

58cm

UNITY IN PATRICK WHITE'S RIDERS IN THE CHARIOT

THE PRINCIPLE OF UNITY

IN

PATRICK WHITE'S NOVEL

RIDERS IN THE CHARIOT

BY

ROYSTON MARK TESTER, B.A.

A Thesis

Submitted to the School of Graduate Studies

in Partial Fulfilment of the Requirements

for the Degree

Master of Arts

McMaster University

November, 1979

MASTER OF ARTS (1979)
(English)

McMASTER UNIVERSITY
Hamilton, Ontario

TITLE: The Principle of Unity in Patrick White's Novel,
Riders in the Chariot

AUTHOR: Royston Mark Tester, B.A. (University of Essex)

SUPERVISOR: Dr. M. Aziz

NUMBER OF PAGES: x, 163

ABSTRACT

Our thesis quests for unity. Under such a hue we will investigate Patrick White's novel, Riders in the Chariot, by analyzing its structure, the texture of the language, and the subject matter.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

There are many people I would like to thank for their assistance in preparing the thesis. Dr. M. Aziz of the Department of English at McMaster University, for his patient and considered supervision, and Professor G. B. Wallace and Dr. P. Walton, his colleagues in the Department of Art and Art History who made useful suggestions.

I am also grateful to Mr. Michael Carmen of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, Melbourne, for his reminiscences of a night spent with Patrick White in a Sydney bus station (in vino veritas)--a helpful perspective indeed. My gratitude also extends to Ms. Pat Young, bowed with the enormous burden of typing and collating, she may now enjoy life again, after six months.

Most importantly, however, my indebtedness is, as ever, to Mark and Marjorie Tester, my parents, to whom I dedicate this study.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	<u>Page No.</u>
Preface	vi
Chapter I - A Principle of Structural Unity	I
Chapter I - Footnotes	34
Chapter II - A Moment's Sensation - The Language and its Texture	47
Chapter II - Footnotes	84
Chapter III - A 'Corridor' of Subject Matter . . .	93
Chapter III - Footnotes	117
Epilogue	123
Epilogue - Footnotes	125
Appendix I	126
Appendix II	128
Bibliography	160

PREFACE

The unity of Riders in the Chariot is a particularly fascinating phenomenon which glints at the reader from every conceivable angle. In three chapters, the thesis will unveil but three of the angles--structure, language, and subject matter. In exploring the nature of each topic, we will expose a principle of unity there, which enriches our understanding of the preoccupations of the novel.

By examining the dualistic nature (oscillating and spiralling) of the structure of Riders in the Chariot, we are pursuing what in White's other novels¹ is often a simple principle of antinomy. The investigation of the structural model of Riders in the Chariot is merited by the complex and subtle manner in which its form exposes an image, which is important in our understanding of the novel's conception of a sense of identity. The image also embraces part of Ezekiel's vision in its description of a wheel--the vision is central to the glimpses of a chariot, shared by the four 'illuminati', Mary Hare, Himmelfarb, Alf Dubbo, and Mrs. Godbold.

In studying the texture of the language, we likewise witness unity, but here beneath the kaleidoscope of image patterns. The 'feel' of the language emerges from the explorations undergone by the imagery--so deep and intricate are their threads that even single words may be endowed with a particular sensitivity. Herein lies the distinctive texture of the language in Riders in the Chariot. Elsewhere², the

effectiveness of White's language has been somewhat erratic and unpredictable---a condition that is overcome in Riders in the Chariot without bland uniformity and reduced detail, but by regulating the 'temperature' of the language. This is achieved through the controlled but intensive use of consistent patterns of imagery. Thus, through the fusion and accumulation of tangible and intangible images, we see a unity which evokes one single image (within it we may see many other forms) which emanates an essence, central, again, to the thematic interests of the novel.

The subject matter of Riders in the Chariot is extensive, but not without a unifying form to girdle it. The use of words, intuitive communication, quest, and the nature of truth are examined in a way that exposes their connectedness along a path (from the everyday and the text), to the more essential (beyond the everyday, and beneath the text). The themes of Riders in the Chariot are explored elsewhere³, but here, the nature of White's investigation is such that he unifies the topics, so that they echo a structural form which again announces the essence of being.

By exploring these three aspects of Riders in the Chariot, we will see how complex and detailed are their organization and content, yet how simple is the principle of unity that beats within.

PREFACE - Footnotes

¹In Happy Valley, the narrative rests upon the contrasting and paralleling of events and characters; and therein are two contrasting and triangular love affairs.

Each of the epigraphs to the three parts of The Aunt's Story proposes a tension between opposites, that the characters attempt to resolve. Epigraph one opposes distance or isolation to nearness, or communication with others (Olive Schreiner). The second places fragmentation against unity (Henry Miller), and the third sets madness against sanity, appearance versus reality. Thus it is that in part three when Theodora's life becomes most real, society brands her mad.

The form of The Tree of Man approaches that of Riders in the Chariot when the notion of quaternity occurs. The four parts of Tree are based upon associations with the four stages of life from childhood to old age, the seasons, and the movement from morning to evening. Its other structural movement is the inner quest suggested in terms of innocence, experience, hell and heaven--it anticipates a preoccupation that in Riders becomes a more sophisticated spiralling motion.

In The Solid Mandala, which appeared five years after Riders, the mandala and the quaternity are the two predominating images, but the structural model does not so dynamically reflect them. The simple tension between polarities is rejoined in The Solid Mandala after the structural 'activity' of Riders.

And in The Eye of the Storm, a simple pattern emerges in the slow passing of the day in Part I, and the evolution of the seasons in Part II.

²White was clearly interested in the resources of language, as early as Happy Valley. Here, though, his occasional 'appearances', "How Ethel married we will keep till later on" (White, Happy Valley, 63), and his sometimes commonplace statements, "satisfactory answers are generally scarce" (p. 42) meant that otherwise sharp perceptions were somewhat eroded.

In The Aunt's Story, White moves closer to developing a texture much akin to that of the language of D. H. Lawrence. But V. Buckley has pointed to the risk of establishing texture in this way:

White shows again and again that tendency which has so often been taken for mere mannerism but which is actually an inordinate (and perhaps defensive) insistence on

textures. He is, I think, a victim of mysticism of objects--or, better still, a mysticism of sensations. Far too many things, objects, are presented as revelations; and it is through an unremitting concern with sensation that they are so presented.

(Vincent Buckley, "The Novels of Patrick White", The Literature of Australia, ed. Geoffrey Dutton (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1964), 417.)

Buckley provides the following example to illustrate the point:

This house was still comfortable with sleep. But the bronze cock flaunted his metal throat and crowed. Somewhere a voice tore itself from a sheet. A thin, dark, perhaps an Indian woman, or a Mexican, lifted her head and looked, rising out of deep darkness, Theodora saw. Theodora looked away thinking that she recognized her own soul in the woman's deep face.

The bronze cock was screaming. Voices came from kitchens, prominent voices, because they were still feeling their way, and cold because every morning is the first.

(White, The Aunt's Story, 312)

This is unmistakably fine, but only a rigid control keeps it from inanity. It is ironic that where in his mature novels White fails it is because the prose which is so insistently used to discriminate, define and value things surrenders to the endless flow of their textures and so ends by blurring the distinctions between them.

(Buckley, Literature of Australia, 417-418)

In Riders in the Chariot, White has avoided the threshold of inanity by establishing more intricate patterns of imagery into which objects and revelation more readily blend.

³The juxtaposing of opposites is an ubiquitous 'container' for subject matter. In The Aunt's Story, for example, Holstius talks of "illusion and reality", "life and death" (p. 293) and it is in this mode that the themes are explored. In The Solid Mandala such a tension between opposites is proffered with the twins, and in The Eye of the Storm a dualism is suggested in the "dichotomy of earthbound flesh and aspiring spirit" (p. 209).

The notion of quest occurs vividly in The Aunt's Story as both a physical journey, and inner search--this anticipates the concern of the four protagonists of Riders in the Chariot. In Voss, too, a similar journeying is undergone by the explorer, Voss, and the idea of 'knowingness' or intuitive communication is exposed in his telepathic relationship with Laura. But these preoccupations lack the distinguishing structural principle of Riders in the Chariot, whereby the 'telescopic/microscopic' handling of subject matter means that instead of a lateral balancing of opposing notions, we delve inward. In broaching one subject, we pass through it, deep into another topic until we arrive at the nature of truth.

CHAPTER I
A PRINCIPLE OF STRUCTURAL UNITY

Patrick White has borne much criticism for his "mannered" and "stilted"¹ Riders in the Chariot--its "sprawling lobes"², its fragmented and "jerkily disparate details"³, and its "clumsy flashbacks"⁴, are but few of the goat-pellets laid at his door. Such a critical malaise, distorting what is a wholeness in Riders in the Chariot, severely overlooks a principle of structural unity that has there been evolved. The dualistic nature of the structure is such that it flawlessly accommodates the novel's arrangement and preoccupations. Ultimately, the two mechanisms of the structural process merge, and we are presented with the very membrane that embraces all; the oscillation and spiralling of the structural model is contained within a single image that, too, announces the form of a sense of identity, and expresses the essence of a chariot vision.

The four principal characters, Mary Hare, Himmelfarb, Alf Dubbo, and Mrs. Godbold, are inextricably linked⁵ through their shared and ever-increasing glimpses of the vision of a chariot, their presented histories, present behaviour, and their questing for an 'otherness'⁶ of which they feel ignorant.

Let us first consider the nature of these initial glimpses of the vision and, thus, the mode of the riders' connectedness here. Peculiar to each character's experience is the presence of light--great light, fire even. Illumination and blindness merge within the moment

to exacerbate the sense of a blurred revelation. A memorable incident in Mary Hare's childhood, during one of White's ubiquitous sunsets, is soaked in golden light--she becomes a "red girl" (p. 26), anticipating the 'fiery furnace' scene of Himmelfarb's burning house, as she confronts the "almost vulnerable" eyes of her father "in the dazzle from the sun." For Mary, the encounter is "not altogether pleasant"; she feels "alarmingly exposed"--sensations that suggest the anguished nature of the search she makes for a fuller vision that, in her isolated adulthood with Mrs. Godbold in Xanadu, is still:

. . . a confusion of light, at most
an outline of vague and fiery pain.

"Never," complained Miss Hare. "Never.
Never. As if I were not intended to
discover."

Whereupon she succeeded in twisting
herself upright. (p. 73)

The wormlike twisting points to her sense of restlessness, and at least signifies a faith--"faith is never faith unless it is to be wrestled with." (p. 143). She recognizes that her experience is something her mind does not comprehend, and it is her intuition that must bear the burden of understanding.

Himmelfarb's experience of the chariot is likewise involved with light, and is a blurred vision. Browsing in Rutkowitz's overflowing bookshop, behind Bienenstadt University, "In the stillness of the dusk and the light from one electric bulb" (p. 148), leafing through old books and manuscripts, he reads, ". . . the love of service burns in his heart . . . the flame of heartfelt love leaps within All his thoughts burn with the fire of love for Him" (p. 148). "Burns", "flame . . . leaps", "burn", "fire"--these words brand themselves upon his

imagination and, later at home, a prelude to vision occurs when his wife walks past him, "As the wind her nightdress made . . . stirred the papers uppermost on her husband's desk"⁷ (p. 149). It is after this that Himmelfarb's perceptions waft, earnestly, for the sight of the riders' expression, and an explanation for the shadowy 'Chariot of Redemption' he thinks he has seen. But Mordecai's dry, cerebral approach lags behind his spiritual longing⁸

. . . for the ascent into an ecstasy
 so cool and green that his own desert
 would drink the heavenly moisture.
 Still, his forehead of skin and bone
 continued to burn with what could have
 been a circlet of iron. (p. 150)

Again this is a branding reference, and an echo of Blake's A Divine

Image:

The Human Dress, is forged Iron,
 The Human Form, a fiery Forge,
 The Human Face, a Furnace seal'd
 The Human Heart, its hungry Gorge.⁹

There is, too, a suggestion of molten forms in "his soul absorbed into the entity of his own upright leather chair, his knuckles carved out of oak": an idea of fusion, and with it, paralysis. His sight is, as yet, limited and so a potentially fluid moment is arrested in wood. Interestingly, wood, in its susceptibility to fire, suggests that illumination and destruction are synonymous. Himmelfarb's desire to quench a fiery spiritual longing lends him such an orientation.

Significantly, too, when the Jew is once awoken "to receive a messenger of light" or "resist the dark dissembler", he is confronted by his own fluctuating image, "as though in fire or water." His dizzy response to the distorted mirror image is to "struggle and sway inside

the column of his body."¹⁰ until he toppled forward, and was saved further anguish by hitting his head on the edge of a desk. This elliptical movement echoes the "twisting" motion of Mary Hare, and signifies Himmelfarb's desperate attempt to squirm from the notion that "Reason finally holds a gun at its head--and does not always miss." (p. 41) The sound of his head on wood suggests a physical effort at the imaginative fusion partially achieved earlier, in the leather chair. It also mocks the sound of the gunshot that his distress so dangerously taunts.

When Alf Dubbo, the aboriginal artist, meets the chariot as he is perusing the work of a French painter, his response is an immediate and devastating vision. In the painting, Dubbo sees a rising chariot, behind wooden horses, "along the pathway of the sun". In his germinating imagination, from wood he envisions "fire flowing" and "dropping sparks. Or stars." Significantly, he announces that "Everything would move in my picture. Because that is the way it ought to be." (p. 354) The vision, however, is yet blurred, for Dubbo does not, like Himmelfarb, see the expression on the riders' faces, the chariot remains "tinny", and the figures stand "stiff." He is to pass his life haunted by this glimpsed magnificence, and determined to express it in paint; hence his guardian's remark:

"You are the regular little artist!"
the rector accused, and laughed against
his painful teeth.

"Fire and light are movement," the boy
persisted. (p. 354)

Anticipated is the notion of momentum within the artistic whole; in this particular case, movement is suggested in colour.

The light of Mrs. Godbold's epiphany, as a child in the winter fens, is embellished with music. As the golden ladders rise in her vision, the organ plays on. The sound is solid and powerful:

She had never heard anything like this, and was at first frightened to accept what she was experiencing. The organ lashed together the bars of music until there was a whole shining scaffolding of sound. (pp. 262-263)

The "bars of music", like the rector's teeth, and the branched cage that shelters Mary Hare and Himmelfarb, suggests a canopy beneath which lurks a truth that is seeping out, or is awaiting exposure--this outward movement of truth from behind bars, or its inward flowing into a cage of branches suggest initial incisions into a chariot-like shield. The precious rider¹¹ is both aggressor and recipient within the shield as it moves along a trajectory towards 'ripeness'.

The intensity of the moment is further heightened by a man standing near Ruth Joyner (Mrs. Godbold), who coughs "through a lot of phlegm" (p. 262), reminiscent of Mary Hare's "congested turkey" sensation in times of stress. The moment is further punctuated in sound, as was Himmelfarb's with his banging head, when, on extracting herself from the man, Ruth's chair "shrieked like slate-pencils on the paving"--we are startled by another 'earthly' sound that marks the subsiding of visionary music, and the passing of the moment.

Interestingly, it is in Ruth Joyner's childhood that a clue is given for her tardiness, as Mrs. Godbold, in 'accepting' the image of the chariot¹². When haymaking with her brother Rob, she witnesses his falling beneath the wheels of the Salters' cart at Martensfield:

. . . life, that ordinarily slack and harmless coil, became a fist, which was aiming at her personally. It hit her in the chest, it seemed. There was Rob, slipping, laughing, slithering, all wooden arms and legs, as the haymakers watched the slow scene. There was Rob lying on the field, his white eyelids. Herself watching. As the wheel of minutes ground. His mouth had hardly finished laughing in time for the teeth to protest a little. They might have been grains of unripe corn. As the wheel of the cart trundled, lurched. Then the girl, whose strong back could formerly have held off the weight of the whole world, was tearing at iron, wood, stubble. She was holding in her hands the crushed melon that had been her brother's head. In the dying field. (p. 264)

Rob's "wooden arms and legs" mark him out as an innocent, and "unmolested"¹³. It is a wheel that grinds his head, and scatters the teeth¹⁴ that could not protest, or contain the expiring laughter. The cart anticipates the furious intensity of the chariot vision, and the force with which it inflicts itself upon the individual. Rob is left a 'charred' husk¹⁵, so to speak, in the wake of its fury. Unlike Himmelfarb, Ruth does not swoon, but digs for the "crushed melon"--a practical, unemotional response that permeates her approach to 'ripening', for which her brother's head is an ominous trophy¹⁶.

Intimacy and sensuality are clearly associated with these early glimpses of vision, particularly for the young Mrs. Godbold, and Mary Hare. Before his vision, the arid Himmelfarb feels his wife's kiss on the back of his neck as she leaves (p. 150), and Alf Dubbo, in his early attempts at painting, is constantly 'interfered' with by both Mr. Calderon (pp. 358-359) and the attentive Mrs. Pask: "Oil paints lead to so much that is sensual" (p. 357)

When the young Miss Hare is subjected to her father's "fondling" (p. 26), "his mouth still wet and shining from his recent experience" (brandy tasting), she attributes it to his "temporary silliness and loss of control" reducing him to "the level of herself and dogs."

She was reminded of a pair of black-and-white spaniels she had seen lolloping and playing together, too silly¹⁷ to help themselves. (p. 26)

The experience is both a liberating and a menacing one¹⁸--an ambivalence that is brought to fruition when father and 'molested' daughter stand, at sunset, beneath "the great swinging trace-chains of its light." Whether beneath dribbled pearls of perception or paternal emission, White has evoked the particularity of the moment for the girl as she writhes out of inexperience¹⁹.

Behaviour of a similar kind accompanies Ruth Joyner's vision of "heavenly scaffolding" (p. 262). It is during this encounter that she feels "bliss, surging, rising".

Her courage failed before the summit, at which she must step right off, into space, crash amongst the falling matchsticks or be lifted out of sight forever. For an instant she floated on a cloud of indecision, soothed by the infinitely kind fingers.

So, in the end, when the organ stopped she was dazed and sweating. She felt foolish, for her tears, and her recovered awkwardness. And for a strange gentleman who was looking at her. (p. 262)

Again, foreboding accompanies illumination, but within the moment, the wooden and "falling matchsticks" surrealistically, by reversal, anticipate the emission of arrows in Mrs. Godbold's ultimate understanding of

"'Multiplication!'" (p. 539). In the meanwhile, Ruth remains floating "in a cloud of indecision." The experience, like the vision, is but a glimpse; a malformed, yet magnificent outline.

The profusion of matchsticks also points to the notion of excess that accompanies these early encounters. Two Blakean 'Proverbs of Hell'²⁰ remind us that "The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom," and that "Exuberance is Beauty."²¹ As the red luminosity of Miss Hare's vision transforms the scene, so we learn:

The urns on the terrace were running
over, she remembered, with cascades
of a little milky flower, which would
shimmer through darkness like falls of
moonlight. (p. 26)

Like the throbbing pulse that ravaged Ruth Joyner, and the ladders that "extended and extended" (p. 263), so Mary Hare's vision occurs in a moment depicted in terms of eruption and overflow. Himmelfarb comes to find such visionary exuberance a great impediment to his understanding:

Just when I think I have understood,
I discover some fresh form--so many--
streaming with implications. There is
the Throne of God, for instance. That
is obvious enough--all gold and chryso-
prase, and jasper. Then there is the
Chariot of Redemption, much more shadowy,
poignant, personal. And the faces of the
riders. I cannot begin to see the
expression of the faces. (pp. 149-150)

Thus, in all the vision's ostentatious fury, again there is obscured sight, as beneath the stately Victorian domes of Xanadu there is but the bleak "folly"²² of Miss Hare's ignorance.

Finally, it is isolation that marks out an arena for these four characters to indulge their particular insights, and 'wild' behaviour.

Alf Dubbo is cast adrift from an aboriginal peer group, his natural parents, and local white people of his own age; isolated in this way, his move to existential solitude is but a light step.

Mary Hare is relieved "to be alone at last, able to look at, and touch, and smell whatever she saw, without danger of being asked by her parents for explanations" (p. 26). Her relief also demonstrates her freedom to be inquisitive and silent. Selection becomes a vital part of her method of search:

"I do not like the off-side mare,"
he complained.

"Must replace the off-side front.
She moves lame, without her being lame
at all."

For he required perfection in horses,
as in everything, and usually got it,
except in human beings.

. . . Yet, the father's rather oblique
remark, made when he was drunk, and
uttered with the detachment and harshness
of male egotism, encouraged the daughter
to expect of life some ultimate revelation.
Years after, when his stature was even
further diminished in her memory, her mind
would venture in foxy fashion, or more
blunderingly wormlike, in search of a
concealed truth. If fellowship with
Himmelfarb and Mrs. Godbold, and perhaps
her brief communion with a certain black-
fellow, would confirm rather than expound
a mystery, the reason could be that, in
the last light, illumination is synonymous
with blinding. (p. 27)

She perceives that, ultimately, there may be a perfection of understanding to be achieved²³: her "foxy" muzzling and "wormlike" questing lead her to anticipate the paradox of illumination and blinding. Hers are physical movements that later become the privilege of Mrs. Godbold as she pokes into an understanding of life.

Himmelfarb, too, takes "the path of inwardness":

He could not resist silence, and became morose on evenings when he was prevented from retreating early to his room Mostly he remained at a level of experience where it seemed he was unacceptable as a vessel of experience, and would fall asleep, and wake at cockcrow. (p. 150)

Silence encompasses him, and he moves beyond subscribing to conventional time, and inhabits a 'twilight' world. Thus

He would read, or sit, or draw, idly, automatically, or fidget with different objects, or listen to the sound of silence, and was sometimes, it seemed, transported in diverse directions. (p. 149)

Depicted here is a calm that is not a calm, but a state of being that becomes essential for each of the four in their spiralling path to a fuller vision of the chariot.

Structurally, the novel accommodates the development of the vision, in two ways: firstly, by progressively amplifying and thus clarifying it, and secondly, by moving between the line of the present²⁴ deep into the characters' past, and their questing for an 'otherness'. At once, then, we have a spiralling forward motion²⁵, and a piston-like movement²⁶ that also spins around the fulcrum of the present²⁷.

Amplification and clarification of the chariot vision very often occur when the characters meet: Mary Hare and Himmelfarb tentatively 'discuss' their experiences, but the futility of words, in attempting to convey meaning is implicit in the broken dialogue, and its sense of unhurried musing.

"The Chariot," Miss Hare dared to disturb the silence which had been lowered purposely, like the thickest curtain, on the performance of a life.

She did tremble, though, and pause, sensing she had violated what she had been taught to respect as one of the first principles of conversation: that subjects of personal interest, however vital, are of secondary importance.

"You know about the Chariot, then," she could not resist.

But whispered. But very slow, and low.

It was as eventful as when a prototype has at last identified its kind. Yet, pity restrained her from forcibly **dis-**tracting attention to her own urgent situation, for her mouth was at the same time almost gummed together by all she had suffered in the course of her companion's life. And so, the word she had dared utter hung trembling on the air, like the vision itself, until, on recognition of that vision by a second mind, the two should be made one.

"If we see each other again." The stone man had begun to stir and speak.

The knot of her hands and the pulses in her throat rejected any possibility that their meeting might be a casual one. But, of course, she could not explain, nor was her face of any more assistance than her tongue: in fact, as she herself knew, in moments of stress she could resemble a congested turkey. (p. 169)

The significant moment is stiff with trepidation and unease, as though silence itself were being violated. Yet there is almost a security in their shared 'unknowingness', and also, the merest trace of exhilaration at the prospect of its peeling away to enlightenment²⁸. In conspiratorial tones Miss Hare broaches the subject that most concerns her; her "gummed"

mouth, like the rector's teeth, and Ruth's phlegm-troubled old man, suggest a seeping truth²⁹. From this paralysed state ("the knot of her hands", reminiscent of wood; "the pulses in her throat", her expressionless face of no "more assistance than her tongue" (p. 169)) she emits, like a trumpet of smoke, a word that "hung trembling on the air." As from Rob Joyner's crushed head, it is a paralysed state that proffers a signal, unifying the disciples. But Mary's contempt for words bursts forth when Himmelfarb finally retorts to her question about the chariot:

"Oh, words, words!" she cried,
brushing them off with her freckled
hands. "I do not understand what
they mean. But the chariot," she
conceded, "does exist. I have seen it."
(p. 170)

She, too, is exasperated with Himmelfarb who has found the chariot in books, and understands more than he will tell, which again highlights their agonised communication. Himmelfarb also explains his particular difficulties:

"But not the riders! I cannot
visualize, I do not understand the
riders."

"Do you see everything at once?
My own house is full of things waiting
to be seen. Even quite common objects
are shown to us only when it is time
for them to be."

The Jew was so pleased he wriggled
inside his clothes.

"It is you who are the hidden
zaddik!"

"The what?" she asked.

"In each generation, we say, there
are thirty-six hidden zaddikim--holy
men who go secretly about the world,
healing, interpreting, doing their
good deeds."

She burned, a slow red but did not speak, because his explanation, in spite of reaching her innermost being, did not altogether explain.

"It is even told," continued the Jew, stroking grass, "how the creative light of God poured into the zaddikim. That they are the Chariot of God."

(p. 171)

Significantly, Himmelfarb believes in the inevitability of his coming to "see", and this prospect creates a wormlike wriggling, in the manner of a breaking chrysalis³⁰, and also imitates Mary Hare's "twisting" mentioned earlier. "I have said to the Worm, Thou art my mother and my sister,"³¹ is the Blakean acknowledgement of this form³², as natural guardian and companion. Also, as Himmelfarb thoughtfully strokes the grass³³, he develops a concept of the body (of the zaddikim) as chariot, and light as fluid core, creating momentum, and being its truth. Thus men would be both the form and essence of the chariot. Subsequently, Himmelfarb, "unable to reason", in his house on the Holzgraben, and "drifting for hours in a state between spirit and substance, searching amongst the grey shapes, which just failed to correspond", is taking his place within the chariot, as one of the riders he as yet only dimly sees, because he is one of them.

Revelation, or apocalypse, is constantly suggested as the "doors of perception" are "cleansed"³⁴, and the true nature of the vision emerges. After discussion with Mary Hare, Himmelfarb, as he walks from Xanadu, notices that "nondescript flowers twitched and glimmered", and "As he went up the hill, the sparks shot out from beneath his boots" (p. 340), far into the distance. When climbing a windy hillside with Mrs. Godbold,

Himmelfarb grows frail "like some miserable scrubby tree unable to control its branches. He was clattering." Mrs. Godbold, however,

. . . with all her shortcomings of speech and behaviour, was a rock immovable in the grass. As they stood for that moment, the wind seemed to cut through the man, but was split open on the woman's form.

(p. 240)

Mrs. Godbold parries the wind, and in doing so adopts the charioteer's posture and fortitude, while the Jew is slashed into flapping tentacles that bump unconnectedly about him; but this arresting wind has its parallel in the "turbulent air" he senses when the Godbold family visit him, and leave an imprint on the surroundings: "So the golden chains continued to unwind, the golden circles to revolve, the dust of secrecy to settle." (p. 244) The experience is thus a liberating one, and extends Himmelfarb's conception of the chariot.

The attainment of vision, and a sense of identity is most clearly heralded by Mrs. Godbold, and the sound she projects:

Mrs. Godbold liked to sing as she ironed. She had a rich, but rather trembly, mezzo voice, which her daughter Else once said reminded her of melting chocolate. Certainly the girls would get that sad-and-dreamy look whenever their mother sang, and the kind of feeling that warm, soft chocolate will sometimes also give. Mrs. Godbold would iron in long, sad, steamy sweeps, singing as she did. Sometimes her iron would thump the board to emphasize a phrase, just as it always nosed more gently, accompanied by tremolo, into the difficult corners of a shirt. Then the mouths of the older girls would grow loose with wonder for some ineluctable drama which was being prepared for them, and the younger ones stare hypnotized at the pores which had opened in their mother's creamy skin. But the singer sang, oblivious, transported by her own words.

Mrs. Godbold preferred to treat of
death, and judgement, and the future
life. Her favorite was:

I woke, the dungeon flamed with light,
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

Though she was also very partial to:

See the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
See the King in royal state
Riding in the clouds His chariot
To His heavenly palace gate.

At such moments faith or light did convince
many eyes.

(p. 255)

Thumping the ironing board, like Mary Hare's knocking at things, punctuates the moments of her transported joy. Her foxy, muzzling iron symbolically ekes out her understanding of the scheme of things, by its concentration on selected details ("the difficult corners of the shirt"), and thus acknowledges the Blakean Isaiah's conviction that his "senses discover'd the infinite in every thing . . ." ³⁵. The ponderous significance of the activity is reflected in the loosening of the girls' mouths, and the opening pores "in their mother's creamy skin." The children are hypnotized. But this is only a moment, a glimpsed spark of perception:

For present and future are like a dreadful
music, flowing and flowing, without end,
and even Mrs. Godbold's courage would
sometimes falter as she trudged along the
bank of the one turbulent river, towards
its junction with the second, always some-
where in the mists. Then she would look
over her shoulder at the garden of
statuary, to walk amongst which, it
seemed at that enviable distance, faith
was no longer needed.

(p. 259)

Her journey is an arduous one, yet there exists, always, the possibility of looking back. In such a 'retreating' over her shoulder, faith is "no longer needed", for all behind Mrs. Godbold is "statuary", and is ordered within a "garden". She recognises the importance of continuing along her path, however, and provides a singing accompaniment to the endlessly flowing "dreadful music" of present and future--her music, though, is intermittent, because "her courage would sometimes falter" in the contemplation of a second river "in the mists". In pausing so, before what is unknown, there is a moment of silent absorption, and thus the attainment of a 'higher' state of understanding.

In the latter part of Riders in the Chariot, a sense of explosion and scattering is suggested, to announce the proximity of a full vision. When Alf Dubbo returns to his room in Abercrombie Crescent, he acknowledges the inevitability of, here, a cerebral eruption:

For Dubbo had gone along the passage into that room which the cardboard walls had failed to protect. Perhaps, after all, only a skull was the box for secrets.

But that, too, he knew, and swayed, would not hold forever and, it must burst open from all that would collect inside it. All pouring out, from tadpoles and clumsy lizards, to sheets of lightning and pillars of fire.

(p. 405)

His elliptical swaying, like Mrs. Godbold's singing accompaniment, suggests his concordance with the spiralling vision, and echoes Himmelfarb's elliptical swooning. The notion of excess is also embellished with an outpouring of animal life, and the fury of the elements. Dubbo, too, senses the proximity of suicide to his simple brand of 'lunacy'. His

destruction of the paintings, and his axeing of his room to matchwood, anticipate, in splinters and torn canvas (flights), the arrows that Mrs. Godbold sees, in her tranquility³⁶.

Alf Dubbo's 'angst', however, complements the celebration that the stoic Ruth effects: her "trumpet voluntary, sounded solitary, but true" (p. 433). The final pages are an exposition of her jubilation:

Only Mrs. Godbold appeared untouched by these historical events, but remained more or less unnoticed, as a person of little substance and no importance. Only dimly was a woman seen to emerge from a shed, and hang out the washing. The thick arms were reaching up repeatedly, and there were the loops of limp, transparent linen, hanging at first so heavy, then twitching at a corner, lifting at last, blowing, in glad, white flags.

Mrs. Godbold, when she was noticed at all, seemed to live for irrelevance. In the course of her life she had developed a love and respect for common objects and trivial acts. Did they, perhaps, conceal a core, reveal a sequence? Whatever the explanation, she would go about planting a row of beans, not as though she were covering seed, rather as if she were learning a secret of immense importance, over and over. She would go amongst her pots of ferns, freeing the young crooks from the bonds of spiders. In her later years at least, she might sit for sometimes half an hour beside her ironing table, in the shed where it seemed by then she was ordained to live. Obviously, the scored surface of the yellow board, together with the various vessels and utensils of her office, could not have been housed anywhere else with due sacral dignity. So she and they remained enshrined. There she would sit, at the mercy of the sun, squinting, or it could have been smiling, for such glimmers of truth as she had been allowed to glimpse.

But then, Mrs. Godbold was such a very simple person. Always there. Nobody could remember having seen her except in some such cotton dress, a cardigan in winter, or the perennial flared overcoat. Her massive form had never altered, except to grow more massive in its pregnancies.

If she indulged herself at all in her almost vegetable existence, it was to walk a little way down the hill, before the children returned, after the breeze had got up in the south, to walk and look, it seemed incuriously, at the ground, pursued by a galloping cat.

Then she might turn, and call.

"Tib! Tib! Tib!" she would call, and: "Poor Tibby! Nobody was going to leave you!"

And gather up her many-angled cat, into her bosom, and laugh for the joy of giving shelter, holding up her throat to the sun; it was as though a trumpet were being raised.
(pp. 527-528)

Mrs. Godbold's thick arms, "reaching repeatedly up", are a physical demonstration of triumph, and the "flags" of linen are "twitching" in the corners, suggesting a total vitality achieved through her attention to the details of ironing (the shirt corners). Her "love and respect for common objects and trivial acts" have indeed concealed a core, an understanding of which she rapidly approaches, where "everything would appear to man as it is, infinite"³⁸. Her stoic sitting down is twice referred to, and with it her "squinting" or "smiling" at the merciless sun--a reminder of the rector's teeth, and the smiling that concealed the "glimmers of truth" that now begin a tickertape streaming towards her. In her "vegetable existence", on a rare walk, her "holding up her throat to the sun"³⁹ "as though a trumpet were being raised"⁴⁰ is

Mrs. Godbold proffering the source of effervescent phlegm, and throbbing pulses: the orifice gapes, on the threshold of emitting an infinite truth.

As the narrative moves among past, present, and a questing for 'otherness', so we have the second structural movement towards a clarifying vision, and the establishing of a sense of identity. The extensive stroke into Himmelfarb's past⁴¹ encompasses the security of his boyhood, and the temporary "unity of souls" he enjoys with his bride. But like the shattering of a wine glass at the wedding reception, his restlessness taps at the narrative of his history:

Nobody watching him tramp slowly, monotonously, over the fallen leaves of the *Stadtwald*, or along the well-kept pavements of the town, would have suspected him of morbid tendencies and reprehensible ambitions. For he was racked by his persistent longing to exceed the bounds of reason: to gather up the sparks of human faces to break through to the sparks of light imprisoned in the forms of wood and stone. Imperfection in himself had enabled him to recognize the fragmentary nature of things, but at the same time restrained him from undertaking the immense labour of reconstruction. So this imperfect man had remained necessarily tentative. He was forever peering into bushes, or windows, or the holes of eyes, or, with his stick, testing the thickness of a stone, as if in search of further evidence, when he should have been gathering up the infinitesimal kernels of sparks, which he already knew to exist, and planting them again in the bosom of divine fire, from which they had been let fall in the beginning.

So he would return home, and, knowing himself to be inadequately equipped, would confess in reply to his wife's inquiries, "Nothing. I have seen, I have done nothing."
(p. 155)

With his walking stick he begins a quest for another part of his being, and the true "nature of things", to lessen his "imperfection". His foxy "peering into bushes" and "testing the thickness of a stone" is his Godbold-like searching, beyond reason, for the "evidence" to prove that "inside the thick shells of human faces", and "imprisoned in the forms of wood and stone", are "sparks visible intermittently": this anticipates his connection with "divine fire"⁴². His necessary involvement with the minutiae of Nature also points to the Blakean sentiment that "Where man is not Nature is barren."⁴³

The Jew's marriage is reduced to the staving off of agonies of mind, and possible separation "by the practice of small, touching rites" (p. 161). A similar occupation to Mary Hare's knocking on objects, they are acts that create Time: again, Blake, in 'The Proverbs of Hell'⁴⁴, is instructive with "The hours of folly are measur'd by the clock, but of wisdom: no clock can measure." These activities of Himmelfarb and Mary Hare establish a delineated order that would otherwise not exist if their "disorders of the mind" were allowed full rein in tampering with what is beyond the understanding of other people--"the ordinary ones", as Reha calls them.

Running is another symptom of the Jew's state of mind:

He was running away. He was running
and running, released from the moral
dignity and physical heaviness of age.
Some of the spirits of darkness swore
at him as he passed, but he scarcely
heard, nor did he suffer from the
brutal thumps of collision, of which
he was, surprisingly, the cause, in
the hitherto normally regulated night.

(p. 162)

Like the tussling of black and white spaniels, Himmelfarb's experience outlines his freedom, and his confinement. The knocking into trees is a reversal of his poking at stones with a stick. He is prodding at the sparks he has glimpsed within himself and others. Like a frenzied atom he also enacts his belief that "We are one. No particle may fall away without damaging the whole." This describes the urgency of his desire to explore the extremity of 'otherness' within 'oneness'; this intensity has a parallel with his looking "very close" at the Stauffers' house, which at first seemed cold, foreign, and placed him in "a moment of complete loss":

He looked very close and saw that the stone was infused with a life of lichen: all purples and greens, and rusty orange-reds, merging and blurring together. Although it was something he had never noticed before, and it did not immediately mean to him all that it might, he was smiling when Frau Stauffer turned to him breathlessly and said, "There is nobody here! Nobody, nobody!"

(p. 177)

Himmelfarb's pleasure lies in his particular perception that distinguishes him from other people, even though his disposition costs him the 'mateship' of his colleagues--he is lynched, and his house transformed into a glowing furnace, when it is burned down by the "Brighta lamps" mob.

The notion of Time again emerges, as Himmelfarb lies on his death-bed. The alarm clock "went off before its usual hour" (p. 482). Jubilantly, the "whirring tin" winds itself down. We are reminded of the "tinny" chariot Dubbo saw, and now the image disintegrates with the ringing bell. A moment is again punctuated, but artificially so, for the hour is still "before the first cock" of the natural cycle⁴⁵. We are

dipped in the melancholy dissolving of Himmelfarb's being: "the lilies of moonlight dropped their cold, slow pearls. The blackberry bushes were glittering . . . the only movement was one of dew and moonlight, the only sound was that of a goat scattering her pellets" (p. 482). Like Himmelfarb, Miss Hare, too,

. . . was crumbling, it seemed, shambling as always, but no longer held in check by the many purposes which direct animal, or human life. She might have reasoned that she had fulfilled her purpose if she had not always mistrusted reason. Her instinct suggested, rather, that she was being dispersed, but that in so experiencing, she was entering the final ecstasy. Walking and walking through the unresistant thorns and twigs. Ploughing through the soft, opalescent remnants of the night. Never actually arriving, but that was to be expected, since she had become all-pervasive: scent, sound, the steely dew, the blue glare of white light off rocks. She was all but identified.

So Miss Hare stumbled through the night. If she did not choose the obvious direction, it was because direction had at last chosen her.

(p. 483)

In "being dispersed" and "all-pervasive" she approaches a sense of identity, in understanding her insignificance. Unlike Himmelfarb who has collided with Nature (the trees), she walks through the "unresistant thorns and twigs" and does not employ reason for an explanation. She drifts, inevitably, in the direction that has selected her, and here lies the ecstasy that had escaped Himmelfarb.

In the past, Mary Hare, as we later learn in the letters from Italy, read by Else Godbold and Bob Tanner, was susceptible to the Jew's brand of inquiry. Statements like "she had found *loving-kindness*

to exist at the roots of trees and plants, not to mention hair, provided it was not *of human variety*" (p. 515), were enough to stop her mother short and to distress her greatly, and in the present, it is Miss Hare's "stereoscopic memories" that save her from the surprise and anxiety of the house's reverberations, that had concerned Mrs. Jolley so much.

As a meeting between Miss Hare and Himmelfarb enabled them to exchange experiences of the chariot vision, so, too, does their encounter in the present expose a hesitant contact, that anticipates the notion of shared and 'knowing' insignificance.

Miss Hare went on pushing through the musky grass. She could have swum forever, on her wave, towards the island of her tree, holding out her hands, no longer begging for rescue, but in recognition.

And he came out from under the branches, from where he had been sitting, apparently.

"Oh," she said then, and stopped, knee-deep in the waves of grass.

He stood outside the tree waiting for her, though it was nobody she had ever seen.

"I came in here," said the man.
"I saw the tree."

"Yes," she said. "It is mine. Isn't it lovely? And I have not noticed it for years."

She was making little grunting sounds, of happiness, and recognition.

The man appeared to recognize, or, at least, not to reject.

Which was comforting.

He was a very ugly man, and strange,
she saw.

"Would you care to sit down, in the
shade," she asked, "and enjoy the tree?"

She was filled with such a contentment
of warmth and light she would not have
cared if he had refused. She had been
refused so regularly.

But the man did not reject her offer.

"I am Himmelfarb," he said, correctly,
but oddly.

"Oh, yes?" she answered.

At the same time they stooped to
negotiate the branches which were to
provide their canopy.

(p. 96)

Miss Hare's "pushing through the mushy grass" echoes the "all-pervasive" understanding that Mrs. Godbold ultimately achieves. The passage is littered with sparks of contact: "recognition" (three times), "saw" (twice), "seen", "light", "noticed", and a sensual texture is evoked through "mushy", "grunting sounds, of happiness", "comforting", "enjoy", "provide", "contentment . . . warmth". This is the ecstasy, but its contrary is also suggested, to create the moment's progression⁴⁶, in "ugly", "strange", "waiting", "refused" (twice), "reject", "correctly", and "oddly"--these are the bars of music, the smiling teeth, and the canopy of branches that shelter the bliss beneath them. On the level of language, we more clearly see the notion of seeping truth, in the blending of the two states, in words. The paucity of their communication, however, and its fecund connectedness ("grunting" and their stooping into the shelter), significantly prepare them for the 'knowing' isolation they

will share with Alf Dubbo and Mrs. Godbold. Interestingly, too, the form of a tree is one of the aboriginal artist's first drawings.

The ecstasy and calm of shared 'knowingness' is a similar condition to the one enjoyed by Mary Hare as she and Mrs. Godbold attend the dying Jew:

Miss Hare had, in fact, entered that state of complete union which her nature had never yet achieved. The softest matter her memory could muster--the fallen breast-feathers, tufts of fur torn in courtship, the downy, brown crooks of bracken--was what she now willed upon the spirit of her love. Their most private union she hid in sheets of silence, such as she had learnt from the approach of early light, or from holding her ear to stone, or walking on thicknesses of rotted leaves. So she wrapped and cherished the heavenly spirit which had entered her, quite simply and painlessly, as Peg had suggested that it might. And all the dancing demons fled out, in peacock feathers, with a tinkling of the fitful little mirrors set in the stuff of their cunning thighs. And the stones of Xanadu could crumble, and she would touch its kinder dust. She herself would embrace the dust, the spirit of which she was able to understand at last.

(p. 481)

The sensation of union concealed in seraphic "sheets of silence" creates the bristling of "peacock feathers"⁴⁷, like moving sea-fauna⁴⁸--the moment of revelation bursts out "with a tinkling of fitful little mirrors". The union she feels is the one shared by each of the four riders, who are linked in essence, around the present. In this knowledge Mary Hare can reject the order of Xanadu, and rest with its crumbled "kinder dust", whose spirit she shares.

The embroidered sensuality of Mary Hare's questing becomes, in Alf Dubbo's case, the starkness of polarity: "the two poles, negative and positive of his being: the furtive, but regenerating creative act" (p. 376). After Dubbo's claustrophobic childhood, life in Sydney becomes the confusing of these apparent opposites: his art seems as futile as his disease.

Dubbo was sufficiently sustained both physically and mentally, by his vocation, to ignore for the most part what people called life. Only the unhappiness of almost complete isolation from other human beings would flicker up in him at times, and he would hurry away from his job--at that period he was working in a Sydney suburb, in a factory which manufactured cardboard boxes and cartons in oil paper--he would hurry, hurry, for what, but to roam the streets and settle down eventually on a straight-backed bench in one of the parks.

There he would indulge in what was commonly called *putting in time*, though it was, in fact, nothing else but *hoping*.
(p. 379)

Like Himmelfarb's running, Dubbo would "hurry, hurry" but without the contact the Jew encountered (the trees). And in the manner of Mary Hare's outstretched hands, he is "hoping" to "recognize"--what was conventionally labelled "*putting in time*". Like Mrs. Godbold, his waiting and his "hoping" are manifest in his sitting posture; a settling down to stillness.

Mrs. Noonan's house, after Sydney, allows Dubbo the venting of inspiration and, like Wordsworth's idiot boy, nocturnal wandering, too.

Almost always he would leave his room when the light had gone. At night the streets of the model town were practically deserted, all its vices put away, only an emptiness remained, and a sputtering of neon. As he hurried along in his sandshoes,

beneath the tubes of ectoplasm, the solitary blackfellow might have been escaping from some crime, the frenzy of which was still reflected in his eyeballs and the plate glass . . . So he would arrive at outer darkness, crunching the last few hundred yards along a strip of clinker, which could have been the residue of all those night thoughts that had ever tortured dark minds.

(pp. 500-501)

The "sputtering neon", like the phlegmy coughing, marks the fizzling proximity of revelation, and the hurrying "sandshoes" that crunch "along a strip of clinker" lend sound to the questing Mrs. Godbold had suggested as she swept along her ironing board. With an Ancient Mariner's glinting eye, Dubbo roams the streets, until he acknowledges an "outer darkness", where the volcanic sparks of his quest for 'otherness' expire, along with "the residue of all those night thoughts that had ever tortured dark minds." In painting the Deposition, Dubbo's mind shoots with sparks of revelation. In a virtual paralysis he hears Himmelfarb's voice:

Most wonderful was the Jew's voice heard
again above the sound of the cistern and
the washroom tap:

. . . And I looked and behold, a whirl-
wind came out of the north, a great cloud,
and a fire unfolding itself, and a bright-
ness was about it, and out of the midst
thereof as the color of amber, out of the
midst of the fire . . .

The blackfellow rolled over on the bed,
biting the back of his hand. The window
was blinding him, with its four living
creatures in the likeness of a man.

As he remembered the voice, so Dubbo
was still able to see the drawing of "the
Chariot-thing". He would have known how
to draw it, detail by detail, inch by inch,

for he never forgot those places where
he had been. There was simply the
question of physical strength. Whether
he could still paint, he doubted.

(p. 503)

The full intensity of Himmelfarb's words for Dubbo is captured in Blake's "The cistern contains: the fountain overflows"⁴⁹; showered in illumination, the aborigine squirms around and around "biting the back of his hand". The chariot vision is on the very film of his eyes. He finally produces the painting and then dies. When Mrs. Noonan discovers the body, through the pungent smell of the artist's confinement, it is "twisted round", as Mary Hare had been in her anxiety. We are again reminded of the Blakean reference to Ezekiel's 'base' behaviour: "I then asked Ezekiel. why he eat dung, & lay so long on his right & left side? he answerd. the desire of raising other men into a perception of the infinite" ⁵⁰. Significantly, through Dubbo's similar behaviour, his 'relieved' corpse is "natural-looking, more like some animal that had experienced the necessity of dying" (p. 507). We thus have an image of the inevitability of death, in the present, through Dubbo's questing for "a perception of the infinite."

Mrs. Godbold, in her past, shared with the three visionaries the awareness of another state of being, as well as glimpses of the chariot vision. While in the employ of Mrs. Chalmers-Robinson, she developed a distinctive habit:

Then, sometimes, she would stand at the
front door, particularly at evening, as
if looking out on a village street. Her
mistress intended to mention that, but
failed to do so, perhaps even out of
delicacy, or affection. So the massive
girl continued to stand in the doorway,

in the porch, beside the magnolia tree, as the details of her dress and body, from the points of her starched cap to the toes of her Blanched shoes, dissolved in evening, she might have been some species of moth, or guardian spirit, poised on magnolia wings before huge, flapping flight.

(p. 269)

Standing still and looking out on the street (areas where Himmelfarb and Alf Dubbo would feverishly roam), the details of her dress dissolve into the evening, an event that anticipates her revelation of "all-pervasiveness". The flapping wings she is poised to adopt later, in her final illumination, anticipate the triumphant soaring of her understanding⁵¹. Mrs. Godbold refrains from the frenzied physical movement of Himmelfarb and the artistic excretions of Dubbo, for she derided the modern tendency to "drive and look for something to look at. Until motion itself became an expression of truth, the only true permanence" (p. 537).

Significantly, it is Mrs. Godbold, in her grand stoicism, who is allowed the novel's final revelation, and access, too, to the visionary chariot's secret:

So Mrs. Godbold had her children. She had her girls. But for how long? With two already gone. Sometimes she would continue to sit in front of the shed after all those straight girls had slipped from her into the evening, leaving in her lap their necklaces of wilted flowers. Then it would seem as though she had shot her last arrow, and was used and empty. She would feel the touch of darkness. She would sit, and attempt to rub the rheumatism out of her knuckles. Often she would recall the night her friend the Jew died, in the shed behind her. Even the youngest children, who had been sleeping at the time, remembered that night, for sleep

did not seem to have prevented them participating in the event. So their eyes saw farther than those of other girls. Tempered on that night, their metal was tougher. Finally the woman sitting alone in front of the deserted shed would sense how she had shot her six arrows at the face of darkness, and halted it. And wherever her arrows struck, she saw other arrows breed. And out of those arrows, others still would split off, from the straight white shafts.

So her arrows would continue to be aimed at the forms of darkness, and she herself was, in fact, the infinite quiver.

"Multiplication!" Mrs. Godbold loudly declared, and blushed, for the nonsense it must have sounded, there on the road to Xanadu.

She looked back once more, however, at the two little boys, who were swinging the gate enough to break it. Mrs. Godbold meandered along past the raggedy wattles. She remembered the winter Miss Hare had been laid up, how she had gone down to nurse the poor thing, and how they had been together in the silent house, and spoken of the Chariot. Well, everybody saw things different. There was Miss Hare, who, they said, was mad. For that reason. Miss Hare had seen the chariot of fire. Mrs. Godbold, who would never have contradicted her superior in any of her opinions, especially when the latter was sick, knew different too. She had her own vision of the Chariot. Even now, at the thought of it, her very centre was touched by the wings of love and charity. So that she closed her eyes for a moment as she walked, and put her arms around her own body, tight, for fear that the melting marrow might spill out of it.

(pp. 539-540)

Mrs. Godbold's continuing "to sit", "would sit", and "sitting" allow her the ultimate vision of "'Multiplication!'" ; a single thought that "fills immensity"⁵².

Her "Equanimity" and quiet spirit have earned her the insight into the nature of "solitariness" where she can become " . . . a light that will reflect out over the community--all the brighter from a bare room"⁵³

(p. 141). Through Mrs. Godbold's behaviour we are reminded of Eliot's

Ash Wednesday:

Because these wings are no longer wings to fly
But merely vans . to beat the air
The air which is now thoroughly small and dry
Smaller and drier than the will
Teach us to care and not to care
Teach us to sit still.⁵⁴

In stillness she shoots a last "arrow" from herself, "the infinite quiver", and rubs at those knuckles that were so wooden for Himmelfarb in his leather chair. Like tinder, then, her perceptions ignite and she sees straight white arrows splitting off from each other. "Tempered" by her life's particular experiences, this resilience has brought her the opened "doors of perception", suggested in the two boys swinging on the gate "enough to break it" (p. 539). And as she wraps her arms around herself, like a seraph, Mrs. Godbold imitates the "wings of love and charity" that now embrace her "centre". She enjoys the high sensation of bliss and serenity, and her eyes close, for a brief moment.

We remember Mrs. Godbold's throat, poised on the threshold of emitting, like a trumpet, an ultimate truth: these arrows are its voice, her newly acquired sense of identity, as a shared isolation. Interestingly, this event occurs after the rather fiery end of Himmelfarb⁵⁵, and Alf Dubbo⁵⁶, and the disappearance of Mary Hare⁵⁷. In such a post-dramatic calm (the narrative here becomes diffuse and wanders idly from minor incident to minor incident⁵⁸), we are presented with the tremulous threshold of revelation. In terms of the novel's structure, then,

Mrs. Godbold turns inward and looks down into the throat of the spiralling vision⁵⁹. She peers into all that has preceded and as "Everything would move in my picture" (p. 355), her turning inward creates a spinning unevenness.

Now let us turn to the conical aspect of the structural form⁶⁰, and thus the gorge of Mrs. Godbold's revelation: not only an arrow-head with flight, a whirlwind, a drill, sparks and splinters, or ripples, but wheels--four of them (one for each character) that finally decrease to nothing. A section of Ezekiel's vision in the Bible is instructive here:

Now as I looked at the living creatures, I saw a wheel upon the earth beside the living creatures, one for each of the four of them. As for the appearance of the wheels and their constructions: their appearance was like the gleaming of a chrysolite; and the four had the same likeness, their construction being as it were a wheel within a wheel. When they went, they went in any of their four directions⁶¹ without turning as they went. The four wheels had rims⁶² and they had spokes⁶³; and their rims were full of eyes round about⁶⁴ and when the living creatures went, the wheels went beside them; and when the living creatures rose from the earth, the wheels rose. Wherever the spirit would go, they went, and the wheels rose along with them⁶⁵, for the spirit of the living creatures was in the wheels⁶⁶.

In Figure 1 (Appendix 1), we notice a de-spiralling⁶⁷ movement that is a contraction⁶⁸ to the source point, representing the characters' simultaneous recognition of their insignificance. Mrs. Godbold's full revelation has allowed her sight of the very tip of the arrow that multiplies⁶⁹. The tip is also the source point, and is one of Eliot's specks of "Dust in the air suspended" marking "the place where a story

ended"⁷⁰. Mrs. Godbold's sitting at a still point, in the present, but occasionally moving ("further visits to Xanadu", p. 542), is her state of being "Dust in the air", turning over and over, to be "suspended" in moments of timeless revelation⁷¹. As Mary Hare says, "There is a point . . . where we do not, cannot move any farther. There is a point at which there is no point. Who knows, perhaps you have reached it" (p. 325).

The structural form then, leads us beyond a gleaming, Xanadu-like scaffolding of illumination to the momentum of a spinning point. The vertical movement (past, present, 'otherness'), the spiral of clarifying vision, and the 'advanced sight' of Mrs. Godbold ultimately produce a mandala image with its own pulse, at the centre of which is the ultimate truth of being. That the structure of Riders in the Chariot provides such a model indicates its unique wholeness, achieved through an intricately woven principal of unity. The contention of this writer, too, is that the form not only accommodates, and suggests a metaphor for the energized essence of being, but also partially embraces the biblical vision that contributed to its inception.

CHAPTER I - Footnotes

¹Rodney Mather, "Patrick White", Essays in Criticism, XXIX (1970), 34-50.

²Marcel Aurousseau, "Odi Profanum Vulgus", Meanjin Quarterly, XXI (1962), 31.

Mr. Aurousseau sees the novel as uniting "only once" in Dubbo's two climactic visions, and for the rest, its "sprawling lobes" are uneasily conscious of each other "at odd moments". He fails to perceive any "connectedness", structurally, or in character relationships, and thus overlooks one of the book's major preoccupations with a "knowing" isolation, and White's technique of portraying this "truth".

³Mather, Essays in Criticism, XXIX, 34-50.

Unevenness has again been detected and a critical banner is waved: the reasons for disparities remain unexplored. Mr. Mather sees cohesion, though, in authorial presence, a "tonal deftness, a voice, a personal stance, or at least a presence." Mr. Mather resorts to these nasty words because he is "hard put to find an experiential centre" (p. 37) in the novel. In the word he uses to describe White's attitude to life, Mather, likewise, is "flirting", but with criticism of the novel.

⁴A. Alvarez, "Chariot of Light", New Statesman, LXII (1961), 653.

⁵Alvarez, New Statesman, LXII, 653.

Mr. Alvarez sees a linking "in imagination: at the emotional centre of each of their lives is the image of the next chariot". He has omitted certain other elements contributing to a fusion that are tentatively suggested in this thesis.

⁶A state in which a sense of identity is achieved, and where one glimpses the essence of being.

⁷"Wind" preceding vision has various biblical associations:

i) " . . . and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God was moving over the face of the waters." Gen 1:2.

"Spirit", in Hebrew, may also be translated as "wind": see the Oxford Annotated Bible.

ii) " . . . a stirring wind came out of the north " Ezek 1:4
is a prelude to vision.

iii) "And behold, the Lord passed by and a great and
strong wind rent the mountains and broke in pieces
the rocks before the Lord" I Kings 19:9
is an indication of the wind's seeming fury.

⁸i) "'I agree that intellect can be a serious handicap . . .'"--
Patrick White, Riders in the Chariot (New York: Viking Press, 1961),
p. 335.

ii) "'The intellect has failed us.'"--White, Riders, 219.

Himmelfarb's comments to Mary Hare⁽ⁱ⁾, like those to the university professors who thought the Jew would apply for a post equal to his intellectual gifts⁽ⁱⁱ⁾, ironically outline the cerebral approach to life that ultimately causes him to lose sight of full vision. What ultimately remains for Himmelfarb is the truth of an irrevocable damage caused by cultivation of mind.

⁹William Blake, The Poetry and Prose of William Blake, ed. David V. Erdman, (New York: Doubleday & Co. Inc., 1965), p. 32.

¹⁰John Cowper Powys, Wolf Solent, (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1978), p. 629:

"There was nothing else for it but to take up, like a camel
with the last straw laid upon his hump, the swaying burden of his life!"

P. 460:

"He reeled awkwardly to one side"--a suggestion here of
the turbulent reverie Himmelfarb may have undergone when he "reeled . . .
and sank down."

¹¹Unsigned, "Riders in the Chariot", Times Literary Supplement,
(London: December 15, 1961), p. 889.

The article touches upon this idea when dealing with White's narrative form: "For his purpose, narrative is, though essential, not enough: the reader must be left vibrant at the end. He must be left disturbed as after a parable or an allegory, with an intimation of a meaning beyond the mere framework, a meaning which could have been stated only in the form of a narrative, and yet can, in some sense, be apprehended as a truth beyond."

Through 'helplessness', or 'vulnerability' the sense of 'silly' is here deserving of pity, compassion, or sympathy.

¹⁸The "lolloping" is a liberated playfulness, but the "black" and "white" echoes the menace that overcomes the "black and white spiders" in Blake's "Memorable Fancy" in The Marriage of Heaven and Hell:

I now asked my companion which was my eternal lot? he said, between the black and white spiders.

But now, from between the black and white spiders a cloud and fire burst and rolled thro the deep blackning all beneath, so that the nether deep grew black as a sea and rolled with a terrible noise: . . . appeared and sunk again the scaly fold of a monstrous serpent . . . and now we saw, it was the head of Leviathan

Erdman (ed.), Blake, 40.

From concentrating on their activity of seeking prey, the spiders are superseded by a greater power. In a similar fashion one may view the surprise intrusion on Mary Hare as she liaises with her father.

¹⁹When Con, the Greek, in The Tree of Man, discusses the contents of his "little box" with young Ray Parker, there is a similar ambivalence:

"Let's see the thing in the box," Ray said.

This was the little box that Con the Greek had in his swag, with private and valuable and interesting articles, as well as some things that he had forgotten why he kept. His essence was contained here. Ray liked to look at the contents of the box, which he coveted, not for any purpose, but to own. The eruption of coral and the luminous saint, these he did not understand, they were frightening even. For the faces on old photographs he had contempt, old women and black, thin girls emerging from the twilight and the fingerprints. He dropped these back onto the buttons and the sprig of dry rosemary.

Patrick White, The Tree of Man, (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1956), p. 228.

²⁰Erdman (ed.), Blake, 35.

²¹Erdman (ed.), Blake, 37.

²²"If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise, /Folly is the cloke of knavery" and "A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees." Erdman (ed.), Blake, 36.

²³Ruth Joyner's approach to the distribution of bloaters marks her altruism and the importance of selection for the benefit of a community.

As a young girl she had an appetite
she could not have known how to disguise.
It was only in later years that she
learned to pick, in order to make things
go round.

White, Riders, 263.

²⁴See Appendix I, Figure I.

²⁵See Appendix I, Figure I--the blue spiral of clarifying vision.

²⁶See Appendix I, Figure I--the orange blocks (past, present, otherness, past, present, etc.)

²⁷See Appendix I, Figure I--the past in the present, the past in "otherness" and so on.

²⁸A similar occurrence is the meeting between Alf Dubbo and Himmelfarb:

How they began to communicate, the blackfellow could not have explained. But a state of trust became established by subtler than any human means, so that he resented it when the Jew finally addressed him in the washroom, as if their code of silence might thus have been compromised. Later, he realized, he was comforted to know that the Chariot did exist outside the prophet's vision and his own mind.

White, Riders, 403.

Mr. Alvarez in his article, "Chariot of Light", remarks how the characters "scarcely seem to touch" and on "the extraordinary non-relationship between the Jew and the aborigine. It is true of them all. Each is adrift in his own isolation: though each may brush the other fleetingly with words" A. Alvarez, New Statesman, 653.

Mr. Alvarez is perhaps optimistic in believing we do anything more than "brush" people with words anyway. The connectedness of the characters is frequently demonstrated as being beyond words.

²⁹A similar image is proffered when Mary Hare and Himmelfarb meet:

So the Jew subsided, and the tent of the tree contracted round them in the wilderness in which they sat. The lovely branches sent down sheets of iron, which imprisoned their bodies, although their minds were free to be carried into the most distant corners of hell.

White, Riders, 172.

30A similar image appears in Wolf Solent. After Wolf flings his consciousness at his doubts while on a hilltop, he feels as though he has discarded a weight, which remains behind him.

He laid hold of his will as if it had been a lightning-conductor, and, shaking it clear of his body, thrust it forth into space, into a space that was below and yet above, within and yet beyond Poll's Camp and Babylon Hill. And then, in a second, in less than a second, so it seemed, as he recalled it afterwards, there came flowing in upon him, out of those secret depths of which he was always more or less conscious, a greater flood of liberating peace than he had ever known before!

He had the sensation, as he came down the slope, of having left behind, on the top of Babylon Hill, some actual physical body--a body that had been troubling him, like a great repulsive protuberance, both by its appearance and by its weight. He felt lighter, freer, liberated from the malice of matter.
Powys, Wolf Solent, 289.

31Erdman (ed.), "For Children The Gates of Paradise", The Poetry and Prose of William Blake, 33.

32i) When Harry Rosetree speeds to revelation we are reminded of a spiralling form:

Now Harry Rosetree, whose swirling car had brought him to the outskirts of Sarsaparilla, realized that his tongue was sticking to the roof of his mouth, his throat might have swallowed a handful of dust, his nails were brittle unto breaking. They told him at the post-office that the woman Mrs. Godbold lived just down there. In the shed. Other side of the blackberry bushes. He left the car, and began to walk, tottering over the uneven ground, the archway of his legs only groggily dependent on their unhappy groin.
White, Riders, 488.

The "swirling" of the car, and the pace of his quest, leads him to "tottering" on "uneven ground." The reader is invited to share this giddiness as his eye is urged over undulating earth, up around the "archway of his legs" and into the jogging swirl of an "unhappy groin".

ii) When Himmelfarb lay dying, in Mrs. Godbold's care, he saw a "purple stream" that "wound through the rather stony hills". This initiates his vision of all that has past, and the truth that

. . . he knew, he knew. The cliffs of rock were his scroll. He had only to open the flesh of their leaves to identify himself with the souls of plants.
White, Riders, 480.

iii) On the evening of the Jew's house being burned,

. . . she [Mary Hare] had known Very slowly at first she had begun to negotiate the cells and corridors of Xanadu, together with the spiral of her own skull.

White, Riders, 462.

It is after this whirling movement that she was "soon compelled to run"

iv) As Mary Hare runs to the fire in Montebello Avenue, she recognizes the many forms of truth which include the "whirling of the white sky . . ." that " . . . she best knew." White, Riders, 463.

³³Erdman (ed.), Blake, 36. "The eyes of fire, the nostrils of air, the mouth of water, the beard of earth."

³⁴Erdman (ed.), Blake, 39. "If the doors of perception were cleansed everything would appear to man as it is, infinite."

³⁵Erdman (ed.), Blake, 39.

³⁶Significantly, too, the elliptical movement is again evoked with the inclining dummy and the gyroscopic turning of the pictures:

. . . which his life there had made relevant. The room was cracking, it seemed, under the necessity of abandoning its severely finite form. The dummy was inclining forward on its dry-rotten pedestal. Electric wiring whirred. As he began to turn the pictures. And turned. And turned.
White, Riders, 401.

³⁷We may also consider this activity as a dance of grace; a state which Mrs. Godbold now approaches. Her arms reaching towards whiteness, echo the angelic reception of Himmelfarb by "Two little solemn girls"

Two little solemn girls, whom Himmelfarb connected with pushing and singing, had prepared a bed, as ordered, and were standing by. Mottled green by bruised grass, their arms were glowing golden against the white of sheets.
White, Riders, 471.

³⁸Erdman (ed.), Blake, 39.

³⁹Reminiscent of Mrs. Morel's 'presenting' of the baby Paul to the sun, in Sons and Lovers. D. H. Lawrence, Sons and Lovers, (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1956), 51.

⁴⁰Also worthy of consideration are:

. . . And I heard behind me a loud voice like a trumpet saying, "Write what you see in a book . . ."

Revelation 1: 10-11

and

"After this I looked, and lo, in the heaven an open door! And the first voice, which I had heard speaking to me like a trumpet, said, "Come up hither, and I will show you what must take place after this.""

Revelation 4: 1

⁴¹Unsigned, Times Lit. Supp., 889. "The flashback to Himmelfarb's life, though brilliant in itself, makes a fissure in the book and is not so beautifully molded into the whole as are the past lives of Miss Hare, Dubbo and Mrs. Godbold."

Rather than a fissure, the extensive covering of Himmelfarb's past is more a reflection of a structural pulse, or ripple, created by Mrs. Godbold's insight (an "interruption" of the "whole").

⁴²A similar probing movement is suggested when Himmelfarb toys with a paper knife. The activity is not so much a contemplation of suicide as a physical parallel to the questing of his mind and spirit:

Sometimes he simply sat at his desk, holding in his hand the paper-knife a cousin had brought from Janina. He was fascinated by the silver blade, the sharpness of which had suggested to the girl Reha Liebmann that it was intended for purposes other than those of opening letters and cutting the pages of books. In recollecting, her husband went so far as to explore the interstices of his ribs, and might have driven it into the heart inside, if he had been able to see any purpose in dying twice.
White, Riders, 173.

⁴³Erdman (ed.), Blake, 37.

⁴⁴Erdman (ed.), Blake, 35.

⁴⁵The time element has its corollary in William Wordsworth's poem, "The Idiot Boy." When "old Susan" falls ill at eight o'clock one moonlit night, Johnny, the idiot boy, is sent by Betty, his mother, to find a doctor. Johnny does not return, so anxious Betty goes after him:

Now Johnny all night long had heard
The owls in tuneful concert strive;
No doubt too he the moon had seen;
For in the moonlight he had been
From eight o'clock till five.

And thus, to Betty's question, he
 Made answer, like a traveller bold,
 (His very words I give to you,
 "The cocks did crow to-whoo, to-whoo,
 And the sun did shine so cold!"
 --Thus answered Johnny in his glory,
 And that was all his travel's story.

For Johnny, sent on an errand, Time becomes irrelevant, even in a natural cycle, so controlling is his sense of mission. He seems to be singled out for the experience by his idiocy (we recall the definition of "silly" as being defenceless), and is thus oblivious to all nocturnal danger to himself during his 'timeless' quest. But significantly, too, "old Susan" is able to leave her sick-bed as a result of the particular 'path' he has followed.

⁴⁶Erdman (ed.), Blake, 34. "Without Contraries is no progression."

⁴⁷There is a similar occurrence in Wolf Solent:

While lunching at the 'Three Peewits', "They [Wolf
 and the waiter] were looked down upon by the
 ferocious eye of a stuffed pike "

and in Wolf's drunkenness we learn,

His rugged face, with its high cheekbones and
 hawk-like nose, nodded over his plate with half-
 shut lecherous eyes. Every now and then he ran
 his fingers through his short, stiff, fair hair,
 till it stood up erect upon his head.
 Powys, Wolf Solent, 73-74.

Herein lies a symbol both of his innocence in the face of menace, and a premonition, in the prickled hairs, of the arresting tenor of the road to ripeness.

⁴⁸A further statement that recalls the fluid movement of revelation occurs in Wolf Solent in connection with Lenty Pond. The ever-widening ripples from the tip of Wolf's stick, dipped in the water, represent the cleansing layers of perception. The bristling of peacock feathers, then, like sea-fauna, can be seen as the expression of the movement of clearing vision. Powys, Wolf Solent, 121.

⁴⁹Erdman (ed.), Blake, 36.

⁵⁰Erdman (ed.), Blake, 38.

⁵¹Erdman (ed.), Blake, 35. "No bird soars too high, if he soars with his own wings."

⁵²Erdman (ed.), Blake, 36. "One thought. fills immensity."

⁵³It is the dyer and Mordecai who speak of this matter, at the Jew's wedding:

"But you are all riddles--secrets!" In spite of their proximity it was necessary to shout to be heard above the noise.

"There is no secret," the dyer appeared to be saying, or shouting back. "Equanimity is no secret. Solitariness is no secret. True solitariness is only possible where equanimity exists. An unquiet spirit can introduce distractions into the best-prepared mind."

"But this is immoral!" Mordecai protested, shouting. "And on such an occasion! It is a denial of community. Man is not a hermit."

"Depending on the man, he is a light that will reflect out over the community--all the brighter from a bare room."

White, Riders, 141.

It is Mrs. Godbold who has nurtured a fecundity of being, that ripples from the simplest notion to the vastest forest.

⁵⁴T. S. Eliot, "Ash Wednesday", Collected Poems, 96-97.

⁵⁵As Himmelfarb lies dying, he dozes into remembrance of his past, and as though the "rope-end of dedication" has finally stopped its twisting him around like a top, it is left "torturing his side", like a draped umbilical cord. The Jew muses upon himself "hanging abandoned on a tree"--thus the rope, from driving him on, now arrests him and pains his side; a suggestion that the elliptical movement has wound down to a depleted stillness. The "goat-mask and hair shawl" have, too, slipped--an exhausted, worn husk is all that remains.

⁵⁶Alf Dubbo's final days are marked by a rampant giddiness:

i) Dubbo was unaware how many days he had been at work. The act itself destroyed the artificial divisions created both by time and habit. All the emotional *whirlpools** were waiting to swallow him down, in whorls of blue and crimson, through the long funnel of his most corrosive green, but he clung tenaciously to the structure of his picture, and in that way was saved from disaster.

White, Riders, 499.

ii) On painting the Second Servant of their Lord:

There she was, harsh to the eye, but for all her snouted substance, illuminated by the light of instinct inside the transparent weft of *whirling** procreative wind.
White, Riders, 501.

(* - my italics)

iii) In the frenetic wake of his creativity, Dubbo dies. When he is discovered, his chrysalis form echoes the nature of his quest:

Dubbo was lying on the bed. He was *twisted** round, but natural-looking, more like some animal, some bird that had experienced the necessity of dying.
White, Riders, 507.

(* - my italics)

57 At that hour, Miss Hare came out of the Godbolds' shed, since there was no longer cause for her remaining. She had witnessed everything but the doctor's signature. In the friable white light, she too was crumbling, it seemed, shambling as always, but no longer held in check by the many purposes which direct animal, or human life. She might have reasoned that she had fulfilled her purpose, if she had not always mistrusted reason. Her instinct suggested, rather, that she was being dispersed, but that in so experiencing, she was entering the final ecstasy. Walking and walking through the unresistant thorns and twigs. Ploughing through the soft, opalescent remnants of night. Never actually arriving, but that was to be expected, since she had become all-pervasive: scent, sound, the steely dew, the blue glare of white light off rocks. She was all but identified.

So Miss Hare stumbled through the night. If she did not choose the obvious direction, it was because direction had at last chosen her.
White, Riders, 482-483.

Mary Hare lies at the opposite pole to Himmelfarb's cerebral approaches. Purely instinctually, she wanders into the all-pervasiveness that Mrs. Godbold, in her "sitting" has understood. One feels that had Miss Hare remained still at this juncture and invoked an element of reason, her experience would have been fullest. The moment, instead, becomes as ephemeral as her other 'glimpses' and she continues to move within an abyss that has sought and contained her.

⁵⁸We move between the Rosetrees' domestic crisis, Harry Rosetree's suicide, Dubbo's final paintings, the demolition of Xanadu and the arrival of Mr. Cleugh from "the island of Jersey, U.K." (White, *Riders*, 511), the young passion of Bob Tanner and Else Godbold, the casuistry of Mrs. Jolley and Mrs. Flack, and the 'volcanic hat' luncheon with Mrs. Chalmers-Robinson, Mrs. Wolfson and Mrs. Colquhoun. This structural meandering suggests the fragmentation prior to all visionary experience:

. . . that tremulous stage making a mouth like a pullet's arse the moment before it drops the egg.

Patrick White, *The Vivisector*, (New York: Viking Press, 1970), 78.

⁵⁹Appendix I, Figure 1 -- note the blue line.

⁶⁰See Appendix I, Figure 2.

⁶¹The elliptical movement and pulse create the "omni-directional mobility" within the structure.

⁶²The blue "lip" of full vision.

⁶³The shaded orange blocks at (in the diagram for neatness) a uniform spatial distance.

⁶⁴The quests for "otherness" beyond the "rim" of vision. Therefore, they contribute to its fullness but also serve themselves as a unique form of journeying.

⁶⁵Motion and momentum: Mrs. Godbold's turning inward, in its unevenness, creates a pulse within the structural forward movement (Figure 1) and emits, therefore, pulsating wheels (Figure 2).

⁶⁶Appendix I, Figure 2. The orange line contains the past, "otherness", and the present, in a continuous flow that dips into the fluid (orange) core of the present. This is the "spirit . . . in the wheels", "living" because the whole pulsates.

⁶⁷See pencil line, Appendix I, Figure 1.

⁶⁸The characters are trying to reach a full vision, as well as an understanding of the nature of being. Therefore, as the various motions of the model take place, so sparks of illumination move along the spiral to the source point as well as in the direction of full vision.

⁶⁹Mrs. Godbold is baptized in gold. She joins the riders in the chariot, and passes through the moment to firmly plant her feet on the ground, now in a state of grace. White, *Riders*, 542.

⁷⁰T. S. Eliot, "Little Gidding", Collected Poems, 139.

⁷¹The spirit of the whole structural model is captured by Mrs. Godbold as she views "the edifice of memory" which rose

. . . in all its structural diversity, its whirling,
involute detail, and perhaps most moving, the
unfinished archways, opening on to distances and mist.
White, Riders, 541.

CHAPTER II

A MOMENT'S SENSATION -- THE LANGUAGE AND ITS TEXTURE

Patrick White's particular use of language has been received as controversially as have his novels' structural predilections. Criticism meanders across "verbal bravura" aimed to "cover up weak places"¹, past the cowering pedant's "His sentences groan under a terrific ballast of commas, elusive pronouns, off-center metaphors, and . . . "--and no more-- to the straining of the voice that "speaks with distinction"³ or those "great organ notes . . . startling cadences and imagery"⁴. Whichever critical noose one chooses to rest upon, it is clear that in White's use of words, we are confronted by an imposing density of images, leitmotifs⁵, and symbols, all of which are expressed in a familiar language which also relates action, characterisation, and speech.

This chapter's purpose is to explore the way in which the image patterns of Riders in the Chariot lend the language a sensitivity⁶, an organic depth which is its subtle texture. The accumulation and fusion of images, as well as their effect in a particular context, significantly unravel the novel's themes, and ultimately take us beyond the bones of their constituent parts--the words. The matter will be approached "freely and flexibly"⁷, viewing a kaleidoscope and capturing a moment. With each reading, "the pattern changes, new meanings appear"⁸, so if the chapter is told, "'it doesn't follow that you would see. Everybody sees different. You must only see it for yourself.'"⁹

The images used in Riders in the Chariot can be divided into two distinct groups: the tangible elements of hat and stick, hands, and teeth, and the intangible images of wind, colour, and sound or music. The two groups are each contained firstly by a circle (the image of an eye) and, secondly, by three parts of a rectangle (the image of a house)¹⁰.

Let us first consider the group of tangible images. When Mrs. Sudgen, the postmistress, explains to Mrs. Colquhoun, at the outset of the novel, that Mary Hare is different, her comments are very brief. The postmistress decided she "would not add to that. She started poking at a dry sponge" (p. 9). That familiar movement, as awkwardness, ignorance, or glimpsing truth, suggests that Mrs. Sudgen has moved beyond the moment created by words and has joined her inner self. Her poking at the sponge establishes the mood of Riders in the Chariot, and announces the hat and stick image that abounds within it.

Mary Hare is the character most associated with this image: wearing her large, protective, wicker hat, she suggests the stick form as her "freckled fingers" (p. 15) poke into the soil of the forest around Xanadu. She is also associated with an umbrella--not that she carries one, as Himmelfarb does his walking stick (p. 174), but that she is partly one. As Miss Hare walks away from the post office, observed by the two women, we learn:

Several barbs of several strands attached
themselves to the folds of her skirt,
pulling on it, tight, tight, tighter,
until she was all spread out behind, part
woman, part umbrella.

(p. 9)

Here the image flexes itself after the 'difficulty' of the situation in the post office, where "unusual" (p. 9) Miss Hare has struggled with the writing of a telegraph form:

. . . from where they were standing at the counter, Mrs. Sudgen was able to look down at the kind of navel right at the centre of the crown. Miss Hare was that short. All was hat, and a hand extended from it having trouble with a pen. The pen appeared to be resisting.
(p. 11)

The "hand extended" from the hat is the image poised--coerced by a conventional situation. Miss Hare's pain in ploughing through "the ugly desert" of the telegram, heightens the hat and stick form to the level of a bullfight picador pressing for the 'ruin' of the bull with a long, pointed stick¹¹. It is no surprise that the folds of Mary's skirt breath "tight, tight, tighter, until she was all spread out behind" (p. 9): the image has expressed a sighing liberation, and exposed its innate dynamism beyond the level of language.

While conversing with the postmistress, an activity the spinster does not enjoy, Miss Hare provides us with a swinging "right leg", rather like a tentacle or antenna:

She began to swing her right leg.
Her face, which narrative had turned moist and crumbly, was become dry and stale again. Ordinarily when she spoke, her mouth stayed stiff, almost as if she had had a stroke.
(p. 13)

What had been a wicker hat and arm clutching a reluctant pen, now briefly becomes a face peeling away in crumbs and moisture and a leg groping for the assistance her mouth does not give. In this way, we learn of Mary Hare's fecundity as a being: a 'tingling' within the moment that, in

other ways, has 'failed' in terms of her conversation. Thus it is that when she subsequently walks in the wood "thinking very intently", she "broke a shaggy stick" (p. 14). Her instincts playing around her suggest that the gangling 'tentacle' was a gesture beyond herself and the situation. Her reaching for the stick marks a physical move to obtain the solace her swinging leg had lent her spirit. Mary Hare's 'outwardness' leads her to make frequent treks into the bush, "always listening and expecting until receiving" (p. 41). From a state of apparent inertia where "her monstrous limbs would turn to stone", her inner self would blossom, as "her thoughts . . . sprout in tender growth of young shoots, or long loops of insinuating vines" (p. 41). The accumulating influence of the image has embellished the verbal statement of Mary Hare's reaching out to all that is beyond her, and has established her credibility for the reader, if not for the characters she is compelled, by circumstance, to meet.

That the stick enjoys a connectedness beyond itself, is developed when Mary Hare prepares food for the birds outside her house:

With a big pair of rusty scissors, she cut crusts of bread into the sizes she knew to be acceptable. Bending so that her skirt stuck out straight behind, she became magnificently formal, like certain big pigeons, of which one or two had descended, blue, out of the gums. All throats were moving, wobbling, and hers most of all. In agreement. In the rite of birds.

(p. 89)

Our focus narrows to reveal an arm that holds a pair of scissors, and a hat now slipped to form an expanded skirt. Fused with the posture is the umbrella image cited above. The cutting of bread for all the "moving"

throats of the birds anticipates the sense of all-pervasiveness. Like hesitating frames in a slow-moving film strip, our eyes move from the scissors to bread, the pleats of the skirt, the throats of the birds, and the wobbling throat of Miss Hare, moving "most of all" (p. 43). We sense a connectedness yet to be exposed¹². The "rite of birds" qualifies the personal rite of the spinster as she prepares their food: we await a catalyst to fuse the two in essence--an "agreement" (p. 41) that is welling in all their throats. It was even Mary in her youth who craved the form that was to lead her so in adulthood. In the diary that Bob Tanner and Else Godbold discover, we learn from Miss Hare's mother, "My little girl is unhappy. She is a puzzle. Says she *wishes she were a stick!*" (p. 514). To be a pure stick exposes Mary Hare's almost obsessive desire for questing, regardless of the containment that is posed by rationality, and the hat, which is here its symbol. Her rational or intellectual self she almost completely dismisses for the act of probing. Thus, in the fire at Himmelfarb's house when the inspired woman returns from the furnace,

Her wicker hat was turned to a fizzy
Catherine wheel, wings of flame were
sprouting from the shoulders of her
cardigan, her worsted heels were
spurred with fire. Most alarming
was the swollen throat . . .

(p. 465)

Her "swollen throat" suggests the halting of what, with the birds, was rapid movement. And as though demonstrating the frustration of her rationality, her hat, like a mayfly in its last throes, soars and whirls before Miss Hare is left to stumble "through the night" (p. 483). The fiery rings of colour within the "Catherine wheel" have exposed the

spiralling path from which she has been expelled. And how significant is the discovery made by Mrs. Godbold, at the end of the novel, as she wanders through the bush around Xanadu:

Elbows of ironwork lay around amongst the shattered slates, and in a shrubbery which she had never entered before, due to a distaste for nature, the revenant came across an old, battered, black umbrella. It gave her quite a turn; at first she thought it was a person.

(pp. 516-517)

Having experienced dispersion as she has (p. 483), the ribs or sticks of the umbrella almost mock the ossified achievement¹³, but her over-reliance on instinct (p. 483, "She might have reasoned that she had fulfilled her purpose, if she had not always mistrusted reason") has left her cover or hat a "battered", burned-out ("black") canopy, seemingly discarded but yet a fossil to her failure.

Himmelfarb's hat is within his head: the very antithesis of Mary Hare in his cerebral existence, he is almost Chaplinesque¹⁴ as he walks the gravel of the *Lindenallee*, or the *Stadtivald*. But the Jew considers himself "obscene" in his "preoccupation" (p. 174) and we clearly sense his retardation through his reduced association with the hat and stick image:

. . . practically obscene. Nor would they have guessed that the being, in grey topcoat, with stout stick, was not as solid as he appeared, that he had, in fact, reached a state of practical disembodiment, and would enter into the faces that he passed.¹⁵ (p. 174)

Unlike the "shaggy stick" that Mary Hare breaks off, and the "rigid pole" or "clothes-prop" with which she is associated, the Jew's stick is a "stout one", and designed for appearance ("Nor would they have

guessed . . .") as much as his coat is. The conformity interrupts his progress to an understanding of being, and the vision of a chariot--we imagine his coat quite literally sealing his "top", and beneath the outsized clothing, reminiscent of the music hall, is the truth of his "disembodiment". In his concealment, Mordecai's 'hat' is almost "identical" (p. 199) to those worn by "bourgeois with briefcases" (p. 199) he would choose to ignore for their passivity (sticks probe: briefcases contain), and their intransigent conformity. His cerebral hat, and stick, represent his fear of entering "into the faces that he passed"; a fusion that anticipates the baptismal grace only Mrs. Godbold receives as she merges with the riders in the chariot (p. 542). *Himmelfarb* will not accept the nakedness that confronts him.

Mrs. Godbold is associated with the image as early in her life as her courting of Tom Godbold--as an iceman delivering at the Chalmers-Robinson's, she considered him thus: "In her mind's eye, she saw him without his hat" (p. 282). In this way, she can entertain the purer notion of a bond of marriage. She sees him in his 'nakedness'. The union, however, may require an 'untidiness' of which conventionality makes her partially aware when she takes her leave of the bankrupt Sydney socialite:

At last the nails were driven. Ruth realized she was biting on a mouthful of hair. It became untidy, always, without her cap.

(p. 297)

Like the sprouting thoughts of Mary Hare (p. 41), Ruth Joyner's hatless hair falls about her. Entering her mouth, the hair in its freedom reveals not that she is acting without reason, but that she is pursuing

something she feels is an inevitability--the 'continuity' between head (hair) and head (mouth) suggests the progress, and the momentum that her decision creates, and is a 'nakedness' that is her present state of being.

Significantly, it is not until Mrs. Godbold broaches her vision of multiplication that the stick image rears its head:

Mrs. Godbold could not have counted how many years it was since the razing of Xanadu, when the fancy suddenly took her to put on her hat and go down. It was a Tuesday in June, the sky watering with cold, but fair. Mrs. Godbold had not changed, not in appearance anyway, for life had dealt her an early blow, then forgotten her for other victims. All around her, change was creeping, though that side of the hill where she lived was still choked with blackberry bushes, still strewn with jagged bottles and rusty springs. It was, in fact, a crying shame, but people had stopped crying about it, since the ulterior motives of a speculator seemed in accord with some more obscure, possibly divine, plan. So, there Mrs. Godbold continued to live, and had worn several tracks, to suit her habits and her needs, amongst the enamelled blackberry bushes.

Now she chose the appropriate track into Montebello Avenue, and was followed, as usual, a little of the way, by that same, or perhaps another cat.

"Shoo!" she cried. "Silly thing! It is too far. For once!" She laughed. "This will be a proper journey!"

So that her cat was persuaded to turn, and wove its way back, velvety amongst the thorns.

The cold rushed at Mrs. Godbold, but her vision remained clear. She broke off a twig, and sucked¹⁷ on it for company.

"Who are you?" she asked at one of the gates along the road. "Eh?" she asked. "Who are you?"

It was a joke, of course. It was
her grandchild.

(p. 537)

She puts on the hat with the nonchalance of great understanding--it only "took her" to put it on. Like rationality, perhaps, it is better to wear it, while the "disembodiment" (p. 174) lingers on in essence beneath. It is a rightness, a maturity not achieved by the other characters--a mood suggested by her "joke" with the grandchild. The stick she breaks from the tree is an indication of the ferocity of her questing--a power of which, one feels, she is not completely aware. The stick she takes to her mouth and the contentment it inspires establishes a motif for the bisexual nature of the human temperament--the male aspect traditionally aggressive and probing; the female passive and receiving. In a simple act, Mrs. Godbold demonstrates this essential duality. Like the hair that trickled into her mouth, the "twig" follows its path, suggesting, too, a unity and continuity of being--with the last vestiges of the image as it is sucked away, and the hat a matter of "fancy", it becomes a limp, falling leaf that allows for the starkness of Mrs. Godbold's strutting upon a stage, to be more fully exposed. The machinations of the hat and stick image have allowed us a more thorough understanding of the road she has taken to reach this point. The image now sinks through her as the notion of all-pervasiveness rises.

When of Alf Dubbo it is said, "Such faith as he had lay in his own hands" (p. 406), we have not only an expression of Dubbo's belief in his own art, but an acknowledgement of the power of hands to guide and reveal. Thus in the image of the hand, a multitude of formations surface, merge and fall.

Himmelfarb, in his conversation with the printer (p. 136), is informed of Man's "great weakness" in living "inside a closed circle."

When Reha, Mordecai's wife, returns,

She was standing looking in distress
and surprise at what, he realized, was
the knot of his hands. But he released
them quickly. The white vanished from
his knuckles.

(p. 137)

The knot of his hands exposes not so much a tension, but the locking-in of the printer's words. The "white" passing from his knuckles reveals the passing of illumination, the subsidence of luminosity, as the more mundane matter of the coffee, and his wife's perturbed stare, drain the moment of its truth. Conversely, the knotting of hands can serve to expose the artificiality of Man in the bondage of social propriety.

Thus during the visit of Eustace Cleugh to Xanadu:

In the second, his beautifully kept,
slightly droopy moustache, and the long
bones of his folded-fan-like hands,
appeared unaware of anything beyond the
person of Eustace Cleugh.

. . . she could only offer him an almond.

Which he accepted with an unfolding
of hands. Now also he began to unfold
his mind . . .

(p. 29)

Only when he unties the knot of hands can he deliver what is merely a stiff monologue to Miss Hare on the subject of his journey through Central and Northern Italy. The thoughts that Mr. Cleugh can contain are only those designed to impress an audience--the clenched hands represent the bolts across his inner self, and their fan-like unfolding exposes the preciousness and brittleness of his mind. A similar,

but reversed motion occurs when Mrs. Jolley declares to Mary Hare that "All that lot has had their day" (p. 84).

Mrs. Jolley could not pass her
tongue quick enough along her striped
lips, nor twist her nice openwork
gloves into a tight enough knot.

(p. 84)

Her hands, like a molested snail's head, retreat with the lie, and tangle up. The inference is that Mrs. Jolley, too, may have had her day, and that she is as isolated as Miss Hare. Her communication with Mrs. Flack is as futile and non-committal as her "friend" subsequently exposes when her "eyes began to dart, so that her friend was unpleasantly reminded that somebody was behind the skin." The knotted hands here indicate there is nothing worthwhile for them to communicate--Mr. Cleugh's unclenching the knot enunciates what is essentially a void that acquiescing to social propriety has compelled them to fill.

The paralysis revealed in the frozen wrenching of these hands has its release in the sensitivity of a proffered hand, extended to another's in great vulnerability. Such a 'knotting' is shared between Himmelfarb and Mary Hare:

She took the Jew's hand in her
freckled, trembling ones. What she
intended to do with it was not apparent
to either of them, for they were imprisoned
in an attitude. She sat holding the hand
as if it had been some thing of value
found in the bush: a polished stone, of
curious veins, or one of the hooded ground-
orchids, or knot of wood, which time,
weather, and disease, it was suggested,
had related to human disasters. Only the
most exquisite sensation destroyed the
detached devotion which Miss Hare would
normally have experienced on being con-
fronted with such rare matter.

(p. 335)

The fusion is an "exquisite sensation", the trepidation, and the firm imprisonment of "an attitude" that joined hands express is far from Mrs. Jolley's and Eustace Cleugh's careful and secure knotting of themselves. The hand becomes "of value" here and through its being extended is transformed into "rare matter".

Mystically, almost, hands become a means of amassing vocabulary: Mary Hare, in her eagerness to communicate with the Jew, becomes " . . . quite greedy. Her hands were helping to trap those words which eluded her" (p. 105). Similarly, when the Jew's words overwhelm her, Miss Hare resorts to exclamations, but finally in her despair, "With her hands she would try to ease the air of some difficulty they were experiencing together, or wrestle with impending terrors" (p. 106). An experience shared by Harry Rosetree as he attempts to ask Himmelfarb to leave the Brighta Lamps factory, conceals the real reasons for his command:

Harry Rosetree's hands were trying
to part the air, so that he might come
closer to the core of it.

(p. 445)

Like a sperm on its passage to the egg, the pleading Jew swims to a truth that he does not wish to phrase in words--his strokes thus become a limp flail, and Ha'im ben Y'akov seems to drown away from the moment--a submerging that Himmelfarb recognizes as "The shaped, but silent words [bouncing] like blown egg-shells" (p. 446). These are the bubbles from the expiring, cowardly malevolence of the factory owner--a drowning that is later suggested in terms of the "yarmulka" (p. 487) and "frowzy curls" of Ya'akov's father as Rosetree drives a "long glass car"¹⁸ (p. 487) to his subsequent death.

Himmelfarb is the character most associated with the image of hands: it is as though his cerebral resilience to the revelations of the sort Mrs. Godbold enjoys, for example, is attacked with a painful ferocity. Thus it is that the drill at which he works bores into his hand (pp. 237-238), causing "a fairly deep gash along the side of the left palm" (p. 238). The significance of the event for himself and for Dubbo is depicted in the washroom as the wound is washed:

Then the pain began to course through Himmelfarb. For a moment he feared his workmate might address him for the first time, and that he would not be able to answer, except in the words of common exchange.

(p. 238)

But "the black" leaves the scene and discards "some vision still only half crystallized, retreating from a step he did not know how to, or would not allow himself to take" (p. 238). The gouging of the Jew's palm has anticipated a 'crucifixion' of which they are both partially aware in spirit--the water running over the wound represents their obscured understanding, like film over the eyes, and the "long, vanishing veils" (p. 238) of blood are its vessels clearing to make for clearer 'sight'.

For Himmelfarb, too, his hands become a means of extension, a connectedness with the past. Thus, after praying and preparing for work during Pesach,

He could not prevent his hands fumbling and trembling at times, not only because he was moved by the purity of certain objects which he had to touch, but because these were attached by strings of memory to incidents experienced.

(p. 441)

Greater, then, is the significance of the Friedensdorf experience, when Himmelfarb denies his own hands:

Now Himmelfarb, who had been pressed inside the door of the men's bath-house, gave himself into the hands of God. His own were on his necktie. Most of his companions, on whom the virtue of discipline had been impressed by the country of their birth or election, were instinctively doing as they had been asked. One big fat fellow had entered so far into the spirit of the dream that his shirt was halfway over his head. Himmelfarb himself was still only watching the dreadful dream-motions.

"Into Your hands, O Lord," his lips were committing him afresh.

(p. 200)

'Higher' hands are bidden to intercede where Himmelfarb has surrendered up his place in "the men's bath-house". One notes, however, the position of Himmelfarb's own hands "on his necktie", as though grasping the stick that Mary Hare holds, Dubbo paints with, and Mrs. Godbold breaks. In the light of Himmelfarb's final posture, "The arms strained to maintain that uneasy contact between heaven and earth" (p. 453). The hands that were clasped, priest-like, around his tie now rise, like a long tongue or bristling hair--still clutching the tie, they pass the mouth that sucked the stick Mrs. Godbold clutched, in the very shape of the gash he had earlier cleansed.

The latent power of the hands is also suggested in Himmelfarb's remembrance of a Galician rabbi, "whose face Mordecai could never visualize, but remembered, rather, as a presence and a touch of hands" (p. 107).

The sensation of touching the hand is shown to involve a cornucopia of responses within the human form: when Ruth Joyner in her selfless love for Tom Godbold kisses the back of his hand, "he had to pull it away" (p. 290). The integrity of Ruth's approach, and her way of communicating it, urges Tom to the dismissiveness of a joke, so violent is its humility on his hand. Similarly Reha, upset, yet expressing her faith in Himmelfarb,

. . . took his fingers, and was looking absently, again almost sadly, at their roots. She stroked the veins in the backs of his hands.

"You make me ashamed," he protested.
(p. 138)

Unfulfilled because of his lack of understanding, he cannot accept the fusion, and the selflessness she suggests in the gesture. Concomitantly, she may, too, be tracing the luminosity earlier glowing in his "white" (p. 137) knuckles, in an effort to better comprehend the Jew. Again there is the sensuality of the proffered hand, and through its 'clashing' with a partner, is exposed the incompatibility of the two. It is an incompatibility, however, that seems necessary for Himmelfarb's 'progress' towards fuller vision and an understanding of the nature of being; when he escapes from the Nazi gas chambers, his rescue is described thus:

When he was rested and recovered, they dressed him and took him by the hand. That half-blind peasant could not have counted the number of hands he touched as he stumbled on his journey eastward. Moving always in the same obliterating, perhaps merciful mist, he learned the smell of wet grass, of warm hay, of bruised turnips, of cows' breath. He grew accustomed to hearing voices he could not understand, except when

accompanied by touch, or expressing the emotions of songs. There were many common sounds he felt he had never heard before, and he found himself penetrating to unsuspected layers of silence.

(p. 205)

It is not so much that he is incompatible with these hands, but like rungs in a ladder, they form a necessary contact for his salvation. What had previously been an isolation through cerebral existence, is now caused by half-blindness. The experience of hands lifts him up, and in the magnificent blossoming ("voices he could not understand, except when accompanied by touch") he is also able to explore more deeply within himself--"he found himself penetrating to unsuspected layers of silence."

The profundity of Himmelfarb's experience is concluded by Mrs. Godbold:

That evening, as she walked along the road, it was the hour at which the other gold sank its furrows in the softer sky. The lids of her eyes, flickering beneath its glow, were gilded with an identical splendour. But for all its weight, it lay lightly, lifted her, in fact, to where she remained an instant in the company of the Living Creatures she had known, and many others she had not. All was ratified again by hands.

(p. 542)

In the light and warmth of the sun, she joins the "Living Creatures she had known", but it is the touch of "many others she had not" that ratifies the situation. We may remember, as these hands merge as essence, Reha's lighting of the Sabbath candles:

. . . at that moment, the hands of Reha Himmelfarb plump and practical by nature, seemed to grow transparent, and flicker in the candle flames.

(p. 145)

So, in Mrs. Godbold's momentary ride with the Living Creatures, she touches and transcends them in the transparency of a glowing touch; passing through the flame of the experience, Mrs. Godbold in her "ripeness" then lands "firmly on the earth" (p. 542). Thus the image of the hands in its complexity has ultimately provided us with a means of interpreting the mechanism of a final, visionary synthesis.

When Himmelfarb returns to the Holzgraben after being informed by Konrad Stauffer that Jews' property was being destroyed, he comes upon an animal that introduces our final tangible image--teeth:

In the darkness he stooped down, and
touched the body of the little dog,
already fixed in time, like the sculpture
on a tomb, except that the lips were
drawn back from the teeth, denying that
peace which is the prerogative of death.
Most horrible to touch was what he
realized to be the tongue.

(p. 167)

A 'smile' issuing from the corpse of a dog while it is dead underlines one of White's preoccupations--searching beyond the bones, for truth. Teeth not only conceal, but are variously depicted as aggressors, as when Mrs. Chalmers-Robinson ". . . gashed her new maid with a smile" (p. 269). More subtly they are the veneer to conceal uncertainty: thus when Mrs. Jolley first meets Mary Hare,

"Yes," she said, very slowly, feeling
the way with her teeth.

. . .
But Mrs. Jolley's white teeth--certainly
no whiter had ever been seen--were growing
visibly impatient.

. . .
"I am Miss Hare," said Miss Hare.

"Oh, yes," replied the disbelieving Mrs.
Jolley.

And tried to fetch her teeth to the rescue.
(p. 45)

We have witnessed a contact delicately established as Mrs. Jolley sniffs out her employer in a superficial way; in her simplicity, Miss Hare viciously sends her employee's teeth to the back of her throat ("Mrs. Jolley . . . tried to fetch her teeth to the rescue."), so the spinster has established a presence and a strength through our reading of Mrs. Jolley's teeth.

Like the glowing knuckles of Himmelfarb's hands, teeth can also express a moment of excitement and release. When Mrs. Flack and Mrs. Jolley come across Mrs. Godbold and Himmelfarb, they notice the quality of their relationship:

Then, as people will toss up the ball of friendship, into the last light, at the moment of departure, and it will hang there briefly, lovely and luminous to see, so did the Jew and Mrs. Godbold. There hung the golden sphere. The laughter climbed up quickly, out of their exposed throats, and clashed together by consent; the light splintered against their teeth. How private, and mysterious, and beautiful it was, even the intruders suspected, and were deterred momentarily from hating.

(p. 237)

Like the gash in Himmelfarb's hand that had so attracted Alf Dubbo, so the splintering light 'touches' the two "intruders". The celebrated moment bursts out from the teeth of the Jew and Mrs. Godbold. We notice too, the source of the emission--from "exposed throats", before the mind, tongue (words) and Jolleyean teeth can intervene, theirs is a pure expression of shared contentment. Conversely, when Mary Hare is discussing the plight of the Jew, she becomes angry with Mrs. Jolley and pants after the "blood running out of his hands"--she is tempted to kiss it, but

In the absence of what she might
have kissed, she crammed her knuckles
into her mouth. If all the windows
had shattered, and the splinters
entered her, she could have borne that.

(p. 327)

By suppressing a spontaneity, she acknowledges an inward movement of the splinters that she might have emitted as rays of light, had she kissed the blood.

In our intangible group of images, sounds and music echo through the text, exposing the intensity of the characters' questing. Almost as a springboard for the unknown, notes of music 'tingle' within the present to score the individual's progress. When Mary Hare and Mrs. Godbold meet on the spinster's departure from the post office, we hear the significance of the encounter:

With the back of her hand she hit a
fencepost, to hear her father's blood-
stone ring. She would knock thus on
objects, to punctuate periods which,
otherwise, might never have had an end.
Now she heard the redeeming knock. She
heard the wings of a bird suddenly break
free from silence. She sang a little,
or made sounds. All along the road--or
track, the older people still called it
--which rambled down from Sarsaparilla
to Xanadu, the earth was black and oozy
in the early morning of early spring.

(p. 10)

The infinite fluidity of their encounter is punctuated by Miss Hare's knocking of the fence-post--it is almost a bringing to order of the moment. We watch the intercourse of the words, "hit", "hear", "knock", "heard", "knock, heard". The three sets of reciprocation begin with the sound of "her father's bloodstone ring": the trepidation of the moment on the threshold of a spark of enlightenment is captured in the ambivalent use of "ring".

The second movement is an announcement of the third, which is the sound of "the wings of a bird suddenly **break[ing] free from silence**". The sibilant and surging "suddenly" marks the bird's leap from the bush and echoes the rustling leaves. Then "break" is the plosive first flapping of wings, "free" is the soaring past and away, and "silence" the continuing but fading sound ("si . . ." ". . . ce") of the bush's leaves. As though chimed herself by the sounds, she vibrates ("sang a little, made sounds") like a tuning fork knocked upon a hard surface. So, like a bubble rising from deep water, or a flame from its crackling wood, in sound, literally and sub-textually, we have learned the importance of Miss Hare's brief encounter with Mrs. Godbold, and their touching of spirits as precious as the touching of hands.

Mary Hare subsequently seems to tap at the furniture of her life in order to find the form that will open its doors to her ("Doors had opened once or twice in music . . . " (p. 61)).

She liked to come downstairs early.
 She would even get up in the dark,
 bumping into things before she found
 her balance. She liked to come down,
 and sit, and listen to the house,
 after her own footsteps had died away,
 and the sound of the primus on which
 she had brewed a pot of tea.

(p. 20)

The scene is a model of her desire to understand beyond herself. She is giddy without the "bumping" that 'stabilizes' her ("found her balance"). Like her knocking on the gate-post that releases a phoenix, she waits as the bumping of her footsteps dies away. No bird rises in reply, and her lighting of the primus with its controlled and forced flame marks in ornament the failure of this attempt to orchestrate a communication.

One Tuesday afternoon when Mrs. Jolley leaves on an errand,
Mary Hare again walks the hallways and great rooms,

. . . for no other purpose than to associate with the many objects and images with which they and her memory were stuffed full, the brindled woman thought she had begun to hear a sound. From where she listened it was faint but sure, although whether it was coming from a great depth, or horizontal distance, it was quite impossible to tell. It was all around and under her: the grey sound that is given out by tunnels, and the mouths of elephants, and sleepers turning in a dream, and earth falling in a veil from a considerable height. As soon as Miss Hare began to suspect, she held her fingers in her ears. As if that might stop it. Though she knew it would not. For she, too, was rocking and trembling. She had always imagined that, when it happened, it would come as a blast of trumpets, or the shudder of a bronze gong, with herself the core of the vibrating metal. But here it was, little more than a sighing of dust, and at the end, the sound of a large, but unmistakable bone which had given way under pressure. (She had always cried and protested when men were breaking the necks of rabbits, as she waited for the final sound of cracking)

Then it was over. And she had survived.
Perhaps Xanadu had not yet fallen.

(pp. 321-322)

Her earlier knocking has rendered a reply "all around and under her" and is the 'greater' "grey" sound that fills an immensity in all its complexities. So all-pervading is the music that it coerces itself into her being--it is an aspect of the force that Mrs. Godbold later 'expands' to greet.

And finally the note is "the sound of a large, but unmistakable bone which had given way under pressure." She survives such an ingestion as though escaping a broken neck. Such a sound she hears when later confronted by a rabbit's bone:

Then her foot crunched the little bone. It was the thigh-bone, she saw, of a rabbit. Lying on the terrace, amongst dandelion and grit, the bone had been weathered to a whiteness that disturbed the memory as orange fire seared the present. In search of a clue to her distress, Miss Hare's toe stirred the bone. She even picked the sharp white reminder up.

Because, of course, she remembered at once: the attitude in which he had been standing, and how she had led him in, and held his hand, as if it had been some curious object she had found, bone, or leaf, of which she had to learn the shape and history.

(p. 462)

Her foot working its way into the bone is a lesson she has learned from the form the earlier sound has taken within her ("a sighing of dust", p. 321). Miss Hare fondles the bone that had previously been music and thus probes more deeply into the 'communication' that has occurred. From sound she is taken to an actuality that places her closer to an essence, that is dust.

In a similar way the sound of people walking also marks the creation of a significant moment, or like the crunching of the bone, a questing for something beyond it. Himmelfarb, for example, on his regular walks through the Wald "over the red, naked gravel of the park" (p. 154), nearly always alone, and pensive, gently beats at his inner search as the gravel moves beneath him. Thus, later, in his frenetic "running away . . . running and running" (p. 162), we recognize the heightened pace of his quest, whose music now is the percussion of "brutal thumps of collision" (p. 162). It is these notes, produced by the four 'riders', that mark their strident and courageous being. Dubbo distinctively produces, in his songs, a more conventional music, for example at

Khalil's, that "stuck its sticky stripes over all the other faces, as if they might break, with it, at any time . . . a hammer could have broken any of them" (p. 311); the cautious conversation of Mary Hare and Himmelfarb is punctuated by a rasping sculptured chord thus:

" . . . You may like to tell me about your work."

"It is the same," he said.

"Oh, no," she replied, after careful consideration. "Nothing is ever the same."

"You have not been engaged in boring a hole in a sheet of steel."

"Why must you do just that?"

It was time, she suspected, to lead him in. Their heels crunched as they turned on what had once been the gravel drive.
(p. 332)

It is in stark contrast to the harmony of these moments, that the other characters endure flaccid musical phrases in their walking, that exposes the 'retardation' when compared with the 'riders'. Mrs. Khalil's feet are smothered in the anaesthesia of slippers:

Mrs. Godbold coughed, because she did not know what to answer, and followed the slippers of her new acquaintance slit slat slit slat, down a passage, into a yellow light and some confusion.

(p. 302)

The sloppy sound is a "slit slat slit slat" which expresses Mrs. Flack's famished powers of insight: she, too, possesses "slippers" (p. 523) and on one occasion they "for a moment" discover "grit" (p. 523) during a conversation with Mrs. Jolley. The sounds made by feet and the extent and quality of their contact with the ground, expound the 'maturity' of their owner's understanding of being.

The wind, in its involvement with the characters, also plays a large part in suggesting the chemistry of 'ripening'. Mary Hare, alone in Xanadu, awaits the arrival of a new housekeeper:

So she would wait, with the breath fluctuating in her lungs, and the blood thrilling through her distended veins. She waited on the last evening before the person called Mrs. Jolley was expected to arrive. And sure enough, the wheels began to plough the tranquil fields of white sky. She could feel the breath of horses on her battered cheeks. She was lifted up, the wind blowing between the open sticks of fingers that she held extended on stumps of arms, the gold of her father's bloodstone ring echoing the gold of trumpets. If, on the evening before the arrival of a certain person, an aura of terror had contracted round her, she could not have said, at that precise moment, whether it was for the first time. She could not remember. She was aware only of her present anguish. Of her mind leaving her. The filthy waves that floated off the fragments of disintegrating flesh.

Later, when she got up from the ground . . . She bruised knuckle on knuckle, to try to stop her shivering, and began to feel her way through the house, by stages of brocade, and vicious gilt, by slippery tortoiseshell, and coldest, unresponsive marble.

(p. 41)

Like her tapping on objects, knocking the fence-post, even lighting a primus to initiate a moment, so here Mary Hare's breath fluctuates, and evokes a response. A glimpse of vision reciprocates in wheels and the "breath of horses". The intercourse lifts her beyond the tangible to immersion in the very glinting of an eye in vision. Wind, here, enhances, too, a notion of an all-pervasiveness, described

in the music of scraping feet into gravel--" . . . blowing between the open sticks of fingers that she held extended on stumps of arms"--like parallel legs and feet (that knead into the ground), so the sensitized hands receive the essence of the experience, while the remaining skeletal fingers serve only to shape the strips (we remember Dubbo's "sticky strips") of wind as they brand and pass through her. Although reduced to "the ground", Mary Hare's bruising her knuckles as she attempts to punch away her coldness marks her ingestion of the experience, like the earlier rapid breathing, and the knocking of the fence-post and objects, she now vigorously taps herself as the "unresponsive marble" (p. 41), beneath which lies the devastating essence of the experience that has peeled away her flesh and seared across its rawness.

As aggressor the wind is often associated with disturbance of the individual, but not "so much as direct physical discomfort" (p. 44), but more "the remoter mental pain" (p. 44)--the incisiveness and brutality of wind expose weakness and vulnerability, for example, it "flung the mauve eye-veil into Mrs. Jolley's eyes" [her lack of 'sight'] and "even bashed her black coat" (p. 45) [her lack of courage and 'nakedness']. But like the sounds and music, it lends motion and temperature to the four main characters' process of discovery and is even, with Mrs. Godbold, depicted as a fertile reinforcing of the present:

. . . that did not, would not come.
Mrs. Godbold, standing in the steam
of sheets, awaited the shrill winds
of Easter, which sometimes even now
would sweep across her memory, out
of the fens, rattling the white cherry
boughs, and causing the lines of hymns
to waver behind the shaken panes.

(p. 411)

Not lacerated by the wind and its portents ("lines of hymns"), she is allowed the protection of "shaken panes" to allow for understanding without the destruction and exhaustion that so finally marks the state of Mary Hare¹⁹, and in particular, Dubbo²⁰ and Himmelfarb²¹.

The colour grey beckons us to the final image of the intangible group--it suggests, in apparent blandness, the infinite complexity involved in the use of colour and shade. Ruth Joyner early witnesses what becomes a sensitive strength of perceptiveness:

In the flat, fen country from which she had come, she grew to expect what is called monotony by those who are deaf to the variations on it. A grey country. Even though a hollyhock in her father's garden would sometimes flicker up in memory against a grey wall, or rose straggle over eaves, or bosomy elm heave in the heavy summer, it was winter that she remembered best, of many, many greys: boots clattering through grey streets; the mirror-grey of winter fens; naked elms tossing rooks into a mackerel sky; the cathedral --the greyest, the most permanent of all greys, rising into cloud, that sometimes would disperse, sometimes would unite with stone.

(p. 260)

Within the grey, the mackerel, and the black of elms, the green shoots of her mind pierce "like a knife" (p. 48), "the more passive colours of her refinement" (p. 48)--she perceives within the greyness a hollyhock, rose, elm, and a "cathedral . . . the most permanent of all greys", and for her, these subtle shades flex their substance--"flicker", "straggle", "heave", "tossing", "disperse" and "unite", as though they are a pulsating organism in themselves.

Such activity beyond the bone of the colour is also experienced by Himmelfarb on his trip to the Stauffers--the countryside is similarly grey:

As he was rocked, soft and safe, he noticed the upholstery was the colour of Frau Stauffer's skin. Outside, the early light had transformed the normally austere landscape, where sky and earth, mist and water, rested together for the present in layers of innocent blue and grey. The soil would have appeared poor if the frost had not superimposed its glitter on the sand. . . .

For they were driving between stone gateposts, under great naked elms, crowned with old, blacker nests, and hung with the last rags of mist.

Nothing could disguise for Himmelfarb the coldness and greyness, the detached, dilapidated elegance of this foreign house, until, in a moment of complete loss, while his hosts were rootling in the car, he looked very close, and saw that the stone was infused with a life of lichen: all purples, and greens, and rusty orange-reds, merging and blurring together. Although it was something he had never noticed before, and it did not immediately mean to him all that it might in time, he was smiling when Frau Stauffer turned to him breathlessly and said, "There is nobody here! Nobody, nobody!"

Like a little girl who had achieved real freedom after the theory of it.

(pp. 176-177)

More intense in his questing, Himmelfarb sees a merging of flesh and upholstery, upon which he rides. The "innocent blue and grey" suggests the fen-like starkness of the scene--Himmelfarb chooses to note richness in the "glitter" of the frost. Driving within the greyness, elms, and "blacker nests" that Ruth had merely observed, so his final inquisitiveness rears up like the comparative shock of the "rose" in Ruth Joyner's vision. Our focus seems narrower and more intense as Himmelfarb perceives the "purples, and greens, and rusty orange-reds, merging and blurring together." The exclamation of Frau Stauffer "after the theory of it" parallels the smiling exhilaration of the all-too-'theoretical'

Himmelfarb as he moves by looking "very close" towards a sense of his true identity.

The notion of colour intensifies when Alf Dubbo views the 'crucifixion' of Himmelfarb--what Ruth Joyner saw in patient observation, and Himmelfarb by close peering, flows out to the aborigine as he stands before the Jew, and "saw most" (p. 453):

All that he had ever suffered, all that he had failed to understand, rose to the surface in Dubbo. Instinct and the white man's teaching no longer trampled on each other. As he watched, the colour flowed through the veins of the cold, childhood Christ, at last the nails entered wherever it was acknowledged they should. So he took the cup in his own yellow hands, from those of Mr. Calderon, and would have offered it to such celebrants as he was now able to recognize in the crowd. So he understood the concept of the blood, which was sometimes the sick, brown stain on his own pillow, sometimes the clear crimson of redemption. He was blinded now. Choking now. Physically feeble for the revelation that knowledge would never cut the cords which bound the Saviour to the tree. Not that it was asked. Nothing was asked. So he began also to understand acceptance. How he could at last have conveyed it, in its cloak of purple, on the blue tree, the green lips of detached, contemplative suffering.

(pp. 453-454)

As he watches, the colours of his earlier experiences form a synthesis with the vision before him. Like the bones of Mary Hare's fingers, the crucified figure in his past stands with the 'crucified' Himmelfarb before him--between and around the skeletal structure, colours blend and flow like the infused stone that Himmelfarb saw at Stauffer's. But when Dubbo ingests an experience, he does not beat at himself as Miss Hare did, but

allows for a metabolic reaction. Thus, after his "secret self" sings praises after reading Hannah's book,

His own hands were trembling by now,
for the light and his eyesight were nearly
gone. So he threw himself, face down, on
the bed. His upturned heels were quite
wooden and lifeless, but in his innermost
mind his hands continued to praise, with
the colours of which he was capable. They
issued like charmed snakes from the tips
of his fingers: the crimsons, and the clear
yellows, those corrosive greens, and the
intolerable purple with which he might
dare eventually to clothe the formless
form of God.

(p. 388)

The colours seep from his fingertips and form an essence that he must compromise by depicting it in the 'stiffness' of a painting. Such a frustration anticipates the frenetic prelude to his death.

As an artist it seems almost his duty to employ these pure colours in a form, when we see the 'living' fusion of these colours in Himmelfarb's journey from Paradise East:

The train was easing through the city
which knives had sliced open to serve up
with all the juices running--red and green,
and purple. All the syrups of the sundaes
oozing into the streets to sweeten. The
neon syrup coloured the pools of vomit and
the sailors' piss. By that light, the eyes
of the younger, gabardine men were a blind-
ing, blinder blue, when not actually burnt
out. The blue-haired grannies had purpled
from the roots of their hair down to the
ankles of their pants, not from shame, but
neon, as their breasts chafed to escape from
shammy-leather back to youth, or else roundly
asserted themselves, like chamberpots in con-
crete. As for the younger women, they were
necessary. As they swung along, or hung
around a corner, or on an arm, they were
the embodiment of thoughts and melons. As
if the thoughts of the gabardine men had
risen from the ashes behind their fused

eyeballs, and put on flesh at last,
of purple, and red, and undulating
green.

(p. 430)

In the very embers of the colours he had perceived at the Stauffers', the surrealistic journey wallows in a 'heightened' state of mind--the colours overflow, and are also "neon syrup" and "sailors' piss", there are "blinding" and "burnt out" blues, purple, red and "undulating" green flesh. As though stumbling through an anthill of colours, he approaches the "feathers of fire" (p. 387) that finally illuminate his spirit²² before he can perceive an incandescent light which is the "dazzle" Mrs. Godbold is able to "lower her eyes" (p. 542) to and continue to live.

Thus the two separate circles, each containing three walls, in which the tangible and intangible images are housed, are now fully 'cleansed' and exposed. As kaleidoscopic as they are in their development and influence, a moment can be captured in a form²³. Let us now examine the passages that directly concern the texture of the language.

The first occurs when Mrs. Godbold sits with Mary Hare in the "perfect silence of an evening":

The tranquil light, interceding with
the darkness, held for a moment a
thread of cobweb in its balance.

(p. 73)

Between the intangibility of light "interceding" with dark, there is held the tangibility of a cobweb's thread--hence a relationship is suggested between the two groups studied in this chapter.

In the second passage, Miss Hare and Mrs. Jolley have been discussing the former's parents:

The marbled sky was heartrending,
if also adamant, its layers of mauve
and rose veined by now with black and
indigo. The moon was the pale fossil
of a moth.

"Who brought them up?" Mrs. Jolley
laughed

(p. 77)

What was the tangibility of a cobweb thread is now the intangibility of black and indigo veining over mauve and rose layers. What was the intangibility of light and dark in the sky is now the tangibility of the "pale fossil of a moth." Such a transparency of form, such intercourse, is achieved through the fusion of the two areas explored. As Himmelfarb observed as he walked into Holunderthal, "The riot of fireworks" is "on" (p. 187)--"ordinarily solid, black buildings" are "shown to have other, more transcendental qualities, in that they would open up Much was inverted, that hitherto had been accepted as sound and immutable" (p. 187). From the myriad of examples, we will describe only some of the 'inversions' and fluid exchange of images that ultimately create the fusion of our two groups.

On a morning walk, away from Mrs. Sudgen's post office, Mary Hare passes through a particularly evocative scenario:

An early pearliness of light, a lamb's-
wool of morning promised the millennium,
yet, between the road and the shed in
which the Godbolds lived, the burnt-out
blackberry bushes, lolling and waiting
in rusty coils, suggested the enemy might
not have withdrawn.

(p. 9)

The whiteness of the morning anticipates the incandescence of a final fusion of the groups, and it is described as both an intangibility ("light") and a tangible occurrence ("lamb's-wool"). The road and the

shed suggest, too, a journey along the probing stick that is contained by the hat. The stick, now evoked, blends into the tangle of "blackberry bushes" and that the bushes are "waiting in rusty coils" suggests the possibility of spring-like movement, as when Tom Godbold comes upon a similar "white silence" (p. 258) and creates an uproar "as if someone had taken a stick and stirred up a nestful of birds." (p. 259) Such violence is latent here, and the swirling coil and the ominous fact that "the enemy might not have withdrawn", together with the warning offers to Miss Hare, ""You could get torn."" (p. 9) anticipate the vehemence of a wind, already perhaps begun as the bushes are lolling. We remember, too, the holocaust that Mary Hare's fluctuating breath initiates in Xanadu (p. 41). The coils depict the spirally holes of a sponge, through which the four main characters struggle, and within which a giddy Mary Hare has floated while in a wind ("breath of horses" (p. 41)) that has finally toppled her to "the ground".

As Mary Hare walks through the forest around Xanadu, she almost falls to a crossfire of fusing images:

. . . Miss Hare was pushing and struggled now Scratched a little, but that was to be expected once the feet were set upon the paths of existence. Slapped by a staggy elder-bush, of which the buds had almost reached the edible stage. Whipped by the little sarsaparilla vine, of which she could have drunk the purple up. Stroked by ferns, and ferns.

(p. 15)

As though animate, the bushes take up the ferocity of a strong wind, and the sound of violence erupts in the onomatopaeic sound of aggressive hand movements: "scratched", "slapped", "whipped". These sounds merge with a

physical stroking, like sensual hands, of "ferns and ferns". Even the vine and its beating branches are of a "purple" she could have drunk--colour, too, has become a tangibility. And in the tunnel of twigs leading to Xanadu, the sounds of Mary Hare's thoughts, "flapping and flashing", intermingle with the leaves "or lay straight and stiff as sticks, or emerged with the painful stench of any crushed ant" (p. 18). The lilting tones of her thinking become physical bars and notes (sticks, straight and stiff) of music in Nature--a fusion that also possesses smell.

When Himmelfarb journeys to Persimmon Street in Paradise East, and the home of the Rosetrees, he boards the train at Barranugli:

It was the kindest hour of evening,
strewing the floors with a light of
trodden dandelions. Mostly ladies filled
the train. As they sat and talked to-
gether, of cakes, and illnesses, and
relatives--or just talked--they worked
the words inside their mouths like the
bread of kindness, or sugared lollies.
The mauve plastic of their gums shone.
Temporarily the slashes in the train
upholstery were concealed by corseted
behinds, the brown smells of rotten
fruit overcome by the scents of blameless,
but synthetic flowers.

(p. 420)

In the yellow glow, Patrick White directs us to the mauve gums as the women continue to talk, savouring their words, and masticating endlessly. As the reader draws closer to their mouths, so the image of teeth is partly suggested in the "slashes" in the upholstery (our first reaction is even that they are bars of sunshine), until we see they are covered by "corseted behinds" which represent the teeth of the nattering ladies, and the slashes are the void that they attempt to ignore and conceal.

More vivid, perhaps, is the scene where Mary Hare awaits Mrs.

Jolley, and is anxious over the need to say something:

So she wandered here and there, letting in always more light, and the blades of light slashed the carpets, smoking, and pillows of gold rose up in the shadows of some rooms where they had never been before . . . the gust of cold panic recurred.

It was time. The light told her, not her stomach, for she was seldom hungry all day long, living, it would have seemed, almost an experience; . . . But light told all that was ever necessary. And now the windows were gaping long and cold, with a cold, whitish light, of later afternoon.

(p. 44)

Again, a preoccupation with the mouth (" . . . pain she must suffer in the afternoon./To say to the woman" (p. 44). Golden teeth gash themselves through the curtains and quiver like javelins in the carpet--the wind from their incision permeates Miss Hare in a "gust of cold panic . . ." --as though a monstrous, gnashing orifice were nigh upon her, "the light told her . . . all that was ever necessary"--as she looks beyond the teeth, or slashes, into the throat of "long" and "gaping" windows she views the "whitish light" that significantly marks the incandescence that occurs, like a magnesium flare, when the image groups fuse²⁴.

What were golden pillows in Mary Hare's experience become fingers to Alf Dubbo when we learn of his early life:

Just about dusk the river would become the most fascinating for the small boy, and he would hang about at a certain bend where the townspeople had planted a park. The orange knuckles of the big bamboos became accentuated at dusk, and the shiny foliage of the native trees seemed to sweat a deeper green. The boy's dark river would cut right across the evening.

(p. 346)

In the mire of his sheltered and pernicious environment, the "orange knuckles" point to the sky, from where the chariot vision descends. But the big bamboos are also the ladders, or chains, that raise him beyond the mundane (" . . . where the townspeople had planted a park")--but Dubbo's path to 'ripening' must also surpass the indoctrination of Timothy Caulderon. Admiring still the manly "lance" (p. 353) of St. George, which he associates with the virility of his brother-in-law Arthur Pask, the Reverend decides, similarly, to 'ride'²⁵ the aborigine and slay the past. The knuckled bamboos suggest also the "rings" of the rector's "scored" and "ghostly" (p. 359) penis, which is his monumental hypocrisy. Dubbo's quest takes him amongst the glowing bamboo canes until he can begin a climb to a height where, weak and alone, he can be fulfilled²⁶.

In conclusion, then, as we look at the two 'eyes' of the classification of imagery, we observe something akin to Harry Rosetree's vision:

Now as the molten light was poured into the office where Harry Rosetree sat, the two eyes which were watching him seemed to be set at discrepant angles, which, together with the presentation of the facial planes, suggested that here were two, or even more, distinct faces. Yet, on closer examination, all the versions that evolved, all the lines of vision that could be traced from the discrepant eyes, fell into focus. All those features which had appeared wilfully distorted and unrelated, added up quite naturally to make the one great archetypal face. It was most disturbing, exhilarating, not to say frightening.

(pp. 415-416)

The version that has evolved from the "discrepant eyes" has fallen into focus, in the "great archetypal face"--for a moment it glows the face of a goat²⁷, symbol of the endurance of Mary Hare, Himmelfarb, Dubbo and Mrs. Godbold. Within this final focus, when "the goat mask . . . slipped"²⁸ (p. 472), we are left with a man "hanging abandoned on a tree" (p. 472), which is perhaps the tree "on which they had stuck . . . " (p. 454) Himmelfarb²⁹. But as the kaleidoscope turns again with the fluid essence of the imagery, so the incandescence cited in the moments of fusion, rises within the form. The dissipation of the form of the man is whipped into "the spokes of whitest light smashing, the hooks grappling together, hatefully . . . " (p. 662)--perhaps in this breeze we smell the stench of the "crushed ant" (p. 18) and its merging with the odours of herbs that represent qualities associated with the four main characters³⁰, as they breathe through the imagery. And finally, we are staring at a glassy clarity that may momentarily lend us ourselves, as the mirror did to Harry Rosetree--"suddenly he bared his teeth at the glass, and the least vein in his terrible eyeballs was fully revealed to him"--in the reflection eye meets eye as 'I' meets 'I' and sees that it is as it is. If we look long enough, then, within the square and circle³¹, ours is the pleasure of the narrator in a book perused by Himmelfarb in Rutkowitz's bookshop:

. . . "I noticed that the candle was about to go out. So I rose and extinguished it, as a person who has been dozing often will. But I soon realized that the light continued. I was greatly astonished, because, after close examination, I saw it was as though the light issued from myself. I said: 'I do not believe it.'

I walked to and fro all through the
house, and, behold, the light is with
me: I lay on a couch and covered myself
up, and, behold, the light is with me
all the while . . . "

(p. 147)

Looking closely and patiently at the incandescence as we do, there is achieved the totality that the mandala image suggests³²; not to be hypnotized by its glare into foolish imitations of its form, source, and conclusion, we observe it, receive the warmth of its message, and lower our eyes with those of Mrs. Godbold--in 'ripeness'. Patrick White, in the texture of his language, has brought us this conclusion through the fusion and accumulation of images until, like the squeezing of a sponge, the final drops that are the multiplication of Mrs. Godbold's vision, become one, in a form we may momentarily ingest. Riders in the Chariot is, here then, a mere moment, and its essence one of many droplets.

CHAPTER II - Footnotes

¹Bernard Bergonzi, "Knights of the Will", Spectator, (Nov. 3rd 1961), 207.

²Whitney Balliett, "Mrs. Jolley and Mrs. Flack", New Yorker, (Dec. 9th 1961), 244.

³John K. Hutchens, Time, (Oct. 6th 1961), 25.

⁴Gouverneur Paulding, New York Herald Tribune Books, (Oct. 8th 1961), 4.

⁵The word is borrowed from Peter Beatson. He suggests that the counterpointing of key leitmotifs forms the architectural firmness of White's novels. This is particularly the case in Riders in the Chariot where, as Beatson says, "The images are not frozen or static" (P. Beatson, The Eye in the Mandala. Patrick White: A Vision of Man and God, (London: Elek Books Ltd., 1976), 136).

Patricia Morley proffers a few remarks on the converging of images. (P. Morley, The Mystery of Unity: Theme and Technique in the Novels of Patrick White, (Montreal: McGill-Queen's Univ. Press, 1972), 19).

⁶Beatson, too, notices a "poetry" in the characters' relationships with the very "pulsations and emanations of places and things" (Beatson, The Eye in the Mandala, 133), and the reflection of this in White's use of language.

⁷I have chosen to heed the following advice: "We cannot approach his imagery externally: a study of the iconographic sources of his symbols, or an excessive insistence on the allegorical structure of the books, will obscure, rather than elucidate, his message. The images must be approached freely and flexibly, understood in terms of the total meaning of the book and the immediate circumstances of the characters at a particular stage in their emotional and spiritual development. The image patterns in White are an essential part of what he is communicating." (Beatson, The Eye in the Mandala, 134).

⁸Jeremy Brooks, Guardian, (Oct. 27th 1961), 7.

⁹White, Riders, 284. Also quoted in Morley, Mystery of Unity, 15. It is here that I turn from Morley and Beatson.

¹⁰The eye is used to contain both forms because it is also a symbol for the 'I' that is tangible (Appendix II, Fig. A), and the 'I' that is not (Appendix II, Fig. B).

The eye is, too, the 'seeing' of the human being, but it is also the eye within Nature (particularly the sun and, too, the whirlwind of The Eye of the Storm), and the music of a still, small voice at its core.

¹¹See Appendix II, Fig. 1. Francisco Goya, "El esforzado Rendon picando un toro, de cuya suerta murio en la plaza de Madrid", La Tauromaquia and the Bulls of Bordeaux, intro. Philip Hofer (New York: Dover Publications, 1969), No. 28.

The work suggests the intensity of Mary Hare's behaviour (slanted hat, concentrating eyes, and 'terrifying' surroundings) and, in the writhing bull we may feel the difficulty she experiences, not only in the writing of a telegraph form, but in being.

Translation of the painting's title: "The forceful Rendon stabs a bull with the pique, from which pass he died in Madrid."

¹²See Appendix II, Figure 2. William Blake, "Europe a Prophecy", The Seer and his Visions, commentary Milton Klonksy (New York: Harmony Books, 1977).

The work is the frontispiece to Blake's The Ancient of Days, a relief etching, white-line engraving, colour printed and painted with watercolours, 1794.

Mary Hare's activity reminds one of this etching. As the stick divides into "scissors", one notices, too, the "navel" (Miss Hare's hat) from which the behaviour stems. In Blake's "Europe a Prophecy", too, there lies the anticipation of a future development, in the 'measuring' extension of the arm.

¹³A more exaggerated example of ossification occurs at the 'hat' luncheon of Mrs. Chalmers-Robinson, Mrs. Wolfson, and Mrs. Colquhoun:

. . . For the three ladies were wearing rather amusing hats. The first, and perhaps least confident of the three, had chosen an enormous satin bon-bon, of screeching pink, swathed so excessively on one side that the head conveyed an impression of disproportion, of deformity, of bulbous growth. But the uncertain lady was palpitating with her own daring, and glanced at the closer of her two companions, fishing for a scrap of praise. Her friend would not concede it, however. For the second lady was secure in her own carapace, and would not have recognized her acquaintance except by compulsion. The

second lady was wearing on her head a lacquered crab-shell. She was quite oblivious of it, of course, but there it sat, one real claw offering a diamond starfish, the other dangling a miniature conch in polished crystal. The unconscious wearer had divested herself conventionally of her gloves, and was restoring suppleness to her hands. As she tried her nails on the air, it was seen that those, by some chance, were exactly the same shade of audacious crab.

How the waiters adored the three insolent ladies, but it was at the third and obviously eldest that their most Italianate smiles were directed.

The third, or by now, the first lady, affected the most amusing hat of all. On her blue curls she had perched an innocent little conical felt, of a drab, an earth colour, so simple and unassuming that the owner might have been mistaken for some old, displaced clown, until it was noticed that fashion had tweaked the felt almost imperceptibly, and that smoke--yes, actual smoke--was issuing out of the ingenious cone. There she stood at the centre of the smart restaurant in her volcanic hat, her mouth crimped with pleasure, for she had reached an age of social innocence where she was again dependent on success. So she smiled, in the abstract, for the blinding bulbs of two photographers, and because she was trying to ignore the arthritis in her knees.
White, Riders, 529.

The women's hats are like the solidified eruption of essence--and express a paralysis of 'understanding' ornamentally suggested, for example, in the "dangling . . . crystal" of the "second lady's" hat--a crystal normally associated with the form and substance of an essence of being, more closely understood by Mary Hare, Himmelfarb, Dubbo, and Mrs. Godbold, "Indeed, Mrs. Chalmers-Robinson's crater was by now extinct. She continued to sit for a little, however, together with her companions, while each of the three tried to remember where she should go next." (White, Riders, 536).

¹⁴Other references to clothing suggest a certain 'comedy'. Himmelfarb, for example, on visiting the Stauffers, begins "to pull up his socks" (White, Riders, 162); the 'half-mast' phenomenon is suggested when, on becoming drunk, "the skin had become exposed between the cuffs of his trousers and tops of his socks" (White, Riders, 164). He shares

such 'distinction' with "coming down" stockings of Mary Hare (White, Riders, 9) and Mrs. Godbold's "stretchy cardigan" that "might have appeared something of a joke" (White, Riders, 542). The reason for the 'comic' dress is explained to Mrs. Godbold by Alf Dubbo as he lies, drunk and bleeding, on Khalil's floor: "'There is no point putting on a pair of boots to walk to town, if you can do it better in your bare feet.'" (White, Riders, 312).

¹⁵See Appendix II, Figure 3. Edvard Munch, "'Anxiety' (Fear) 1896", Edvard Munch, (Oslo: Universitet Oslo, 1970).

A similar notion was expressed by Munch in this work of 1896. We may care to view the top-hatted gentleman as Himmelfarb, disembodied and entering the faces about him as he walks along.

¹⁶Young Mary Hare magnifies the image of the stick that had previously been a pen at the end of an extended arm:

At the same time it sounded silly. He was like some spaniel thrown in against its will, and whose genuine dog-tragedy appeared to be drowning in comical acts.

She ran, though. She got a pole; it was an old, bleached clothes-prop. She stood above him, away up, in the light, on the rim of the cistern.

Then he appeared more afraid than before, as if she were looking truly monstrous from that height and angle, as she held the pole towards him.

He was crying now, like a little boy, out of pale, wet mouth.

"Some-one!" he was crying. "Mary! Don't! Have some pity! For God's sake! Run!"

Although rigid, her pole was merciful, but he warded it off with his hands, which were blue, she observed, and he would bob under, and return, each time his deathly fringe falling into place again on his forehead.

So she gathered up her dress at last, holding it bundled over her stomach, and ran, by whatever made her. She was two beings. White, Riders, 63.

¹⁷We notice a character of 'lesser' understanding, rather badly gesticulating for what Mrs. Godbold has achieved: " . . . Reha Himmelfarb suddenly scratched her head with a knitting needle." (White, Riders, 156).

¹⁸The glass and the "streamers" (of music) (White, Riders, 473) that pass it suggest the scene from beneath the surface of water when someone jumps in--a sudden finger-like tube of bubbles is created. An experience that approximates to Rosetree's 'heightened' state of mind, and his death by the choking of hanging that must, also, be a sensation approaching that of drowning.

¹⁹Mary Hare: "So Miss Hare *stumbled* through the night. If she did not choose the obvious direction, it was because *direction had at last chosen her.*" (White, Riders, 483) (my italics).

²⁰Dubbo: "He would have known how to draw it, detail by detail, inch by inch, for he never forgot those places where he had been. *There was simply the question of physical strength.*" (White, Riders, 503) (my italics).

²¹Himmelfarb: "" . . . For the moment I have not the *strength* to submit to any doctor."" (White, Riders, 475)(my italics).

²²"But warmer now. For it was at this point that he glanced back at the last blaze of earthly fire. It rose up, through the cracks in the now colourless earth, not to consume, but to illuminate the departing spirit." (White, Riders, 481).

²³See Appendix II, Figures 4 and 5.

²⁴A variation of the image occurs in the "flowered tent", beneath the plum tree, where Mary Hare and Himmelfarb peer through the canopy of its branches to a "strong light". (White, Riders, 101).

²⁵See Appendix II, Figures 6 and 7. Figure 6: Albrecht Dürer, "St. George slays the Dragon", Witches All, commentary Elizabeth Pepper and John Wilcock (New York: Grosset and Dunlap, 1977), 29.

The work is suggestive of the Reverend Calderon's brief elation, both through its echoing his brother's 'virility' and through its representing the act of penetration of a 'guardian of wealth' (Dubbo and his artistic talent). Interestingly, the dragon (here, Dubbo) "universally share[s] an association with water, caves, and hidden places where treasure is concealed. Guarding secret wealth is the function performed by the dragon in legends and myths from all over the world."

Figure 7: Francisco Goya, "Execution of the 3rd of May 1808", The Romantic Imagination, commentary Kenneth Clark (London: Futura Publications, 1973), 87.

Kenneth Clark states that when reason loses control, Goya has seen and "contrasted the fierce, formalized repetition of the soldiers' attitude, the steely line of the rifles and the hard shapes of their helmets, with the crumbling irregularity of the target." Like the 'ruined' bull at the hands of the picador, Dubbo in his "crumbling irregularity" likewise is a victim of the ferocious and unthinking idealism of the "formalized" minister.

²⁶As Dubbo struggles with his final painting he seems to look down from the height of the bamboos he had earlier observed, sitting with parrots that pick at him:

. . . He groped his way towards the bed, and got beneath the blanket as he was. There he remained, shut in a solid slab of sleep, except when he emerged for a little to walk along the river bank, beside the Reverend Timothy Calderon. But drew away from the rector, who continued mumbling of eels, and sins too slippery to hold. So that, in the end, the figures were waving at each other from a distance. The continued waving, to and back, separated, it seemed, by the great, transparent sinlessness of morning. Joyful parrots celebrated, and only that *Alfwheraryou* could not have borne their playful beaks, would have entered, and sat picking, inside his cage of ribs.
White, Riders, 502.

The "waving", the "separated . . . by the great . . . sinlessness of morning", and the hollow sound of "*Alfwheraryou*" suggest further the distance between the aborigine and the minister.

²⁷See Appendix II, Figures 8, 9, 10. Figure 8: The goat's face produced by the fusion of our two categories of imagery. Interestingly, Mary Hare and Mrs. Jolley come to discuss goats:

"It is a goat," she [Mrs. Jolley] said, perverting the word softly in her mouth.
"What a decoration for a person's bathroom! A black goat! looking at you!"

"No," said Miss Hare, with a firm movement of her jaw, "it would not appeal to you. Goats are perhaps the animals which see the truth most clearly."
White, Riders, 324.

Figure 9: William Blake's "Ezekiel's Vision", Klonsky, Seer, 67.

Figure 10: William Blake's "Europe a Prophecy", Klonsky, Seer, 41.

²⁸See Appendix II, Figure 11. The goat mask here is significant when associated with Himmelfarb's deathbed:

. . . He had passed, he noticed, the two date-palms of smoking plumes. By that light, even the most pitiable or monstrous incidents experienced by human understanding were justified, it seemed, as their statutory stood grouped together on the plain he was about to leave.
White, Riders, 481.

Paul Christian, "La Danse du Sabbat (telle qu'elle figure dans l'« Histoire de la Magie »)", L'Univers Diabolique (Montreal: Editions du Jour, 1972), No. 12.

²⁹See Appendix II, Figures 12, 13, 14 and 15.

Figure 12: The simple skeleton of the incandescent fusion is suggested in the figure of a man. Francesco di Giorgio, "Proportionsfigur nach Vitruv", Leonardo-Studien, commentary Hans Ost (Berlin: Walter de Gruyter, 1975), No. 25.

Figure 13: The form of the man is here more structured, and anticipates the lines of Figure 14. Leonardo da Vinci, "Proportionsfigur nach Vitruv", Ost, Leonardo-Studien, No. 24.

Figure 14: Thus is formed the five-pointed star, or pentangle, suggesting 'Man as Microcosmos'. (Pepper and Wilcock, Witches All, 52).

Figure 15: A star form also constitutes the enclosed arena of a magical system. (Pepper and Wilcock, Witches All, 47).

³⁰See Appendix II, Figure 16. From "A Witches Garden", Pepper and Wilcock, Witches All, 40-41.

- i) Balm, lemon (*Melissa officinalis*) "An herb of attraction . . ."
- ii) Catnip (*Nepeta cataria*) "a fertility charm."
- iii) Hyssop (*Hyssopus officinalis*) "A tea prepared from the dried leaves is said to excite passion."
- iv) Rue (*Ruta graveolens*) "Burning the dried leaves will drive off the influence of evil and ill will . . . one of its folknames is Herb of Grace."
- v) Mugwort (*Artemisia vulgaris*) "Carrying its leaves with you on a journey prevents fatigue. Mugwort has a use in divination for its odor is said to heighten awareness."

³¹See Appendix II, Figure 17.

³²See Appendix II, Figure 18. A pertinent observation on mandalas is established thus:

When, then, the Indian or Tibetan artist designs a mandala he is not obeying the arbitrary command of caprice. He is following a definite tradition which teaches him how to represent, in a particular manner, the very drama of his soul. He does not depict on a mandala the cold images of an iconographical text, but he pours out upon it the phantasms of his subconscious ego and thus knows them and liberates himself from them. He gives form to that world he feels surging within him and he sees is spread out before his eyes, no longer the invisible and unrestrainable master of his soul, but a serene symbolic representation which reveals to him the secrets of things and of himself. This complicated juxtaposition of images, their symmetrical arrangement, this alternation of calm and of menacing figures, is the open book of the world and of Man's own spirit.

Where once there was darkness now there is light.

Giuseppe Tucci, The Theory and Practice of the Mandala, trans. A. H. Broderick (London: Rider & Co., 1961), pp. 132-133.

ERRATUM.

Due to page misnumbering there is no page ninety-two.

R. T.

CHAPTER III

A 'CORRIDOR' OF SUBJECT MATTER

On January 12, 1905, Henry James stood before the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia. In his lecture, tucked between the flexing vocabulary of the prose, was a comment on intensity in the work of Honoré de Balzac. It was a remark pertinent to the novels of Patrick White, and to the subject matter of Riders in the Chariot, in particular:

It is a question, you see, of penetrating into a subject; his corridors always went further and further and further; which is but expressing his inordinate passion for detail.¹

White's passion for detail means that Riders in the Chariot embraces a plethora of themes, four of which will be studied in this chapter. The status of words will be our first consideration, then 'knowingness' or intuitive communication, the process of questing or journeying, and, finally, the nature of truth. The form of their connectedness will also be stated, as a unifying principle.

The vanity of using words is a matter close to Patrick White's heart--particularly after the difficulties of The Living and The Dead (1941) and Happy Valley (1939), where criticism of these novels centered around sharply depicted perceptions that worked against the "diagnosing intelligence"²; a glittering use of words interferes with the author's perceptions. Thus it is that such a misfortune is acknowledged through the experience of the young Himmelfarb. Cantor Katzmänn is engaged to teach the boy the Hebrew alphabet,

. . . which the latter mastered at astonishing speed. And began shortly to unite phrases, and recite prayers. And grew vain. (p. 112)

The reverse is true of Alf Dubbo who, in his belief that "words had always been the weapon of whites" (p. 377), chooses to communicate in a way that dismisses words; hence, in his encounter with Mary Hare, we are presented with the subtle nature of his language which avoids the preciousness that so clutters Himmelfarb:

She watched his back, gratefully rewarded.
Both the illuminates remained peacefully
folded inside the envelopes of their flesh.
Each knew it was improbable they would ever
communicate in words. Yet, they had exchanged
a token of goodness, which would remain forever
in each other's keeping. From behind closed
eyelids, each would have recognized the other
as an apostle of truth. And that was enough.
(p. 69)

The important motif, here, is Dubbo's back. Mary Hare watches it and remains "peacefully" within her flesh. The envelope image is all the more vivid as containing essence when one examines its anatomical counterpart--the bone structure seen through the flesh of the back. The two shoulder-blades with their triangular form meet at the spine, in the very shape of the reverse side of an envelope. Mary Hare is "gratefully rewarded" by the sight of Dubbo's back because, through the intimacy of the communication, it becomes clear that, within the envelope of Dubbo's bones and personality, there exists an inner core in flux. As Dubbo's shoulder-blades move, so they echo the motion of Reha Himmelfarb's knitting needles (p. 156), snatching up order from chaos, but, unlike her confusion, Dubbo composes himself in the raw physicality of muscular control. As though verifying this particular manner of

non-verbal insight, White introduces the notion that when one human faculty is eradicated, another mode flourishes--with closed eyes "each would have recognized the other as an apostle of truth. And that was enough." (p. 69) Thus by ridding themselves of words, a fuller communication occurs whose language gesticulates from the human body.

Mary Hare's attitude to words is exposed in conversation with Himmelfarb:

Miss Hare sat making those little noises of protest reminiscent of frogs and leather.

"Clever people," she was saying, "are the victims of words."³

(p. 335)

She does not allow words to overwhelm or distort her understanding of things; as a child, she was constantly relieved

. . . to be alone at last, able to look at, and touch, and smell whatever she saw without danger of being asked by her parents for explanations.

(p. 26)

The immediacy of experience, its sensuality ("look at", "touch", "smell") and its privateness are but compromised and arrested in words. The spinster is content that she is able to "know" (p. 40) without the gift of words.

White's sensitivity to the use of words is an attitude that is regularly exposed in his prose. At the beginning of Riders in the Chariot when Mary Hare is walking away from the post office, she becomes entangled in some blackberry bushes:

"You could get torn," Mrs. Godbold warned,
 who had come to the edge of the road, in
 search of something whether child, goat, or
 perhaps just the daily paper.

"Oh, I could get torn," Miss Hare
 answered. "But what is a little tear."

(p. 9)

That Mary Hare's skirt may be ripped is contextually suggested in the last word, "tear". There exists, however, the possibility of Miss Hare's shedding a tear through the pain of the scratching bushes. Whichever interpretation one chooses, the ambiguity is sufficient to create a moment's pause. As the protagonists are engaged in an intensive quest, so, as we weigh up the ambivalence of "tear", like a lighthouse beam over sea and rock we reconsider our initial interpretation. By suggesting an alternative meaning, White has prepared us for the inner language (i.e., beyond the one word) that the protagonists explore.

There is a similar occurrence when Mary Hare is "whipped" (p. 15) and stroked by ferns--groping through the purple of it all:

At one stage she fell upon the knees of her
 earth-coloured, practical stockings, not
 because she was discouraged, or ill--she had
 reached the time of life where acquaintances
 and neighbours were always on the lookout for
 strokes--but because it was natural to adopt
 a kneeling position in the act of worship,
 and because intense conviction will sometimes
 best express itself through the ungainliness
 of spontaneity.

(p. 15)

The balance is here tipped in the other direction--contextually, the word, "strokes", more likely refers to the physical touching of people (we remember the aridity and craving of Mrs. Jolley and Mrs. Flack, "acquaintances and neighbours"), but within the sentence, given that

Mary Hare has fallen, the notion of a coronary stroke seems to be the more accurate interpretation. But again the pause is sufficient for a second thought, and the two modes further condition our response. Not just words then, but their juxtaposition, like notes of music⁴, one in the treble and one in the bass, provide a richness and a texture that greatly embellish our reading, and allow us to share the distinctive chords of illumination heard by the protagonists⁵.

Such a harmony in words, however, is not always the case, and occasionally they become painful and unpleasant projectiles. Mary Hare, for instance, is sadistically attacked when in the company of Mrs. Jolley: "She heard words like stones battering on her memory." (p. 329) Bombarded by language in this form, she also discovers that when asked questions, words seemed like "screws that spiralled down into the brain" (p. 51). Words interrupt her relationship with the natural world and with objects about her. It is in this way that we can gauge the intensity of her apartness from the rest of mankind and, in particular, Mrs. Jolley, who unfortunately denounces Himmelfarb in front of her--the scatological colour of the exchange savours, if I may here use that word, of a chimpanzees' tea party.

"And with a dirty Jew!"

Miss Hare was red rage itself. She could not see for the sense of injustice which was rising green out of her. Towering in the perpendicular, it burst into a flower of sparks, like some obscene firework released from the dark of memory.

"My *what* Jew?" The words were choking.
 "Dirty? What is true, then? My kind man!"

My good! Then I am offal! Green, putrefying,
out of old, starved sheep. Worse, worse!
Though not as bad as some. Offal is cleaner
than dishonest women. What is the lowest of
all? You could tell me! Some women! Lower
even. Some women's shit!"

So her memory spat, and the brown word
plastered the accuser's back.

Mrs. Jolley, of course, could only stop
her ears with the wax of unbelief. When she
had opened them again, her white lips pissed
back, "Who did the Jews crucify?"

(p. 327)

The pissing and shitting that form the venomous exchange of opinion, and, too, the "red rage" and "rising green" sense of injustice, anticipate the use of words as forms that have undergone metamorphosis. Thus when the young Himmelfarb is consoled by his mother on seeing the dyer and his purple hands, we learn that "More often than not, she saw her words salt the wounds" (p. 21). The words causing pain are identified with the more immediate and painful sensation of salt on a wound. Similarly, when Mary Hare attempts a conversation with Himmelfarb, she "began to crumble words" (p. 332)--mastication of this sort points to words as satiating the appetite and an inner craving (here, the desire to communicate). And, significantly, the English language itself becomes a digestible food that Mordecai hankers after for nourishment:

At the university the man's intellectual activities were narrowed down to the study of his preferred language--English. Its bland and rather bread-like texture became his manna. But, in opposition to his will and intentions, he would find his mind hankering after the obdurate tongue he had got as a boy from the Cantor Katzmänn. His proficiency in Hebrew had grown with intermittent attention, and he would often read, late at night, both for instruction, and for the bitter pleasure of it.

(p. 121)

Himmelfarb's gluttony and addiction lead him to being dependent upon "obdurate tongue". Far beyond the sustenance of a simple literacy, he devours well into the night for the masochist's "bitter pleasure" in an inescapable brutality.⁶

We can see by now that White has likened words to the areas of sensory experience: he has depicted them as sight, words can be touched, and they are tasted. Smell and sound are most interestingly depicted in the experience of Harry Rosetree, and in the young life of Mordecai and Jürgen Stauffer. When the Brighta Bicycle Lamps factory owner begins to recognize the nature of his betrayal, we are taken into his past--the effect is of a burning of his father's words:

What had been the living words of the
father would crackle like parchment whenever
Häim ben Ya'akov allowed himself to remember.
Or worse, he would see them, written in
columns, on scrolls of human skin.

But now it was the *scent* of words that
pervaded

(p. 415)

In allowing himself to remember, Ya'akov releases the bellows on the fire of his father's words; again White provides a secondary remark (like the ambivalencies cited earlier) to intensify the blaze, the crackling parchment provides a sound of burning while the columns are reminiscent of the "pillar of fire" (p. 213) associated with "immigrant Jews" (p. 213). The total effect is one of a "scent" of the burning of Rosetree's own flesh as he stands in the blaze of "scrolls of human skin". Burning words have thus become the aroma of his own extinction.

Himmelfarb is the character who is associated with the fifth sensory use of words--as sound. Not now the simple harmony of an ambivalent use of words, but the pure spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling--in the music of dialect or local language. The young Himmelfarb and his "German gold" friend, Jürgen, take a trip to the "wilder side" (p. 115) of the Stadtwald at Holunderthal--like playful puppies they frolic on beds of leaves. White, as though exclusively surrendering to their moment, allows the boys' German to rise out of his description:

How Jürgen laughed.

"And cut him up, and drink the blood,
and put slices in a *Brotchen* to send the
parents?" Mordecai had learnt how to play.

"Ach, Gott!" Jürgen Stauffer laughed.

How his teeth glistened.

"Old Himmelfurz!" he cried. "*Du Liebes
Rindvieh!*"

Then they were hitting each other, and
grunting. Their skins were melting together.
They could not wrestle enough on the beds of
leaves. Afterwards they lay panting, and
looked up through the exhausted green, to
discuss a future still incalculable, except
for the sustaining thread of friendship.
In the silences they would sigh beneath the
weight of their affection for each other.

(p. 115)

The music of their pleasure is lifted out of the "bland" (p. 121) texture of the English language--our understanding of the German words may only be of their sound and their spirit--and we have thus more immediately listened to the passion of their vitality which moves Himmelfarb to the point where he " . . . could have kissed his friend"

and "wrestled some more" before the pleasure of lying in "the blaze of summer and their own contentment" (p. 116).

White, in providing us with the five sensory experiences in words, does not omit the moment of their interacting--it is Mordecai Himmelfarb who enjoys an experience in words that anticipates Ruth Godbold's gaining of a more total sense of identity:

Only when he was girt with the Word, and the shawl, covering his shoulders, excluded with its fringes those other desires of heart and eyes, had his own day begun, or was again created, sanctified, and praised. As he stood, reciting the Shema and Benedictions, from behind closed lids, from the innermost part of him, the face began again to appear in the divine likeness, in the clouds of the little mirror, offering itself for an approval that might always remain withheld.

But the Jew prayed:

"Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God,
King of the Universe, who has given
to the cock intelligence to distinguish
between day and night"

And the light was poured into the four corners of the room, though silently at Sarsaparilla, for man had known better than God or Levite, and had operated on the cock. But the purest leaf touched the Jew's eyelids; his lids were shaped in gold. His veins were lapis lazuli in a sea of gold, the thongs of the phylacteries were turned to onyx, but the words that fell from his mouth were leaping crystals, each reflecting to infinity the words contained within the words.

(pp. 439-440)

Himmelfarb dresses in a word to celebrate his purpose, and in closing his eyes he heightens the power of an inner voice that is conjured by his reciting the Shema and Benedictions. As though resuscitating an

essence that has hitherto lain dormant, the words contained in the Jew's "envelope" erupt like a firework. Like Mrs. Godbold's arrows in multiplication, Himmelfarb has approached the notion of all-pervasiveness with the tools of his academic profession and religious faith--his error is to look at the literal meaning of the words in his prayers and incantations, rather than at the essence that comes before him in "leaping crystals" and "words . . . within the words"⁸. Presented, nevertheless, is the tremulous emission of a cumulative sixth sense of being, achieved through the multifarious fusing and separating of words within words.

In moving beyond words, intuitive communication or 'knowingness' becomes a subject rigorously explored by Patrick White. The mysterious, almost telepathic relationship between the outback and Sydney in Voss means that Laura can share Voss's pain in the desert, and interpret his experiences: like Voss, she 'sees' beyond the 'dailiness' of things, and in doing so reinforces a notion of the communication of an elect by means other than words. A suggestion of what this linking entails is proffered by Arthur in The Solid Mandala, when, on speaking to Waldo of Leonard Saporta, he notes the transparency of simple people: "You can see right into them, right into the part that matters." (Solid Mandala, p. 23) It is a simplicity that in Riders in the Chariot is most fully encompassed in the "lovingkindness" (p. 331) of Mrs. Godbold, whose communication is in the form of light--" . . . which might redeem, not only those in whom its lamp stood, but all those who were threatened with darkness." What appears to be lightly weakness in Mary Hare, Himmelfarb, Dubbo and Mrs. Godbold is paradoxically their strength--their

communicating moves them closer to the state of "equanimity" achieved by Mrs. Godbold, where passionate and impartial love is not held within the confines of particularity and preference.

The subtlety of contact between the elect communicants is most vividly conveyed at the beginning of Riders in the Chariot when Mary Hare and Mrs. Godbold meet, briefly:

It did not matter to either that much would remain unexplained. It did not matter that neither had looked at the other's face, for each was aware that the moment could yield no more than they already knew. Somewhere in the past, that particular relationship had been fully explored.

(p. 10)

An archetypal connectedness is established by the mere touching of two spheres of being--like two magnets tantalizingly close, the very feel of the other woman is sufficient for that moment to be fulfilling. The rest is an isolated quest during which further 'brushes' will occur; Mary Hare has learned from her father as well that, perhaps, the fleeting moments are all that can be anticipated:

. . . she, for her part could do nothing for him but smile back in the way of those from whom nothing much is expected Years after, when his stature was even further diminished in her memory, her mind would venture in foxy fashion, or more blunderingly wormlike, in search of a concealed truth. If fellowship with Himmelfarb and Mrs. Godbold, and perhaps her brief communion with a certain blackfellow, would confirm rather than expound a mystery, the reason could be that, in the last light, illumination is synonymous with blinding.

(p. 27)

Her increased communication with the other 'illuminati' is more likely to end in 'blindness' rather than illumination. It is the energy exchanged on her meeting of Mrs. Godbold, therefore, that is the important communication--its lacking eye contact and touch, in effect, constitutes the clarity of the 'conversation' because it anticipates the 'blindness' of contemplating a still point--which, paradoxically, is the 'illumination' of man's spiritual centrality towards an understanding of which the protagonists move. The energy of the 'conversation' is thus a reinforcing of the fact that each individual quest is actually a shared one. Such a momentary perception between riders of the chariot, once established by White, is used as a base for satirizing those who are outside the elect circle of language. When Mary Hare is explaining the story of her illness to Mrs. Jolley, and the help that Mrs. Godbold had given her, we learn,

That some secret did exist, Mrs. Jolley
also was certain, with her instinct for doors
through which she might never be admitted.
Not that she wanted to be. Oh dear, no, not
for a moment.

(p. 74)

Suspicious Mrs. Jolley is ridiculed in "her instinct for doors"--those very Blakean doors of perception that she so grandly misses. And her ironic and hysterical ("Oh dear, no, not . . .") dismissal of vision and understanding explains why she lacks the 'eye' of a rider--the irony can be further heightened by her wishing to be admitted forever, and not for the "moment" her outburst suggests. The housekeeper's pride makes for an intransigence that even withstands the fiery intensity of Mary Hare's eyes. When Mrs. Jolley falls to the ground in Xanadu during a period of stress between the recluse and herself, she frantically scrambles to her feet:

The two women stood facing each other with nothing but their dead passions lying between, nothing to protect them but the sound of their breathing. They could not endure it for very long but turned and walked in opposite directions, touching a curtain, a pampas duster, or leaf that had blown in. It was pretty obvious they had decided to pretend nothing had happened--at least for the time being.

(p. 328)

Like the two parties that separate over the site of Palfreyman's grave in the desert of Voss, the two women leave extinguished, an essence that was proffered and momentarily established in "the sound of their breathing". Neither could endure the intensity of the exchange, and so like fingers taken from a flame, they withdraw 'blind' to the simplicity of their communication. The intimacy they have shared is clothed in guilt and shame--"they had decided to pretend nothing had happened--". Only the potentiality of the 'knowingness', that of Mrs. Godbold and Mary Hare, remains. Like a thirsty magnesium strip between two dry poles, it is left "for the time being" until the women are 'fertile' enough to endure the contact and effusion that Mrs. Godbold so triumphantly enjoys.

The antithesis of this 'failed' communication is the beginning of Himmelfarb's silent relationship with Alf Dubbo in the Brighta Lamps Factory, and also the meetings of Himmelfarb and Mary Hare; the Jew, with his burdensome intellect, is cluttered with words and ideas, yet the disparity between himself and the 'quieter' Mary Hare is no barrier to their particular communication:

"You have an instinct."

She smiled. She was quite proud.

"It is not yet obvious, but will be made clear, how we are to use our knowledge, what link we provide in the chain of events."

She said, "I am here alone now. Which makes it easier to receive, and discuss. My house-keeper left me, you know, this afternoon. Before that, one never could be certain at what point she might burst into one's thoughts. She had no respect for the privacy of other people's minds. But was always opening, or looking out from behind curtains. Not that she *saw*! I do not think Mrs. Jolley sees beyond texture-brick and plastic."

(pp. 332-333)

Himmelfarb lends words to what Mary Hare contains with a proud smile: his analytical stance carries him on to consider the 'place' of their 'knowingness' in the scheme of things. Mordecai's cerebral turbulence is as obtrusive as that of Mrs. Jolley's bursting into Mary Hare's thoughts. As though whisked away in the wind of their communication, his thoughts tussle and turn like a bullfighter's cloak, and their indecency parallels Mrs. Jolley's "looking out from behind curtains" that so miserably taunts what in a placid state can be readily seen. Yet it is in this air of instinctual communication that the very essence of the protagonists overflows into the space around them. Thus when Himmelfarb and Mary Hare are alone together in Xanadu, she suddenly recognizes a 'truer' self:

In her anxiety, her tormented skin began to chafe the hand, whether she had suspected a moment before, probably for the first and only time, what it was to be a woman, her passion was more serious, touching urgent now that she had been reduced to the status of a

troubled human being. Although they continued to sit apart on the terribly formal furniture, it was this latest metamorphosis which brought the two closest together.

(p. 336)

Mary Hare's first cognizance of a sexual identity wells up out of their 'communication' and, in understanding herself more fully, she is able to transmit and receive the 'wind' that binds the two of them together.

The delving beneath words to an inner core exposes another thematic interest of White's, that of the quest, or journey. Mary Hare's comment that "'Eventually I shall discover what is at the centre, if enough of me is peeled away . . .'" (p. 58) suggests both the inwardness of the search, and a more external activity. The four protagonists of Riders in the Chariot also possess a crucial faith that sustains them in the constant face of rejection and disillusion, as they continue along their paths. Himmelfarb, who wrestles (p. 143) with his faith, consoles himself thus:

"But there will come a night when comfort
is not to be found. Faith will spill out of
the strong like sawdust."

(p. 162)

A certain courage and isolation is required as equipment for questing, and without it one is left with the limp gestures of Frau Stauffer. Hers is almost a morbid craving to dig beneath her bones, in search of an essence---she combs her hairless skin "with long, pale nails" (p. 164). Yet even Himmelfarb describes himself as

" . . . the eternal beetle, who finds daily that he has slipped back several stages behind where he thought himself to be the night before. And continued to claw. I would only like to think I am the beetle of faith, not of habit."

(p. 180)

The probing, poking, scratching, and clawing mark all manner of means to attempt the arousal of the human 'lamp'. It is a questing that frequently touches on pain and suffering as well, as when Alf Dubbo embarks upon a more external perusal:

"I would look into holes in the earth. I would feel the real leaves again. Once I came upon a ~~nest~~ of red hornets. Hahhh!" He laughed. "I soon shot off, like I had found wings myself! And seven red-hot needles in me!"

(p. 312)

The 'peeling away' mentioned by Mary Hare here becomes the bristling hair of surprise, and the flapping of wings, an indication of the indelibility of the discoveries made while on a 'faithful' quest. The journey, however, is not only a spiritual one, passing from innocence, to guilt, on to suffering, and finally to a fourth heavenly state⁹ called "equanimity" in Riders in the Chariot; and is the life led by the Sandersons in Voss--it is physical movement, too. In The Aunt's Story, for example, parallels can be seen with Homer's Odyssey as a framework for Theodora Goodman's quest, as well as Samuel Johnson's Rasselas¹⁰. Thus she begins her trek of innocence at Meroë and hopes to return to the legendary Meroë in Abyssinia after the conflict and suffering of her period away. Her thirst for knowledge, like that of the four riders, is reminiscent of Goethe's Faust; her desire to rid herself of a burdensome sadness carries echoes of Bunyan's Pilgrim's

Progress. In a similar way, Voss is troubled by the trivialities of life and chooses to journey to the desert--a place where essentials can be considered, but the desert is also a symbol of isolation, hatred and prejudice. Yet Voss and Theodora Goodman, like St. George, have to contend with the dragon in themselves. Thus their physical quest is paralleled by a spiritual one, of the type undergone by Stan Parker in The Tree of Man as he seeks out a permanence or reality through the four archetypal stages mentioned earlier, and their connectedness with the seasons; the ordeals, like the desert, are integral parts of life and continue with the inevitability of an autumn becoming winter. Ironically, Stan Parker knows that there is "nothing to be done" (Tree, p. 7), but he is there, and determined to survive. His quest seems almost an inevitability after we note his acceptance of things in: "there seemed no question of interpretation. Anyway not yet" (*Ibid.*). His journey begins at the tension between motion and permanence (Tree, p. 8), and he gradually delves within himself until the continuing process of discovery leaves him in the condition of "endless being" (Tree, p. 397).

The purpose of the characters' journeying is thus to discover and attain the nature of truth, which is the last of Patrick White's themes here considered. The attainment of truth is seen as an eternal search for meaning and value beneath the present. Seeking truth leads the four riders within their world to an inner arena, where lies a fluid essence. The suffering endured by the characters on this road places his novels in a religious context but, as Patricia Morley points out, "His basic concerns . . . are theological, but existential rather

than dogmatic in approach" (Morley, Mystery of Unity, p. 2). White embraces a Judaeo-Christian cultural heritage, and the tradition of mysticism which would support his view that the soul is totally apart from the intellect¹¹. The 'truth' that his characters crave is what, in mysticism, is a direct experience of a divine essence--White employs God as a metaphor¹² for attainment of 'sight'¹³--a path across the abyss that mysticism readily acknowledges. And the various religious credos that he disturbs are but means of establishing the religiosity of the quest, rather than the exploitation of any particular doctrinal affiliation¹⁴. White is particularly conscious of what Theodora Goodman in The Aunt's Story calls "a core of evil" in mankind even when it occurs in characters who are essentially good. Mrs. Jolley's evil in Riders in the Chariot is to ridicule the courageous particularity of Mary Hare's behaviour:

"The truth is always truest when other people call it lies," Mrs. Jolley answered in her triumph.

"You are a wicked, evil woman!" Miss Hare accused. "I knew it! All along I knew it!"

"Who is not wicked and evil, waiting for chariots at sunset, as if they were taxis?"

"Oh, you are bad, bad!" Miss Hare confirmed.
(p. 95)

The housekeeper's evil is to respond at a level of emotive speech and to molest the freedom of being. Her attack on Mary Hare also marks a challenge to the spinster; like her taunting behaviour, and timid 'pecking', she is intrigued by Mary Hare and craves a glimpse of her essential nature.

Mrs. Jolley's reaction, however, is similar to that of both Miss Hare's mother and her father:

"That is true," agreed the mother, startled to realize the truth had been spoken by her daughter.

For Mary was stupid, and the truth something that one generally avoided, out of respect for good taste and to preserve peace of mind. (p. 39)

Truth is a painful and disruptive phenomenon that Mary Hare breathes like fresh air. And her doing so leads to Norbert Hare's response of endless intimidation and hatred:

. . . although he had forgiven her the crime of being, it was doubtful he would ever forgive her for that of seeing.

(p. 40)

Isolated as a consequence, her intensity of perception is directed upon the objects and nature around her which she touches and strokes. The relationships she establishes in this way highlight an ubiquitous notion in White of the difference between what Kierkegaard described as subjective and objective truth--subjective truth consisting of the valid personal relationship to the truth¹⁵. When Reha Himmelfarb and her husband discuss the business of the Jew's altering state of mind, the matter is again raised.

Then Reha Himmelfarb surprised her husband. She went so far as to ask, "You do not believe it possible to arrive at truth through revelation?"

Himmelfarb's throat had gone dry.

"On the contrary," he said. "But I no longer believe in tampering with what is above and what is below. It is a form of egotism."

His hands were trembling.

"And can lead to disorders of the mind."

But his wife, he realized, who had begun in a mood of gentleness and light, had suddenly grown dark and aggressive.

"You!" she cried, choking, it seemed, with desperate blood. "Much will be made clear to you! But to us, the ordinary ones?"

"There is no distinction finally."

He could not bring himself to look at the horrible, erratic movements her hands, the needles, and the wool were making.

"When the time comes," her dark lips began to blurt, "You will be able to bear it because your eyes can see farther. But what can we others hold in our minds to make the end bearable?"

"This table," he replied touching it gently.

Then his wife put down her knitting.

"Oh, Mordecai," she whispered, "I am afraid. Tables and chairs will not stand up and save us."

"God will," he answered. "God is in this table."
(p. 156)

The intensity with which Himmelfarb "holds to an object" is confined within a framework of intellectual analysis, confronted by which Mordecai's wife feels "ordinary". Yet through his cerebral convictions, Himmelfarb distances himself from the truth that would otherwise be available to him. As though knotted by the 'wind' of the Jew's anxiety, Reha's hands and knitting needles move erratically, suggesting the frenzied groping of the husband and wife. Together they weave a lack of contact between each other, and between themselves and the objects that surround them. Both are close to understanding that the ultimate truth is subjective, lying not in the object perceived, but in "the subject's relation to what he believes"¹⁶. The connectedness

required stems from the total and easy commitment that Ruth Godbold lends to all people and things--the gentleness of knowing that "in the end, if not always, truth was a stillness and light" (p. 464).

Wrestling with "that doubtful onion--truth" (p. 245) and attaining Mrs. Godbold's level of understanding, however, is fraught with the distortion and pain that Himmelfarb, in particular, so endures.

. . . as all rivers must finally mingle with the shapeless sea, so he might receive into his own formlessness the blind souls of men, which hinged and twisted in their efforts to arrive at some unspecified end. Once this insight had been given him, he could not resist smiling, regardless of blood and dogma, into the still unconscious faces, and would not recognize that he was not always acceptable to those he was trying to assist. For the unresponsive soul would rock, and shudder, and recoil from being drawn into the caverns of his eyes. And once somebody had screamed. And once somebody had gone so far as to threaten.

(p. 144)

As in Rimbaud's 'Bateau ivre', we enter the Jew's mental sea where, in flux, the disturbances that so trouble him, are tossed about--they "screamed" and they "threaten" as he tries to contain them within the framework of his mind. Mordecai's intellect, then, turbulently obscures the truth that would ease him. The more courageous ease of Mary Hare's understanding even shows through when in conversation with Himmelfarb over the matter of sin:

"And who will save us?"

"I know that grass grows again after fire."

"That is an earthly consolation."

"But the earth is wonderful. It is all we have. It has brought me back when, otherwise, I should have died."

The Jew could not hide a look of kindly cunning.

"And at the end? When the earth can no longer raise you up?"

"I shall sink into it," she said, "and the grass will grow out of me." (p. 170)

Mary Hare in her relative simplicity has taken her lessons from nature when she considers the question of salvation. Her acceptance and understanding of the continuity of life surpasses the more doctrinaire considerations of Himmelfarb's world view. In his arrogance, Himmelfarb enjoys her 'naivety' with bemused "kindly cunning". The triumph, though, is the spinster's, as the image of her sinking into grass that in turn grows out of her, marks the all-pervasiveness which is Mrs. Godbold's final understanding of the nature of being. Significantly, Mrs. Godbold has also comprehended the continuity of things; when Himmelfarb has died and Mr. Rosetree comes to visit her, she turns violently from his intrusion:

"Ah!" she cried suddenly. Life was too insistent.

"I was forgetting!" she panted.

And pushed inside the main shed with such force that she shook it.

"It is the bread," she said.

When she had flung the oven open, there, indeed, was the bread. The loaves had risen golden and the scent was rushing out of them.

(p. 491)

His superfluous panic has been too delayed to be of use. As the bread loaves blossom impertinently at the apostate Jew, like teeth they grin

at his failure, and like the puffing of a lizard's throat on digesting something, they mark the passing of the moment Rosetree has come to resurrect. We are left with the fecund "scent" of Mrs. Godbold's continuing of her life. Like her twitching linen sheets, the loaves have risen to her triumph and salute her.

Through Mrs. Godbold one sees clearly, too, the error that Himmelfarb makes in his studied consideration of what Mary Hare investigates so simply, and Alf Dubbo so intensely:

"Men are the same before they are born.
They are the same at birth, perhaps you will
agree. It is only the coat they are told to
put on that makes them all that different.
There are some, of course, who feel they are
not suited. They think they will change
their coat. But remain the same in themselves . . ."
(p. 490)

Himmelfarb is lost in his coat, Mary Hare's is caught in the bushes, and Dubbo's is too vivid; with equanimity Ruth Godbold's coat flaps with the breeze¹⁷; in concealing nothing, she gains the greatest warmth¹⁸.

Thus we move from the wide plane of everyday words, "further" ('knowingness'), "further" (questing), "and further" (the nature of truth), along a 'corridor' of subject matter. As though moving down the stem of a microscope, the focus narrows and sharpens dramatically as we follow. And as though moving along the form of a telescope to its wider end, our understanding increases and expands. Within these movements lies the "liberty" of the subject matter, as James has described it:

It all comes back, in fine, to that respect
for the liberty of the subject which I
should be willing to name as the great sign
of the painter of the first order.¹⁹

The connectedness of the subject matter of Riders in the Chariot thus evokes a form that is reminiscent of the funnel-shaped, or conical model cited in Chapter I; it is a unifying principle at the tip of which trickle those droplets of perception cited in Chapter II.

Chapter III has outlined a similar movement towards a 'wringing-out' of understanding; a corridor that simultaneously expands with comprehension, and contracts with focus. In the tension between these movements then, lies a further echo of that beat which is the simple pulse of being.

CHAPTER III - Footnotes

¹Henry James, "The Lesson of Balzac" (1905), The House of Fiction, ed. Leon Edel (Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1973), 72.

²Vincent Buckley, "The Novels of Patrick White", The Literature of Australia, ed. Geoffrey Dutton (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1964), 414. Talking of Happy Valley, Buckley comments:

The chief failure of the book comes . . . from the inertness of the prose, which, though it is from time to time revived with 'Lawrentian' symbolism and perceptions that have the sharpness of broken glass, works against rather than with the diagnosing intelligence.

Of The Living and the Dead: " . . . the prose, so remorselessly and glitteringly intent on diagnosis, fails in fact to create the discrimination insisted on."

³Allan Edwards, "Riders in the Chariot: A Note on the Title", Westerly, 1 (Nov. 1962), 108-110. Deriving his notes from Eliad's Myths, Dreams and Mysteries, Edwards discusses the belief "that all myths participate in the cosmological type of myth--i.e., underlying all of them is the belief that in the beginning gods and men mingled together", etc., and that in a state of trance, man can "obtain glimpses of the paradisiac condition of the mystic ancestor before the catastrophe of the 'fall'". This is called shamanism. In the first stage of the ritualized procedures of the shaman--this "specialist in ecstasy"--he "imitates the behaviour of the animals, copying their cries, especially the cries of birds, as a stage on the way to recovering the bliss and spontaneity and oneness with all creation that characterized man in his 'unfallen' state." Like the refrains of "Aililon! Aililon!" in John Cowper Powys's novel, Wolf Solent, Mary Hare's repeated connection with the animal world suggests a primal rhythm that begins her movement towards a state in which her soul may leave the body--also, by her knocking on objects and struggling through the woods, she fulfils the second stage of the shaman's ritual--"drum-playing and dancing as a preparation for taking off on the mystic journey which leads to . . . a state of trance, real or simulated, during which the shaman's soul is believed to have left his body." This may account for the "shell of Mary Hare" stumbling aimlessly into the bush not to be seen again.

⁴Ingmar Bjorksten, Patrick White: A General Introduction, (St. Lucia: University of Queensland Press, 1976). White's interest in music is cited thus:

Beethoven and Mahler are amongst those composers White has mentioned as important to himself personally. Brahms plays a significant role for Eden Standish in The Living and the Dead, where White also makes use of Mozart and Bach. Bach is a

name repeatedly found in his works. "Music is a sort of divine medicine for human weakness" is one of Patrick White's aphorisms

Where words fail, music takes over.
 "It was the tenderness of music that best expressed her [Thelma Parker] feelings for the Greek," writes White in The Tree of Man, p. 227.

Similarly, then, in his use of words, the author is suggesting the greater communicability of music.

⁵Beatson, too, has detected another language--but in keeping with his cerebral systemization of practically everything (à la Himmelfarb) he carefully remains with the writtenness of hieroglyphics:

Patrick White has taken the language of the familiar and injected into it a sense of the arcane and the esoteric that transforms his words into the hieroglyphs of a vision that may be disquieting to those reared in a predominantly secular society.
 Beatson, Eye in the Mandala, I.

⁶The error of Himmelfarb's intellectual craving for understanding in words and its unnatural effect upon him is perhaps explained under the auspices of Indian religion, where Hindu and Buddhist Tantrism use the complex arrangements of mandala images to give expression to the infinite possibilities of understanding, through the human subconscious.

The history of Indian religion may be defined as one of a toilsome attempt to attain auto-consciousness. Naturally, also what can be said of religion applies to philosophy as might be expected in a country where religion and philosophy were blended together in the unity of a vision (darsana) that helps an experience (sadhana)

Pure intellect, indeed, detached from soul, is the death of man. Intellect, self-confident and isolated in arrogant complacency, does not enoble man. It humiliates him, deprives him of his personality. It kills that loving participation in the life of things and creatures of which the soul, with its emotions and intuitions, is capable. Intellect, by itself alone, is dead and also deadly--a principal of disintegration.
 Tucci, Theory and Practice, I.

⁷Beatson states that White is aware "of the dilemma of the Word made Flesh . . . at the heart of his novels" (Beatson, Eye in the Mandala, 2) and so the critic obstructs an understanding of what is more White's expression of words as incandescence--particles that, through metamorphosis, lend greater meaning, as Himmelfarb's experience here demonstrates.

⁸Beatson does, however, acknowledge the emanation of self as multiplicity when he deals with ego--emanation is the sensation he omitted in his understanding of White's use of words, and thus overlooked the "organic self" of the prose. In attempting to organize and dominate the personality of White's language, Beatson attempts to frustrate its growth:

The order that must be achieved within the psychic mandala cannot be imposed by external facets of the personality. The ego can never reach down into the center, and its attempts to organize and dominate the personality frustrate the growth of the true self. It is by an open flow to and from the core of being that the divergent phenomena of mental life are ultimately given coherence. The potential self must emanate outward, for it is only by passing through a stage of fragmentation, confusion and multiplicity (the great 'splintering') that it can achieve its final unity. This end will be thwarted if, in the process of diversification, the 'eye' chooses to believe in one of its external divisions at the expense of totality.

Himmelfarb believes in the single external division of words which, like Beatson's endless systems of exegesis, he clings to at the cost of a total understanding. (See structural model proffered in Chapter I of this thesis.)

⁹Morley, Mystery of Unity, 22. "The spiritual quest for redemption is depicted in terms of four archetypal stages: the Edenic state of innocence, the adult recognition of guilt, the assumption of suffering, and a fourth state which lies beyond death and outside temporal limitations."

¹⁰Manfred Mackenzie, "Patrick White's Later Novels: A Generic Reading", Southern Review, 1, 3 (1965), 8. Professor Mackenzie feels that "Rasselas, it turns out, is The Aunt's Story's myth." But it is clear, as Patricia Morley has noted, that Samuel Johnson's 'funeral expenses' book "is not The Aunt's Story's only myth, that there are numerous references to Homer's Odyssey." (Morley, Mystery of Unity, 68.)

¹¹David Knowles, The English Mystical Tradition, (New York: Harper Torch Books, 1965).

Gershom G. Scholem, Major Trends in Jewish Mysticism, (London: Thames and Hudson, 1955).

Both commentators explore the nature of the mystic and mysticism and although a condition of ecstasy lies at the core of the latter, as Scholem points out, mysticism in the abstract does not exist, but is more the mysticism of a particular religious doctrine. Subsequently, "the prevailing conception of the mystic as a religious anarchist who owes no allegiance to his religion finds little support in fact. History rather shows that the great mystics were faithful adherents to the great religions." (Scholem, Major Trends, 6.)

The many religious elements in Riders in the Chariot would indicate that White's approach is 'religious' in a general sense, and incorporates the tradition of mysticism. In this way, White can urge his position to the 'higher' consideration of a troubled mankind whose condition is inadequately explained by doctrine, reason, or intellect, but is referred to the more mystical, for interpretation.

¹²Critics have erred in snatching at first impressions.

Margaret Walters, "Patrick White", New Left Review, XVIII (1963), 37 - 50. Walters talks of "arbitrary biblical parallels."

Colin Roderick, "Riders in the Chariot: An Exposition", Southerly, XXII (1962), 62 - 77. Roderick declares Riders in the Chariot "a fictional essay in Jewish mysticism" marred by "the alien imposition of the central drama of Christian dogma." The chariot image is related to kabbalism and merkabah mysticism and he dubs the novel unconvincing and esoteric. Walters describes the chariot as factitious and states that contemporary relevance is subsequently lost, and that the "resonances he [White] borrows from it" do not "really illuminate his portrayal of modern living." By overly considering doctrinaire religions, the critics err into two single divisions of White's multifarious vision.

¹³A. Alvarez, "Chariot of Light", The Spectator, (Nov. 3, 1961), p. 653. "For Riders in the Chariot is, unequivocally, the story of Christ retold in terms of modern Australia." This statement is no more correct than his contention that White has "recreated Adam and Eve in The Tree of Man, Odysseus in Voss" . . . the mythic content of White consists of single elements that, like the archetypes of the subconscious, form a wholeness of momentary perception. If there is a recurring archetypal figure in one's dreams, for example, it does not follow that the subconscious is that figure. Likewise in White, the novel's mythic elements suggest a mood or tone to the total vision and should not significantly dominate that single 'sight'. To say, as does Alvarez,

that "because the myth is known, its framework leaves the artist free to explore the unknown; and it gives his tentative discoveries a base and logic they might otherwise lack", is sugar to sweeten the pill of a suggestion of White's mediocrity. The mythic elements are as intrinsic to the kaleidoscopic machinations of the novel as are its active structural form, and its all-pervasive imagery--to insist on a myth or two containing this activity, like well-worn cushions, is to doubt the artistry which most surely exists in the 'wholeness' of Riders in the Chariot.

¹⁴C. J. Jung, "Mandalas", Mandala Symbolism, ed. R. F. C. Hull, (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1972), p. 5. In his article for 'Du: Schweizerische Monatsschrift' (April, 1955), Jung explains how the "soul spark" can be interpreted, and God included, even though his presence is not imperative, because essence is essentially an emanation. "Correspondingly, in the Western Mandala, the *scintilla* or soul spark, the innermost divine essence of man, is characterized by symbols which can just as well express a god image, namely the image of deity unfolding in the world, in nature and in man."

¹⁵Robert Bretall (ed.), A Kierkegaard Anthology, (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1947), p. 192. " . . . since truth lies in the 'how' of the subject's relationship, *the fullest truth attainable by human beings will be that relationship in which the subjective element--the passion with which one holds to an object--reaches its highest intensity.*"

¹⁶Morley, Mystery of Unity, 190:

Kierkegaard insists that the maieutic form of witnessing to the truth of Christianity is incomplete, since it is rooted in human intelligence, and a merely logical system does not encompass existential or subjective truth(a). Where the truth is considered to be objective, it *is* possible for the agent to have a maieutic relation to the learner. Kierkegaard describes the ultimate truth as *subjectivity* lying not in the object of apprehension or the *what* of thought, but in the subject's relation to what he believes. White's insistence on the importance of suffering, from his first novel to his most recent, seems rooted in an existential metaphysics such as Kierkegaard's.

(a) Alexander Dru (ed. and trans.), The Journals of Kierkegaard, 1834 - 1854, (London: Collins, Fontana, 1958), pp. 145 - 146.

¹⁷Mrs. Godbold's openness is to the wind of the vision of multiplication--like unaccommodated and naked man, she assumes that state of a newborn baby. "Creation therefore begins with an act of division of the opposites that are united in the deity. From their splitting arises, in a gigantic explosion of energy, the multiplicity of the world." (C. J. Jung, "Über Mandalasymbolik", Gestaltungen des unbewussten (psychologische abhandlungen), VII (1950). Translated by Hull, Mandala Symbolism, 73.)

¹⁸Interestingly, Beatson makes a similar point:

. . . the dichotomy of aspiring soul and earthbound body. Not less but more emphasis is placed on the incongruity of the flesh as the soul swims closest to the surface. White holds the husk in his tenderly ironic hands as the spark darts free. This concentration on the mundane, which occurs in every book as the soul is about to "doff the outgrown garment of the body" [White, Riders, 480] creates a tension which prepared the reader for the final division. Any irony is intended for the flesh not the soul: the more the grotesqueness of the body is emphasized, the less important it is felt to be. Every book ends with the implication that the shell has, or will, split apart, having outlived its protective and gestative functions.

Beatson, Eye in the Mandala, 110.

¹⁹James, House of Fiction, 78.

EPILOGUE

Patrick White, in Riders in the Chariot, began with "human beings and a bundle of various things not human beings"¹, and it was his business to "adjust these two forces and conciliate their claims."² In adjusting and conciliating this "evidence"³, White has gone beyond the novel's multiple threads, to express a simple essence which is its unity. In this way, at the novel's conclusion, we are brought to a condition that reflects the "value" of Riders in the Chariot as "a personal, a direct impression of life."

A novel is in its broadest definition a personal, direct impression of life: that, to begin with, constitutes its value, which is greater or less according to the intensity of the impression. But there will be no intensity at all, and therefore no value, unless there is freedom to feel and say. The tracing of a line to be followed, or a tone to be taken, of a form to be filled out, is a limitation of that freedom and a suppression of the very thing we are most curious about. The form, it seems to me, is to be appreciated after the fact: then the author's choice has been indicated; then we can follow lines and directions and compare tones and resemblances. Then in a word we can enjoy one of the most charming of pleasures, we can estimate a quality, we can apply the test of execution. The execution belongs to the author alone; it is what is most personal to him, and we measure him by that. The advantage, the luxury, as well as the torment and responsibility of the novelist, is that there is no limit to what he may attempt as an executant--no limit to his possible experiments, efforts, discoveries, successes. Here it is that he works, step by step, like his brother of the brush, of whom we may always say that he has painted his picture in a manner best known to himself.⁴

Our thesis then, that "most charming of pleasures", has trailed "after the fact" of Riders in the Chariot, and has attempted a "test of execution". Its happy and modest conclusion is not to have limited or suppressed the intensity of White's impression of life, but to have echoed the curiousness of Riders in the Chariot, as a spinning-top released by its "executant", gathering and controlling "evidence"⁵, and returning once again to that "executant"⁶ as a newly-spun moment. In its spinning, we have seen the author's "advantage", "luxury", "torment", and "responsibility"⁷ as he grips that turning, straining thread--the thread that finally reduces to Eliot's "still point of the turning world"⁸, that "unprofessed factor"⁹, the centre of the mandala, "Design . . . which underlines apparently random acts or chance occurrences"¹⁰, "the very thing that we are most curious about"¹¹, and "the in-dwelling god which is double-natured or hermaphroditic."¹² It is the exploration of this last description of the core of being that most intrigued the Vorticist painters who tried to found their art here. W. B. Yeats has also pointed to a horrible disintegration in his 'darkest' poem, "The Second Coming":

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the center cannot hold;¹³

Alas, we must leave such a schism for the present, and content ourselves with the simple joy and discreetly vibrant unity of Patrick White's poetic vision in but one of his novels, Riders in the Chariot.

EPILOGUE - Footnotes

¹E. M. Forster, Aspects of the Novel, (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1978), 101.

²Ibid.

³Forster, Aspects, 69-70.

. . . fiction is truer than history,
because it goes beyond the evidence,
and each of us knows from his own
experience that there is something
beyond the evidence, and, even if the
novelist has not got it correctly,
well--he has tried.

⁴Henry James, "The Art of Fiction, 1884", The House of Fiction, 29.

⁵Forster, Aspects, 70.

⁶James, House, 29.

⁷Ibid.

⁸T. S. Eliot, "Burnt Norton", Collected Poems, 194.

⁹Patrick White, "Letter to Dr. Clem Semmler, May 1970" from Beatson, Eye, 167.

¹⁰Morley, Mystery, 236.

¹¹James, House, 29.

¹²Beatson, Eye, 163.

¹³W. B. Yeats, Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats, (London: Macmillan, 1973), 210-211.

APPENDIX I

Figure 1

To arrive where you are, to get from where you are not,
 You must go by a way wherein there is no ecstasy.
In order to arrive at what you do not know
 You must go by a way which is the way of ignorance.
In order to possess what you do not possess
 You must go by way of dispossession.
In order to arrive at what you are not
 You must go through the way in which you are not.
And what you do not know is the only thing you know
And what you own is what you do not own
And where you are is where you are not.

T. S. Eliot, "Four Quartets - East Coker"
from Collected Poems 1909-1962,
(London: Faber & Faber, 1963), 201.

And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.

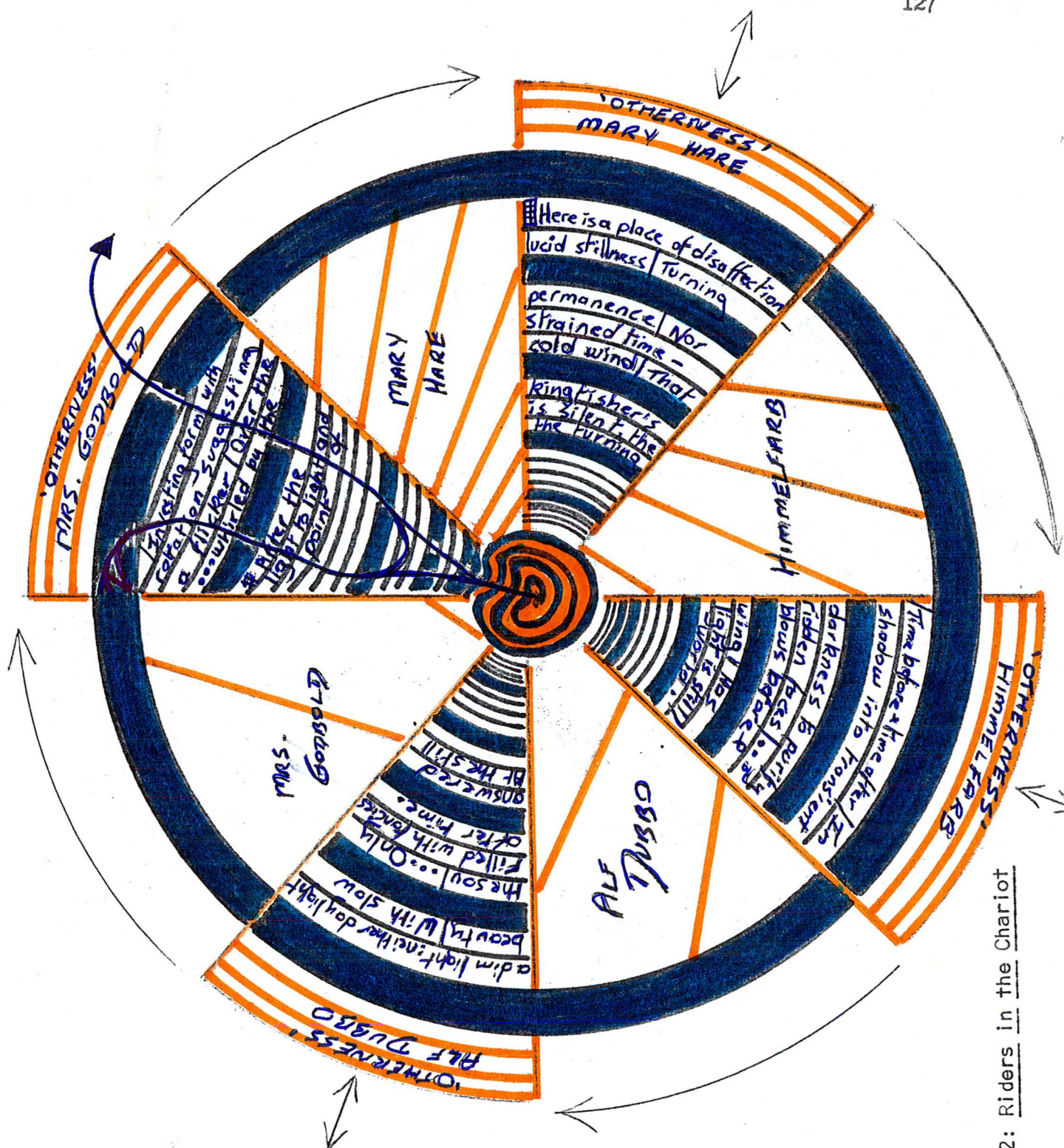
T. S. Eliot, "Four Quartets - Little Gidding"

Figure 2

Here is a place of disaffection
Time before and time after
In a dim light: neither daylight
Investing form with lucid stillness
Turning shadow into transient beauty
With slow rotation suggesting permanence
Nor darkness to purify the soul . . .
. Only a flicker
Over the strained time-ridden faces . . .
.
Filled with fancies . . .
. whirled by the cold wind
That blows before and after time . . .

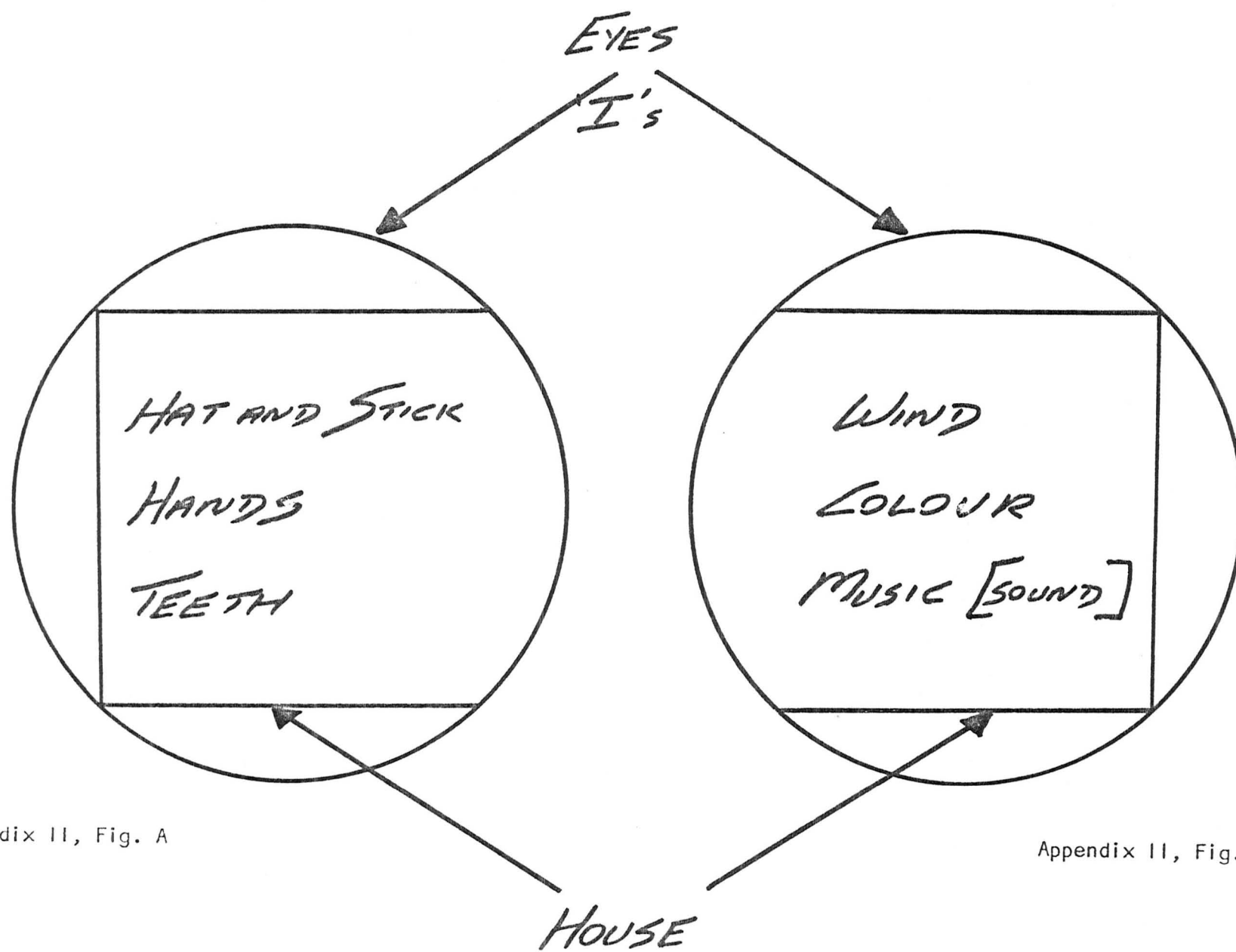
. . . After the kingfisher's wing
Has answered light to light, and is silent,
 the light is still
At the still point of the turning world.

T. S. Eliot, "Four Quartets
- Burnt Norton"



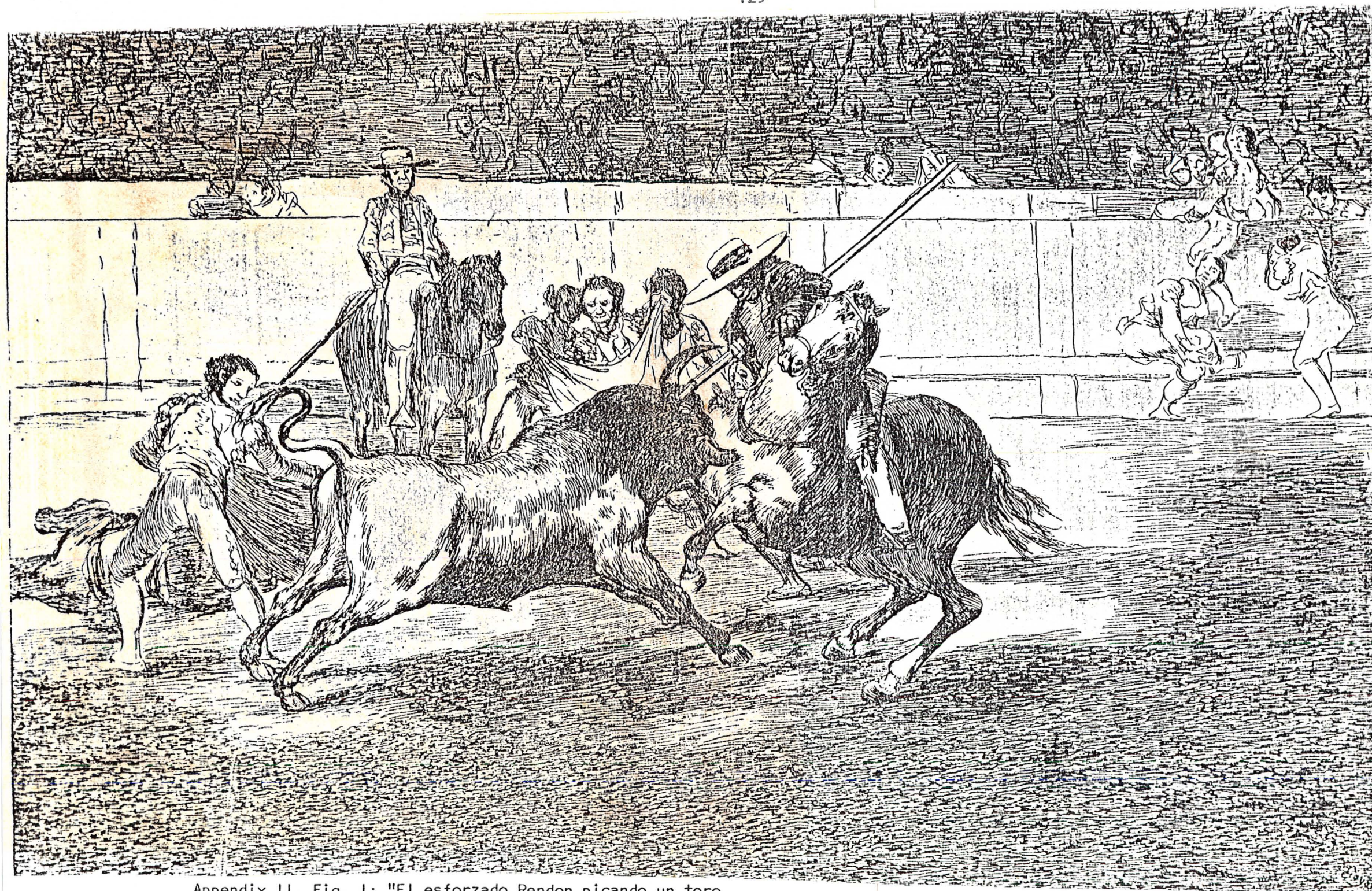
Appendix I, Fig. 2: Riders in the Chariot

APPENDIX II

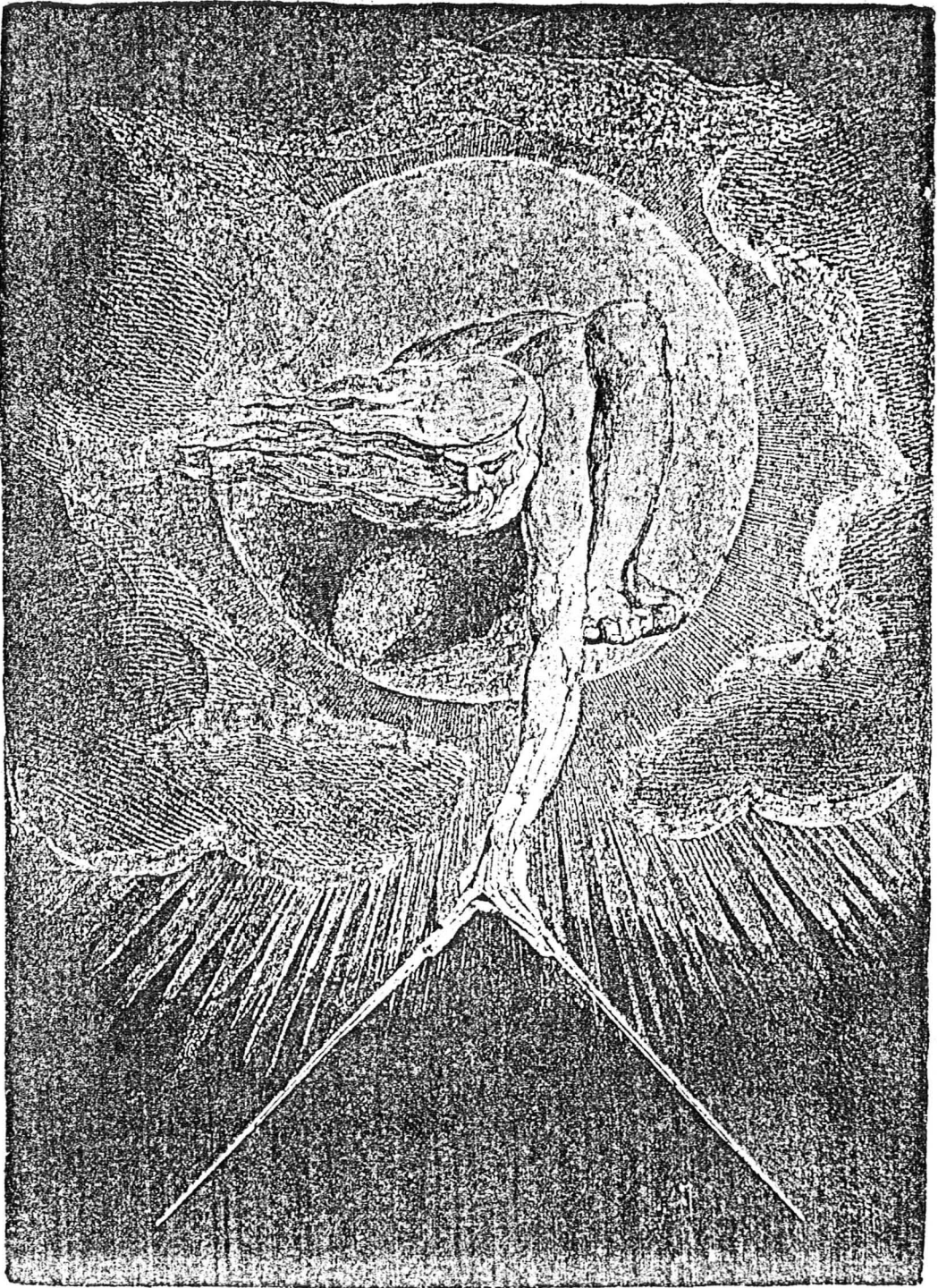


Appendix II, Fig. A

Appendix II, Fig. B



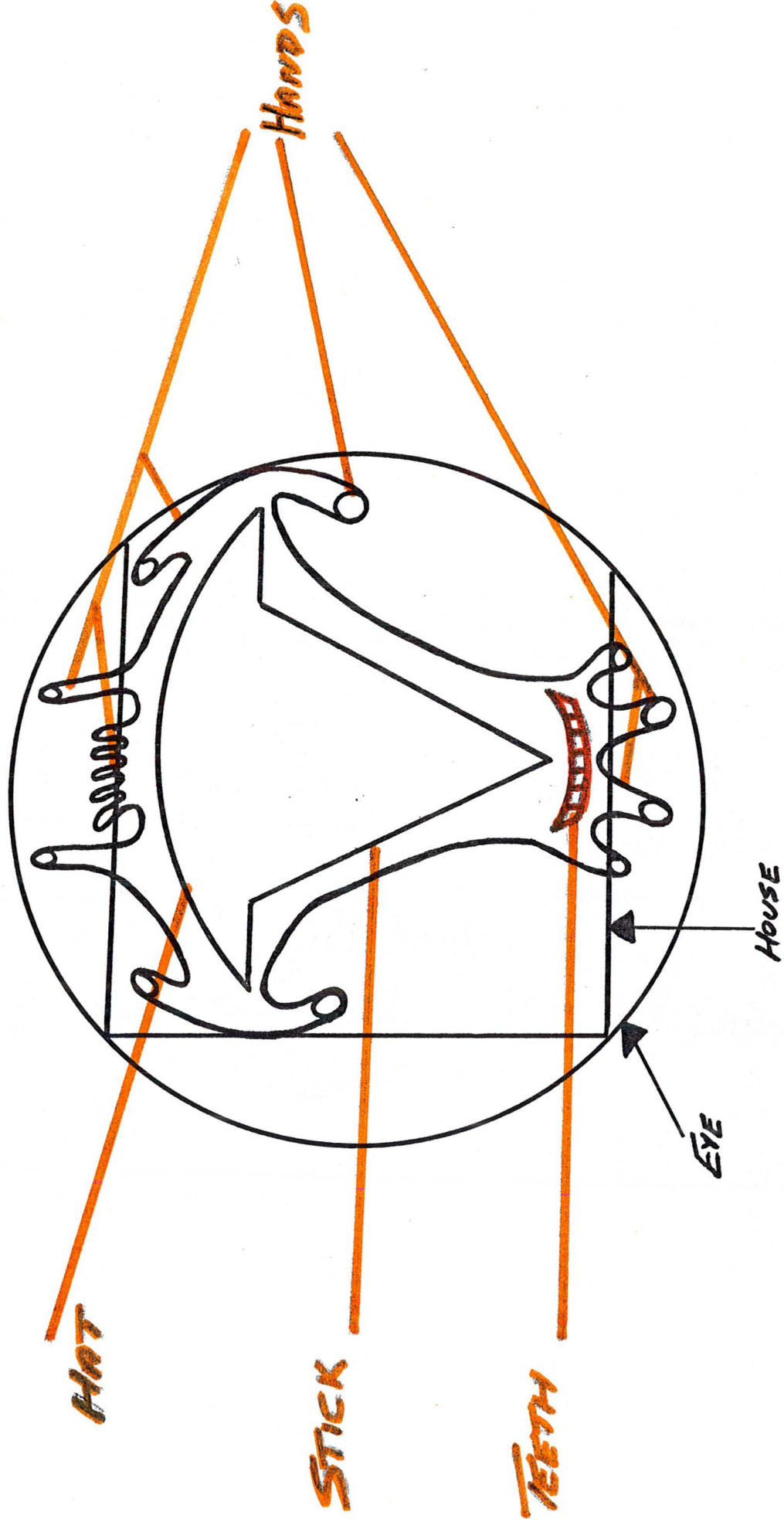
Appendix II, Fig. I: "El esforzado Rendon picando un toro,
de cuya suerta murio en la plaza de
Madrid"
by Francisco Goya
("The forceful Rendon stabs a bull with
the pique, from which pass he died in
Madrid.")



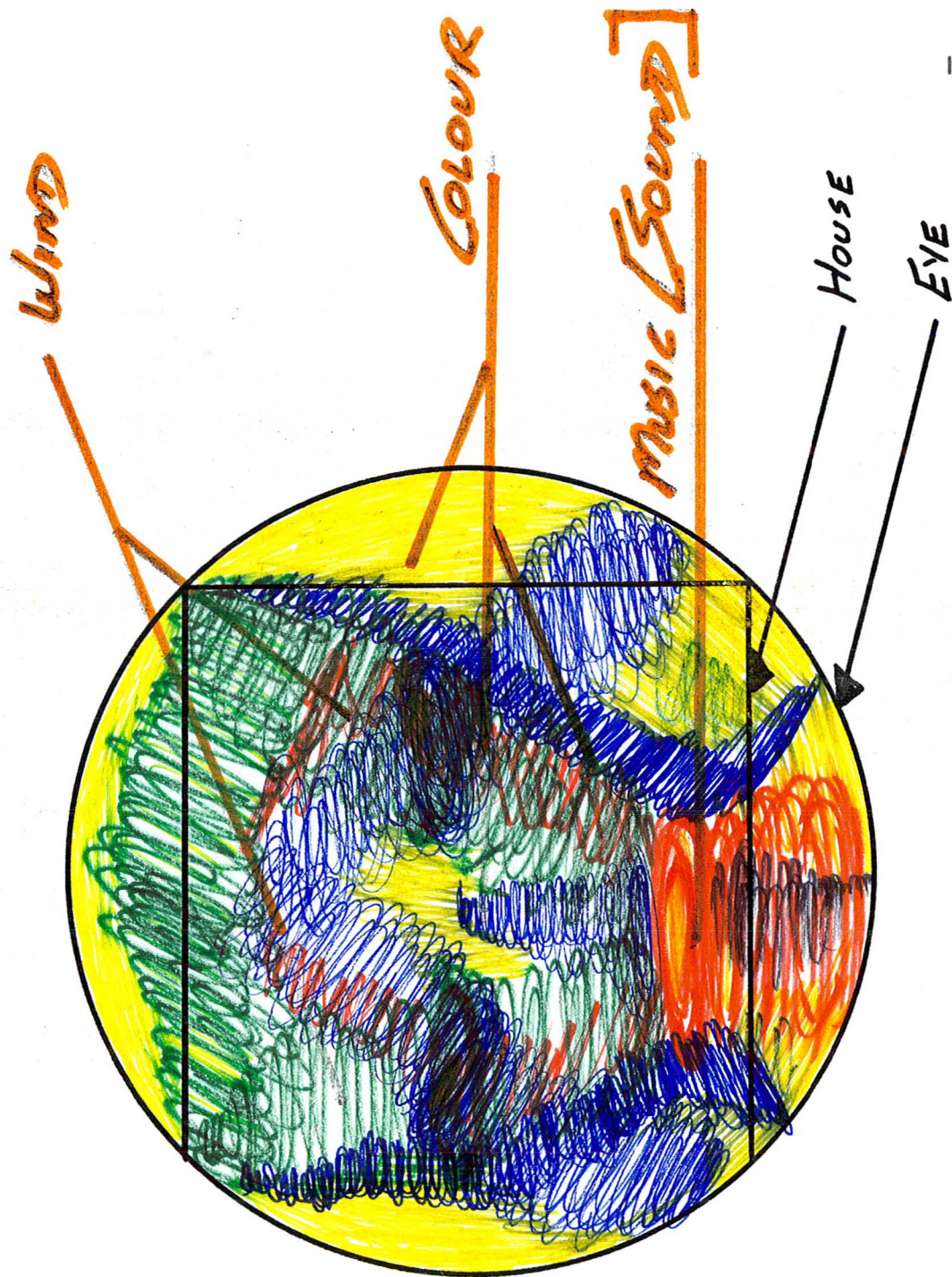
Appendix II, Fig. 2: "Europe a Prophecy" by William Blake



Appendix II, Fig. 3: "'Anxiety' (Fear) 1896" by Edvard Munch



Appendix II, Fig. 4: The Tangible Images





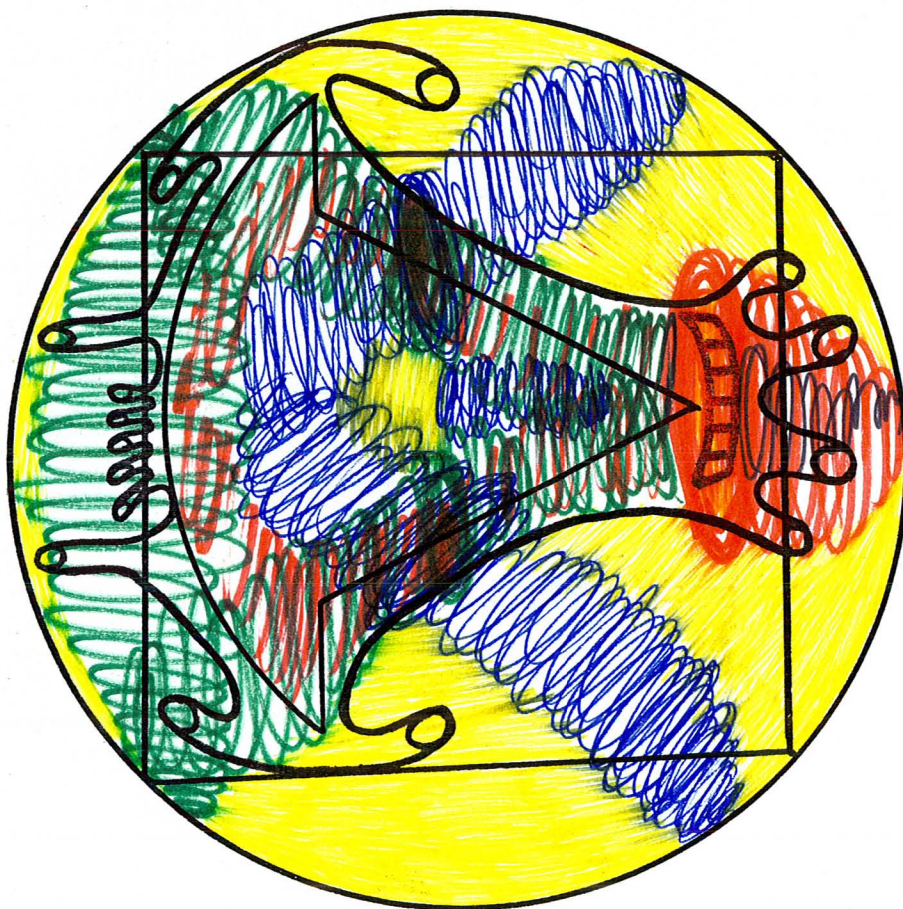
St. George slays the Dragon

Albrecht Dürer (1505).

Appendix II, Fig. 6: "St. George Slays the Dragon"
by Albrecht Dürer



Appendix II, Fig. 7: "Execution of the 3rd of May 1808"
by Francisco Goya



Appendix II, Fig. 8: Fusion of Tangible and Intangible Images



Ezekiel's Vision, watercolor, c. 1800–1805

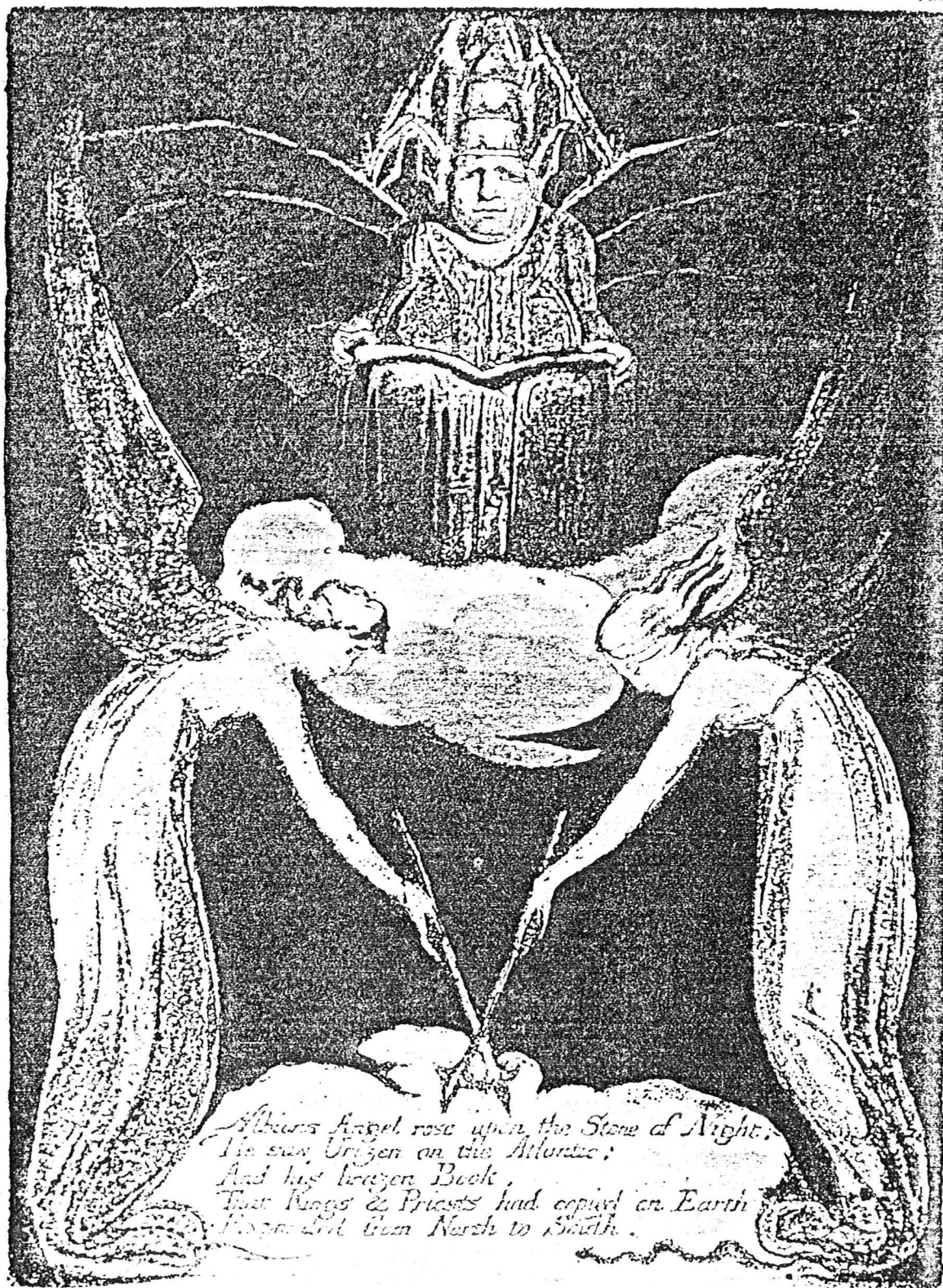
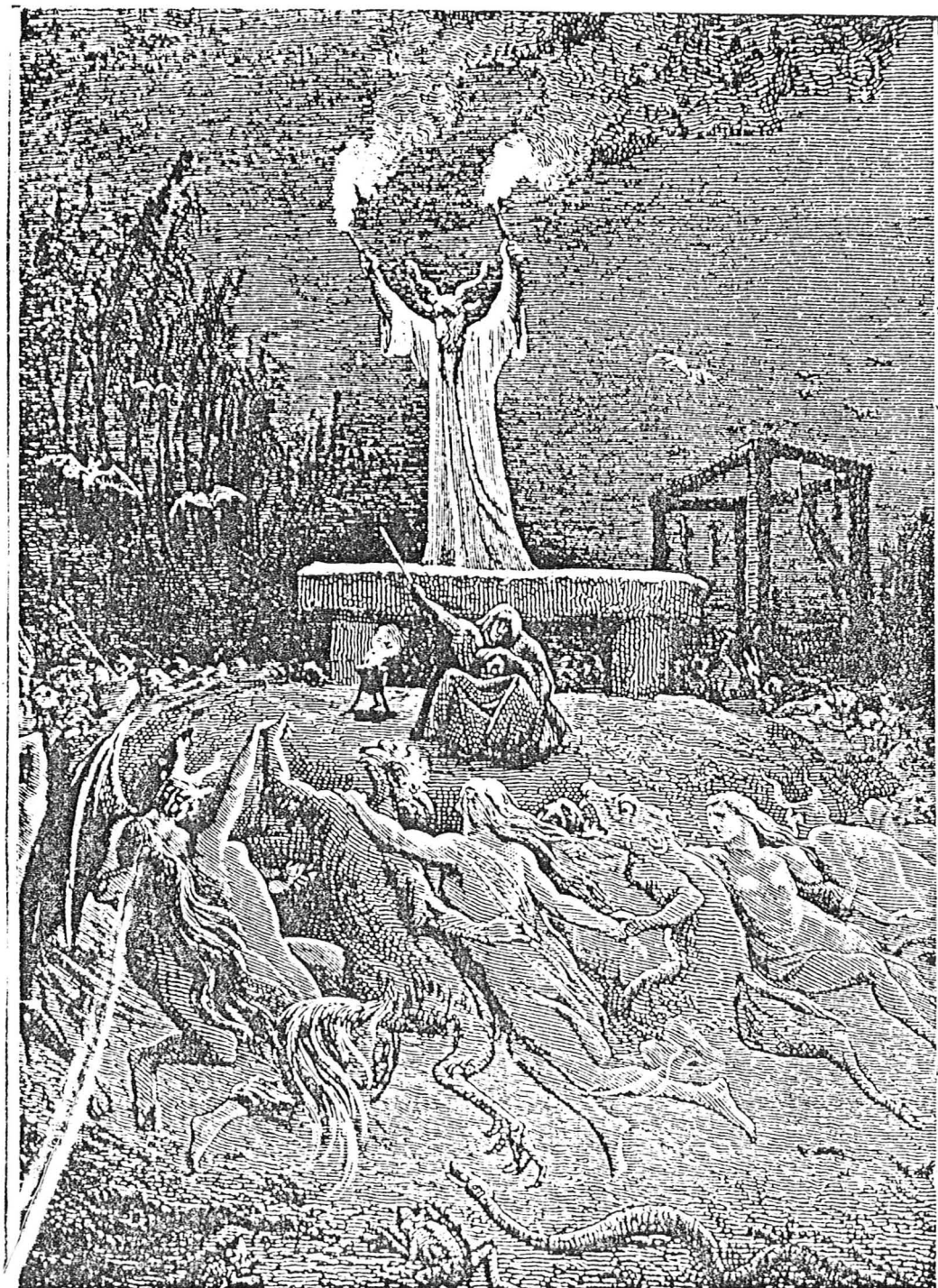


Plate 11, EUROPE A PROPHECY, relief etching, color printed and painted with watercolors, 1794

Appendix II, Fig. 10: "Europe a Prophecy" by William Blake

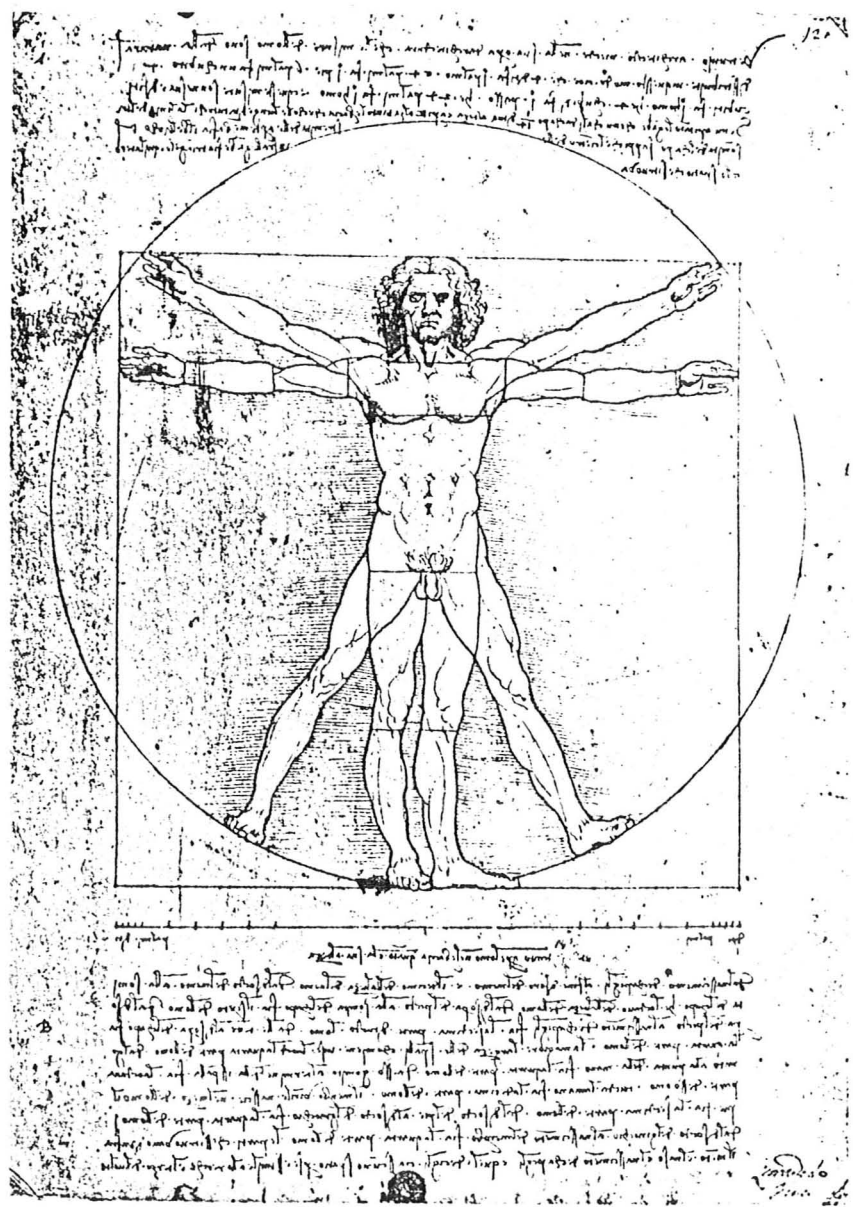


Appendix II, Fig. II: "La Danse du Sabbat (telle qu'elle figure dans l'«Histoire de la Magie»)" by Paul Christian

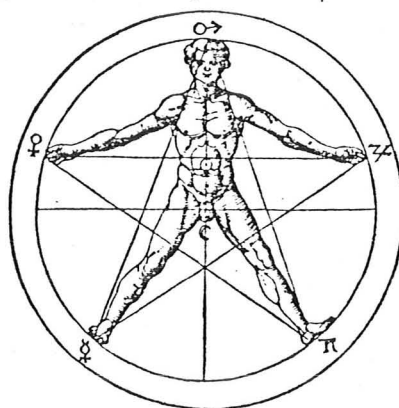


25. Francesco di Giorgio: Proportionsfigur nach Vitruv,
Florenz, Bibl. Laurenziana

Appendix II, Fig. 12: "Proportionsfigur nach Vitruv"
by Francesco di Giorgio



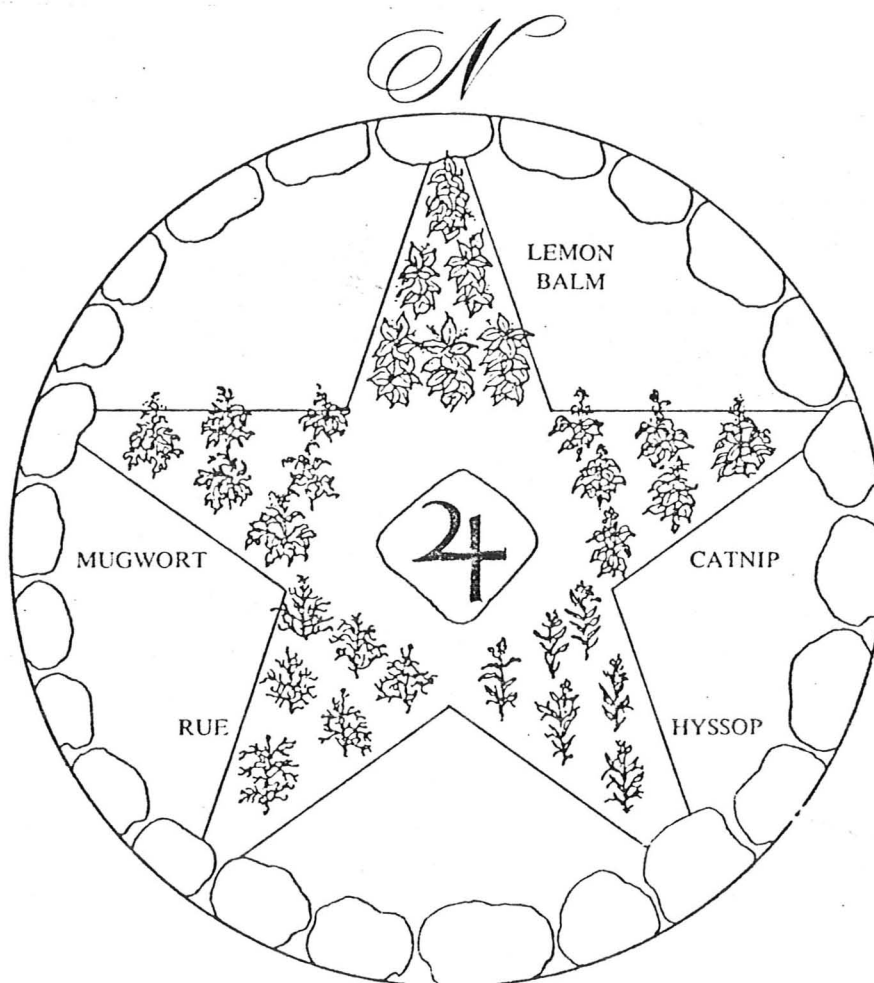
Appendix II, Fig. 13: "Proportionsfigur nach Vitruv"
by Leonardo da Vinci



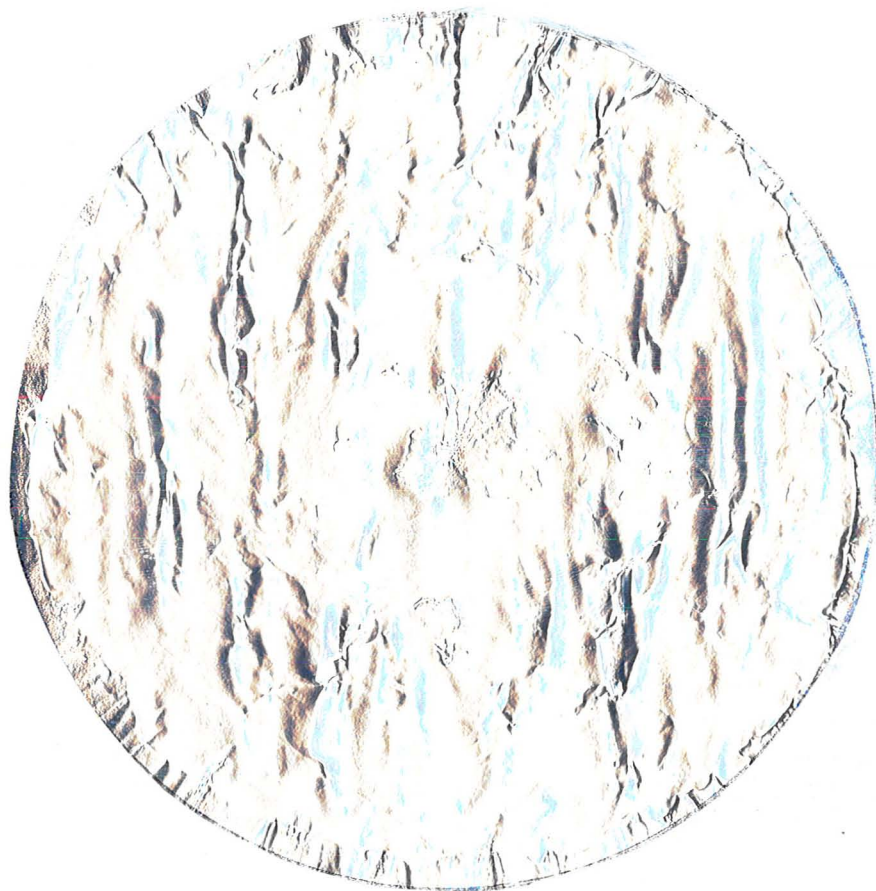
Man as Microcosmos from Agrippa's
Occult Philosophy



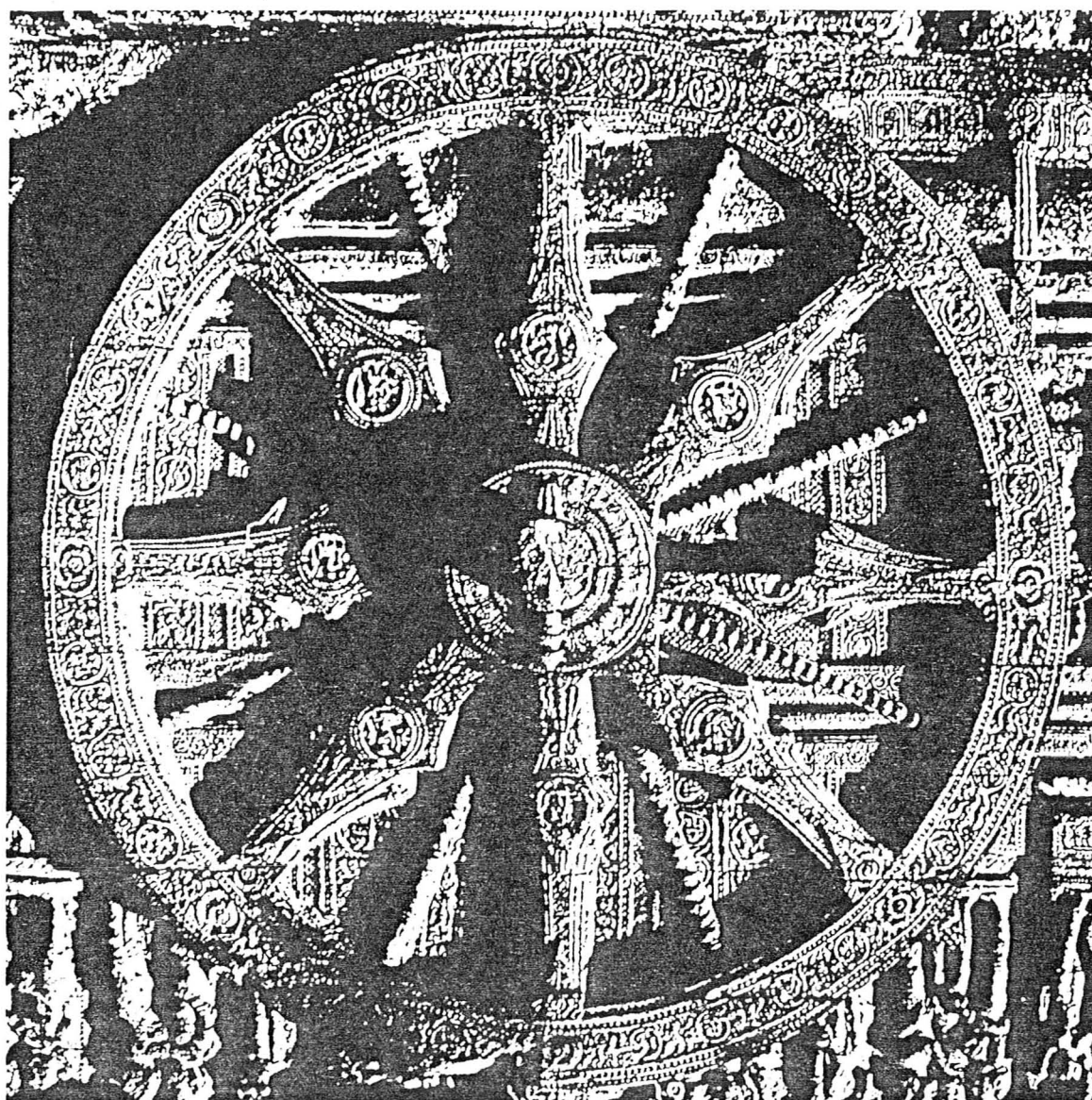
Agrippa's *Great Circle* from his *Occult Philosophy*.



Appendix II, Fig. 16: A Witch's Garden



Appendix II, Fig. 17: Incandescence



x Plate 3

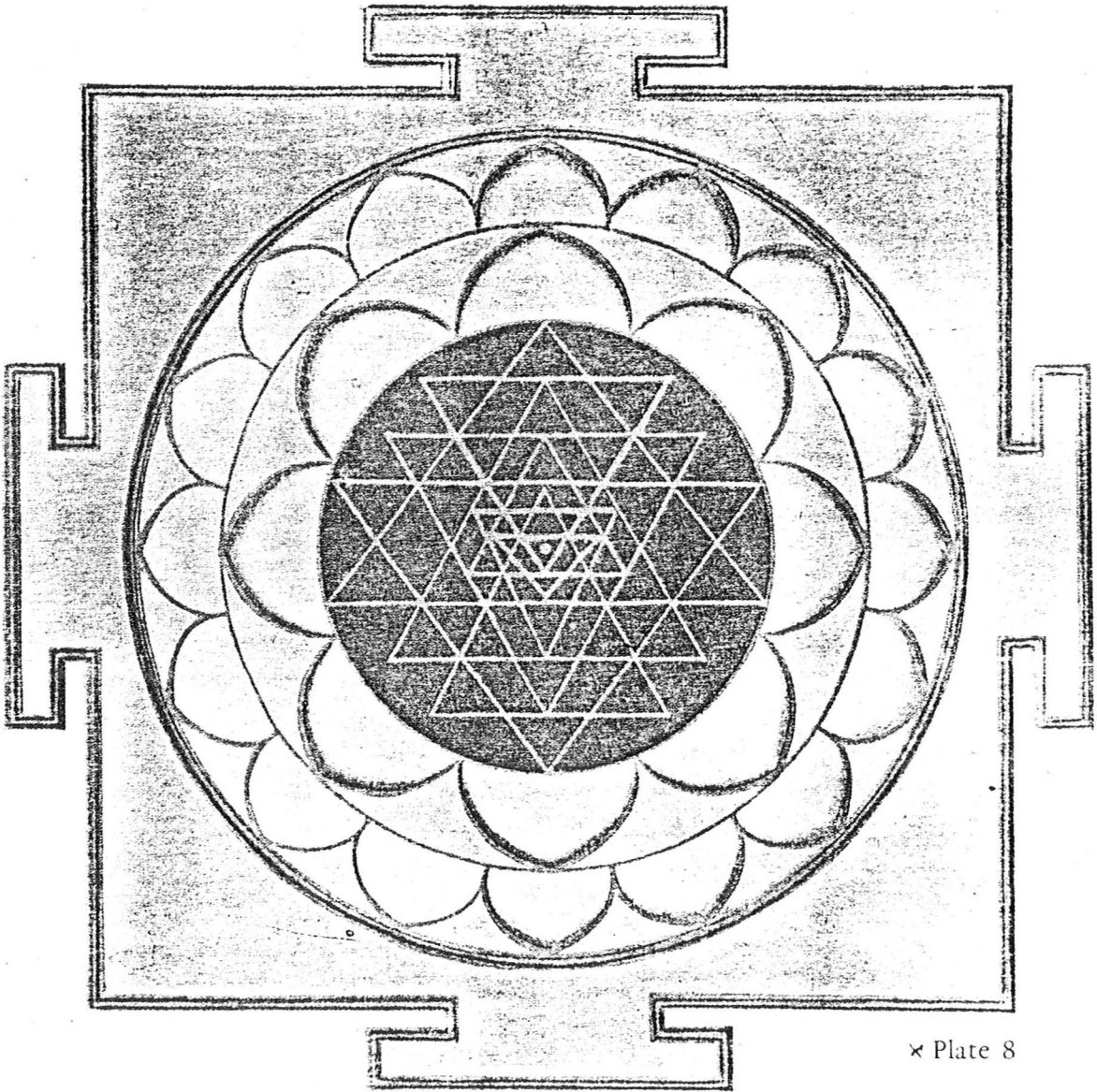
Appendix II, Fig. 18: Examples of Mandalas (The following mandalas are found in Mystic Circle, introd. by Lobsang Funtshok Lhalungpa (Burnaby and Vancouver: Burnaby Art Gallery with Talon Books, 1973)

a) Wheel - Temple of the Sun at Konarak
in Orissa



Plate 4 ×

Appendix II, Fig. 18 b) Shiva Nataraja Dancing
 (Dravidian bronze) 12th - 13th C
 Museum van Aziatische Kunst, Amsterdam



× Plate 8

Appendix II, Fig. 18: c) Sri Yantra - Painting,
Rajasthan, late 18th C.

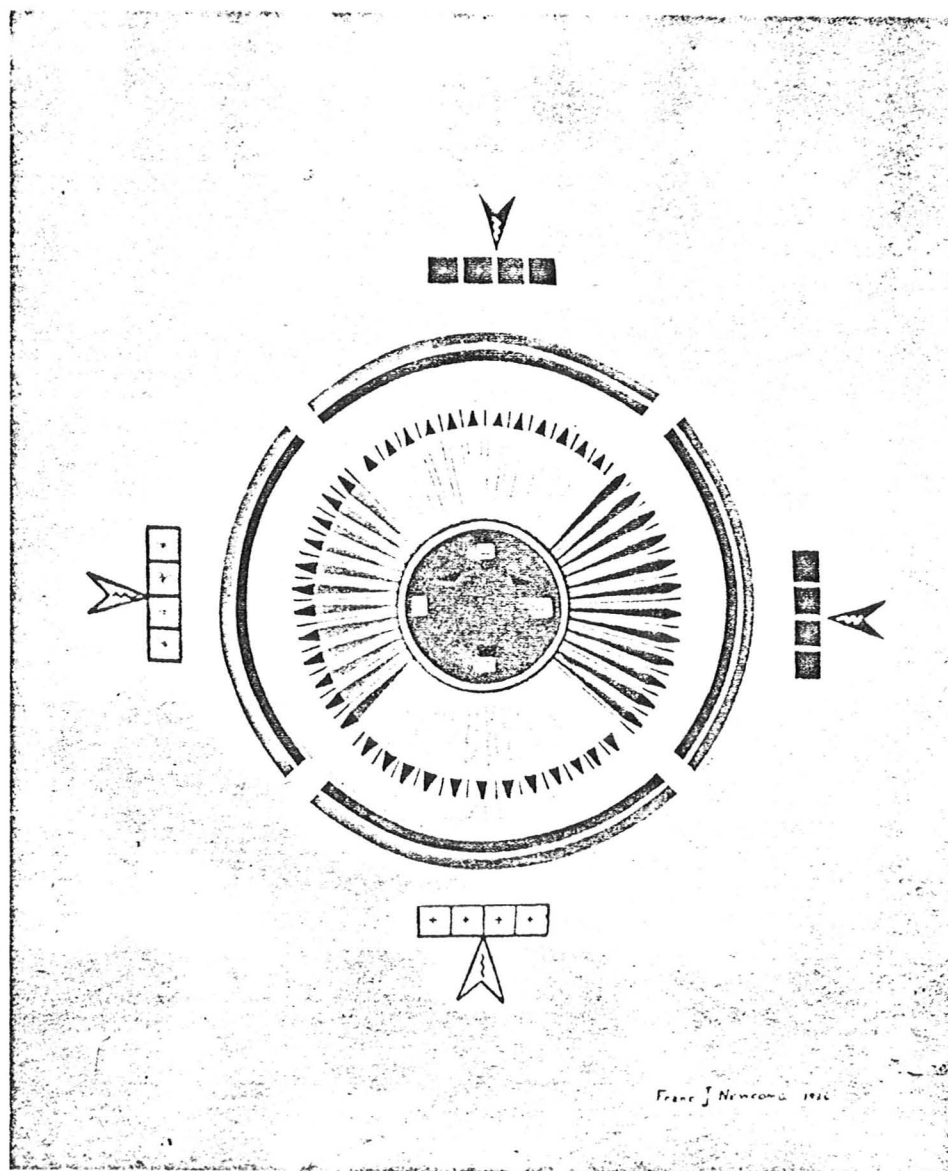
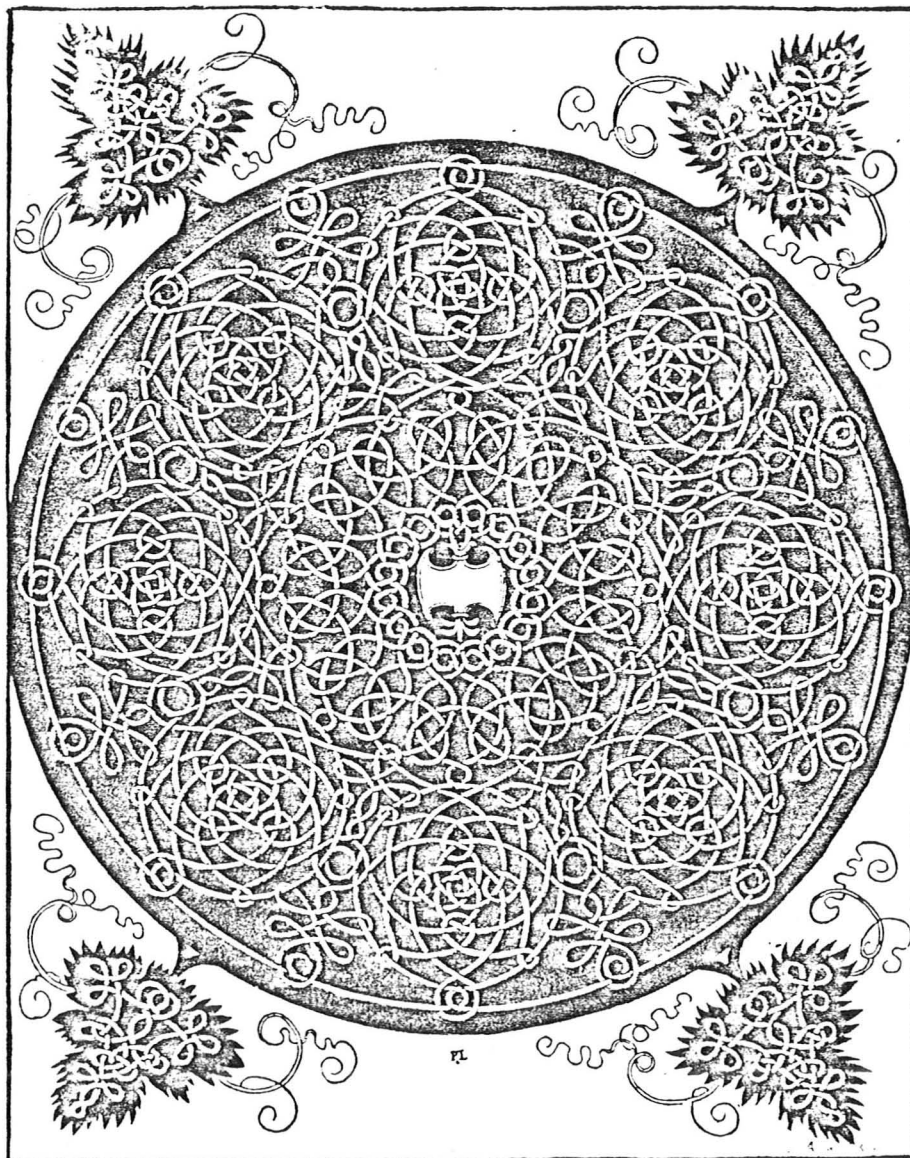
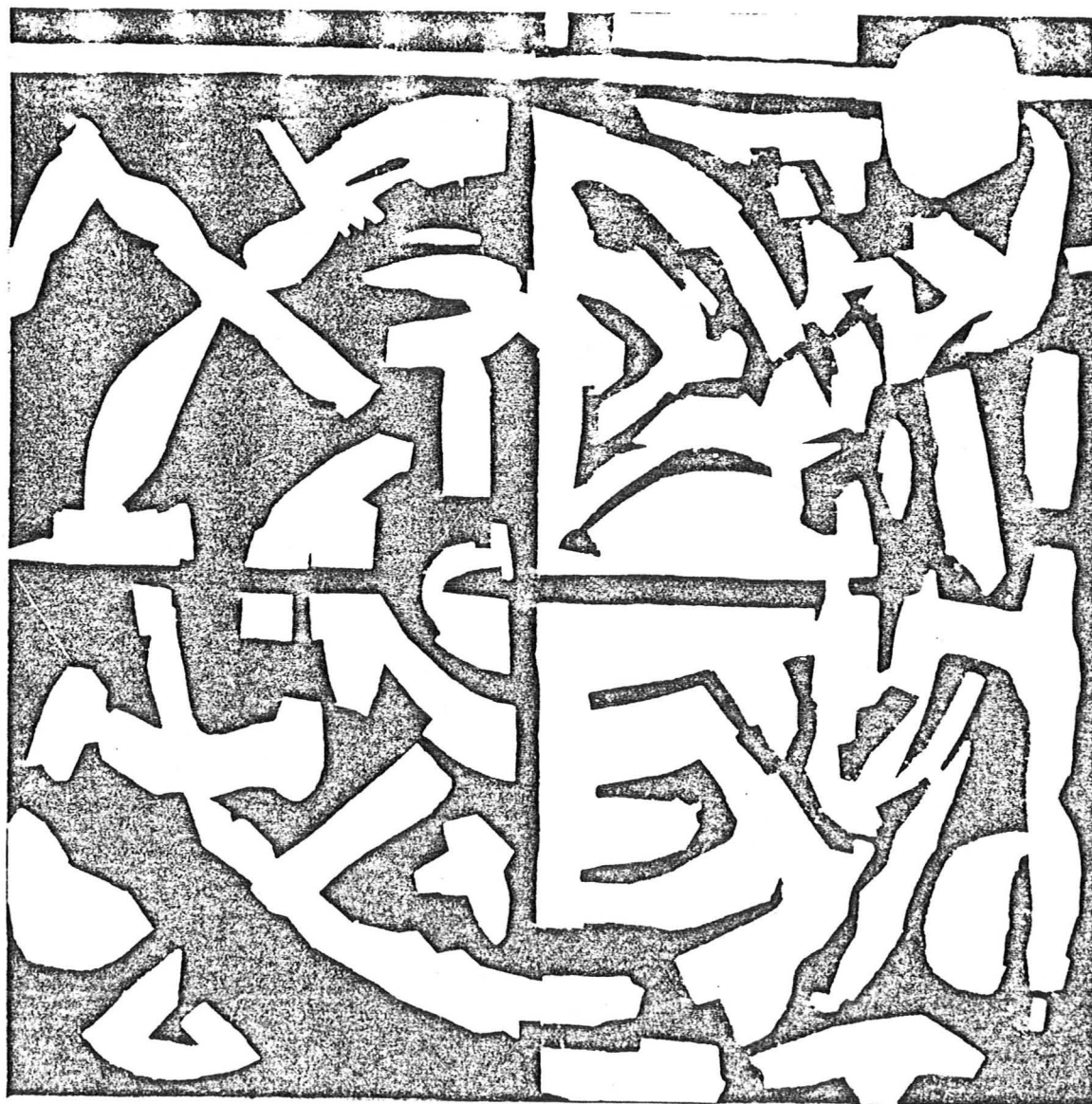


Plate 17

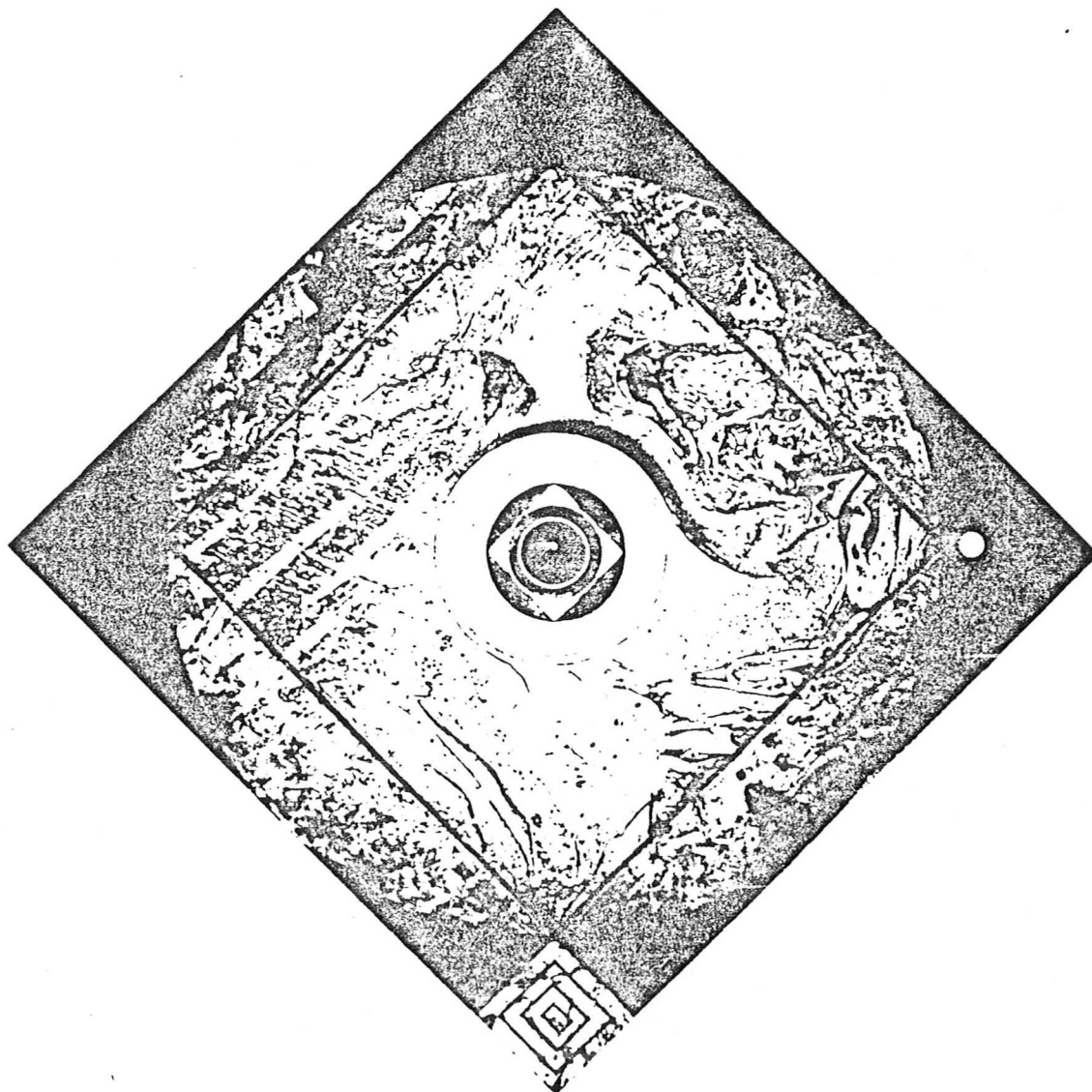
<



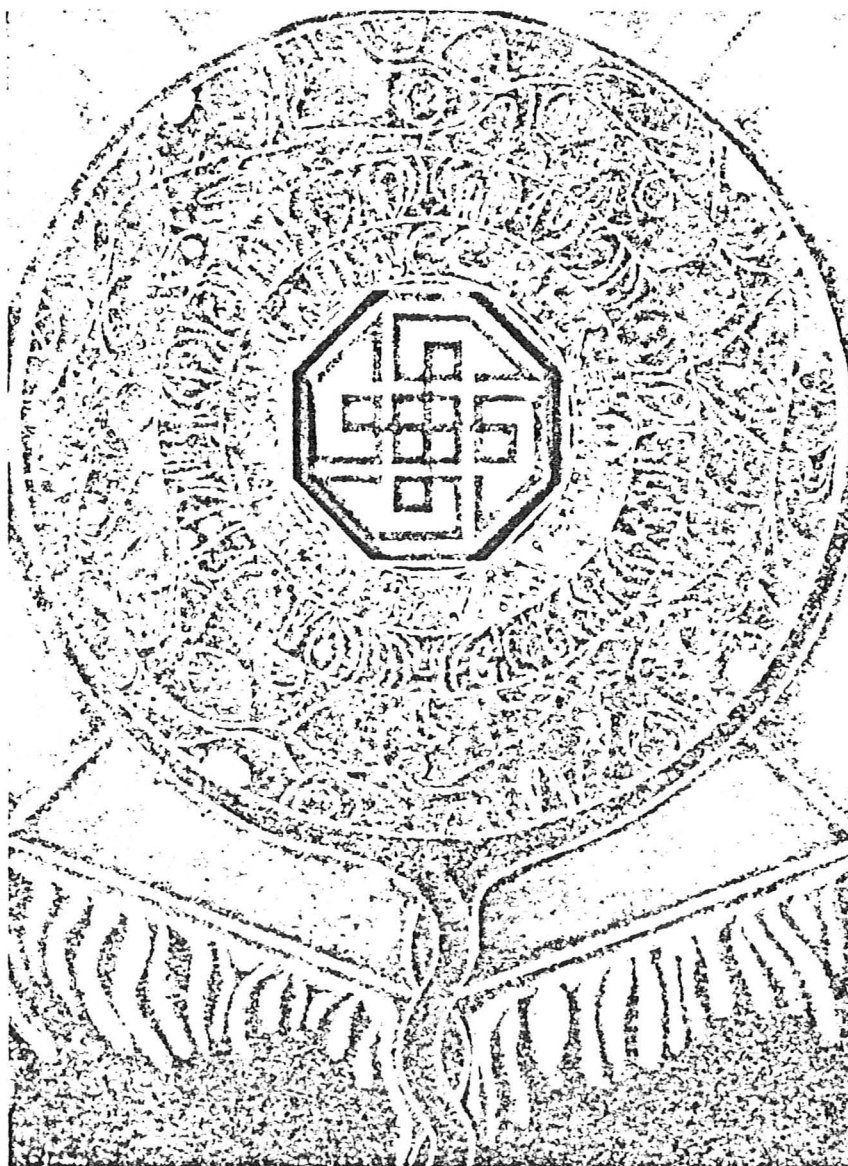
Appendix II, Fig. 18: e) The Fifth Knot - Wood Engraving
by Albrecht Dürer.
Collection of The National Gallery.



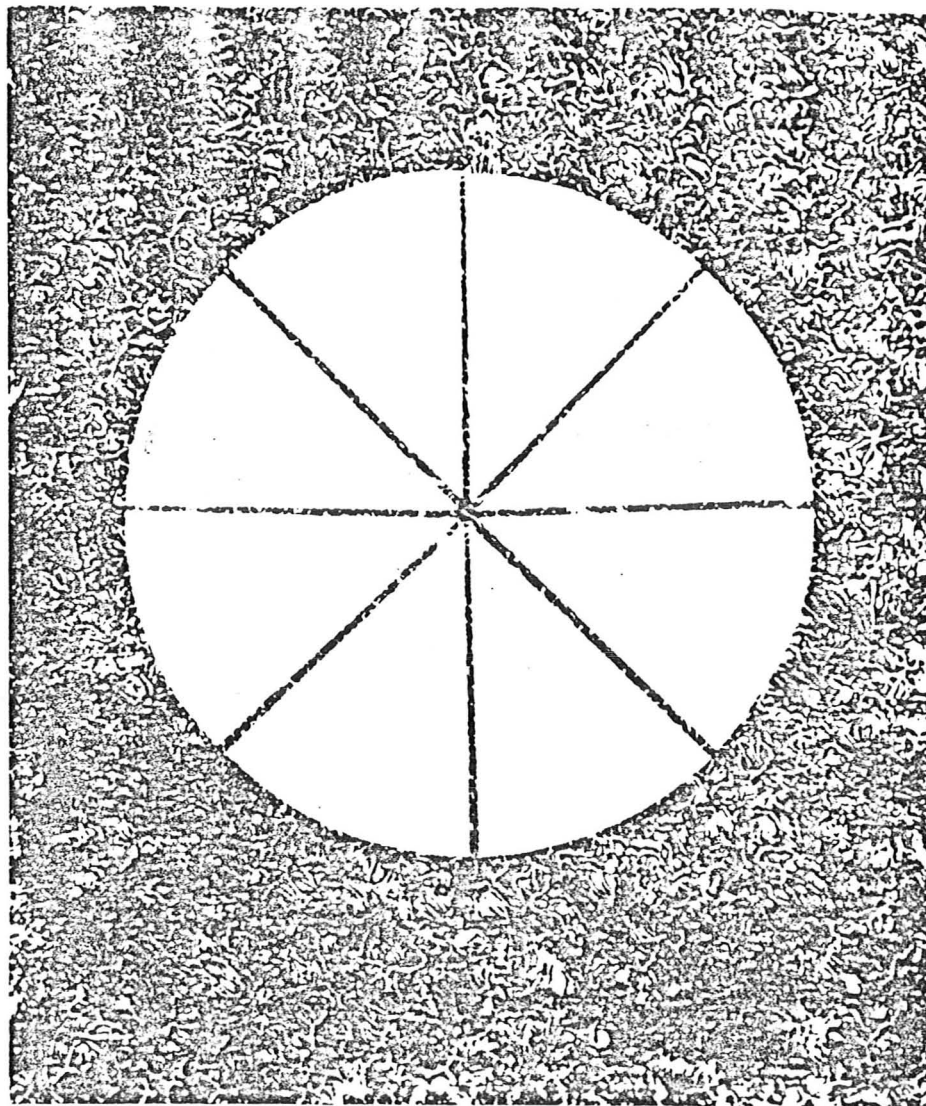
Appendix II, Fig. 18: f) Blue, Green and White
Painting by Ronald Bloore, 1961.
Collection of the Art Gallery
of Ontario.



Appendix II, Fig. 18: g) Mandala (Diary of a lost Hunter) 1968
by John Esler
Collection of the Burnaby Art Gallery,
Burnaby, B.C.

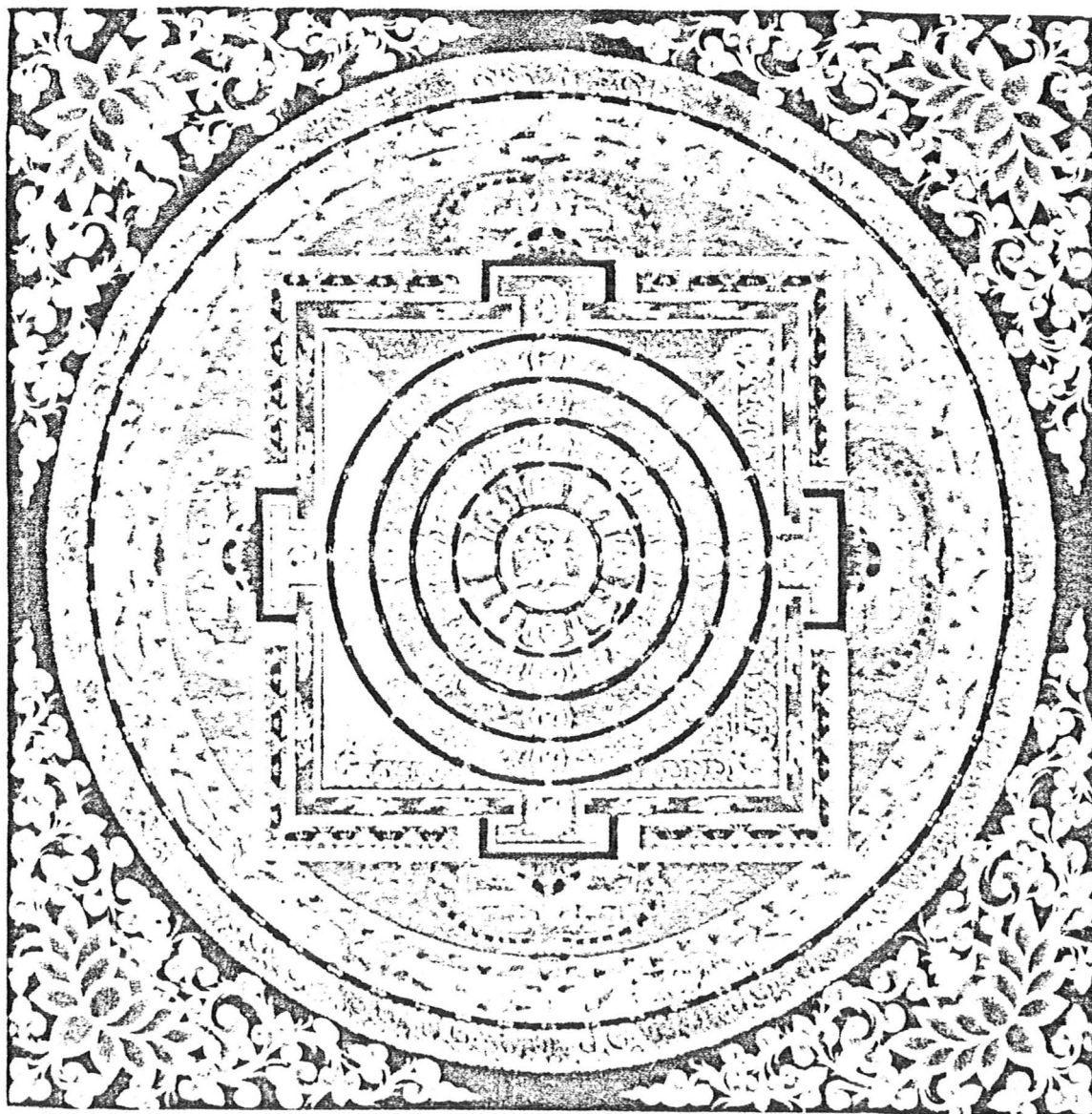


Appendix II, Fig. 18: h) Arcanum
by T. K. Irwin

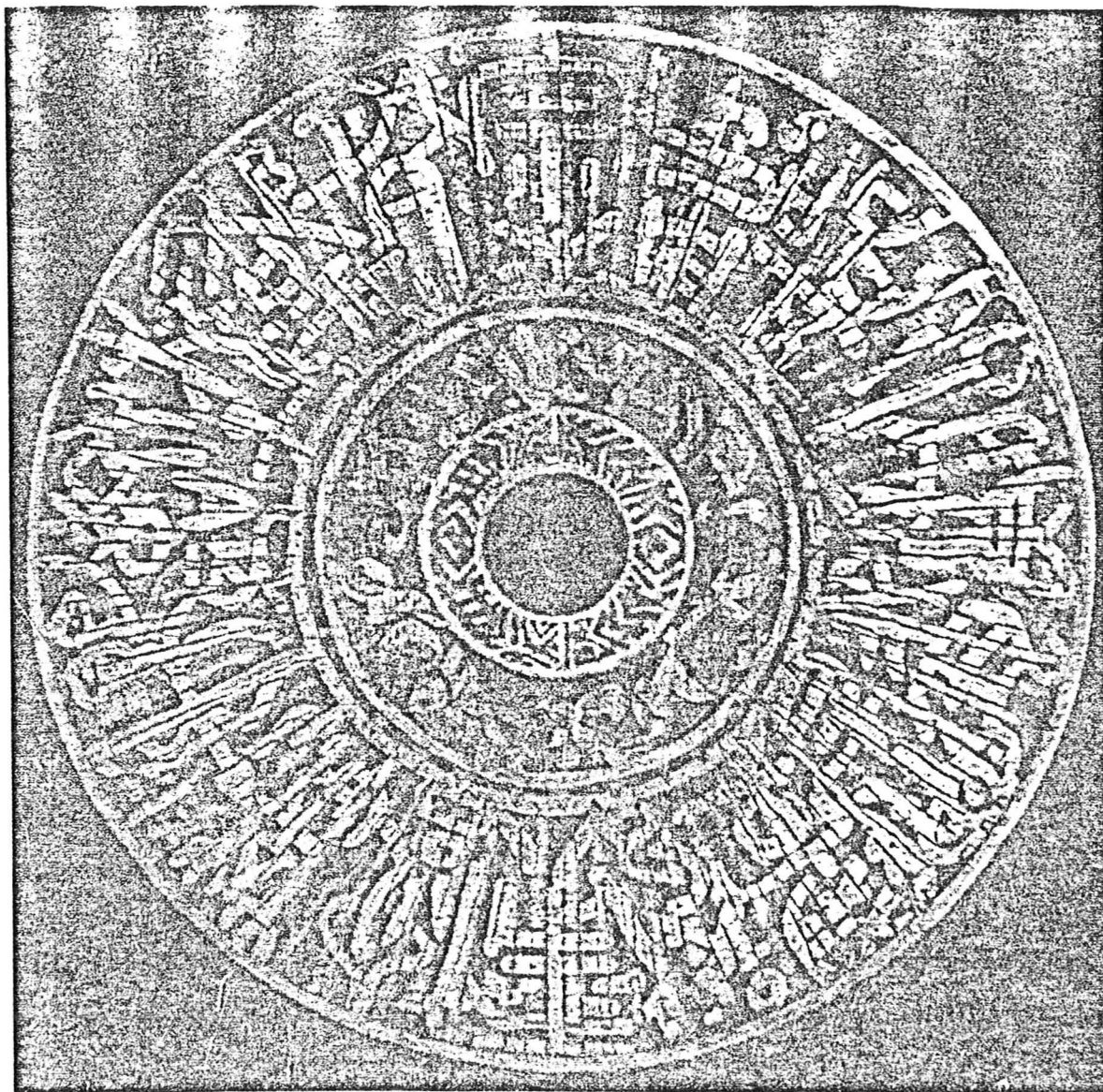


x

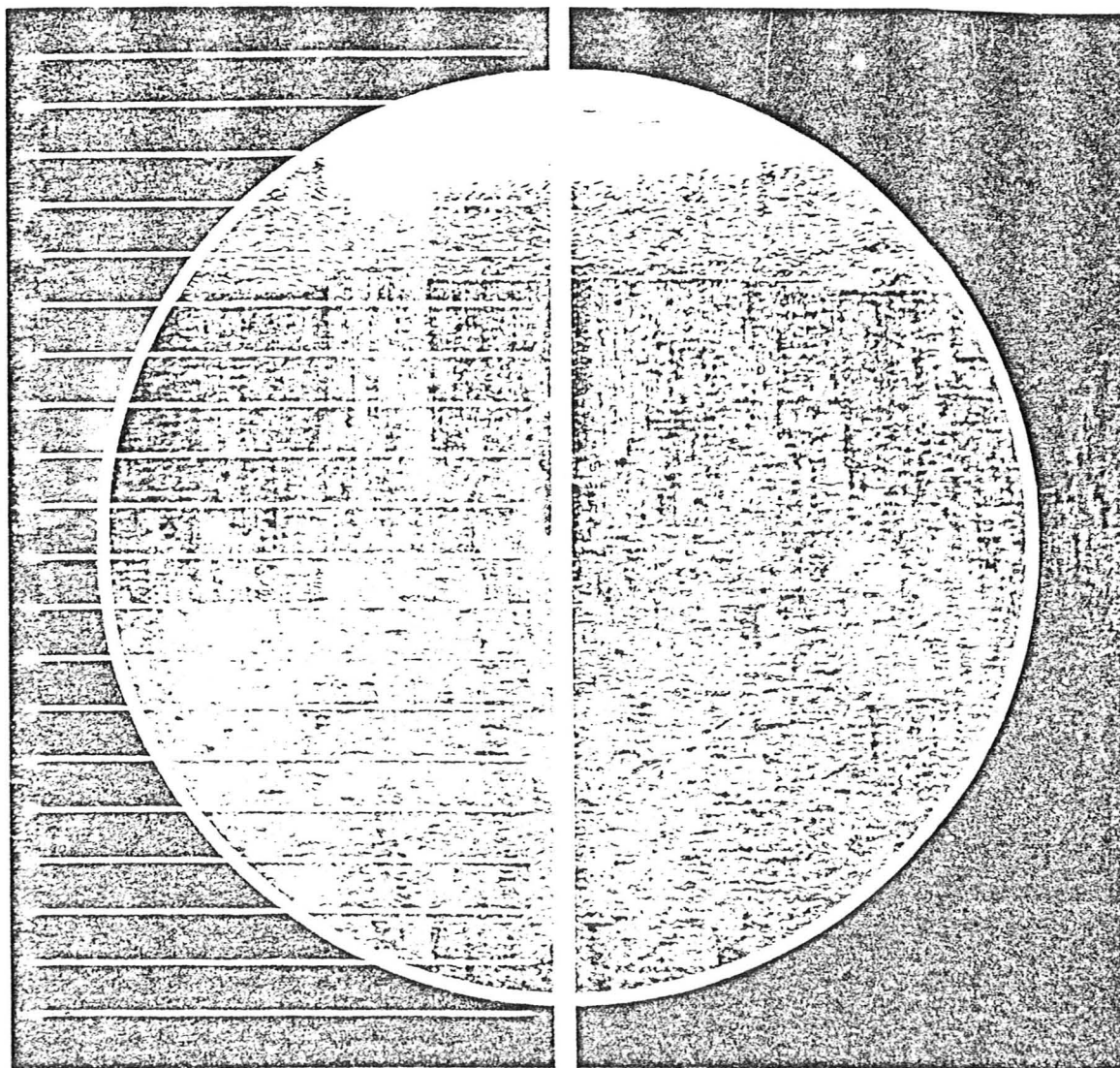
Appendix II, Fig. 18: i) Space Signal
by Sylvia Singer, 1968.



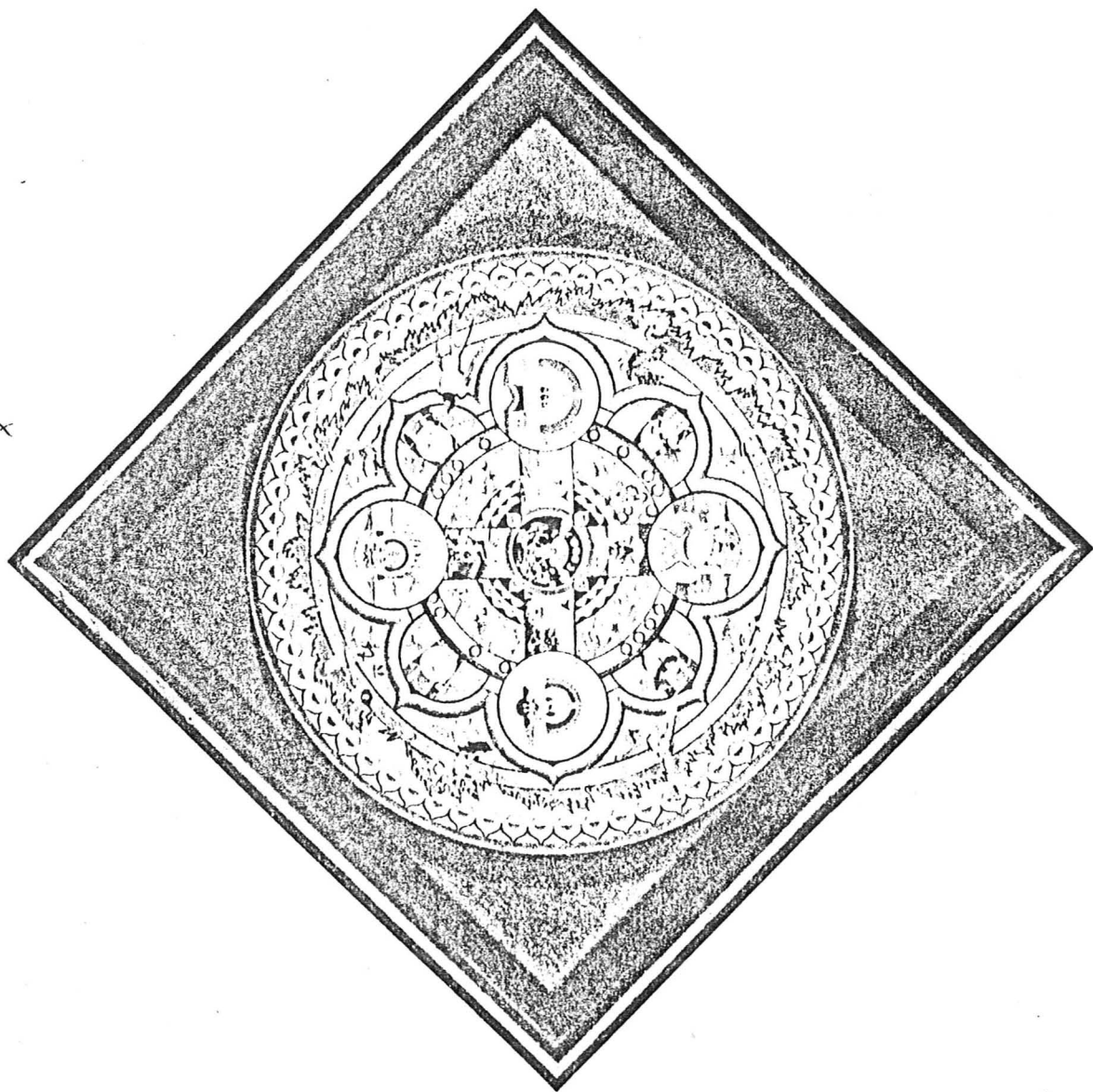
Appendix II, Fig. 18: j) Mandala
by Yamyang
Private Collection.



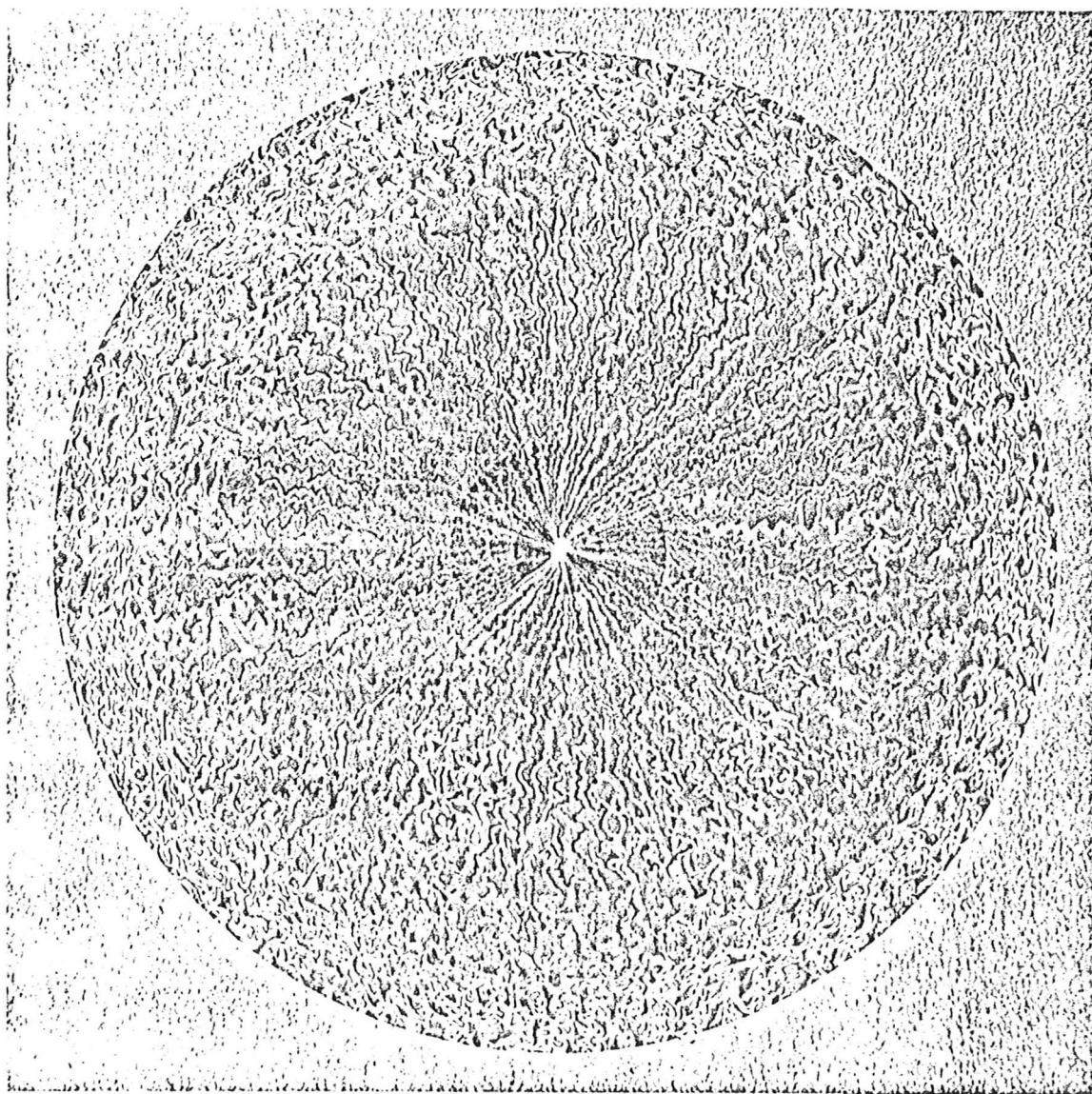
Appendix II, Fig. 18: k) Souvenir V (Jeu d'enfants)
by Tim Yun Lau, 1973.
Collection of the Burnaby Art Gallery,
Burnaby, B.C.



Appendix II, Fig. 18: 1) Structure of Limitation -
Second Version
by Richard McNeil, 1972



Appendix II, Fig. 18: m) Sky Wheel Mandala - The Elusive Shore
by Michael Sawyer, 1973



Appendix II, Fig. 18: n) Rainbow Mandala
by Jack Wise
Collection of the Bau-Xi Gallery.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Primary Sources:

- White, Patrick. Happy Valley. London: Harrap, 1939.
- _____. The Living and The Dead. London: Eyre, Spottiswoode, 1962.
- _____. The Aunt's Story. New York: Avon Books, 1948.
- _____. The Tree of Man. Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1956.
- _____. Voss. New York: Viking Press, 1957.
- _____. Riders in the Chariot. New York: Avon Books, 1961.
- _____. The Solid Mandala. New York: Avon Books, 1966.
- _____. The Vivisector. New York: Avon Books, 1970.
- _____. A Fringe of Leaves. New York: Avon Books, 1976.

Secondary Sources:

i) Articles

- Alvarez, A. "Chariot of Light", New Statesman, LXII (1961), 653.
- Aurousseau, Marcel. "Odi Profanum Vulgus", Meanjin Quarterly, XXI (1962), 31.
- Balliet, Whitney. "Mrs. Jolley and Mrs. Flack", New Yorker, Dec. 9th, 1961, p. 244.
- Bergonzi, Bernard. "Knights of the Will", Spectator, Nov. 3rd, 1961, p. 207.
- Brooks, Jeremy. "Patrick White", Guardian, Oct. 27th, 1961, p. 7.
- Buckley, Vincent. "The Novels of Patrick White", in G. Dutton, ed., The Literature of Australia. Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, [1964], p. 414.
- _____. "In the Shadow of Patrick White", Meanjin Quarterly, XX (1961), 141.

- Donaldson, Ian. "Return to Abyssinia", Essays in Criticism, XIV (1964), 210-214.
- Edwards, Alan. "Riders in the Chariot" -- A Note on the Title", Westerly, I (Nov. 1962), 108-110.
- Hutchens, John K. "Riders in the Chariot", Time, Oct. 6th, 1961, p. 25.
- Jung, C. J. Du: Schweizerische Monatsschrift, XV (April, 1955), 21.
- _____. "Über Mandalasymbolik", Gestaltungen Unbewussten (Psychologische Abhandlungen), VII (1950), 73.
- Mackenzie, Manfred. "Abyssinia Lost and Regained", Essays in Criticism, XIII (1963), 292-300.
- _____. "Apocalypse in Patrick White's 'The Tree of Man'", Meanjin Quarterly, XXV (1966), 405-416.
- _____. "Patrick White's Later Novels: A Generic Reading", Southern Review, I, 3 (1965), 5-18.
- Mather, Rodney. "Patrick White and D. H. Lawrence: A Contrast", Essays in Criticism, XXIX (1970), 34-50.
- Paulding, Gouverneur. "Shining Goodness in a World of Man's Evil", New York Herald Tribune Book Review, Oct. 8th, 1961, p. 4.
- Roderick, Colin. "'Riders in the Chariot' -- An Exposition", [From a Commonwealth Literary Fund Lecture at the University of New South Wales, 25th June, 1962], Southerly, XXII (1962), 62-77.
- Thomson, A. K. "Patrick White's 'The Tree of Man'", Meanjin Quarterly, XXV (1966), 22.
- Walters, Margaret. "Patrick White", New Left Review, XVIII (1963), 37-50.
- White, Patrick. "The Prodigal Son", Australian Letters, I, 3 (1958), 38.
- Unsigned Article in Times Literary Supplement, Dec. 15th, 1961, p. 889.

ii) Books

- Argyle, Barry. Patrick White. New York: Barnes & Noble, 1967.
- Beatson, Peter. The Eye in the Mandala. Patrick White: A Vision of Man and God. London: Elek Books, 1976.

- Björksten, Ingmar. Patrick White -- A General Introduction. St. Lucia: Univ. of Queensland Press, 1976.
- Bretall, Robert, ed. A Kierkegaard Anthology. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton Univ. Press, 1947.
- Christian, Paul. L'Univers Diabolique. Montreal: Editions du Jour, 1972.
- Clark, Kenneth. The Romantic Imagination. London: Futura Publications, 1973.
- Dru, Alexander, ed. and trans. The Journals of Kierkegaard. London and Glasgow: Collins, Fontana, 1958.
- Dutton, Geoffrey, ed. The Literature of Australia. Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1964.
- Eliot, T. S. Collected Poems 1909 - 1962. London: Faber & Faber, 1977.
- Erdman, David V., ed. The Poetry and Prose of William Blake. New York: Doubleday & Co., 1965.
- Forster, E. M. Aspects of the Novel. Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1978.
- Goya, Francisco. La Tauromaquia and the Bulls of Bordeaux. New York: Dover Publications, 1969.
- Hull, R. F. C., ed. Mandala Symbolism. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton Univ. Press, 1972.
- James, Henry. The House of Fiction. Ed. with Intro. by Leon Edel. Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1973.
- Klonsky, Milton. The Seer and His Visions. New York: Harmony Books, 1977.
- Knight, W., ed. Poems of William Wordsworth. London: Macmillan, 1896.
- Knowles, David. The English Mystical Tradition. New York: Harper Torchbooks, 1965.
- Lawrence, D. H. Sons and Lovers. Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1956.
- May, H. G. and Metzger, B. M., eds. The Oxford Annotated Bible, Revised Standard Ed. New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1962.
- Morley, Patricia. The Mystery of Unity: Theme and Technique in the Novels of Patrick White. Montreal: McGill-Queen's Univ. Press, 1972.
- Munch, Edvard. Edvard Munch. Oslo: Universitet i Oslo, 1970.
- Ost, Hans, ed. Leonardo - Studien. Berlin: Walter de Gruyter, 1975.

- Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. IX. London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1933.
- Pepper, E. and Wilcock, J. Witches All. New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1977.
- Powys, John Cowper. Wolf Solent. Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1978.
- Scholem, Gershom G. Major Trends In Jewish Mysticism. London: Thames & Hudson, 1955.
- Tucci, Giuseppe. The Theory and Practice of the Mandala. Trans. by A. H. Broderick. London: Rider & Co., 1961.
- Wise, J., ed. Mystic Circle. Pref. by Lobsang Phuntshok Lhalungpa. Vancouver & Burnaby: Burnaby Art Gallery with Talonbooks, 1973.
- Yeats, W. B. Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats. London: Macmillan, 1973.