise the sense of loneliness in modern life, and modern man's inability to maintain a genuine contact with his fellows.

Mrs. Viveash, the disillusioned siren of twenties, expresses her loneliness: "If only one could manage things on the principle of the railways! Parallel tracks - that was the thing." **Antic**, p. 100.

To emphasise the radical difference in their approach towards reality, Everard Webley tells Lord Edward: "Parallel straight lines never meet, Lord Edward." **Point**, p. 80.

Again, to show a lack of emotional contact between Philip Quarles and his wife Elinor, Huxley uses the metaphor: "Their parallel silences flowed on through time, unmeeting." **Point**, p. 105.


26 Huxley, *Crome*, p. 129.


29. Huxley, Do, p. 50.


31. ibid., p. 93.


33. Huxley, Point, p. 416.


38. Huxley, Antic, p. 46.


41. ibid., p. 94.

42. Huxley, Along, p. 242.


46. Huxley, Antic, p. 324.

47. Huxley, Barren, p. 268.


49. Huxley, Do, p. 81.


51. Huxley, Point, p. 440.


53. Huxley, Beyond, p. 314.

54. Huxley, Texts, pp. 4-5. Huxley, as a self-conscious writer, was desperately seeking for an ideal image of Man, which should answer most of the ills of modern life.
From his letter to Julian Huxley, it is quite evident that Huxley was seriously searching for an ideal image of man for the modern age. Huxley writes:

I have long been interested in the history of such ideal men. The Renaissance all-round Greek-through-rose-coloured-spectacles. The 17th century honnête homme. The 18th century philosophe. The 19th century respectable man...For the 20th century the ideal of the Social Man seems, as you say, to be imposing itself...I have now come to feel that all these ideals are disastrous, because incomplete; and that no society can hope to keep itself up even to the levels hitherto achieved unless there is something corresponding to a Brahmin class whose ideal is that of the Theocentric Man, not primarily concerned with human values at all, but merely with the business of knowing and making actual in themselves the ultimate reality of the world.

*Letters, p. 463.*