

JOYCE CARY'S TRILOGIES

JOYCE CARY'S TRILOGIES:  
"TOGETHER IN FEELING . . . BUT ALONE IN MIND"

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A Thesis  
Submitted to the School of Graduate Studies  
in Partial Fulfilment of the Requirements  
for the Degree  
Master of Arts

McMaster University  
September 1984

MASTER OF ARTS (1984)  
(English)

McMASTER UNIVERSITY  
Hamilton, Ontario

TITLE: Joyce Cary's Trilogies: "Together in Feeling . . .  
But Alone in Mind"

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NUMBER OF PAGES: vi, 132

## Abstract

Joyce Cary had a firm expansive moral philosophy to which readers have access through his two speculative works, Power in Men and Art and Reality, through his many essays and through the interviews he gave. While this thesis is primarily concerned with Cary's two trilogies, the first composed of Herself Surprised, To Be a Pilgrim and The Horse's Mouth and the second composed of Prisoner of Grace, Except the Lord and Not Honour More, it also sets out to examine the way in which one particular aspect of his philosophy, that we are "together in sympathy . . . but alone in mind", dictates the form of each novel as well as each trilogy.

The first chapter will deal with the individual books of the first trilogy and with the trilogy as a whole. It is an analysis of how Cary embeds his philosophy in his fiction. In effect, the first chapter lays the groundwork for an understanding of how this specific concern of Cary's, the conflict between thinking and feeling, is expressed in triple point-of-view. The second chapter will deal with the individual books of the second trilogy and, as it goes, the trilogy as a whole. Since the theme of thinking versus feeling is less obvious in the second trilogy, this chapter is an argument that such a preoccupation is as central to the second trilogy as it is to the first. This thesis also accounts for the distinctly different form each trilogy takes.

I would like to thank Dr. Bishop for his enthusiastic support and for all his help. I would also like to thank him for making available to me his Cary tapes and his extensive personal knowledge of Cary's life and work.

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ABBREVIATIONS USED WITHIN THE TEXT

- EL: Except the Lord. London: Michael Joseph, 1953.
- HS: Herself Surprised. Carfax Edition, London: Michael Joseph, 1951.
- HM: The Horse's Mouth. Middlesex: Penguin Books Ltd. (in Association with Michael Joseph), 1948.
- NHM: Not Honour More. London: Michael Joseph, 1955.
- PG: Prisoner of Grace. Carfax Edition, London: Michael Joseph, 1954.
- SE: Joyce Cary: Selected Essays. Ed. A. G. Bishop, Introduction by Dame Helen Gardner. London: Michael Joseph, 1976.
- TBP: To Be a Pilgrim. Middlesex: Penguin Books Ltd. (in Association with Michael Joseph), 1957.

## Introduction

There is a great temptation, when considering Joyce Cary's fiction, to undertake a schematic analysis of it. It is easy to see his work as essentially dualistic, and, in turn, to use dualities as the basis of an analysis. Some critics, for instance, find conflict between freedom and authority<sup>1</sup> and between good and evil<sup>2</sup> as constant central themes in his works. This thesis examines the conflict between thinking and feeling as a theme, and as the way in which Cary orders individual experience. But it would be reductive to focus entirely on duality; we must place it in a wider context, seeing conflict between thinking and feeling as an integral part of Cary's expansive, firm moral philosophy.

Cary brought this philosophy to bear on his writing, believing that one cannot write novels successfully otherwise: "It is impossible to give form to a book without some moral creed" ("Morality and the Novelist", SE, p. 154). 'Form' to Cary was equivalent to 'meaning',<sup>3</sup> and, being "so strongly aware of [his] own meaning" ("The Way a Novel gets Written", SE, p. 123), he avoided explicit statement of 'meaning' in favour of presenting emotional experiences which would "carry the meaning of the book [s]"<sup>4</sup> ("An Interview with Joyce Cary", SE, p. 12). His two speculative books, his essays, and the interviews he gave all make clear that Cary's awareness of conflict between, yet the necessary interdependence of, thinking and feeling even influenced his understanding of



what constitutes the novelist's job as well as what a novel should try to achieve.

He perceived his job as twofold: he wanted to avoid didacticism, and instead to engage readers through their feelings rather than simply through their intellects: "As it is a philosopher's job to make sense of life to the mind, to present it as a rational unity, so it is a novelist's job to make sense of it to the feeling" ("On the Function of the Novelist", SE, p. 151). A novel, therefore, "should be an emotional experience and convey an emotional truth rather than arguments" ("An Interview with Joyce Cary", SE, p. 4). In reworking novels he "cut anything that does not belong to the emotional development, the texture of feeling" ("An Interview with Joyce Cary", SE, p. 8). Each of Cary's statements, however, like those of the narrators of the trilogies, must always be regarded in the light of statements he makes elsewhere. For in "The Way a Novel Gets Written" he acknowledges that a "poem or novel has significance not only for the feelings, but for the judgement" (p. 121), and goes on to explain the interdependence of thought and feeling: judgement, an act of the intellect, comes about when "conceptual feeling" has been appealed to (pp. 121-122), therefore "feelings move the mind". Cary does of course strive to appeal to the mind in his novels, but only indirectly, embedding any ideas in portrayal of emotional experience.

It is perhaps Cary's avoidance of explicit presentation of ideas that has made difficulties for some critics:

". . . they have been unable to locate Cary's values in the trilogies and suspect that those who do have actually transported them in from his speculative writings".<sup>5</sup> However, in the case of the trilogies, it seems to work the other way around. His theories, which are expressed in general terms in his non-fiction, are more easily understood once one has read the novels, the material in which the theories have been put into practice. An exploration of the conflict between thinking and feeling, and an examination of experience as ordered according to the two, is apparent in the novels of the trilogies. In the non-fiction can then be discovered a preoccupation with this duality, and it serves to confirm what is evident in the novels. To find dualities in Cary's fiction is to discover Cary's deliberate simplification of 'form'. To make order of his narrators' individual experience as well as the particular worlds in which they live, so that he could "make sense of life to the feelings" of the reader, Cary was aware of the need to simplify, for ". . . real people are too complex and too disorganized for books. They aren't simple enough" ("An Interview with Joyce Cary", SE, p. 6). He endowed the characters with a readily perceived sense of order, believing that ". . . you can't have any sort of real form unless you've got an ordered attitude towards them" ("An Interview with Joyce Cary", SE, pp. 7-8).

Cary was unable to finish an earlier novel, Cock Jarvis, specifically because he had not, at the time, a simple, ordered attitude towards character: "It was far too ambitious. It took on too big a subject. It went on raising fundamental questions about religion and politics, to which, very much to my surprise, I found I hadn't got the answers" ("Unfinished Novels", SE, p. 110). In the trilogies Cary is able to raise questions and make the answers implicit within each novel as well as within each trilogy.

His own "fundamental intuitions about life" ("Foreward by Dame Helen Gardner", SE, p. vii) are responsible for the other duty Cary felt incumbent upon him as a writer: to show what motivates people, what keeps them going. His characters, like the readers to whom he wants to appeal, are moved by both their minds and their feelings. He was especially concerned to show that "Feelings come first. People live by their feelings."<sup>6</sup> Yet he also believed "intensely in the creative freedom of the mind" ("An Interview with Joyce Cary", SE, p. 10). So, necessarily, there is conflict between the two. Cary was very interested in this conflict, believing "perpetual conflict" ("An Interview with Joyce Cary", SE, p. 6) to be the nature of the world. Conflict always exists, hence the dualities: "A world in everlasting conflict between the new idea and the old allegiances, new arts and new inventions against the old establishment" ("An Interview with Joyce Cary", SE, p. 5); "conflict . . . between two faiths:

the original creed of the nihilist and the acquired hope of the Christian" ("Morality and the Novelist", SE, p. 161). Conflict is neither "a contradiction" (SE, p. 161), nor does it result in chaos. It is "two elements locked in battle" (SE, p. 161).

In the following two chapters I have discussed Cary's two trilogies at length in terms of the conflict between thinking and feeling, yet I have taken a somewhat different approach to each because the nature of the conflict portrayed in each is distinctly different.

The first trilogy goes a long way toward fleshing out Cary's own moral creed by revealing the roles of thinking and feeling in each individual's experience. The conflict between the two takes place within each individual narrator of the first trilogy, and the particular way in which each experiences conflict defines his or her individuality. We are convinced of the validity of each narrator's point of view and are made partially sympathetic to the conflict each experiences because their individual worlds are revealed to us in detail.

In the second trilogy Cary refines point-of-view technique. The conflict is externalized, as Cary focusses more narrowly on the dangerous conflict that arises between individuals when thinking dominates at the expense of feeling. The second trilogy emphasizes that "No two landscapes of the mind are the same" ("Morality and the Novelist", SE, p. 163), and the

'elements locked in battle' are the minds of the individual narrators.

A comparative study of the two trilogies reveals a marked shift in focus. 'The individual' matters more in the first trilogy, as we are given a complete picture of the capability each narrator has both to create and to resolve conflict. The conflict itself matters more in the second trilogy, as we are shown the threat conflict presents to each individual. 'Form' or 'meaning' is less obvious in this trilogy, as it is almost barren of details that would take us into the individual worlds of the narrators and thereby distract us from the main concern: the conflict itself. We are given fewer details of the narrators' individual natures, but each detail we are given is more highly charged with moral significance. To read the second trilogy after having read the first is to be better able to discern the significance of the individual narrators' experiences. In this light, the second trilogy seems more of an experiment on Cary's part, and less of a study that answers, within itself, the questions it raises.

## I

## The First Trilogy

Joyce Cary's first trilogy, composed of Herself Surprised, To Be a Pilgrim, and The Horse's Mouth, explores his firm belief that people are "together in feeling, in sympathy, but alone in mind" ("Morality and the Novelist", SE, p. 157). Each of the three narrators holds a coherent point of view which both expresses a distinct moral creed and conflicts with the other two points of view. This is as Cary intended. In the Preface to the First Trilogy he wrote:

What I set out to do was to show three people, living each in his own world by his own ideas and relating his life and struggles, his triumphs and miseries in that world. They were to know each other and have some connection in the plot, but they would see completely different aspects of each other's character. (p. ix)

What is revealed to us as we read through the three novels in order is the way in which their interrelationship is dependent on feeling.

A distinction between thinking and feeling is stated frequently both in Cary's non-fictional writing and in his fiction, particularly in the first trilogy. According to Cary, shared feelings, manifested in love relationships, friendships, and even in antagonistic relationships, moderates the isolation that all people experience as a result of being 'alone in mind'. Feelings bring people together while ideas

and rational systems keep them apart (just as age, race, and class--categories recognized by intellect rather than by instinct--build barriers between individuals). Because of the 'aloneness in mind' seen in Cary's characters, Wright rightly emphasizes that "the theme of isolation . . . must always be considered in Cary's work".<sup>1</sup> According to Cary, while the solitude of people's minds can produce tragedy, it is also the source of freedom, of individual creative imagination. When discussing art as a "bridge between souls" in Art and Reality he writes:

It is easy to see that if we were not so cut off from each other, if we were parts of a social commune, like ants or bees, we should not be free agents. Freedom, independence of mind, involves solitude in thought. (p. 9)

In short, being cut off from one another mentally is of potential value to our lives; it is not a hindrance. There is not, in the first trilogy, the despair of isolation typically associated with much twentieth-century literature, because sympathy is ever-present, even if it is rejected. Before noting exactly how each of the three narrators is individualized it is important to note how, for each of them, solitude in mind is a fact not fatalistically accepted but positively assumed and asserted.

First-person narration is particularly suited to convey the belief that we are 'alone in mind'. Cary felt that "it is only from one point of view that experience, like landscape,

can be ranged in any kind of order" ("On the Function of the Novelist", SE, p. 150). First-person narrative has the potential to convey a coherent, clear point of view with force and conviction. Despite the themes of political, religious and historical nature that it is possible to perceive in the first trilogy, all is, in the end, secondary to the elucidation of the particular natures of the individual narrators. For Cary believed that religion and politics are an integral part of our individuality. They are an extension of the way in which we manage our lives, but they are not responsible for our lives. In Power in Men Cary writes: "Man is not a political or economic animal. He is moved by sympathies, tastes, faiths which have nothing to do with politics or cash . . ." (p. 35). As B. Evan Owen observes in his essay "The Supremacy of the Individual in the Novels of Joyce Cary", "it is the individual that Cary places at the centre of his created world".<sup>2</sup> The world in which the narrators live is less important than the individual narrators' perspective on that world. 'What' they deal with is generalized while 'how' they deal with it, according to their individual natures, is detailed. So it is appropriate to discuss the trilogy more in terms of the narrators than in terms of the novels.

Sara, Tom Wilcher and Gulley Jimson are all aware that there is a difference between what they see and think and what others see and think. They are always 'running up



against'<sup>3</sup> other people, other natures, other ideas, which are, they acknowledge, incomprehensible to them. This works to emphasize 'the individual' in two ways. Each narrator both acknowledges other people's individuality and fiercely expresses his or her own individuality. They are receptive to the individuality of others because they all have the ability to sympathize, but the degree to which each gives, and the way in which each responds to, sympathy varies greatly. They are all fierce individualists because they all claim a right to their own thoughts, but the way in which each expresses his thoughts varies greatly.

Sara, the narrator with the greatest capacity for sympathy among the three, sees others' points of view as being determined by individual natures. She consistently grants others the right to their own feelings and ideas, without condemning or condoning those feelings and ideas. People are not to be blamed for what they do, she believes, because they act only according to their nature. Despite all Matthew Monday's pestering of her before they were married, she says: "I could not be too angry, for I saw it was nature working in him" (HS, p. 15). When attempting to explain her murky relations with Hickson, Sara excuses his aberrant behaviour by concluding: ". . . it is hard to judge people all of a piece" (HS, p. 39). It would be wrong to say that Sara's recognition of individuality is a conscious recognition. She simply has an endless supply of sympathy, even pity, for

the way in which people are subject to the limitations of their own perspectives. Of Wilcher she says:

He was a man so worried and pestered by everything in his life, by the houses and the nieces and the nephews and the times and the world, and I suppose his own nature, too, that he was like three men tied up in one bag and you never knew and he never knew which of them would pop out his head, or something else, or what it would say or do. (HS, p. 161)

Sara hardly names anyone without affixing "poor" before his name. And she believes her own actions are excusable for the same reason she excuses those of others. When she purchases an outrageous hat, one that will be out of place on her as the wife of a respectable man, she says: "If I am a body then it can't be helped, for I can't help myself" (HS, p. 10). Her taste in clothes is something that is part of her nature and going against her nature in this regard is something she could not do. Her reluctance to act against her own nature expresses her determination to retain her individuality, even if it reflects poorly on her: ". . . there was a bad spirit in me ready for mischief and for any temptation, and I would not fight it" (HS, p. 18). The source of the title of Sara's book, Herself Surprised, draws attention to her narrative style, which often runs to such declarations as "I was quite as surprised at myself as she was. I could only think it was my own nature coming out" (HS, p. 73). The title is somewhat ironic in that Sara, as Hazard Adams notes, "is not one to be surprised--and now I add disturbed--at surprising herself;

for fundamentally her nature survives these surprises intact."<sup>4</sup> As Cary notes, the title defines her character in the sense that she is more "'surprised' for us"<sup>5</sup> than surprised at herself.

Tom Wilcher is particularly baffled by what he recognizes as a disparity between what he thinks and how others think. His constant judging of others, both as he reflects on his past perception and as he observes the present, entails generalization and categorization of others as "small-minded" (TBP, p. 33), "simple-minded" (TBP, p. 113), a "real man" (TBP, p. 19), a "modern girl" (TBP, p. 304), "people of character" (TBP, p. 19), and other such epithets. Wilcher's use of such epithets reveals a habit of mind which does not lend itself to sympathy for individuals. Wilcher does not, as Jimson observes, "live in a world . . . composed of individual creatures . . ." (HM, p. 229). But this is one aspect of his 'tragedy', as I shall show later. The point here is that, as he reviews his past and faces his present, he often comes to recognize how solitary people's minds are, and how difficult (for him, often impossible) it is to understand others: "I don't know if I, more than others, am shut out from understanding of my fellow creatures. But their actions have usually surprised me" (TBP, p. 214). By the end of his narrative, despite his growing closeness with his niece and guardian, Ann, Wilcher concludes that Sara alone has the capacity to understand others: "'Nobody in this world

understands anybody--nobody except Sara'" (TBP, p. 338). As "an old man suspected of being insane" (TBP, p. 8)--his position as he writes his journal--Wilcher hangs on to his individuality fiercely by surprising others, often delighting in doing so. He is argumentative and deliberately provokes reaction in others. He constantly meddles in the lives of his surviving relatives, imposing his views where they are not wanted.<sup>6</sup>

Gulley Jimson firmly asserts his belief in the individuality of each person and for him, more than the other two narrators, his individual creative imagination is the greatest possession a person can have. His 'religion', as Sara sees it, is summarized as "'You're Mrs. Em and I'm Gulley Jimson and that fly on the wall has its own life too . . .'" (HS, p. 71). Jimson makes a concerted effort to uphold the idea that even trying to understand others is not only a waste of time and effort, but is debilitating as well. He tries never to make assumptions about others: "'I can't speak for anyone else . . . I don't know the language'" (HM, p. 275). Snow, the white cat that slinks around the bar at the end of the novel becomes, for Jimson, an example of the supremacy of individualism. As all cats are, as all humans should be in a human way, Snow is "The only individual cat in the world" (HM, p. 360). Just as Jimson can't talk anyone else's language, and likes it that way, when Alfred observes that "'you can't tell what's going on inside of [the cat]'", Jimson responds "'Probably cat . . .

or that's what I should think'" (HM, p. 359). He retains his individuality by alienating all who make assumptions about him or who try to sympathize with him.

Each narrator is highly individualized, as Cary gives flesh to the idea of 'aloneness in mind'. But we find that, although Sara, Jimson and Wilcher are 'alone in mind', they come together in sympathy. The struggle for each is to strike a balance between thinking and feeling.

"At the heart of all Cary's work", says Andrew Wright, is "a religious intuition"<sup>7</sup> which reflects Cary's belief that each individual has an innate ability to feel his or her way through life. Cary strives to define people's 'religious intuition' by showing the "faith and works and vision"<sup>8</sup> (or, as he says in Power in Men, the "sympathies, tastes and faiths", p. 35) by which they live. He asserts that these have nothing to do with social realities such as politics and economics. By the narrators' manners of expression, chosen environments, and their personal ideals as manifested in the phrases they carry with them and which resound throughout their narratives, we are meant to "realize for ourselves the religious climate[s] of [their souls]" ("The Way a Novel Gets Written", SE, p. 122), or the intuition with which each is endowed.

Intuition, however, is often shown at odds with the moral position each narrator assumes as a result of thinking

about the world in which he lives. Adams makes an important point about Cary's examination of individual morality; he says that, for Cary, 'moral' is a general term. It is meaning or truth "created or reached by the solitary mind".<sup>9</sup> By the term 'moral', says Adams, Cary "does not refer to moral codes or behaviour or belief, but to that which is involved in the search to answer the question, 'What's it all about?'"<sup>10</sup> Meaning or truth can only be arrived at through individual thought. What one believes intuitively is constantly coming up against the facts of external reality, and one is therefore forced to forge meaning, to assume a moral position in order to deal with what one is up against. We are given many details by which to discern the moral position of each narrator as revealed in their relations with one another.

The first line of Sara's narrative, "The judge, when he sent me to prison, said that I had behaved like a woman without any moral sense", draws our attention to an issue that is debated throughout the trilogy: is Sara a woman with moral sense? The answer is neither 'yes' nor 'no'. Cary shows that the question is not, finally, answerable, or rather, he shows that the answer depends on your point of view. If we are to trust Sara's paraphrasing of the judge (and we have no reason not to), the judge did not even assume that the question was answerable. He said she "had behaved like a woman without any moral sense", not she "had no moral sense". He could only

say what her behaviour seemed like to him. People can only judge others according to their own point of view and can say only whether others seem to behave with moral sense or not. In this sense, judging others is an issue dealt with in both trilogies. But it is more directly dealt with in the first trilogy, since we find simply that those characters who readily and critically judge others are in fact those who are least able to deal with and trust human feelings and therefore those who are most isolated in mind from others.

In Herself Surprised we are told how Sara sees herself (and others), in To Be a Pilgrim we are told how Wilcher sees Sara (and himself and others), and in The Horse's Mouth we are told how Jimson sees Sara (and himself and others). Sara is the only one of the three narrators who has a major place in all three novels. She is a link among the three characters in her role as mistress to both Jimson and Wilcher, and so we are provided with an opportunity to see her from three different points of view. Jimson and Wilcher are given only brief mention in each others' narratives. While this does not mean that Sara is of central importance in the trilogy and the others are of secondary importance, it does make her the center of the trilogy. The degree to which Sara effectively involves herself in the lives of the other narrators (and consequently, the degree to which she figures in their narratives), is indirectly indicative of both her great capacity for sympathy and Wilcher's and Jimson's receptivity to the sympathy she offers.

By the end of the trilogy we should realize that the answer to the question of whether Sara behaves with moral sense is not very important: her final act before dying is to save Jimson's skin. He unintentionally kills her, but she falsifies a description of her murderer to the police. Whatever kind of sense governs her behaviour, it includes not giving Jimson away. This final charitable act is seen by him as characteristic of her amorality: "I began to laugh. I was surprised. But I thought, just like Sara. To diddle a man with her last breath" (HM, p. 369). Ultimately the judgement doesn't matter. The result is the same. This is one example of how we are provoked to weigh up constantly Sara's particular moral code. It is one example of Cary's "habit of requiring us, suddenly at certain points, to see the whole over again, from a new perspective." Adams points out: "This requirement that we begin again is characteristic of Cary's method inside each novel as well as from novel to novel and even trilogy to trilogy."<sup>11</sup>

Yet one of Sara's strongest character traits is that she often seems to behave without 'moral sense', adhering to no rules of behaviour. This is how most others see her. Matthew Monday, her first husband, when his patience finally runs out, rages, "' . . . you used to be particular enough and you change because of fashion. You don't seem to have any idea of right or wrong'" (HS, p. 70). Jimson, in mourning for her and imagining a conversation with her at the end of his narrative,



responds to her offer of "' a nice girl just to keep your old bones warm'" with "'I believe you would, you old rascal. You never had any morals'" (HM, p. 367). She often describes herself as one who has no fixed idea of right and wrong, but who floats aimlessly between the two: ". . . I seemed not like a woman, but a truck, which goes where it is pushed and knows not why" . . . . "God knows, I thought, you're a floating kind of woman; the tide takes you up and down like an old can" (HS, pp. 90, 115). While recounting her past deeds, her assessment of herself can be even more condemnatory: "There is no doubt that in those days I outdid Rozzie herself. I seemed a very bad kind of woman, worldly, common and worse" (HS, p. 47).

These declarations are determined primarily by Sara's narrative style. She is ostensibly writing the book as a confession, in order that "perhaps some who read this book may take warning and ask themselves before it is too late what they really are and why they behave as they do" (HS, p. 9). By way of paying credence to her supposed repentance, now that she is in prison, Sara frequently deems herself 'bad'. But it is part of her nature to see other points of view: she recognizes how her behaviour appears to others. She is not really repenting, for she actually defends herself against the charge of what she seems to be. She has always acted according to her own nature, and those passages that give us insight into her nature, which ring more true than when she is telling us

that she is 'bad', use the formula "you may say . . .  
But . . .". Part of her coherent code is the belief that  
right and wrong are not fixed logical concepts, but that they  
depend entirely on individual situations:

For you may say that a married woman cannot be  
close friends with a man without wrong. But wrong  
is not a steady thing: and if I did wrong with  
Mr. Hickson so often, I can't believe I did but  
right. (HS, p. 37)

Sara does have her own code: she acts according to feeling.  
She lives by her 'religious intuition'.

Sara talks a good deal of God and divine punishment, at  
many points claiming fear of God and seeing bad turnings in  
her life as God's punishment. At one point she calls Jimson  
"the instrument of providence, to punish my prosperity and  
forgetfulness" (HS, p. 40). When she begins to fall out with  
her ill husband Matthew Monday, she says, 'God had punished  
me at last for our prosperity' (HS, p. 70). But when Sara  
waxes religious, it is part of her particular manner of  
expression which shows the reader her acute awareness of the  
existence of right and wrong as defined by society, of good  
and evil in the world. She appears to make judgements on  
her own behaviour. In her defense of Wilcher's hypocrisy and  
"hot blood", she seems to implicate herself, but is really  
justifying both her own and Wilcher's behaviour in a typically  
sympathetic way, challenging the reader to judge them if he  
dares. For they both "make so much of the church" and appear

lecherous and flirtatious at the same time, yet are unaware of what seems hypocritical to others. But it is their nature, and, finally, they may be "better than most, having greater temptation and a harder fight" (HS, p. 143).

Sara does not humble herself in the presence of a divine power for she does not recognize right and wrong as being determined by anything but her own instincts. She likes Wilcher's Bible-reading not because it confirms the existence of God but because "he read the bible as if it had been about real people" (HS, p. 143). When she has to, she can pull a Christian tenet out of her repertory to support her own instincts. Sara's faith resides in the common-sense truth determined by human beings, as her many country maxims attest to. It is this that Wilcher perceives and it is for this that he considers her a saviour: "And I saw, as by a revelation, that deep sense from which Sara had drawn her strength and her happiness, the faith of the common people" (TBP, p. 143).

Her sanctuary is the kitchen. It is by the kitchen fire that Sara's faith is confirmed, it is from the kitchen that her strength to face the world is derived. To her, the kitchen fire "is the sweetest fire in the house, for confidence and for lovers, and for consolation, and for religion too, I mean facing the world" (HS, p. 71). In a near-epiphany, at one point in her narrative, Sara revels in her love for the kitchen, realizing in a moment that the kitchen is her

salvation (once again she brings in God's intervention as authoritative confirmation of her own feelings):

. . . it seemed to me that it was providence Himself that had taken my by the hand and led me back to the kitchen . . . Then it came back to me about what poor Jimson had said about my true home being in a kitchen and that I was a born servant in my soul and my heart gave a turn over and I felt the true joy of my life as clear and strong as if the big round clock over the chimney-mouth was ticking inside me. (HS, p. 149)

This passage becomes increasingly heightened as Sara goes on to talk about her "big kitchen heart", the kitchen implements and vessels as her "jewels" and the kitchen as her "treasure chest" and her "heaven". Especially notable is that Sara's vision of all people coming together in mutual sympathy can be best realized around a kitchen fire: "It's after a good dinner, I thought, that the lion and the lamb lie down together and let our their top buttons . . . and put their feet on the hob" (HS, p. 151).

If, as Cary says, Sara's morals "were the elementary morals of a primitive woman, of nature herself, which do not change; and she was supremely indifferent to politics, religion, economics" ("The Way a Novel Gets Written", SE, p. 126), it is because, as she tells Jimson: "If you don't feel anything about anything, you might as well be dead" (HM, p. 98).

In the prefatory essay to Herself Surprised Cary notes that his plan for the trilogy had to be altered once Sara's character took shape:

The centre of the plan was character; the characters of my three leading persons in relation to, or in conflict with other characters and the character of their times . . .--the books had to be soaked in character.

But when I let Sara talk about art or history I found that she lost something of her quality and force; the essential Sara was diluted. (p. 7)

The "essential Sara" is a person who, unlike Jimson and Wilcher, has no rational dimension. This is not to say she cannot think, but if she talked about art and history she would have to be endowed with the capacity for intellectual theorizing. She is meant to be purely a creature of instinct. Cary sacrificed ambiguity and complexity of character for the sake of forceful simplicity, believing that "the unity of a book . . . is a unity . . . of impression" ("The Way a Novel Gets Written", SE, p. 123).

It takes Wilcher, the only one to credit Sara's particular capacity for sympathy, to identify the source of her moral code:

She had her own mind. She kept her own counsel. She was devoted but never servile. And I rejoiced in her quality which belonged to my own people, whose nature was rather affection than passion, whose gaiety was rather humour than wit; whose judgement did not spring from logic but from sense, the feeling of the world. (TBP, p. 358)

Wilcher is receptive to Sara's non-intellectual nature because he desperately needs what she has to offer. He finds that "Sara has that quality that I can say what I like to her. Possibly she does not always listen or understand; but neither

will she think evil" (TBP, p. 38). Sara is indeed easy to talk to. Where talking too much is always a threat to individuality, Sara's pervasive sympathetic air is a key to human contact, a counterforce to the 'aloneness in mind'. Others frequently come to talk with her, even against their own will, and end up baring their souls to her, as Wilcher's niece Clary does:

. . . the truth was that she had got, even then, into such a way of chattering with me, that she never thought before her tongue spoke. Then she looked at me and smiled in a way that almost made me cry, and said: 'I've shocked you again, Sara,' for she always called me Sara. 'But you shouldn't be so comfortable to talk to'. (HS, p. 157)

Nevertheless, as we learn from both her narrative and from Jimson's, there is another way to interpret Sara's extreme sympathy. It puts purely intuitive interaction in a less favourable light by exposing the damage done to individual creative freedom when sympathy runs rampant. This is how Jimson interprets it. Sara grants people the right to their own individuality only when she has thoroughly intuited what constitutes their individuality. Her 'sympathy' pervades also in the sense that she makes herself a part of others' lives (sometimes without waiting to be asked). She pokes her nose so far into Jimson's affairs that he is provoked to hit it. From his point of view she is nagging and interfering; from her point of view she is only helping him to what he wants: "Now to interfere with any man of set ways is dangerous

and stupid and I never did interfere with Gulley, for he himself wanted that exhibition and the portraits" (HS, p. 112). But Jimson, the champion of the individual imagination, cannot bear someone else trying to take charge of it, and finds that Sara's meddling provokes response: "There was something about Sara that made me want to hit her or love her or get her down on canvas. She provoked you and half of it was on purpose" (HM, p. 97). Only at the end of his narrative, in an indirect way (through his imagined conversation with Sara), does Jimson acknowledge that the source of his annoyance with her was that she made him preoccupied with feelings:

' . . . Did you ever like any other woman half as much? Why, even to pester me, or think about me when I wasn't there.' 'That's right, Sara.'  
 'Oh, you properly doted on me, Gulley, didn't you?'  
 'Sometimes, Sall.' 'And that's why you hit me on the nose, didn't you, Gulley. Because you didn't like me being on your mind. You didn't like not to be free, did you?' (HM, p. 366)

Sara works her way into others' lives as part of her compulsion to 'nest'. Wherever she goes, she takes control of the environment, including the people who are a part of that environment. She rationalizes this compulsion as a woman's or a wife's role, but it is really her way of ordering her life according to her nature. People come to her and depend on her as on a mother. While she is working for Wilcher, Wilcher's young nephew Robert becomes her surrogate

son, as does Jimson's son by Rozzie and even Jimson's second wife. She virtually takes charge of the whole Jimson family at one point: she arranges the boy's schooling, does all the household chores, and supports them with money from Wilcher and from selling off her own and Wilcher's goods. The various men that Sara lives with (she marries only Monday) are all taken into her life when she comes into their employ. This is with the exception of Jimson, who is the only man she ever really loves.

Where Sara acts according to feeling, Wilcher's great tragedy is his inability to come to terms with feeling. He orders his life in terms of rational judgements, by way of logical analysis. The 'balance sheet' he draws up after an argument with his niece Ann (in which she has confronted him directly with some perceptions of their relationship) is indicative of this. He has been particularly upset and confused by the argument and concludes that he may be "possessed by an evil will, by the devil". This, he says, would explain why he consistently falls out with women. "'It would also explain why this child Ann appears to be shocked by conclusions on my part, which seem to me only logical'" (TBP, p. 98). He falls into a depression, blames it on the "unsystematic" nature of the argument, and draws up a 'balance sheet' on one side of which he lists (and numbers) his shortcomings which may have helped cause the argument. Across from these he accounts for these shortcomings, deeming them excusable or not.



He gives his weakness away in the fourth explanation, without acknowledging it as a weakness:

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 4. My provocation of her by hinting about the will, etc. | This is wrong, but it is difficult to find out what is going on in these children's heads without provoking some expression of feeling. ( <u>TBP</u> , p. 99) |
|--|---|

Wilcher simply cannot cope with expression of feeling, because it is illogical and unsystematic.

Wilcher's narrative both tells of his past leading up to the present, and records the events of the present. The "temporal structure" of the novel is complicated. Falling into Wilcher's methodology, Adams lists and numbers eight "different temporal situations" that make up the journal's structure.<sup>12</sup> It is not necessary to separate and examine these in order to discover Wilcher's particular moral position. It is sufficient to say that throughout both his recounting of his past life and his observations of the present, he is revealed as a man who feels deeply, yet who represses those feelings. He is very much 'alone in mind', and knows not why. It is because, Cary says, "very often he's a man of the most intense imagination."<sup>13</sup> The strength of his individual imagination, which endows him with creative freedom, keeps him locked in his own created world and therefore restricts his ability to give and receive sympathy, to understand intuitively.

Whatever provokes emotion in Wilcher has been, and is, a burden. When reflecting on the beauty and richness of the English summers he says: "The English summer weighs on me with its richness" (TBP, p. 149). Whatever awakens his senses and moves his emotions throws him into a turmoil. When he walks in a favourite orchard he is moved to panic:

Exalted spirits of birds, impudent and furious with passions. The very beauties of the place, the glitter of flowers, the scents, the waving branches, the colours as delicate as pastel and radiant as cut jewels, increased my panic. For I felt that I did not belong among them. (TBP, p. 234)

His special fondness for a lime tree causes him to "[shrink] from an excitement so overwhelming to [his] senses . . ." (TBP, p. 245). Wilcher has an ambivalent relationship with all that moves him, including love itself. Playing with his great nephew he realizes that "children . . . give me an intense delight, but a delight mixed always with a deep anxiety" (TBP, p. 236). The only long affair he has had with a woman other than Sara, was with his brother's mistress, Julie. He saw, and confirms the judgement now, that his sexual relations with Julie were the performance of a "trivial act" (TBP, p. 255), a "hateful" act (TBP, p. 339). He could have married Julie, but when she suggested this, he ran off. Wilcher's relations with women are very strange indeed. His sexuality is so repressed that, by the end of the book, he finds himself harrassing young girls in public. As he recalls

his past with his brothers and sister, Wilcher describes his feelings for them as fluctuating between hatred and extreme devotion. In the present, when he tells of momentary sympathy for his niece Blanche, he calls it "an attack of sympathy" (TBP, p. 148).

But Wilcher is not being ironic at his own expense. Though he doesn't consciously make the connection between emotional response and physical debilitation (as Jimson does), Cary shows Wilcher several times suffering an attack of illness when he is moved. When one of his favourite patches of land, "Tenacre", is levelled by Robert, he tries at first to commend Robert on his productive farming methods, but finds the emotional shock of loss overpowering: ". . . I began to feel very queer. It was as though the pain of loss kept on growing all the time in my heart. I paid no attention to it. I did not allow myself to think of that loss, but it kept on growing" (TBP, p. 130).

Wilcher experiences constant conflict, as he struggles to live according to what he thinks and to disregard his feelings, because the two are frequently incompatible. Consequently, his narrative is fraught with hypocrisy and contradictions. Immediately after one of his spells of yearning to be a pilgrim, a wanderer, to be free because "possessions have been [his] curse" (TBP, p. 15), we find him saying ". . . what is a man without cash. His self-respect, his faith oozes out at the bottom of his empty

pockets" (TBP, pp. 15-16). He is guilty of the same offences of which he accuses others: he rages against the new generation and their "nonsense", yet he is incensed by Ann's apparent lack of respect for his generation, saying: "Now of all things I find most unbearable is the injustice of one generation to another" (TBP, p. 41).

Wilcher's narrative form, part journal, part memoir, is a socially 'respectable' form, and his style, noble and aggrandizing, is admirable. Both style and form suit his image of himself as "a retired English lawyer of seventy-one, suffering from a diseased heart" (TBP, p. 99). They are respectable and admirable until we see that Wilcher has employed the form because he has "no happiness now, except in memory . . ." (TBP, p. 25), and we realize that his style, as Hazard Adams points out, is allegorizing, the effect of "which is to make particularity disappear."<sup>14</sup> Both his form and his style point to an inability to deal with human contact. The sections of the narrative which recall the past often come about as an escape into memory, instigated by his inability to interact successfully with the people around him. There is no solid evidence that the recalling of the past is a deliberate attempt to make sense of his life, though, as he recalls people and episodes, this is what he does. His jaded understanding of the present causes him to go back to his past and endow it with importance.

The extent to which Wilcher's efforts to make sense of his past results in a new understanding is debatable. Some critics hold that by the end of the book he actually relinquishes his pettifogging, analytical ways and comes into sympathy with his niece and guardian Ann.<sup>15</sup> This is true, but it is not the final word. For, as he recalls his past, he tells us of a few other such realizations of the deficiency of his ways. When his sister Lucy, to his distress, agreed to return to her Benjamite evangelical husband Brown, Wilcher leads us to believe he learned a lesson: "I perceived then once more how limited was my imagination, and how little I had understood either Brown or Lucy . . ." (TBP, p. 106). It is not his imagination that is limited, but his trust of feeling. Several times in his past he has made steps toward understanding his deficiency, but has failed to follow through. At one time he decides to 'have' Julie, to make her a "revolutionary movement . . . in its private form" (TBP, p. 212). The revolution did not succeed. Wilcher's tragedy, then, is not only that by the time he learns to sympathize with others, to try and credit and understand individuals, he is at the end of his life. It is more complicated than that.

Firstly, his tragedy is that, in spite of fleeting intuitions, he remains what he was then, as he acknowledges: "But I am now what I was then. Even as a child I had a passionate love of home, of peace, of that grace and order . . . I hated a break of that order. I feared all violence"

(TBP, pp. 84-85). "The man of vast imagination," says Cary, "he loves his things with more strength. His life goes into them, and old Wiltshire in that book is fighting for his life against change. I mean, his life--his imaginative life --what life means to him is in his old home and old ways."<sup>16</sup> As Wilcher tries to salvage those things that were and are important to him, and tries to impart his values to the 'new generation' (Ann, Robert and their son), he is like a fish out of water. Religion and family, he feels, give direction to one's "whole idea of the world . . . one's whole feeling about it" (TBP, p. 90). He is here struggling to realize the connection between thinking and feeling, the interdependency of the two. But when he tries to discover within himself the feeling by which his ideas have been guided, when he tries to make of himself an example of one who has benefitted from the ideas by which he has lived, he cannot honestly do so. And this is the second aspect of Wilcher's tragedy. It has always been from contact with certain people whom he has loved, it has always been from human sympathy that he has benefitted most, yet he has always failed to credit feeling:

The feeling. What is this feeling that I talk about to Ann, and how can she know what I mean, when I barely know it myself. When I, with all my church-going, my prayers, lose it so easily. One would say I was a dead frog, which shows animation only at the electric spark from such as Lucy. The touch of genius; of the world's genius. And when

that contact was withdrawn, I became once more a preserved mummy. (TBP, p. 91)

He realizes, near the end of his life, that not ideas arrived at independently, but rather feelings awakened when in the presence of certain others, have been responsible for his "power to live":

It was by mere contact, I suppose, that I regained on my mother's breast, the power to live, to believe, taking it directly from that warmth, that life, which had given me life already. As I took from Lucy, from Amy, and from that little maid whose name I can't remember, from Bill, from Sara, some direct communication of their energy, their confidence. (TBP, p. 374)

If Wilcher has realized this at isolated moments in his past, he has not retained the lesson, because the moral position he has assumed is almost entirely dependent on thought.

His 'faith, works and vision', however, reveal him as a man with strong instincts. Much of Wilcher's narrative is taken up with his discussion of the virtues of the old over the new. The traditional woman, the old way of raising children, the old kind of courtship, in short the world in which he has lived most of his life, are all better, to his way of thinking, than the world of the present in his narrative. This is because he believes that people lived a life of faith then, whereas he can find no evidence of faith in the younger people of the present. He is not just looking for religious faith (for, as he concedes later in the book,

"Faith has nothing to do with Christianity", TBP, p. 380), but for any kind of faith, for faith in anything of value. Edward, Julie and Mrs. Tirrit "were faithful to friendship, to kindness, to beauty; never to faith" (TBP, p. 228). This is not ideal in Wilcher's view but it is admirable. Of his sister-in-law Amy, whom he greatly admired, he says: "I don't know what Amy believed, but her faith did not need theology. Its strong roots were in a character which nothing could shake" (TBP, p. 378). Sara's "faith of the common people" is as praiseworthy as any to Wilcher. His frustration with the younger generation surfaces in his relationship with Ann, as he gives her books to read and lessons to learn, "'to make you understand something that you don't seem to understand, that the only door to happiness is faith'" (TBP, p. 282).

When Wilcher looks in the faces of his young relatives, he sees them as doomed, melancholy, lonely, burdened, and sad. This is because he believes there has been a failure of faith, and "No one could plant happiness in a soul that rejects all faith" (TBP, p. 12). Wilcher's one hope as he grew older, he tells us, was his nephew John. He had been close to John, who seemed to start out strong, idealistic and full of faith, but who then seemed to relinquish belief in everything in a gradual decline towards apathy and, finally, death. Wilcher sees John's decline and death as, at least in part, due to his gradual loss of faith. Upon



John's death, Wilcher is tormented by the question "How does faith fail? Why does its sap cease to run?" (TBP, p. 321) His search for faith is his search for a feeling by which to live. In his imaginative isolation, and in his general lack of sympathy, Wilcher is shut off from understanding what younger people live by. He "can understand new ideas in the world, but [he] cannot share new feelings" (TBP, p. 316). So he replaces sympathetic understanding with a belief in the concept of faith, which, because it is an intellectual expression, a "matter of words" (HS, p. 189) for him, serves to isolate him further. It makes him feel like "the very last individual being of the old creation" (TBP, p. 309).

In reflecting on John's and others' loss of faith, Wilcher is also mourning the direction of his own life: he chose a life of materiality, duty and responsibility over a life of fulfillment through feeling. At all points in the past, when he had the choice of whether to be a missionary, a lover, to break away and fulfil himself, he chose to "let himself be tied to things",<sup>17</sup> and he can now not accept that he made this choice. This is why Wilcher is now obsessed with the idea of becoming a pilgrim. In retrospect, he sees that the responsibility for material things that he accepted has destroyed his ability to respond to and follow ideals: "Possessions have been my curse. I ought to have

been a wanderer . . . a free soul" (TBP, p. 15). A wanderer lives on faith alone, and is attached to nothing and to no-one, yet makes a home everywhere and possesses all (TBP, p. 336). Wilcher now sees this as a logical ideal because he has found that "To love anything or anybody is dangerous; but especially to love things" (TBP, p. 35). His yearning for escape from his overpowering individual imagination manifests itself now as a vision of man as Bunyan's pilgrims:

No foe shall stay his might,  
 Though he with giants fight;  
 He will make good his right  
 To be a pilgrim.

(Bunyan, as quoted in TBP, p. 20)

Tolbrook, the family home and the object of Wilcher's greatest love, invokes a bitterness in him because he identifies with it, and he is bitter with himself. Yet it has always been his sanctuary. Tolbrook, to Wilcher, is a "holy place", a place of "stored richness" (TBP, p. 32), and not the 'relic' his nephew Robert sees. In a very revealing scene in which the views of the new and the old oppose each other, Robert wants to store a tractor in the saloon:

'Hullo, uncle, I thought as we weren't using this old barn, it might do for some of our stuff. It will save a new machinery shed at least.'  
 'An old barn,' I said, for I thought that the boy was needlessly provocative. 'It is a masterpiece'. (TBP, p. 141)

Wilcher hates the way in which Robert treats and sees Tolbrook

and its surrounding property. So, as Cary explains, he is engaged in a kind of war with Robert:

. . . for all his pains of course they think him an old fossil. But they're wrong . . . He's not an old fossil. Well, in one sense he is. That's one of the tragedies of life, you see. You've got to have this--there's always this war in life between the creation and the creative, it's a fundamental tragedy in life, and you can't get away from it. We are creators, we love our creation and yet there must be novelty in the world, the thing must be renewed. So there's an everlasting war.<sup>18</sup>

Wilcher and Robert are excluded from the understanding of one another's individual creative minds. And this conflict of point of view exists with regard to Wilcher himself. He understands that others see him as a relic, but his memoir is, in part, a defense of himself as one with 'stored richness'. He looks at Tolbrook "with a sense . . . of a debt that was never acknowledged and can never be repaid . . . to a whole generation" (TBP, p. 32). This he identifies with, because he believes his efforts in supporting his family, the responsibility he took for them and for the family funds, were never acknowledged or repaid. His brother Edward was like a blustering irresponsible general and he was like a dedicated fighting soldier, doing all the dirty work and being despised by his comrades for it (TBP, pp. 194-195).

Wilcher's memoir is partly a defense of himself and partly a mourning for having lived almost solely by ideas ("Man lives by his ideas, and if his ideas be mean, then his

life shall be mean . . .', TBP, p. 167). We are meant to feel sympathy for Wilcher to a certain extent, as Sara does, and not to abide by other characters' harsh and reductive opinions of him. Wilcher's own metaphor for himself, a thwarted pilgrim, gains in significance when seen in the light of a statement made by the narrator of A House of Children about what most deeply perplexes adults:

He has found out numerous holes and inconsistencies in his plan of life and yet he has no time to begin the vast work of making a new one. He is like a traveller who, when he has reached the most dangerous part of his journey among deep swamps and unknown savages, discovers all at once that his map is wrong, his compass broken, his ammunition damp, his rifle crooked, and his supplies running short.<sup>19</sup>

The strength of Wilcher's imagination, and therefore his solitude in mind, is matched by the depth of his "feeling of the waste of life, of happiness, of youth and love, of himself."<sup>20</sup>

Like Wilcher, Gulley Jimson, the narrator of The Horse's Mouth, resists human contact and sympathy. But Jimson's reason for doing so is entirely conscious, where Wilcher's is not. Where Wilcher instinctively and fearfully recoils from sympathy with others, Jimson's moral code demands that he intentionally avoid it. He does so to retain his individuality. He does so as a self-aware individual devoted to



law, and why and what; and submits him to a logical analysis" (HM, p. 53). According to Jimson, when one exposes one's imaginative process to others' judgement, it is destroyed by logical analysis. This idea surfaces again and again in The Horse's Mouth, particularly in association with Jimson's work: "Dangerous to talk too much about your work. It fixes it. It nails it down. And then it bleeds. It begins to die" (HM, p. 215).

At the heart of Jimson's point of view is his ambiguous relation with expression and 'translation' of intuitive feeling. Throughout his narrative he wrestles with the inherent danger of expression, feeling that "the only satisfactory form of communication is a good picture" (HM, p. 105) and yet at the same time feeling that any kind of expression or translation of intuition, either in the process of art or the process of human contact "inevitably distorts...the intuition."<sup>21</sup> Adams tells us how Cary's beliefs, as set down in Art and Reality, have a direct bearing on Jimson's essential conflict. Adams finds that, for Cary, "all expression is the effort to externalize and objectify, indeed 'translate' (Art and Reality, p. 27) into a medium an original intuition."<sup>22</sup> Yet, for Jimson, something always gets lost in the translation. This is why he likes beginning pictures, why when he "feels the idea" (HM, p. 276) of a picture he glories in the possibilities, but when once he has put paint to canvas he often goes off it: when a meeting with Sara inspires a vision

of Eve, he sets it down in paint, only to find when he next looks at it that the "essential woman" is lost in the paint (HM, p. 46). Hence he tells Nosy: "'I've disliked all my pictures, but I never hated one so much as the Fall . . . But what I do like is starting new ones . . . I love starting, Nosy . . . but I don't like going on'" (HM, p. 208).

This is also why Jimson begins relationships with women readily and passionately, but cannot bear them when they take hold, for the original intuition that brings men and women together soon dies and gives way to flatness and habit when the mind takes over. He thrives on the initial spark: he made Sara extremely happy and was happy with her originally because she had this spark, of intuition, as he rediscovers when they meet years later:

And there was something else about the old boa constrictor that I'd forgotten. Till that moment when she squared up to me and threw me her old smile. Herself, Sara. The individual female. The real old original fireship. Yes. The old hulk had it. Still. A spark in the ashes. (HM, p. 37)

When a meeting with Sara stimulates him he feels they are in "pure original sympathy" (HM, p. 38), like Adam and Eve, and that is acceptable to Jimson. But before long, when he is forced to see that they are just Sara and Gulley, when their relationship no longer reverberates with symbolic meaning, Jimson inevitably flees. Relationships are subject to the demands of Jimson's imagination and are usually sacrificed

for the sake of keeping the imagination alive. If he allows himself to be subject to the demands of any kind of binding relationship he becomes "compressed"; when his friend Coker takes him in to nurse him back to health, he flees:

And I had to be out in the air. Even one day in bed was putting a cramp on my ideas, tucking them up in a tight parcel. My imagination was working inwards instead of outwards; it was fitting things into a pattern, instead of letting them grow together . . . (HM, p. 300)

Jimson has a rather complex set of beliefs by which he tries to live, and it involves the conscious separation of ideas and sympathy, the upholding of the power of individual imagination and the avoidance of anything that checks that power. He strives for isolation in mind because he treasures only that which endows people with individual imagination. So Nosy Barbon, a disciple of both art and Jimson who dogs Jimson, trying to help him and learn from him, is not only a menace to Jimson, but a threat to his very life through the sympathy he offers:

'L-look at the way they t-treat you--it's awful,' said Nosy. 'You haven't even anywhere to live--it's aw-awful--it's t-terrible.' And Nosy really was in tears . . .

And I felt like crying myself just because he was crying. Over my own woes . . . There, you see, I said to myself, talk to anybody in a friendly way and in half a minute he'll be pitying you and then you'll be pitying yourself and damning the world and all the rest of the nonsense. Getting in the worst possible state. And you can say goodbye to work for another week. (HM, p. 211)



But we can see here that Jimson's trouble is not, as he says, that he gets "big ideas" (HM, p. 8), but that he instinctively sympathizes easily. The threat to him and his work is not just Nosy's sympathy (for he could brush that aside), but the sympathetic response that Nosy provokes in him. This aspect of Jimson is revealed several times in his narrative (though it is easy to overlook because of the ironic tone of his narrative). He takes great pains to console his friend Coker when she gets pregnant and her boyfriend leaves her. He is there to console his friend Plant when Plant loses his hand (and therefore his livelihood and his sense of purpose and achievement). Sara appears in The Horse's Mouth as a rather anxious, harried older woman: Jimson frequently calms and cajoles her, reminding her of her specialness at times when she mourns her own aging and deterioration. She admits of him: "Gulley knew my feelings" (HS, p. 126). Once Jimson understands that Alabaster, his "biograbber" is not just an enthusiastic scholar, but also down and out, he feels for him:

And I thought, The Professor is broke, but I like him. There's a kind of little lamb who made thee about him, which is very attractive . . . he is such an unsuccessful blackguard that you can't help mothering him, poor snake. (HM, p. 167)

Without revealing to Alabaster that he has seen through him, he invites him to eat and stay with him at Plant's rooming house.

Jimson can very easily see others' points of view, even when it works against his own interests to do so, and this is an essential element of his morality. He hates injustice: from his point of view injustice is brought about by people being misunderstood due to misguided generalization by others. When he repeatedly claims that there is no justice in the world, so we should neither expect it nor assume it exists, he is really exhibiting a desperate frustration: there ought to be justice but he can find little evidence of it. And so, when he could have sided with others against his wealthy patron Hickson (in the court case that put him in jail for a month), he becomes incensed at the treatment of Hickson instead:

The way he made it seem that poor old Hickie had been a bloodsucker in buying my pictures cheap, and that he'd been exploiting poor devils like me all his life.

No, I nearly got in a state in that case, because of all the nonsense they talked, and all the lies they told about poor old Hickie. Not knowing anything about art or pictures or Hickie or me, and what was worse, not caring. (HM, p. 77)

Jimson resents Hickson being typecast as a wealthy exploiter of artists, considering Hickson 'his' individual Hickson (HM, p. 308). Hickson and Jimson have always been interdependent in a peculiar way, but in a way that they both understand. Though Hickson has Jimson put in jail, and though Jimson steals objects from Hickson's home, their antagonistic relationship is ongoing and supportive, in different ways,

for each of them. They respect each other and will not see an injustice done to the other. Jimson's reaction on hearing that Hickson is dead, proves how badly he needed this relationship:

I was so upset that my legs were shaking against my coat. Hickson gone. I couldn't believe it. It made me feel as lonely as a man who loses half his family in a shipwreck . . . I felt as if the ground had given a yawn under my feet . . .  
(HM, p. 309)

He cries, claims Hickson was one of his oldest friends, and attributes to him the posthumous honour (from Jimson it is an honour) of having been someone to bark at: "What would be the good of a bark at nothing" (HM, p. 309). Jimson thrives on barking at the world, yelling down society through his art, but he needs someone there to listen, a sympathetic ear. Hickson had understood Jimson's art.

Yet Jimson doggedly maintains that he is an ideas man. The cynical and ironic tone that dominates his narrative voice is intended to reinforce this view of himself as one who is not subject to sympathy. He consistently deems feeling for others a destructive and interfering force. He flees wives and mistresses for this. He was attracted to Rozzie because "she didn't intrude on your private character, like Sara. She stayed on the outside" (HM, p. 90). Jimson admires Snow the cat for not partaking of such a human trait, for "cherishing herself" (HM, p. 354) and not reaching out

to others: "The cat turned its head away with a dignity you can't get in humans. They try too hard, and they're too sympathetic . . ." (HM, p. 356).

Jimson, like Wilcher, is very much 'alone in mind', but Jimson is deliberately so. He lives for, and is entirely dependent on, ideas and individual imagination. For him, "The world of imagination is the world of eternity" (HM, p. 45). His paintings are ideas manifested, and when he is not working on one, or one has been destroyed, he is bereft, as of something to live for: "I didn't know how I could live without the Fall" (HM, p. 205). His involvement with his painting is in many ways akin to an emotional involvement that saps one's whole strength and also gives one a reason to exist: "I didn't know whether I'd be able to live through the night without my picture. I'm never really comfortable without a picture; and when I've got one on hand, life isn't worth living" (HM, p. 25). When he is without an idea or a picture, he is in a state that Sara identifies as "stuck". When he is forced to confront the fact that he is "stuck" he goes into a rage, refusing to admit it: "'Stuck . . . I'm never stuck. Thank god I'm never short of ideas. What do you mean, stuck?'" (HS, p. 168). Jimson rarely admits to there being anything but ideas to fall back on.

What Jimson is not aware of, but what Cary shows us through Jimson's narrative, is that Jimson forces himself to credit feeling with value only as a stimulus for ideas. He

translates feeling into ideas, he objectifies too much. This results in his alienation of others as he thwarts the togetherness that sympathy has the potential to bring. He seems to value love only in an abstract way. In Jimson's constructed approach, love, if it has any value, is an exercise in imagination. As we have seen, he can understand others, but he calls it intellectual understanding, not sympathetic feeling. With Blake's authority he finds a tear "an intellectual thing" (HM, p. 125) and joy "wisdom in vision" (HM, p. 125). He treasures "the passion of intelligence" (HM, p. 125). Even Sara is, to him, a stimulus for ideas, or, as he says, "spiritual fodder". This is her place in his life, and when she tries to be more to him, he punches her on the nose:

Materiality, that is, Sara, the old female nature, having attempted to button up the prophetic spirit, that is to say, Gulley Jimson, in her placket-hole, got a bonk on the conk, and was reduced to her proper status, as spiritual fodder . . . even when I was having the old girl, I was getting after some ideal composition in my head." (HM, p. 58)

Abel the sculptor appears in the novel as an extreme parodic version of Jimson's tendency to see all things and people as raw material for artistic imagination. Abel married Lolie as a way of obtaining a free model for his sculpting:

'Love at first sight.'  
'That's it,' he said. 'As soon as I saw her I said, You attract me a lot. Take off, will you? So she stripped and--well, you've seen her. She's

unique. Look here, Lolie, I said, you're practically made for me, but how much do you charge? Three bob an hour to a sculptor because of the dust, she said. I can't afford to pay anything, I said, but I'll marry you, and you can still sit in the mornings to anyone you like. I can carve all night.' (HM, p. 254)

As with Abel, whose neglect of his wife's primary needs in favour of his demands on her as a model results in her being hospitalized for malnutrition and exposure, Jimson's aesthetic considerations are his priority. Sara is pushed down the stairs because he needs his picture back from her. The Beeders' home is destroyed in the name of art. Living itself becomes a task for which one has to adopt a working technique: "you need technique to make a good job of life" (HM, p. 65). Yet Jimson cannot go as far as Abel, and, relative to Abel's attitude, we are forced to revise our opinion of Jimson somewhat, for his sympathy lies with Lolie.

Much of Jimson's narrative, (ostensibly his memoir dictated from a hospital bed), consists of his reminding himself of his beliefs, of his self-enforced adoption of a technique. He tries to live by a particular construct, and whenever something arises that provides him with an opportunity to confirm his construct, he does so. Jimson arms himself with defensive beliefs that he hurls at himself and others as a way of forging an individual path. Sympathy disarms him and ideas arm him with something to live for. We find him constantly warning himself of the danger of indulging

in the emotion of anger, of 'getting in a state', because of the turmoil it creates in his mind:

. . . anything like bad temper is bad for me. It spoils my equanimity. It blocks up my imagination. It makes me stupid so that I can't see straight. But luckily, I noticed it in time. Cool off, I said to myself. Don't get rattled off your centre. (HM, p. 14)

Also, and this is proof in this book that feeling has a direct bearing on physical well-being, 'getting in a state' causes Jimson to suffer physically: "And just when I was going to kill him, I felt my head turn round. And I thought, 'Blood pressure, my boy--be good, be magnanimous'" (HM, p. 55). In Jimson's awareness of the effect that indulging in emotion has on him, he foreshadows his own downfall; to Nosy's persistent interference he says: "' . . . if you don't go away and shut up I'll have the stroke.' 'What stroke, Mr. J-Jimson?' 'THE STROKE! Nosy, the finisher, the cut-off. What you'll get some day with a hatchet'" (HM, p. 55). The final irony, and this time at Jimson's expense, is that, for all his caution, he suffers a stroke anyway.

Jimson even turns the fact that he has a stroke into confirmation of his belief that there is no justice and no meaning in the world. "'The stroke at last. It only shows that you've got to be careful. Or that it doesn't make much difference, anyway'" (HM, p. 374). And this is what constitutes Jimson's tragedy. According to him, one must never

give way to feelings or ideas that would attribute meaning to life or to the world. As he frequently tells others, "'The world doesn't mean anything . . .'" (HM, p. 258), or, as he tells Plant about the loss of his hand, "'Why should it mean anything? Does a kick in the stomach from a blind horse mean anything?'" (HM, p. 154) But Jimson's constant struggle to maintain that there is no meaning in anything, and never to expect any, wears him out so completely that by the end of the book he is tired and sick and delirious. But he still has the ability to check his despair with laughter. As he is being carried off in an ambulance in the end, Jimson can laugh, when he is told he should pray, and call them the same thing, because one is as indicative of helplessness in the face of what one is up against as the other.

While Jimson espouses theories of art and philosophies of life which seemingly dictate detachment from others, he is intuitively attracted to an ideal of unconditional love. No matter what he chooses to call it, he is fully aware of the value of sympathy. When discussing attraction between men and women with Nosy he says: "' . . . they will drive each other mad unless they have grown some imagination . . . Imagination, understanding. To see behind the turnips, to enter into each others' minds . . .'" (HM, p. 213). Like Sara's idea of life, Jimson's entails sharing feelings with others, understanding others through intuition. Wilcher's does not. Jimson's greatest respite from work comes in the



times he spends with Sara "feeling each others' nature" (HM, p. 327). He derives his strength from a Blakean poem that expresses a sentiment passed on to him by his mother. Recalling an incident of his youth in which his uncle had abused him, Jimson recalls his mother's counsel: she told him to "'put all that bad feeling out of [his] heart'" or it would spoil his life. She said: "'Don't let him get inside you . . . Don't let uncle reign in your heart--you only want happiness there. You want only joy and love and peace that passeth understanding'" (HM, p. 17). Blake's poem, with a strikingly similar message, is what Jimson turns to to avoid 'getting in a state'. For him the verse from the "Rosetti" represents an ideal way to cope (and he needs dictums by which to live), because it speaks of the power of individual imagination:

The Angel that presided o'er my birth  
Said, 'Little creature born of joy and mirth,  
Go love without the help of anything on earth.'<sup>23</sup>

As Jimson consoles Plant with this verse, he recalls how, when he was younger, an injustice made him swear, but now he arms himself with "Go love . . ." and is usually able to ward off emotional upset. It is an attitude that finally, as he is being carried off in an ambulance, allows him to laugh at his crumbled wall and his crumbled health. It is "real horse meat"<sup>24</sup> (HM, p. 158), "' . . . a first-class tip for the six o'clock. Last race'" (HM, p. 158). It is an

attitude that allows him to get on with his work and not succumb to emotional demands. This is what Sara calls his religion: "Not to trouble about his ups and downs, but to get on with his work" (HS, p. 72).

Jimson seeks sanctuary wherever there is a good surface to paint on. His chosen environment is one that allows him to express his individual creative imagination. This is usually a wall: "Walls have been my salvation, Nosy, not forgetting the new types of plaster board . . . And above all that wall which is now no more . . ." (HM, p. 374). He is primarily admirable because of the sacrifice in comfort and human relations he makes for the sake of his work. He challenges assumptions and confronts danger, even though he does not recognize the feelings that are directly responsible for moving him to these actions. He is one of the "living souls who are ready often to ignore even the primary needs of their bodies for some ideal satisfaction; glory or learning, religion or beauty."<sup>25</sup> In this, Jimson is Cary's embodiment of "the original genius" (Preface to the First Trilogy, p. xi).

Each of the three novels in the first trilogy can be read, and is effective, on its own. But the three read in order and considered as a trilogy compose a powerful whole. There is subtle as well as obvious continuity between them and they comment extensively on each other. The trilogy is an exami-

nation of 'feeling', from three different perspectives on its place in one's life. Sara shows how it is possible and how, for some, sympathy comes naturally. Wilcher is an example of one who finds feeling a burden, of one who recoils from the overwhelming sensation and obligation brought on by sympathy. Jimson shows how impossible it is not to feel even if one sets one's mind against it. He shows how the very non-acceptance of sympathy undermines one's whole constitution. And then by 'feeling' we must also understand 'intuition'. Cary sees intuition as the "ultimate motive power of man's action".<sup>26</sup> The role of feeling is one "that dominates reason and method".<sup>27</sup> Cary has carefully chosen his words to convey the coherent impression that people understand through intuition rather than logic. Hence, often the narrators 'feel' occurrences when we expect to see the words 'think' or 'see'.<sup>28</sup>

The narrators give a great deal to each other as they come together in feeling. Wilcher finds redemption in Sara's non-judgmental faith and acceptance. Jimson teaches Sara how to see and feel joy: "I daresay only looking at the sea was one of our great pleasures in that month, which was, I think, the happiest in my life. And I shall always owe it to Gulley" (HS, p. 100). He also teaches her how to be "all serene" (HS, p. 72). Sara inspires Jimson and he finds, since she too has "the vision of an artist" (HM, p. 123), a certain fulfilment in her company. The narrators' feelings in turn affect their ideas and perspectives and this is how, according

to Cary, we are prevented from remaining isolated in our individual gullies (or, in Jimson's words, "lying low in [our] own rat-holes", HM, p. 273). For in the end "you cannot separate mind from feeling" ("The Way a Novel Gets Written", SE, p. 121). Cary's intention was not merely to show conflict between thinking and feeling, but to show the interdependency of the two. He said "All thoughts have value; all feelings move the mind" ("The Way a Novel Gets Written", SE, p. 121), and this is confirmed by Jimson in one of his sympathetic moments as he urges Sara to relinquish her troubling thoughts:

'Come on, Sall,' I said, squeezing my arm round her. 'Drink up, and you'll feel better.'  
 'Drinking up won't do any good to thoughts. They're too deep.'  
 'No, but it'll do good to your feelings, and then your feelings will do good to your thoughts.'  
 (HM, p. 91)

The more subtle continuity in the trilogy is in the questions raised and several possible answers given in the three books. Both Sara and Jimson have the capacity to 'feel others' natures'. Each of them, within the spaces of time accounted for in their narratives, has several lovers and several children. Sandwiched between their narratives is Wilcher's, which recounts a non-productive, non-creative life with others. His love affairs have been sterile and tumultuous. A striking scene in To Be a Pilgrim encapsulates the degree to which Wilcher is excluded from participation in

human love near the end of his life: after a fainting fit brought on by an extreme sense of loss of his property, he is put to bed, where he lies pathetically helpless, tended by a nurse, and muses on his uselessness: "Love is a delusion to the old, for who can love an old man. He is a nuisance, he has no place in the world" (TBP, p. 131). Meanwhile, his niece Ann, in the next room, has given birth. While Wilcher was unconscious as a result of shock from his "affections to sticks and stones" (TBP, p. 131) and while he comes to consciousness dwelling on the lost past and the useless present, Ann has been bringing forth new hope for the future.

The trilogy begins and ends on a note of going forward regardless of circumstances. Sara, in spite of being jailed, finds a way to make her future and others' feasible and promising financially: she writes her book:

. . . this kind gentleman came from the news agency and offered me a hundred pounds in advance for my story in the newspapers when I come out. Paid as I like. So that will pay the school bills, at least, till I'm free, and I've no fear then.  
(HS, p. 220)

Her tenacious spirit also looks ahead with conviction that all will be well: "A good cook will always find work, even without a character, and can get a new character in twelve months, and better herself, which, God helping me, I shall do . . ."  
(HS, p. 220.)

The end of The Horse's Mouth shows Jimson determinedly

painting his wall even though the building has been condemned and is being torn down around him and even though he is ill with fever and delusions. When the wall crumbles and the stroke hits, it is his work physically abandoning him and not him abandoning his work:

My platform began to waggle up and down and I nearly put a splash of chrome on the whale's eye. 'Hi', I said, 'don't do that. It's not safe. A wall isn't a canvas. You can't scrape' . . . And just then the whale smiled. Her eyes grew bigger and brighter and she bent slowly forward as if she wanted to kiss me . . . And all at once the smile broke in half, the eyes crumpled, and the whole wall fell slowly away from my brush . . . (HM, p. 372)

At the end of their narratives, Sara and Jimson only seem to be momentarily prevented from pursuing their lives and ideals. Wilcher has given up. He is completely dependent on others for existence and the end of his book shows him passing the baton on to Ann, since it is inevitable that he'll soon die and he doesn't care to challenge that. The narrator of A House of Children says that a traveller perplexed and thwarted must "push on at high speed, blindly, or fail altogether."<sup>29</sup> Sara and Jimson push on. Wilcher fails.

Cary is clearly showing that some people are motivated in a worthwhile and productive way, while others' lives tragically unravel in a non-creative way. Wilcher took life seriously, he thought and analysed and sought meaning. Is that not worthwhile? Cary addresses this question throughout

the trilogy. In The Horse's Mouth, taking life too seriously becomes, for Jimson, "ingrowing despair" (HM, p. 161), which, he notes, "statistics show, kills more people every year than all the other kinds of heart disease put together." Coker is criticized by him for taking life too seriously: ". . . she wasn't happy because she was not that sort. A million a year and a husband out of the films wouldn't have made Coker happy. She took life too seriously" (HM, p. 299). In her bitterness about the unfairness of her life, Coker neither sympathizes with anyone nor wants sympathy from others and refuses to allow feelings to temper her mental resolve to get even with the world. Jimson avoids taking life seriously, and to this Sara attributes her love for him: "If I ever loved Gulley, it was for his never grouching and never spoiling a joy in hand with yesterday's grief or tomorrow's fear" (HS, p. 139).

The consideration of taking life seriously, or mental resolve, is given full play in The Horse's Mouth, but it is also introduced in To Be a Pilgrim. At the end of the book, once Wilcher has given in to futility, once he has realized that Ann is not unlike him, he turns to her and says: "You look as if you'd swallowed a safety pin . . . You take life too seriously" (TBP, p. 383), to which she responds: "Don't you think it is rather serious?" In all honesty, Wilcher would answer that he has always thought so and acted accordingly, but avoiding this he says: "My dear child, you're not thirty

yet. You have forty, forty-five years in front of you." Cary writes that a writer "is always faced with [characters'] moral problems, their reactions, and he has to know not only what they will do in a given case, but what they ought to do" ("Morality and the Novelist", SE, p. 156). They ought to allow feelings to guide their thought and action. Wilcher is here warning Ann away from the kind of attitude he has held, an attitude which has brought him to "loneliness of spirit" (TBP, p. 371) in old age. He is guided, for once, by what he feels, in his new-found sympathy for Ann, and says what he ought to say. For Ann is "determined not to feel any kind of pleasure" (TBP, p. 379). She refuses happiness (p. 380).

Wilcher's desire to be a pilgrim and his inability to be one is made to look even more tragic if we consider the three novels as a trilogy. On either side of the failed pilgrim Wilcher is a true 'pilgrim'. For both Sara and Jimson are pilgrims in their own right. Sara makes a home wherever she finds herself and with whomever she finds herself, carrying her unrelenting sympathy with her. In the space of time accounted for in her narrative (and this is only from her marriage to the present), she wanders a great deal: she begins in the house of Matthew Monday in Bradnell, then goes to live in Brighton with Rozzie, then to live with Jimson in Ancombe (once running away to Queensport), and when Jimson leaves her she takes the job at Tolbrook. From Tolbrook she is sent to Wilcher's London residence, from where she goes to her



daughter's at Bradnell when she is dismissed, and from there she ends up living with Wilcher at a newly-built house that is to be their marriage home. It is from here that she is taken to jail. Jimson, during the time accounted for in his narrative (which begins in his adulthood and comes up to the present), lives in as many different places, all of them temporary. Wilcher's narrative (which accounts for his whole life), finds him permanently based at Tolbrook, with brief spells spent at his London residence, and at Oxford and in France doing service. Sara and Jimson wander, whereas anywhere Wilcher has gone he has gone out of duty. And Jimson wanders figuratively as well as literally, as his paraphrasing of "The Mental Traveller" shows: "And tonight it seems that I can't paint at all. I've lost sight of the maiden altogether. I wander weeping far away, until some other take me in . . ." (HM, p. 75). As Adams points out, there is a lot of this kind of wandering far away in The Horse's Mouth.<sup>30</sup>

Another pattern established by the three books as a trilogy shows an increasing sophistication of the constructs by which the narrators live, as well as an increasing level of self-awareness. Sara has little or no self-awareness. She never stops to analyse what she does or says, hence the many declarations of surprise at the results. She feels without trying to understand her feelings: "We were laughing together, I don't know why" (HS, p. 130). Wilcher, only in his old age as he is writing his memoir, comes to understand

many things about himself and his life that he failed to understand before, and only then in brief moments. Jimson's extreme self-awareness brings the insight and cynicism that rules his narrative, and that shows him constantly laughing at himself. He claims he should get seven years in jail for "'Being Gulley Jimson . . . and getting away with it'" (HM, p. 66). He realizes the life he has chosen causes his friends anguish and so sees them as always trying to rescue him from himself (HM, p. 81). Postie is "one of the vice-presidents of the save Jimson from himself society" (HM, pp. 105-106). Jimson looks over his own shoulder all the time.

Each individual's point of view is valid according to his or her experience and is true in its own context. Sara's simple, yet effective, belief, Cary shows us, is that people should abide by their own natures, or, as Rozzie tells her, "people had better stick to their own religion for it always sticks to them and if they try to throw it off, as often as not it will turn back on their stomach and come out in spots" (HS, p. 84). Denial of either thought or feeling results in a denial of one's own nature. This very closely embodies Cary's belief that Man "must be true to himself, or he will not give truth to others, the only truth he can give, his own experience."<sup>31</sup> To say, as Dennis Hall does, that Cary shows in the first trilogy "that man is a slave of his nature"<sup>32</sup> is completely to invert Cary's intention. Having been shown

the virtues of sticking to one's own nature through Herself Surprised, we then read of Wilcher suffering for his unconscious denial of feelings. Then, in The Horse's Mouth we see Jimson, with his highly sophisticated set of beliefs of how to live, consciously sacrificing potentially valuable experience for the sake of an ideal. Cary emphasizes not how experience is restricted by what individual natures dictate, but rather how receptivity to the natures of others and the imparting of one's own nature to others, both made possible through sympathy, is a necessary aspect of human experience.

## II

## The Second Trilogy

Cary was not satisfied with the first trilogy. He had wanted "to show how [each narrator] felt about the whole of that world, politics and art, religion and family life . . . to give us their complete worlds . . ." (Preface to the First Trilogy, p. x). But he found that his original plan to have each of the three characters "reveal his own world" in every aspect and "in his own style" (Preface to the First Trilogy, p. x) would dilute the character of each. Since Cary's rule was "character first", he left out Sara's views on politics and art, "Wilcher's ideas of art and Gulley's of politics" (Preface to the First Trilogy, p. xi) in order to achieve a "high concentration of character" (Preface to the First Trilogy, p. xiii) and to show three very distinct points of view and worlds. Each point of view was then to be convincing and valid according to the individual world from which it sprang. In this Cary succeeded. Where he felt he failed was "in the contrast or overlap of these worlds" (Preface to the First Trilogy, p. xiv). Among the three taken together he had hoped to show more of the effect of conflicting points of view: "They were not sufficiently interlocked to give the richness and depth of actuality that I had hoped for" (Preface to the First Trilogy, p. xiv).

With the second trilogy, Cary hoped to achieve what he had not with the first:

. . . in planning the second trilogy, I limited it to a single subject, politics, and tied the three chief characters closely together in the same complex development. This did achieve the contrast and conflict I wanted . . . (Preface to the First Trilogy, p. xiv)

This prompts us to wonder whether "high concentration of character" is avoided in the second trilogy. It is, in the sense that we are shown less of the particular individual worlds of the three narrators. The characterization of each is necessarily more limited, since their lives interlock at only one level. Also lost is the valuable experience of realizing for ourselves what moves each narrator in his or her individual world: we come to know only what moves them with regard to the conflict in which they are engaged.

The second trilogy is usually referred to as the political trilogy. Like the first trilogy, it deals with individuals and what they are up against as individuals. However, in this second trilogy, the narrators are up against one another as much as the facts of the society in which they live. The basic difference between the two trilogies is that instead of making intuition, or feeling, the unavoidable determinant of truth, Cary has, in this second trilogy, made a product of the mind, politics, the basis

on which all is determined. The emphasis shifts to how people, in their relations with others, are kept apart as a result of their conscious 'handling' of others in both personal and public relations. In his non-fictional writing, Cary asserts his belief in the general political nature of all human relations. In his essay "Unfinished Novels", Cary says:

. . . all human relations have what I can call a political aspect, they have to be managed . . . I wanted in my political trilogy to have a completely political atmosphere, both in domestic and social relations; both in politics, strictly speaking . . . , and also the politics of marriage and the nursery . . . (SE, p. 114)

In his introduction to Cary's Power In Men, Hazard Adams tells us that Cary's "real concern with political action was to portray it as a projection of the creative imaginations of his people."<sup>1</sup> This is accurate in its linking of creative imagination (which is responsible for individuality, according to Cary), and politics, which comes into play when we "actively make our reality"<sup>2</sup> according to what our individual creative imaginations dictate.

'Politics', like 'moral' and 'religion' is a general concept for Cary. It is what occurs when individuals exercise their right to live by what moves them as individuals. It is a social reality.

Hence, this trilogy is more 'cerebral' than the first. The narrators of this trilogy are not merely 'alone in

mind', they seem to have lost the ability to pay attention to intuitive feeling, as they are almost completely caught up in social reality. There are only rare glimpses of what they naturally and spontaneously feel (with the exception of parts of Except the Lord), for we are shown not so much their individual creative imaginations as their roles among others in a social reality. Cary turns his attention in this trilogy to the 'thinking' that is responsible for keeping people apart. The result is a rather pessimistic "coarsened"<sup>3</sup> view of people because we are shown how suspect is individual truth, how the narrators, dwelling in a 'cerebral' world, play off one another psychologically and intellectually and how they distrust one another. The trilogy often appears as a head-spinning mass of entangled discreditable points of view: any solid truth becomes, as we read, increasingly elusive to the narrators. But order does exist for the reader. "Meaning or truth created or reached by the solitary mind" proves to be suspicious and dangerous, since this truth, arrived at by each narrator, is destructive to himself or herself as well as to others because it is for the most part unaccompanied by a sense of sympathy either given or received.

Even worse, any displayed impulse to sympathy is simultaneously undermined in the trilogy because it is not accountable to the social reality. For example, Nina's consistent refusal to turn her back on Nimmo, regardless

of the pain this inflicts on herself and others, is a kind of innate sympathy she has for him as an individual. Wright calls this Nina's "loyalty",<sup>4</sup> but there is no reason to talk about the human impulses at work in the second trilogy as different from those at work in the first trilogy. We find here too a conflict between sympathy and ideas, even though the emphasis and the outcome are entirely different. Nina's sympathy for Nimmo makes Latter a victim and could also be blamed for the destruction of her own life. When she has the opportunity to justify and explain to Latter what keeps her sympathetic to Nimmo, she can only say "You wouldn't understand" (NHM, p. 61). Any sympathy Nimmo feels (in the present of the trilogy), appears to others as false, as merely politically expedient. (But this is tricky, and will be discussed later, because Nimmo's own narrative provides the background to his current motivation, and shows him in an entirely different light from that of the present in the trilogy.) Certainly the phrase "mutual sympathy" (NHM, p. 66) in the mouth of Nimmo in the present of the trilogy is meaningless, because we know of his ability to manipulate with words. Latter, in his narrative, displays an endless supply of sympathy for the small ordinary man and woman. This is presented as part of his naivety and ineptness in politics. His final rage at the injustice the witness Bell suffered at the hands of the politically adept Nimmos is what sparks him to his murderous



rage. We are led to believe that Latter is as blind in his sympathy for the ordinary man as the Nimmo camp is in its drive to power.

Sympathy is presented as inexplicable and misplaced. It even becomes a political entity. For example, Nina's sympathy for Nimmo is the source of his political strength. He uses it, just as his original sympathy for the lower working class is transformed into a political platform to support his career. And his original "revulsion of sympathy" (EL, p. 139) for the young Nina eventually consumes her. Latter's sympathy for victims of people in power becomes his bitter apolitical stance: it is inextricably bound up with his personal bitterness towards Nimmo. Once Latter perceives Nina as a victim of Nimmo's power, he then mistakenly excuses her from the pain she has inflicted on him, yet perversely 'sacrifices' her to prevent further spread of the "Nimmo rot". What usually brings people together (and what brought the narrators of the first trilogy together) serves, in this trilogy, to make victims of the narrators by each other. The love that Nimmo has for Nina is destructive: ". . . he loved me so much that often he could have killed me" (PG, p. 178); as is the love that Latter and Nina have for each other. It is much more difficult to talk about the particular individual worlds of the three narrators of this trilogy because, as stated before, their lives are interlocked on one level and in

constant conflict. The narrators, in the act of making their own realities, do so by wielding power over each other. What Nina says of Latter and herself is also true with regard to Nimmo and herself, and, to a certain extent, Nimmo and Latter: "We were, in fact, always carrying on a kind of war to dominate each other or to stop being dominated" (PG, p. 12).

It is a war of conflicting moral points of view (as Nina confirms when she tells us that she engaged in a "moral war" (PG, p. 173) with Nimmo). The political atmosphere in which these people live is an atmosphere which demands that decisions and commitments be constantly made. Robert Bloom's view of the second trilogy,<sup>5</sup> that the three novels are "peculiarly lacking in a moral focus of center",<sup>6</sup> is refutable on two bases. First, in his non-fictional writing, Cary repeatedly asserts that "all novels are concerned from first to last with morality" (Art and Reality, p. 149). Secondly, if we remember that Cary's general definition of the word 'moral' is "that which is involved in the search to answer the question, 'What's it all about?',"<sup>7</sup> and if we remember that each individual can only search for the answer on his own and shape his world accordingly, we must see the three books of the trilogy as having moral centers. No one wins in this war. It is the act of struggle that Cary wanted to portray and if readers are left unsatisfied by what they perceive as indeterminacy, they need to remember what Cary

is trying to do: ". . . it was not my job to state a thesis in a novel, my business was to show individual minds in action . . ." (Cary, in a letter, as quoted by Wright, p. 154).

The appearance of blurred morality is due to the pervasiveness of Nimmo's powerful political presence in all the novels, and his influence on the lives of the characters of the trilogy. The stability of fixed moral points of view is shown in subjugation to his influence. In her narrative, Nina at several points notes how powerful Nimmo is on a personal level: even her love for Jim depends on Nimmo's influence:

. . . even when Jim and I were persuading each other to run away from Chester we were living in that strange, rather exalted atmosphere which Chester had thrown round us all. (PG, p. 83)

Nimmo's presence is that of "moral pressure" (PG, p. 142). She finds his physical presence is not necessary to feel the effect of this pressure:

And, indeed, in this house Chester had so pervaded every room with himself, his fits of love or religion, his queer pompous remarks about freedom or duty, or goodness, that his nerves and his triumphs pressed upon one from all sides. (PG, p. 88)

Some are more affected than others. Nina's son Tom is a clear and easy victim of Nimmo's influence:

Chester was like a drug to him (and other people, too, but it did not have the same effect on Aunt or Bootham) and too much of it produced a reaction . . . it was impossible to protect him from Chester's "effects", because they followed him everywhere. (PG, p. 184)

Nina is often made to feel "small" and insignificant relative to Nimmo, and Latter finds of Nimmo and Nina, once she has become like Nimmo, that "Because they were tricky, they made you feel tricky. When they struck attitudes, you felt as if everything you did was a pose" (NHM, p. 97).

Nimmo's influence is the influence of a "creative mind in the world of perpetual creation . . . inventing unique answers to problems that are of necessity always new" (Preface to PG, p. 6). Cary, in his nonfiction, repeatedly compares family life and politics as providers of unique situations which "have to be dealt with by the imagination, by a creative effort of the mind" (Preface to An American Visitor, p. 11). But there is a danger to others when a politically creative mind takes this point, consciously or not, as a licence to wield a "special political morality". Cary discusses this at length in his essay "Political and Personal Morality". We think of Nimmo's late invasion of the home of Nina and Latter (once they are finally married), and his sexual assaults on Nina, under the pretence that he needs access to Nina's memories and experience of his political career in order to write his memoirs, when we read:

The double standard of morality, allowing a statesman more latitude than a private man, is so widely accepted that it is made an excuse for the greatest crimes. Worse, I suspect that it is often accepted by politicians themselves as justifying actions that they would not dream of in their private lives. ("Political and Personal Morality", SE, p. 229)

Nimmo simply neglects, in the present of the trilogy, to differentiate between any type of situation, whether private or public. He is a particular embodiment of Cary's contention that there is a 'political' aspect to all types of human interaction. He controls and manages all situations as if he were in the position of power to arrange things according to what suits him. This includes Nina's and Latter's lives, since Nina binds herself to Nimmo, and Latter binds himself to Nina.

If we read the three narratives in order we see a certain logical pattern emerge, one that traces the emergence of Nimmo's "special political morality" and its effects on the lives of the other two, essentially apolitical people.<sup>8</sup> Nina's narrative, written near the end of her life, when she is married to Latter yet "more than ever" (PG, p. 400) in Nimmo's power, is a damning insight into her gradual absorption into Nimmo's political views and career. As his power grows, her awareness of its effects grows, as does her subjugation to it. At first it is a revelation to her that marriage is political, and she accepts this (PG, p. 31-32). She then becomes aware of how adept Nimmo

is at using political tactics to subjugate her in marriage. Gradually she sees that, for Nimmo, all types of politics become one, and she resents it: ". . . I resented very much that our private affairs should be complicated with party politics--family life has its own politics which are troublesome enough" (PG, p. 210). Eventually we see Nina herself, out of her inability to stave off the subjugation, adopting Nimmo's tactics herself. This becomes particularly evident in Latter's narrative, which picks up from where Nina's ends chronologically. In Not Honour More Nina appears as deceitful and 'political' as Nimmo. Latter's perception of them as co-conspirators in the "Nimmo rot" is not far off the mark, even taking his paranoia into consideration. Nimmo's narrative, the second of the trilogy, tempers the view of Nimmo we were given in Nina's. In "Political and Personal Morality" Cary says:

Before we call any statesman a fool or a crook we should ask what problems he faced, what kind of people he had to handle, what kind of support he got, what pressure he withstood, what risks he took. (SE, p. 232)

This points us directly to Nimmo's Except the Lord, as Nimmo himself provides us with exactly the information we need to put his apparently criminal and questionable personal and public behavior in perspective. In Nimmo's own words, ". . . this book is not the history of political events but of a boy's mind and soul . . ." (EL, p. 242).

It is also an account of influences, the influences on the shaping of a mind that was particularly receptive to methods of managing people. Latter's narrative, written as he is about to be hanged for the murder of Nina, recalls his consistent resistance to the influence of Nimmo's "special political morality". Latter gives us the last word on both Nimmo and Nina, as his narrative covers the ends of their lives, and it shows how completely unable they both were, finally, to follow any kind of morality other than that dictated by moment-to-moment unique situations. Since Nimmo has the greatest ability for political creativity, it appears that Nina's and Latter's basic ability, as individuals, to create their own worlds and manage their own lives according to their moral beliefs, is subsumed. But we must remember that Nina and Latter do make choices. We must see that their moralities include a decision, for whatever reason, to subject themselves to the power of Nimmo. Latter's decision is indirect, since he commits himself to Nina, who is in Nimmo's power.

We ought not to make the mistake of saying that Cary changed his views by the time he wrote this trilogy, and that it represents a completely different view of man than that shown in the first trilogy. Cary had a firm belief in "certain permanent and fixed things". The potential threat to any creative mind is that, because it is subject

to changing ideas and changing fashions, it will lose sight of these 'permanent and fixed things'. In the first trilogy we saw how change takes its toll on Wilcher, and also on Jimson as a servant to imagination. But, says Cary in his essay "Unfinished Novels", the world "is not merely a flux of senseless change":

Underneath all the turmoil there are certain fixed and permanent things too. In daily life there is always affection, family love and responsibility, ambition, the things people really live for . . . (SE, p. 115)

Wright says "Cary made his books out of a perception of eternal order, of character, behind the twentieth-century aspect of confusion and disorder."<sup>9</sup> Cary is more interested in that which is eternal and that which is permanent in human nature than that which is "muddle" (as he calls it in "The Way a Novel Gets Written", SE, p. 117). "Muddle" or chaos he sees as a kind of by-product or "necessary accident of life" (SE, p. 117), and not as a permanent condition.

The second trilogy is an exploration of Cary's belief in permanence, or rather, his attempt to show how important it is for the individual to keep sight of that which is permanent. Cary doesn't so much prove that permanence exists as expose the dangerous consequence of succumbing to 'muddle', in varying degrees. The trilogy as a whole shows how difficult it is, in the murky, ever-changing atmosphere



of politics, to retain a belief in permanent truths. Each of the three narrators is an example of a different response to this, and they show various degrees of subjectivity in responding to that which constantly changes, that which is unstable and insecure. Nina gradually succumbs when she finds she can less and less retain her own stability in the "congested air of politics" (PG, p. 19). Nimmo thoroughly adopts transience as his mode of behaviour. Latter, sticking narrowly and rigidly to what he perceives as permanent and true, fights the situation of politics in a soldier-like manner, proving himself to be ill-equipped to do so. By his inability to see any virtue in Nimmo's way, he is shown to be worse off than Nimmo, for he can manage nothing effectively.

In a sense, this hearkens back to the concept of sticking to the permanence of one's own nature portrayed in the first trilogy. In the first trilogy we are shown that the permanence of one's own nature allows one to deal with what one is up against, while in the second, individual natures are exposed as fragile. The permanence of each individual nature is undermined by others and relinquished in the face of so-called bigger things.<sup>10</sup> In an interview with Nathan Cohen, Cary was prompted to talk about the writers that influenced him. What he says of Henry James is relevant here:

Henry James was another [influence], with his very, very strong sense of the moral world and especially his sense of the fragility of innocence --that everything good, everything true, everything beautiful, was by that very fact especially exposed to danger and destruction . . . [and was] . . . usually destroyed.<sup>11</sup>

Each of the three narrators--we are given glimpses of their beginnings at certain points in the narratives--is shown to have begun as an innocent. In Except the Lord, Nimmo provides a rather heightened account of his first impression of Nina at the approximate age of five. This meeting, he claims, affected his whole view of the world:

That lucid and candid gaze which so powerfully affected the awkward and embarrassed young man was not only the revelation of childhood's natural innocence but of qualities unique in that child--an inborn truth--an essential generosity of affection which no cruelty of fate, no bitter experience of human perfidy, could ever tarnish . . . (EL, p. 140)

Though we are aware of Nimmo's heightened language, the substance of what he says of Nina's innocence as a youth is essentially true, for when they meet again years later, Nimmo falls unconditionally in love with Nina, presumably for what he retains of his perception of her original innocence. And in Except the Lord we also see Nimmo's beginnings as a highly impressionable, innocent youth. We watch him gradually learn of evil in the world. We see how, having been raised by an evangelical, honour-bound father, he is particularly attracted to less honourable ways in

the world, and how he comes to crave experiences of them. Of Latter's youth we are given glimpses in both his own and Nina's narratives. He and Nina, as orphaned cousins raised together by their Aunt Latter, found innocent comfort in each other's company. In a way, Latter remains an innocent. He is baffled by sophistication in anything. His sense of honour, though exposed as simplistic, is not to be ridiculed; it is an approach to life that Cary admires. Yet it exists in Latter in such an extreme version that it is tragically unsuited to the social reality in which he lives. Wright calls it stupidity:<sup>12</sup> simplicity manifests itself in an adult Latter as stupidity. Among his Lugas in the jungle of Africa it sustains him, but in the transient atmosphere of politics it destroys him.

That the individual natures of the narrators are, in different ways susceptible to the power of politics, both domestic and professional, accounts for much of the pessimism of the second trilogy. Nina, Nimmo, and Latter all struggle with the conflict between fixity or permanence and transience or instability and each of them is exposed as having only a tentative grasp on what they perceive as permanent. The way in which each handles the disparity between permanence and transience is, in part, responsible for the differentiation of them as individuals.

Nina's deepening hatred and fear, as disclosed in Prisoner of Grace, springs from her awareness of politics

in general as the source of insecurity. Early on in her narrative she tells us of her first inkling of this:

It was at this time I began to feel among "political" people the strange and horrible feeling which afterwards became so familiar to me (but not less horrible), of living in a world without any solid objects at all, of floating day and night through clouds of words and schemes and hopes and ambitions and calculations where you could not say that this idea was obviously selfish and dangerous and that one quite false and wicked because all of them were relative to something else. (PG, pp. 59-60)

Later, when Nina is deeply involved in the political life, this awareness of instability visits her again and she likens it to living through an earthquake:

But now I had the feeling myself--they say the most terrible effect of an earthquake is the sense of immediate distrust and fear which it brings upon people. The walls of their own homes which had been their most certain protection--as familiar as their husbands and children--suddenly become a threat, a deceitful screen behind which fresh disasters . . . may be creeping up; the whole solid world becomes treacherous and deceitful. (PG, p. 291)

What Nina perceives as Nimmo's "tricks" endow her with "fearful insecurity" and remind her of the "thing" (politics) which she feels is destroying hers and Latter's life (PG, p. 305). This, of course, Nina often loses sight of when she gets caught up in the political whirl. And as her narrative progresses Nina actually begins to depend on constant change and the excitement of politics so much that,

near the end of her narrative she provides a metaphoric anecdote on the virtues of 'swinging with the tide'. The metaphor is a boat on the water (sailing is associated with Latter throughout his and her narratives). She begins by remarking on Nimmo's extraordinary changeability, then says he is not to blame, that there has actually been an extraordinary change in her own ideas and in the time (PG, pp. 335-336). She then slips into an account of a sail she had with Latter and her friend Major Freer, in which they had been firmly anchored to one spot and from one side of the boat had one view. In an instant the boat had been swung around and when Nina next looked out through the rising mist, the view had changed completely. Like her reaction to the feeling of extreme insecurity when threatened with the ever-changing political views, Nina at this moment "gave a cry of horror . . .--it was as though some malicious demon had played a complicated trick or I had gone mad and simply could not understand any more" (PG, p. 337). When Jim explains that they have only been swung with the tide, Nina's reaction is made to seem hysterical, as are her reactions often to the political atmosphere of her life. At the same time, within this metaphoric anecdote is also an indication of her attraction to changeability of views, for when, in another instant, the boat is swung back around to its original position, the view looks to her "quite solid and ordinary . . . In fact, it looked so solid and

ordinary that the whole view had lost its sparkle . . ." (PG, p. 337). She becomes gloomy as a result.

Nimmo's narrative, Except the Lord, an account of his life up to the present and an explanation of how he came to be what he is now, posits permanence as a strictly female value, and changeability as a strictly male lot. This of course is a jaded view of humans, but one which has ruled Nimmo all his life. Hence he talks of the "three noblest [women] I have ever known" (EL, p. 5), (his mother, his sister Georgina and Nina), as saviours and miracles who have endowed his life with the only sense of permanence he knows. According to Nimmo, there are things in the world, primarily love and faith, which are not subject to change, and women are their guardians: "Is it not more true to say that she has that within her, in her heart and soul, which can never be corrupted by man?" (EL, p. 215) In this somewhat elevated passage, Nimmo credits women with being the purveyors of their own kind of politics, "the everlasting politics of love and truth, beauty and cleanliness." He says:

It is not instinct that tells a young woman in love that politics deal with the ephemeral, the passing situation--while she is concerned with a permanent truth . . . (EL, p. 216)

In Nimmo's retrospective narrative we could say he is trying to make up for the abuse the women in his life

suffered at his hands because of his inability to credit their points of view. For we know Nina is recording this, his statement. But there is more to it than this. Nimmo has come into a general awareness of permanence versus impermanence and a late appreciation of those who live by apolitical security. In his youth he could not understand his brother Richard and had no time for Richard because he seemed preoccupied by trivial, insignificant matters like family and friends: he realized much later that Richard had "the mind of a man which made of itself and almost without thought the sharpest division between the permanent and the transient things of life" (EL, p. 235), and that he pursued the permanent.

Of a different nature than Richard's, Nimmo, as he grows, gradually comes to understand family relations and the personal relations of the people of his small home town Shagbrook as examples of the way the world operates. He comes to view people coming together and living together not in terms of sympathy, but in terms of "reciprocity". The terms he uses to discuss the basis on which relationships are founded and maintained is indicative of Nimmo's growing obsession with a political outlook. He looks on family relations as operating along the same lines as public relations. After telling us of a turn in his relations with his sister Georgina, he says:

Such sudden changes of allegiance are, of course, common enough in family life, where daily co-habitation provides in a few days incidents and emotions enough to furnish out an ordinary friendship for years. The allies of yesterday are the implacable enemies of to-day, and after a long history of events friends again tomorrow. But this new relation of mine with Georgina was founded in a new understanding, a new reciprocity . . . (EL, p. 97)

So Nimmo comes to view relations as being maintained on ever-changing understanding and allegiance. Shagbrook he perceives as "a highly complex and delicate balance of personal relations between families and persons" in which

. . . some degree of quiet and decency could only be maintained by a reciprocity of obligation and reprisal, a balance of powers in which true charity and fellow-feeling, conscience and self-respect-- in short, Christian tradition and example, more or less recognized as such, was mingled with what I must call real politics, a system established over the years of trial and error. (EL, p. 24)

Nimmo's sophisticated understanding of the world as "a tissue of private and hidden relations" (EL, p. 106) was inculcated in him by his early environment, and forms the basis on which his marriage and his political career are made. But what starts out as an imaginative skill eventually deteriorates into turmoil and instability, as Nina observes:

. . . all Chester's feelings and energies seemed to run into each other; his religion stirred up his politics and his politics stirred up his religion, and both of them stirred up his affections and his imagination, and his imagination kept everything else in perpetual turmoil. (PG, p. 395)



Nimmo's political approach to all aspects of life is what Latter construes as a corrupt game, and it is what Nina, in her helpless dependence on others to make her life for her, both admires and hates about Nimmo's behaviour. But, at first, it arms Nimmo with the ability to 'manage' both private and public relations skilfully, where, as Adams points out, both Nina and Latter were isolated orphans and had no experience of complex human relations. They attached themselves to each other and "neither seems able finally to outgrow the terms of their youthful attachment. Childishness is a quality of both".<sup>13</sup> Latter's view of a family unit, in stark contrast to Nimmo's, has nothing to do with tactics of politics and business, but is based on the giving of one to the other in sexual relations. His view of marriage is based on abstract concepts (which he understands as solid truths) that are naive.

When we come to Latter's awareness of permanence versus transience we see a different understanding from that of either Nina or Nimmo. Latter believes simply that truth equals permanence. "Truth" for him is a fixed, solid, indisputable fact, and he uses the word throughout his narrative as if it is self-evident and accessible. Using the sailing metaphor, he tells us:

. . . if a man or country gives up the truth, the absolute truth, they are throwing away the anchor and drifting slowly but surely to destruction.

I say nothing can save but truth and the guts to take it. For truth will always prevail. (NHM, p. 27)

This points us to the importance of the role of "truth" in the trilogy. In Cary's understanding, individual truth is always coming up against objective truth, or solid fact. Hence, in this trilogy the narrators are seen wrestling with the confrontation between truth and fact. Saying that the narrators, in varying degrees, are subject to that which is transient, is to say that they, in varying degrees, adjust what meaning or truth they have arrived at individually according to what objective facts are presented to them by outside reality.

For Nina, truth is a flexible thing. It pertains to individual situations and is always in opposition to 'solid facts'. As she gradually becomes consumed by the political life, Nina becomes more and more convinced of this, at several points in her narrative telling us, by way of refuting charges against herself or Nimmo, that the truth of the situation is different from the evident facts upon which the charge is based. A knowledge of facts "hide[s] the real truth" (PG, p. 70), she contends, and judgements are often based on incomplete knowledge. When she is refuting the charge that she was the cause of Nimmo's ruin, that she "corrupted him morally" and "divided him from his best friends and destroyed his religion", her refutation is based on the contention that "the truth is quite different from the facts

and much more complicated" (PG, p. 99). But Nina's plea for an understanding of the truth is a request that her individual point of view be considered. The truth of her relationships and political decisions and so on as she sees it is different from the truth as Nimmo sees it and different again from the truth as Latter sees it. In his preface to Prisoner of Grace, Cary says Nina is "trustworthy in herself" (p. 7) and a "credible witness" (p. 8). This is true in the sense that we cannot say her basic contention, that judgement is often falsely based on evident facts where individual circumstances ought to be taken into account, is wrong. It is right. But we cannot go so far as to call her a 'credible witness' in the sense that we trust her point of view as giving us access to the truth. For she becomes increasingly confused and biased in her narrative, the more she is involved with Nimmo and the political life. Through her point of view we come to know certain truths, especially about Nimmo, but her words must be tempered by the insight we gain through the other two points of view. Nina's vulnerability to the powerful persuasion of Nimmo causes truth for her to become increasingly illusive, to the extent that she cannot articulate it.

Nor can Nina determine the truth. After fleeing Nimmo's oppressiveness at one point, she ends up going to Aunt Latter, whose equally oppressive ways--she lectures Nina on her neglect of wifely duty--cause Nina to declare:

I felt as if I were being slowly pressed to death, like those wretched people who would not tell the judge whether they were guilty or not guilty-- I thought that very likely they did not know, the thing was too complicated. (PG, p. 97)

Her narrative style very clearly shows Nina's "quality of mind" (Preface to PG, p. 8) in this regard. Many of her statements are qualified in brackets, which not only shows her awareness of several points of view on any given situation, but also reveals her inability to commit herself to one true point of view. Also, at several points, her narrative consists of a stringing together of quoted terms to describe what she is experiencing:

All this time there was between Chester and myself a "situation". I mean, an unusual tension. There is, I suppose, always a "situation" between husband and wife . . . and "relations" which need the equivalent of "understandings" and "spheres of influence". (PG, p. 286)

This indicates the extent to which she has adopted Nimmo's perspective and lost sight of her own. Her exposure to the way Nimmo is even capable of changing the appearance of 'solid facts' contributes to her inability to determine truth:

And in a fraction of a second I discovered how wrong I had been to think that nothing could be changed in the "real" situation because it rested on "too solid facts".

When you are dealing with men like Chester facts simply turn round the other way; and as for situations, it is their business to change them. (PG, p. 112)

Not only is truth a flexible thing for Nina, but she witnesses the making of facts into flexible things.

For Nimmo, truth gradually (that is, following him through time, beginning with his own narrative) becomes so malleable that it ends up merely as a word. "Truth" for Nimmo, is whatever works at the time during most of his adult life and once he has a career. He is portrayed as a highly creative individual, an "artist in politics" (Preface to PG, p. 6), and is frequently described by Nina as highly imaginative. It becomes evident that the raw material with which he works is truth and facts, and that he shapes and forms them to suit his purposes. As Nina says, ". . . Chester's imagination suggested to him every day hundreds of truths and it was always easy for him to find among them one that 'suited' him" (PG, p. 70). But to see this in Nimmo is to see an advanced state of what started out as a recognition that truth is, for the most part, subjective. In his own narrative, Nimmo tells us of a youth spent working out the complexities of truth versus falsehood. We learn that his whole education as a child

. . . turned on a respect for the truth--falseness was a sin and falseness had a very wide meaning. Any kind of pretence, any kind of conduct having the least tincture of hypocrisy was not only a sin but a deadly trap. (EL, p. 86)

So his education by his father also taught him that acting is lying, that the stage is a "Temple of lies, where

men and women practised feigning as an art, to deceive and confuse honest souls" (EL, p. 87). But, drawn to the stage, young Nimmo sees it otherwise. When, having seen a play at a fair, he struggles with this concept and decides "'But this story is true. There is no sin in a true story truly represented'" (EL, p. 87), he is deciding that the concepts of truth and falsehood are open to interpretation. Step by step, as we read Nimmo's narrative, we see him moving away from the belief, taught to him by his father, that truth is a fixed and solid thing. Once he becomes involved in a political cause, he is confronted by a problem central to the trilogy: ". . . a fundamental question in politics, now for the first time presented to me, when and where is one justified in telling a flat lie?" (EL, p. 186). Cary addresses this question in "Political and Personal Morality", citing deceit as "the major crime charged to the politician", but noting that it is a very fine line that divides deceit and the appearance of deceit: "the most honest statesman cannot always keep his promises or fulfil his programme" (SE, p. 228).

In the course of time, Nimmo crosses the line. When the question of when and where one is justified in telling a flat lie first presents itself to him, he decides to lie for the cause. This lie is his duty, it keeps a secret and protects the lives of others, but it is also the beginning of Nimmo's increasing ability to manipulate facts and truth in the name of political cause. Each manipulation makes the

next a bit easier from this point in his life onwards, to the extent that, by his own admission, his whole life becomes a lie (EL, p. 268). For example, despite his awareness that neither Tom nor Sally are his children, but Jim's, and despite the fact that Nina knows this and he knows that Nina knows that he knows this, he persists (even in privacy with her) in his failure to acknowledge that they are not his children. As Nimmo's involvement with political causes deepens (he tells us, in his acquired high style), his heart hardens and it becomes increasingly difficult for him to extract himself from falsehoods:

If I had admitted the truth of my brother, I should have known that my own life had become a lie . . . I hardened my heart . . . The hard heart is that which turns aside the blows of truth, the arrows of conscience . . . (EL, p. 268)

As he becomes politically adept, Nimmo changes the meaning of the word "truth" according to what he wants it to mean, as Nina observes:

. . . in this battle words like class, plot treachery, even truth, and a phrase like "Let's be honest for once and have deceits" had nothing to do with the truth--they were simply weapons which he picked out of his store because he thought they would do the most damage to the enemy. (PG, p. 334)

Nimmo can also 'improve' the truth (PG, p. 179).

Latter stands alone as the believer in truth as a solid fact that is not susceptible to change or questioning. He

considers his point of view to be based on the perception of truth, and everyone else's to be based on deliberate falsehoods. He becomes as one lost at sea among manipulators of truth and fact: "It's all these lies . . . I don't know where I am" (NHM, p. 62). His 'statement' (his narrative) is made for the purpose of revealing the truth:

My only wish in this statement, as my last on earth, is to have the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God. (NHM, p. 27)

By the time we get to Latter's narrative (assuming that we read the novels in order), the concept of truth has been tossed around so much, and any fixed meaning for it has proven so elusive to the narrators, that to find the concept of truth presented as such an absolute in Latter's narrative is to be surprised at his simplicity. We don't gradually grow suspicious of Latter, we are suspicious of his rigidity from the outset, mainly because of his narrative style. It is formal and fact-oriented, except that by now we are wary of any narrator claiming to know the true facts about any situation. His detached way of reporting does the opposite of what he is trying to do, it gives him away, more obviously than Nina's narrative style gives her away and Nimmo's gives him away. When he is reporting something that excites or upsets him, he lapses into point-form narrative instead of writing in sentences.<sup>14</sup> His limited vocabulary corresponds with his limited perception. All that is "decent" and



"ordinary" holds truth for Latter, such as decent and ordinary people and decent and ordinary feeling. As his blind loyalty to what he perceives as decency, truth, honour and ordinariness persists, his main accusation against Nimmo and all "top brass" is that they "simply forget what common, low, ordinary, human people are like and what they mean by common ordinary words" (NHM, p. 176).

We understand Latter's charge, for Nimmo's lapse into a 'special political morality' is the cause of many problems in the trilogy. It is precisely the basis on which Nina ostensibly defends Nimmo, saying that he is special and therefore exempt from having to consider ordinary people and their individual situations, yet through her words we see that she too cannot come to terms with it on a personal level: "I suppose that with people who become, like Chester, absorbed into another world, one does not feel ordinary emotions or take what they say as ordinary language" (PG, p. 353). If we understand Latter's charge, we cannot abide the way he wields this belief as power over others. For it becomes obvious that Latter's hatred for the "Nimmo rot" is a stance he adopted in an attempt to attain personal glory. His individual sense of honour is what is really at stake, not his conviction that his country is being corrupted. This becomes obvious when Bootham, Nimmo's right-hand man, through his inside knowledge of Nimmo as an individual, attempts to explain Nimmo's assumption of a 'special political morality':

". . .--he really believes he is ten times cleverer, and wiser than other people. He really believes that God has given him a special mandate to save Britain--yes, and the world."

. . . . .  
 "A man who has had power--especially the extraordinary power of the popular speaker--the mob orator if you like--well, naturally, it has certain effects on the character--it gives a man a certain detachment from what we might call conventional standards. He's apt to look upon us ordinary mortals as pawns in the game--he hasn't time, you might say, for our little susceptibilities . . ." (NHM, p. 109)

Though Bootham is here confirming Latter's simplistic perception of Nimmo, Latter will have nothing to do with this confession of Bootham's. From this point on, he actually despises Bootham for his disloyalty to Nimmo, and begins referring to him as "Fat Boy". He perceives transgression of "common honesty" (NHM, p. 110) and loyalty all around him, even when it is not there, yet perceives his own transgressions as revealing truth.

Latter's murder of Nina, based on his belief that he alone perceives the truth and has the right to uphold it, is an almost surrealistic portrayal of a confrontation between truth and facts. He writes:

She couldn't understand she was up against something bigger than either of us or anyone's happiness. The truth. And nothing could change it. She didn't want to understand. It was too big. I say I knew even then perhaps no one would want to understand. As happened. (NHM, p. 221)

Not Honour More is more a parodic than a tragic examination of the concept of truth. The word 'truth' means nothing on

its own by the time we read this book. In a final desperate search for access to some solid truth at the time of Latter's narrative, Nina's resorting to the phrase "the real true ever-lasting cross-my-heart rock-bottom truth" (NHM, p. 191) exemplifies this.

The difficulty of discerning moral centers in the novels is also due to our awareness that we cannot trust the narrators' words. Each of their narratives was written with a clear motive, and we must constantly regard their selection of what to tell us, and their points of view, in the light of what they have at stake and what their motive is in writing. We are put on guard, in a way we are not with the confessional outpourings of Sara, Wilcher and Jimson. The narrators of the first trilogy impart their own experiences fairly openly. The narrators of the second trilogy are mainly concerned with the effect and result of what they write. In a sense, they "walk on a party line",<sup>15</sup> which serves to obscure the imparting of truth reached by an individual mind.

Nina opens her narrative by telling us her motive for writing:

I am writing this book because I understand that "revelations" are soon to appear about that great man who was once my husband, attacking his character, and my own. And I am afraid that they will be believed simply because nowadays everyone believes the worst of a famous man. (PG, p. 9)

Later Nina says:

And what I am trying to do in this book is not to make out that Chester was a saint (which would be stupid, after all the books and articles about him) but to show that he was, in spite of the books, a "good" man--I mean . . . as good as he could be in his special circumstances, and better than many were in much easier ones. (PG, pp. 215-216)

As we read Prisoner of Grace we quickly realize that Nina's narrative is a defence of herself and an exposure of the pressure of the "special circumstances" in which she had to live as Nimmo's wife. Her narrative, under the pretence of a defence of Nimmo, does more damage to our view of him than does his own or Latter's. As Adams says, she creates our distaste for Nimmo.<sup>16</sup>

Nimmo also opens his narrative by telling us his motive for writing:

If I draw back now the curtain from my family life, sacred to memory, I do so only to honour the dead, and in the conviction that my story throws light upon the crisis that so fearfully shakes our whole civilization. (EL, p. 5)

What he tells us later--that he has had a revelation, as a sick and old man, and wants to redeem himself in the eyes of the public and his friends--is more believable: his revelation is a sudden awareness that the person who says "I must not forget that I am going to die and I shan't be able to choose the day" and so lives in such a way that they will not need repentance, is "nearer to the truth of existence" than the person who says "I must consider my affairs in the

world as if I were going to live in it forever" and so lives a selfish and vicious life. He writes that a "sudden reminder of mortality" came to him at a late date in his life, and it hurled him into "the appalling light, the challenging brutality of truth":

This work is the consequence, and if I do not live to continue it to the end, to the time when I entered on that political career which has earned me so much hatred, then at least it shall stand to show something too easily forgotten by statesmen and their critics alike--the mystery which lies beneath all history, all politics--the mighty and everlasting pressure of the soul seeking by ways unseen, and often unsuspected, its own good, freedom and enlightenment. (EL, p. 155)

If we look through Nimmo's "language of religious evangelical enthusiasm"<sup>17</sup> and the tailoring of his story according to who is reading it, we see that his narrative, like Nina's and Latter's, is a plea that his individual situation be disentangled from the stories that surround it, and that his individual point of view be taken into consideration.

We already know Latter's motive for writing. It is a statement in his own defense. But, like Nimmo, he claims to be motivated by larger purposes than self-redemption: he writes that he wants to correct the interpretation of Nina's murder that the press has provided, to show that "the rottenness" in England "has gone too far", and to show that he killed Nina "for an example because it was necessary":

The papers all got together at once to smear the thing over with rottenness, to keep the people blind, to make them think there was nothing really wrong with the country . . . this great country is so blinded and bound, so hocused and gammoned by the bunkum boys, the smart ones, the power and money merchants, it doesn't know where its going or what it's going there for and it's too bewildered to care. (NHM, p. 222)

Lies proliferate throughout the trilogy. We are made to recognize by Cary that fine line which divides lies and the appearance of lies, because, though certain misconceptions the narrators have can be excused as due to their particular points of view, blatant lies cannot. By the time we read Not Honour More (and it is not only due to Latter's warped perception), all three central characters seem pathetically dependent on lying to one another. Latter and Nimmo clearly feel their reputations are at stake, but Nina, by this time in the chronology of the trilogy, is just hopelessly caught up in the struggle. For this she is not to be completely sympathized with. Critics, perhaps guided by Cary in his discussion of Nina in the preface to Prisoner of Grace,<sup>18</sup> are too soft on Nina. Adams says "In Nina [Cary] presents us with a narrator strictly honest with us."<sup>19</sup> Wright says her version of what happened "involves distortion",<sup>20</sup> but seems to excuse this as a symptom of her position as a "mediator" between Latter and Nimmo, "sympathizing with both men, bound to them both."<sup>21</sup> It is because of her bondage to both men, and to neither completely, that Nina can be as clearly

implicated in the destruction of all three lives (her own, Nimmo's and Latter's) as can Nimmo and Latter. Though Cary wants us to sympathize with Nina to a certain extent, as the trilogy unfolds, she is shown to be no more a passive victim than are Nimmo and Latter.

For one thing, she may be lying to the reader in her narrative for no apparent reason other than to protect herself. She tells us how, once she had left Nimmo, married Latter and become pregnant by him, she was "enjoying an extraordinary peace", that "there was laughter in the walls of my fort and in my happiness", and that her love for Latter and her happiness grew with the baby inside her (PG, p. 365). Yet in Not Honour More is recorded a conversation between Nina and Latter that contradicts this. She says "I've always known you were watching me--judging me. I've always been afraid of you. These years we've been at the Cottage have been an agony" (NHM, pp. 98-99). Though this account is not necessarily more factual than Nina's, it does make us realize that we don't know the truth, and that Nina may well be lying in her narrative. When Latter reminds her that she said she had never been so happy as when she had been with him at the Cottage, she counters, "Yes, to keep you happy, to keep you from digging at me all the time to find out what I was really thinking" (NHM, p. 99). In her narrative Nina writes in such a way as to prevent the readers, two of whom are Latter and Nimmo, from finding out what she really thinks.

Adams talks of the movement through the novels of the second trilogy in a relevant way. He says, in the first trilogy, "Sara Monday's statement directs us to To Be a Pilgrim and The Horse's Mouth. There the thrust is upward toward the end." But, he says, "The opposite is the case in the Second Trilogy. From Nina's narrative the course is downward to a tragic denouement . . .".<sup>22</sup> This is true in that the struggle among the narrators intensifies as they become more and more susceptible to destruction, each by the other, as time goes on. A brief discussion of the narrators as individuals, according to what makes them susceptible to destruction, is worthwhile.

To understand Nina's nature, one distinctly unsuited to a fast-moving, ever-changing political life, is to understand her increasing disorientation, her two attempts at suicide, and her final inability to explain anything or to fight back. She is, by her own admission and by others' observations, afraid. She is "frightened of something new and something that seemed to make a demand on [her]" (PG, p. 19). She is afraid to hate (PG, p. 62), frightened by anger (PG, p. 274), frightened of humiliation (PG, p. 301), and afraid to be in possession of secrets (PG, p. 314). In a rather twisted, complex way, she often seems to fall into situations as a way of avoiding what is frightening. This is how early feelings of love for Nimmo come about: even though later she



says she always hated him, she says of their relationship early in their marriage: "I did really believe that I was growing into a kind of love with him. And perhaps I did love him that evening out of gratitude for rescuing me from the agony of fearing for him" (PG, p. 36).

It is Nina's fear, apparently a fear of emotional commitment, that makes her so vulnerable to destruction. She simply allows others to make her commitments for her. Her marriage to Nimmo came about because she became pregnant by Latter, and, unwilling to either force a marriage with Latter or prevent the marriage with Nimmo arranged by Aunt Latter, she passively went along with this arranged marriage. At this time she discovered the key of her own character: she could reconcile herself to anything (PG, p. 25). Bearing her problems silently gives Nina a feeling of power to rely on: she considers it her strength. When she becomes pregnant by Latter the first time and Latter takes off, leaving her with Aunt Latter, she comes to no solution on her own as to what to do, nor does she feel the need to make any decisions, feeling that "you simply don't have to do anything except bear it, and just by bearing it you get a special sort of power to go on . . ." (PG, pp. 21-22). Refusing to challenge Aunt Latter's decision that she should marry Nimmo, she sits back and waits, thinking "cheerfully that Aunt would arrange something as soon as she got over the shock" (PG, p. 23). Both Latter and Nimmo recognize Nina's avoidance of emotional

commitment as a love of peace, a preference for "the easy way and the comfortable dream" (PG, p. 333). Yet we perceive it less as admirable flexibility than as cowardly passivity. She acknowledges that "Aunt called [it] my chief vice--and perhaps she was right" (PG, p. 175).

Having little of her own stability to refer to, Nina gradually subjects herself to Nimmo's power. Prisoner of Grace traces her gradual "encirclement" (PG, p. 127). As Nimmo takes her over she becomes more and more detached emotionally, depending on political manoeuvres to get her through. She is not emotionally involved with Nimmo; she only feels obliged to manage his love for her: "To be loved is an obligation. Whatever you do you can't shake it off. You simply have to deal with it, if only for the sake of your own peace" (PG, p. 127). An incident in which Nina's son Tom experiences a kind of moral revulsion to the falseness he sees in Nimmo's, Nina's and his own lives, and in which he accuses Nimmo of running both the country and the household by his lies, clearly shows Nina as an emotionally detached operator. She is less concerned with helping Tom through his dilemma than she is with reconciling him to Nimmo's ways. She knows very well what Tom is seeing and reacting to, yet tells him that it's wrong to call Nimmo a liar, that Nimmo is good, kind and loves him, and she makes him realize that, in political life, some lies are necessary.

In the preface to Prisoner of Grace, Cary discusses the necessity of deceiving children for their own good. A mother protecting her children with small deceptions is an analogy for the statesman deceiving the public for their own protection. These small deceptions (like lying "to a nervous child about the doctor or the dentist", p. 5), are generally acceptable and necessary. But when we read of the incident with Tom, Cary wants us to see what would happen were Nina to side with him against Nimmo. If she were to confirm the existence of what Tom sees--falsehood, trickery and moral pressure ("he never lets you alone", PG, p. 194)--it would split up the family and result in her siding with Tom against Nimmo. We can see that this should be avoided, perhaps, yet her moral decision to brush Tom's anxiety aside, to reduce it by saying he's not feeling well, and to support Nimmo against Tom, results in a joint wielding of power, by Nimmo and Nina, over Tom. He is made to feel guilty for expressing his anxiety. Also, from here on, Tom's life seems to be guided less and less by any stability and security. Any hopes he has are undermined: he becomes increasingly vulnerable to destruction as he attempts to maintain the double life of loyalty to Nimmo and exposure of political falseness through his mimicry of such as Nimmo. He eventually commits suicide. Though Nina claims (typically, without committing herself to this view) that Nimmo has been accused of destroying Tom, she should admit part of the responsibility for Tom's

disillusionment because, indulging in manoeuvres, she supports Nimmo against Tom. She represses her instinctive emotional response on this occasion of Tom's moral dilemma, and thereby deprives him of the moral support he needs:

. . . I was so shocked, it was so terrifying to feel the helpless desperation in a boy so proud, that, to my horror (in spite of the smile which I had assumed to tell him how absurd he was), I began to cry. That is to say, my eyes began to flow.  
(PG, p. 195)

Nina walks on Nimmo's party line because of her fear, and harms others, as well as herself, therefore, by negating the truth of her own emotional experience. She responds to fear by laughing. Nina's frequent laughter, noted throughout the trilogy, does not connote a sense of humour. It occurs at times when she is facing a crisis or an occasion that demands a moral decision or a commitment. On her and Nimmo's first night together, she has to stifle giggles. Laughter comes on her, according to her, uncontrollably and mysteriously. For example, after Nimmo's stern declaration that "There is only one true religion--between a man's own soul and his God" (PG, p. 28), Nina is consumed by one of her fits of wanting to laugh, she claims because of Nimmo's "peculiar tone" and "solemn expression". But such a serious declaration of Nimmo's own conviction, and probably Nina's awareness of how it would affect her life, clearly frightens her. Immediately after telling us how she had completely

given way to hatred for Nimmo, how she realized "the impossibility of escaping from him" (PG, p. 308), and upon assuming the routine of going to bed with him, she is seized with "a horrible impulse to laugh" (PG, p. 309). The more she ponders her complete subjugation to Nimmo on this occasion, the more she is "filled with laughter", PG, p. 309).

By the time of Latter's statement, Not Honour More, Nina seems to have completely lost emotional stability. She is Nimmo's puppet, deceiving for him and even implicating Latter in the conspiracy (laughing all the way). We can no longer tell whether she acts and speaks according to feeling or political manoeuvre, and she no longer cares to distinguish between the two. At one point she comes to Latter where he is staying (as part of his job as head of the "specials", charged with breaking strikes), claiming that she is seeking a reconciliation. (At this time they are married but have quarrelled.) She insists on staying the night with him, begs forgiveness and declares her love for him. Latter is suspicious that she is on a mission from Nimmo. In the morning, his suspicions are confirmed. She confesses her part in the Pincomb affair, as well as Nimmo and Bootham's request that she reconcile with Latter because it would help their cause. Essentially she comes to sleep with her husband to get information from him, and to aid Nimmo, but she claims that is not why she came. We don't know for which of the two reasons she came: probably both,

and probably she doesn't know which herself. But she holds power over Latter either way:

" . . . even if I could not trust her, I never had really trusted her and she was still the first woman, the first person in the world for me, the only one who had ever given me any happiness in this mean dirty world. And so I was glad to think we had started again and could forget the past."  
(NHM, pp. 137-138).

It is because of her inability to ever completely commit herself to either Latter or Nimmo that Nina is murdered. Mentally, she is committed to Nimmo; her several attempts to abide by her emotional commitment to Latter quickly dissolve in the face of politics.

It is Nimmo's creative imagination that makes him vulnerable to destruction. Creative imagination, as distinct from feeling or emotion, becomes the source of Nimmo's increasing manipulation of others, because he becomes less and less aware of others' feelings and more and more aware of the effects of power. Except the Lord traces Nimmo's growing awareness of the effects of power and exposes the various influences under which he came and by which his imagination was fed.

A major contribution to Nimmo's growing political outlook is his early awareness of the eyes and ears of the public. We could almost say there is a fourth point of view in this trilogy: it is most present in Except the Lord. (In the other two books public opinion is considered in reference to

certain decisions Nimmo, Nina and Latter make, for since their lives put them in the public eye, their every movement is watched by the press, political opponents and the public. All three narratives are written with a view to correcting public point of view.) The views of the people of the village to which the Nimmo family moved were always imposed on Nimmo's consciousness, as is disclosed in his account of his youth. Very early he was made aware of the power the village voice had over mere individuals.<sup>23</sup> From the moment his family moved to Shagbrook, a small village on the moors, they were watched, because Shagbrook was

. . . a highly complex and delicate balance of personal relations between families and persons, who were obliged to live so close together that the whole of everyone's actions, and almost his thoughts, was open to inspection by all the rest. There was no such thing as privacy, for though a general discretion caused every prudent person to be careful of what he said, in public, each had intimates to which all was disclosed. Thus everything was known, all scandals circulated continually beneath the smooth surface of mutual caution. (EL, p. 24)

This, of course, is an assessment made by a much older, wiser Nimmo than the young Nimmo who lived in Shagbrook. But when he was a young man, the lack of privacy, the sense that one's every action was exposed (and "almost his thoughts") was deeply felt by him. When he started a small union in Shagbrook, he also encountered the impossibility of keeping anything a secret, and writes: ". . . I never escaped from the gnawing fearful thought that someone among my men was selling

me and the rest of his comrades" (EL, p. 129). It is no wonder that the highly impressionable young Nimmo saw conspiracy all around him for the rest of his life and lived a life of secrecy and illusion. He develops a mask of politeness and considerateness which Nina discovers is "the mask of something very ugly and dangerous" (PG, p. 30).

The Nimmo children very quickly become aware of the rest of the world as "alien and critical" (EL, p. 36). Because of the treatment their family received, and because every corner of the village was a forum for the expression of opinion on everything that went on in and around the village, Chester and his sister Georgina developed a "hatred of social injustice and of the fearful inequalities of our society" (EL, p. 40). Nimmo came into the conviction that "those who could not make their own way in such a world must go under" (EL, p. 56). Nimmo clings to 'aleness in mind' as the strength to survive. The way in which he could make his own way in the world, as a politician, came to Nimmo in stages.

He was always impressed by "the power of authority among poor and uneducated people in a world whose problems confuse even the wisest" (EL, p. 32). And this same power to move people he discovered in actors, preachers (including-- a very deep influence--his father) and in politicians. His imagination was seized by the source of power these share: the power of words, "the spell of the orator" (EL, p. 99).



After recalling his experiences at the theatre and during his father's sermons, the old Nimmo writes, "there was planted in this rough dirty boy . . . a vision of glory, of power, by means of the spoken word . . .", and though his ". . . imagination was not strong enough then to make [him] an actor, a preacher, much less a politician . . ." (EL, p. 111), he acted them all. His career from then on can be seen as acting in the sense that, as he passes through many stages, all have a 'role' aspect to them. He is motivated only ostensibly by causes. At one point he tells us he "was astonished by the drama of my own soul" (EL, p. 162). Nina, in her narrative, notes Nimmo's growing tendency to dramatize situations:

And he sank down on the sofa and put his hand over his face and gave a sigh that was very nearly (but thank goodness not quite) a sob. And I thought, "Really he is 'putting it on' a little too much."

Both Tom and I had noticed that since the "scandal" Chester had become a little more dramatic, more excitable; even in private life he seems sometimes to be "acting himself". (PG, p. 237)

Tom calls Nimmo "a real artist" in his speech-giving (PG, p. 256). And we learn that Nimmo's agent, when he is a cabinet minister, is "also a theatrical agent" (PG, p. 291). While Nimmo does actually become a preacher for a short time and later a successful politician, he doesn't become a professional actor. But we are led to believe that he achieved this profession, from his earliest "ghost of aspiration"

(EL, p. 100) for it, by conquering the skills of an orator and a powerful politician. He became a "spell-binder" (Preface to PG, p. 6) in politics.

Throughout the course of the present of the trilogy, Nimmo becomes increasingly pathetic, a victim of his own acquired mental skills. He first appears in Prisoner of Grace as a very impressive figure<sup>24</sup> who moves all who hear him with his "impassioned and fluent speech" (PG, p. 19). By the end of Prisoner of Grace he appears as "a caricature", a "worried haggard fierce old man" (PG, p. 310). By Not Honour More he is "a miserable old wreck fairly coming to bits with his own putrescence" (NHM, p. 164), a sick old man who looks "like a sick monkey" (NHM, p. 44) and who hops nervously about and squawks when he is irritated. Of course, in Not Honour More Latter is deliberately mocking Nimmo's appearance, just as Nina, in Prisoner of Grace, emphasizes the theatrical aspect of his public and private behaviour, but it is clear that Nimmo becomes an increasingly pathetic figure as he ages. The more he is blinded by his own power, the more his lies and tricks can be seen through. The scene in which Latter comes home unexpectedly and catches Nimmo in the bedroom with Nina, shows a comically pathetic Nimmo. Latter discovers him lying still on the bed looking like "a corpse laid out" (NHM, p. 162). Nimmo comes up with three different stories to explain his presence, all of them obviously lies.

Nimmo's creative imagination enables him to "enter into other people's feelings" (PG, p. 47) as well as enabling him always to "see what might be good" (PG, p. 213) in terms of making a successful political career. But also, as Nina notes, it makes him "very easily entered by imaginary anxieties, and even wild fancies" (PG, p. 47), and it eliminates a sense of proportion. The youth who was emotionally moved by the spell of words becomes a calculating, unfeeling manipulator who sees "the world at his feet" (PG, p. 172) and who knows little of "the real world in which people actually live, and make their lives" (EL, p. 215).

Latter is susceptible to destruction because, in the political atmosphere in which he lives, he simply doesn't understand the necessity and legitimacy of certain methods. His ideas run contrary to those which have power over his life and career. In "Political and Personal Morality", Cary states the "only two ways of making [people] act against their own inclination" (defining this as a government's job because "government is the art of making people do what they don't like"). These are: "to shoot the disobedient or to wangle them." People can either be shot for disobedience or brought around by persuasion. And since, Cary says, in a "government of a free democracy", one is not allowed to shoot, one can only use persuasion (SE, p. 231). This Nimmo does. Latter lives by his own code, and chooses shooting. He clearly knows no other way of making his views known. Where Nimmo sees

shooting as cowardice (NHM, p. 46), Latter sees not taking justice into his own hands as cowardice (NHM, p. 214). After his first attempt to shoot Nimmo, he says "I'd had the right idea--the only mistake I'd made was not shooting quick enough before my wife jumped in. I said, there's only one way out with that kind of crook, to shoot him" (NHM, p. 33). Latter makes two more attempts to shoot, the third time turning on Nina, because he is by then convinced that she is as deeply involved in the "Nimmo-rot" as Nimmo himself.

Wright says "Temperamentally, Nimmo and Latter are opposites, and to display these two men in conflict is, of course, one of the aims of the political trilogy".<sup>25</sup> Wright takes his authority from Cary himself, who, in the preface to the German edition of Not Honour More, talks about Latter and Nimmo as "two fundamental temperaments" that are "permanent in the world".<sup>26</sup> Nimmo's temperament equips him with the ability to manage social reality: he sees all relationships as political. Latter's temperament does not allow that there is a political aspect to any kind of relationship between people except in a political arena, which, to him, is a corrupt game. He claims of his first shooting attempt on Nimmo: "My action against Nimmo has nothing to do with politics" (NHM, p. 30). Yet he is understanding the word "politics" very narrowly, not in the way in which we have come to understand the word after reading Prisoner of Grace and Except the Lord. Latter is wrong. His repeated attempts to kill Nimmo and

Nina have everything to do with managing the changing relations with them in the only way he can. Bootham brings a written proposal from Nimmo for Latter to sign, the terms of which are:

Firstly, Lord Nimmo would agree never to visit Palm Cottage except by invitation or permit from Captain Latter.  
 Secondly, all papers, files and memoranda, now at Palm Cottage, including any letters written to him by Lord Nimmo's late wife, should be handed over to him intact.  
 Thirdly, Nimmo undertook not to see Mrs. Latter except at times agreed by me and in my presence or in that of some third person approved by me.  
 Fourthly, the terms of this settlement being agreed by both parties, Captain Latter undertakes not to proceed against Lord Nimmo in any manner likely to cause prejudice to his good name. (NHM, pp. 132 133)

But Latter refuses to sign. He refuses because he "didn't think husbands and wives ought to need political bumf, even if signed in duplicate, to keep their marriage straight" (NHM, p. 133). And he refuses because he "considered the whole proceeding wrong. It simply drags down marriage into politics or business" (NHM, p. 134). Latter's and Nina's marriage by this time is a political and a business arrangement: Latter just doesn't want to see it that way. It is political in the sense that Nimmo and Nina are using him for their own causes, and it is a business arrangement in that Nimmo has always paid Latter's debts, is paying his wages now, and is also financially supporting Latter, Nina and their son Robert. For Latter to refuse to acknowledge his

financial dependence on Nimmo is sheer foolish pride.

Latter's insistence that personal and public relations have nothing to do with one another is flawed, as Adams points out: "Latter's honor is corrupt from the beginning . . . he does not really represent private as against public honor, . . . the two things are not separately definable."<sup>27</sup> They are not "separately definable", because, as Cary says in "Political and Personal Morality", "Lies are always lies, evil is always evil; public and private morals are governed by precisely the same law" (SE, p. 229). Latter seeks honour and glory (publicly or privately; they are the same thing here), by taking charge of those he perceives as victims: 'decent and ordinary people', his beloved Lugas and Nina. Once he sees someone as a victim, he feels powerful and protective. Even Nimmo, at one point, suddenly appears to him as his own victim ("A living lie who'd ended by lying himself into looking-glass land"), and Latter thereupon "began to feel sorry for the old crook" (NHM, p. 164). He loves Nina more than ever once he realizes that she is "more weak than wicked" (NHM, p. 179). He becomes obsessed with the Maufe case because the witness Bell, in his eyes, was a clear victim of political manoeuvring. His struggle against "the prejudice Bell was up against" (NHM, p. 202) is what triggers his final "sacrifice" of Nina. Latter, without being aware of it, manages relations as much as others. He does so in the name of honour.

We do sympathize with his "sense of outraged honour" and with his "violent denunciations of a corrupt world"<sup>28</sup> to a certain extent. But our sympathy is always checked by our realization of the thin grounds on which these denunciations are made. He is very perceptive of others, often effectively satirizing them, but this, too, is undercut when we see his own prejudice at work. He refuses to accept that his idea of truth, honour and decency is not everyone's. And he is completely 'manageable' because of his rigidity. Nimmo talks him out of his murderous rage each time Latter intends to kill him by actually confronting Latter with what he is doing:

. . . this noble vindication of yours is completely senseless and wicked. A merely spiteful murder, for which, no doubt, you expect an acquittal. Yes, you will have all the satisfaction, the self-satisfaction, if you'll forgive me, of the husband who avenges what he is pleased to call his honour--the honour of a savage--at the expense of a wife and friend who never wished him harm . . .  
(NHM, pp. 49-50)

Nimmo then always challenges Latter to shoot him. Latter never does, because, his actions having been put in that context (not the noble one he would put them in), he is stumped. This is why Latter's honour is corrupt: he clamours for the truth, but when he is confronted with it he is stumped.

The narrators of the second trilogy rarely come together in sympathy. When they come together, it is a conscious manipulation of one by the other that occurs. It is also a

another bit and try to "convert it" so that they would be able to work together. (PG, p. 374)

To Nina's curious way of thinking, and in the world presented by this trilogy, relationships between people do not result in a sharing of feelings, but in a corruption of minds. Techniques of managing others must be adopted so that peace and order is maintained.

Cary describes, in his essay "A Novelist and His Public", politics and religion as ways in which our lives are ordered:

. . . there have to be politics and religion to give some form to [the] world. We need not swallow the whole of a party's politics or the whole of a church's creed, but they have to be there to give that party and that church a form, otherwise they would not exist, and it is good for us that they should be there to define our position. They make sense and order in the chaos of actual events. We need them to make sense of our own lives. (SE, p. 145)

Each individual makes order for his or her self through an effort of his or her individual creative mind. But conflict necessarily arises when sympathy or instinctive feeling is not present to make people appreciate the right each individual has to creative freedom. Politics pervades the lives of these narrators to such an extent that they only know how to actively make their individual realities or 'define their own positions' by consuming (or literally eliminating, in the case of *Latter*) the positions of others.



### Conclusion

This thesis makes no claim to be a complete study of Cary's trilogies. It is concerned only with examining one aspect of Cary's moral philosophy as it is expressed in the first-person narratives of the trilogies. While the theme of conflict between thinking and feeling could very well stand as a basis on which to build an examination of the larger issue of 'the paradox of human freedom', this has only been mentioned in passing in relation to the tragedy and creativity that result from independence of mind. All of Cary's fiction, especially his African novels, would have to be considered in a full examination of the paradox of human freedom which most critics justifiably find at the heart of Cary's work.

The six first-person narratives that compose the two trilogies show, on the surface, "six styles: six metaphorical structures, six schemes of syntax, six kinds of interior monologue--indeed six worlds."<sup>1</sup> But while Cary has endowed each of the six narrators with a distinctive style, it is his ordered attitude toward thinking and feeling that predominates. Each trilogy, itself offering three points of view, makes a different statement.

The first trilogy, especially The Horse's Mouth, was favourably, even enthusiastically received, primarily because of the humour<sup>2</sup> and the sympathy evoked for the narrators. The optimism present in the first trilogy has

gained Cary a reputation for positive belief in mankind.

"He didn't believe in original sin at all" says Dame Helen Gardner. "He believed in original goodness".<sup>3</sup> According to Wright "Cary does not believe that twentieth-century man can acquiesce in what Orwell so grimly prophesies [in 1984]."<sup>4</sup> We are only given glimpses of the potential for tragedy through 'aleness in mind' in the first trilogy, as it makes a strong case for each individual's ability to deal with what he or she is up against.

The second trilogy shows another aspect of Cary's moral philosophy. It is less optimistic in its statement. Perhaps it indicates that by the time Cary completed it, his earlier reservations about the potential for tragedy in individual experience had developed into a conviction that the balance between thinking and feeling, which each individual must strive for in order to keep despair and chaos at bay, is very precarious, and indeed, for some, impossible to maintain. The second trilogy expresses a fear on Cary's part: the very thing that allows individual freedom can be the greatest threat to human society: "He fears for what man may do with his imagination."<sup>5</sup>

But the general pattern that becomes evident when reading Cary's nonfiction in conjunction with his fiction is that, though he strictly avoids didacticism in his fiction, he believed one can only make sense of life by consuming and processing ideas, and he felt that each individual can only

order his or her life by maintaining independence of mind. We can glean, then, without being told, that the very act of writing, indeed all artistic endeavor, in its appeal to feeling, is an attempt on the part of the writer or artist to come together with others by sharing his ideas and intuitions: ". . . it is an artist's job to break crusts; or let us say, rather, that artists who work for the public and not merely for themselves are interested in breaking crusts because they want to communicate their intuitions" ("On the Function of the Novelist", SE, p. 152).

## Notes

### Introduction

<sup>1</sup> See Andrew Wright, Joyce Cary: A Preface to his Novels (London, 1958).

<sup>2</sup> See B. Evan Owen, "The Supremacy of the Individual in the Novels of Joyce Cary", Adam International Review XVIII (Nov.-Dec. 1950).

<sup>3</sup> "Your form is your meaning, and your meaning dictates the form" (Cary, "An Interview with Joyce Cary", SE, p. 5); "Meaning is form, and form is meaning" ("A Novelist and his Public", SE, p. 145).

<sup>4</sup> Cary claims he writes "the scenes that carry the meaning of the book[s]" first. The example he gives of such a scene is "that at the railway station, when Nimmo stops his wife from running away by purely moral pressure." Such scenes, once written, "have defined my meaning, given form to the book". Cary then "work[s] over the whole surface" ("An Interview with Joyce Cary", SE, p. 12).

<sup>5</sup> Hazard Adams, Joyce Cary's Trilogies: Pursuit of the Particular Real (Florida, 1983), p. 69.

<sup>6</sup> "The Novelist at Work: A Conversation Between Joyce Cary and Lord David Cecil", Adam International Review XVIII (Nov.-Dec. 1950), p. 18.

## Chapter One

<sup>1</sup> Andrew Wright, Joyce Cary: A Preface to his Novels (London, 1958), p. 46.

<sup>2</sup> B. Evan Owen, "The Supremacy of the Individual in the Novels of Joyce Cary", Adam International Review XVIII (Nov.-Dec. 1950), p. 29.

<sup>3</sup> This is such an important phrase for Cary that it is not only used frequently by him, but is also used by his critics and interviewers. Essentially it means "the free mind, the creative imagination, in everlasting conflict with facts, including its own machinery, its own tools" (Art and Reality, p. 7). Adams maintains that in Cary's speculative writings, "the 'real' is really whatever any character comes up against, including that character's own selfhood . . ." (Adams, p. 2). In an interview with John Burrow and Alex Hamilton, Cary says of a woman he saw on a steamer and wanted to write about: ". . . I imagined her as sensitive and intelligent, and up against it" (SE, p. 13). Finally, Jimson puts the phrase in its appropriate context. When musing on the beauty of Sara's upper arm as portrayed in his painting, he says: "Yes, I said to myself, when you see a piece of stuff like that, spontaneous, it brings you bang up against the facts of life. Which are beauty, and so on" (HM, p. 123).

<sup>4</sup> Hazard Adams, Joyce Cary's Trilogies: Pursuit of the Particular Real (Florida, 1983), p. 77.

<sup>5</sup> Cary, in a letter, as quoted by Malcolm Foster, Joyce Cary: A Biography (Boston, 1968), p. 382.

<sup>6</sup> There are several examples of this. In his distaste for "modern girls" and their makeup, he lectures Ann when he notices her wearing makeup, telling her her face looks like "a chamber pot crudely daubed with raspberry jam" (TBP, p. 18). Having no experience of marriage himself, he sees fit to lecture Ann on the virtues of marriage, telling her how she should behave and what she should expect (TBP, pp. 109-110). He frequently tries to insist on certain methods of child-rearing with regard to Ann and Robert's son, especially when it comes to religious education (TBP, pp. 88-90).

<sup>7</sup> Andrew Wright, Joyce Cary: A Preface to his Novels, p. 55.

<sup>8</sup> Wilcher says to Sara: "I talk too much about religion and forget that it is not a matter of words, but faith and works and vision" (HS, p. 189). Understanding "religion" in a general sense, this sounds very much like Cary himself.

<sup>9</sup> Hazard Adams, Joyce Cary's Trilogies, p. 23.

<sup>10</sup> Ibid., p. 24.

<sup>11</sup> Ibid., p. 62.

<sup>12</sup> Ibid., pp. 102-105.

<sup>13</sup> "The Novelist at Work: A Conversation Between Joyce Cary and Lord David Cecil", Adam International Review XVIII (Nov.-Dec. 1950), p. 21.

<sup>14</sup> Hazard Adams, Joyce Cary's Trilogies, p. 124.

15 "It is very late, but Tom Wilcher has given himself up to life at last." Malcolm Foster, Joyce Cary: A Biography, p. 389.

16 "The Novelist at Work: A Conversation Between Joyce Cary and Lord David Cecil", p. 21.

17 Malcolm Foster, Joyce Cary: A Biography, p. 385.

18 "The Novelist at Work: A Conversation Between Joyce Cary and Lord David Cecil", p. 22.

19 Joyce Cary, A House of Children (London, 1951), pp. 66-67.

20 Ibid., p. 67.

21 Hazard Adams, Joyce Cary's Trilogies, p. 20.

22 Ibid., p. 19.

23 This is the verse as it appears in William Blake's "Rosetti" Ms.: Everyman, p. 385; Keynes, III, 61. Jimson alters the first line according to the context in which he quotes it. Speaking sympathetically of his sister Jenny he alters the first line to read "The angel that presided at her birth" (HM, p. 156). At the end of the book, the lines of the verse are split up, and ironic commentary appears between the lines, with regard to Jimson's own life: "The angel, in fact, that presided at my birth--her name was old Mother Groper or something like that--village midwife. Worn-out tart from the sailor's knocking shop. Said, little creature born of joy and mirth . . ." The last line is followed by ". . . and that's real horse meat" (HM, p. 375).

24 Cary says: "Gulley Jimson in his book is accepting the aesthetic God . . . When he says this is pure horsemeat, you see, the horse's mouth is the mouth of God, the voice of God as known to an artist." Nathan Cohen, "A Conversation with Joyce Cary", Tamarack Review, No. 3 (Spring 1975), p. 9.

25 Cary, as quoted by Andrew Wright, Joyce Cary: A Preface to his Novels, p. 40.

26 From Cary's unpublished material in the Osborn Collection of the Bodleian Library, Oxford University, as quoted by Hazard Adams, Joyce Cary's Trilogies, p. 5.

27 Hazard Adams, Joyce Cary's Trilogies, p. 5.

28 This is quite noticeable in the first trilogy only, and it is especially noticeable in Sara's narrative. Immediately after Jimson deserts her she is bustling around the house in order to distract herself, when she 'feels' something wrong: some meat has rotted in the cupboard. The point is that her immediate reaction is not to think something is wrong. The rotten meat is, of course, symbolic (HS, pp. 134-135). At one point in her relationship with Wilcher she has "the feeling that he was going to propose marriage . . . [she] felt it was coming" (HS, p. 172). Jimson, in his narrative, doesn't think ideas, he feels them (p. 276). When being harrassed by Pepper Pot he says: "I couldn't help feeling that plots were going on. And I didn't want to feel them just now" (HM, p. 353).

29 A House of Children, p. 67.



30 Hazard Adams, Joyce Cary's Trilogies, p. 139.

31 Cary, as quoted by Andrew Wright, Joyce Cary: A Preface to his Novels, p. 40.

32 Dennis Hall, Joyce Cary: A Reappraisal (London, 1983), p. 74.

## Chapter Two

<sup>1</sup> Hazard Adams, Introduction to Power in Men (Seattle, 1963), p. xxx.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., p. xxii.

<sup>3</sup> Professor Molly Mahood, interviewed by David Lytton in "Joyce Cary and his Vision of Life", BBC Radio Three, June 27, 1977.

<sup>4</sup> Andrew Wright, Joyce Cary: A Preface to his Novels (London, 1958), p. 139.

<sup>5</sup> Robert Bloom, The Indeterminate World: A Study of the Novels of Joyce Cary (Philadelphia, 1962).

<sup>6</sup> John S.J. Teeling, "Joyce Cary's Moral World", Modern Fiction Studies IX (Autumn 1963), p. 279.

<sup>7</sup> Hazard Adams, Joyce Cary's Trilogies: Pursuit of the Particular Real (Florida, 1983), p. 24.

<sup>8</sup> Aside from the fact that Nina repeatedly declares her hatred for politics (p. 22, p. 54), she really cannot think in a 'political' way: "(. . . I never could quite get used to seeing any person as a 'political problem'; I thought the phrase was just part of the special language talked by

political people). . ." (PG, p. 148). Many of the arguments Nina and Chester have early on in their marriage stem from her inability to see her upbringing and position in a political context and a different one from Nimmo's, as Nimmo naturally does:

. . . he suddenly grew very excited and said that he was not blaming me, but 'of course' I was on the other side--my whole life and education had been different. I had never been poor.

'You don't know what class is,' he said . . .

Of course, I wanted to deny all this as absolute nonsense. I specially hated . . . to be put in another 'class'. (PG, p. 33)

In Not Honour More she tells Latter: "I'm not really a politico, you know" (p. 127).

Aside from the fact that Latter also repeatedly declares his hatred for politics, he is, as Nina and Nimmo believe, "a political idiot" (NHM, p. 215).

<sup>9</sup> Andrew Wright, Joyce Cary: A Preface to his Novels, pp. 33-34.

<sup>10</sup> Each of the narrators determinedly justifies his or her own behaviour by claiming, in their own ways, that the power of the thing they are up against is greater than their resistance to it. In Nina's case it is Nimmo. In Nimmo's case it is the nature of society, as he sees it. In Latter's case it is 'the truth'. The phrase "so-called bigger things" is derived from Latter's narrative, in which he endows his cause with more importance than any other: he defends his

first shooting attempt on Nimmo with: "This is something bigger than politics . . . when a man has to defend his home and his honour against a canting crook, the lowest of them all . . ." (NHM, p. 13). Still trying to get a shot at Nimmo later, yet being deliberately detained by Nimmo's supporters outside Nimmo's door, he explains his presence: "'I agree about a national emergency but it's been going on for fifty years. It's a lot deeper than politics . . .'" (NHM, p. 42). Finally, Latter recalls the moment just before he murders Nina:

She kept staring at me and saying she was ready to die but she didn't quite believe we couldn't go on as before--she wanted to so much. She couldn't understand she was up against something bigger than either of us or anyone's happiness. The truth. (NHM, p. 221)

11 Nathan Cohen, "A Conversation with Joyce Cary", Tamarack Review No. 3 (Spring 1957), p. 13.

12 "Jim here unconsciously discloses what has been true of him all his life, that he has a kind of simplicity which makes him in both private and public politics lamentably stupid." Andrew Wright, Joyce Cary: A Preface to his Novels, p. 152.

13 Hazard Adams, Joyce Cary's Trilogies, p. 186.

14 An example of Latter's point-form narrative style is:

What a fearful situation! Unemployed won't swallow any more wind. Want bread. Councillors running about like hens in a thunderstorm, with faces spreading alarm and despondency. Telling each other,

'I told you so. It's all so-and-so's fault, for not talking the right slush.' Lady secretaries making tea like mad. Four members of Watch Committee arguing with Chief Constable . . . (NHM, p. 15)

15 "How can a man, seeking his own way through the individual world of his individual experience, walk on the party line? He must be true to himself, or he will not give truth to others, the only truth he can give, his own experience." Cary, as quoted by Andrew Wright, Joyce Cary: A Preface to his Novels, p. 40.

16 Hazard Adams, Joyce Cary's Trilogies, p. 158.

17 Ibid., p. 191.

18 The book was called Prisoner of Grace because Nina was held to her husband by her sense that he was on the whole a good man. She recoiled from destroying his career because she felt that he was trying to do right. It has been objected that she was not a prisoner of grace in any true sense, because her motive was selfish, she was afraid to spoil her happiness by a crime. But, after all, this means that she is the kind of person who is afraid of guilt, and such people are not in fact bad people. You may call her a pleasure-lover, played upon and used by a clever adventurer. But everyone loves pleasure, everyone who is worth anything is an adventurer. (Cary, Preface to Prisoner of Grace, p. 6)

19 Hazard Adams, Joyce Cary's Trilogies, p. 157.

20 Andrew Wright, Joyce Cary: A Preface to his Novels, p. 198.

21 Ibid., p. 142.

22 Hazard Adams, Joyce Cary's Trilogies, p. 157.

23 The villagers' opinions are responsible for Nimmo senior's loss of income and cottage:

But afterwards he went round the village telling this story and asking the people what he should do. Must he send Cran away or should he let my father go? It is a cruel truth that, as we were soon informed, many in the village, whom we had thought devoted to my father both as man and pastor, advised Fred not to be put upon. (EL, p. 203)

Upon Nimmo's sister Georgina's decision to remain in the family home to look after their father rather than go off with Will, Nimmo is aware of the different ways in which this decision reflects on the individual members of the family from the villagers' points of view:

The village was divided on this point, according to their religious views. Some considered my father a selfish and narrow-minded old man who was wrecking his daughter's life, others that he was a saint for whom it was a privilege to work. But no-one found Georgina's decision strange. (EL, p. 220)

24 Nimmo was then a very good-looking young man, who appeared about twenty-six or seven (he was really, as I found out afterwards, nearly thirty-four), with a pink and white complexion and thick curly brown hair. His eyes were a true brown, as brown as peat water, and he had a very good mouth and chin. His figure, too, though small, was very well made, and he had beautiful hands. (PG, p. 18)

25 Andrew Wright, Joyce Cary: A Preface to his Novels, p. 149.

26 Cary, as quoted by Andrew Wright, Joyce Cary: A Preface to his Novels, p. 149.

<sup>27</sup> Hazard Adams, Joyce Cary's Trilogies, p. 218.

<sup>28</sup> Robert Bloom, The Indeterminate World: A Study of the Novels of Joyce Cary, p. 180.

#### Conclusion

<sup>1</sup> Andrew Wright, Joyce Cary: A Preface to his Novels (London, 1958), p. 109.

<sup>2</sup> When asked why it is that "practically everyone" has read The Horse's Mouth, Cary said ". . . they like it because it's funny" ("An Interview with Joyce Cary", SE, p. 13).

<sup>3</sup> Dame Helen Gardner, interviewed by David Lytton in "Joyce Cary and his Vision of Life", BBC Radio Three, June 27, 1977.

<sup>4</sup> Andrew Wright, Joyce Cary: A Preface to his Novels, p. 41.

<sup>5</sup> Hazard Adams, Joyce Cary's Trilogies: Pursuit of the Particular Real (Florida, 1983), p. 7.

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