DAVID LINDSAY'S A VOYAGE TO ARCTURUS

ALLEGORICAL DREAM FANTASY AS A LITERARY MODE

by

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Abstract

David Lindsay's *A Voyage to Arcturus* must be read as an allegorical dream fantasy for its merit to be correctly discerned. Lindsay's central themes are introduced in a study of the man and his work (Ch. 1). These themes are found to be common in allegorical dream fantasy, the phenomenological background of which is established (Ch. 2). A distinction can then be drawn between fantasy and romance, so as to define allegorical dream fantasy as a literary mode (Ch. 3). After the biographical, theoretical and literary backgrounds of *A Voyage* have been established in the first three chapters, the second three chapters explicate the structure of the book as an allegorical dream fantasy. Finally, the dichotomies which have been found in Lindsay (between Lloyd's underwriter and visionary dreamer), between the dream and the real world, between fantasy and romance, are found to be unified by Norman N. Holland's theory of literature as transformation.
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Preface

This thesis is a study of a book—*A Voyage to Arcturus*—which has, until recently, been neglected, and which is now, I would argue, misread. It is misread mainly because the genre to which it belongs—allegorical dream fantasy—has not been precisely defined. My aim is to explicate the book by setting it in its true context.

David Lindsay (1878-1945) is a difficult man to assess, partly because he was 'out of key with his time.' 1920, just after World War I, was the wrong year to publish *A Voyage to Arcturus*. Moral earnestness of Lindsay's essentially Victorian sort did not have the sympathy of the public, and it must not surprise us that the book fell 'still-born from the press.' Had the book come out in 1895, shortly after *She* and in the same year as Wells's *The Time Machine*, MacDonald's *Lilith* and Morris's *The Wood Beyond the World*, it might have been received more sympathetically. But in 1895, Lindsay was only seventeen.

It should have been easy to see, in 1920, that *A Voyage* was 25 years behind the times. It would have been difficult to guess that it was also 50 years ahead of them. Nonetheless, when *A Voyage* was finally published in paperback, 23 years after Lindsay's death, it came to enjoy 'a vogue.' This vogue is, however, less a result of the book's peculiar qualities than its superficial resemblance to the work of enormously popular writers, 'cult' figures, like J. R. R. Tolkien and Herman Hesse.
Contemporary readings of the book, in one way or another, wrench *A Voyage* from its true context, and misread its genre. However, *A Voyage* is neither *sui generis* nor outlandishly idiosyncratic, but occupies a precisely definable place in the literary tradition of allegorical dream fantasy. Seen thus it is a well-designed, coherent and articulate work. Though *A Voyage* is not obviously a well constructed book, and obviously not a well written one in the accepted literary sense (nor, for that matter, are most Gothic Novels), once its structure and motifs have been uncovered, it will be found that *A Voyage* has many aspects that make it worthy of study.

I begin with a brief account of Lindsay's life and works, partly to dispel the 'mythology' which, in the absence of facts and with misleading help, has grown up around Lindsay, and partly to introduce some of his themes. Lindsay's central theme is the opposition between the real and dream worlds which, while it is the basis of *A Voyage to Arcturus*, is more obviously discernible in 'this worldly' novels such as *The Haunted Woman* and, particularly, *Sphinx*. In Chapter Two I examine the phenomenological basis (phenomenology is the psychological philosophy of systematized delusion) of Lindsay's dualisms. I.e., I show why the psychic facts of sleep and dreams lead to a dichotomous world-view, and how allegorical dream fantasy is an appropriate literary expression of this view.

In my third chapter I draw a distinction between fantasy and romance so as to define allegorical dream fantasy precisely as a literary mode, and to set *A Voyage* in its appropriate literary context. I show how
Lindsay found his immediate inspiration in George MacDonald, Novalis, and Icelandic literature.

Having established the biographical, the theoretical, and the literary backgrounds, I move in Chapters Four and Five to an examination of the two dimensions of the allegory. First, I explicate *A Voyage* as an allegorical battle between powers of light and darkness, matter and spirit, reality and dream, and so on. (This can be thought of as a vertical axis.) Second, I explicate *A Voyage* as a linear, allegorical progress, organised around thematic images which are established in the opening section of the book (on earth) and reoccur in the trip across Tormance. (The horizontal axis.)

The first five chapters take us progressively closer to the text. In Chapter Six I trace the outline of Maskull's actual progress across Tormance, which is found to be a spiral inwards, through the body of Crystalman into the inner world of the spirit, Muspel.

In the concluding chapter I tackle the problem of style: why allegorical dream fantasies, *A Voyage to Arcturus* in particular, succeed in gripping the reader in spite of being apparently badly written. In this chapter, the split in Lindsay (ex-Lloyd's underwriter and visionary), in the Manichaean philosophy (real world and dream world), in allegorical dream fantasy itself (between cerebral allegory and subconscious fantasy) and the message of allegorical dream fantasies (the search for 'inner light'), are found to be unified in psychological terms by Norman N. Holland's view of literature as transformation.
A great many people have helped with this thesis, though I can mention only a few. It would not have been possible at all without the extensive services of Mr. Nick Omelusik, of Acquisitions, and Ms. Margaret Friesen, of Inter-Library Loan, and their staffs at the University of British Columbia Library. I thank them, and I thank my typists, Mrs. Susan Wells and Miss Jeanne Currie.

Lastly, I have been privileged to work closely with my thesis committee of Professors Ira Nadel, Elliott B. Gose and Patricia Merivale. As a critic and a man, Elliott Gose has profoundly influenced my own attitude to literature far more than my incidental footnotes to him indicate. But my main debt is to my supervisor, Pat Merivale, without whose incisive (and witty!) comments and always generous chiding this thesis would have been much easier to write, and a great deal less worthwhile.

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Jack Schofield

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Abbreviations and Editions Used

Page references to all of Lindsay's works and to the one book-length critical study of Lindsay are given in the text after the appropriate abbreviation, as listed:


Sph : Sphinx (London: John Long, 1923)

AMM : Adventures of Monsieur de Mailly (London: Andrew Melrose, 1926)

DT : Devil's Tor (London: Putnam's, 1932)


Any quotations from Lindsay's unpublished TSS 'The Violet Apple,' 'Witch' and 'Sketch Notes towards a New System of Philosophy' have, unless otherwise stated, been taken from The Strange Genius. Page references cited are therefore to that book and not to the works themselves.

Note: spaced ellipses are mine, unspaced ellipses are the authors'.
The day-self is poltroon or hero:
The night-self is picaro, pierrot.

The day-self can choose to tell lies.
The night-self speaks truth, or he dies.

The voice comes
out of an emptiness. Night-self and day-self
find here no habitable planet.

John Wain, Wildtrack

What is divine in man is elusive and impalpable,
and he is easily tempted to embody it in a collective
form—a church, a country, a social system, a leader
--so that he may realise it with less effort and
serve it with more profit. Yet ... the attempt to
externalise the kingdom of heaven in a temporal shape
must end in disaster. It cannot be created by charters
or constitutions, nor established by arms. Those who
set out for it alone will reach it together, and those
who seek it in company will perish by themselves.

Hugh Kingsmill, The Poisoned Crown
Chapter One:

DAVID LINDSAY AND HIS WORKS

For the publisher of Devil's Tor, David Lindsay provided the following brief summary of his life:

I was educated at Blackheath and in Scotland. Up to the war I was in business in the City of London. I was in the Army for upwards of two years, but saw no foreign service. On demobilisation I took up literature, having many years previously determined to do so sooner or later. A Voyage to Arcturus appeared in 1920; The Haunted Woman in 1922; Sphinx in 1923; Adventures of M. de Mailly in 1926. I was married in 1916, and am at present living happily with my wife and two daughters, aged 12 and 9. From 1919 to 1928 we lived in Cornwall; then moved to Ferring in Sussex.

I have done the usual amount of foreign travelling, dislike sports, and take most of my present exercise in tramping the South Downs. My older brother, the late 'Alexander Crawford', also wrote some novels (The Alias etc.) which by now are almost forgotten. I trace my stock to the main stem of the Lindsays, whose history is in any book of Scottish families. Ivar, jarl of the Norse Uplanders, is said to have been the original ancestor (TSG 6).

This barest of records suppresses the information that "in the City" he was a Lloyd's underwriter for fifteen years, that his army service was as a clerk in the Grenadiers and, most notably, that he was born on March 3, 1878 making him in 1932 "rather older than is proper" for a young writer to be (TSG 7). However, the bare record disabuses us of any idea that, as Loren Eiseley states flatly in his introduction to the Ballantine edition of A Voyage to Arcturus, "David Lindsay died young" (VA vii), or that his masterpiece was the unpremeditated outpouring of a frustrated young man.
Lindsay seems to have spent most of his early life 'in training for a novelist' after his grandmother prevented him from taking up the scholarship he had won to university. He educated himself by reading widely in literature and philosophy, learning German and reading Schopenhauer and Nietzsche in the original, and recording his comments in notebooks for future use. These comments he called *aperçues* (sic). For the name and the concept Lindsay is indebted, as for much else, to the great German pessimist Arthur Schopenhauer. Lindsay describes the *aperçu* as a thought which "springs from the air" (TSG 13), recalling Schopenhauer's use of the word for "an immediate intuition, and as such the work of an instant, an *APERÇU*, a flash of insight." A *Voyage to Arcturus* is based on a decade's accumulation of these insights.

During the war, Lindsay, then thirty-eight, married a girl of twenty against the wishes of both their families. After the war he did not return to Lloyd's, but went with his wife to North Cornwall, where he was to begin his career as a novelist. In his notebook he records that

> when one steps out of the land of dreams and longings, by reason of being seized by the idea of a clear and definite plan for the future, it is just as if one's life had got into focus; the vague and blurred is all changed into the defined and beautiful (TSG 10).

Of course, from the conventional point of view, he had stepped from worldly, materialistic Lloyd's into a dream world, in living unrealistically on a lump sum from his firm and a legacy which he in-
vested, in a large house with servants and a carriage. Had he been sensible, however, he would never have written *A Voyage to Arcturus*, and would now be forgotten.

Jacqueline and Cornwall inspired and encouraged Lindsay to produce six novels, three of them minor masterpieces in their respective genres, between April 1919 and July 1924. Also during this time Lindsay's wife bore him two daughters, Diana and Helen, who were later nicknamed by E. H. Visiak, one being dark like the mother and the other fair like the father, 'Night' and 'Day' (TSG 97-98). It was, for the Lindsays, a happy and productive period. *A Voyage to Arcturus* was completed in March 1920 and immediately accepted by Methuen, who insisted, however, that the book be reduced in length by some 15,000 words. The book was published later in 1920, but it sold badly and many copies were remaindered. By then Lindsay was well on with *The Haunted Woman*, which he completed in April 1921. Methuen refused it at first, but it was (as *A Voyage to Arcturus* had previously been) accepted for serialisation by *The Daily News* subject to a reduction of 20,000 words. Again, Lindsay cut them. Methuen reconsidered, and finally published the book in February 1922.

But Lindsay was now 'a writer', with a house to keep up, a wife and family to support. He was beginning to concern himself more with writing what publishers might accept and the public might buy. After two commercial failures a publisher for his next book, *Sphinx*, written between August 1921 and March 1922, was hard to find. Lindsay spent
two months revising the book and reducing its length, after which Ronald Massey, a literary agent, succeeded in placing it, in April 1923, with John Long.

Presumably sharing the sentiments of Lore Jenson, the composer-heroine of *Sphinx,*

Of course it's pot-boiling! But if I don't boil my pot, are you going to boil it for me? I suppose you think it's bad art to have a pot! An artist ought to be above such trifles as food (*Sph 72),

Lindsay struggled with the intractable material of 'The Ancient Tragedy' while simultaneously working on a completely unvisionary romance of one musketeer, *Adventures of Monsieur de Mailly.* This is unashamedly a pot-boiler, but at least Lindsay seems to have found the writing of it fairly easy. It was completed between October 1922 and May 1923, and accepted by the seventh publisher to whom it was sent, Andrew Melrose, who brought it out in England in 1926, and one year later, as *A Blade for Sale,* in the United States. Lindsay had by then written (February to July 1924) and revised 'The Violet Apple,' which was not to find a publisher at all. Thus ended a period of enormous creativity, with a remarkable lack of success. Lindsay might have been forgiven for giving in. He did not. His next publication, however, of the 'monster' (*L 59) *Devil's Tor,* was to be his last.

In 1928 the Lindsays moved from Cornwall to Ferring, in Sussex, where David rewrote 'The Ancient Tragedy' as *Devil's Tor* and tried, unsuccessfully, to write another entitled 'Witch.' Though Putnam's, who published *Devil's Tor* in 1932, seem to have made a real effort to sell it, and though the book received some favorable reviews, *sales*
were poor enough to discourage anyone from republishing *A Voyage* or risking another book by an evidently doomed writer. The realization of this was slow to dawn on a Lindsay still intensely committed to his dream. He wrote to Putnam's:

For my next plans, I can only say that I am at present beginning to see where they should lie. Between the philosophies of *Arcturus* and *Devil's Tor* there seems to be a chasm of contradiction. As both books were sincerely and independently written, and were long matured, no doubt the contradiction is more apparent than real; and it seems to me that a larger synthesis can be found, to include both philosophies. But in that case, a new and higher truth should emerge; and this is what I am after (TSG 30).

Though he worked on a new book, 'Witch'—Pick calls it a "strange, powerful, creaking, beautiful, archaic, unworldly, unearthly book" (TSG 30)—until about 1939, the public was never blessed by its appearance. Typically, though he had much earlier realised that *Arcturus* "was written in rather an unpopular style" (L 40), it was the philosophy which motivated him to write, in spite of the style which prevented the books from selling.

We must remember that Lindsay had spent many of the first forty years of his life dreaming of and preparing for the time when he would 'take up literature'. He had finally done so less because he thought he could write—he seems to have attempted no creative work before *Arcturus*—than because he felt he had something to say, had a vision to communicate. That vision was one which continually opposed a sub-
lime and important 'other' world to the vulgar and trivial 'real'
world in which he had been a business success. But the vision, em-
bodied so forcefully in the totally unambiguous Arcturus, had appar-
ently not been understood, and the commercial failure of his novels
must in itself have been extremely discouraging.

After Arcturus, therefore, in order to communicate, in order to
make palatable his message, Lindsay began to compromise, moving further
and further, book by book, from his original, if unrepeatable, vision.
After Arcturus human action begins to count for less, while Fate or
Cosmic Destiny plays a bigger part. The heroes become gradually more
emasculated and less independent—of their author as well as of their
surroundings—and the heroines become frigidly wooden. Maskull had
fought his bloody way across Tormance to defeat in the arms of the
quivering mass of powerful femininity that was Sullenbode. Judge and
Isbel in The Haunted Woman, however, fate having thrown them together,
are both defeated by the trivial mechanics of a social situation:
though they are 'soul-mates' in the spirit world, in 'real' life she
is already engaged to someone else. Further, instead of a whole new
planet and enough strange life forms to stock a universe, the dream
world they can inhabit is limited to a small section of garden, seen
from an enchanted tower, and created not by the gods but by a man with
a kind of bass viol. This garden they can inhabit only briefly before
it crumbles around them ('she herself was no more than his dream!' [THW
167]). In Sphinx, which, like The Haunted Woman, never gets off the
ground, the inventor, Nicholas, and the composer, Lore, do not even recognise each other as soul mates on earth; they are only united, at the end of the book, in a dream after both their deaths. The dreamer in this case, Sturt (but cf. Surtur in A Voyage and Surt in The Elder Edda), Lore's father, is neither god nor antique phantom, and his dream is merely a way of seeing into the higher world, neither a part nor a creator of it. If the fated characters in Devil's Tor, Ingrid and Saltfleet, seem more impressive, it is mainly because they are, after all, mere puppets, existing only to be brought together, no matter what, by the machinations of an all-powerful Cosmic Destiny.

The point is not that Lindsay's later works are necessarily inferior as literature to A Voyage to Arcturus, but that they are narrower and of a less impressive scale as vision, and it is as a visionary, rather than as a writer, that Lindsay is important. At least 150 pages (pages 233-388, between the discovery of Drapier's body and Ingrid's "dreamlike entrance") could be excised, if replaced by a concise plot summary, from the stodgy interior of Devil's Tor. But apart from the 'monster', Lindsay's other published works have a charm of their own. The Haunted Woman, Lindsay's second book, has been preferred to Arcturus by Visiak, and, like the third novel, Sphinx, it is at least economically told. They are both about dream worlds, like A Voyage, but in these the dream is a small but vital part of the 'real' world, i.e. the ordinary, everyday world purveyed by such novelists as C. P. Snow. On the Snavian level (to borrow a term from
Dr. Merivale) in The Haunted Woman and Sphinx we have the suburban, upper middle class English world of villas and country houses, wooded walks, parties, people 'alighting' from taxi-cabs and trains. This world, his aspiring Lloyd's underwriter's world, Lindsay tries to infuse with a sense of the higher reality of an unseen cosmic world of transcendent importance.

In The Haunted Woman, the most important 'character' is Runhill Court, a manor house with a haunted upper story (improbably supposed to date from Saxon times). But this is not a ghost story, and Ulf's Tower is not haunted but enchanted. The stairs leading up to it can only be discovered by the spiritually sensitive who, when they climb them, find themselves in a new world, where their real, rather than their everyday social, character comes to the fore. Unfortunately, on descending the stairs the insight is lost, and the experience forgotten. Isbel, the tragic heroine of the story, is engaged to Marshall, and the plot turns on her meeting with the aging widower, Judge, in Ulf's Tower. There they are "enabled temporarily to drop the mask of convention" (THW 84), to see each other as they really are, and they fall in love; their spiritual natures are in essential harmony. But descending again to the everyday world, to the body social, they forget the "spiritual lesson" (THW 84) they have learned.

From the window of one of the tower's rooms, Judge and Isbel look out onto an ancient landscape, from which the familiar, modern landmarks of "fields, hedgerows, roads, lanes, houses, had vanished
entirely" (THW 130). A motionless figure who "looks like an ancient Saxon come to life" (THW 131) sits with "his back to the house" (THW 131) playing what sounds like "a bass viol" (THW 127): "Isbel could almost fancy it to be the voice of the landscape. It was hauntingly beautiful, and full of queer surprises" (THW 132). Isbel, by now on familiar, first-name terms with Judge in the enchanted rooms, asks, "Henry, can't you understand that all this has a meaning? Don't you see that it's carrying us higher and higher?" (THW 138). But leaving the rooms she forgets the meaning, she returns to everyday reality: "Are we dreaming now, or were we dreaming before?" (THW 141).

Isbel is thus torn between her spiritual betrothed, Judge, and her social one, Marshall, between the antique spring-time world around the musician and the vulgar England of the early twentieth century, between the dream and the reality. When she finally gets into the dream landscape, and meets Judge there, they recognise their joint destiny, but for her it quickly gets darker and starts to get misty. W. H. Auden notes in The Enchafed Flood that "The degree of visibility = the degree of conscious knowledge. I.e., fog and mist mean doubt and self-delusion." For Isbel, the vision begins to fade:

'Henry, I'm going!' she said, quietly detaching herself from his embrace.... 'Everything's falling back....'

His face fell in alarm. 'What's the matter? What's happening to you?....'

'We're returning to the old state. The sun's gone in, and it's growing misty and cold.... Oh, can't you see it?'

'No, I can't. There's no difference at all--the day is as glorious as ever it was.... Exert your will!....' (THW 164).
Isbel loses her vision of the enchanted dream world, and goes back to calling Henry "Mr. Judge" (THW 165). He goes to wake up the sleeping musician, whose

back was turned towards her, so that she could not see his face, but Henry, who was standing erect and motionless beyond, was looking right into it, and, from his expression, it was as though he were beholding some appalling vision! (THW 167).

Just before the balloon comes down in G. K. Chesterton's optimistic nightmare fantasy, The Man Who Was Thursday, Gabriel Syme cries "with extraordinary emphasis":

Shall I tell you the secret of the whole world? It is that we have only known the back of the world. We see everything from behind, and it looks brutal. That is not a tree but the back of a tree. That is not a cloud, but the back of a cloud. Can you not see that everything is stooping and hiding a face? If we could only get round in front—(8).

When, in Lindsay's pessimistic dream book, Henry does "get round in front" he finds that to be more brutal and "appalling" than the front. What he sees must be the equivalent of the vulgar grin of Crystalman, the mask of death, for he sinks to the ground, dead. Isbel faints. Marshall comes along to find Judge's body, and the book ends with the faint promise of Isbel and Marshall's re-engagement and, presumably, marriage.

Sphinx appeared in 1923 in John Long's series of 'The Latest Library Novels', among which were The Missing Million by Edgar Wallace, The Young Pitcher by Zane Grey, and many now even more completely forgotten others. The book opens with the sedate arrival
of Nicholas Cabot at Newleigh Station on his way to Mereway. Nicholas has just been rescued from being a ledger clerk by an inheritance of £55,000. When asked why he did not choose "a more congenial career" he curtly replies, "I wanted to retain any originality I might possess" (Sph 14). Now, free to pursue his real interest in chemistry, Nicholas is perfecting a kind of chemical-clockwork device for recording and playing back dreams. Hopefully these will be deep dreams: "we sometimes have visions, which are identical" (Sph 33). They are "the dreams we dream during deep sleep and remember nothing of afterwards. The light dreams of the fringe of consciousness are a different thing altogether" (Sph 33). The Sphinx, Nicholas tells us, was "the goddess of dreams" (Sph 32), and 'Sphinx' is the title not only of the whole book but also of Lore Jenson's finest piece of music.

A youngish ex-ledger clerk with £55,000 must, it will be universally acknowledged, be in want of a wife. Nicholas has a bevy of beauties to choose from, and the 'real' or novelistic action turns on his relationships with Sturt's three daughters--members of the family with which Nicholas is a paying guest--and two ladies who live nearby, Lore Jenson the composer (who, we eventually discover, is Sturt's illegitimate daughter), and Mrs. Celia Hantish, an attractive widow and femme fatale. At least, I think this is what Sturt means when he tells Nicholas, "I do not think it is to malign her to place her in the fatal category" (Sph 67). She makes all the running, even taking Nicholas off into the woods (Sph 120). Later, 'In the Wilder-
ness' (Ch. XV) of which Celia says "I keep it for my men friends. Men always feel cramped in a garden" (Sph 217), they become engaged (Sph 220).

On the spiritual level, however, Nicholas's true soul mate, though he never realises it, is Lore Jenson. The second dream which Nicholas manages to record hints at this. Like the first dream, he plays it back in Evelyn's presence so that we experience his (male) dream through her (female) sensibility. The Nicholas of the dream is walking through a wood when he meets Lore, "but not the Lore of everyday life. This Lore, who glided towards her [Evelyn] with such awful smoothness and regularity, was not human. She was a spirit" (Sph 159). 'Evelyn' "was moved by such grief and horror that it was as if Lore were someone very dear to her." Lore cries out, "Do help me before it's too late! It will soon be too late!" (Sph 159), and the vision abruptly vanishes. Nicholas realises this "isn't a fantasy, like ordinary dreams. It's an oracle. A message, if you like" (Sph 160). But it is not a message he seems to understand.

In the third of his dreams that Nicholas shows her, Evelyn finds herself "again in that wood" (Sph 201). Lore is "being moved unwillingly" (Sph 202) by some "terrible unseen force" (Sph 203) "towards [a] pool, which was in her direct path" (Sph 202). The agent is evidently Maurice, Nicholas's workman and Evelyn's beau, who is "leaning against a tree": "he was wearing his ordinary clothes, but his face was the face of a devil" (Sph 203). In the final section of
this continuing dream-saga--after Nicholas and Mrs. Hantish have become engaged--'Evelyn' wakes from a swoon aware that "Maurice had killed Lore" (Sph 233):

It took shape in her consciousness as an immense fact which filled the whole universe, and which would render all joy and innocence impossible thereafter, for everyone. By no possibility could things be the same in the future as they had been in the past. The ideal world was ended, and reality had burst in to take possession (Sph 233).

The dream is prophetic. Lore drowns herself. Maurice's cigarette case is found at the scene of the 'crime' and suspicion falls on him. In spite of the dream, when questioned Nicholas does all he can to avoid incriminating Maurice, to the point of lying (Sph 266), and this leads to his separation from Mrs. Hantish, who is convinced of Maurice's guilt.

Now Evelyn takes a hand. She gives Nicholas an (unfortunately fatal) overdose of sleeping crystals to keep him quiet while she takes the dream recorder to her father's bedside. He, Sturt, is just recovering from the effects of the death of his illegitimate daughter. In his dream, Evelyn finds herself listening to "grave music" in "the other world" (Sph 301): "she made no attempt to analyse this life into its elements. She had no standard of comparison, for the common life had passed from her" (Sph 303). "Perhaps she had become transported to a new planet which was still in its prehistoric period. The dusky, wildly-beautiful landscape seemed the habitat of spirits..."
and gods" (Sph 304). She looks down into "a small, circular pool in
the naked sand," "a natural well" (Sph 306). Under the water is "a
rocky tunnel" along which "very small" Lore is "walking and stumbling"
(Sph 307):

She was midway through the tunnel, and seemed in
deep distress at her inability to find a passage
out. . . . The greatest anguish, however, appeared
on her features as often as she turned them up­
wards to the sky, as seen through the water sur­
face. The realisation of the light, fresh, free,
beautiful world, lying immediately overhead, which
she was unable to reach, seemed to be more than
she could bear (Sph 307-08).

This is the real Lore, but she cannot spring up through the surface
of the pool because of her shadow-selves below. "Underneath the rock
tunnel" (Sph 308) is another level of reality, where Lore walks the
"forest avenue" (Sph 308) of Nicholas's dream. Below this shadow
Lore is "a third Lore, the shadow of a shadow" (Sph 309). This third
Lore is the Lore of 'real' life, walking by a river with Maurice
Ferreira.

Each of the Lores is

walking along her enclosed passage, which was as
a prison to her, each vainly struggling towards
the open world which never came, each despairing
and agonised, but [none] apparently aware of the
other's existence. . . . The real Lore of the
tunnel wished to escape into the free world which
she could see above her, whereas the shadow Lore
of the forest avenue longed only to escape from
her confinement. She was aware of no other place.
And that, perhaps, was what constituted her
shadowhood (Sph 309).

Action on the three planes is simultaneous. When the real Lore decides
to "step" through the surface of the pool, into the "free, pure atmosphere of the open world" (Sph 311), the shadow Lores drown themselves: "their leaps into the water were not willed, but necessitated" (Sph 312).

Once free of her body, once out of nature, Lore embraces her father. Then she points to "A dark coast ... miles distant, across the sea" (Sph 313) where she must go, without him. "You are not here, dear!" she tell him. "I am here, because I am dead; but you are in your body, dreaming everything." He will follow when the time comes. She is no longer trapped in the prison of the body; most importantly, she has learned that she was not running away from Maurice, but "towards something all the time" (Sph 313). Then Nicholas appears, riding one horse and leading another. Together they ride to the distant land, the beasts quitting "the rude sea, to take flight in the upper air" (Sph 315). Lore and Nicholas have escaped from the sea of matter to be united, at last, after death.

In Sphinx and The Haunted Woman the fundamental elements (if not their moral significance) of Lindsay's cosmology are made extraordinarily clear. Firstly, the real world is the world of the spirit, of which the 'real' (so-called real) world of material objects is but a shadow. The real world is completely and ineluctably beyond: beyond our comprehension and beyond our imagination. "That is to say, an inconceivable world" writes Lindsay (TSG 42). However, though there may be "an unbroken line of" shadow worlds were our eyes acute enough
to see them (Sph 313), there is a world we know which, by analogy, will help us to conceive of the inconceivable; that is, the world of the dream-vision, which stands in relations to our world as the real world stands to it. Thus Lindsay characteristically works on three levels: real world, spirit world of haunted rooms and dream gardens, everyday world; real world, spirit world of deep dreams, everyday world: in A Voyage to Arcturus, the worlds of Krag, Nightspore and Maskull respectively.

Another way of expressing the inexpressible—for which it is therefore a symbol—is through music. Lindsay writes, "Music is a microcosm of the feelings. It expresses them all, yet only as Art; it is not the feelings themselves" (TSG 13). That is, it is free of the 'real' world, though it stands in relation to it. In fact, literally, for Lindsay, "music is the experience of a supernatural world" (TSG 13). Music in Lindsay's books is a gateway to the higher world, as the playing of the man in the garden, or Lore's 'Sphinx'. Lindsay himself loved the music of Mozart, Brahms, and, particularly, Beethoven (TSG 23). It inspired him. A Voyage to Arcturus begins with a copy of the Temple Scene from The Magic Flute, which Lindsay greatly admired (TSG 13), though he allows Faull to vulgarise it. Robert Barnes, a musician friend of Lindsay, tells us that

On reading the chapter 'Wombflash Forest' I was always shaken with deep emotion. He told me that he was inspired to so write that chapter by the 5th Symphony (Beethoven)—especially the drumming passage linking the scherzo to the finale (TSG 23).
In *A Voyage to Arcturus* there is a musician, Earthrid, who plays with shapes as ordinary musicians do with notes. On his instrument, Maskull almost manages to create Muspel.

In his theory of Music, Lindsay seems to follow Schopenhauer quite closely. In *The World as Will and Idea* Schopenhauer takes the neo-Platonic line that art "repeats or reproduces the eternal Ideas grasped through pure contemplation" (Third Book, sec. 36). Of course, Schopenhauer realises that "the (Platonic) Ideas are the adequate objectification of will while music "is entirely independent of the phenomenal world": i.e. music is independent of the world which objectifies the Ideas. Therefore, Schopenhauer decides, music must be "as direct an objectification and copy of the whole will as the world itself, nay, even as the Ideas, whose multiplied manifestation constitutes the world of individual things. Music is thus by no means like the other arts, the copy of the Ideas, but the *copy of the will itself*, whose objectivity the Ideas are." Schopenhauer's conclusion is that music

> does not therefore express this or that particular and definite joy, this or that sorrow, or pain, or horror, or delight, or merriment, or peace of mind; but joy, sorrow, pain, horror, delight, merriment, peace of mind *themselves* (Third Book, sec. 52).

Lindsay's view, quoted in the preceding paragraph, is clearly a paraphrase of this. For both of them, music "exhibits itself as the metaphysical to everything physical in the world" (Third Book, sec. 52): music is its own world, and it is a higher world than the physical or phenomenal one.
Thirdly, Lindsay utilises the many oppositions which are common to western culture, which is "not of one European country but of Europe" as T. S. Eliot says of Dante's. Indeed, Dante is the fountainhead of European allegorical dream fantasy, and its greatest practitioner:

He lived in an age in which men still saw visions. It was a psychological habit, the trick of which we have forgotten, but as good as any of our own. We have nothing but dreams, and we have forgotten that seeing visions—a practice now relegated to the aberrant and uneducated—was once a more significant, interesting, and disciplined kind of dreaming. We take it for granted that our dreams spring from below: possibly the quality of our dreams suffers in consequence (10).

Dreams are visual phenomena: "Dante's is a visual imagination"—and so, in A Voyage to Arcturus, is Lindsay's. In allegorical dream fantasy 'you are what you see': the image is the meaning and the meaning is moral. The expression of the moral positive value of good, in Lindsay as much as in Dante, is light, which has two negations—dark and heavy. As narrator—Dante climbs, everything gets brighter and he gets lighter, while the day darkens for Isbel when she loses the vision, and the oldest part of Runhill must be the highest, though this is not a physical probability. Similarly, Lore climbs out of the water into a 'higher' world in both senses. Mountains and towers are ziggurats, ladders to heaven. There is Ulf's Tower and the observatory at Starkness. Mountains are hinted at by such names as Runhill, Devil's Tor, Tormance, Alp pain, and even Krag. These oppositions form patterns
of imagery in novels such as *Sphinx* and *The Haunted Woman*, but they are the very stuff of allegories such as *A Voyage to Arcturus*.

Lindsay's acknowledged piece of entertainment, *Adventures of M. de Mailly*, a minor classic in its genre, is his only book which does not draw on the central, cosmological vision or the underlying iconography of European culture. It is a detective story-cum-historical romance. In *The Strange Genius of David Lindsay* Wilson leaves it "out of account because it is written purely as entertainment" (TSG 75), while Visiak describes it as "a surprising freak, or sport, a complete departure from Lindsay's characteristic vein" which "cannot be considered in the body of [his] work" (TSG 135). In fact, it can.

*Adventures of M. de Mailly* begins quite well, at least four times. First the adventurer is 'employed' to prevent the Sieur de Jambac from being forcibly wed to a woman he does not—she being as old and ugly as he—want to marry. Mailly fails, and after twenty-four pages the action peters out. Then he is hired to bring a younger man to the altar with a woman both younger and more attractive than himself. Mailly fails again (though he makes some money by the way) and, after thirty-three pages, the plot again returns to rest. His next assignment involves unravelling the complications following upon a man marrying the wrong half of a pair of twins. Ditto after a further sixty-three pages, ditto.

The reader, of course, is not tempted to complain. He is reading a book of 'adventures' (originally, 'enterprises'), so their episodic
nature does not bother him, especially since the stories are exciting and well told. A critic obsessed with 'organic unity' would probably not have started the book in the first place.

The three progressively longer episodes lead to the fourth, which takes up the rest of a longish book (319 pages). Although it is an adventure which supplies Mailly with the promise of that (for him) needless accessory, a wife, it is not one directly concerned with marrying, but with political intrigue, bribery and assassination.

Mailly is summoned before the Minister of Secret Service and Marine, Pontchartrain, who tries to blackmail him into killing a Duke he charges with plotting against his, the Minister's, life. From this point on the plot seems (and this is the highest accolade for a pot­boiler) 'to take on a life of its own,' complicating itself beyond belief until, as Pick puts it, "the reader is eventually lost in the maze" (TSG 18), though Mailly, of course, is not. The plot develops from blackmail (by Pontchartrain), through robbery (by Passy, who is Pontchartrain's assistant) and attempted assassination (by the Duke, helped by Passy) to political intrigue (by Argenson, chief of police and Pontchartrain's rival, who is 'prime mover' in everything), and for all of these Mailly is to be the scapegoat.

Mailly is not to be used, even in such a complicated plot. He follows the intricate 'Thread of Divine Logic' (the heading of Chapter XIV) through all its complications and, with bravery, to final victory.

We may take an example of his ratiocination:
We shall proceed with the enquiry. Mdlle Passy has not been expelled, let us suppose, and I am in her society. Then what is to happen next. Her husband is upstairs, we assume. Thus he awaits my arrival before starting the wheels of his murder; and therefore he must know of my arrival. But he is upstairs. Perhaps he works with Pontchartrain in the other house. It is unlikely that he will be able to hear my entrance. From time to time he absents himself from the Minister, that he may listen over the stair-rail. But the kitchen-door is shut, we will say, or there is silence between our voices; and if he creeps downstairs to ascertain more closely, there is the chance of detection. Or is it has been arranged that his wife shall go up to inform him, he may at that time be with Pontchartrain, and she will not dare to linger, for fear I shall escape from the house.... Therefore, a signal!... And what kind of signal? Since the house is dark, a light! A lighted candle. And where must this candle be set, in order to be seen? He is upstairs, she down; therefore it must be somewhere in the passage visible from the stair-head.... Let us discover if there is an unlighted candle there, ready to transmit such a signal" (AMM 161-62).

He does. There is.

The determined following through of 'the divine thread' is much like the ratiocination of, for example, Poe's detective hero, Dupin. The difference is that in 'The Purloined Letter' there is an 'I' to whom Dupin can talk, a Dr. Watson to his Holmes, whereas poor Mailly, the man of action in the darkened house, can only talk to himself. Nonetheless, after three false starts, we can see that Lindsay has discovered his talent for detective fiction, which makes Mailly not "a surprising freak" but the 'other face,' as it were, of his talent for dream fantasy, as Dupin is of Poe's, Father Brown's of G. K.
Chesterton's, Lonnrot's of Borges'.

Allegory, like detective fiction, is essentially ratiocinative. The main difference between them is that in the detective story we are given the stream of consciousness presumed inside the protagonist's mind (or some other account of the substance of that stream), whereas in the allegory we are given the contents of the mind projected forth: the perceived world not only corresponds to, it literally is the mental events of the protagonist's mind. The reader becomes a kind of detective, and the allegorical world is the object of his ratiocinations as he tries to 'translate' the allegory. But in both cases the intellect of the reader is engaged by the surface: in Mailly, by what must happen next, logically; in Arcturus, by what must happen next, emotionally. In the detective fiction the ratiocinations are an end in themselves, in that they provide the interest of the story; in the allegory I suspect that the reader's reason (to which most allegorists are hostile) is engaged to keep it busy, while the rest of the mind is freed to respond more or less unconsciously to the archetypal patterns of the story. This may also be the case with the author when he is composing an allegory.

Both The Haunted Woman, which Robert Nye in a review in The Scotsman called "a metaphysical thriller" (TSG 4), and Sphinx could have been written as detective stories. Each of them has a closed set of characters, the right kind of country house, and a dead body or two. The problem is that detective stories normally deal with the phenomenal
world. Any investigator could quickly work out who killed Nicholas, whether Lore committed suicide, or how Judge died, but metaphysically these are beside the point. Lindsay's characters may die by apparently natural causes, such as apoplexy, but their deaths are, as we know, really due to their contact with the real world, which is completely beyond the phenomenal world, and therefore beyond investigation. The almost random and apparently melodramatic death of Nicholas is particularly successful from this point of view: his death was necessitated by the uniting of his real self and Lore's. Evelyn's sleeping potion conveniently disposes of the bodily envelope from which the real self must be liberated.

Like the other books, Mailly failed to sell. It is evident that Jacqueline perceived, sooner than her husband, that there would never be any money in his writing, and she had them move to a smaller house in Ferring, Sussex. Later, just before World War-II, against David's wishes she borrowed some money in order to buy a guest house in Brighton. Instead of young ladies from the continent, however, the war resulted in her house being a billet for a succession of naval officers. David saw the war itself—notwithstanding the Germans' preoccupation with ideas of Northern supremacy to which he had given expression in Devil's Tor—as being a disaster from which Europe could never recover. He became more and more withdrawn and reclusive. J. B. Pick tells us:
The first bomb that fell on Brighton did not explode, but it fell on the Lindsays' house. David was in the cold bath he took every morning. The roof of the bathroom collapsed and although Lindsay was not physically hurt, he never recovered from the shock. He became grey and silent and in June 1945 died before he was seventy (TSG 32).

During his life-time Lindsay did receive some support and recognition. There were letters from people such as L. H. Myers, who appreciated A Voyage; there was encouragement from E. H. Visiak, who wrote a short critique of A Voyage for Notes and Queries (March 30, 1940), and from Victor Gollancz, whose firm reissued A Voyage with Visiak's note as foreword. This was in keeping with a wish Lindsay had expressed twenty-five years before in a letter to Visiak:

In the event of the book's ever going into another edition—which at the present is extremely problematical—I am going to ask you to be kind enough to furnish a foreword, knowing that you will not refuse this favour. Evidently, it requires some explanation, and I am acquainted with no one so well able to supply it as yourself (November 9, 1921; L 43).

Visiak, as has already been noted, actually preferred The Haunted Woman, as Lindsay realised. He wrote to Visiak on June 11, 1936, about his appreciation, "I don't quite connect [A Voyage] with you. You know you have always rather concentrated on the 'H. W.'" (L 64).

Lindsay seems to have become accustomed to the apparent opacity (one of Blake's names for Satan) of A Voyage to Arcturus as reviewer after reviewer refused to see it as anything but "a riot of morbid fancy" (in The Times Literary Supplement; TSG 3) or "a grand piece
of wild imagining" (J. B. Priestley in The Evening Standard; TSG 24), but he craved understanding. Writing to Visiak on November 25, 1921, before his first novel had quite sunk into apparent oblivion, he remarks,

> It is indeed gratifying to learn that I have a student of my 'Voyage'--I won't repeat your expression and add 'an admirer', for I have strong doubts whether it is a book which anyone would admire whole-heartedly. Please give the lady in question my kind regards, coupled with the hope that she has succeeded--in part, at all events--in elucidating the mystery of the allegory! (L 45).

Nothing seems to have come of it. A Voyage was not reissued until 1946, after Lindsay's death. Gollancz have since reissued it twice, in 1963 and in 1968, as part of their series of 'Rare Works of Imaginative Fiction,' which includes The Haunted Woman (1968) as well as works by M. P. Shiel (The Purple Cloud and The Isle of Lies) and E. H. Visiak's Medusa. As Trinculo remarks in The Tempest, "Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows."

Much more to the point has been C. S. Lewis's great interest in Lindsay, from whom he obviously learned a great deal. Lewis had the right kind of interest in allegory and a profound religious commitment, which made him unusually sensitive to Lindsay's true (visionary) achievement. In an acute piece of criticism in Of Other Worlds, Lewis pays his tribute to A Voyage to Arcturus, but, imitation being the sincerest form of flattery, as the old saw has it, the trilogy begun by Out of the Silent Planet is a more fitting accolade.
R. L. Green repeated many of C. S. Lewis's points (he refers us to Lewis's essay) in a chapter on 'Tormance and Malacandra' in his survey of space-flight in fiction, *Into Other Worlds*. There were articles by J. B. Pick in *Studies in Scottish Literature* (1964) and Colin Wilson in his book of essays *Eagle and Earwig* (1966). However, it was not until after *A Voyage* was published, at Colin Wilson's suggestion, in paperback in America by Ballantine Books in 1968, that it became at all widely known. Joanna Russ took a few pot-shots at it almost immediately in *Extrapolation* in December 1969 (but see my rebuttal in the May 1972 issue of that journal), associating Lindsay with another set of "strange bedfellows": Poe, van Vogt and Redd. At least Miss Russ did not muddle Lindsay in with some of the other writers published in Ballantine's 'Adult Fantasy' series; while one of them is highly relevant (George MacDonald), most of the rest are not. In particular we might mention J. R. R. Tolkien, whose popularity has been the central factor in the enormous increase of interest in fantasy and hence in *A Voyage to Arcturus*. Ironically, Tolkien's best-selling trilogy *The Lord of the Rings*, a morally simplistic and pro-fessedly non-allegorical adventure story, is in many ways the antithesis of *A Voyage to Arcturus*. However that may be, the resulting "unexpected vogue" (TSG vii) Lindsay enjoys in America has encouraged John Baker to publish a whole book about him, *The Strange Genius of David Lindsay* by Wilson, Pick and Visiak, and scholarly interest is on the increase. Nonetheless, Lindsay's original complaint about even
"some quite tolerant and good-natured reviews in the papers"—that "now, as ever, I don't feel that they touch me or my work" (L 51)—stands to this date, to the extent that no one has taken the trouble to put A Voyage into its literary context (it is not, of course, sui generis), or take the allegory seriously enough to uncover the book's precise and beautiful structure. Lindsay writes to Visiak:

Many thanks for your sympathetic remarks regarding my book. I must say this, that yours is the only criticism—public or private—which so far has lifted the lid off my little pot to see what is inside, and for this I am appropriately grateful. I am afraid that nowadays people only read for the story, but perhaps a race of 'super-readers' will late on arise who will make it their first concern to grasp what the author is driving at before deciding whether or not he has been successful (January 6, 1924; L 51).

This we shall proceed to do.
Footnotes to Chapter One

1 Most of the biographical information in the chapter has been drawn from J. B. Pick's 'A Sketch of Lindsay's Life as Man and Writer' (TSG 3-32).

2 Arthur Schopenhauer, 'The World as Will and Idea' in Schopenhauer: Selections, ed. Dewitt H. Parker (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1956), p. 9 (First Book, sec. 6). Subsequent references to The World as Will and Idea are to this selection; the book and section will be cited in the text.

3 Lindsay writes to Visiak, after sending him a copy, 'It is most kind of you to read 'De Mailly', but really it was merely intended as a little token of good will, and at least you will do me the favour not to comment on it' (September 20, 1929; L 52-53).

4 Not from J. B. Priestley in the Evening Standard or H. E. Bates in Everyman, but from Rebecca West in the Daily Telegraph, from Fausset in the Manchester Guardian and from L. P. Hartley in the Weekend Review.

5 "It is both his strength and his weakness that certain of the questions asked on Tormance, as well as the responses to them, are locked in that Delphic ambiguity which torments our daily lives." 'Introduction' by Loren Eiseley (VA x).

6 In Devil's Tor, Lindsay's last published work, there is a character clearly modelled on Schopenhauer (DT 108), who is a good deal more like Lindsay than is the young artist Peter Copping. This character, Magnus Colborne, observes bitterly:

There is assumed to be an intelligent public that interests itself in cosmical problems. It seems, however, that it has failed hitherto to hear of my books; at least, it has not bought them. Understand well, I never was in need either of money from my writings or of literary glory; still, you may conceive the small inclination I felt to go on spending myself in a vacuum (DT 115).

In fact, the techniques of detective fiction and dream allegory, cousins though they be, are astonishingly difficult to combine. Poe never tried. G. K. Chesterton made a brilliant attempt in *The Man Who Was Thursday: A Nightmare*, which Colin Wilson thinks is "the only similar book" in some respects to *A Voyage to Arcturus* (TSG 46; cf. TSG 36), but Chesterton could only save his book from being completely broken-backed by making it farcical, thus nullifying the 'religious' power of his metaphysical argument. More recently Borges has, if only in very short works, striven to unite the two modes without admixing farce, and his most successful fiction from this point of view is 'Death and the Compass.'

This collection of essays was edited by W. Hooper and published posthumously by Geoffrey Bles in 1966.

Lindsay's influence on Lewis has been examined by Patricia Ann Pilling in her dissertation 'Form and Content in Selected Novels of C. S. Lewis' (University of London, 1971). I am grateful to Miss Pilling for sending me a copy of the appendix to her thesis, 'David Lindsay and *A Voyage to Arcturus*.'

Wilson's claim. (TSG 36).
Chapter Two:

DREAM AND ALLEGORY: THE PHENOMENOLOGICAL BACKGROUND OF LITERARY MODE

We have seen that in his 'metaphysical thrillers,' The Haunted Woman and Sphinx, Lindsay uses a fundamental opposition between the dream world and the 'real' world, drawing on the traditional imagery which we have noted in Dante. We shall find Lindsay doing exactly the same thing in A Voyage to Arcturus, though it is less obvious because allegories are not so discursive as novels and because the 'real' world is left behind when the travellers voyage to Tormance.

T. S. Eliot, commenting on the relation between the Vita Nuova of Dante and The Shepherd of Hermas, remarks, "the similarities might prove that a certain habit in dream-imagery can persist throughout many changes of civilisation." Of course, civilisations are transitory things, whereas sleep and dreams are a fundamental factor in the physical and psychological existence of man. As men must always have spent a large proportion of their time on earth sleeping, the dualistic opposition between the dream world and the waking reality is probably older than literature itself. Dream literature naturally uses dream imagery, and this gives the tradition great continuity even where direct influence may not exist. The English line of dream works includes the story of Cynewulf, The Dream of the Rood, Pearl, Piers Plowman, The Faerie Queen, The Pilgrim's Progress, Jubilate Agno, Alice in Wonderland, Phantastes and Finnegans Wake, to name only the
most obvious examples.

But there are dreams and dreams. Macrobius (ca 400) and John of Salisbury (ca 1120-1180) distinguish essentially five kinds:

1. insomnium, nightmare or troubled dream;
2. visium, apparition or hallucination;
3. somnium, ordinary or enigmatic dream;
4. oraculum, oracular or prophetic dream;
5. visio, prophetic vision or visionary dream (2).

All five kinds can, of course, be found in the Bible, and in many works of literature, but it is the fifth kind, the visio, with which we shall be mainly concerned. Some dreams, in Jungian, Freudian or any other psychology, are evidently more significant than others: the visio is the most significant, being the expression of the 'inner self' or of God.

It would be difficult to follow Plato's 'Socrates' and act "in obedience to God's commands given in oracles and dreams" since, as Henry's father says in Henry of Ofterdingen, "dreams are froth": "the times when Heavenly visions were seen in dreams have long passed by." Henry replies that "every dream . . . makes an important rent in the mysterious curtain which . . . hides our inward natures from our view." Dreams "should be regarded as Heavenly gifts, as friendly guides, in our pilgrimage to the holy tomb." But Henry has himself just been "slumbering into another world" and is in no doubt as to the truth of what he has seen. 'Dante' himself had been more stubborn: he was so wayward it did not help, Beatrice complains,

To use visions in his dreams and call him back
In other ways. They meant so little to him.
He fell so far down that every means of
Saving him proved inadequate, outside
Of showing him the people who are lost (8).

Ironically, the whole of *The Divine Comedy* is a dream vision, a visio, the aim of which is to give us what Plato calls that "inspired and true prophecy" which normally "we only achieve . . . when the power of our understanding is inhibited in sleep"\(^9\): i.e., when we dream. Schopenhauer says,

Dante's greatness derives from his possession of the truth of the dream, while other poets possess only the truth of the real world. He shows us extraordinary things exactly as we see those of our dreams, and they give us the same illusion. One would suppose that he had dreamed each canto during the night (10).

Many (if not most) dream writers have been followers of the greatest of the Gnostic philosopher-artists, Plato. In the dualistic Platonic cosmology—closely followed by Dante, Blake, Schopenhauer and Lindsay—the "soul is a helpless prisoner, chained hand and foot in the body, compelled to view reality not directly but only through its prison bars,"\(^{11}\) as we are told in the *Phaedo*. The aim of the soul is, of course, to escape from the limitations of the body and "to go back to the stars"\(^{12}\)—to return to the unchanging reality, home. This means the death of the body. But the soul can make temporary escapes before this final dissolution for, in Schopenhauer's words, "deep sleep is, while it lasts, in no way different from death, into which, in fact, it often passes continuously" (*The World as Will and Idea*, Fourth Book, sec. 54). Deep sleep, as we saw in *Sphinx*,
provides the opportunity for the visionary dream.

Attention has already been paid to the dualistic separation between the 'other' spiritual world and the 'real' world of material objects. In many (if not most) dreams there is also a strong duality: "a dream is a hallucinated behavior episode ... in which the dreamer is usually both a participant and an observer." On this common experience, a dichotomy between the soul, the 'I' who observes, and the body, the 'I' who acts, can be founded, as it is for example in A Voyage to Arcturus, where Nightspore is the dreaming 'I' who observes and Maskull the 'I' who acts.

If, when dreaming we become two, we identify with the discorporate observer rather than the bodily actor, then we achieve, in effect, the sought-after escape from the body's prison. But it is, as we say, 'only a dream'. However, the dream world is, at least while we are in it, reality itself: i.e. what we perceive and therefore what exists. Sometimes we find it hard to distinguish between a dream and a memory of the phenomenal world: all our perceptions are mental events. Thus there is, perhaps, philosophically, room for the speculations of a Chuang Chou: "I dreamt last night that I was a butterfly and now I don't know whether I am a man who dreamt he was a butterfly, or perhaps a butterfly who now dreams that he is a man." But it is not the philosophical paradox, that is important; it is the image. Dante has Virgil say,

Do you not see that we are only worms
Born to become angelic butterflies?
(The Divine Comedy, II 11).
The butterfly is a symbol of the poet's escape: man is a worm seventy inches long (his height and his span in years), born to metamorphose into a butterfly, and thus to enjoy the brilliant, beautiful flight which symbolizes a higher state of being.

The first temptation is to try to live in the dream world, or other mental reality maintained either by drugs or by discipline and fasting. The ideal is reported to have been attained in India by "the recluse" who carried away by his meditations, gives a material existence to the images of his dreams, if he can only succeed in sustaining them with sufficient intensity. The dream then becomes lucid, deliberate, and creative.

In literature this is the theme of H. P. Lovecraft's *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*, which is about Randolf Carter's artistically controlled dream. Carter is "an old dreamer," "a free and potent master among dreamers," who has dreamed such a "marvellous sunset city" that the gods themselves "have forgotten the high places of earth, and the mountains that knew their youth" and have gone to live in it. The idea of dream creation has been extended by Borges in his story 'The Circular Ruins,' where each dreamer is a sub-creator and, simultaneously, "a projection of another man's dreams." In another Borges story, 'Everything and Nothing,' one Great Author tells another: "I dreamed the world the way you dreamed your work, my Shakespeare." This idea of subcreation also underlies all dream worlds of the Tolkien type.
More to the point in a study of *A Voyage to Arcturus* (where, after all, creation and subcreation are evil) is the idea that the relation between the "two poles of human existence"\(^\text{23}\) is a metaphorical one. Initially we must again be prepared to confuse the sleeping and waking worlds, so that a third term may be introduced. When Ouspensky asserts that "another illusion is that we are awake. When we realise that we are asleep we will see that all history is made by people who are asleep,"\(^\text{24}\) or when Archbishop Law claims that "the greatest Part of Mankind ... may be said to be asleep; and that particular Way of Life which takes up Man's Mind, Thoughts, and Actions may very well be called his particular Dream,"\(^\text{25}\) their purpose is to tell us to 'wake up' to a higher truth than this world affords. The analogy is identical in operation to the one Plato uses for the same purpose in his parable of the cave in *The Republic*: as the real world (the phenomenal world) stands in relation to the dream or shadow world, so the higher world of Forms stands in relation to the phenomenal one. Of course, here the positive values of the dream are being denied, but we have already seen that since we dream while asleep (or 'dead' to the phenomenal world) that need not be the case. And the soul which we have seen to be liberated in the dream experience may (exits from one stage being merely entrances somewhere else) wake up in what Plato calls the "true and unsleeping reality,"\(^\text{26}\) Dante the "world without/ Human beings that lies beyond the sun" (*The Divine Comedy*, I 26), Lindsay, Muspel: beyond the false world of the senses is a real world of Ideas.
The analogy may be extended yet further. "The sleeping and the dead, how alike they are" observes Utnapishtim in The Epic of Gilgamesh. If sleep is like death, as Schopenhauer said, death may also be like sleep: "We are such stuff / As dreams are made on, and our little life / Is rounded with a sleep." Metaphorically, as in the title of Calderon's play, 'life is a dream', dreamt by our sleeping eternal selves while we are awake in reality. When we die (finally go to sleep) on earth, after many nights and days, we will wake up after one night in eternity. "If death is like this, then," says Plato's 'Socrates,' "I call it gain; because the whole of time, if you look at it in this way, can be regarded as no more than one single night." This is the situation in A Voyage to Arcturus, but Dante used the idea differently. In The Divine Comedy, the Dante who makes the journey experiences several days and nights, while the Dante who is, as we eventually learn, dreaming the vision, takes only one night, as is evident when Beatrice says

But, since the time in which you are asleep
Is flying, let us end here, like a good
Tailor who cuts the gown to what cloth he has
(III 32).

In A Voyage, the concept is concretely embodied in Tormance's twin suns. Maskull, the energetic protagonist, is awake for a number of the ordinary sun's (Branchspell's) days, but, simultaneously, asleep for a single one of Alppain's nights. Alppain is the sun of eternity, Soon after Maskull wakes up on Tormance he sees "the afterglow of a gorgeous blue sunset" (VA 66), and from then on he is asleep to the real world. He comes to realise that "we are each of us living in a
false, private world of our own, a world of dreams and appetites and distorted perceptions" (VA 166-67): that is to say, in a dream world. When the blue sun rises again, necessarily he dies. But Lindsay has not given us a man who is at the same time both asleep and awake; he has embodied the 'sleeping partner' as Nightspore. The dying Maskull asks "Where's Nightspore?" and is told, "You are Nightspore." Maskull dies, goes to sleep; Nightspore is born, wakes up. Krag says, "The night is really past at last, Nightspore.... The day is here" (VA 277).

The two main concepts resulting from the opposition between dream and reality coexist in most neo-Platonic philosophy from Plato to Schopenhauer and in most dream literature from Dante to Lindsay. This is perhaps most clearly seen in The Haunted Woman. Life is a dream, i.e. a false world, but in dreaming we can, paradoxically, renew our contact with the real world. Unfortunately, we have drunk of the river of matter, Lethe, and we have forgotten the eternal world which is our true home. "Your memory will be your worst friend" (VA 43) Krag tells Maskull when they are about to leave for Tormance from the tower at Starkness. "Do you understand it, or have your forgotten?" (VA 278) Krag asks Nightspore before he climbs the tower of Muspel. Nightspore has not been completely corrupted by his imprisonment in the body. Through dreaming he has (as his name hints) maintained some contact with the spiritual reality beyond the material world.

In his introduction to The Dream Adventure, an anthology of dream stories, Roger Caillois claims that "the dream has been used only
recently in the literary process," asking, "Can it still be a dream if one has been warned in advance that it is one?" This is an arguable point in many ways. However, what Callois is trying to get at is the idea that some modern authors have written dream novels that are self-contained, creative dreams in which the dream-reality opposition is not overtly proclaimed. We can see what he means if we compare the dream novels of Kafka, which respond very well, as Hall and Lind have found, to standard psychoanalytical procedures such as content analysis, with the insistent repetitions, "And I saw in my dream...," of a Bunyan. However, the literary mode of allegory, even when it does not pretend to be a dream, does have a number of things in common with dreams themselves, as well as the tendency to use the idea of the dream metaphorically. Certainly, allegories are much more like dreams than are ordinary 'realistic' novels.

The precise genre to which the important works we have mentioned, The Divine Comedy, The Pilgrim's Progress, Henry of Ofterdingen, and A Voyage to Arcturus belong is allegorical dream fantasy. Allegorical dream fantasies and dreams share three salient characteristics: sequential form with manifest and latent meaning (allegory) with ideation through visualisation (dream) and separation from the phenomenal world (fantasy or romance).

As is revealed by such expressions as 'I must have been dreaming,' the central fact about dreaming is that it reduces our contact with the phenomenal world: we 'lose touch' with reality. This reduced
contact has its analogue in romance and fantasy which are "less committed to the immediate rendition of reality than the novel." In a fantasy Peter Schlemiel can sell his shadow to the devil, who can roll it up and put it in his pocket. This freedom can be used either to escape from reality, as it is in popular romance or pornography, or to explore inner psychic reality: the tangible shadow may be a symbol of something intangible (say, the soul). The action in fantasy always takes place in a mental rather than a physical world, where apparently physical objects are actually mental realities, which is why they are no longer bound by the laws of the material universe.

The kingdom of God is, as we know, within us, which is why He speaks to us in dreams. Most religions recognise, according to Jung, "that the voice which speaks in our dreams is not our own but comes from a source transcending us"—that is, it comes from the real and 'other' world beyond. The inner world and the transcendent are in fact identical: the fantasy takes us into the spirit. This is the basis of C. S. Lewis's appreciation of A Voyage to Arcturus:

The physical dangers, which are plentiful, here count for nothing: it is we ourselves and the author who walk through a world of spiritual dangers which makes them seem trivial. There is no recipe for writing of this kind. But part of the secret is that the author (like Kafka) is recording a lived dialect. His Tormance is a region of the spirit. He is the first writer to discover what 'other planets' are really good for in fiction. No merely physical strangeness or merely spatial distance will realise that idea of otherness which is what we are always trying to grasp in a story about voyaging through space: you must go into another dimension. To conduct
plausible and moving 'other worlds' you must
draw on the only real 'other world' we know,
that of the spirit (37).

It is obvious that fantasy literature will be parabola, allegor­
cical or symbolic, as are at least the 'special' dreams allowed for by
dream psychologies (particularly, the Jungian). That is, dream works,
like actual 'significant' dreams, must be interpreted. They have both
a manifest content—the actual events—and a latent content—what the
pattern of events signifies. In parables (e.g. of the kind written
by Kafka), the aesthetic distance between the two contents enciphered
may be quite large, so that the dream or dream work will have a number
of significances or 'meanings'. In naive allegory, where, for example,
Christian falls into a slough and the slough is called Despond, the
levels are close together and the dream is transparent rather than
opaque. Again, it is a difference of degree rather than of kind, and
most actual dream works are somewhere between pure fantasy and naive
allegory, and their opacity continually varies: i.e., they are what
we generally call 'symbolic'.

We have already quoted T. S. Eliot to the effect that "Dante's
is a visual imagination." References to Spenser's 'rich tapestry'
have a similar import. In fact, 'vision' is not only seeing into the
transcendent world, it is seeing itself. Allegorical dream fantasies
and dreams deal in concepts (latent meaning), but one cannot visualise
a disembodied concept: the latent must be made manifest, the ab­
stract made concrete. Allegorists express themselves, for this reason,
in pictures. Dreams also are—since when dreaming we have 'lost touch' with reality—mainly in pictures, and thinking in pictures represents a primitive form of ideation. Uncivilised men and children also tend to think in pictures, and for most sleepers dreaming seems to involve a regression to a more primitive level of thought. This regression in literature can lead the insensitive critic to say that an author "does give that impression of being much more than ripe for psychoanalysis which pervades much fantasy" or even, though less snidely, that "all the great fantasies, I suppose, have been written by emotionally crippled men." However, the regression is a vital part of the fantasist's attempt to get beyond the limits of both language and everyday reality in order to explore the inner reality.

Ideation through visualisation leads in dreams to condensation. Condensing two proverbs, we might claim that every picture tells a story worth a thousand words. In both dreams and fantasies the visualisation is symbolic; i.e. it allows an enormous amount of actual experience to be encapsulated in iconographic form. Where these representations are common to a culture (viz. found in the 'collective unconscious') they are called archetypes. It is the use of these which, as Maud Bodkin must be credited with showing, enable dream fantasies such as The Divine Comedy and The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, as well as works belonging to lesser literary genres such as the fairy tale and Gothic romance, to generate such emotional power.

Condensation is also at work in allegorical dream fantasies when
we find the sudden displacement of symbolic meaning from the landscape to the figure. Allegorical fantasies and dreams both work through pictures, not interiorisation and characterisation. In allegories there are no characters in the sense we use the word when talking of psychological novels, there are only embodied concepts. The allegorist's most important device for making significant his embodiments is through this displacement. As A. D. Nuttal has observed, exemplifying us with a sophisticated and a naive writer, "with Dante, as with Bunyan, it is the landscape that keeps the allegory vigorous." This is the case in all allegorical dream fantasy. According to Angus Fletcher, who slips in an extra name, "the heroes in Dante and Spenser and Bunyan seem to create the worlds about them." Indeed they do. But it is from the displacement of significance from the landscape that the emotional, rather than the intellectual, significance of the embodiment comes. This is an extremely important point. Landscape in allegory is, as we say, 'by the way,' logically, but it is one source of allegory's emotional power.

Lastly, dreams and allegorical dream fantasies have in common sequential form. Joanna Russ talks of "the trudging regularity of the events in Arcturus" and says dream stories "are entirely episodic, with consistent and apparently deliberate avoidance of emphasis, complexity or change" so that "the result is essentially a series of tableaux." Such things may with equal justice be said of The Divine Comedy or with greater justice of The Faerie Queen. In fact, such remarks about
'tableaus' are the cliches of Spenser criticism, and arise from the same pathetic inability to take allegory seriously. Of course, A Voyage to Arcturus and The Divine Comedy are both beautifully constructed books, but there are many fine dream works which are closer to 'pure' fantasy. In books which are not tightly organised around a precise moral formula, such as Amos Tutuola's The Palm-Wine Drinkard or George MacDonald's Phantastes, the order of the incidents may often be simply random. Fletcher admits, "the progress need not be plausible, as long as the momentum of symbolic invention is great." Most critics of A Voyage have praised it particularly for its wealth of invention, and this may be why the economical overall structure has so long remained hidden. When Significant Incidents follow one another with great rapidity, as they tend to in dreams and dream allegories, the reader is unlikely to consider their order deeply. Besides, even in dream allegories, there may not be any reason why one event should follow rather than precede another. Should Christian meet Faithful before Hopeful, or pass through Vanity Fair before, rather than after, the Valley of the Shadow of death?

In actual dreams we accept the astonishing with equanimity, and questions that would be asked by the waking consciousness—were it only awake—are simply not asked. However, here dream and allegorical dream fantasy part company. When we read a literary work (as opposed to a piece of entertainment) of whatever genre, we should not put our reasons to sleep. Even though they both have sequential form, and all
the other similarities we have noted, allegorical dream fantasies are
designed; they are works of art, and dreams are not. 51

Allegories are two dimensional, and the two structural forms
which they take have been distinguished as the battle and the progress.
Of the form of the battle are The Holy War and The Battle of the Books.
Of the form of the progress are The Pilgrim's Progress and Gulliver's
Travels. Of course, all allegories are to some extent both, though a
few (e.g. the works of Bunyan and Swift cited above) are almost wholly
one or the other. In general, as C. S. Lewis argues, the form of the
progress is to be preferred:

Seneca, with his imagery of life as a journey,
was nearer to the mark than Prudentius; for
Seneca outlined the theme of the Pilgrim's
Progress, and the Pilgrim's Progress is a better
book than the Holy War. It is not hard to see
why this should be so. The journey has its ups
and downs, its pleasant resting-places enjoyed
for a night and then abandoned, its unexpected
meetings, its rumors of dangers ahead, and,
above all, the sense of a goal, at first far
distant and dimly heard of, but growing nearer
at every turn of the road. Now this represents
far more truly than any combat in a champ clos
the perennial strangeness, and the sensuous
forward movement of the inner life. It needs the
long road and mountain prospects of the fable to
match the τωτειον within (52).

Even 'pure' dream fantasies like Alice in Wonderland and The Palm-Wine
Drinkard have some kind of final goal, even if it is only a way of ending
the story. But in allegories which carry a spiritual message, there
is a continual striving towards a final vision or visionary experience,
as C. S. Lewis has noted.
The allegory which is structurally a battle is one organised around the conflict between good and evil in some form, whether the opposing camps be called Heaven and Hell or Surtur and Crystalman or whatever. So much is easy. The allegory which is structurally a progress is one organised around a journey. Such allegories tend to have a four-part structure, made up of two major elements (the progress proper and the final vision) and two minor elements which act as a frame (the transition from the phenomenal to the spiritual world and the promise of return). We normally begin in the 'real' or everyday world: in a dark wood in The Divine Comedy, in Anodos's room at home in Phantastes, in Faull's House in A Voyage. The allegorist's first task is to get us from there to the world of the spirit. The transition may be barely noticeable: N. K. Sandars, in his introduction to The Epic of Gilgamesh, acutely observes that Gilgamesh's second journey can be based on no historical event; the topography is other-worldly in a manner which before it was not. The planes of romantic and of spiritual adventure have coalesced. Although clothed in the appearances of primitive geography it is a spiritual landscape as much as Dante's Dark Wood, Mountain, and Pit (53).

The transition in Phantastes is beautifully managed: Anodos's bedroom magically metamorphoses into fairy land: the carpet becomes a sward, carved becomes real ivy, the faucet overflows and becomes a stream. Mr. Vane in Lilith has in his house an upstairs which is unknown to him, a garret with "an uncanny look" which may be the immediate source of Ulf's Tower in The Haunted Woman. In this garret is a mirror
through which, rather in the manner of Alice, Mr. Vane stumbles into another world, evidently on another planet which occupies the same space as the earth. Lindsay and C. S. Lewis take us into the spirit world by having their heroes literally transported to other planets.

Of this C. S. Lewis says

I am inclined to think that frankly supernatural methods are best. I took a hero once to Mars in a space-ship, but when I knew better I had angels convey him to Venus (58).

Lewis has just been complimenting H. G. Wells on "his choice of a quite impossible composition called cavorite" to power his space-ship in First Men in the Moon:

This impossibility is of course a merit, not a defect. A man of his ingenuity could easily have thought up something more plausible. But the more plausible, the worse. That would merely invite interest in actual possibilities of reaching the moon, an interest foreign to his story (60).

The traditional method of getting into the spirit world, falling asleep and having one or more dreams as in Piers Plowman and The Pilgrim's Progress, seems to have gone out of fashion. The spirit world in modern fantasy tends to be not in inner but in outer space, though the two may be, in the end, the same.

Once in the spirit world, the progress proper of the allegory takes place. Angus Fletcher describes this by saying that "a systematically complicated character will generate a large number of other protagonists who react against or with him in a syllogistic manner": allegories abandon mimesis, for the characters do not have to "interact
plausibly, or according to probability, as long as they interact with a certain logical necessity." Then, "by analyzing the projections, we determine what is going on in the mind of the highly imaginative projector." Unlike characters in novels, characters in allegories do not have interior worlds. A novelist may tell us that his hero is unhappy and depressed, or (for example) give us samples of his stream of consciousness so ordered that we infer the fact. In allegory, where mental processes are exteriorised, the hero will fall into a Slough of Despond of some kind. Thus the protagonist generates landscapes and characters (though that word is more appropriate to the 'real' people of a novel) who are the transitory embodiments of the problems he is facing. Each problem faced and disposed of is a step forward in the progress of the allegory.

The progress of the allegory clearly takes place on two levels simultaneously: on one level (manifest) we have the story of a traveller and his episodic adventures, on another (latent) we have a metaphysical story of the progress of the soul. Thus the allegory "aspires to encipher two contents in one form," and it has been much criticised for this, even by sophisticated allegorists such as Blake and Poe. Both Tolkien and C. S. Lewis repeatedly affirm that their own fantasies are not allegorical. Aware that allegory is frowned upon (if it still is) in 'the age of the novel,' both J. B. Pick and Colin Wilson are eager to deny that Lindsay is an allegorist, even though in *A Voyage to Arcturus* he obviously is. Wilson says *A Voyage* is "a sort of
Pilgrim's Progress—except, I must emphasise, that it is not an allegory but a story with deeper meanings" (TSG 49). Said of A Voyage, it is doubtful whether this means anything even to Wilson. At any rate, it does not hamper his criticism greatly, for he proceeds to work through the progress suggesting (often acutely) possible allegorical meanings. Pick, however, is a much more determined anti-allegorist.

Pick chides "The Times Literary Supplement reviewer" for leaping at the most obvious word—'allegory'. Lindsay was not an allegorist. In Devil's Tor one of his characters says: 'A symbol is a mystic sign of the Creator. An allegory is a wall decoration with a label attached' (TSG 5).

The character Pick quotes is the painter Peter Copping. We have already seen that Lindsay's views in Devil's Tor (1932) were vastly different from those in A Voyage (1920): Lindsay himself comments on the "chasm of contradiction" (TSG 30). We have already noted that the character in Devil's Tor most likely to be a mouthpiece for Lindsay himself is not Copping but the aging writer of books on cosmical problems, Magnus Colborne. Again, Colborne "reminded one of Schopenhauer" (DT 108). This all fits together. Had Pick read his Schopenhauer as well as Lindsay he would have found in The World as Will and Idea a passage strongly critical of allegory in the plastic arts, which Schopenhauer is against for the same reason as Copping: the label on the statue, painting or wall decoration which says, for example, 'Faith,' takes us from the perception of the concrete thing-in-itself to a limiting abstraction. But Schopenhauer points out that the material
of literature is in itself abstract, concepts expressed in words, and therefore in this case allegory takes us from the abstract to the concrete; when the word is made flesh. Therefore, says Schopenhauer, allegory has an entirely different relation to poetry from that which it has to plastic and pictorial art; and although it is objectionable in the latter, it is quite admissible and very effective in the former (First Book, sec. 50) (67).

Borges gives us a concrete illustration of Schopenhauer's point when he says

Beatrice is not a sign of the word faith; she is a sign of active virtue and the secret illumination that this word indicates—a more precise sign, a richer and happier sign than the monosyllable faith (68).

Borges further points out that allegorists are Platonists for whom "ideas are realities" whereas for Aristotelians "they are generalizations" from particulars. Novelists are Aristotelian nominalists because they deal with individuals, while allegorists are Platonic realists because they deal with Ideas. We have seen that Lindsay was, following Schopenhauer, a Platonist who believed in a real world. No doubt he could have justified his use of allegory philosophically, had he felt the need to apologise for it. He did not. In the letters to Vissiak he hopes that his young student will succeed "in elucidating the mystery of the allegory" (L 45) and is grateful to Vissiak for taking the allegory seriously, even if it is from a specifically Christian (and therefore limited) point of view.

What Pick and Wilson agree on is that while Lindsay is not an
allegorist, he is a visionary and mystic like "Boehme, Swedenborg and William Blake" (TSG 5). Lindsay is a visionary, of course, when we reach the third stage of the allegory. Taking us from the phenomenal world to the spirit world, and across the spirit world in the progress, is the necessary preparation for the final vision itself. Angus Fletcher has noticed that "though allegory may be intended to reveal, it does so only after veiling a delayed message which it would rather keep from any very ready or facile interpretation." 'Veiling' is an appropriate metaphor here, for the final aim of the allegory is to take us through the veil of Maya and give us a vision of the transcendent world. But it must be worked for:

The process of explication, a gradual unfolding, is sequential in form. There is normally a gradual increase of comprehension, as the reader pursues the fable, and yet most allegories of major importance have ultimately very obscure images, and these are a source of their greatness. (72).

After the "passionate spiritual journey" we move to the vision, and when an allegory becomes purely visionary, when for example The Pilgrim's Progress shows us the Heavenly City, it does so only after a struggle to reach that goal. The stage prior to final vision seems to be qualitatively unlike that final vision; the latter is a moment of liberation. The former is a sequence of difficult labors, often taking the form of the hero's enslavement to a fatal destiny. The psychomachia and the progress are narrative images of this struggle. They are battles for, and journeys toward, the final liberation of the hero (74).

The hero is liberated by mystical insight, which is why St. Bernard rather than Beatrice leads 'Dante' to the final vision. The mystical
insight is knowledge of the world beyond the veil of Maya, i.e. *gnosis*.

The 'final liberation' leads, of course, to rebirth, and most allegorical dream fantasies are, on a large scale, examples of what Maud Bodkin distinguishes as the "Rebirth Archetype" or (confirming our insistence on the dream aspect of allegories) the "Night Journey," whose characteristics are struggle, relaxation and then illumination. Maud Bodkin writes that

*In its simplest form this interplay may be recognized as a rhythm characterizing all conscious and organic life. In the more complex form that generates the need for expression, there is tension and conflict. A sense of pain and guilt attends persistence in that particular mode of adaptation, or self-assertion, whose abandonment in the condition of surrender and quiescence gives opportunity for the arising impulse of some new form of life (75).*

Maskull's bloody trip across Tormance is the struggle, attended by "pain and guilt". On the floating island Maskull reaches complete quiescence when he tells Gangnet "I have lost my will" (VA 275). Soon after, he dies, and the "arising impulse" of the 'new form of life' (that is, Nightspore) takes over. In allegories, the rebirth is generally back into the phenomenal world. Thus Dante is reborn when he reawakes to write his dream vision as *The Divine Comedy*, Bunyan to write *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Anodos dies and is buried, but he must sink from this "state of ideal bliss into the world of shadows" and find himself once more at 'home' on earth. Nightspore has to face the most terrible thing of all: rebirth into Crystalman's world (VA 279). The rebirth through reawakening or the promise of return to the phenom-
enal world—though a world changed by the dream experience—is the second half of the frame which surrounds the progress proper, the last of the allegory's four sections and, generally, the briefest.

Allegorical dream fantasies as a whole are a kind of dream experience for the reader. In the apologetic doggerel which prefaces The Pilgrim's Progress, Bunyan asks "Would'st thou be in a Dream, and yet not sleep?"78 Dream books, as has been explained, are like actual dreams, but the reader cannot read for ever any more than the author can dream forever: both must return to the phenomenal world. But the dream is only the manifest content of the dream book: the Latent content is left for the reader to work out. Thus Bunyan closes The Pilgrim's Progress with more doggerel:

Now, Reader, I have told my Dream to thee;  
See if thou cans't interpret it to me,  
Or to thyself (80).

Anodos at the end of Phantastes returns "somewhat instructed, I hoped, by the adventures that had befallen me in Fairy-land. Could I translate the experience of my travels there, into common life?"81 Dante appeals to us repeatedly to work for the latent content:

O you who have good intellects, look closely  
At the lesson that lies hidden beneath  
The veil of mysterious verses (I 9).

The moral messages of different allegorical dream fantasies will, of course, be different in each allegory. MacDonald's in Phantastes is, for example, the opposite of Lindsay's in A Voyage to Arcturus. However, we have seen the genre of allegorical dream fantasy to be a
remarkably homogenous one, and the facts of belief in a transcendent world and the characteristic embodiment of the 'rebirth archetype' lead to most allegorical dream fantasies (at least, I can think of no exceptions) having a common message besides the specific moral one. This message is that we are aliens, but that we have, in the real world, a true home. Thus the protagonist leaves his earthly home for a spiritual one. Christian puts "his fingers in his ears" so as not to hear his wife and children calling after him, and runs on "crying Life! Life! Eternal Life!" Eventually he reaches his true home, which is the Celestial City. In MacDonald's Lilith the raven lures Mr. Vane from his earthly home, saying "Everybody who is not at home, has to go home. You thought that you were at home where I found you: if that had been your home you could not have left it." Most clearly this motif is expressed by Novalis in his romance Henry of Ofterdingen. Henry leaves his parents, but feels "as if in reality he was journeying homewards." In 'The Fulfillment' when he asks "Wither are we going?" he is told, "Ever homewards." We found this theme in Sphinx, where Nicholas and Lore are freed by death to ride to their real home, and we shall find it again in A Voyage to Arcturus.
Footnotes to Chapter Two

1 T. S. Eliot, Dante (London: Faber and Faber, 1965), p. 56. This passage is also quoted by Maud Bodkin in her pioneering study Archetypal Patterns in Poetry (London: Oxford University Press, 1963), p. 177. Her comments on Dante are most instructive.

2 This table has been taken from Constance B. Hieatt's The Realism of Dream Visions: The Poetic Exploitation of the Dream-Experience in Chaucer and his Contemporaries (The Hague: Mouton, 1967), p. 27.

3 Plato, 'Apology' in The Last Days of Socrates, trans. Hugh Tredennick (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1954), p. 40. In 'Phaedo' in this volume, 'Socrates' tells us he has been composing poetry only "in the attempt to discover the meaning of certain dreams" (p. 77).


5 Novalis, Henry of Ofterdingen, p. 28.

6 Novalis, Henry of Ofterdingen, p. 29.

7 Novalis, Henry of Ofterdingen, p. 23.


9 Plato, Timaeus, trans, H. D. P. Lee (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1965), p. 97. The passage continues a little later: "and it is the function of someone in his right mind to consture what is remembered ... and to give a rational interpretation of their visions."


"To go back to the stars / According to the thought expressed by Plato," says Beatrice, much to Dante's surprise. But she adds, "What Timaeus, who evidently spoke as / He felt, had to say about the human soul / Is not the same as what is seen up here" (III 4).


Aldous Huxley, Heaven and Hell (London: Chatto and Windus, 1956). See Appendix II for dietary reasons why "in the Western world visionaries and mystics are a good deal less common than they used to be" (p. 59).


H. P. Lovecraft, The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath, p. 130.

H. P. Lovecraft, The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath, p. 131.


Erich Fromm, The Forgotten Language, p. 28.


30. Roger Callois, The Dream Adventure, p. xxxii.


32. An Italian visio (C13th), an English allegory (C17th), a German Romance (C18th) and a Scottish space fantasy (C20th).


34. In her piece of polemic against dream writers in general and David Lindsay in particular, Joanna Russ calls dream stories "the pornography of poetry"; Extrapolation (Dec. 1969), p. 13.


37 C. S. Lewis, Of Other Worlds (London: Geoffrey Bles, 1966), pp. 11-12:

38 Running upstairs may, to take a Freudian example, signify sexual intercourse, according to the part it plays in the rest of the dream, but it does not necessarily mean or signify that.

39 John Bunyan, The Pilgrim's Progress (London: J. M. Dent, 1927), Bunyan not only uses naive allegory, he gives a running commentary (his waking consciousness is recounting the dream): "as the sinner is awakened about his lost condition, there ariseth in his soul many fears and doubts" which are evidently watery for they "settle in this place: And this is the reason of the badness of this ground" (p. 18). Cf. the swamp Maskull gets into with Sullenbode (VA 254).

40 T. S. Eliot, Dante, p. 15.

41 That is, an Idea or Form. They can be seen, and this is the aim of Platonic and neo-Platonic philosophy, but they still cannot be visualised, and therefore they cannot be described. Hence 'Dante' in an important section of The Divine Comedy goes blind (III 25-26). Lesser visionaries like Maskull and Ransom (in Perelandra) have similar problems with new colours and sensations.


Angus Fletcher, Allegory, p. 153.

C. S. Lewis says Lindsay "leads us up a stair of unpredictables. In each chapter we think we have found his final position; each time we are utterly mistaken. He builds whole worlds of imagery and passion, any one of which would have served another writer for a whole book, only to pull each of them to pieces and pour scorn on it" (Of Other Worlds, p. 11). Colin Wilson says "Lindsay's capacity for pure invention--creating a strange landscape--must be unsurpassed in science fiction; here his genius is so plain that no one could deny it" (TSG 50).

See Maud Bodkin, Archetypal Patterns in Poetry, pp. 61-68, and C. B. Hieatt, The Realism of Dream Visions. Marjorie N. How's early study of Dreams and Visions in English Poetry (London: University of London Press, 1916) ignores actual dream experience and is therefore, from our point of view, useless. Interestingly, How does not seem to be aware that her own pre-Jungian attitude to dreams--they are wish-fulfillment in a masturbatory way--colours her criticism: Chaucer wrote his House of Fame "to 'work off' fancies and ideas" and the Tennyson of 'Day-Dream' had a "tendency to use this form as a means of getting relief" (p. 8).


The Epic of Gilgamesh, p. 35.


George MacDonald, Lilith (New York: Ballantine Books, 1969), pp. 6-7, 13-15. Between Phantastes and Lilith MacDonald got to know Lewis Carroll, whose influence is particularly clear in Lilith in the witty and paradoxical dialogue between Mr. Vane and the raven.

George MacDonald, Lilith, p. 8.
57 George MacDonald, *Lilith*, p. 49, p. 83 etc.


59 C. S. Lewis, *Of Other Worlds*, p. 64. Lewis borrows Wells's spherical space-ship, but not its motive power, for *Out of the Silent Planet*. Weston, however, the 'mad' scientist of the book, seems to be a cruel parody of the utopian Wells.

60 C. S. Lewis, *Of Other Worlds*, p. 64. A foreigner who was interested in getting to the moon, Jules Verne, shot his travellers from a gun in his realistic novelist's way, and ridiculed Wells for his lack of mimesis.

61 Angus Fletcher, *Allegory*, p. 35.


63 Angus Fletcher, *Allegory*, p. 35.


65 Tolkien with good reason, for *The Lord of the Rings* is an adventure story too morally simplistic for allegory; Lewis with good reason if he can justify his trilogy as mythopeia, though it comes quite close to allegory in the 'Garden of Eden' story of *Voyage to Venus* (Perelandra).

66 See Chapter One, note 6.

67 This passage is quoted from *The World as Will and Representation*, trans, E. F. J. Payne (Colorado: Falcon's Wing, 1958). Schopenhauer claims to know three allegories, two of which (*Don Quixote* and *Gulliver's Travels*) are "concealed." The third is presumably *The Divine Comedy*, which is not "concealed" because Dante many times invites us to lift the veil of the allegory.


Pick's words. Wilson entitles his essay in TSG, 'Lindsay as Novelist and Mystic.' 'Lindsay as Allegorist' would have been simpler and more to the point. In *A Voyage*, mysticism, in the figures of Corpang and perhaps Panawe, is found to be a false way (see below, Chapter 6).


Angus Fletcher, *Allegory*, p. 73.


Angus Fletcher, *Allegory*, p. 22.


Unless he is reading that masterpiece of allegorical dream fantasy *Finnegans Wake*, and he is the 'ideal reader with the ideal insomnia.'


"What we call evil is the only and best shape, which, for the person and his condition at the time, could be assumed by the best good." George MacDonald, *Phantastes*, p. 212. This is a view now out of fashion.


George MacDonald, *Lilith*, p. 46.


87 For some inexplicable reason Colin Wilson misses this point completely. He says, "It is curious that Lindsay allows Nicholas to die at the end of the book, although for no very clear reason. I would have been far more effective to have him vanishing, with his dream machine, towards new horizons and prospects" (!) (TSG 44). In fact the combination of the Nicholas-Evelyn-Maurice and Nicholas-Lore-Maurice plots here is probably the happiest novelistic twist that Lindsay managed in any of his books. Given the fact of the necessity for Nicholas's death—i.e. his birth into the *real* world—then the unimportant disposal of the body in the phenomenal world had better be unconvincing, or the reader will think it has significance.
Chapter Three:

FANTASY AND ROMANCE: THE LITERARY BACKGROUND OF A VOYAGE TO ARCTURUS

A Voyage to Arcturus is an allegorical dream fantasy, and that genre we have examined. It is also to some extent a romance, and an early work of science fiction. Lindsay was influenced by non-mimetic modes other than allegorical dream fantasy, and these will be examined in this chapter. In particular we shall trace the influence of Icelandic literature, and of German Romance which—influencing English literature through Carlyle and MacDonald—had a profound effect on Lindsay. One reason for this effect may be that romance of this kind has the same interests as allegorical dream fantasy but it is written in prose, whereas the 'great tradition' of fantasy we have been examining is (except for Bunyan) in verse. Prose as a medium lends itself more readily to mimetic ends than does verse, and prose fantasy thus tends towards 'subcreation', which is the essence of romance. C. S. Lewis sees this happening as early as the middle ages when "under the pretext of allegory something else has slipped in": "I mean the 'other world' not of religion, but of imagination; the land of longing, the Earthly Paradise."¹

To someone comfortably placed in the mainstream of late Victorian and modern fiction, fantasy and romance may seem only too similar. From our point of view, however, who have plunged into this tributary, they are opposite and opposing sides of the stream. Fantasy and romance
as we find them in dream writers are fundamentally different in origin and intention, as will be demonstrated.

The central similarity between fantasy and romance is that neither operates in, or attempts to recreate, the everyday, experiential world we presume we share. Both allow an escape from the known and thus the opportunity for excitement and exotic adventure. Both genres, therefore, tend to utilise the quest, and the mythology of the quest, because this provides the greatest freedom for the peripatetic protagonist, who may travel plausibly from adventure to adventure. Because of their separation from the phenomenal world, and because of their interest in action rather than in complex characterisation, both fantasy and romance tend to be morally simplistic: good is good because it is Good and furthers the quest, evil is Evil and hinders it.

But fantasy and romance are set in different kinds of non-phenomenal world. The romance provides an escape from this world, and its settings are therefore nowhere, even if supported by maps, geographical descriptions, accounts of the voyage thither or whatever, as Swift's parody of these devices in Gulliver's Travels should lead us to suspect. Whether the romance is set in darkest Africa, such as H. Rider Harrard's She, or in the pseudo-medieval past, such as William Morris's The Well at the World's End, or nowhere in particular, such as middle-earth in Tolkien's The Lord of the Rings, none of these places can possibly be visited; they are utopias. But the world's created in fantasies are no-places in a different sense: they are not
places which are no-where, they are often not even places at all. In fact, they are states of mind. Thus their geography is generally sketchy in the extreme. No one would want a map of the land travelled by Christian in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, or of the mountain climbed by 'Dante' in *The Divine Comedy*. A diagram perhaps, but certainly not a map. And the only reasonable name for the more substantial fantasy worlds created by George MacDonald in *Phantastes* or H. P. Lovecraft in *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath* is fairyland.

'Fairy-land' is a term that covers a multitude of virtues, but Coleridge defined it succinctly enough when he wrote of Spenser's *The Faerie Queene* that "it is truly in the land of Faery, that is, of mental space. The poet has placed you in a dream, a charmed sleep." Fantasy is dream literature and, like dreams, as we have seen, is set in "mental space." Romance is dream literature in another sense: it is day-dream rather than night dream literature, which is why we often tend to associate it with escapism. Where fantasy frees the mind and takes us beyond the physical into a spiritual realm, romance frees the body from the ennui of physical life and transports us to what Lewis calls "the land of longing, the Earthly Paradise." The main aim of romance is the subcreation of some kind of earthly paradise which, as Lewis pointed out, is not based on religion—on the true and unchanging reality of Heaven or of the world of Ideas—but which is a subcreation of the artist: "not of religion, but of imagination." While we voyage to a fantasy world by dying or falling asleep to this world, we get to
a romance world which pretends to be on the same level of reality as we are (no matter how different) either by boat or, in modern times, spaceship, or simply by opening a book and finding ourselves there.

C. S. Lewis has said, "I know the geography of Tormance better than that of Tellus." To the extent that Tormance has a geography—and we may note that it has a great deal more of a geography than MacDonald's Phantastes, for example—then A Voyage is a romance. Allegorical dream fantasies generally have something less scientific, less novelistic, than 'geography' and that is landscapes. These are what "keeps the allegory vigorous," in Nuttall's words. Landscape is the 'objective correlative' of character in allegory—the Ifdawn Marest is the expression of Oceaxe's 'will to power', for example—and it seems 'real' enough when our attention is focussed on it. When the projector looks away, however, it disappears. This is not the case in true romance, of which one can draw maps and for which one can give calendars. The middle-earth of Tolkien is not solipsistic: in the world of the book it really exists, no matter who looks at it, or even if anyone isn't looking.

The handsome and knightly Ralph is a character in romance, and he inhabits the romance world which William Morris subcreated. Maskull is an allegorical protagonist in a fantasy. It would be impossible for Maskull, if he survived, to retrace his steps across Tormance, as Ralph retraces his in The Well at the World's End, and find the same fair damsels living in the same fair places and all eager to ask how
he succeeded in his quest. For one thing, the damsels were never really there, as characters: they were the transitory embodiments of temptations the protagonist was facing, and therefore his projections. For another, they cannot still be there because in most cases the concept they represented, the illusory idea they embodied, has been faced by the protagonist, and the defeat of the idea has been confirmed by the physical destruction of the idea's vehicle. This is particularly clear in the case of Sullenbode, who tells Maskull "I have no other life but what you give me" and that "the term of your love is the term of my life. When you love me no longer, I must die" (VA 254).

Elliott B. Gose writes acutely in Imagination Indulged that according to the findings of twentieth-century psychoanalysis, fantasy and dream, romance and fairy tale give representation to otherwise hidden dynamics of mental life. They express an inner reality that is not simply sublimated, unrealistic escape. Interior conflicts and battles are as real and important as any in the outer world (7).

But this lumping together of genres we have been endeavoring to keep distinct reminds us that fantasy and romance are, in our metaphor, only opposite sides of the same stream. Few actual works are either one or the other, and most are a mixture of fantasy and romance. That the long, meandering, pseudo-medieval adventures of Ralph continue to hold the reader's attention argues that The Well at the World's End, distant from spiritual and phenomenal realities as it must seem, is giving form to some of the hidden forces of the psychological underworld. Conversely, it must be admitted that in spite of allegory's
"lack of mimetic naturalness" it has been the field full of folk and Vanity and its Fair which have kept great dream allegories like Piers Plowman and The Pilgrim's Progress alive during a period when allegory, particularly because of what Coleridge called its 'mechanic' (as opposed to 'organic') form, has not been taken seriously. In the end it has been the subcreative aspect of Tormance, the terrific mountains of the Ifdawn Marest and the Blakean exuberance of the river of Matterplay, that have kept A Voyage to Arcturus more or less alive for the last fifty years.

However, we hold to our distinction. The Well at the World's End is a romance. Arcturus is an allegorical dream fantasy. Sheer length here is a clue. Subcreating takes time. Tormance is impermanent compared to the world which Morris supplies Ralph for his four books of adventures. Were Tormance a subcreated world in the romance sense it would be good for at least a trilogy of books, like Tolkien's or Peake's, and possibly, like James Branch Cabell's Poictesme, for a good many more. Subcreation has become, incidentally, one of the major genres of contemporary literature, certainly if measured by the number of books written and sold. Many of these works are also science-fiction.

There have been long arguments in science-fiction circles about when the genre actually began. Those whose stress is on science tend to choose the publication of Ralph 124C41+ by Hugo Gernsback (after whom Hugo awards are named) in Modern Electrics in 1911. Those whose stress is on fiction tend to choose the publication by H. G. Wells of
The Time Machine in 1895, a story which Wells had started as 'The Chronic Argonauts' as early as 1888. The Time Machine was quickly followed by The Island of Dr. Moreau (1896) and The War of the Worlds (1897). The Victorian age had, probably because of its insistent rationalism, produced a lot of great fantastical nonsense, though all too often (as we too often still do) the Victorians relegated it to the nursery: Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass, Kingsley's The Water-Babies, Lear's A Book of Nonsense and, rather later, Grahame's The Wind in the Willows. Gernsback's is a new kind of nonsense: he took 'Isn't science wonderful?' seriously and gave his Ralph, "one of the greatest living scientists," lots of gadgets like the Telephot (what we now call a vidphone) to play with. What Wells did was take Victorian science, which had effectively closed off almost all the areas of the earth where heroic fantasy was still possible, and turn it against itself. By using science and pseudo-science, Wells was able to find room (or time) to put the bite back into romance. Critics described it as "a morbid aberration of scientific curiosity." In The Daily News of January 21, 1898, a reviewer says of The War of the Worlds:

There are episodes that are so brutal, details so repulsive, that they cause insufferable distress to the feelings. The restraint of art is missing. We would entreat Mr. Wells to return to his earlier methods—to the saner, serener beauty of those first romances that cast their spell upon our imagination, and appealed to our finer sensibilities (14).
The Time Machine and The War of the Worlds were not written for the late-Victorian nursery.

In the same year that The Time Machine appeared, 1895, when Lindsay was seventeen, George MacDonald published Lilith and William Morris The Wood Beyond the World, his first fictional pseudo-medieval narrative, which he followed with The Well at the World's End (1896). MacDonald's problem was that his intent was serious, but his mode—fairy-tale for grown-ups—did not seem to be. It was dream allegory, and obviously was not dealing with the materialistic problems of the modern world. William Morris clearly did try to deal with those problems, in his life and in his utopia News From Nowhere (1891), but his later works, daydream romances set in subcreated worlds, again must seem 'merely' escapist. The solution was, of course, to take both the dream fantasy and the romance and follow Wells, into space. This is precisely what Lindsay did.

Lindsay himself was actually, in 1920, a late Victorian writer, and did well to try to hide his age. The biggest single literary influence on him was George MacDonald, and we find bits and pieces of the latter popping up all over A Voyage to Arcturus. The greatest influence on both MacDonald and Carlyle, the other Scot whom Lindsay admired, were the German Romanticists, particularly Novalis. Lindsay may have discovered them either through MacDonald, who took epigraphs from them for some chapters in Phantastes and was not a man to cover his tracks, or through Carlyle's essays and translations. At any rate, he
evidently thought highly of them. In a letter dated May 18, 1922, Lindsay wrote to Visiak:

Your lecture on Tieck would have interested me much, as I had at one time—and still have—a queer, vague sort of admiration for his stories, which perhaps resemble music more than literature and produce the same sort of unseizable effect on one as music (L 48).

Literature, we remember, aspires to be like music "the experience of a supernatural world" (TSG 13). Great works are like great symphonies; lesser works have the same genius on a smaller scale:

In general, the works of the early German Romanticists are like spring songs--how different from the prosaic drawing-room stuff turned out by the thousand today! (L 48-49).

Many of these stories are, to borrow Lindsay's description of Sphinx, "a blend of common and supernatural life" (L 47). We may take as an example--because it is in itself a good story, because it is fairly typical in its themes, and because it became extremely well known in England in a translation by Carlyle--E. T. A. Hoffmann's story The Golden Pot.

One of Hoffmann's central themes, and a common one in German Romance, was the double or doppeltgänger as the term was coined by Jean Paul Richter. The idea itself is as old as Castor and Pollux, the heavenly twins. Shakespeare used the idea in Twelfth Night and (doubly) in The Comedy of Errors, which deals with the simplest form of double, identical twins. But something more interesting lurks beneath the surface: "One of these men is genius to the other; / And
so of these. Which is the natural man, / And which the spirit?" (The Comedy of Errors, V.i.331-33). The idea stems from the common experience of becoming two in dreams, and the consequent freeing of the soul or "genius," which is why the motif of the double is a common one in dream literature.

The primitive belief we find embodied in dream fantasies, that the soul may walk forth in dreams, threatens a rationalist and empiricist like Locke so much that he is at great pains to try to dispose of it, invoking our old friend 'Socrates' to try and refute the idea "that Socrates asleep and Socrates awake is not the same person; but his soul, when he sleeps, and Socrates the man consisting of body and soul, when he is waking, are two persons."19 Locke cannot entertain the idea because he is completely hostile to the apparently irrational nature of dreams. He "wonder[s] that our dreams should be, for the most part, so frivolous and irrational,"20 for "where all is but dream, reasoning and arguments are of no use, truth and knowledge nothing."21 Locke wishes to speak "of things as they really are and not of dreams and fancies."22

The student Anselmus in 'The Golden Pot' is torn between the two main attitudes to dreams and dream worlds. On the one hand there is the common-sense rationalistic attitude expressed by Locke and by Henry's father in Novalis's romance, that "dreams are froth,"23 and which is held in 'The Golden Pot' by Conrector Paulmann. He tells Anselmus,
I have always taken you for a solid young man: but to dream, to dream with your eyes wide open, and then, all at once, to start up and try to jump into the water! This, begging your pardon, is what only fools or madmen would do (24).

On the other hand there is the neo-Platonic idea of dreams as the gateway to a higher reality than the common world, which we have explicated in our discussion of allegorical dream fantasy, and which is held in 'The Golden Pot' by Archivarius Lindhorst, by the narrator, and eventually by Anselmus himself.

When Anselmus is 'awake' he lives in the world of the Conrector, blue-eyed Virginia and Registrar Heerbrand, when he is 'asleep' in a dream-fantasy world of Lindhorst the Salamander and his blue-eyed snake-daughter Serpentina. These two parallel worlds overlap, and Anselmus is torn, for a time, between them, constantly waking up or "returning to himself" "as from a deep dream." There is a battle between the phenomenal world and "the faery region of glorious wonders" which is in the "region which the spirit lays open to us in dreams," and which is the "glorious kingdom" which the narrator is "striving to show [us] in the singular story of the Student Anselmus." This is "another higher world" -- it turns out to be Atlantis -- and, as in A Voyage to Arcturus, we are called to it by pain (though it is "rapturous pain"):

So, as was hinted, the Student Anselmus, ever since that evening when he met with Archivarius Lindhorst, had been sunk in a dreamy musing, which rendered him insensible to every outward touch of common life. He felt that an unknown Something
was awakening his inmost soul, and calling forth that rapturous pain, which is even the mood of longing that announces a loftier existence to man(29).

In 'The Golden Pot' we find the traditional imagery for the imprisonment of the soul in the body, of the spirit in the river of matter, but the most important image is Hoffmann's own and, since it may have suggested Lindsay's Crystalman, we must look at it more closely. The Ninth Vigil ends with Anselmus, whose faith has wavered, stuck inside "a well-corked crystal bottle." Of course, he complains. But his similarly bottled companions tell him to shut up, for "we have never been better off than at present." They decide that "the student is mad; he fancies himself to be sitting in a glass bottle, and is standing on the Elbe Bridge and looking right down into the water." They have forgotten their immortal parts, and do not realise that they are only reflections of the spirit in the river of matter: that by drowning themselves, as Lore does in _Sphinx_, they might set themselves free. They do not realise they are imprisoned because the bottles are of crystal: in _A Voyage to Arcturus_ we are all bottled thus by Crystalman, whose rainbow of creation hides the one true light. If this insight has not been given us in our "most vivid dreams," the narrator asks our "flying imagination"--the spiritual part of us, free from gravity--to be obliging enough to enclose itself for a few moments in the crystal. You are drowned in dazzling splendour; everything around you appears illuminated and begirt with beaming rainbow hues: in the sheen everything seems to quiver and waver and clang and drone. You are swimming, but you are powerless and cannot move, as if you were imbedded in a firmly
congealed ether which squeezes you so tightly that it is in vain that your spirit commands your dead and stiffened body. Heavier and heavier the mountainous burden lies on you; more and more every breath exhausts the tiny bit of air that still plays up and down the tight space around you; your pulse throbs madly; and cut through with horrid anguish, every nerve is quivering and bleeding in your dead agony (32).

Worst of all, Anselmus's reason has taken control: having become a rationalist, "instead of the words which the spirit used to speak from within him he now heard only the stifled din of madness." Anselmus's pulse throbs madly (as though Krag is beating on his heart) and he is ready to throw off the prison of the body and its dead weight. He still believes in Serpentina, i.e. spiritual reality, and this saves him: it is gnosis that the serpent brings: fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. In the end he wins the golden pot and goes to live with Serpentina in Atlantis: he "has cast away the burden of everyday life" and gone to live in the higher world of the spirit. But he has left behind a paltry, everyday self in the person of Registrar—now Hofrath—Heerbrand, who marries Veronica, Serpentina's counterpart in the phenomenal world. Thus the splitting of Anselmus leads to eventual harmony in 'The Golden Pot' where the two embodied parts of Anselmus are not in conflict. Of course, the conflict is potentially there, since Heerbrand fulfills Anselmus's earthly goals, becoming Hofrath and marrying Veronica, but it is not developed in the story, where Heerbrand is a minor character and Anselmus has other interests. What we do have is simply the spirit's struggle to escape
into the dream world and, unlike the purely allegorical *A Voyage* where the aim is the same, the body does not have to be disposed of to make this possible. In 'The Golden Pot,' both Anselmus and Heerbrand exist, in the beginning, on the same level of fictional reality, but we have something more complex than the double-by-duplication of *The Comedy of Errors*: that is, double-by-division. This allows for the expression of powerful psychic forces, especially those of the repressed unconscious, such as we find in the works of Hoffman's progeny, Stevenson, Poe and Dostoevski.

In taking allegorical dream fantasy into prose and making it more mimetic, Hoffmann in 'The Golden Pot' used the *psychomachie* form: the struggle for Anselmus's soul. Friedrich von Hardenberg, generally known by his pseudonym of Novalis, did the same thing but using the progress form of allegory. In fact, *Henry of Ofterdingen* is neither a coherent narrative, in the novelistic sense, nor is it an allegorical dream fantasy in a strict sense: it is a series of dreams and fables which arise out of Henry's prosaic journey with a group of merchants, though it must be stressed that the dreams and fables of the higher world, and the events of the journey in the phenomenal world are carefully interwoven.

In the introduction to his English version of *Henry of Ofterdingen: A Romance*, the anonymous translator says that Novalis "resembles among late writers the sublime Dante alone." Novalis's Beatrice was the young Sophie von Kühn, who died at the age of fifteen, and his *Vita*
Nuova the Hymnen an die Nacht. But his main work is not, as Dante's clearly is, a dream, though it begins with one. Henry dreams he is "in einem dunkeln Walde allein," Dante's "una selva obscura." He climbs a mountain and sees "a mighty beam of light." A little later, he dreams he sees the eventual goal of his quest: not the white rose but 'die blaue Blume.' The blue flower has a woman's face. Then he wakes up. Where Dante's dream is, as we have explained, a visio, where meaning is found ultimately beyond nature, the dream Novalis gives to Henry is an oraculum. Specifically, meaning is to be found in nature, and the face in the flower prefigures the actual girl in marriage to whom the quest (Henry of Ofterdingen remaining unfinished when Novalis died) should end.

In Henry of Ofterdingen the aim of the quest is, like those of 'Dante' and of Maskull in A Voyage to Arcturus, like that of Christian in The Pilgrim's Progress, Mr. Vane in Lilith and Anodos in Phantastes, to return home. After his first dream, Henry leaves his home on a journey to Augsburg, but "his mother was with him. The world he was leaving did not yet appear. entirely lost." And, since "he was returning to his fatherland" it was "as if in reality he was journeying homewards." The journey provides a realistic framework for a series of dreams and adventures or märchen, which retell in a frankly mythical and allegorical form the point offered more or less realistically in the whole story. But dream and reality are interwoven: "The dream is World. The world is Dream." In the first part of the book, The Expectation, Henry completes his journey, having found Matilda, whose
face is that of the flower, and who is his inspiration or 'breath of life'. He says, "She will dissolve me into music. She will become my inmost soul, the guardian spirit of my holy fire."  He calls to the stars, "For Matilda will I live" and "the morning of eternal day is also opening for me. The night is past. I kindle myself to the rising sun, for an inextinguishable offering." In the second part, The Fulfillment, we find "in deep thought a pilgrim . . . walking along a narrow foot-path which ran up a mountain side." This is the spirit-Henry, now liberated. He meets the girl who is his true love, presumably spirit-Matilda, who tells him they are going 'Immer nach Hause': "Ever homewards." The rest is philosophy.

Of particular relevance to A Voyage to Arcturus is the märchen told by Klingsohr (who is modelled on Goethe) in Henry of Ofterdingen, but since this is substantially the same cosmological myth that is sung by the Sybil in 'Voluspa,' we may pass on to examine the influence of Icelandic literature on William Morris and David Lindsay. Lindsay was, as he pointed out to Putnam's, originally descended from "Ivar, Jarl of the Norse Uplanders" (TSG 6), and there are many similarities between Celtic and Scandinavian mythology. Lindsay's kinsman, Carlyle, sings a panegyric to the Norse gods in his first lecture, 'The Hero as Divinity,' in On Heroes, Hero-Worship and the Heroic in History:

To me there is in the Norse System something very genuine, very great and manlike. A broad simplicity, rusticity, so very different from the light gracefulness of the old Greek Paganism, distinguishes this Scandinavian System. It is Thought; the genuine Thought of deep, rude, earnest minds, fairly opened
to the things about them; a face-to-face and 
heart-to-heart inspection of the things,—the 
first characteristic of all good Thought in all 
times.... a certain homely truthfulness and 
rustic strength, a great rude sincerity, dis­ 
closes itself here (49).

But while Carlyle was 'the Voice of Germany in England,' the voice 
of Iceland was William Morris. Carlyle and Lindsay were attracted 
to Norse myth by its wild and rugged directness, and this was how 
Carlyle saw Iceland:

burst-up, the geologists say, by fire from the 
bottom of the sea; a wild land of barrenness and 
lava; swallowed many months of every year in 
black tempests, yet with a wild gleaming beauty 
in summer-time; towering up there, stern and 
grim, in the North Ocean; with its snow jokuls, 
roaring geysers, sulphur-pools and horrid 
volcanic chasms, like the waste chaotic battle- 
field of Frost and Fire (50).

It was elemental; just the place for the "Impersonation of the visible 
workings of Nature," and for allegory on a grand scale. Morris's 
appreciation of Iceland was more subdued. He found the hills "mourn­ 
fully empty and barren" with "grey clouds, dragging over the hilltops 
or lying in the hollows"—yet all these "had something, I don't know 
what, of poetic and attractive about them"—

I was most deeply impressed with it all, yet 
can scarcely tell you why; it was like nothing 
I had ever seen, but strangely like my old 
imaginations of places for sea-wanderers to 
come to (53).

It was not the vivid and clearly defined ruggedness of Iceland that 
attracted Morris, but an elusive sense of mystery, which is why he made 
long rambling romances out of it, instead of allegories.
When, with the help of Magnusson, Morris translated the sagas—and this is true of the *fornaldarsögur* (mythical-heroic sagas) as of the Germanic *riddarasögur* ('Sagas of Knights' or romances of chivalry)—he seems to have been interested in them because they represented "an earthly paradise, removing him as far as possible from the (to him) distasteful life of contemporary England." At any rate, Morris's translations are full of 'antique' locutions, such as 'should chide him therefore,' 'that befell not,' 'lay not quiet,' and pseudo-medieval periphrasts: 'Then they tilted over a wain in most seemly wise' for 'They put a canopy over a splendid carriage' in *Hreimskringla*. These usages clutter the direct interchanges, disturb the flow of the narrative and sometimes even obscure the sense.

It is clear that when Morris says "My work is the embodiment of dreams" he is talking of day-dreams. He was a writer of dream-romance, subcreating worlds where dream and reality merge into an enchanted realm, melting and languorous, of revery and trance. Icelandic literature provided an inspiration, a mythology, and a source of material. The tone and style of the translations, though inimical to the originals, gave Morris a *modus operandi* for his last romances, such as *The Well at the World's End*, where he has, in a way totally unsaga like, "Made life a wondrous dream / And death the murmur of a restful stream." But this generalised and romanticised 'Northernness' has profoundly influenced dream-romance right to the present. Reading Morris, and H. Rider Haggard's *Eric Brighteyes*, moved E. R. Eddison to teach himself Old Norse and go to Iceland, a trip Morris himself had made twice. C. S. Lewis was in-
fluenced by Morris's Sigurd the Volsung and Eddison's The Worm Ouroboros. J. R. R. Tolkien, Lewis's friend, and Emil Petaja have continued the tradition to the present. But these are subcreators and romance writers, and we have distinguished romance from allegorical dream fantasy.

However, it is precisely here that, by contrast, Lindsay's achievement in A Voyage becomes clear. An important translator of The Saga of Grettir the Strong, G. A. Hight, notices the same "natural romance" of which Morris made so much. But he draws our attention to the lack of it in the sagas:

In lands as teeming with natural romance as Iceland and Norway, it may seem strange that so little notice is taken of the wonders of landscape and scenery. Here and there the saga-teller shows us what he could do if he wished, as when telling of Grettir's retreat in the glaciers of Geitland in Chapter LXI, where with a few magic touches he gives an entrancing glimpse into an earthly paradise of happiness and rest. But he cares nothing for this, and drily continues that Grettir found it dull there and would not stay (58).

Hight continues his sly little joke later, remarking that he has "occasionally consulted, in cases of difficulty, the translation of Mssrs. Magnusson and Morris, and have borrowed a few nicknames therefrom." 59 Hight's own translation is blunt and to the point. He admits that "a reader who approaches the sagas for the first time is apt to feel a little bewildered. They seem crowded with people with uncouth names and ridiculous nick-names, whose occupation is mostly divided between murdering each other and riding to the Thing." 60 Had "the thing" been Muspel, this might almost have been said of A Voyage to
Arcturus.

Of all books, *A Voyage* is most like Hight's translation of *Grettir* in terms of tone and style. Each is bluntly told, with a minimum of authorial comment. Each deals in death and violence on a grand scale. The characters have uncouth names. In Old Norse literature, "family names were non-existent, and each person had by right only one name." Thus, Grettir has his one name, and a nick-name which describes him as 'the strong.' The "oddly Scandinavian personae" in *A Voyage*, being allegorical (Maskull and Nightspore clearly belong to a different world from Montague Faull), have only one name, but this name is also a description: Krag's name tells us he is rough and unpolished. Most importantly, though he also resembles Blake's Los, Krag in *A Voyage* has quite clearly been modelled on Grettir himself: Krag is a thumbnail sketch of one whom Hight tells us is "one of the most complex [characters] ever conceived." Both Krag and Grettir are red-haired, stocky and enormously strong; both are rough mannered, seemingly quarrelsome, and care nothing for the finer points of social etiquette; both are well-practiced in the art of inflicting pain. A. Margaret Arent says of Grettir's name that "etymologically, it goes back to *grantjan* and to derivative words meaning 'to sneer, snarl, make a wry face'"—and these actions are as characteristic of Krag as of Grettir. Further, Arent tells us of an "association of the name with the snake," and Krag's role in *A Voyage* is that of the wise serpent, bringer of knowledge or *gnosis*. 
But *A Voyage to Arcturus* and *The Saga of Grettir the Strong*, though they have many similarities, belong in the end to different literary genres. When "in all the classical sagas, nothing is condoned or vilified (except by implication); the author does not take sides or moralise" this is because "the interest of our saga is wholly psychological": really complex characters can only be presented through action: Grettir is too complex for reason to rationalise. In *A Voyage* the psychological interest is minimal: the paucity of authorial comment is not good psychology, it is good allegory: if the image is the meaning it will require no authorial comment. *Grettir* is so organised that "the character of the hero develops itself" through action. *A Voyage* is organised so as to make a philosophical point, and the actual character of Maskull is—provided that he is ordinary enough for us to identify with him—more or less irrelevant. Finally, while *A Voyage to Arcturus* is an allegorical dream fantasy, *The Saga of Grettir the Strong* is not in any sense a dream book.

Of course, "from its earliest beginnings until the present day Icelandic literature has been remarkably rich in symbolic dreams and visions. Georgia Dunham Kelchner has noted 530 dream references in Old Icelandic prose and poetry, and her survey is far from exhaustive." Prophetic dreams, *oraculum*, are particularly important in the sagas. *The Elder Edda*, the poetic canon, is a different matter: it is not psychological but mythical. Carlyle distinguishes between myth and
allegory as follows:

Pagan Religion is indeed an Allegory, a symbol of what men felt and knew about the Universe.... But it seems to me a radical perversion, and even inversion, of the business, to put that forward as the origin and moving cause, when it was rather the result and termination. To get beautiful allegories, a perfect poetic symbol, was not the want of men; but to know what they were to believe about this Universe, what course they were to steer in it.... The Pilgrim's Progress is an Allegory, and a beautiful, just and serious one: but consider whether Bunyan's Allegory could have preceded the Faith it symbolises! The Faith had to be already there, standing believed by everybody;--of which the Allegory could then become a shadow (73).

Myth is primary and allegory is secondary, but the two are close.

In The Elder Edda, one of the mythic poems, 'Voluspa, or 'The Song of the Sybil,' is also a dream work, and the dream is of category v, visio, to which we have already assigned The Divine Comedy and other allegorical dream fantasies. 'Voluspa' is a lay in The Elder Edda which contains the cosmological mythology of the old Norsemen, and its influence on Lindsay's cosmology in A Voyage is readily discernible. The central ideas in A Voyage are indeed gnostic, Platonic and Schopenhauerian (Plato being a gnostic, Schopenhauer a neo-Platonist), but Lindsay perhaps found these ideas most concretely embodied in 'Voluspa.' From this, at any rate, he took his most important names: the Surtur of Arcturus is the Surt of 'Voluspa' (and of 'Valfruthnir' and 'Lokasenna'; he is Surtar and Surtr in some inflectional cases, the 'r' being nominatival). In the apocalypse foretold in 'Voluspa' Surt comes from the south, from Muspelheim (Lindsay's Muspel) with the singer-
of-twigs, which is the fire that Promethean Maskull must travel to Muspel to steal in *A Voyage to Arcturus*.

'Voluspa' is unique in *The Elder Edda* in being a *visio* and in being cosmological, but it has many analogues in the mythologies of other races. If Velikovsky is correct in *Worlds in Collision*, these end-of-the-world myths are all very similar because they are based on events which happened in the (by cosmological standards) recent past: viz. the capture of the comet Venus by the solar system, and the collisions of Mars (angry, red god of war) and Venus (new-born goddess of beauty, trailing her beautiful veils) while this was taking place. Curiously enough, this myth-cum-scientific fact is also, as was earlier remarked, the substance of Klingsohr's tale at the end of Novalis's romance, *Henry of Ofterdingen*.

Not only is 'Voluspa' different from the rest of *The Elder Edda*, but the saga we have discussed in connection with *A Voyage*, *The Saga of Grettir the Strong*, is different from the other sagas, and in a comparable way. Not only is, as was noted by Hight, nature imagery rarely used, but "light or radiance symbolism [occurs] only infrequently in the Sagas." We find it in *Grettir*. When, for example, Grettir meets Glam's ghost, "The moon was shining very brightly outside, with light clouds passing over it and hiding it now and again. At the moment Glam fell, the moon shone forth." Light or radiance symbolism is central to *A Voyage*, where Maskull follows the muspel radiance across Tormance, and it is central to 'Voluspa' and to Klingsohr's tale, in both of which the sun turns black.
By the time Novalis wrote *Henry of Ofterdingen*, he had a fully developed 'radiance symbolism,' which he had worked out in *Hymnen an die Nacht*. The first hymn appears to be a celebration of light as "*Konig der irdischen Natur*" (lord of earthly nature) which makes visible the splendour of the world. But the world is not splendid, and "the second hymn laments the intrusion of daylight" into night's dominion, which Novalis describes as timeless and spaceless. A series of oppositions are then established between day and night, the outer and inner worlds, surface and depth, sense and *Gemut*: that is, between the night-dream world and the common, everyday reality. In the fifth hymn, Novalis "introduces (for the first time) God's countenance as a 'nocturnal sun'." This is the equivalent of Dante's 'other' sun and of Lindsay's Alppain.

In the apocalypse, the sun of this world will be destroyed and that 'other', now 'nocturnal' sun, will shine forth. In both 'Voluspa' and Klingsohr's tale, the sun of this world is destroyed. 'Voluspa' describes the cosmological upheaval quite briefly:

Sun turned from the south, Sister of Moon,
Her right arm rested on the rim of Heaven;
She had no inkling where her hall was,
Nor Moon a notion of what might be had,
The planets knew not where their places were (83).

Then,

Surt with the bane-of-branches comes
From the south, on his sword the sun of the Valgods,
Crags topple, the crone falls headlong,
Men tread Hel's Road, the Heaven's split open (84).
It is the end of the world:

    Earth sinks in the sea, the sun turns black,
  Cast down from Heaven are the hot stars,
    Fumes reek, into flames burst,
  The sky itself is scorched with fire (85).

In Klingsohr's tale in Henry of Ofterdingen we have, as Velikovsky might have argued, the same cosmological events described. The hero (Mars?) is called into a house by Freya, "the beautiful daughter of Arcturus" (!) who sits on "a throne artfully fashioned from a huge pyrite-crystal" and streams with light. She is evidently the comet Venus. When the earth passes through the comet's tail we are told that "Sophia's blue veil . . . was waving over the earth." According to Velikovsky there must have been an exchange of potential, i.e. a spark or electrical discharge, between the two planets. We find this in Novalis when, approaching Freya, the hero puts his sword handle against his chest, points the blade of it at her, and "a bright spark" leaps between them. We have seen this in 'Voluspa' when Surt comes, "on his sword the sun of the Valgods." Dark Surtur has been identified with black smoke, "out of which flashed a tongue of flame, like a shining sword," Big John Buscema's picture of him as an enormous red monster seems more likely, if we consider that Surt must have been the planet Mars.

  Surt comes to destroy the earth and the earth's gods, whose twilight this is. His coming is described thus in Henry of Ofterdingen:

    The sun stood in heaven, fiery-red with rage.
  The powerful flame imbibed its stolen light;

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and the more fiercely the sun strove to preserve itself, ever more pale and spotted it became. The flame grew whiter and more intense, as the sun faded. It attracted the light more and more strongly; the glory around the star of day was soon consumed, and it stood there a pale, glimmering disk, every new agitation of spite and rage aiding the escape of the flying light-waves. Finally, nought of the sun remained but a black, exhausted dross, which fell into the sea. The splendour of the flame was beyond description. It slowly ascended, and bore towards the north (92).

And the king, Arcturus, says: "night is passed." Krag echoes this: "The night is really past at last, Nightspore.... The day is here" (VA 277).

At the end of 'Voluspa,' when the night has passed, the Sybil says,

I see Earth rising a second time  
Out of the foam, fair and green;  
Down from the fells, fish to capture,  
Wings the eagle; waters flow (94).

Thus, "out of pain is the new world born." It is the return of the Golden Age:

Boards shall be found of a beauty to wonder at,  
Boards of gold in the grass long after,  
The chess boards they owned in the olden days (96).

Henceforward, "all war is confined to this slab and to these figures." Around this myth, the allegory of A Voyage to Arcturus is built.

Krag's name on Earth is pain (VA 287): he is the bringer of gnosis and of the new world: he is also Surtur, whose Muspel fire is to burn up the old world. But in Lindsay's version of the myth, the apocalypse is to be a long-drawn out affair, as Nightspore discovers:

Muspel was no all-powerful Universe, tolerating from pure indifference the existence side by side with it of another false world, which had no right
to be. Muspel was fighting for its life—against all that is most shameful and frightful—against sin masquerading as eternal beauty, against baseness masquerading as Nature, against the Devil masquerading as God (VA 286).

The old world and the new ('other') world already exist side by side. The old world is to be not so much destroyed as patiently uncreated, not because it is evil—though it is evil—but because creation is evil. Creation is the original sin. Therefore there can be no Golden Age to look forward to at the end of A Voyage. All creation is, in Lindsay's view, "rotten with illusion" (TSG 42), but, behind creation "lies the real, tremendous and awful Muspel-world, which knows neither Will, nor Unity, nor Individuals; that is to say, an inconceivable world" (TSG 42).

'Voluspa' is simply the story of "the eternal warfare waged by the kingdom of light against the kingdom of darkness." Klingsohr's tale is more complicated, for in some places "light and shade seem [ . . . ] to have changed their respective offices," and we must support the values of the seeming dark which is the one true light. Lindsay takes literally and develops Novalis's idea in Hymnen an die Nacht of the 'nocturnal sun,' so that A Voyage to Arcturus becomes not so much a battle between light and darkness (though it is this also), but between the light of the world and the light from beyond the world. To this battle we must now turn.
Footnotes To Chapter Three


2 Louis MacNeice, in Varieties of Parable (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1965), says that "mapping Pilgrim's Progress would be like mapping the Nile Valley, only worse. All longitude and practically no latitude: that is the trouble with a straight and narrow path and it is only the ups and downs which keep it dramatically interesting, the Hill Difficulty, the Valley of Humiliation" (p. 43).


4 Joanna Russ in 'Dream Literature and Science Fiction' in Extrapolation (Dec. 1969) distinguishes between day-dream and night-dream literature, and finds the latter vastly preferably. Unfortunately she incorrectly classes Lindsay as a day-dream writer and attacks him on this ground, without noticing that A Voyage is built around the same distinction. See my rebuttal in Extrapolation (May 1972).


9 William Morris's output is enormous, and includes The Water of the Wondrous Isles and The Wood Beyond the World, as well as The Well at the World's End. E. R. Eddison wrote a trilogy about Zimiamvia, The Worm Ouroboros, Mistress of Mistresses and A Fish Dinner in Memison, while a fourth book, The Mezentian Gate, remains unfinished. Clark Ashton Smith and H. P. Lovecraft have given us, at great length, the mythologies of Zothique and Cthulhu respectively. James Churchward and John Norman have written at least half-a-dozen books each about the subcreated worlds of Mu and Gor respectively. Recent 'Hugo' winners
in the field include Frank Herbert's *Dune* and Ursula K. LeGuinn's *The Left Hand of Darkness*. Best-seller in the field is still *The Lord of the Rings* and its companion *The Hobbit*, while the most long-winded must be James Branch Cabell's interminable series *The Biography of Manuel*. And these are only the obvious examples.


12. Quoted by Lundwall from Ralph 124C41 in *Science Fiction*, p. 19.


14. Quoted by Lundwall in *Science Fiction*, p. 37. From Lundwall's survey I take this attitude to be typical.

15. Morris's romances are the development of Sigurd the Volsung, set in the ancient Rhineland, and *The Life and Death of Jason*, borrowed from Greek mythology.

16. Visiak: "The author who had most influenced him, he told me, was George MacDonald" (TSG 98).

17. Visiak: "His kinsman, Carlyle—who he facially resembled, and admired—achieved the faculty of writing as he spoke, and Lindsay tried eventually to imitate his style" in *Witch* (TSG 97).

18. A thorough study of the double in German literature has been done by Ralph Tymms called *Doubles in Literary Psychology* (Cambridge: Bowes and Bowes, 1949). More recent, more technical, more comprehensive and rather poorer is R. Rogers' *A Psychoanalytical Study of The Double in Literature* (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1970). Both Tymms and Rogers deal with the double by division and the double by multiplication. Neither seems to have thought of a third kind, the double by imitation, which underlies such diverse works as *Piers Plowman* (the imitation of Christ) and *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight* (where V becomes Sebastian).

of Castor separated during his sleep from his body, to think apart. Let us suppose, too, that it chooses for its scene of thinking the body of another man, e.g. Pollux, who is sleeping without a soul..." (EHU I, p. 83).

20 John Locke, EHU I, p. 85.

21 John Locke, EHU II, p. 144.

22 John Locke, EHU II, p. 167.


35 E. F. Bleiler notes in his Introduction to The Best Tales of Hoffmann that "according to this interpretation, Anselmus is simply a
projection of the Registrator which disappears in the world of fantasy, while the Registrator, giving up his dreams, marries Veronica. She, in turn, recognizes that she cannot possess the Anselmus complex but must be content with the Conrector-turned-Geheimrat" (p. xix).

36 Both Hoffmann and Novalis used märchen, which Novalis characterized as being "like a dream vision ... beyond logic ... an assembly of wonderful things and happenings" (quoted by Bleiler in The Best Tales, p. xx). These märchen, Bleiler tells us, "often appeared as symbolic kernels or germs within the larger context of a story, offering in frankly poetic and mythical form the point offered more or less realistically in the full story" (p. xx). MacDonald used this form frequently, as for example in the story of Cosmo in Phantastes, but Lindsay, writing something much more like pure allegory, much less like romance, used the form rarely: Panawé's story and the story of Hator are brief examples. A Voyage is set thoroughly in the spirit or night-dream world, and therefore is at war with the world of the body.

37 p. xvi.

38 This obvious comparison has also been made by W. A. Strauss in Descent and Return: The Orphic Theme in Modern Literature (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1971), p. 26. Our anonymous translator tells us Novalis was happily "uncorrupted by precedents" (p. xvi).

39 All citations in German are to 'Heinrich von Ofterdingen' in Novalis Dichtungen (Hamburg: Rowohlt, 1963).

40 Inferno, 1, line 2.

41 Novalis, Henry of Ofterdingen, p. 25.

42 Novalis, Henry of Ofterdingen, p. 37.

43 Novalis, Henry of Ofterdingen, p. 37.

44 Novalis, Henry of Ofterdingen, p. 195.

45 Novalis, Henry of Ofterdingen, p. 132.


61. Einer Haugen in Polome's *Old Norse Literature*, p. 17.


Krag, however, does not inflict pain needlessly, as Grettir seems to when, for example, he strips the hide off his father's live horse because he does not want to look after it.

A. Margaret Arent, 'The Heroic Pattern: Old Germanic Helmets, Beowulf, and Grettissaga' in Old Norse Literature and Mythology: A Symposium, ed. E. C. Polomé (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1969), pp. 184-85. Arent's subject is the similarity of motifs in Beowulf and Grettir. She notices that "one of the most characteristic elements of the fairy tale, however, the freeing of a princess, enters into neither" (p. 185). It does, of course, enter into A Voyage to Arcturus, when Maskull wakes Sullenbode with a kiss.

A. Margaret Arent in Polomé's Old Norse Literature, p. 185.

J. B. Pick assures me in a private letter dated January 4, 1971, that Grettir was a direct influence on Lindsay. Pick has access to Lindsay's notebooks, which, unfortunately, I have not.


G. A. Hight in Grettir, p. x.

G. A. Hight, Grettir, p. x.


Thomas Carlyle, On Heroes, p. 6.

Incidentally, in one of the less interesting parts of 'Voluspa' Tolkien found a list of dwarves' names to borrow.

this edition, reprinted in the same authors' *The Elder Edda*, is particularly interesting in that it 'translates' some of the 'allegory': "From the east through Venom Valley runs / Over jagged rocks the River Gruesome" (st. 31).


78 Paul Schach in 'Symbolic Dreams,' p. 71.

79 Grettir, p. 98.

80 Novalis, 'Hymnen an die Nacht' in *Novalis Dichtungen*, p. 55.


82 W. A. Strauss, *Descent and Return*, p. 34.


84 *The Elder Edda*, p. 151.

85 *The Elder Edda*, p. 152.

86 He doesn't. I don't think he read Novalis.


91 *The Mighty Thor*, Marvel Comics, 200 (June 1972), pp. 17-18. This special 200th issue retells the lay of 'Voluspa.'


94 *The Elder Edda*, p. 152.


96 *The Elder Edda*, p. 152.


99 Novalis, *Henry of Ofterdingen*, p. 169. In Novalis, "each figure exhibited a peculiar shade of black, and cast behind a pale glimmer." In Lindsay, "the shadows of the three men cast by Alppain were not black, but were composed of white daylight" (*VA* 275).
Chapter Four:

THE UNHOLY WAR: A VOYAGE TO ARCTURUS AS BATTLE

Allegories are of two kinds, battle and progress, the latter being better suited to the episodic narrative structure of the dream fantasy. But all progresses are also battles, since they are organised around dichotomies: God and devil, Christ and Satan, Good and Evil, light and darkness, lightness and weight. Blake's proverb is most apt in this context: "Without Contraries is no progression." ¹ Were we to judge by the neo-Aristotelian canons of psychological reality appropriate to, say, some kinds of novel, such dualities must seem to be on a primitive level of thought. Indeed they are. Dreams themselves are a primitive form of ideation, and they are inherently dualistic. The schematic dualism of A Voyage to Arcturus is entirely appropriate to its structure as an allegorical battle, as is the similarly schematic—if not diagrammatic—structure of thought in the works of other neo-Platonists such as Spenser, Milton, Blake (who was, though the fact is rarely mentioned, like many of his friends—Flaxman, Fuseli, Cumberland—a participant in the 'Greek revival'), Shelley and Yeats. This schematic dualism is appropriate in another sense also, in that it belongs to the world of Generation, as Blake calls it, which most of us inhabit, and which in the final vision we and the generating protagonist: must progress beyond: the apparent limitation of dualism is part of its strength.
A Voyage to Arcturus is organised around a number of dualities, some of which are ubiquitous in European culture, and some of which Lindsay has developed. These dualities are light and darkness, lightness and weight, Branchspell's light and Alppain's light, height and depth, Maskull and Nightspore, the real world and the dream world, appearance and reality, the rhythm of the waltz and the rhythm of the march, the male and the female, matter and spirit, and, finally, nothing and nothing. Probably the most innovative of these is the use, as proclaimed by the title, of the distant star, Arcturus, which Lindsay makes into a double star to suit his allegorical purposes.

A Voyage to Arcturus is a misleading title for a book in which there is little interest in space travel—Maskull sleeps all the way there (VA 44), and the space-ship is scientifically ludicrous—but Lindsay wanted to stress his real star, not his subcreated planet. Our everyday experience of stars is of things pure and beautiful, constant, cold (emotionally, not literally), and impossibly distant. Stars are not generally to be visited in allegorical dream fantasies, which take place not in physical but, in Coleridge's phrase, in "mental space." In earlier times an untouched corner of the earth had sufficed. By the late nineteenth century, even voyages to the moon, popular since astronomer Kepler's Somnium (1634), were being discredited by the increase in scientific knowledge, though Wells managed to set a romance there (1901) by finding life underground, while Verne's travellers (1865) glimpsed life on the moon's hidden side. Some writers, such as George MacDonald (1858, 1895), used a different space for their mental
space while others, such as William Morris (1895), took up sub-creating and made their own secondary worlds. Most writers simply moved with the expanding frontier, further out into space. After the observation of channels or canali on Mars, "beginning in the 1880's Mars becomes the focal point of speculation until not only does it command the popular press but also, by World War I, becomes the usual destination of any inter-planetary voyage."³ Edgar Rice Burroughs called it Barsoom, C. S. Lewis Malacandra. But Lindsay wanted not a wandering but a fixed star for his title, and a new planet for his spirit world, so he takes us across the galaxy to Arcturus.

Lindsay presumably chose Arcturus as his star for the name's attachments. Arcturus is a very bright star; hence it was named a long time ago—the Boötes of Greek astronomy—and has accumulated a penumbra of extra-astronomical significance. Catherine Vale Whitwell tells her daughter: "Callistho, perhaps Nimrod, was said to be the son (sic) of that constellation, and after his decease his soul was thought to take its abode in Arcturus in:Boötes, that it might with uninterrupted attention perpetuate its observations."⁴ Close observation is the keynote of the use of Arcturus by Herman Melville in Mardi: the ship the narrator deserts is called the Arcturion, and later something is said "In good truth, and as if an impartialist from Arcturus spoke it."⁵ Gordon Mills has glossed this with the information that in 1840-42 the Duyckink brothers, friends of Melville, published a magazine called Arcturus. In the 'Prologue' to the first number, they say they do not
"vouch for the literary character of the inhabitants of Arcturus as patrons of the present undertaking; it is sufficient that Arcturus is a star that shines high and brightly, and looks down with a keen glance on the errors, follies and mal-practices of men."

That Lindsay was interested in taking such 'a keen glance' at foolishness in this world is evident from the opening chapter of A Voyage, which concerns itself with the suburban theosophy of Blackhouse the medium, who is, as Lindsay drolly observes, "a fast-rising star in the psychic world" (VA 11). It is much to the point that many theosophists (Edgar Cayce is an example) have maintained the idea expressed by Plato and echoed by Dante that the souls of the departed return to the stars. Those who die on earth may be reborn on Arcturus, or one of its planets. The idea is used amusingly by H. G. Wells at the end of his short story 'A Vision of Judgment,' where God takes all the little people from his coat-sleeves onto "the planet that whirled about green Sirius for a sun" to start all over again. This is, in effect, what happens to Maskull, as we shall see.

Our own star, Sol, was unavailable because Lindsay needed a double star for allegorical reasons: doubles, dualism, dichotomies are fundamental to the nature of allegory as both battle and dream. Arcturus is not, in fact, a double star; but Lindsay made it one. One of Wilson's less happy observations in The Strange Genius is that "It may have been unconscious symbolism that made Lindsay choose the double star, Arcturus, as the scene of his major novel" (TSC 41). The reasons, very deliberately worked through in the allegory, are
many and good. Most importantly, Lindsay is reworking the symbolism of light and darkness which is central to Western civilisation: we talk of being 'in the dark' and, when 'enlightened,' of being able 'to see it all now.' The sun appears to have been our first god, and whole philosophies have been built around His light. In Christianity we find the absolute separation of light from heat (Heaven) and heat from light (Hell), most notably used by Dante in his great religious allegory. Closely connected with this is the religious significance of mountains, especially Dante's, which leads to Heaven. Mountains are closer to the light, being higher, and give, literally and metaphorically, a 'wider perspective,' a 'higher view' of things.

Most mythologies are concerned with the eternal battle between light and darkness, between spirit and matter: the spirit is light and light, matter is dark and heavy. From this conflict, according to Gnosticism, the universe was born. The world we know is on the interface between the two Eternal Principles, and is made up of a mixture of light and darkness, spirit and matter, good and evil. Because of the mixed nature of the world, there must be some difficulty in maintaining the view that God is wholly good, because of (in C. S. Lewis's title) 'the problem of pain.' Or else (since not to do good, if one is able, is evil) it cannot be maintained that God is omnipotent. Those who have refused to cede an inch of His goodness have either invoked a dualistic creation, such as the light-dark of Gnosticism, or the intractability of the material at God's disposal,
as does Plato in the *Timaeus*, or argued that the world was made by a lesser God, Demiurge or devil, of which Prometheus is a type. All these amount to much the same thing: they explain the 'falling off' between the Idea and the execution, which is to say, the original sin inherent in creation.

The phenomenal world we inhabit, being on the interface, must be conceived of as a battlefield where, like Christian, we need to gird our loins and put our spiritual armour on. Everything has a dual nature: ploughshares may be turned into swords, there is no light without shadow, no mercy without oppression. As Discord asks in Calderon's *La Estatua De Prometeo*, "Do you not know that there is no fire without smoke?" Whether the creation, as Prometheus's gift of fire, is seen as a Good Evil or an Evil Good seems mainly a matter of taste. Realists, who believe in the *real* world, like Plato, Schopenhauer, Jean Paul and Lindsay, are pessimists and take the latter view (Evil Good), while Aristotelian nominalists, who believe in the material and phenomenal world, are optimists and take the former one. The forces of good, however, are the 'light' elements of air and fire (spirit, 'breath of life,' pneuma, vital spark, phosphorous) and the forces of evil are the 'dark' and heavy elements of water and earth.

Man himself has a dual nature: the breath or spirit has been imprisoned in the river of matter; the divine spark of stolen (e.g. muspel-) fire has been trapped in a crude compound of the base elements water and earth, or cold clay. "Briefly, whatsoever hath a
body is nothing but curdled smoke, wherein a particular predestination lieth hid.... Man is a coagulated fume," in the immortal words of Paracelsus.\(^\text{13}\) "His soul is consubstantial with the divine Light; his body, with the evil darkness."\(^\text{14}\) Therefore "Man is born to trouble in the body" Smart observes, "as the sparks fly upwards in the spirit."\(^\text{15}\)

"'So long as a man has any regard for this corpse-like body,' writes the Hindu monk Shankavacharya, 'he is impure, and suffers from his enemies as well as from birth, disease and death.... Throw far away this limitation of a body which is inert and filthy by nature.'\(^\text{16}\)

Death is one escape: as the thirteenth century Persian mystic Aziz Nasafi says,

> On the death of any living creature the spirit returns to the spiritual world, the body to the bodily world. In this however only the bodies are subject to change. The spiritual world is one single spirit who stands like unto a light behind the bodily world (17).

As we have already pointed out, sleep is another.

In *A Voyage to Arcturus*, the duality of man may be taken as the foundation of everything. The embodied representatives\(^\text{18}\) of the eternal representatives, and the double sun itself, reinforce this dichotomy: Maskull and Nightspore, Crystalman and Surtur, Gangnet and Krag, Branchspell and Alppain. The protagonist of *A Voyage* is not the dreaming 'I' who observes but Maskull, who is, as his name tells us, mask and skull: the rational everyday self of each of us. Physically he is "a kind of giant, but of broader and more robust physique than most giants. He wore a full beard. His features were thick and heavy, coarsely modeled" (VA 18). His complementary double (Maskull and
Nightspore are doubles by division) is Nightspore, who seems to be "consumed by an intense spiritual hunger" (VA 18): he is what remains of spirit, the asexual spore of the night liberated in dreams from the coarse materiality of the body. But here we have an inversion. Maskull is the day-self, and therefore light is his; Nightspore is a creature of darkness. Light is good, darkness is evil. At the suprahuman level, the embodied god of light Maskull seeks is, in the end, the beautiful Gangnet, while Nightspore's counterpart is the insolent and repulsive, apparently evil, Krag: "the author of evil and misery," says Joiwind, "whom you call Devil" (VA 56). On the astronomical level, however, the allegory is made clear. Branchspell—the yellow, everyday sun—is the sun which lights Maskull's way across Tormance, while Nightspore is in darkness only because he is asleep during Alppain's night. Being asleep to the 'real' world enables Nightspore to be awake to the real, other world of the spirit: Maskull's light is darkness, and his good evil; Nightspore's darkness is light, and his evil good.

The motif of the double sun is an uncommon one. Lindsay may have had it suggested to him by an aside in The Divine Comedy, where Dante says Rome once had "two suns, which made people see one road and the / Other--the world's road and the road of God" (II 16). The idea is also briefly mentioned by Jean Paul in the dream at the end of Flegeljahre, where birth into the world is portrayed as death. In his many dream works Jean Paul has the same message as Lindsay, "that life on earth in itself--regardless of whether it involves intense
suffering—is horrible to the man of 'higher' sensibilities."\textsuperscript{20}

Twin suns are also used at the end of William Hope Hodgson's otherwise almost completely mediocre fantasy \textit{The House on the Borderland} (1908).\textsuperscript{21} But the most likely source of inspiration would seem to be Novalis's \textit{Hymnen an die Nacht}, where, as has been mentioned, God appears as a nocturnal sun.

Lindsay uses his double suns as a central motif from the beginning of his allegory. In the second chapter, Maskull looks at Arcturus through Krag's lens and sees that "the star, which to the naked eye appeared as a single yellow point of light, now became clearly split into two bright but minute suns, the larger of which was still yellow, while its smaller companion was a beautiful blue" (VA 27). Maskull sees Arcturus again from Starkness: "One of the suns shone with a glaring white light; the other was a weird and awful blue." "He had seen the sight before, through Krag's glass, but then the scale had been smaller, the colours of the twin suns had not appeared in their naked reality.... These colours seemed to him most marvelous, as if, in seeing them through earth eyes, he was not seeing them correctly"\textsuperscript{22}

Maskull stares "the longest and the most earnestly" (VA 37) at Tormance, which is, as Krag earlier remarked, "the residential suburb of Arcturus" (VA 24). It revolves around the yellow sun. The blue sun, therefore, cannot always be visible from Tormance. Either the yellow one must periodically eclipse it, or else it can never be seen from the southern parts of Tormance (see Appendix). When Maskull does arrive
on Tormance, the blue sun, Alppain, has just set: "The sky immediately above the mountains was of a vivid, intense blue." It is "the afterglow of a gorgeous blue sunset" (VA 66). Maskull feels "tormented by that light" (VA 66). "How can it be otherwise" asks Panawe, "when two suns, of different natures, are drawing you at the same time?" (VA 67). And because there are two suns, there are two sets of primary colours. That is, since blue is common to both sets, Maskull must learn two new colours: jale and ulfire. "He felt ulfire to be wild and painful, and jale dream-like, feverish and voluptuous (VA 53). The colours have allegorical significance (VA 238), and, since Alppain is Nightspore's sun, these are Nightspore's colours. But while Maskull is fighting his way across Tormance, Nightspore is asleep, active elsewhere.

After Maskull has woken up on Tormance, he sometimes wonders if he is not dreaming, but Branchspell's light dispels his doubts: "Maskull would have felt inclined to believe he was travelling in dreamland, but for the intensity of the light, which made everything vividly real" (VA 52). Indeed, he is travelling in the dreamland of an allegorical dream fantasy, but for him Tormance is the 'real' or phenomenal world. However, as Slofork tells Panawe, "there's another world--not Shaping's--and there all this is unknown, and another order of things reigns. That would we call Nothing--but it is not Nothing, but Something" (VA 72). The Nothing that is Something is nothing. Lindsay has another name for this key concept, taken from The Elder Edda, and that is Muspel. In 'Sketch Notes' Lindsay says, "Schopenhauer's 'Nothing', which is the least understood part of his system, is identical with my Muspel; that
is, the **real world**" (TSG 9). Maskull's quest is for the **real** world. He tries to explain it to Polecrab:

This world of your--and perhaps of mine too, for that matter--doesn't give me the slightest impression of a dream, or an illusion, or anything of that sort. I know it's really here at this moment, and it's exactly as we're seeing it, you and I. Yet it's false. It's false in this sense, Polecrab. Side by side with it another world exists, and that other world is the true one, and this one is false and deceitful to the very core. And so it occurs to me that reality and falseness are two words for the same thing (VA 164-65).

Polecrab is a simple fisherman, and little interested in metaphysical speculation, but he realizes, "I live by killing, and so does everybody. This life seems to me all wrong. So maybe life of any kind is wrong, and Surtur's world is not life at all, but something else" (VA 165). "Strife may be followed through the whole of nature; indeed nature exists only through it" says Schopenhauer, "for each animal can only maintain its existence by the constant destruction of some other. Thus the will to live everywhere preys upon itself, and in different forms is its own nourishment" (The World as Will and Idea, Second Book, sec. 27). Living is willing; willing is killing. All living things are like the "fantastic little creature" with three legs, which Maskull sees when with Joiwind: "It's always waltzing, and always in a hurry, but it never seem to get anywhere" (VA 58). It waltzes to Shaping's, to Crystalman's tune. It does not march forward to Surtur's drumtaps, towards the sublime Muspel radiance. The **real** world of Surtur "has no connection with reality" (VA 165). Its Muspel radiance causes Maskull to "tumble over in a faint that resemble[s] death" (VA 154): "He
could not give [the light] a color, or a name" (VA 185); "it cast
no shadows" (VA 221). It is the light from beyond the world.

The Muspel world is beyond Maskull's apprehension—and ours
too, except imaginatively—but the Muspel fire may be associated
with (though it is not the same as) one of the colours of Alppain.
'Alppain' is alp, a mountain and a higher point of view, and pain,
Krag's name on earth. Branchspell is connected with creation by
'branch', since in the Norse mythology the first men were made from
trees, and the world itself is the World-Ash, Yggdrasil. In the
apocalypse which Surt brings, creation will be burnt up by the "bane-
of-branches," fire. Further, Branspell is the sun which ('spell')
has us in thrall: prisoners in the world. It is the ordinary sun
which makes this world seem real, as we have seen; its blue "is
existence." "As regards the Alppain colors, blue stands in the middle
and is therefore not existence, but relation. Ulfire is existence;
so it must be a different sort of existence," Corpang argues (VA 238).
When Maskull finally reaches Barey he sees plants asleep: Krag tells
him, "Branchspell is a second night to them. Their day is Alppain"
(VA 263). So is Nightspore's. "Daylight is night to this other
daylight" (VA 274), and when Alppain rises the shadows it cast "were
not black, but were composed . . . . . of white daylight" (VA 275).
When Alppain rises, Maskull dies and Nightspore wakes up to be told
"the night is really past at last, Nightspore.... The day is here"
(ellipsis Lindsay's; VA 277). The Corpus Hermeticum advises us to
"turn ye away from the dark light" (I, 28). The bright light, the
light from beyond the world, finally liberates the spirit from the
prison of the body.

Thus we have a double protagonist, Maskull and Nightspore, and a double star, Branchspell and Alppain, by which Lindsay complicates the more usual opposition of day and night, light and dark, into day and more-than-day. Similar complications are found in the oppositions between God and Devil, Christ and Satan. The God of *A Voyage to Arcturus* is the creator of the world in all its beauty, and he is Shaping (in German the creation is *die Schöpfung*). Like the god of Earth, however, he takes many forms and has many names, such as Crystalman and Faceny. Sometimes he is confused (by Joiwind, for example) with Surtur. One of the reader's problems in *A Voyage*, and one of Maskull's problems, is identifying the god of the real world being sought, and that is Surtur. Surtur is the God of Muspel, which is "the primeval world of fire; existing before heaven and earth, and which will eventually destroy them." Surtur is drawn from the Surt of The Elder Edda who in 'Voluspa' "with the bane-of-branches comes / From the south" to burn up the world, and to destroy Frey and all the gods of this world. Surt, The Swart, is ruler over Muspelheim, the home of Muspel; in *Arcturus*, over nothing. Shaping or Crystalman is the god of this world (specifically, Tormance) which is destined to be destroyed or uncreated.

Surtur's embodied form is Krag and, since he is the enemy of the world where pleasure is 'worshipped,' he is the devil. His resemblance to Grettir the Strong, an outlaw who had every hand against him, has already been remarked. Grettir makes a bad impression on us by, for
example, wringing the necks of the geese he is set to look after, and other boyish excesses. Krag introduces himself by dashing, uninvited, into Faull's house and "with his hairy hands" wringing the neck of the materialised shape, the "specimen goblin" from Tormance (VA 22-23). When Maskull wakes up on Tormance, after being deserted (literally, too) by his travelling companions, he is told by the beautiful Joiwind that "we must fight Krag," "Krag—the author of evil and misery—whom you call Devil" (VA 56). Krag reappears at odd moments to wring Maskull's neck as the spirit and to stab him in the back in a vision, before collecting Maskull after he has "run through the gamut" (VA 262). From then on, Krag gets more and more repulsive and ill-mannered until Maskull, falling under the influence of the beautiful Gangnet, finally rejects him. Krag is insolent, breaks Maskull's eggs (VA 270), crushes Gangnet's hat (VA 272) and is generally as disagreeable as possible. He has a "yellow, repulsive face" (VA 273) and "discolored teeth" (VA 269); when he sleeps he is "an ugly, wrinkled monstrosity" (VA 275). Krag says, "as long as pleasure is worshiped [sic], Krag will always be the devil" but, from his point of view, as embodied representative of the real world, "the real devil is Crystalman" (VA 264).

Krag is, it must be admitted, "the author of evil and misery" (VA 56). Gangnet is, it must be admitted, the author of the world, which is beautiful and dedicated to pleasure. But the real nature of life is willing and therefore killing: Gangnet's world is an evil good. And Krag does not inflict pain for its own sake, but to wake us
up to the real world: Krag's pain is a good evil. Nietzsche says in The Joyful Wisdom, "I doubt whether such pain 'improves' us, but I know that it deepens us."26 Thus Catice sends Maskull down "to Wombflash, where [he] will meet the deepest minds" (VA 148).27 Catice is the first person to mention Muspel to Maskull, and he does so in connection with two key concepts, the opposition between pleasure and pain, and home. Maskull asks,

"Why does pleasure appear so shameful to us?"
"Because in feeling pleasure, we forget our home."
"And that is--"  
"Muspel" (VA 148).

We are at home in the real world. In the phenomenal world we are "strangers in a strange land."28 Man is, as Novalis tells us in his dream-vision, Hymnen an die Nacht, "der herrliche Fremdling," the noble stranger.29 The way of salvation is gnosis, knowledge. The Gnostic Valentinus expresses it beautifully:

the knowledge of who we were, what we became; where we were, whereinto we have been thrown; whereto we speed, wherefrom we are redeemed; what birth is, and what rebirth (30).

We are all, like Maskull on Tormance, aliens, wandering through an unknown world. Our duty is to know, and by knowing to free the eternal light imprisoned in our mortal bodies from the grip of the creator (Crystalman, the devil).

Gnosticism is a "dualistic transcendent religion of salvation"31 which tells us of "a drama of pre-cosmic persons in the supernatural world, of which the drama of man in the natural world is but a distant echo."32 Gnosticism is thus very close to allegory, which is a drama of the spirit in the dream world, which is a shadow of the cosmic drama
in the supernatural world. In Gnosticism, the creation is the result of the capture of some of the Divine Light by Darkness. Again, so it is with allegory, where "dark and cloudy words . . . do but hold / The truth, as Cabinets inclose the Gold."33 In Gnosticism, God's nature is therefore "alien to that of the universe, which it neither created nor governs and to which it is the complete antithesis."34 Man is the creation of the devil, who created man in god's image because that receptacle was fittest for imprisoning as much as possible of the stolen light. Woman was created, as Mani tells us, "in order to seduce Adam"35 and by breeding disperse the fragments of light, making them harder to recover: "the main weapon of the world in its great seduction is 'love'."36 We have already discovered two of the three main tenets of Gnosticism in A Voyage to Arcturus, that creation is evil and that man is an alien, and we do not have to look very far to find the third, the common belief that women are the chief instruments of the devil.

Gangnet, the embodied Crystalman, is himself remarkably feminine. "His voice" is "strangely womanish in its modulation and variety of tone" (VA 266). Krag calls Gangnet a "man-woman" (VA 266), and snatches off his hat, asking him, "Why do you disguise yourself like a woman?" (VA 272). All the women Maskull has met on his travels have been, to a greater or lesser extent, agents of Crystalman, temptresses. Oceaxe led Maskull to his first murder; Tydomin almost took over his body; Sullenbode succeeds in distracting him from his quest for Muspel. Only Joiwind, of the women in the book, does not die, and does not wear, therefore, Crystalman's death mask. She had her husband identify Surtur
with Crystalman, but they practice a kind of non-attachment to Nature, living only on water which, according to the 'Neptunist' theory of the universe popularized in Germany by Novalis's teacher of mineralogy, Abraham Gottlob Werner, was the primal substance from which all the others were derived. In *Henry of Ofterdingen*, Novalis calls water "the white blood of the mother." Joiwind herself has white blood, a transfusion of which she gives Maskull. Panawe and Joiwind have no children, and they live in Arcadian innocence. It is difficult to believe that they are damned. Indeed, Joiwind claims that "what you and I are now doing in simplicity, wise men will do hereafter in full knowledge" (VA 56). However, in Gnosticism, knowledge is salvation, and we have gone too far to try and recapture our lost innocence, even were innocence not a limited state of being.

The society which is recommended as the best possible one for the organisation of human life is the country of Sant (Health). Of course, it is "a society of single men." The society was founded by Hator (Hater with a hint of mountain), "the famous frost man" who could "withstand the breath, smiles, and perfume of a girl," who has trapped and is trying to seduce him, until she drops dead (VA 136). In Sant they have solved the problem of women by never letting them in. The followers of Hator reject women "inasmuch as a woman has ideal love, and cannot live for herself. Love for another is pleasure for the loved one, and therefore injurious to him" (VA 138).

Examining this kind of position, Maud Bodkin quotes from "a medical psychologist" who, taking a Miltonic line,
has suggested that the relation between man and woman, as determined by racial history, might be diagrammatically rendered by two concentric circles, man having his place on the outer, woman on the inner circle. 'When man looks outward he sees the world, when he looks inward he sees the woman and her child. His escape from her is into the world. The woman, however, looking outward sees the man, through whom only she touches the outer world of reality and whose favor she must seek to gain her wishes'" (39).

Women live vicariously through men, and with their "soft love and loyalty" they 'drag down their ideas' (VA 148). More than this, "women are snares" who distract men from following their true course towards Muspel. They entrap in worldly homes men who should be seeking their true home. In this, their chief weapon is 'love.' More than this, women are subcreators: they bear children. Creation is wrong; life itself is wrong; and yet women bring new life into being, preventing the re-collection of the scattered divine sparks. It is a horrible moment for Nightspore when, at the end, he sees "subdivided sparks of living fiery spirit" being "imprisoned" and thereby "effeminated and corrupted" in envelopes of mushy pleasure (my italics; VA 283).

It must be with something like horror that we now turn to the story of Prometheus, the demiurge who deliberately stole some of the fire of the Allfather to animate his world of cold clay. Thus the flawed nature of the phenomenal world, and, in the myth, thus the binding of Prometheus (symbolically, to his creation): "Creation is per se a sin. It is the Sin of Sins. It is Original Sin." The
binding of Prometheus presents a problem to which there are three possible solutions. As Aeschylus probably showed, after due repentence on the part of Prometheus there is due mercy from Zeus; the godhead is made whole (the binding of Prometheus being also 'the fall of Zeus') and—as at the end of 'Voluspa' and Henry of Ofterdingen—the Golden Age restored. As in Shelley's Prometheus Unbound, the rebel Prometheus overthrows the tyrant Zeus (becoming himself another Zeus in the process, cf. Blake's Orc-Urizen cycle), and restores the Golden Age. As in Lindsay, the Allfather is (at least morally) victorious, and actually victorious insofar as he can annihilate Prometheus by uncreating the world. That is, as in the Gnostic Mani's doctrine attacked by St. Augustine in De Natura Boni, by reclaiming the scattered sparks of pneuma. In fact, both the last two solutions are Manichaean in their irreconcilable separation of Good and Evil, Darkness and Light, but what they lose in psychological subtlety they can make up in metaphysical paradox and dramatic power.

Maskull, though unknowingly at first, is a type of Prometheus. Panawe says Maskull's name "must have a meaning," but all he can think of is "a man in your world who stole something from the maker of the universe in order to ennoble his fellow creatures" (VA 61). By the end of his third day on Tormance, Maskull has learned the name of Muspel, and begun to see his journey as a quest. The visionary Dreamsinter (his name vouches for his insight) is able to make the identity explicit: "You came to steal Muspel-fire, to give a deeper life to man" (VA 152). Maskull's Prometheanism, it is important to emphasize, connects him
with Crystalman who—as is revealed in the final vision—is perpetually stealing the fire of Muspel:

The Muspel-stream was Crystalman's food. The stream from the other side . . . in a double condition. Part of it reappeared intrinsically unaltered, but shivered into a million fragments.... The other part of the stream had not escaped. Its fire had been abstracted, its cement was withdrawn, and, after being fouled and softened by the horrible sweetness of the host, it broke into individuals, which were the whirls of living will (VA 285).

Maskull is himself such a will. He is mask and skull: the awful Crystalman grin which provides the Q.E.D. for all the syllogisms of the allegorical progress is, it seems reasonable to suppose, the grinning mask of the skull. "Not one now to mock your own grinning—quite chap-fall'n? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that," says Hamlet. Maskull, still alive, does, in fact, already possess one of the fragments of the Divine Light that has passed through Crystalman's body: that is, his other part, the dormant Nightspore. Krag battles Gangnet over Maskull only for Nightspore, who is Maskull's essential self.

Maskull tells Dreamsinter that Surtur "brought me here from Earth." Dreamsinter peers into his face and says, "Not you, but Nightspore" (VA 152),44 and gives him a bitter fruit to chew, which Wilson suggests is self-knowledge (TSG 55). Maskull then has a vision in which he sees himself, Krag and Nightspore walking through the forest. Krag raises "a long, murderous-looking knife" and stabs "the phantom Maskull" who falls dead: "Nightspore marched on alone, stern and unmoved" while
"Maskull felt his soul loosening from its bodily envelope." Muspel radiance begins to glow: "Nightspore moved straight towards it" and "all of a sudden [Maskull] tumbled over in a faint that resembled death" (VA 153-4). "What did Dreamsinter mean by his 'Not you, but Nightspore'? Am I a secondary character?" Maskull asks himself. Lindsay is nothing if not clear and unambiguous. The "bodily envelope" is dispensible: the essential self marches along without it. The body belongs, in fact, to Crystalman, to whom Krag resigns it: "As long as I have the substance, you may have the shadow" (VA 266). "One may steal—and not even know one is stealing. One may take the purse and leave the money" (VA 273). Finally, "Maskull was his, but Nightspore is mine" (VA 277).

There is a paradox at the heart of Maskull's damnation, which is a good evil. Alppain, which we have associated with Nightspore, is actually, as Krag says, "Crystalman's trump card" (VA 269). As the Archons, powers of Darkness, imitated God when making man, so Crystalman has imitated the sun of the higher world in making Alppain. The wise fisherman, who lives by killing, Polecrab, passes on to Maskull some of Broodviol's wisdom:

Surtur's world does not lie on this side of the one, which was the beginning of life, but on the other side; and to get to it we must repass through the one. But this can only be by renouncing our self-life, and reuniting ourselves to the whole of Crystalman's world. And when this has been done, it is only the first stage of the journey; though many good men imagine it to be the whole journey (VA 166).

The rainbow of creation obscures the one true light. But it is no use
running away from Crystalman: that only takes you further from Muspel. The sparks try to return to Muspel, but the wills "never saw beyond the Shadow, they thought that they were travelling toward it" (VA 284).

Lindsay writes of the will in 'Sketch Notes,'

To understand the true nature of the world, it is necessary to realise that it is a direct creation of the Will, and that everything in it (including love, self-sacrifice etc.) is either the assertion or the denial of the Will (Schopenhauer); but that the Muspel-World does not possess this inner core of Will, but something else, of which the Will is a corrupted version (TSG 9).

We have noted that Maskull is a modern Prometheus. Louis Awad draws our attention to "the profound irony" of the Promethean problem:

That Prometheus was the incarnation of Will was already discovered in the nineteenth century by the German transcendentalists and was given ample treatment in the works of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. The irony consists in the fact that Will, usually equated with free volition and opposed to Necessity, is nothing but Necessity grown out of proportion and laying claim to autonomy. Will is the driving force behind all activity and therefore behind all creation (45).

Maskull fails as Prometheus when, under the influence of Alppain's light, he says "I have lost my will; I feel as if some foul tumor had been scraped away, leaving me clean and free" (VA 275). Will is evil, of course; but the absence of Will—the will to return to our Muspel home—is absolute defeat. Maskull has been totally absorbed into Crystalman's world: he has become one with it as Polecrab said Broodviol recommended. But Nightspore has not lost the something else which compels him toward Muspel, and Maskull's defeat paradoxically enables Nightspore to succeed in penetrating through the shadow, the veil of
Crystalman which obscures the real world. What Nightspore actually sees in the real world is: nothing.

Panawe, traversing a precarious path, as he tells Maskull, met Slofork the sorcerer. They sat down to decide which of them would walk over the other (VA 72). "What is greater than Pleasure?" Slofork asked suddenly (VA 73):

'Pain,' I replied, 'for pain drives out pleasure.'
'What is greater than Pain?'
I reflected. 'Love. Because we will accept our loved one's share of pain.'
'But what is greater than Love?' he persisted.
'Nothing, Slofork.'
'And what is Nothing?'
'That you must tell me.'
'Tell you I will. This is Shaping's world. He that is a good child here, knows pleasure, pain, and love, and gets his rewards. But there's another world--not Shaping's--and there all this is unknown, and another order of things reigns. That world we call Nothing--but it is not Nothing, but Something (VA 72).

Lindsay wrote that "Schopenhauer's 'Nothing' . . . is identical with my Muspel; that is, the real world" (TSG 9). In Schopenhauer we find a paradoxical opposition between two kinds of nothing, and this duality is an important motif in A Voyage. Schopenhauer says that the surrender of will, "the denial and surrender of all volition, and thus deliverance from a world whose whole existence we have found to be suffering . . . appears to us as a passing away into empty nothingness" (The World as Will and Idea, Fourth Book, sec. 71). Later, Schopenhauer continues:

we must banish the dark impression of that nothingness which we discern behind all virtue and holiness as their final goal, and which we fear as children fear the dark; we must not even evade it like the Indians, through myths and meaningless words, such as reabsorption in Brahma or the Nirvana of the Buddhists. Rather do we freely acknowledge that what remains after the entire abolition of will
is for all those who are still full of will certainly
nothing; but, conversely, to those in whom the will has
turned and has denied itself, this our world, which is
so real, with all its suns and milky ways—is nothing.

Whichever side of the veil of Maya you are on, the other side is
nothing.

Lindsay makes this concept a little easier to grasp by typograph­
ically distinguishing his nothings. The crux comes when Maskull has
been cleansed of his will by Alppain, and says "Why, Gangnet--I am
nothing!" Gangnet quietly corrects him: "No, you are nothing" (VA 275).

On the phenomenal side of the veil, the shadow of Crystalman, life is
nothing. Maskull sees this when he is in Matterplay, where 'life
delights in life.' A monster Maskull is looking at suddenly disappears:

Where the crustacean had stood, there was nothing. Yet
through this 'nothing' he could not see the landscape.
Something was standing there that intercepted the light,
though it possessed neither shape, color, nor substance.
And now the object, which could no longer be perceived by
vision, began to be felt by emotion. A delightful, spring­
like sense of rising sap, of quickening pulses--of love,
adventure, mystery, beauty, femininity--took possession
of his being.... It was as if flesh, bones, and blood had
been discarded, and he were face to face with naked Life
itself (VA 191).

This is the nothing of Crystalman's world, beautiful and feminine and
mysterious: it is "naked Life itself." But there is another world
which "we call Nothing" but which is "Something", and that is the real
world, beyond the phenomenal world and disconnected from it. This is
the world of which Maskull can never be an inhabitant, but it is what
Nightspore finds--when he climbs onto the roof of the tower and "is look­
ing round for his first glimpse of Muspel. There was nothing" (VA 286).

Nothing is the world of the body and of phenomena: it is the world of
man. Therefore, as Spadevil says, "he that is not more than a man is nothing" (VA 135). The more-than-man in Maskull is Nightspore, allegorical embodiment of the divine spark, and he can penetrate through to what is, from our human point of view, nothing.

Lindsay's problem is that he is attempting the impossible. He is trying to give us an experience of "an inconceivable world" (TSG 42) of nothing, the mystical sublime of the uncreated world. To this end are the dichotomies arranged: Maskull takes us to the limit of human experience, and Nightspore takes us beyond it. Alppain is not Muspel, but Muspel is beyond comprehension. However, as Alppain is to Branchspell, so Muspel is to Alppain. Similarly, as the dream world is to the real world, so the Muspel world is to the dream world; as Nightspore is to Maskull, so Krag is to Nightspore. It is Plato's analogy of the cave retold on a large scale. The dichotomies of the allegory as battle form themselves into analogical trinitarian arrangements which parallel the structure of the allegory as progress—we move from the real to the dream world, from the dream world to the real world—and this we shall discuss in the next chapter.
Footnotes to Chapter Four


2 Kepler was an astronomer at Tycho Brahe's observatory at Hven, called Uraniborg ('the castle of the heavens'). Somnium has not been translated into English, but the plot is summarised by Patrick Moore in Science and Fiction (London: George C. Harrap, 1957). The motivating factor was the scientific confirmation by Galileo of mountains, valleys, and 'seas' on the moon. Other moon-voyages have been listed by Marjorie Nicolson in Voyages to the Moon (New York: MacMillan, 1948).


6 Quoted by Gordon Mills in 'The Significance of 'Arcturus' in Mardi' in American Literature, XIV (1942), p. 160.


8 For example, F. I. Lorbear's Philosophy of Light (Los Angeles: Wetzel, 1932).

9 According to Lindsay, pain is not a problem, it is the solution.

10 Plato, Timaeus, trans. H. D. P. Lee (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1965): "God therefore, wishing that all things should be good, and so far as possible nothing be imperfect" (p. 42) imitated a perfect and eternal Form "as far as was possible" (p. 50).

11 "Pity would be no more / If we did not make somebody Poor," Blake astutely observes. The Complete Writings, p. 217.
12 This may be specifically Western. In India, by contrast, where the sun is too hot, what is sought is the release of life-giving waters, as when Indra uses a thunderbolt to strike down Vitra, the serpent who has swallowed those waters. In Myths and Symbols in Indian Art and Civilisation (New York: Pantheon Books, 1946), Heinrich Zimmer says "the monster had appropriated the common benefit, massing his ambitious, selfish hulk between heaven and earth" (p. 3), rather in the manner of Crystalman. However, not actually in the manner of Crystalman. Dorothy Norman, in The Hero: Myth/Image/Symbol (New York: World Publishing Co., 1969), points out that "Due . . . to Vitra's having existed before what was considered to be the imperfection of creation, and having attempted originally to prevent it, there were also those who viewed the serpent in . . . even favorable fashion" (p. 27). Ophitism is Gnostic.

13 Paracelsus, Mysteries of Creation (Works, 1616) III, 3-4, p. 58.

14 A. A. Moon in his Introduction to The 'De Natura Boni' of Saint Augustine (Washington: Catholic University of America Press, 1955), p. 16. George MacDonald in Phantastes (New York: Ballantine Books, 1970) writes, "Truly, man is but a passing flame, moving unquietly amid the surrounding nest of night, without which he yet could not be, and whereof he is in part compounded" (p. 61).

15 Christopher Smart, Jubilate Agno, ed. W. H. Bond (London: Rupert Hart-Davies, 1954), verse 238. See also, more importantly, Job V.7.


17 Quoted by Erwin Schrödinger in Mind and Matter (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1958).

18 A. A. Moon: "the heroes of light look and suffer like human beings, despite the hylic origin of the latter" (p. 18).


20 J. W. Smeed of Albano's Dream in Jean Paul's 'Dreams' (London: Oxford University Press, 1966), p. 33. Smeed says "there is virtually no link with the hell of the medieval imagination and its bodily torments. Jean Paul's hell is born of revulsion against earthly life" (p. 32). Also see Smeed's Appendix II on Flegeljahretraum.
Green suns are rare, William Hope Hodgson in *The House on the Borderland* (London: Holden and Hardingham, 1908) may have taken his cue from an aside of MacDonald's in *Phantastes*: "No shining belt or gleaming moon, no red and green glory in a self-encircling twin-star, but has a relation with the hidden things of a man's soul, and, it may be, with the secret history of the body as well" (p. 89).


The Elder Edda: 'Loki's Flying' (p. 139), 'The Lay of Vafthrudnir' (p. 77), 'The Lady of Grimnir' (p. 66), etc.


In Wombflash Maskull eats a bitter fruit, sees himself stabbed, endures terrible shocks and falls in a faint resembling death.


37. "It is of interest that Kafka's conception of Utopia was a society of single men, from which married men and all women were excluded." Hall and Lind, *Dreams, Life, and Literature: A Study of Franz Kafka* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1970), p. 51.

38. This is actually a high view of women, especially compared to Schopenhauer's (according to whom they are essentially childish). The heroines are the most important characters in Lindsay's metaphysical thrillers, and though there are only five female embodiments in *A Voyage*, against three times as many male, the women dominate the book. Jolwind, Oceaxe, Tydomin, Gleameil and Sullenbode are all complex and powerful figures. They all know exactly what they want, and actively and independently set about the business of getting it.


40. "Women are snares, which lie in wait for men on all sides in order to drag them into the merely finite." Quoted from G. Janouch, *Conversations with Kafka*, trans. G. Rees (London: Verschoyle, 1953), p. 101. In 'Kafka's Modern Mythology' in the *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library* (Autumn 1970), Idris Parry asks, "How is man related to the gods? The writer's search for form is the pursuit of this relationship; Kafka has no difficulty at all in seeing himself as a Modern Prometheus" (p. 210). Prometheus was tempted with a woman of clay. "The great distraction is, of course, marriage; and here Kafka anticipates his own later reluctance when he is crushed between his natural desire for marriage and the fear that marriage will rob him of his spiritual isolation, the source of vision" (p. 217). The Prometheus who accepts Pandora is not Prometheus, but his brother-double Epimetheus. Maskull has Sullenbode. The Lindsay who writes *A Voyage* is married.

Prometheus has robbed Zeus of his creative attributes and left him what he always wanted to be, a perfect but uncreative mind.

Panawe, remember, like his wife Joiwind, lives in a state of innocence and can't tell Surtur from Shaping.

In Gnostic allegory, which characteristically turns things upside down, Prometheus may be supported against Zeus—as the Romantics supported him. Then Prometheus becomes "the type of the 'spiritual' man whose loyalty is not to the God of this world but to the transcendent one beyond," as Jonas says in The Gnostic Religion, p. 97. It is this kind of Prometheus that we find, in A Voyage to Arcturus, not in Maskull but in Krag.

Louis Awad, The Theme of Prometheus, pp. 20-21.

The aim of A Voyage is not subcreation, which is why Lindsay is writing allegory not romance of the Morris to Tolkien type. Tormance is, if slightly solipsistically, sub-created, incidentally, but to the extent that it is subcreated, Lindsay is damned by his own metaphysic. Artist-Plato had a similar problem when he was excluded from the Republic by Philosopher-Plato.
A Voyage to Arcturus is too rich to be mistaken for 'naive' allegory, too meaningful to be taken as pure fantasy, and the world it subcreates is too transitory for it to be regarded as a romance. Though it takes us into space, it is too unscientific to be science fiction. A Voyage to Arcturus is an allegorical dream fantasy—a genre which has close ties with the aforementioned, as discussed in the second and third chapters of this thesis. But because the allegory is 'sophisticated,' that is no reason for denying that it is an allegory at all, as we have seen previous critics of Lindsay do. J. B. Pick, for example, in spite of having access to Lindsay's 'Sketch Notes' and other unpublished papers, states flatly that "Lindsay was not an allegorist" (TSG 5), which explains his decision:

if one tries to view A Voyage as a field for intellectual analysis, as a puzzle requiring abstract clarification, it appears that the levels on which any explanation must be made are hopelessly mixed, so that the incidents cannot be interpreted consistently in a necessary and coherent order (TSG 4).

Of course, nothing could be further from the truth. Wilson is absolutely correct when he says "A Voyage to Arcturus is constructed like a series of Chinese boxes, one inside the other" (TSG 46), and that "its strength, and genius, lies in the almost mathematical precision of its design" (TSG 45). Unfortunately these are merely observations, and Wilson does nothing to demonstrate the validity of his insights. We shall have to do it for him.

Since A Voyage to Arcturus is almost The World as Will and Idea
dissolved and recrystallised as fiction, it should not surprise us that Schopenhauer has something interesting to say about design:

Few write in the way in which an architect builds; who, before he sets to work, sketches out his plan, and thinks it over down to its smallest details. Nay, most people write only as though they were playing dominoes; and as in this game the pieces are arranged half by design, half by chance, so it is with the sequence and connection of their sentences. They only just have an idea of what the general shape of their work will be, and of the aim they set before themselves. Many are ignorant even of this, and write as the coral-insects build; period joins to period, and Lord knows what the author means (2).

It is the whole that is important, and the whole is the Idea: the form imitates the Form. Few genres allow as much directionlessness as fantasy, though in some cases this can be turned to good account, as it is by MacDonald when his hero is called Anodos or 'pathless'. On the other hand, few genres have as much form, as rigid direction, as allegories: the straight and narrow path of Christian, the straight and winding one of Dante. In allegories, the thought tends to be positively diagrammatic.

_A Voyage to Arcturus_ is both an allegory and a fantasy. It is as apparently aimless as _Phantastes_ and _The Palm-Wine Drinkard_, following the contours of a powerful psychic underworld. It is a rigidly syllogistic and cerebral as _The Pilgrim's Progress_ and _The Divine Comedy_ as it establishes its dualistic metaphysic.

_A Voyage to Arcturus_ is an allegory which ends with a vision; these are two of its parts. It begins, however, with an introductory section of four chapters, during which all the necessary motifs for the understanding of the allegory are established, and the vulgar 'real' world is satirized to make the necessity for the allegorical escape clear. The
fifth chapter completes the introduction and helps to form a frame for the fantasy in being a precognition of the final vision: here Maskull fails to climb a tower, while in the final chapter Nightspore succeeds in climbing one. By a neat involution which implies the unreality of time, the opening of the book is hooked to the middle when Maskull submits to Tydomin (Chapter 10) and wakes up on the couch in the séance room to be strangled by Krag. This motif reappears just before the final vision when, on a raft-island on Surtur's Ocean, Krag actually does strangle Maskull (Chapter 20) to free Nightspore. Maskull's failure to climb the tower follows the first strangling; Nightspore's success in climbing the tower follows the second. The introduction and the promise of rebirth on earth for Nightspore form the other two parts of the allegory, the frame. In many allegorical dream fantasies, the dreamer reawakes to the phenomenal world after achieving the final vision, but, Maskull being dead, Nightspore has no body to reawake in. However, rebirth into the world comes to exactly the same thing. Thus A Voyage has the four-part structure which, as we saw in Chapter Two above, is standard in allegorical dream fantasy.

The main part of the book begins when Krag and Nightspore disappear, and Maskull wakes up on Tormance, and it ends when Krag and Nightspore reappear and Maskull dies (goes to sleep) on Tormance. The journey of Maskull across Tormance is literally the progress of the allegory, and this has a three-part structure of its own. Jean Paul believed that "while on earth, only our dreams can give us intimations of the higher reality" and he wrote a number of allegorical dream fantasies. In one of them,
'Der Tod in der letzten zwieten Welt,' he expresses "the idea of a series of 'deaths'" as "a gradual approach to a perfect state of being." This is exactly the progress of *A Voyage to Arcturus*, where each of the three sections begins with images of the birth of Maskull, and ends with images of his death. In the last section, of course, Maskull literally dies. Each of these three sections has a climax in which definitive allegorical statements are made. Each section is on a different level, and the process is rather like Wilson's Chinese boxes, or Peer Gynt peeling his onion, except that there is something in the middle: the vital spark. Nature here is not witty, but tragic. This spiral progress inwards will be examined in the next chapter.

Maskull's journey is, as is common in dream fantasies, a quest to discover (in this case, uncover) his true identity: to find his real nature (at present, masked) and his true name. "Who in the world am I?" Alice asks herself. "Ah, that's the great puzzle." It isn't. The great puzzle is, who she is out of the world. In allegorical dream fantasies, the embodiments' names and natures are one: the honest man in *The Pilgrim's Progress* is called Honest. Protagonists, however, tend to be double, or of a dual nature. Even Alice is "very fond of pretending to be two people." Maskull is two people in that he is also Nightspore: he is both nothing and nothing. Like Thingumbob in *The Hunting of the Snark*—who "came as a baker" but who will not, like the others, accept his trade as his name—Maskull meets a dreadful Boojum of Nothingness, Crystalman, and discovers that he is, in the world, nothing. But just before his death, Maskull is told by Krag, "you are Nightspore" (VA 277):
he does, after all, have an identity out of the world, and that is, nothing. Mr. Vane in *Lilith* follows a similar quest: "I became at once aware that I could give [Mr. Raven] no notion of who I was. . . . Then I understood that I did not know myself. . . . As for the name I went by in my own world, I had forgotten it, and did not care to recall it, for it meant nothing."¹¹ When Maskull, after the mask has been stripped off in the progress, does get to know himself, he discovers that he is really Nightspore, as, in the same way, after his much shorter but more concentrated progress up the tower, Nightspore discovers that he is really Muspel, and therefore, really Krag also.

The gnostic Irenaeus tells us that

knowledge is salvation of the inner man; and it is not corporeal, for the body is corruptible; nor is it psychical, for even the soul is a product of the defect and is as a lodging to the spirit: spiritual therefore must also be salvation (12).

Maskull and Nightspore are day- and night-self opposites; Krag and Gangnet form a corresponding duality. But in the allegory as progress we have a trinitarian structure corresponding to the threefold nature of the human being. Man is made up of body and soul; and "enclosed in the soul is the spirit, or 'pneuma' (called also the 'spark'), a portion of the divine substance from beyond which has fallen into the world."¹³ That is, a fragment of nothing. As Nightspore is the essential self of Maskull, asleep within him, so Krag is the spark submerged within Nightspore.

In its unredeemed state the pneuma thus immersed in soul and flesh is unconscious of itself, benumbed, asleep, or intoxicated by the poison of the world: in brief, it is 'ignorant.' Its awakening and liberation is effected through 'knowledge' (14).
Maskull tells Nightspore, "I'm beginning to regard you as a second Krag" (VA 34). By climbing the tower, Nightspore is liberated by the knowledge of the real state of the world. Just as Maskull became Nightspore, now Nightspore has become Krag: the Krag within him has, literally, surfaced.

It has often been noticed that the Platonic philosopher mythologises while the Platonic poet philosophises. Blake, Shelley and Yeats are examples of the latter; Lindsay himself wrote 'Sketch Notes Towards a New System of Philosophy.' For the Platonic poet, again, philosophy means, by and large, metaphysics: that is, as the recent outgrowth of 'linguistic philosophers' has not tired of reiterating, the world of which we can know nothing. The poets would italicise this differently: through literature, they would argue, we can know nothing. Lindsay pays Visiak the very highest of compliments when he says of the latter's Medusa that it "transcends poetry and seems to enter the realm of metaphysics, as all surpassing poetry does" (L 53). This kind of judgment is the basis of Lindsay's defense of Devil's Tor:

There are two orders of imaginative writers--those who describe the world and those who explain it. The first--by far the larger class--are the poets or poetic-minded, even though their merchandise be cynicism or sordidness: they aim only at setting familiar things in new and striking lights. But the second have the musical temper--between metaphysics and music is this inexplicable link of consanguinity. Their aim is the presentation of passion, emotion, and the elemental forces generally. They wish to get down to the roots of the world (TSG 27).

In Keats's phrase, poetry "is not so fine a thing as philosophy." But music is.
The musician can "awaken that inexpressible feeling, akin to nothing else on earth—the sense of a distant spirit world, and of our own higher life in it,"¹⁶ according to Hoffmann. "Music is the experience of a supernatural world" (TSG 13), according to Lindsay. Much later, Lindsay wrote that

Devil's Tor was conceived in a spirit of music. A previous book of mine, A Voyage to Arcturus, was similarly generated; and the greatest compliment it ever received was from the mouth of an artist and musician, who found its whole construction and composition essentially 'musical' (TSG 28).

The overall structure of A Voyage to Arcturus is threefold: Introduction to the central themes (Earth), exposition and development (Tormance), conclusion (the tower). The central section is of the 'theme and variations' kind: each embodiment Maskull meets is an instrument of Crystalman's. The name of the technique, the leitmotif, is also borrowed from music. The thought of A Voyage is expressed through recurring images. For example, Krag refers to the "specimen goblin" (VA 23) materialised by Backhouse as a fruit of Tormance.¹⁷ One of the first things Maskull picks up on Tormance is a "hard fruit... of the size of a large apple, and shaped like an egg" (VA 53). Joiwind will not allow him to eat it—"We don't eat living things. The thought is horrible to us" (VA 53)—and he throws it away. Panawe produces out of himself "a delicately beautiful egg-shaped crystal of pale green" (VA 63), which he throws away, saying "nothing comes from it but vanity" (VA 63). Panawe and Joiwind cultivate non-attachment to the world. Oceaxe, by contrast, tries to dominate the world by sheer will-to-power. She uses "a light-emitting stone" (VA 82), "a pebble the size of a hen's egg" (VA 83), to convert
Maskull to her way of seeing. Dreamsinter gives Maskull a bitter fruit to eat, "a hard round nut, of the size of a fist" (VA 152), and this induces a new kind of vision, of Muspel radiance. In Matterplay Maskull finds a fruit . . . lying on the ground, of the size and shape of a lemon, but with a tougher skin. He picked it up, intending to eat the contained pulp; but inside, it was a fully formed young tree, just on the point of bursting its shell (VA 192).

Maskull finds Sullenbode "under a huge tree" which bears "a multitude of red fruit": "her forearms were lightly folded, and in one hand she held a half-eaten fruit" (VA 242). Lastly, Gangnet takes "two or three objects that resembled eggs" from "the foot of one of the trees" in Barey (VA 269). Maskull eats two before Krag snatches "the remaining egg out of his hand and flung it against a tree trunk, where it broke and stuck, a splash of slime" (VA 270). "Is there a sight filthier than a smashed pleasure?" asks Krag (VA 270).

The image of the egg-sized fruit recurs through A Voyage to Arcturus as a motif. Of course, there is no one meaning common to each occurrence: the meaning of the fruit depends on who uses it and why. Joiwind and Panawe have not been expelled from Eden: they throw their fruit away, whereas Sullenbode is a temptress, like Eve, who has eaten the fruit and will now seduce Maskull into carnality. Dreamsinter gives Maskull a hard nut with an "intensely disagreeable" (VA 152) pulp; Gangnet gives him a fragile egg with a slimy interior. Each fruit is appropriate to the giver. The thing that is common to these last two examples is the relationship between the inside and the outside: Gangnet's fruit is an
evil good and Dreamsinter's a good evil. The relationship of Maskull and Nightspore is also one of outside to inside: Maskull is the shell, Nightspore the kernel.

In music, a leitmotif is a theme associated with a person or a thought which recurs when the person appears on the stage or the thought becomes prominent in the action of the drama to which the music is an accompaniment. In *A Voyage*, the drum taps of Sorgie, associated with Surtur, are literally a leitmotif, but there are several other themes established in the opening section which in literature we may think of as being leitmotifs also. For example, the images of birth and death that we have already mentioned, the problem of weight and the climbing of the tower, the Crystalman grin, and the phenomenon of back-rays. We must not, as previous critics have done, either pretend that *A Voyage* begins on Tormance (Joanna Russ), or wish that it did (Wilson). *A Voyage to Arcturus* does begin in the suburban residence (people always 'reside' in suburbs) of Montague Faull, and not with vision but with theosophy and spiritualism. In this opening section, however, the main motifs essential for the understanding of the allegory are introduced, and we must examine it in some detail.

In her polemic in *Extrapolation*, Joanna Russ complains that *A Voyage to Arcturus* contains too little specificity, or particularity, or concreteness (three terms with but a single thought). In the opening chapter, however, there is enough concreteness to sink almost any novel. In the very first sentence we are given the month and the time of day, the name of a house and its situation, the names of two characters and the profession
of one of them. So it goes on. The scene is very thoroughly set. We are in a room decked out for a psychic event: Backhouse is to 'materialise' a spirit. Yeats would have been fascinated. The setting is "a replica, or nearly so, of the Drury Lane presentation of the temple scene from The Magic Flute" (VA 16), and a "hidden orchestra" plays "the beautiful and solemn strains of Mozart's 'temple' music." The spectators--the people Lindsay hates most, who carry over their materialism into the spirit world--include "Prior, the prosperous City coffee importer, and Lang, the stockjobber, well known in his own circle as an amateur prestadigitator" (VA 14), and Faull, the South American Merchant himself. A Voyage to Arcturus begins, in fact, as good dream allegories in prose tend to do (MacDonald's Phantastes and Lilith, Lewis's That Hideous Strength), like a very bad novel.

Into this world, though clearly from another kind of world, enter Maskull and Nightspore. Naturally, introductions are difficult: "One rejoices in the name of Maskull" says Mrs. Trent (VA 15), who has invited them. She cannot tell the assembled company what these two do 'in the City': that isn't where they're from. And their names are not 'neutral': their names are what they essentially are. When Maskull and Nightspore enter the room, there is "a loud and terrible crash of fallen masonry" which causes "the assembled party to start up from their chairs in consternation. It sounded as if the entire upper part of the building had collapsed" (VA 18). But no one outside the room has heard anything, and nothing is amiss. Nightspore says--and these are his first words--"it was supernatural" in origin (VA 18). This is evidence that "we are
surrounded by a terribly queer unseen universe" (L 43), which is the real world.

Of the 'temple scene' Lindsay says, "what words are to Music, individuals are to the Sublime" (TSG 13). What music gives us is a sense of the sublime: the sublime is "the shadow of the beauty of another world" (DT 68). Lindsay writes, "Long since (for my own use) I have postulated the existence of a 'sublime' world, the word being employed for want of a better. But this 'sublime' is not identical with the 'sublime' in common use." And later, "Schopenhauer, for example, opposes the sublime to the beautiful. I should wish to oppose it to the vulgar" (L 50). Lindsay here trivialises Schopenhauer, who actually says in The World as Will and Idea that "the proper opposite of the sublime is something which would not at first glance be recognised as such: the charming or attractive (Third Book, sec. 40). This is actually quite close to what Lindsay means by the vulgar: something which excites the will, something which offers immediate (often trivial) satisfaction. Mozart's temple music is sublime, but in the context it is being put to vulgar use. Faulk's interest in spiritualism is vulgar, and Backhouse sees "the concealed barbarian in the complacent gleam of his eye" (VA 15). Backhouse is enormously gifted--"I dream with open eyes," he says, "and others see my dreams" (VA 13)--but, in spite of his protestations, he is prostituting his talent: he too is vulgar. When Joiwind asks Maskull why he left earth, he is able to say, "I was tired of vulgarity" (VA 62). The opening chapter provides the vulgarity which makes the escape to Tormance necessary, and against
which the sublimity of the vision in the last chapter will contrast.

Into this vulgar Hampstead world, then, bursts the fiery Krag, a stranger and intruder. He guffaws, thumps Faull on the back, and strangles "with his hairy hands" the beautiful spirit that the medium has materialised. One might have said Krag came in 'like a breath of fresh air' were it not for the result:

the body fell in a heap to the floor. Its face was uppermost. The guests were unutterably shocked to observe that its expression had changed from the mysterious but fascinating smile to a vulgar, sordid, bastial grin, which cast a cold shadow of moral nastiness into every heart. The transformation was accompanied by a sickening stench of the graveyard (VA 22).

Thus is a central motif introduced. Nightspore, who through dreaming has maintained some contact with the real world, realises that that is "Crystalman's expression on its face" (VA 23). The ultimate mockery of the body and the phenomenal world it inhabits is the grin of the skull. There is the smell of the graveyard, and we may recall the smell of the graveyard in which Hamlet philosophizes over the skull of the former jester, "Not one now to mock your own grinning" (Hamlet, V.i.187). The grin of the skull, the face of Crystalman, is worn in death by all of His children on Tormance: Crimtyphon, Tydomin, Gleaveil, Leehallfae, and Sullenbode. It is the sign of damnation. It is "the true likeness of Shaping": "It is Shaping stripped of illusion" (VA 147). Maskull himself is one of Crystalman's children, and, his name assures us, he too must wear it in death, when the mask of illusion is stripped off, and the grinning skull revealed. The Nightspore liberated by Maskull's death finds the grin to be the whole nature of the shadow, the darkness that is
Crystalman: "the darkness around him, on all four sides, was grinning" (VA 286). In the words of the Sybil, "Nowhere was there earth nor heaven above, / But a grinning gap."\(^{24}\)

At the end of the first and at the beginning of the second chapter, Krag's rough humour contrasts beautifully with the stilted narration ("The guests were unutterably shocked to observe . . .") appropriate to the world of vulgar suburban-villa theosophy of the opening. Krag says, "Try and simplify your ideas, my friend. The affair is plain and serious" (VA 25). It sounds incredible. Maskull is asked if he would "like to see the land where this sort of fruit [the "specimen goblin"] grows wild" (VA 22); that is, Tormance, which is "the residential suburb of Arcturus" (VA 24). Much as through a "Perspective Glass" Christian is shown "the Gates of the Celestial City" by the Shepherds,\(^{25}\) Maskull is shown, through a lens, a close-up view of the double star and its planet, as a sign. A few days later, Maskull and Nightspore travel northwards to the bleak observatory of Starkness (stressed as a spondee), in Scotland. This is the first stage of a long journey, taken consistently northwards.

The light of Alppain can sometimes be seen in the Northern sky (VA 112); Branchspell, like our own sun, sets in the west (VA 142). On earth, the north is 'the land of the midnight sun', and Alppain is, as we have seen, a kind of 'nocturnal sun', lighting God's road rather than the world's. Again, on earth the north has been the home of the Norsemen, whom Lindsay admired and claimed as his ancestors, and the country of the Norsemen has a wild and sublime grandeur (as noted by Carlyle and Morris) unknown in effete southern climes. Lastly, although Surt comes
from the south at the end of the world, in Icelandic literature "the north is traditionally the land of death and the land of man's enemies." "Hel is also somewhat to the north as well as downward." In the apocalypse, according to the 'Song of the Sybil,' "Men tread Hel's Road." Maskull follows a straight and narrow path to Hell according to "an infallible rule," he tells Cor pang: "I always go due north" (VA 224). This must lead him to his death in the hands of his enemy, Crystalman. Maskull's death is also the end of the world, since the world (any world, Schopenhauer would argue) is only his idea: Tormance is the projection of Maskull's mind. When Maskull dies, it dissolves, and Nightspore finds himself climbing a tower which must be the same as the tower of Starkness, from which the voyage began.

The observatory at Starkness is "a square tower of granite masonry, seventy feet in height" (VA 29) with six windows all facing east (sunrise) and looking over the sea. In literature the tower is a traditional icon, literally providing and figuratively symbolising an increase in vision. None may ascend, Bacon pointed out, except by the winding stair. Many poets have used this icon, particularly Milton, Rilke and Yeats, but standing behind the whole poetic tradition, most importantly, is Dante. Gilgamesh realises that "only the gods live for ever with glorious Shamash, but as for us men, our days are numbered, our occupations are a breath of wind" and he asks, "Where is the man who can clamber to heaven?" In The Divine Comedy, this is what 'Dante' does, but it is only a vision, and his poem but a breath of wind. The science-fiction writer, Arthur C. Clarke, writes,
Of all the natural forces, gravity is the most mysterious and the most implacable. It controls our lives from birth to death, killing or maiming us if we make the slightest slip. No wonder that, conscious of their earth-bound slavery, men have always looked wistfully at birds and clouds, and have pictured the sky as the abode of the gods. The very expression 'heavenly being' implies a freedom from gravity which, until the present, we have known only in our dreams (31).

'Dante' has the extreme good fortune to grow lighter as he climbs.

Virgil tells him, "Such is this mountain, / That it is always arduous starting up, / But the further up one goes, the less it hurts" (II 4). Just the reverse is the case for Maskull when he tries to climb the ziggurat or pathway to heaven that is the tower at Starkness:

Hardly had he mounted half a dozen steps, however, before he was compelled to pause, to gain breath. He seemed to be carrying upstairs not one Maskull, but three. As he proceeded, the sensation of crushing weight, so far from diminishing, grew worse and worse. It was nearly physically impossible to go on; his lungs could not take in enough oxygen, while his heart thumped like a ship's engine (VA 36).

Even at the end of A Voyage, when Nightspore has been freed of the burden of the flesh which is Maskull, Nightspore experiences a great deal of difficulty in climbing the tower, the "ladder to heaven" (VA 281):

After he had mounted a dozen steps or so, he paused to take breath. Each step was increasingly difficult to ascend; he felt as though he were carrying a heavy man on his shoulders. It struck a familiar chord in his mind (VA 281).

The ascent grew more and more exhausting, so much so that he had frequently to sit down, utterly crushed by his own deadweight. Still, he got to the third window (VA 282).
Nightspore had a foreknowledge that the sixth window would prove to be the last. Nothing would have kept him from ascending to it, for he guessed that the nature of Crystalman himself would there become manifest. Every step upward was like a bloody-life-and-death struggle. The stairs nailed him to the ground; the air pressure caused blood to gush from his nose and ears; his head clanged like an iron bell (VA 284-85).

Nightspore experiences such difficulty because he is passing through the opaque body of Crystalman; he is, literally, climbing out of creation, out of the river of matter: "As soon as his head was above the trap, breathing the free air, he had the same physical sensation as a man stepping out of water" (VA 286).  

Maskull's rigidly northward trip across Tormance has some ups and downs to keep it dramatically interesting. These are not towers, but more natural ziggurats: mountains, like Dante's. "We have made the mountain-top a symbol for a condition of mind open to every influence of the sky and dominating the vast landscape of earth" writes Maud Bodkin, when discussing Dante.  

J. A. MacCulloch has found that there is . . . evidence of mountain worship among [the ancient celts]." We have already pointed out that some of Lindsay's names contain suggestions of mountains: Tormance, Alppain, Krag. Colin Wilson has suggested that other names in A Voyage "seem to be derived from Scottish names. One has only to look at the names of peaks visible from Ben Nevis to see the resemblance: Corpach, Gulvain, Ben Sgriol, Ladhar Bheinn, while Loch Hourn immediately brings Discourn [sic] to mind" (TSG 48). There are three important mountain areas on Tormance: the Ifdawn Marest, Sant, and Lichstorm.
Maskull flies on a shrowk, a monster reminiscent of Dante's Geryon (I 17), with Oceaxe, to the mountains of the Ifdawn Marest. This is, as the name suggests, a land where almost anything is possible. The "mountains have most extraordinary shapes. All the lines are straight and perpendicular--no slopes or curves" (VA 89). Oceaxe says "that's typical of Ifdawn. Nature is all hammer blows with us. Nothing soft and gradual." It is "a place of quick decisions" (VA 89). It is the world as will. Everyone acts from naked will to power. Maskull has just left Panawe and Joiwind, who have renounced will altogether, who live on water, and in innocence. With Oceaxe, Maskull has travelled to a world of experience, where the view is that "animals were made to be eaten, and simple natures were made to be absorbed" (VA 88). There has been some increase in consciousness (there are mountains), but it is precarious: mountains and valleys appear and disappear erratically. Maskull sees

a large tract of forest not far ahead, bearing many trees and rocks, suddenly subsided with an awful roar and crashed down into an invisible gulf. What was solid land one minute became a clean-cut chasm the next (VA 99).

It is a world of kill and be killed; life on a knife edge.

Sant is much more solid and reliable than Ifdawn. It is not mountainous at all, but a very high plateau. Maskull is now travelling with Tydomin and Spadevil, whose law is duty (VA 133).

Shortly before sunset they arrived at the extremity of the upland plain, above which towered the black cliffs of the Sant Levels. A dizzy, artificially constructed staircase, of more than a thousand steps of varying depth, twisting and forking in order to conform to the angles of the precipices, led to the world overhead (VA 140).
From here "the huge pyramid" of Disscourn, highest peak of Ifdawn, "looked nothing more than a slight swelling on the face of the earth" (VA 140). But the law of duty the travellers bring is rejected by Catice on behalf of the men of Sant. Their society is not perfect, but it is the best that can be managed. For one thing, it is an all-male society, and Catice is not about to allow any women into it. For another, duty is "but a cloak under which we share the pleasure of other people" (VA 145). Maskull decides,

Henceforward, as long as I live, I shall fight with my nature, and refuse to feel pleasure,

for

the world with its sweetness seems to me a sort of charnel house. I feel a loathing for everything in it, including myself (VA 145).

The land of Sant may be flat and unexciting (Wayne Booth says "Even the most elevated plateau is less interesting than a mountain" 35) but it is secure and reliable and the best that can be got. To hate pleasure and avoid women is the best way to avoid Crystalman's traps.

Maskull does not, of course, remember what he has learned in Sant when pursuing other interests in other landscapes, otherwise he would not fall for Sullenbode, who lives on the mountain called Sarclash in the land of Lichstorm. This land is a little like Ifdawn, but without Ifdawn's mercenary vulgarity. The Mornstab Pass, seen by the light of Tormance's moon, Teargeld, has a "wild, noble, lonely beauty" (VA 248). "Sarclash was a mighty mountain mass in the shape of a horseshoe. Its two ends pointed west, and were separated from each other by a mile or more of empty space. The northern end became the ridge on which they
stood" (VA 249). It is along this ridge, which corresponds to the
knife-edge precipice joining Panawe's homeland to the Ifdawn Marest
(VA 70-71), that Maskull, Sullenbode and Corpang travel. Along the
ridge, "the road descended by an easy gradient, and was for a long
distance comparatively smooth" (VA 251). The going is easy--downhill.

Virgil tells the climbing Dante to

rise up, and master your exhaustion
With the spirit, which wins every battle,
Provided the body does not drag it down (I 24).

We have seen both Maskull and Nightspore, in climbing the tower to
heaven, fighting with the weight of creation. Also, light has an
opposite in dark as well as in heavy. Dante is climbing towards the
light, and even he "cannot travel up by night":

You could not even
Pass beyond this line, once the sun had gone.
Not that anything but the dark of night
Could hinder you from making the ascent.
That dark alone makes the will powerless (II 7).

In his first attempt to climb the tower, Maskull attempts to light his
own way with a few hastily struck matches (VA 36-37): they are a poor
substitute for Muspel fire. Krag is the bearer of the light, though on
earth it is only a "feebly glimmering lantern" (VA 39). The three men
climb the tower together after Maskull and Nightspore have had their arms
slashed: they are now dead to Earth and the tower is not a ziggurat but
a launching platform. Krag goes first with the lantern: "the others
hastened after him, to take advantage of the light" (VA 40). Maskull
stops to look out of a window. "Krag and Nightspore meanwhile had gone
on ahead with the light, so that he had to complete the ascent in
darkness" (VA 41).
On Tormance, important symbolical value is attached to the light of the twin suns, Branchspell and Alppain, as Maskull travels from Branchspell's day to Alppain's, from the south to the north. These suns we discussed in Chapters Three and Four. Tormance is also lit by a third heavenly body, the moon Teargeld. This plays only a small part in the allegory, and its general significance seems to be roughly that of our own moon. Firstly it makes landscapes mysterious and beautiful, and is therefore an agent of Crystalman, who likes the mysterious and beautiful. His world is really, of course, a "charnel house" (VA 145) of willing and killing. It is Teargeld that gives Lichstorm its "wild, noble, lonely beauty" (VA 248). Secondly the moon, since it waxes and wanes periodically, since it is inconstant, and since it shines by reflected light, is associated with woman, whom the Archons designed to keep man bound to the world. Teargeld lights the journey of Maskull and Sullenbode, and that of Maskull and Gleameil—her name suggests a fragment of moonlight—on Swaylone's Island.

Thirdly, as the female muse, the moon lights the world of poets. Keats is an earthly example, Earthrid a Tormantic one. When Maskull and Gleameil go to see Earthrid play his lake-like instrument Irontick, he must wait for the moon to rise before starting. He creates a world of shapes which is a different reality from the reality of the world (he is earth-rid), but it is not the true reality of Muspel. His music comes from the subconscious (the lake), not from the world beyond. It is lit not by the nocturnal sun, but by the ordinary moon.

According to Earthrid, there are two kinds of music: that based on
pleasure and that based on pain. He tells Maskull, "my music is founded on painful tones; and thus its symmetry is wild, and difficult to discover; its emotion is bitter and terrible" (VA 181). The material at the Demiurge's disposal proved intractable, but

If Shaping's plans had gone straight, life would have been like that other sort of music. He who seeks can find traces of that intention in the world of nature. But as it has turned out, real life resembles my music and mine is the true music (VA 181).

Earthrid is not playing Crystalman's tune, even if he is not playing Surtur's: though Earthrid is killed, we are not told that in death he wears the Crystalman grin (VA 187). In fact, using Earthrid's instrument, Maskull is able to conjure up the Muspel radiance, alongside which "Targeld looked faint and pale" (VA 185), and "finally disappeared entirely."

"Maskull played heroically on" (VA 185):

The radiance grew terrible. It was everywhere, but Maskull fancied that it was far brighter in one particular quarter. He thought that it was becoming localized, preparatory to contracting into a solid form....

Immediately afterward the bottom of the lake subsided. Its waters fell through, and his instrument was broken.

The Muspel-light vanished. The moon shone out again, but Maskull could not see it. After that unearthly shining, he seemed to himself to be in total blackness (VA 185-86).

Art of the right kind (painful and difficult) may be useful in giving us an idea of the world of Muspel, but it cannot bring the world into being. Its instruments cannot cope with the strain.

As was pointed out in Chapter Four, Crystalman's tune is a waltz, while Surtur's is a march rhythm on a drum. We have to go on a little excursion from Starkness for this motif to be introduced, though it is
implicit in Maskull's experience climbing the tower for the first time, on his return from the excursion ("his heart thumped like a ship's engine" [VA 36]). Nightspore takes Maskull to "a showplace" (VA 34), the gap of Sorgie (from the German sorge, care). To get there they have to traverse

a narrow ledge, winding along the face of the precipice a few yards beneath where they were standing. It averaged from fifteen to thirty inches in width. . . . The shelf did not extend for above a quarter of a mile, but its passage was somewhat unnerving; there was a sheer drop to the sea four hundred feet below (VA 34-35).

At the end of this ledge is a "fair-sized platform of rock" overlooking "a narrow inlet of the sea." This is the Gap of Sorgie. Maskull follows Nightspore's example in "lying at full length, face downward" and staring "straight down at the water." "While he was ineffectually gazing, he heard what sounded like the beating of a drum. . . . It was very faint, but quite distinct." "The beats were in no way drowned by the far louder sound of the surf, but seemed to belong to a different world" (VA 35). Nightspore prophesies that Maskull will hear the sound again and says, "Only try always to hear it more and more distinctly" (VA 36). Maskull does hear the sound again. In fact, he follows it all the way across Tormance, and the discovery of its origin will constitute his own final vision.

Soon after arriving on Tormance, when with Panawe and Joiwind, Maskull repeats the experience he has had with Nightspore. He walks out onto a lake, "lay down at full length, and peered into the depths. It was weirdly clear: he could see down for an indefinite distance, without arriving at any bottom" (VA 65). His trip to Tormance has brought Maskull
much closer to the surface, viz. of the material world (which seems real but is dreamlike) and to penetrating through to the reality.

He hears "the rhythm of a drum" (VA 66):

The sound appeared to him to belong to a different world from that in which he was traveling. The latter was mystical, dreamlike, and unbelievable—the drumming was like a very dim undertone of reality (VA 66).

In this case—though no logical connection is implied—the experience of the drumming is followed by Maskull's being "tormented" (VA 66) by the blue light of Alppain, which has just set.

If the drum-taps are "like a very dim undertone of reality" (VA 66), then this world must be false. This is the conclusion Maskull reaches when he has "flung himself at full length on his chest, to see what could be seen of the lake of fire" (VA 127) in which Tydomin is burying Crimtyphon:

A faint sound of drumming came up. He listened intently, and as he did so his heart quickened and the black cares rolled away from his soul. All the world and its accidents seemed at that moment false, and without meaning (VA 127).

If the drumming reminds us we are aliens in a false world, then it must also remind us of our true home:

The drum beats had this peculiarity—though odd and mystical, there was nothing awe-inspiring in them, but on the contrary they reminded [Maskull] of some place and some life with which he was perfectly familiar (VA 151).

Our true home is the world of Muspel. But that is, as we have seen, the world which Nightspore, not Maskull, will eventually reach. Further, Maskull must die to make this possible. This is signified by the vision Maskull sees when he has eaten the fruit given to him by Dreamsinter.
"The now familiar drum rhythm was heard—this time accompanied by the tramp of marching feet" (VA 153). Maskull sees phantom Maskull, Krag and Nightspore marching past him to "the pulse of the drum" (VA 153). Phantom Krag stabs phantom Maskull in the back while phantom "Nightspore marched on alone, stern and unmoved" (VA 154) towards the Muspel light which is now associated with the drumming. "Maskull felt his soul loosening from its bodily envelope." "His body was incapable of enduring such shocks, and all of a sudden he tumbled over in a faint that resembled death" (VA 154). The real Nightspore is, of course, inside Maskull, who must die for his complementary double to be released. When this happens, we discover the source of the drumming.

In the references to the drumming, Lindsay has repeatedly mentioned the beating of Maskull's heart. On the steps of the tower, "his heart thumped like a ship's engine" (VA 36); above the lake of fire "his heart quickened" (VA 127). Hearing the drumming with Corpang, "Maskull's heart beat quickly" (VA 221); hearing it with Sullenbode

Maskull's heart beat wildly. His body was like a prison. He longed to throw it off, to spring up and become incorporated with the sublime universe which was beginning to unveil itself (VA 259).

When Maskull finally dies on Surtur's Ocean, the identification is explicitly made:

His heart was thumping heavily and queerly; its beating reminded him of the drum taps. He gazed languidly at the rippling water, and it seemed to him as if he could see right through it ... away, away down ... to a strange fire....
The water disappeared. The two suns were extinguished. The island was transformed into a cloud, and Maskull—alone on it—was floating through the atmosphere.... Down below, it was all fire—the fire of Muspel. The light mounted higher and higher, until it filled the whole world....

He floated toward an immense perpendicular cliff of black rock, without top or bottom. Halfway up it Krag, suspended in midair, was dealing terrific blows at a blood-red spot with a huge hammer. The rhythmical clanging sounds were hideous.

Presently Maskull made out that these sounds were the familiar drum beats. "What are you doing, Krag?" he asked. Krag suspended his work, and turned around.

"Beating on your heart, Maskull," was his grinning response (VA 276-77).

"You know only the sparks of the spirit: but you do not see the anvil which the spirit is, nor the ferocity of its hammer!" says Zarathustra. Discovering the ferocity of that hammer costs Maskull his life. "A frightful pang passed through Maskull's heart, and he died immediately" (VA 277).

Before dying, Maskull asks Krag, "Who are you?" (VA 277), but he gets no reply. Krag is Surtur. Like Blake's Los (who in Blake is identical with Christ), Krag comes to free man from the prison of the body, to break the fetters of time, and restore us to eternity. Thus, Maskull's death is also Nightspore's birth: Nightspore reawakes to climb the tower which Maskull failed to climb at the beginning of A Voyage to Arcturus. In climbing the tower, Nightspore leaves the false day-dream world of creation behind, and returns to his true home. This use of the icon of the tower is traditional, but Lindsay has another symbol for the desire of the spirit to return home, and that is the back rays which power the spaceship. Again the idea of back rays, as with so much else in A Voyage to Arcturus, may have been suggested by George MacDonald. In Lilith, Mr.
Vane sees light disappearing into a mirror, and not being reflected out again. "Where are the sunrays gone?" he asks. "'That I cannot tell,' returned Mr. Raven; "'—back, perhaps, to where they came from first'" (40).

A Voyage to Arcturus is not only allegorical dream fantasy, it is also space fantasy. The voyage to Tormance is to be made from the top of the tower at Starkness in what is, for 1920, rather an old-fashioned space-ship: it is a "torpedo of crystal" (VA 43) forty feet long, eight wide, and eight high (VA 44). The main difference between this and, for example, Hugh MacColl's 'Shooting Star' (1899) is that Lindsay, logically, puts the fuel tank at the front. Very early space-flight stories tended to use fantastic--often ludicrous--ways of getting to our satellite: Bishop Godwin's astronaut was towed by a team of wild geese (1638), Kepler's by demons (1634)--a method resurrected recently by the anti-scientific C. S. Lewis. In the nineteenth century, Joseph A. Herley started something of a new trend in his A Voyage to the Moon (1827) by using a newly 'discovered' substance attracted to the moon and called, appropriately enough, lunarium. Mark Wicks in To Mars via the Moon (1911) found 'martialum' to have similar properties. Such devices are convenient and pseudo-scientific: they do not mean anything. Lindsay's space-ship, however, while it is powered by a similar device, does have meaning, and so do the Arcturan back rays which power it.

Lindsay's space-ship is a womb. Damon Knight, in a collection of reviews of science-fiction, says, "I think it is safe to postulate that 'an alien lands in a space-ship' is dream-talk for 'a baby is born,' and
that the passengers of such ships are bound to be foetal.

For this reason, perhaps, the three travellers strip naked before embarking. When Maskull wakes up, alone, on Tormance, he is new-born: his 'mother' is Joiwind. To be reborn one must die. Maskull has been symbolically murdered by Krag, who has slashed his arm (VA 40) in order to enable him to climb the tower to the space-ship, and thus to be transported by the back-rays an enormous distance homewards.

When waiting with Nightspore in the tower at Starkness, Maskull accidentally knocks over a bottle labeled 'Solar Back Rays' (VA 31). The bottle disappears. Nightspore explains:

> The valve became unfastened. The contents have escaped through the open window, toward the sun, carrying the bottle with them. But the bottle will be burned up by the earth's atmosphere, and the contents will dissipate, and will not reach the sun (VA 32).

Solar Back Rays return to the sun, if they can; Arcturian Back Rays return to Arcturus, taking along with them the space-ship. Back rays consist of "Light that goes back to its source" (VA 32). This is, of course, the whole theme of the book. It encapsulates, in miniature, the desire of the fragments of Muspel fire to return to their source, and of the dissipated fragments of Divine Light, in the Gnostic mythology, to be restored to the Godhead. Like Shelley's Alastor looking at the swan, like MacDonald's Anodos looking for his mother, like Henry in Novalis's Kunstmärchen, the light journeys homewards. But while the spirit is willing, as the proverb puts it, the flesh is weak. If the bottle is burned up in the atmosphere, the back rays will never reach
the sun. Maskull is also a vessel: his function—it is almost a sacred function—in *A Voyage to Arcturus* is to carry the fragment of light he contains (imprisons) to the limit of Crystalman's world, where it can finally escape to Muspel. Maskull is defeated, but his defeat is no empty one. His bloody journey across Tormance makes victory possible.
Footnotes to Chapter Five

1 In Eagle and Earwig (London: John Baker, 1966), Colin Wilson says "a carping critic might find A Voyage to Arcturus no more than an attempt to write The World as Will and Idea as a novel" (p. 150).


3 For Dante, as for the wool-carders of Heracleitus' fragment, "the straight way and the winding way are one and the same."

4 The point is made at length by Kathleen Raine in her studies of Dante, Milton, Blake and Yeats in Defending Ancient Springs (London: Oxford University Press, 1967). Raine mentions A Voyage in a chronological list of great fantasy, placing it between She and Peter Pan (p. 125).

5 This is a longer introduction than is common. C. S. Lewis subtitles That Hideous Strength (London: The Bodley Head, 1969), the third book in his trilogy, "a modern fairy tale for grown-ups" "in the hope that no one who dislikes fantasy may be misled by the first two chapters into reading further, and then complain of his disappointment. If you ask why—intending to write about magicians, devils, pantomime animals, and planetary angels—I nevertheless begin with such humdrum scenes and persons, I reply that I am following the traditional fairy-tale" (p. 7). Curiously enough, title and epigraph are from the other David Lindsay.


7 J. W. Smeed, Jean Paul's 'Dreams', p. 27.


9 Lewis Carroll, Alice in Wonderland, p. 19.


13 Jonas continues, "and the Archons created man for the express purpose of keeping it there" (*The Gnostic Religion*, p. 44). Crystalman is an Archon.


15 The most famous statement is Wittgenstein's "Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must remain silent."


17 Man as fruit may sound strange, but it isn't. On a farcical level, for example, in *The Man Who Was Thursday* (New York: Modern Library, 1917), Dr. Bull is told, "I dare say it's the sort of face that grows on one . . . in fact, it grows on you; and who am I to quarrel with the wild fruits upon the tree of life" (p. 132). More seriously, in *The Gnostic Religion*, Hans Jonas says "the Valentinians . . . drew an allegorical parallel between [Jesus] and the fruit from the tree: by being affixed to a 'wood,' he 'became a Fruit of the Knowledge of the Father, which did not, however, bring perdition upon those who ate it!'" (p. 94).

18 'Backhouse' would not seem to be a reference to 'the room out the back,' i.e. the lavatory. R. M. Rennick supplies the information that "Backhouse was the 14th Century English bakehouse and was given as a name to a person who worked in or for a bakery" in 'Obscene Names and Naming in Folk Tradition,' *Names*, 16 (1968), p. 214.

19 Lindsay particularly admired this scene. He writes,

What words are to Music, individuals are to the Sublime. This is excellently shown in the Temple scene of the Magic Flute. The massive gloom of the interior, the gigantic statue silhouetted against the gleaming sky, Mozart's hymn; contrasted with the declamation of the High Priest, and the double row of white-robed priests who assist him. Both words and men appear absolutely insignificant and meaningless beside the music and the solemn grandeur of the Temple (*TSG* 13).
This also can be traced to an incident in Lindsay's own life. In a letter dated 9th September 1921, he writes to Visiak:

A few weeks before the death of my only brother, some years back, I was awakened in the middle of the night by a tremendous crash, as though a chimney stack had crashed through the roof overhead. That it was not imagination in any case is proved by the fact that my aunt, who slept in the room above, came flying downstairs for help—she also had heard the noise, and was frightened nearly out of her senses. The other two inmates of the house heard nothing, and in the morning no damage could be detected either to our house or to any other in the road (L 43).

This crash appears twice in A Voyage: when Maskull and Nightspore enter Faull's house (VA 18) and when, re-enacting the scene on Tormance, Maskull and Tydomin enter a cave (VA 121).

In a letter dated November 25, 1921, quoted by Wilson (TSG 46).

In a letter dated May 12, 1923. Schopenhauer does indeed oppose or contrast the sublime and the beautiful, but not in the way Lindsay implies. Schopenhauer finds both the sublime and the beautiful to be produced by pure contemplation (i.e. of Ideas or Forms): where that which raises us to contemplation is subject to the will, we are filled with a sense of beauty, but where they have "a hostile relation to the human will in general" (to the body), then we are filled with a sense of the sublime. See The World as Will and Idea (Third Book, sec. 39). Muspel is, of course, completely hostile to the human will and therefore, according to Schopenhauer's system as well as Lindsay's, is sublime.

See VA 12-13 for Backhouse's complaints about the setting: "the frivolous aestheticism of others" is "obnoxious to his grim, bursting heart; but he was obliged to live, and, to pay his way, must put up with these impertinences" (VA 19). Krag calls him "my little mercenary friend" (VA 22). The problem of paying one's way soon became an acute one for Lindsay, who shows more sympathy for it in his third book, Sphinx.

'Song of the Sybil' in The Elder Edda: A Selection, trans. Paul B. Taylor and W. H. Auden (New York: Vintage Books, 1970), p. 145. We have already discussed the dualistic opposition of nothing (Crystalman's world) and nothing (Muspel): "In the moment of death" the face loses all its "personal character . . . giving place to a vulgar, grinning mask which expressed nothing" (VA 103).

26 Quoted from the Introduction by Peter H. Salus and Paul B. Taylor to The Elder Edda, p. 31.

27 Introduction to The Elder Edda, p. 31.

28 'Song of the Sybil' in The Elder Edda, p. 151.

29 Man is a worm 70 inches long—seventy years and 5' 10"—seven decades or 'ages'. The tower has six windows, and Nightspore has six interim visions climbing it (VA 281-86). Because the final vision may not be through a window of glass or crystal, at the end, Nightspore climbs out into reality.


32 Cf. Stein in Lord Jim by Joseph Conrad (New York: Rinehart, 1957): "A man that is born falls into a dream like a man who falls into the sea" (p. 184). Stein sends Jim to live in his dream world: "Had Stein arranged to send him into a star . . . the change could not have been greater. He left his earthly failings behind him and . . . there was a totally new set of conditions for his imaginative faculty to work upon" (pp. 188-89). For a thorough analysis of the dream/real world opposition of Patna and Patusan see Elliott B. Gose Jr, Imagination Indulged (London and Montreal: McGill–Queen's University Press, 1972).


36 Freidrich Nietzsche, Thus Spoke Zarathustra, p. 125.

37 Los is the Eternal Blacksmith who frees us from the Promethean Cycle (Orc-Urizen) in Jerusalem. "The blow of his Hammer is Justice, the swing of his Hammer Mercy," / The force of Los's Hammer is eternal forgiveness" (Plate 88); see The Complete Writings of William Blake, ed. Geoffrey Keynes (London: Oxford University Press, 1966), p. 734.

38 "Then Jesus appeared . . . And the Divine Appearance was the likeness & similitude of Los" (Plate 96); William Blake, 'Jerusalem' in The Complete Writings, p. 743.

39 In Novalis's Henry of Ofterdingen, one of the things Arcturus symbolizes seems to be Time.

40 George MacDonald, Lilith, p. 42.

41 As every schoolboy knows, real space-ships are not shaped like torpedoes, since there is no wind resistance in deep space. The shape is reserved for grossly underpowered and extremely short range rockets built on underdeveloped planets such as Sol Three.

42 A substance working by repulsion from earth is more difficult to handle--especially on the return journey--but Percy Greg uses 'apergy' thus in Across the Zodiac (1880), and Hugh MacColl uses an unnamed variant in Mr. Stranger's Sealed Packet (1899). See Roger L. Green's Into Other Worlds: Space-Flight in Fiction, from Lucan to Lewis (London and New York: Abelard-Schuman, 1957), for informative descriptions of these and other forms of motive power.


44 This is a habit with Krag: he knifes Maskull twice (VA 40, 154) and twice wrings his neck (VA 123, 277).
Chapter Six:

THE WINDING WAY: MASKULL'S SPIRAL INWARDS

A Voyage to Arcturus is a schematic book. We have discussed it as a battle between two opposing camps, and as a progress. However, A Voyage to Arcturus is not simply an allegorical battle in the way that Bunyan's The Holy War is, nor is it simply a progress as is The Pilgrim's Progress. Maskull, like Dante, follows not a straight and narrow path but a straight and winding one: a spiral. The theme of the progress is the desire to return home, which we have seen to be common in allegorical dream fantasies. The idea is explicit in that Nightspore repeats Maskull's climbing of the tower, and it is implicit in the idea of climbing a tower itself: "the individual, changed and enriched by his experience as he follows this [spiral] path, must return to the point of origin at a different level."¹ For this reason, Nabokov calls the spiral "a spiritualized circle."² Dante is spiritualized by climbing a winding stair in The Divine Comedy. However, Maskull's is not a spiral like Dante's, which takes us upwards, it is a spiral which takes us inwards. It is a spiral which takes us right into the centre of Crystalman, who is "a gigantic, self-luminous sphere" (VA 282), and beyond, into the inconceivable world of Muspel.

The first section of the progress begins with Maskull's 'birth,' when he wakes up to the world of Tormance, and his surrogate mother, Joiwind (Chapter 6). This cycle is completed at the end of the third day, after the problems of man in society have been treated, when a
"deep and heavy unconsciousness" seizes Maskull (VA 149). The second section begins with the rebirth of the Wombflash forest and the vision induced by Dreamsinter (Chapter 13). This second cycle deals with the problem of how life can be lived out of society, on a personal level. It ends with Maskull's re-emergence from Corpang's underground country, which is the third rebirth for Maskull. The third section, beginning with Chapter 18, continues the process of stripping down the layers of earthliness to 'pure, unaccommodated man' and woman, the main characters in this section being Haunte and Sullenbode. Each of the previous sections has ended with an appearance of the Muspel radiance and Maskull's rebirth. In the third section, under the light of Alppain, Maskull dies and the progress ends (Chapter 20), leaving Nightspore to achieve the final vision of nothing and to be promised rebirth. Such is the "almost mathematical precision" of the design, and one wonders why it has not been noticed before.

The three cycles in Maskull's exploration of the nature of Crystalman and his world should be thought of as lying inside one another. Crystalman's world consists basically of three 'sphere s' of activity: how man relates to the external world and to society, how man relates to himself, and how man relates to God. Of course, none of these levels can be separated absolutely, and Lindsay does not try to do so. However, each level has its central interests, to which the interests of other levels, being contiguous, are important. But since the movement of the book is increasingly inwards, the outer levels are less important to the inner than vice versa. The process is, as has already been remarked,
rather like peeling an onion, and this also is an image relevant to gnosticism. For example, Arnobius, Servius and Macrobius all give accounts of the descent of the soul through the spheres, by which it is corrupted. Hermes Trismegistus in Poimandres, and, incidentally, Dante in The Divine Comedy, give parallel accounts of the reverse journey through the spheres by which the soul is freed.

The soul clearly is of God (Light) and belongs with God. However, there has been a 'fall' (from God on high) and a creation, these two things, as in the myth of Prometheus, being identical. Plotinus and Blake tell us that the immortals fell in love with their images in the river of matter, died to eternity and were born on earth, fell asleep to eternity and woke up on earth having forgotten their true home. Macrobius's account is basically the same, but complicated by the accretions of the fall through the spheres:

Looking down from the highest summit and perpetual light, and having with secret desire contemplated the appetite of the body and its "life," so called on earth, the soul by the very weight of this its earthly thought gradually sinks down into the nether world. . . . In each sphere [which it passes] it is clothed with an ethereal envelopment, so that by these it is in stages reconciled to the company of this earthen garment. And thus it comes through as many deaths as it passes spheres to what here on earth is called "life" (3).

Thus there is the necessity for a series of "so called 'deaths'"—as in Jean Paul's dream—through which the soul can be reborn again to the world of eternity. Hans Jonas writes that, according to this view, the resultant terrestrial "soul" is comparable to an onion with so many layers, on the model of the cosmos itself, only in inverse order: what is outermost there is innermost here, and after the process is completed with incarnation, what is innermost in the spherical scheme of the cosmos, the earth, is as body the outer garment of man (4).
From the sphere of the earth, 'up' is in all directions outwards, 'down' in all cases inwards.

The normal method of gnostic allegory involved the reversal of the traditional values embodied in extant myths and allegories. It is therefore curiously appropriate that Lindsay should reverse the value system of the spherical cosmos. In *A Voyage to Arcturus*, the world of Muspel is somewhere through and beyond (wherever that is) the centre of the sphere, inwards, while outwards ('up') is Crystalman's world. The fall is outwards, from the centre to the circumference. Lindsay is a pessimist: the cosmos is not Light with a few spots of Darkness; the Light is surrounded by the Darkness: Nightspore reaches nothing to find "darkness was all around him" and "he understood that he was wholly surrounded by Crystalman's world":

> The truth forced itself on him in all its cold, brutal reality. Muspel was no all-powerful Universe, tolerating from pure indifference the existence side by side with it of another false world, which had no right to be. Muspel was fighting for its life (VA 286).

Maskull is the body of earth, the outermost sphere, and his trip across Tormance involves the stripping away of earthly accretions until nothing is left.

W. H. Auden begins his study of 'the romantic iconography of the sea' in *The Enchafèd Flood* with discussions of "the double-natured hero" who is half "the dedicated man, the Knight of Faith who would restore the Age of Gold" (Maskull⁵) and half exile (Nightspore), and of the paired symbols, the desert and the sea.⁶ Maskull is born on Tormance in the desert and dies (Nightspore is born) on the sea; that is, Maskull's voyage is from
the desert to the sea. Auden notes that the withdrawal to the desert may be "a final rejection of the wicked city of this world, a dying to the life of the flesh and an assumption of a life devoted wholly to the life of the spirit, as it is in the case of Maskull, while the sea is "the place of purgatorial suffering." But there may be water in the desert as there may be land in the sea. Maskull ends his journey on a little floating island, which like the oasis in the desert may be "the image of the happy Prelapsarian Place." It is to such a place that mother-Joiwind takes baby-Maskull at the beginning of the journey.

Maskull has died to earth, to "the wicked city of this world," and he is reborn on Tormance. Maskull begins to see the desert of scarlet sand (VA 44-45) only gradually. He cries out "at irregular intervals" (VA 45). When his 'mother' Joiwind arrives he is "sitting at her feet, naked and helpless" (VA 47). She dresses him, gives him a "milky" (VA 49) fluid, and takes him to "the cup-shaped mountain" (VA 52) which is home. Poolingdred is, however, the home from which we all begin: it is not the home toward which we all must strive. In this, Lindsay differs most markedly from his most important precursor and follower, MacDonald and Lewis respectively. Anodos in Phantastes tells us "my mother died when I was a baby," and his pathless wanderings are in search of his mother or a mother-substitute. The quest of Ransom in Out of the Silent Planet ends at Oyarsa, which is a combination of garden-island, mount of Venus and "cup-shaped mountain" or breast:
right below him lay an almost circular lake—a sapphire twelve miles in diameter set in a border of purple forest. Amidst the lake there rose like a low and gently sloping pyramid, or a woman’s breast, an island of pale red, smooth to the summit (12).

Both MacDonald and Lewis are concerned with the recovery of lost innocence, which for MacDonald is a return to babyhood, and for Lewis involves a re-enactment of the fall in which man (or rather, woman) doesn’t fall. Maskull begins his quest by finding that "Prelapsarian Place" of Arcadian innocence with Panawe and Joiwind, but his quest is for the utopia of the uncreated world.

Panawe and Joiwind live in harmony with Crystalman’s world, but cultivate a kind of 'non-attachment' to it. They take as little part as possible in the willing and killing: they kill nothing, and live only on water, Novalis and Werner’s "the white blood of the mother."13 Neither do they imprison Light in the Darkness of the body by procreation: there is "not the least trace of sex" (VA 54) in Joiwind’s caress, and she has no children or other "selfish possessions" (VA 57). When born, Panawe was "without sex" (VA 69), and having become male, sternly rejects the female receptiveness which on earth would have made him an artist, poet or musician (VA 63). Joiwind says, "What you and I are now doing in simplicity, wise men will do hereafter in full knowledge" (VA 56). That is, the innocence of Panawe and Joiwind is really ignorance: they do not posses the saving knowledge or gnosis which was the gift of the wise serpent. This limitation is brought out by Panawe’s complete inability to understand his encounter with Slofork. Slofork tells Panawe, remember, of the other world which "we call Nothing—
it is not Nothing, but Something" (VA 74). He then demonstrates his own complete non-attachment to the world by jumping "tranquilly from the path, down into the empty void" (VA 74). Slofork's judgment of Panawe is "You will never rise above mysticism.... But be happy in your own way" (VA 74).

Panawe and Joiwind live in harmony with the world, in innocence, by not striving and not exerting their wills. Maskull discovers that the newfound Innocence they have given him can be rapidly undermined by Experience. His next mentor is Oceaxe, who is possessed by a Nietzschean 'will to power'. She says bluntly that "You may be as moral as you like, Maskull, but the fact remains, animals were made to be eaten, and simple natures were made to be absorbed" (VA 88). Kill or be killed; only the fittest will survive. And the landscape she inhabits, the Ifdawn Marest, is "high, wild, beautiful, and dangerous" (VA 80): "Nature is all hammer blows with us. Nothing soft and gradual" (VA 89), says Oceaxe.

On Tormance it is

as if each of one's desires were to cost one the obligation thenceforward to nourish and support an additional member. An infernal multiplication of one's substance, occasioned by the slightest thought! Each dream of flight adds another link to my heavy chain! (14).

Having flown to the dream-world of Tormance, Maskull finds himself with three new organs, the magn and poigns (names probably derived from magnanimity and poignance) which bring respectively the ability to love and the ability to understand and sympathize with things, and the breve. These organs are appropriate to the Arcadian society which Maskull inhabits
with Panawe and Joiwind. Oceaxe, however, calls these "women's organs" (VA 82), and advises Maskull that he is going to "a man's country" where they will be useless. Maskull uses a drude to convert his organs, and the breve in his forehead becomes a third eye, a sorb, through which "he saw nothing as self-existent—everything appeared as an object of importance or non-importance to his own needs" (VA 83). Such an organ is appropriate to life on the high peaks of the Ifdawn Marest.

Once he has moved from Innocence to Experience, from non-attachment to self-interest, from not willing to willing and killing, then Maskull has a choice: he can either be a murderer or a victim. As soon as he arrives in Ifdawn he kills Crimtyphon, Oceaxe's lover, but he is so revolted by this that he falls into the clutches of Crimtyphon's other wife, Tydomin, who preaches to Maskull the virtues of self-sacrifice: renunciation of the will to power and therefore of the will to live. Tydomin doesn't actually want Maskull's life, only his body. She wants to take it over, literally: "I wish to start a new existence in your body. I wish to be a male. I see it isn't worth while being a woman" (VA 115). Maskull's spirit will, in turn, become (disembodied) a ghost.

Maskull and Tydomin enter a cave. "At that very moment" they hear "a sickening crash, like heavy thunder just over their heads" (VA 121). Maskull lies down on "a stone slab, or couch" and the chamber begins "to grow light" (VA 122). He fancies he hears music, and "someone scream faintly" (VA 122). Then he finds himself back in Faull's house, only as the phantom on the carved couch. He sees himself, and Nightspore. Then Krag rushes in to strangle him:
he grasped his neck with a pair of hairy hands. Maskull felt his bones bending and breaking, excruciating pains passed through all the nerves of his body, and he experienced a sense of impending death. He cried out, and sank helplessly on the floor, in a heap (VA 123).

He finds himself back on Tormance, and tells Tydomin "I've seen Krag. I'm awake" (VA 124). Thus Maskull rejects the temptation of self-sacrifice on Tormance, but it is, of course, a sacrifice he has already made on earth, in order to get to Tormance in the first place. We can think of the tower as being a phallus, the space-ship not a womb but a sperm. Maskull relives his earthly life (as a child with Joiwind, as an adolescent with Oceaxe) on Tormance, until on Tormance he reaches the point he has previously reached on earth. From now on, he will be learning rather than reliving things.

Maskull has passed through Innocence and Experience to alienation. Oceaxe asked, "Isn't the whole world the handiwork of innumerable pairs of lovers? And yet you think yourself above all that. You may try to fly away from nature, but where will you find a hole to hide yourself in?" (VA 86). As Visiak has observed, "Lindsay virtually equates Crystalman with Nature" (TSG 110), and that is indeed from whom Maskull thinks he is fleeing. Further, Maskull is now "above all that," and he is looking (on the social level) not for a 'feminine' "hole to hide... in" but the 'masculine' mountain-top of Disscourn,\(^{15}\) on which live the people of Sant. This society is healthy, mainly because women are not allowed in it. The people of Sant are followers of the prophet Hator, who knew that "all the world was a snare, a limed twig":
Knowing that pleasure was everywhere, a fierce, mocking enemy, crouching and waiting at every corner of the road of life, in order to kill with its sweet sting the naked grandeur of the soul, he shielded himself behind pain (VA 135).

Maskull says, "Henceforward, as long as I live, I shall fight with my nature, and refuse to feel pleasure" (VA 145). He asks Catice, representative of Sant,

"Why does pleasure appear so shameful to us?"
"Because in feeling pleasure, we forget our home."
"And that is--'
"Muspel" (VA 148).

All this is in harmony with the final vision achieved by Nightspore. It is, in fact, a final vision itself, in that it represents the culmination of Maskull's exploration of the world of Generation (as Blake calls it), which is "the handiwork of innumerable pairs of lovers" (VA 86). Only in a society without lovers—without women—are the evil nature of Pleasure and the nature of Nature known, are Surtur and Shaping distinguished, and is the name of Muspel remembered. Maskull's discovery of this therefore completes the first cycle of the spiral of the allegory: Lindsay has completed his study of the problems of man in society. Now Maskull must descend to the next sphere: he must die to society and then be reborn into the next stage of the struggle. This is what happens in the Wombflash Forest, which is both "like some gigantic, supernatural hall in a life after death" (VA 149) and, as the name tells us, the start of a new life for the divine spark of the spirit.

From Sant, Maskull descends—'down' here is towards the centre, and therefore has the values we more normally associate with 'up'—down an enormous staircase, lowering himself "from step to step during what seemed
an interminable time" (VA 149). On reaching the bottom, "deep and heavy unconsciousness seized him almost immediately" (VA 149). This is a death-sleep, during which Maskull has a dream vision which confirms in him his quest: he meets Dreamsinter, who confirms Panawe's suggestions that Maskull is a Prometheus figure: "You came to steal Muspel-fire, to give a deeper life to men" (VA 152). Maskull also sees himself stabbed by Krag, while Nightspore marches on towards Muspel (VA 153-54), and he begins to realise that he is "a secondary character" (VA 155). Maskull is the body, the outside; Nightspore is the essential self.

Maskull continues his journey, taking "the downhill direction" (VA 155) until he comes to the Sinking Sea (VA 158) where he meets a fisherman (who seems to be simply a fisherman: his name tells us of no other significance). Polecrab is the 'ordinary man' at his simplest and best. He corresponds on a personal level to Panawe and Joiwind on the social level, but his innocence is more clearly ignorance. This "unsophisticated being" (VA 161) says gruffly, "I'm a fisherman. I know nothing about wisdom" (VA 160). Maskull tries to explain to his that this world is false and "that reality and falseness are two words for the same thing" (VA 165). Polecrab is quick to see the implications of what Maskull tells him and admits that

I live by killing, and so does everybody. This life seems to me all wrong. So maybe life of any kind is wrong, and Surtur's world is not life at all, but something else (VA 165).

His advice, however, is to "ask the dead . . . and not a living man" (VA 165). He is not going to join Maskull in his quest. His wife,
Gleameil, however, does.

Gleameil, like Christian in The Pilgrim's Progress, is prepared to desert her family (she has three sons) to accompany Maskull. She says, "there is another world for me, as there is for you, Maskull, and it makes my real world appear all false and vulgar" (VA 175). Through Gleameil, Lindsay brings into sharp focus the problem of following one's personal destiny rather than fulfilling one's social obligations. "But can it be right", asks Maskull, "to follow our self-nature at the expense of other people?" "No it's not right," Gleameil replies, "it is wrong, and base. But in that other world these words have no meaning" (VA 175).

One of the most obvious ways of self-fulfillment (and the way, in 'real' life, Lindsay actually chose) is the way of the artist. Maskull and Gleameil travel to Swaylone's Island, where they visit the artist Earthrid. Earthrid is 'rid of the earth' or social necessity: he lives alone on an island, swayed only by his own interests: he follows his own self-hood. In order to play his instrument, Earthrid

sat down by the side of the lake, and, leaning on his side, placed his right hand, open palm downward, on the ground, at the same time stretching out his right leg, so that the foot was in contact with the water (VA 182).

It is, taken literally rather than allegorically, a curious stance, but we can find something similar in Celtic mythology. J. A. MacCulloch says that "mythical personages or divinities are said in the Irish texts to have stood on one leg, with one arm extended, and one eye closed, when uttering prophesies." According to this, Earthrid must be bridging
two worlds, one foot being in the earthly realm and the other in the spiritual, to which the water (matter) will give shape. Earthrid is the artist as subcreator.

As a result of Earthrid's playing, Gleameil dies. Maskull decides to play, and wills to create the shape of Surtur. His efforts surround him with Muspel radiance which, like the spirit form at the seance, starts "becoming localized, preparatory to contracting into a solid form" (VA 186). But the instrument, the medium, is not strong enough to survive the onset of reality: the hills break apart and the lake disappears. In the end, the artist cannot bring into the world the Form from beyond the world.

At midnight Maskull swims out to a passing tree and guides it to the northern shore, Matterplay. This is the 'river of life' itself: one of Crystalman's toys, by which he imitates the flowing from Surtur of the stream of Muspel, and the imprisonment of energy in matter. Animals and plants seem to appear out of nowhere: "Nature was precipitating its shapes into the world, without making use of the medium of parentage" (VA 194). Appropriately, the character Maskull meets in Matterplay is "neither man nor woman, nor anything between the two, but was unmistakably of a third positive sex" (VA 197). Leehallfae is beyond the world of Generation, in a sort of Beulah, where "ae" is both man and woman, and, since "aer lover was no other than Shaping himself", "the eternal child" (VA 197). This, as the Gnostics would immediately have recognised, solves the problem of sinful procreation (there is none), distraction from the love of god, and the duality of sex. However,
the god is still the wrong god, Shaping or Crystalman (or Faceny, as Leehallfae has it), not Surtur. Sex is commonly held to be a consequence of the fall (and vice versa): "The record of history is the sum total of man's efforts to return to the state of oneness. We are maladjusted protozoa. . . . Lovemaking is the last search for the other half of one's self." Leehallfae says correctly that "a man's body contains only the half of life--the other half is in woman", whereas "a phaen's body contains the whole of life" (VA 201). But life is wrong. Were we not maladjusted, were we not aliens, we might be satisfied with seeking the God of this world, and forget the world beyond: Leehallfae has never even heard of Muspel.

Leehallfae hopes to use Maskull's "luck" to find the god of the world he inhabits, and so accompanies Maskull on his journey into a region in which "all life had ceased" (VA 201), since the sparks near their source are too strong to be contained by the clouds of matter. They come to "a perpendicular cliff about three hundred feet in height" from whence the river of life flows (VA 205). After a few hours sleep, Maskull wryly remarks that "heights often bring me inspiration" (VA 206) and begins to climb the cliff. His luck continues. He discovers an entrance into Threall, for which Leehallfae has searched for numberless years. Since "all life has ceased" we must expect the underground country of Threall to be tomb-like, and indeed it is. In "the bowels of the hill" (VA 207) everything is "cold, clear and refined, and somehow suggested austere and tomblike thoughts" (VA 208). Leehallfae says, "I shall die. But it's immaterial. Tomorrow both of us will be dead"
(VA 208). He does die, almost immediately, and his body evaporates. His place is taken by a walking corpse, Corpang, whose country this is. Maskull says, "I feel as if I were dead, and walking in another world" (VA 217).

This is Maskull's second symbolic death on Tormance. He has died to the world in which he tried to find personal fulfillment. Fulfillment can only be found beyond the tomb, but Corpang does not realise this. Corpang has found the 'hole to hide himself in' that Oceaxe suggested Maskull look for in his flight from Generation. It is a "mystic landscape" in which "everything was black and white" (VA 209), "solemn and religious" (VA 210). It is a place in which wisdom is found, as it is in Henry of Ofterdingen and Hoffmann's story 'The Mines of Falun.' In The Elder Edda, Alvis, the All-wise, lives underground: "All-Wise I am called: under the ground / I dwell in the dark among stones." Corpang is wise: he explains at great length the three worlds of existence, love and feeling, and their gods, Faceny, Amfuse and Thire. He takes Maskull to "the Three Figures, which were carved and erected by an earlier race of men" (VA 216) which represent these gods.

Corpang kneels before the statues, and Maskull follows suit. "It grew darker and darker, until all was like the blackest night. . . . He was alone with his spirit" (VA 218). The "three Colossi" come to life in turn. The glow of the first inspires Maskull's "poetic sensibility" with a beauty only describable in terms of nature at its most delicate: "the gleaming, dark, delicate colours of the half-dawn"
The second statue glows and Maskull feels "his heart melting to womanish softness. His male arrogance and egotism faded imperceptibly away; his personality seemed to disappear" and "he felt a tormenting desire to serve" (VA 219). Maskull does not actually see the third statue glow (though he sees it fade afterwards), but he hears a voice tell him "You are to die." "You have despised life," it goes on. "Do you really imagine that this mighty world has no meaning, and that life is a joke?" (VA 221). The first statue represents Faceny, who was worshipped by Leehallfae and, if we infer correctly, as Crystalman or Shaping by Panawe and Joiwind. The second was Amfuse, who was worshipped by Tydomin and Spadevil. The third was Thire, the unseen god of the unseen world, who nevertheless expresses his meaning in this world.

Maskull has just had a mystical experience which is strongly reminiscent of the beginning of Nerval's *Aurélia*:

La rêve est une seconde vie... où le moi, sous une autre forme, continue l'oeuvre de l'existence. C'est un souterrain vague qui s'éclaire peu à peu, et où se dégagent de l'ombre et de la nuit les pâles figures gravement immobiles qui habitent le séjour des limbes. Puis le tableau se forme, une clarté nouvelle illumine et fait jouer ces apparitions bizarres: le monde des Esprits s'ouvre pour nous (21).

"The dream is a second life" in which "the world of the spirit opens itself for us." But life in this world is a second dream in which the world of the spirit is closed to us. Even the apparently genuine mystical experience is discredited by reality, as represented by the drum taps of Surtur. Both Maskull and Cor pang, after the statues have faded, hear "the sound of drumming" and the cavern fills with Muspel light (VA 221). As a result, "the face of each figure [is] clothed in the sordid and
horrible Crystalman mask" (VA 221). All Corpang's erudite talk of three gods and three worlds has been "mere nomenclature" (VA 212): they are all Crystalman. "It must mean," says Maskull, "that life is wrong, and the creator of life too, whether he is one person or three" (VA 221). Corpang agrees: "Life is clearly false" (VA 222).

This is, of course, the conclusion towards which Maskull has been working all along. He has found that fulfillment on a social level is impossible, and it is now confirmed that even personal fulfillment in this world cannot be attained.

Maskull must now be reborn into the third cycle of the spiral we are tracing which is—though it must be doomed to failure—the quest in this world for the Muspel which belongs to the real world. Maskull's third birth unmistakably echoes the rebirth of Anodos in Phantastes. Anodos has been travelling through "an underground country, in which the sky was of rock, and, instead of trees and flowers, there were only fantastic rocks and stones":

At length the country of rock began to close again around me, gradually and slowly narrowing, till I found myself walking in a gallery of rock once more, both sides of which I could touch with my outstretched hands. It narrowed yet, until I was forced to move carefully, in order to avoid striking against the projecting pieces of rock. The roof sank lower and lower, until I was compelled, first to stoop, and then to creep on my hands and knees. It recalled terrible dreams of childhood (23).

Maskull and Corpang "followed the drumming" which lead them into "the mouth of a large cavern" (VA 223):

The path narrowed and became a steep ascent. Then the angle became one of forty-five degrees, and they had to climb. The tunnel grew so confined that Maskull was reminded of the evil dreams of his childhood (VA 224).
Anodos emerges into a "wintry sun," and takes "a little boat" to his death. By contrast, Corpang and Maskull emerge into "Branchspell's blinding rays" (VA 224), where they wait for a ferryman to arrive with his boat, to take them towards real life.

When Gilgamesh is on 'The search for Everlasting Life' (Chapter 4), he passes through "twelve leagues of darkness" to the ocean over which Urshanabi will ferry him. Like Haunte's boat, Urshanabi's is kept safe by "holy things, the things of stone" and his boat has a "serpent prow." Gilgamesh "shatter[s] the stones in his anger," and Urshanabi says to him: "Gilgamesh, your own hands have prevented you from crossing the Ocean; when you destroyed the things of stone, you destroyed the safety of the boat." It is not explained how the stones work. Haunte's stones are "male stones": "they are showering out male sparks all the time. These sparks devour all the female particles rising from the earth. No female particles are left over to attract the male parts of the boat" (VA 230-31). The boat sails through the air, over the arid 'sea' of Lichstorm, on a cushion of male sparks. In the prow is a staff—

Leehallfae perhaps represented the attempt to combine with and
subsume the feminine element in creation, and Cor pang, by ascetism, to avoid it altogether. Haunte has the more positive attitude of complete hostility: "the test is, do you hate and fear women?" (VA 229). In Lichstorm, "men are called to women by pain, and not pleasure" (VA 229). According to Haunte, maleness "is all that prevents the world from being a pure female world," in which case "it would be one big mass of heavy sweetness, without individual shapes" (VA 237). The body, being matter, is, in the larger scheme of things, feminine, but the spark of life is masculine: hence, "an excess of life is dangerous to the body" (VA 237).

Maskull continues northwards with Haunte and Cor pang to the home of Sullenbode. "In Lichstorm the sexes are pure," Haunte told Maskull. "There are men there, and there are women there, but there are no men-women, as with you" (VA 229). As Haunte is pure male, so Sullenbode is pure female. Appropriately she is "one big mass of heavy sweetness": her features are mostly "undeveloped" and "her flesh was almost melting in its softness" (VA 242), as though she were made of soft clay. It was, again, with a woman made of clay, Pandora, that Zeus tempted Prometheus, of whom Maskull is a type. But Sullenbode's setting leads us to associate her rather with Eve than with Pandora. As such she represents the ultimate temptation, true love. The real test of man on earth comes when he must choose between true love of woman and true love of god. In the Christian tradition, these may be shown to lead to the same thing, as Dante's love for Beatrice leads him to god. Before the fall, they must be identical, as C. S. Lewis shows in his naive and
nobly optimistic *Voyage to Venus*, in which the temptation of 'Eve' is restaged, only this time she does not fall. In *A Voyage to Arcturus*, however, love of woman and love of god are only in complete harmony if the god we recognise is Crystalman. Woman is, after all, his creation: she is what he designed specifically to tie us to the world of willing and killing. But for Surtur's sake she must be rejected completely.

Sullenbode's setting is clearly Edenic, but symbolically, not in the picturesque sense:

A huge tree, with glowing branches, came into sight. It bore a multitude of red fruit, like hanging lanterns (14), but no leaves. Underneath this tree Sullenbode was sitting. . . . She was clothed in a singular skin garment. . . . Her forearms were lightly folded, and in one hand she held a half-eaten fruit (VA 242).

In the Gnostic view, woman, symbol of matter and procreation, creation of the Archons, is damned, was created fallen. Sullenbode, even in her semi-plasmic state, has already covered her nakedness, and she eats of the fatal fruit; under whose tree she permanently sits. Her function is to tempt Adam-Maskull from the road to Muspel, which she, as Eve-Sullenbode, can do with a more tempting fruit: her "full, pouting and expressive" lips which are her only fully developed facial feature, "a splash of vivid will" on her undefined face (VA 242). Her mouth is "like a gash of fire" (VA 245): an earthly fire to tempt Maskull from his quest for the Muspel fire from beyond the world.

Haunte kisses Sullenbode and her "features emerged from their indistinctness and became human, and almost powerful" (VA 243). But Haunte is not her prey: "the smile faded, a scowl took its place. She thrust Haunte away." When Haunte kisses her "the second time, he fell backward
with a startled cry, as though he had come in contact with an electric wire." When Maskull looks, "the man was dead... [His] head had been split from the top downward into two halves, streaming with strange-colored blood, as though it had received a terrible blow from an ax" (VA 243). Meanwhile, Sullenbode has returned to her plasmic state.

Before kissing Sullenbode himself, Maskull takes a curious precaution, the significance of which escapes me. Perhaps Maskull has read *Phantastes*, for the incident seems to have an analogue there, when the knight is dealing with stick-men who beat up a little girl while she is collecting butterfly wings. The knight says,

> But suddenly the right plan occurred to me. I tripped one of them up, and, taking him by the legs, set him up on his head, with his heels against a tree. I was delighted to find he could not move (31).

At least Maskull keeps Sullenbode the right way up, but his intention is the opposite of the knight's:

> He plucked nervously at his beard, and stared at Sullenbode. His lips kept twitching. After this had gone on for a few minutes, he stepped forward, bent over the woman, and lifted her bodily in his arms. Setting her upright against the rugged tree trunk, he kissed her. A cold, knifelike shock passed down his frame. He thought that it was death, and lost consciousness (VA 244).

When he recovers he finds "Sullenbode was transformed into a living soul" (VA 244). She tells him,

> Listen, Maskull. Man after man has drawn me into the world, but they could not keep me there, for I did not wish it. But now you have drawn me into it for all time, for good or evil (VA 245).

In fact, she has drawn her life from him: she says later, "I have no other life but what you give me" (VA 254) and "the term of your love is
the term of my life. When you love me no longer, I must die" (VA 254).
In a more literal sense than is common even in allegorical dream fantasy,
Sullenbode is Maskull's projection. For this reason, of course, she is
the ideal temptress: she must be exactly what Maskull thinks he wants.

Maskull and Corpang continue their journey, accompanied by Sullenbode.
Cor pang says women can see Muspel light "on one condition": "They must
forget their sex. Womanhood and love belong to life, while Muspel is
above life" (VA 246). Corpang offers more bitter counsel "to remind
[Maskull] of the existence of nobler things" (VA 246), but he only
succeeds in driving him into Sullenbode's arms (or clutches). Maskull
seals his fate with a second kiss: "an expression of joyousness over­
spread her face, in spite of her efforts to conceal it" (VA 253):

Maskull, without a word, bent over and kissed her lips.
Then he relinquished her body, and turned around to
Corpang.
'How do you, in your great wisdom, interpret that kiss?'
'It requires no great wisdom to interpret kisses,
Maskull.'
'Hereafter, never dare to come between us. Sullenbode
belongs to me' (VA 253).

And he belongs to Crystalman. Corpang speaks not another word, but the
three travellers now have their work cut out to make any progress at
all. After the second kiss, in keeping with the mode of allegory, almost
immediately the going begins

to alter for the worse. The thin snow disappeared, and
gave way to moist, boggy ground. It was all little grassy
hillocks and marshes. They began to slip about and become
draggled with mud. Conversation ceased; Sullenbode led
the way, and the men followed in her tracks. The southern
half of the landscape grew grander (VA 254).
The image is the meaning: following in the footsteps of Sullenbode, the men are on very swampy ground indeed. A man cannot follow a master and a mistress, but Sullenbode is actually as much a victim as Maskull. She says, "Tonight is like life" (VA 256): "So lovely above and around us, so foul underfoot" (VA 257). Without saying anything, Corpang goes on ahead, alone.

Maskull has been tempted, and has fallen. But the life he has given to Sullenbode, he can take away. The two lovers continue together until suddenly Maskull hears again "the drum taps. They came from behind the hill, and were loud, sharp, almost explosive. He glanced at Sullenbode, but she appeared to hear nothing" (VA 259). Then "the crest of the hill began to be illuminated by a strange radiance. . . . It was the light of Muspel." Sullenbode appears to see nothing. "Maskull's spirit swelled" and his heart beat wildly. His body was like a prison. He longed to throw it off, to spring up and become incorporated with the sublime universe which was beginning to unveil itself (VA 259).

He has, if only temporarily, forgotten Sullenbode, and her kisses can no longer tempt him from the 'other' world:

Sullenbode suddenly enfolded him in her arms, and kissed him passionately, again and again. He made no response. He was unaware of what she was doing. She unclasped him and, with bent head and streaming eyes, went noiselessly away (VA 160).

Sullenbode loses the battle, but wins the war. Maskull has been, like Henry of Ofterdingen, "dreaming, or slumbering into another world," and when the light vanishes and "the moonlight reappear[s]" he "stare[s]"
around him like a suddenly awakened sleeper" (VA 260). Maskull runs after Sullenbode, but she is dead before he reaches her:

Beneath its coating of mud, her face bore the vulgar, ghastly Crystalman grin, but Maskull saw nothing of it. She had never appeared so beautiful to him as at that moment (VA 260) (33).

And, we are told, "he cared no more for Muspel" (VA 260).

On the morning of his fifth and last day on Tormance, Maskull "gazed at everything in weary apathy, like a lost soul"--which, indeed, he is. "All his desires were gone forever; he wished to go nowhere, and to do nothing" (VA 262). Maskull, on his own, would progress no farther. At this point, therefore, Krag reappears to drive him finally into Crystalman's clutches. Krag tells him, "You will die this morning" (VA 262), and when Maskull asks "Who and what is Surtur?" he is told, "Don't disturb yourself about that. You will never know" (VA 263). Krag drives Maskull forward with "no . . . stopping--even for the sake of theatrical effect" (VA 264), until they reach Barey, where they meet with the embodied Crystalman himself, Gangnet. They are now far enough north that they can expect the rising of Alppain. "And that," says Krag, "is Crystalman's trump card": "You'll renounce the world so eagerly that you'll want to stay in the world merely to enjoy your sensations" (VA 269).

The three travellers finally emerge from the "accursed forest" (VA 271) and set sail on a floating island "on the bosom of" (VA 272) the ocean. "The name of [this] Ocean" "is told only to those who die beside it" (VA 226). It is, as Krag tells the dying Maskull, "Surtur's Ocean" (VA 277). On this ocean, under the influence of the beautiful and poetic
"man-woman" (VA 266) Gangnet, Maskull finally rejects that "ugly, wrinkled monstrosity" (VA 275) Krag, with his "yellow, repulsive face" (VA 273). Then Alppain rises, and Maskull says "I have lost my will; I feel as if some foul tumor had been scraped away, leaving me clean and free" (VA 275). He is "nothing" (VA 275) and says "I understand nothing, except that I have no self any more. But this is life" (VA 276). Maskull has become one with Crystalman's world. At this point, then, Krag must step in to snatch nothing, Maskull's essential self, Nightspore, out of the hands of the god of creation. Maskull dies and Nightspore is born. "Nightspore gazed long and earnestly at Maskull's body. 'Why was all this necessary?' he asks (VA 277). He is soon to find out, by climbing the tower which leads to Muspel, which is "a ladder to heaven" (VA 281).

We must think of the separate spheres of Crystalman's world, which surrounds Muspel, as being like the separate colours of a rainbow. In fact, creation is a rainbow, and it is also a veil. On the earthly side of the veil we are asleep: we have drunk of Lethe, the river both of matter and forgetfulness: in being submerged in matter, the spirit forgets the real world beyond the veil or what Jean Paul calls "the gleaming Rainbow of Creation" (Carlyle's translation). It is in this image that all the motifs of A Voyage to Arcturus come together. Maskull was of day, asleep to the real world, bound to creation, unable to see beyond Crystalman. Nightspore is of night, asleep to this but awake to the real world, free of creation, and able to see what Plato calls the "true and unsleeping reality" beyond the veil of Maya, rainbow of Creation or shadow of Crystalman. Lindsay's relative, Carlyle, expresses
We sit as in a boundless Phantasmagoria and Dream-grotto;... sounds and many-coloured visions flit round our sense; but Him, the Unslumbering, whose work both Dream and Dreamer are, we see not; except in rare half-waking moments, suspect not. Creation, says one, lies before us, like a glorious Rainbow, but the Sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us. Then, in that strange Dream, how we clutch at shadows as if they were substances; and sleep deepest while fancying ourselves most awake!... This Dreaming, this Somnambulism is what we on Earth call Life (36).

Lindsay would have two quibbles with this: firstly, creation is not the work of "Him, the Unslumbering" Surtur, but of Crystalman; and secondly, "the Sun" lies not behind us but on the other side of the rainbow. This leads to the ultimate paradox of A Voyage to Arcturus, which is that the way to Muspel lies through Crystalman, not away from him. It is only when Maskull is united with Crystalman's world that Nightspore can get free of it.

The Muspel light streams from Muspel and through "the sphere" of Crystalman, by which it is "split, as by a prism, into the two forms of life" (VA 284): sparks of spirit and "whirls" of living will:

What had been fiery spirit but a moment ago was now a disgusting mass of crawling, wriggling individuals, each whirl of pleasure-seeking will having, as nucleus, a fragment of living green fire. Nightspore recollected the back rays of Starkness, and it flashed across him with the certainty of truth that the green sparks were the back rays, and the whirls the forward rays of Muspel. The former were trying desperately to return to their place of origin, but were overpowered by the brute force of the latter, which wished only to remain where they were. The individual whirls were jostling and fighting with, and even devouring, each other. This created pain, but, whatever pain they felt, it was always pleasure that they sought. Sometimes the green sparks were strong enough for a moment to move a little way in the direction
of Muspel; the whirls would then accept the movement, not
only without demur, but with pride and pleasure, as if it
were their own handiwork—but they never saw beyond the
Shadow, they thought that they were traveling toward it.
The instinct the direct movement wearied them, as contrary
to their whirling nature, they fell again to killing,
dancing, and loving (VA 284).

The wills whirl to Crystalman's waltz; the sparks march to Surtur's drum
taps: but the sparks are "hopelessly imprisoned", "effeminated and cor-
ruped—that is to say, absorbed in the foul, sickly enveloping forms"
(VA 283). The wills are the body, the sparks the soul. "Willing and
waking are one and the same thing."37 Willing is "killing, dancing and
loving": "That is what it is to be awake. . . . It is to battle. It
is to will. As for the dream, . . . it is the state into which you
naturally fall when you have let yourself go, . . . when you have ceased
to will."38 Maskull, under Alppain, has fallen asleep to the world where
he has been "murdering and lovemaking" (VA 264), "killing and fondling"
(VA 265), and this sleep (death) has enabled Nightspore (Maskull's dream-
spirit self) to awake to the real world.

When Nightspore climbs the tower and passes through Crystalman's
body, he finds, beyond the rainbow or shadow, nothing. There is no god.
In Jean-Paul's dream-vision 'Rede des toten Christus', translated by
Carlyle, Christ addressed the dead who have assembled from their graves:

I went through the Worlds, I mounted into the Suns, and
flew with the Galaxies through the wastes of Heaven; but
there is no God! I descended as far as Being casts its
shadow, and looked down into the Abyss and cried, Father,
Where art thou? But I heard only the everlasting storm
which no one guides, and the gleaming Rainbow of Creation
hung without a Sun that made it, over the Abyss, and
trickled down (39).
Muspel is not "a Sun", it is nothing; Surtur is not a God, he is nothing.

Maskull found himself, as Nightspore; Nightspore finds himself as a second Krag, as Muspel itself: he

stood expectantly on the stone-floored roof, looking around for his first glimpse of Muspel.

There was nothing.

He was standing on top of a tower, measuring not above fifteen feet each way. Darkness was all around him. He sat down on the stone parapet, with a sinking heart; a heavy foreboding possessed him.

Suddenly, without seeing or hearing anything, he had the distinct impression that the darkness around him, on all four sides, was grinning.... As soon as that happened, he understood that he was wholly surrounded by Crystalman's world, and that Muspel consisted of himself and the stone tower on which he was sitting....

Fire flashed in his heart.... Millions upon millions of grotesque, vulgar, ridiculous, sweetened individuals—once Spirit—were calling out from their degradation and agony for salvation from Muspel.... To answer that cry there was only himself ... and Krag waiting below ... and Surtur—But where was Surtur? (VA 286).

Krag is Surtur, just as Nightspore is Surtur. His name on earth is pain.
Footnotes to Chapter Six

1 Bruce Haywood finds the image of the spiral path to be "the basic structural image of" Henry of Ofterdingen in his Novalis: The Veil of Imagery (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1959), p. 96.


5 Maskull says he has "a moral aim" and Oceaxe asks, "Are you proposing to set the world right?" (VA 90).


8 W. H. Auden, The Enchafed Flood, p. 11.


11 In Phantastes the beech-tree-woman says "why, you baby!" and calls him "my child" (p. 31), the woman in the cottage on the island says "poor child! poor child!" and spoon-feeds him "like a baby" (p. 146), and so on. The women are generally labelled 'Touch Not'.

13 In George MacDonald's *Lilith*, The Little Ones do not grow because all the water has been gathered up by the false mother, Lilith.


15 On the next level of the spiral, he will find a hole to hide in: with Corpang in a sepulchral underground country.

16 In the 'novelistic' action, Maskull is awake—but Dreamsinter appears between two periods of heavy unconsciousness, and knows things that only Maskull's unconscious mind could know: he speaks with what Schopenhauer calls "the truth of the dream". His name vouches for his dream (i.e. real) existence, and perhaps '-inter' is a fragment of 'internal', or hints at burial and life beyond death.


19 This is Krag's function: "he dogs Shaping's footsteps everywhere, and whatever the latter does, he undoes. To love he joins death; to sex, shame; to intellect, madness; to virtue, cruelty; and to fair exteriors, bloody entrails" (VA 177).


22 George MacDonald, *Phantastes*, p. 134. Lindsay's country has real trees, with their roots in the ceiling. In this they are like Corpang, who believes that his own 'roots' are in heaven, though he is mistaken. Man as an inverted tree is an old image, but a pretty one.


25 George MacDonald, *Phantastes*, p. 142. In this, Anodos is like Shelley's Alastor. The epigraph to Chapter I of *Phantastes* is from *Alastor*. 

27. The Epic of Gilgamesh, p. 100.

28. The Epic of Gilgamesh, p. 100.


30. Maskull says, "My body seems full of rocks, all grinding against one another" (VA 244). One wonders if Lindsay knew that the Finnish for love is rakastaa. In Emil Petaja's science-fantasy reworking of the Kalevala, one character says, of rakastaa, "Finnish 'love' sounds like crushing rocks"; Saga of Lost Earths (New York: Ace Books, 1966), p. 73.


33. For some inexplicable reason, Colin Wilson says "Lindsay's purpose seems to have wavered for a moment; but perhaps this is intended ironically" (TSG 60). Nothing of the sort. Gangnet-Crystalman's main point later is, "If Sullenbode can exist . . . the world cannot be a bad place" (VA 268).

34. Krag says, "Gangnet is the king of poets". And Maskull observes, correctly, "if Gangnet is a poet, you're a buffoon" (VA 273).


37. Henri Bergson, Dreams, trans. E. E. Slosson (New York: Huebsch, 1914), p. 49. In his introduction to the Ballantine edition of A Voyage, Loren Eiseley talks of the "Bergsonian glimpse of life as some kind of ineffable streaming radiance, an élan vital" (VA ix). I have ignored Bergson (except here, where he conveniently paraphrases Schopenhauer) because he is to Schopenhauer as Boccherini was to Haydn. Further, Lindsay is always mentioning Schopenhauer but he never, to my knowledge, mentions Bergson.

Thus the compunction willeth upwards, and whirls crossways, and yet cannot effect it, for the hardness, viz. the desire stays and detains it, and therefore it stands like a triangle, and transverted orb, which (seeing it cannot remove from the place) becomes wheeling, whence arises the mixture in the desire; for the turning makes a continual confusion and contrition, whence the anguish, viz. the pain, the third form or sting of sense) arises.


In 'The Enigma of Edward Fitzgerald' Borges tells us of "a translation of *Mantiq al-Tayr*, that mystical epic about the birds who search for their king, Simurg, and finally arrive at his palace, which is across the seven seas, to discover that they are Simurg and that Simurg is each and everyone of them"; Jorge Luis Borges, *A Personal Anthology*, ed. Anthony Kerrigan (New York: Grove Press, 1967), p. 95.
Chapter Seven:

ALLEGORICAL DREAM FANTASY: THE PROBLEM OF STYLE

A Voyage to Arcturus has a number of qualities, as we have seen: it is symbolically inventive, philosophically interesting, a powerful, visual fantasy and a coherent, highly-organised allegory. However, it has generally been considered, by its few critics, to be a not very well written novel, which is less surprising when we remember that it is not a novel at all. The stylistic criteria which literary critics apply to novels may not be applicable to allegorical dream fantasies and works belonging to other non-mimetic genres: we have already seen that the same criteria do not apply with regard to plot and characterisation, and it should not surprise us if this is true of style also. A literary critic who examines works of dream literature according to the criteria of the 'realistic' social or psychological novel as acutely as Joanna Russ does will find the style of dream books to have the following characteristics:

Repetition. No voice or forced voice. Simple figures of speech. Evenness of pacing. Thin characters. Flat sentences, little variety or use of syntax. No playing with sound, or mechanical sound (1).

This correctly describes the style of A Voyage. But from this point of view, almost all dream works in prose have these characteristics, and therefore they must all be badly written. 2

When She was published,

The Pall Mall Budget deplored the 'bathos' and 'frequent torpors' but praised the 'energy and intensity of imagination.' 'It is as though a subject roughed out by
Michael Angelo had been executed with an eye to New Bond Street popularity by Gustave Dore.' The reviewer likens Haggard's conception to Dante's, his writing to that of the Daily Telegraph (3).

She was, of course, such an enormous popular success that Haggard made a world tour, and a mountain and a river were named after him in Canada. Clearly, to borrow Dr. Johnson's phrase, the book must have had some species of merit. In his critical biography of Haggard, Cohen testifies that

the story . . . has a bewildering power, the sort one is accustomed to meet only in superior works of art such as 'Christabel' and some of Poe's masterpieces, a power that grips the reader so fiercely that he brushes aside Haggard's errors in taste, his occasional grammatical lapses, his imperfect character portrayal and lack of emotional unity. The power of his imagination is far stronger than the obstacles his writing puts in our way (4).

'Christabel' has the "bewildering power," but it is not prose. Poe, however, could hardly be recommended as a model for any aspiring prose stylist, and his writing is frequently tasteless even in his masterpieces. Nonetheless, Cohen's testament must be accepted. She "grips the reader so fiercely" that he put a great deal of time and effort into writing a book about Haggard, as I have been similarly gripped by Lindsay and moved to write a thesis about him. Both She and A Voyage show 'the power of imagination' which--whatever it means--is what fantasy is all about. Style is found, in the experience of reading, to be of lesser importance. This is as true for German writers as for English ones, of old fantasies like Bunyan's as of more modern ones. Thomas Carlyle writes of his hero:

To readers who believe that intrinsic is inseparable from superficial excellence, and that nothing can be good or
beautiful which is not to be seen through in a moment, Richter can occasion little difficulty. They admit him to be a man of vast natural endowments, but he is utterly uncultivated, and without command of them; full of monstrous affectation, the very high-priest of bad taste: he knows not the art of writing, scarcely that there is such an art; an insane visionary floating forever among baseless dreams, which hide the firm earth from his view. . . . In this way the matter is adjusted; briefly, comfortably and wrong (5).

For those who penetrate beneath the apparently chaotic surface of the style, however,

his Imagination opens for us the Land of Dreams; we sail with him through the boundless abyss, and the secrets of Space, and Time, and Life, and Annihilation hover round us in dim cloudy forms, and darkness and immensity and dread encompass and overshadow us (6).

Bunyan is never obscure, nor so far-fetched in his "Dark Clouds," but "he seems to write well inconsistently and by happy accident." So does M. P. Shiel in The Purple Cloud. So does Lindsay in A Voyage to Arcturus. We find the attitude Cohen takes towards Haggard, Carlyle towards Richter, and, for that matter, MacNeice and Auden towards MacDonald, taken by Pick and Wilson towards Lindsay. J. B. Pick writes that

A Voyage to Arcturus is a vivid account of [Lindsay's] vision. We require from a witness not a display of educated sensibility but an account of what happened, and this is what [he] gives us. The literati have often proved to prefer a display of educated sensibility. If nothing important has happened, to display educated sensibility is the only possible reason for only giving an account at all (9).

More reasonably, Wilson "notes the awkward style of the novels" (TSG 42), and quotes a passage from Devil's Tor which

is clumsy. It contains phrases that no competent writer would let past: 'her secret heart was full of awful whispers'; it goes on a little too long: 'From him she could endure it, for it was his right and nature', etc. But with all its clumsiness, it ends by gaining a certain momentum, and making one forget its faults (TSG 41).
After one leaves the 'novelistic' world of Faull (comparable to the world of Devil's Tor) and Maskull "awakens on Tormance," says Wilson, "the real action of [A Voyage] begins, and moves forward at a pace that makes this the most extraordinary feat of imagination in English fiction" (TSG 49). Even C. S. Lewis takes this line. Describing "that shattering, intolerable and irresistible work . . . A Voyage to Arcturus" he says Lindsay is "unaided by any special skill or even any sound taste in language" "scientifically it's nonsense, the style is appalling, and yet this ghastly vision comes through." It is "the most remarkable achievement."

Clearly, something is happening in A Voyage to Arcturus, and something powerful. But it is not, evidently, to be isolated in the words on the page, in quite the way that a New Critic might wish. The only reasonable deduction to make is that the words on the page are not the whole story, so to speak. This deduction has been made by Norman N. Holland, who argues in The Dynamics of Literary Response that it is as if literary critics have been looking at a group of children on one half of a somewhat mysterious see-saw, the other half being screened by a wall. They have been trying to explain why this board should rise or fall or stand out horizontally from the wall by examining only the weights and positions of the children on the end they can see (14).

According to Holland, form and meaning in a work are equivalent to defense strategies in the mind, and permit the expression of (in the work), and allow the gratification of (in the mind), central 'core' fantasies which lie 'behind' the text and which are, in the unconscious minds of author and reader, what corresponds to the other half of the see-saw. Literature
is transformation: through a text, unconscious fantasies are transformed into meaning. In Holland's model, the jagged line represents the text or the words on the page:

The model describes the potentialities. When we actually become engaged in a literary response, when we are "with it," the actuality is the process of transformation, in which each of the levels (fantasy, form, meaning) offers pleasure in itself and modifies the possibilities of pleasure from other levels. We take in the fantasy which is an "hallucinatory gratification." In literature as in life, such a fantasy will typically both give pleasure and provoke anxiety. To the extent it gives pleasure, we simply get pleasure from it. To the extent it provokes anxiety, it must be modified to reduce the anxiety. Form and meaning are the two agents that control and manage the fantasy, and they in turn may be sources of pleasure in themselves.

For Holland, in effect, the literary work dreams a dream for us. It embodies and evokes in us a central fantasy, then it manages and controls that fantasy by devices that, were they in a mind, we would call defences, but, being on a page, we call "form." And the having of the fantasy and feeling it managed give us pleasure (16).
Even so-called 'realistic' novels separate us from the external world and inhibit motor activity, as does dreaming, and provide fantasy gratification, as do dreams. But firstly, they manage the fantasy partly by providing us with a world in which we can willingly suspend disbelief (i.e., what seems to be a 'real' world, what is not obviously a fantasy world), thus allaying anxiety. And secondly, they provide a great deal of defense against anxiety through a concentration on form, particularly at the simple level of form as language. Holland calls this "the displacement to language," and points out that

prose tends to transform fantasy toward meaning; poetry does that but also displaces cathexis to the verbal level. Inevitably, then, a narrative in prose will make a stronger, more direct appeal as fantasy than the same story in verse (17).

The conclusion Holland draws from his comparison of prose and poetry is applicable to our comparison between the novel and the allegorical dream fantasy:

Attention, concern, if you will, psychic energy, are taken away from substance and given to language. In terms of our model, such a displacement weakens our involvement with the deeper, fantasy levels, fraught with fear and desire; instead, we concentrate our involvement on the verbal level (17).

That is, words-concern weakens fantasy concern.

New Criticism began with, and is mainly applicable to, the study of poetry. The literary progeny of New Criticism, the modern novel, has a words-concern which aspires to the level of poetry. This kind of words-concern provides massive defences against anxiety-producing fantasies, which is why words-concern is not generally to be found in allegorical dream fantasies and some romances (e.g. the Gothic Novel), where core fantasies are relatively undefended.
All literature is, in a sense, a dream experience for the reader. But allegorical dream fantasies are much more like actual dreams than are modern novels. Fantasies do not put us in a seeming reality, with which, by analogy with life experience, we should feel able to cope, but in a dream world where almost anything can happen, and in which we are therefore relatively insecure. They often do not seem to have well developed formal structuring in the more traditional sense, being (Phantastes, for example) apparently aimless series of incidents. At the level of language, they have almost no words-concern at all. Thus they do not manage the powerful fantasies they deliberately set out to arouse in any readily discernible way, and must be expected to produce hostility and rage when anxieties are aroused and not managed into gratifying form. This is apparent in Joanna Russ's critique of A Voyage to Arcturus, in Wolff's judgement of Lilith, and in Amis's observation that H. P. Lovecraft "does give that impression of being much more than ripe for psychoanalysis." On the other hand, when the fantasy is managed strongly enough for a critic, he tends to respond with forceful statements, corresponding to the rage of detracting critics. A Voyage to Arcturus manages its core fantasy adequately for C. S. Lewis and R. L. Green: Lewis calls it a "shattering, intolerable and irresistible work," and Green a "strange and terrifying romance," an "astonishing book." Evidently, when the fantasy is not a threat, its power may be acknowledged; indeed, must be proclaimed. "Fantasies are what makes us grab somebody by the lapels," as Holland says: they provoke extremes of critical reaction.

It may well be that the central fantasy in a dream fantasy or romance
is undefended in what we have called 'novelistic' ways (words-concern and other formal elements appropriate to the consciousness of the intellecting reader) because it was undefended by the author in the act of writing. Cohen says "Haggard wrote She during February and March 1886, in a little over six weeks. It virtually flowed from his pen of its own accord." Thus, "having written it as quickly as he did, Haggard was writing 'deep,' as though hypnotised." Interestingly, the state of hypnosis is a metaphor for the act of reading which Holland finds more accurate than the metaphor of the dream. Writing quickly, Haggard presumably followed closely the promptings of his unconscious mind, and his conscious mind was not allowed to manage the fantasy into formal or intellectual meaning. Cohen takes Haggard's "later comments" on She to be "all unsuccessful attempts to comprehend his own work." Prose fantasies and romances are almost always written very quickly, and therefore 'deep.' A famous example is M. G. Lewis's enormous Gothic Novel, The Monk. MacDonald wrote Phantastes in two months, and "in 1890, he wrote, almost without stopping, the first draft of Lilith," though this was "only about one third the length of the version that was finally published in 1895." David Lindsay seems to have spent about thirteen months on A Voyage to Arcturus (and it was "long matured") which seems, in comparison, to be a very long time. A Voyage has, however, as we have seen, at least for a fantasy, an extraordinarily complicated, carefully worked out schema, though words-concern in A Voyage remains low compared to most novels.

Allegorical dream fantasies are like dreams in their freedom from the
phenomenal world, their sequential form and their ideation through
visualisation, as we explained in Chapter Two. Reading an allegorical
dream fantasy, then, even more than reading (say) a modern novel, is
a kind of dream experience for the reader, as, to a certain extent, it
must have been for the author when writing it. Like an actual dream,
the dream fantasy is generated by the subconscious mind with little
interference from the conscious intellect of the writer, and it commun-
icates its fantasy to the subconscious mind of the reader, if the conscious
mind (which would object to the style) can be 'put to sleep' or distracted
by the allegory. The idea of subconscious creation, which may be symbol-
ised as the 'inner light' (e.g. of Muspel, or the fire which Ayesha guards
in She), is the guarantee of the authenticity of the core fantasy or
vision. MacDonald, who has been credited with 'inventing' the genre,29
builds his aesthetic theory around this fact. C. N. Manlove has summarized
MacDonald's position thus:

1. Nature is God's book, constructed on principles which
   are beyond the reach of science and the human under-
   standing, but are immediately apprehended by the
   sympathetic child-like imagination.
2. The creative imagination, which exists in his subconscious,
   is man's highest mental faculty: not only because in
giving form to thought it imitates the creative work of
God, but because it is God, who inhabits this area of the
human mind and is the author of its workings.
3. For this reason the human artist has no final control
   over the products of this imagination however he may try
to order and fix its promptings.
4. The works of the creative imagination, considered both as
   the products of divine afflatus and as imitations of the
   nature described above, will appear connectionless, dream-
   like and chaotic. Such works are known as fairy-tales,
   and, so conceived, the fairy-tale is the highest condition
   of life and art (30).
"Nature is God's book" and it is an allegorical dream fantasy: God dreams the world, and the landscape expresses the meaning (The Romantic basis of this is evident.). The images are the meaning, which is why the childlike imagination understands them: children tend to think in pictures, as does the more primitive part of the mind, the subconscious. The "human artist" or conscious mind must not interfere with the dream for, though it appears chaotic, it is not: it is unified by the core fantasy, which is subrational.

If this is the case (and in this one genre, I am arguing, it is), then 'bad writing' may not have a negative function. We have found, in looking at the reactions of critics to fantasy and romance, that the style annoys the intellecting reader only until the core fantasy grips the introjecting reader, after which the book's 'power of imagination' is acknowledged and the style seems to become transparent. This is what happens to the Student Anselmus when transcribing manuscripts in Hoffmann's story, and to Anodos when he reads the story of Cosmo in Phantastes:

In the fairy book, everything was just as it should be, though whether in words or something else, I cannot tell. It glowed and flashed the thoughts upon the soul, with such a power that the medium disappeared from the consciousness, and it was occupied only with the things themselves. My representation of it must resemble a translation from a rich and powerful language, capable of embodying the thoughts of a splendidly developed people, into the meager and half-articulate speech of a savage tribe. Of course, while I read it, I was Cosmo, and his history was mine. Yet all the time I seemed to have a kind of double consciousness, and the story a double meaning (31).

The "double consciousness" is the split between the intellecting and introjecting parts of the mind: the fairy book speaks (not in words but in "something else": pictures) directly and powerfully to the soul, or
introjecting subconscious on one level, and in "meager and half-articulate speech" to the intellecting conscious mind. The medium is just that: a medium, not a message. The medium's only function is to enable us--and this is the aim of A Voyage and other neo-Platonic dream fantasies--to break through to "the things themselves": the real world (Muspel).

The best style for an allegorical dream fantasy might seem to be a transparent style: no words-concern at all. This is what Colin Wilson seems to ask for when he complains of Lindsay, "Why the hell can't people write as they talk? No one has to write as stiffly and awkwardly as this" (TSG 35). In fact, the answer to both of Wilson's points is that Lindsay did. This Edwardian Lloyd's underwriter with a Scottish Calvinist background would no doubt have seemed stiff and awkward to Colin Wilson. And E. H. Visiak does say that "there was a remarkable correspondance between Lindsay's speech and deportment and his literary style" (TSG 97). What is transparent to one person will not be transparent to another. Perhaps the most one could ask for would be a certain plainness. This is something Louis MacNeice calls attention to in his discussion of fantasy writers,

Varieties of Parable:

It is noticeable, for instance, that most of my playwrights and novelists . . . go in for a plain style. . . . The plainness is like a truthdrug or, putting it differently, the knife that almost killed the writer will cut the reader to the bone (32).

And Frank Kermode observes,

Words, thoughts, patterns of word and thought, are enemies of truth, if you identify that with what may be had by phenomenological reductions (33).

But in that case there is no point in writing books at all. Indeed, writers
of allegorical dream fantasy are often excused from being writers. MacNeice says of George MacDonald that his "writings are not to everyone's taste . . . partly because he is not essentially a writer." Pick applies to Lindsay the phrase Lindsay applied to Nietzsche: he was "by nature a musician" (TSG 8). Wilson says Lindsay "undoubtedly misunderstood his talents when he decided to become a novelist" (TSG 90) and that "it is worth noting that Lindsay was a musician—like Hoffman (sic)" (TSG 47), (though Wilson gives no indication that Lindsay ever wrote any music). Since, as we have seen, "music is the experience of a supernatural world" (in Lindsay's phrase; TSG 13), this is a tribute to the imaginative power of the fantasy working on the subconscious, but it says nothing about style.

In fact, fantasies are not written in a 'plain' style at all, though plain writing may be one element in a mixture of plain and ornamental (?) styles (as in M. P. Shiel, for example). Fantasies are more generally written in very exaggerated styles, often with overpowering stridency and the repeated use of overemphatic words. An obvious example is Poe's 'nickle-plated style.' Even without the blessing of academia, a fantasy can survive an enormous amount of really bad writing, if the fantasy it embodies is powerful enough. Thus, according to Damon Knight, "The Blind Spot, by Austin Hall and Homer Eon Flint, is an acknowledged classic of fantasy, first published in 1921; much praised since then, several times reprinted, venerated by connoisseurs." Knight points out that Hall was "style deaf," and quotes to illustrate:

For years he had been battering down the skepticism that had bulwarked itself in the material.
She is fire and flesh and carnal—... at whose feet fools and wise men would slavishly frolic and folly.

It was a stagger for both young men.

She [a dog named queen] caught him by the trouser-leg and drew him back. She crowded us away from the curtains. It was almost magnetic.

Knight says "'magnetic'--like . . . 'intrinsic,' incandescence' (sic) and 'iridescent' (sic)—is a word Hall kept tossing in at random, hoping to hit something with it eventually." To be precise, the words are thrown in not because they mean anything to the intelleting mind, but (they are long and important and impressive sounding words) because they aim at producing a vague but exaggerated emotion in the subconscious. The same intention lies behind the alliteration of the second example quoted above: fire, flesh; feet, fools; frolic, folly. This must have some effect, even if it doesn't mean anything.

Most fantasy writers are nothing like so bad as Hall, but they employ the same techniques. M. P. Shiel in The Purple Cloud sometimes massacres sense with vowels the way Hall did with consonants: "The ship had been striken into stillness in the thick of a briskness of activity." But generally he can't keep it up for long. William Hope Hodgson writes more simply, but finds the nickle-plated word (reiterate, in this case) irresistible: "For some little time, I stood there, lost in perplexing thought. 'What does it all mean?' was the cry that had begun to reiterate through my brain." George MacDonald and David Lindsay are relatively good writers, and their exaggerations are more subtle. In Lilith, Mr. Vane says "A frightful roar made my heart rebound against the walls of its cage. The alabaster trembled as if it would shake into shivers. The
princess shuddered visibly. This is as good as anything in Poe.

In Lindsay as in Blake, the terrific parts are terrific and the prosaic parts are prosaic. But the 'heightened' quality of the terrific parts in Lindsay—and here he differs from Shiel, MacDonald and Hodgson—comes less from the exaggerated use of language than from the sheer scale of the images. The knight in Phantastes notices that

notwithstanding the beauty of this country of Faerie, in which we are, there is much that is wrong in it. If there are great splendors, there are corresponding horrors; heights and depths; beautiful women and awful fiends; noble men and weaklings (41).

Because of the philosophical depth and psychological complexity of Lindsay's thought, there are no cardboard dragons and simply beautiful heroines on Tormance, and it is too tough a world for either noble men or weaklings. Nonetheless, A Voyage is, in a similar way, dichotomous, and there are plenty of huge mountains and abysmal precipices to generate emotional significance for displacement to the embodiments to 'keep the allegory vigorous.' Panawe, for example, describes for us

Shaping's Causeway. It is so called either because Shaping once crossed it, or because of its stupendous character. It is a natural embankment, twenty miles long, which links the mountains bordering my homeland with the Ifdawn Marest. The valley lies below at a depth varying from eight to ten thousand feet—a terrible precipice on either side. The knife edge of the ridge is generally not much over a foot wide. The causeway goes due north and south. The valley on my right hand was plunged in shadow—that on my left was sparkling with sunlight and dew. I walked fearfully along this precarious path for some miles (VA 71).

Lindsay does not have Panawe try to recreate for us, in words, the experience, but he gives us enough concrete details for us to imagine ourselves in the situation, surrounded by "the things themselves." In this passage there are
only two words that are not straightforward description of the physical situation: 'stupendous' and 'terrible.' They describe not the landscape, literally, but the exaggerated emotion it produces. The description itself is evenly paced, structurally repetitive, has only one metaphor ("the knife edge"), and only once plays with sound ("sparkling with sunlight" alliterates): these are characteristics Joanna Russ isolated. But the passage does achieve its ends—the realisation of the terrible nature of the journey across the stupendous causeway—by pictorial means: each sentence gives us a precise physical detail to visualise. In fact, impressiveness of the landscape is reinforced by the unimpressive (matter of fact) use of language. This is completely appropriate writing in an allegorical dream fantasy, where the image is the meaning: it is, in fact, good writing.

Lindsay's style is, of all the Victorian fantasy writers we have discussed, the plainest and flattest. Though sentences of more than fifteen or twenty words sometimes seem to fall apart in Lindsay's hands, fortunately they are rare. The average syntactically complete unit in Lindsay is very short, and that unit is generally a simple subject-verb-object structure, even if it isn't a sentence by itself. Another typical paragraph is:

He lay there waiting in the darkness, ignorant of what was going to happen. He felt her hand clasping his. Without perceiving any gradation, he lost all consciousness of his body; he was no longer able to feel his limbs or internal organs. His mind remained active and alert. Nothing particular appeared to be taking place. Then the chamber began to grow light, like very early morning. He could see nothing, but the retina of his eyes was affected. He fancied that he heard music, but while he was listening for it, it stopped. The light grew stronger, the air grew warmer; he heard the confused sound of distant voices (VA 122).
The syntax could hardly be simpler. The only nickle-plated phrase in the two paragraphs, "without perceiving any gradation," means exactly what it says. Words-concern, for the reader, could hardly be smaller: the reader's attention may be undistractedly focussed on the picture Lindsay is describing.

We have heard MacNeice on the virtue of plain style. But in fact, even an awkwardness of style may, by the same token, be turned to good account, as it is by William Hope Hodgson in *The House on the Borderland*, which pretends to be a 'found' manuscript. By this very popular defensive device—as used by Haggard, Poe and hundreds of others—the author pretends to be only the editor, and therefore not responsible for the necessarily awkward and exaggerated telling. Thus Hodgson:

> Amid stiff, abrupt sentences I wandered; and, presently, I had no fault to charge against their abrupt tellings; for, better far than my own ambitious phrasing, is this mutilated story capable of bringing home . . . (43).

The manuscript itself, which follows, is reportedly discovered among the rubble of a derelict house. If we remember that (in Poe, often; in *The Haunted Woman*, perhaps) the house may be a symbol of the brain or the head, then Hodgson is giving us a clue to the real source of the manuscript: i.e., his subconscious mind. In a real sense, then, he, William Hope Hodgson as centre of consciousness, is only the editor of something that in fact comes from apparently (now) derelict depths beneath. The author splits himself into that familiar double, the 'I' who acts out the fantasy or dream, and the 'I'-editor who observes, corrects, comments and edits.

This correlates with our division between fantasy and romance. Almost all fantasy is written in the first person, whereas almost all romance is
written in the third person. In romance, the 'I' who observes and edits is in control as subcreator, while subconscious fantasies are subliminally acted out. The words-concern of a Morris, with his mediaevalisms, or of a Tolkien, in English and elvish, provide such massive defenses that generally the writer and often the reader are unaware that fantasies are being acted out. Tolkien's insistently repeated denials that his work is allegorical are, in effect, denials that there is anything happening beneath the surface in The Lord of the Rings. In Tree and Leaf, Tolkien stridently complains about the "error or malice" of people who "stupidly and even maliciously confound Fantasy with Dreaming, in which there is no Art; and with mental disorders, in which there is not even control: with delusion and hallucination": "Fantasy is a rational not an irrational activity." MacDonald, being a fantasy as opposed to a romance writer, took, of course, exactly the opposite view. No one reading Phantastes or Lilith (especially since the advent of Freudian reductionism, which was abandoned by Freudsians fifty years ago, but which is still practised at the lower levels to which it trickled down) could miss the almost naked fantasy embodied therein: the need for oral gratification, preferably at the mother's breast. In works of fantasy, then, core fantasies are acted out: the 'I' who acts is in control, while the 'I' who observes and edits is reduced to doing just that.

A Voyage to Arcturus is an unusual book in this respect, being essentially a fantasy, rather than a romance, but told in the third person. Both the 'I' who acts (Maskull) and the 'I' who observes (Nightspore) are embodied as characters in the book, though on Tormance they do not, of
course, hold the stage together. The first-person point of view, however, had Lindsay used it, would have given him one of two problems: either the book would have ended with Maskull's death, and the effect might have been ludicrous, as at the end of The House on the Borderland:

There are steps on the stairs. . . . Jesus, be merciful to me, an old man. There is something fumbling at the door-handle. O God, help me now! Jesus— The door is opening— slowly. Somethi— (45);

or the book would have ended, as both MacDonald's fantasies end, with the return to the real world, which undercuts the power of the fantasy: 'Oh, it was only a dream.' A Voyage to Arcturus is not presented as a dream, but as an account of terribly real events in a terribly real, if not a real, world: the science-fiction realism (as we noted in Chapter Three) gives bite to the fantasy. On the other hand, abandoning the first-person point of view in itself distances the fantasy, so that we are able both to identify with Maskull and to accept his eventual death and damnation.

The 'I' who observes in A Voyage to Arcturus, Lindsay as intelleting writer, is not subcreating a romance world, however—as would be normal in a romance of the Morris to Tolkien type—but reporting as simply as possible the allegorical world projected by the 'I' who is generating and acting out the core fantasy. The situation is very like that in the Sagas, where the narrator is not held to be responsible for the actions of the characters: he is simply reporting what he can see as he sees it. But the narrator in the Sagas can see a real world, i.e., a world where characters behave and think as they might be expected to do if they were really people. The narrator in A Voyage takes exactly the same stance,
but he is reporting a dream world. Descent into the subconscious—for the writer writing, for the reader reading, or for either dreaming—involves a regression to preverbal levels. Ideation at these levels, as we have seen (Chapter Two), takes what is "probably the most primitive form of ideation,"\(^46\) thinking in pictures. In his first essay on *A Voyage*, in *Eagle and Earwig*, Colin Wilson finds "the imaginative vitality of the writing" to be that "everything is clear cut and distinct as in painting."\(^47\) Lindsay, like Dante, Spenser, Blake, Novalis, MacDonald etc., had a visual imagination because he was writing out of his subconscious: thinking in pictures. We have seen that Lindsay's writing concentrates on visualizable details.

J. A. Hadfield in his book on *Dreams and Nightmares* says dreams are "more capable of solving our problems by virtue of two characteristics, not shared to the same extent by ordinary ideation, namely the exaggerated emotion in the dream and the dramatization of dreams."\(^48\) The exaggerated style we have noted in some dream fantasies parallels the exaggerated emotion of dreams, while to a great extent in Lindsay this emotion is generated by exaggerated landscapes. But words-concern, for author and reader, is a 'high' level, intellectual means of defending against a core fantasy. In dream fantasy, written 'deep,' where words-concern is very low, the defence against the anxiety aroused by the core fantasy is not words-concern but image-concern. This is what we examined in *A Voyage to Arcturus*: allegory as battle and as progress, progress as a spiral; recurrent images of height and depth, light and dark, lightness and weight. When actually reading *A Voyage to Arcturus*, the introjecting reader is
engaged by a visual (i.e. dream) fantasy, a dramatization. R. L. Green records that *A Voyage*’s haunting, terrifying quality lies in the fact that the meaning seems clear somewhere in the subconscious mind, but eludes the conscious mind with the numbing horror which we sometimes experience in seeking to recapture a dream which lingers somewhere in our being—vividly real but frighteningly incomprehensible (49).

But the whole point of the book—according to Holland, the point of all serious literature—is the bringing to consciousness in manageable form unconscious realities:

> Literature transforms our primitive wishes and fears into significance and coherence, and this transformation gives us pleasure. It is this transformation of deep personal feelings that Freud called, 'the innermost secret,' 'the essential *ars poetica*' (50).

Holland also says that "one could define allegory as a genre that handles fantasies by making the transformation into meaning quite explicit."51 In this discussion of the subconscious introjection of fantasy, I have talked of the intellect being 'side-stepped'; however, while subconsciousness will let itself (apparently) be underemployed, consciousness, being consciousness, will not, and intellect must have some part to play, if only, as I suggested in Chapter One, to keep it busy. Holland's comment reminds us that allegory (generally, naive allegory) is most often thought of not as being too fantastic but as being too *cerebral*. In the genre of allegorical dream fantasy, to which *A Voyage to Arcturus* belongs, there is both the very 'high' engagement of the intellecting reader puzzling out the allegory, and the very 'deep' engagement of the introjecting reader in the core fantasy (and not much in between, where the average novel operates).
The purpose of the progress in an allegorical dream fantasy like *A Voyage to Arcturus* is, however, the transformation of fantasy into meaning and thus into consciousness. The process is embodied in the four stages of the allegorical progress we examined in Chapter Two, where we discussed it in terms of the manifest and latent contents of the dream rather than intellecting and introjecting parts of the mind. We begin in the 'real' world we share with Faull and his city friends, and move to the dream or spirit world of Tormance. These two worlds clearly overlap, as we are meant to realise either when Maskull is reborn to mother Joiwind or at least when Maskull wakes up as the phantom at the seance (sacrificing his body on earth to the quest and on Tormance to Tydomin). The material world (conscious, intellecting, manifest) overlays the spirit world (subconscious, introjecting, latent), but the spirit world *necessitates* what goes on in the phenomenal world: as with Lore's leap in *Sphinx*, our actions in the real world have subconscious fantasy motivations. In the allegorical progress we are given the fantasy more or less directly (undefended by words-concern, and sidestepping 'reality-testing' through dream techniques), with the 'meaning' into which the fantasy may be transformed (as it was by the author when writing) in the allegorical concreteness of the names. Once the pattern has been established the fantasy is transformed towards meaning and the (specific intellectual) meaning merges with the fantasy (the names becoming more opaque as the patterns become clearer) until the two levels are united in the final vision which constitutes the third part of the allegory. This prepares for--indeed, necessitates--the return of the protagonist to the phenomenal world (which Nightspore
is promised), which coincides with the writer 'waking up' from his creative dream and the reader 'waking up' to reality when he puts down the book.

In A Voyage to Arcturus the core fantasy—which underlies but does not negate the 'intellectual' meanings—is of phallic assertiveness in the face of the threat of maternal engulfment (Crystalman is 'Mother' Nature). The phallic assertiveness is justified by the identification of the maternal elements with evil. E. H. Visiak says the reason for Lindsay's attitude to sex is two-fold; a major psychological shock sustained in his childhood, compounded, in due course, with his sexual complex.

I have evidence that this took place (TSG 115).

However, Visiak neither says what the shock was, nor gives his evidence. But it is not important. A Voyage to Arcturus is important as literature not because it successfully (or unsuccessfully) transformed Lindsay's own fantasies, but for how it transforms ours. I have shown how A Voyage to Arcturus, through its overall design, its metaphysical system, through the organisation of its imagery, through the succession of incidents, organises its fantasy material. Beyond explication, beyond criticism, I can only say that, for me, it works.
Footnotes to Chapter Seven

1 Joanna Russ, 'Dream Literature and Science Fiction' in Extrapolation (Dec. 1969), pp. 9-10. Joanna Russ has each sentence a separate paragraph; I have run them together to save space.

2 See my later use of Holland's The Dynamics of Literary Response on fantasy in poetry and prose. It is worth noting, however, that some writers of allegorical dream fantasy in verse have had doubts cast on their stylistic effectiveness: Spenser and Blake, for example.

3 M. Cohen, Rider Haggard: His Life and Works (London: Hutchinson, 1960), pp. 101-02. The review was published on January 6, 1887. A Voyage to Arcturus was first published as a serial in The Daily News.

4 M. Cohen, Rider Haggard, pp. 102-03.

5 Thomas Carlyle, The Complete Works of Thomas Carlyle, 30 vols. (London: Chapman and Hall, 1898), XXII, p. 120.

6 Thomas Carlyle, Works, XXII, p. 122.


11 C. S. Lewis, Of Other Worlds, see pp. 11-12.

12 C. S. Lewis, Of Other Worlds, see pp. 88-89.

13 C. S. Lewis, Of Other Worlds, p. 11.

15 Norman Holland, TDLR: the diagram is from p. 183 and the text quoted is from pp. 181-82.

16 Norman Holland, TDLR, p. 75. Holland says later, "the subsystem formed within a man by hypnosis is the most exact analogy to our incorporation of literary works, but unfortunately not many of us have been hypnotized. A more familiar, if less exact, analogy to our engrossment in literature is dreaming" (p. 87).

17 Norman Holland, TDLR, p. 60. A stronger appeal as fantasy, not necessarily as literature. Because of its stronger verbal defences, poetry may be able to handle more powerful fantasies, though Coleridge's is the only example which springs to mind.

18 Norman Holland, TDLR, p. 135.

19 See Joanna Russ, 'Dream Literature and Science Fiction' in Extrapolation (Dec. 1969). In her science-fiction novella Picnic on Paradise, Joanna Russ has a party of eight tourists cross Paradise, led by a female Trans Temporal Agent, during a Commercial War. Four women out of five get through, and the one who dies is aged 90, but none of the four men survive (including the one called Machine whom Alyx, the TTA, loves). This embodies a core fantasy antipathetic to the one in A Voyage, where all the women except Joiwind (and she an Innocent to be protected) get killed off.

20 Lilith embodies the same need for oral gratification and absobrtion in the Mother as Phantastes: the first draft of Lilith began, "My mother I had no memory of . . ." The growth of the Little Ones, physical and emotional, is stunted by the lack of 'the white blood of the mother,' water. And so on. R. L. Wolff in The Golden Key (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1961) says of Lilith: "One might forgive its cruelty, its ugliness, its irresponsibility, its brooding depression, if one could feel . . . that the images had inexhaustible meaning, and that the author kept the story moving. Close reading . . . has convinced me instead that . . . it is feeble, ambiguous, and inconsistent in its imagery, full of senile hatreds and resentments, and the most violent in its agressions of all MacDonald's works" (p. 332). Strong stuff indeed.


22 C. S. Lewis, Of Other Worlds, p. 71.

24 Norman Holland, TDLR, p. 27.

25 M. Cohen, Rider Haggard, p. 97.

26 M. Cohen, Rider Haggard, p. 103.

27 M. Cohen, Rider Haggard, p. 103. This is, of course, why She is inferior as literature to *A Voyage*. Lindsay, unlike Haggard, retains conscious control of the shape of his material. Lindsay knew exactly what he wanted to say, and said it clearly and unambiguously.


29 R. L. Wolff says in The Golden Key that Phantastes and Lilith "form almost a new literary genre in themselves" (p. 4). C. N. Manlove says bluntly that "MacDonald begins in England a literary genre of 'Romantic Theology' which is continued in the work of Charles Williams, C. S. Lewis and J. R. R. Tolkien" (p. 97). In this article, 'George MacDonald's Fairy Tales: Their Roots in MacDonald's Thought' in Studies in Scottish Literature (Oct. 1970), Manlove does such a creditable job of disentangling MacDonald's confused and confusing utterances that one is prepared to forgive his twin idiocies, missing out Lindsay and including Tolkien on his list.

30 C. N. Manlove, 'George MacDonald's Fairy Tales,' p. 98.


34 Louis MacNeice, Varieties of Parable, p. 95.

35 A similar thought underlies Jacques Bergier's attribution of the genre, over the heads of MacDonald and Lindsay in English, to C. S. Lewis:

D'autres enfin disent que la trilogie de Lewis n'est pas de la science fiction. Ce à quoi m'est déjà arrivé de répondre: "La musique n'est pas de la littérature."

Lewis a créé un genre nouveau ou, si on veut absolument le rapprocher de Dante et de Milton, renouvelé un très ancien.

36 Damon Knight, *In Search of Wonder* (Chicago: Advent, 1967), p. 22. In a later chapter, Knight cites a delicious item from Richard Matheson's *The Shores of Space* (1957): "He blinked away the waves of blackness lapping at his ankles" (p. 240).

37 Damon Knight, *In Search of Wonder*, pp. 22-23.


41 George MacDonald, *Phantastes*, p. 194.

42 Litotes is a favorite device in *The Saga of Grettir the Strong*, trans. G. M. Hight (London: J. M. Dent, n.d.). For example: Illurgi says to Grettir at one point, "Here is a man coming towards us with his axe in the air; he has a rather hostile appearance" (p. 197).


51 Norman Holland, *TDLR*, p. 315.
Joanna Russ in 'Dream Literature and Science Fiction' in *Extrapolation* (Dec. 1969) says one "concrete element in Dream Literature is the names. Lindsay's names are brilliant. In their suggestiveness, their wit, their collapsing of many references and metaphors into one word, they gather into themselves the particularity so lacking in the rest of the book" (p. 11).

David Lindsay is thus, as Dr. Merivale noted in the margin of an earlier draft of Chapter Four, an M.C.P. This is his defense against the (castrating) threat women represent. Interestingly, it is a chauvinism which (unlike Schopenhauer's) results from an enormously high estimate of women, as we can see from the 'metaphysical thrillers,' where heroines are more important than heroes: Isbel in *The Haunted Woman*, Lore and Celia in *Sphinx*, Ingrid in *Devil's Tor*. Lindsay's last (unfinished and unpublished) work, in fact, *Witch*, is a long monologue spoken by an Earth Mother. May we surmise from this that his defenses were inadequate and that he was finally engulfed?
Appendix

Gravitationally likely is the following arrangement:

The North pole (N) is lit only by Alppain (A), and the South pole (S) only by Branchspell (B). However, with Tormance rotating around the axis N-S, Alppain will light all but the southernmost tip of Tormance every day (or night).

Gravitationally less likely is the following arrangement:

Alppain being on the line of rotation of Tormance, N-S being at 45° to the plane of rotation of Tormance around Branchspell, maximizes the separation of the lights of the two suns. This is the situation in Arcturus. But in this case, Alppain's light is first visible at the equator, which is where Maskull's Northward journey must end.
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