

**THE DRYAD'S BUBBLE:
FAITH, NATURE, AND MOVEMENT IN
CHARLOTTE BRONTË, L. M. MONTGOMERY,
AND HAIKU**

by

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ABSTRACT

The following is a consideration of the influence that location and imagination have as co-operating in the development of psyche, described as a kinetic sense of *individuation*. Specifically, I consider this dynamic in the literary works of two women from the nineteenth century: Villette and Jane Eyre, by Charlotte Brontë, and Anne of Green Gables, by L. M. Montgomery.

Charlotte Brontë's orphans, Jane Eyre and Lucy Snowe, both undergo personal journeys which invite and defy the habits of archetypal mythologies. They are souls in development whose movements are interwoven with the fluctuations of metaphysical space and geographical culture. By considering how their narrative formation follows patterns of individuation which both resemble and reject Romantic (neo-Platonic) archetypes of soul-making, I discuss how Brontë offers an alternative study of the achievement of self which does not rely on a transcendental ontology of *logos* as origin/destination. I consider how she offers a more definite sense of one's relationship to the immediacy of nature.

The second part of the thesis consists of a meditation on L. M. Montgomery's orphan, Anne, whose spirit and performance of psyche and nature I compare with the Japanese *haiku* poets Issa and Bashō, using the vocabulary of *haiku* aesthetics.

Western culture may complicate nature--our own fingers pointing fingers at moons--but nature is itself expressing continuously the calm passion of the creative principal in its entirety. Anne offers a Western example of self and contemplation in the non-predictability of life.

DEDICATION AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This work is dedicated in loving memory to Jimmy Oshita, from whose papaya fields in Kauai'i I first learned the meaning of *selves*, tea, and playful acceptance.

Also--for the love and support from my family; for Elizabeth and the persistence of me/mory; Damo still in Sligo, and all the crack at Maddens and Caferty's in Béal Feirste--and all the patron saints who took me in, when I was making my way, within my own travels and movements. This work is therefore dedicated to the peacemakers throughout all the counties of Ireland.

I am indebted to the work of numerous scholars and artists whom I've met or read over the years, and, unable to list them, I can only offer this work as a gift and offering of respect and love to their teachings, and that my own writings here are but a mossy response to the growth they cultivated within me. Great thanks to Chris Walsh for the do it do it dot. The big dot.

(Especially--I am grateful to June Sturrock, my supervisor, for her open manner to my approaches, for being a whimsical puddle-stomper, and, most importantly, for (also) getting the geg.)

Ní rabhas riamh im aonar
ach lá déanta bhur n-uaigne
gé minic do bhí mise
agus sibhse go huaigneach.

-Seán, January 2000.

薔薇を描く花は易しく葉は難たき

(Shiki)

**Roses;
The flowers are easy to paint,
the leaves difficult.**

(Blyth 3: 870)

**The wind was whipping now. Yet that whole afternoon,
even more than the other, was filled with old premonitions
or memories, as though I'd been there before, for other
purposes more ancient, more serious, more simple.**

(Kerouac, Dharma Bums 80).

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PRE-FACE

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

What was my original face before I was born? in that name.

Maybe this is a farewell: I am an intellectual product partially engineered within the highly spired, yet postly-structural, tower of Babel, which is populated by theoretical tin-men who now confess (partially) their painfully self-evasive and convoluted poise.

Our jargon is mesmerized by the elements of conceptual knowledge which premeditate over questions such as closure and *essentialism*, among academic courtyards where credit card applications are fished out to jobless graduates. Aquarian religiosity, apocalyptic cults, spiritual esoterica, and Divine Universalisms have brought essentialisms into all areas of popular culture. We discuss Heidegger's decentring of the objective subject in lecture halls filled with students who have done extremely powerful psychedelic drugs. The ceaseless pursuit of academic publishing repeats itself, in its Masonic systems of initiation, self-reference, and allegiance to coteries of the higher rank.

We long to belong at home in our current residence. I've never been too fond of quoting from the book of Revelations, but--as parents, as protestors in the street--we sense that some sort of finale is befalling us. A self-indexed industry of theory based upon excess and investment in the same anti-certainties and nihilistic mutual funds will not save us from our current disasters.

I still do believe in toiling, and I do believe in Love. I

sincerely hope that this thesis can somehow attain the balance to which I aspire one last time: a thesis that is both theoretical in thought but practical in exploring directly into the nature of Things as They Are. I, admittedly, have never felt comfortable using established, academic models and modalities of voice and persona. From this day onward I return to writing poetry as my purest discipline of creative inquiry. Maybe then the answer was in my Donegal prayer that kept running on in my head, as the itch to travel takes hold, as I continuously am in wait for the next step--

Three times that urge in the ground
crosses my circle around Balor's rock.
Tied to the tether of his Tory's rounds--

I braid the rigging and the rosses,

in promises to keep, three times repeat,
Cherish our sick and marry our bramble,
walking around a rock of conceit.

But I hope in this walk, not in the parish,

as rock or wheat the devil offered in a creel,
forgotten in the lonely place--then later, drunk,
three times through makes a good work of a reel.

Three turns around the spin of one eye begotten.

Prefatory Notes

(1) In some instances, my presentation of Japanese text substitutes contemporary, standard *kanji* for older, non-standard forms. For example, I change the radical 示 in some *kanji* to comply with contemporary patterns: as in 福 (*fuku*) (Halpern 1029). Also, Issa sometimes uses what is now considered a non-standard form for *sakura*, cherry-tree: in these instances the contemporary standard form replaces the original. Another occurrence-- 梅 (*ume*) is a standardized form, translated as *plum* by Blyth, but in current usage perhaps better understood as *Japanese apricot* (Halpern 925). These unavoidable changes are to accommodate difficulties in the input of Japanese characters within native English word-processors.

(2) Two additional features of my essay deserve comment here. In the passages that I have bracketed with asterisks, I have attempted to provide a "map" of my own thought processes in responding to Jane Eyre, cast in the form of meditations on my reading. And my assumption throughout is that I offer an interpretation, and its more formal incarnation, criticism, that is transitional and open-ended. In keeping with this view--and the Zen perspective of the "AnneZen" chapter--I have provided no summary of "conclusions" at the close of the essay.

Abbreviations

JE - *Jane Eyre*

V - *Villette*

AGG - *Anne of Green Gables*

INTRODUCTION

i

You are here. We could debate that statement endlessly and achieve only what was apparently done.

The art of becoming, which is the most natural activity of anyone or anything in the holistic motions of the universe, remains one of the most fleeting and ambiguous for the intellect to define, precisely for the reason that *becoming* is such an immediate, almost undetectable presence of kinesis and change. Categories of purpose, destination, and objectivity become irrelevant because these move something akin to the speed of light.

The uncompromising power of storytelling has arisen in endless shapeshifting, from which arises all the *post hoc* patterns of narrative interpretation, from which we further intensify and magnify patterns of resemblance, archetype, and meaning. We try and measure the distance in the sky by the degree of refraction in separate stars.

Consciousness has the unique capacity for being both at harmony with and in opposition to its spatial environment and upon which, in varying magnitudes, it is also dependent. As a shapeless entity committed to assuming various shapes, the psyche in the hands of the poet becomes a legitimate form of mysticism and transformation.

This thesis will consider the topographies and imaging/imagining consciousness and its dimensionality in relationship to change and environment.

I make use of the terms “kinesis” and “individuation.” Individuation is meant to refer to the process first mentioned by Keats, and explored by Hillman, that is *soul-making*. Whether or not one is pre-possessed with an eternal,¹ already assumed soul is not so important as the question of how the distinction of soul is developed and expanded through the process of activity and variation.

I mean to apply *kinetic* in reference to two senses of movement, in physical and mental spaces. First, the works I’m considering involve transitional movements of person and geography, and their altering environmental spaces affect the formation of identities. Thus, second, an attempted description of personality in time should consider that an individual is also a body in motion: mind, memory, and identity are changing energies that flow and flux in obscure dimensions and produce mental animations.

The first author I will be studying is Charlotte Brontë--specifically two of her novels, Jane Eyre and Villette, with most of my emphasis being on the former.

Charlotte Brontë’s orphans, Jane Eyre and Lucy Snowe, both undergo personal journeys which invite and defy the habits of

1-The *which came first?* question of Christianity and Sartre: existence or essence?

archetypal mythologies and teleologies. They are psyches in development who move inter-connectedly with the passages of metaphysical space and geographical landscape. By *metaphysical space*, I mean to describe the various moods of cognitive interpretation that affect the mind of the narrator: these might be loosely described as surrealism, romantic naturalism, mysticism, sociality, psychomachia--and how changing atmospheres of consciousness interact with reality, as social and physical environment, in the works of Brontë.

In considering how her narrative formations follow patterns of individuation which both resemble and reject Romantic (neo-Platonic) archetypes of soul-making (distance as heavenly separation), I will discuss Brontë's offering of an alternative achievement of self which does not rely on an ontological *logos* of origin/destination. I will consider such concepts as the creation of definite relationships of an individual to the immediacy of nature; the removal of questions of *salvation* from the context of *destination*; and the ways her characters circumvent external existential definitions of self-autonomy.

Jane Eyre is a narrative of personal fulfilment which will undergo a diverse set of circumstances of climate/identity. I will examine issues of distance, journey, and discovery as patterns of individuation, although not necessarily in the dogmatic sense used by some Jungians. The disposition of a growing individual in relation to rotating locations is a sort of psychological exchange that affects the spiritual identity of a person and her assumptions of

religious determinants such as *destination*, whether that be marriage, heaven, or the like. This section will introduce main themes of my thesis: such as the active sense of identity, the patterns of isolationist individuality, and existential responsibility.

Fear of being buried alive is a central motif of Villette and this sense of murky immersion will be considered in the general context of stasis/journey of the previous sections. Jane Eyre ends in analepsis, a glance backward in a time of personal union; Villette ends in foresight, a look ahead, while love is in defined separation.

By studying the narrative modes of these two works, I hope to offer suggestions about the essence of nature and perception, the geography of spatial intervals, and the orbits of personal identity.

In my reading, Brontë disengages Jane Eyre and Lucy Snowe from certain archetypal tropes which are cultivated in western thinking: particularly myths which have definitive logic about innocence, failure, redemption, as espoused by pillar-figures such as Mr. Brocklehurst. These myths demand a transcendental acclimatization as an ultimate purpose of the human spirit. However, Brontë's heroines develop more imminent and earthly meanings of soul, more personal and centred in the immediate.

The method of individuation is manifested in the importance of the *name*, whether it is the *je* of *Jane Eyre* or the town name of Villette. The function of name as existential phenomena is both asserted and deconstructed by the habits of the orphaned first-person narrator. The world around her often employs archetypal phrasings to demonize her energies: she, as a figure who by

personality and social circumstance is a liminal figure, is by turns witch, changeling, and prophetess. This theme of the *supernatural* woman, removed by poetic power and social definition, will be repeated in my section on Anne of Green Gables.

We could call the orphan-girls of Brontë's work Promethean or Persephonian, according to the assumed activities of their psyches, but it is my intention to consider the patterns of personalization and self-development which evolve unique acquisition of identity, achieved in unique counterpoint to the positionings of place and culture.

For example, once released from years of banal servitude, Lucy Snowe exiles herself in the foreign geography of the town *Villette* (*ville-ette*); herein, she evolves through a cycle of internal speech and silence. Her introspections are incongruous with the religiously and socially alien location. This new physicality and the condition of being exiled affect her psychology, and a variety of moods alternate through her consciousness, from which she forms judgements and rejections of various social and religious figures of power, until, eventually, a sort of purgation of their influences occurs. Admittedly, in this thesis, I have not investigated Villette's relationship to my ideas as thoroughly as I may wish. Instead of ignoring this novel altogether, however, I do try and raise some of its atmosphere for the sake of comparison and substantiation of my own main movements.

The world that defines is, conveniently, the same world which also offers a verbalisation of salvation: systems of atonement and

attainment which are unsuited to the protagonist who must therefore discover her own. Both sections consider the boundaries of personal fulfilment and autonomous space, Taoism and the all-powerful influence of change, and the manner of seasonal language and sensitivity.

The second section discusses L. M. Montgomery's orphan, Anne, whose spirit and performance of psyche and nature I compare with the Japanese *haiku* poets Issa and Bashō. It is my contention that the unique qualities of *Anne*, which have made her such a beloved phenomenon of world literature, can be examined using the aesthetics of Japanese *haiku*, a poetic-form highly sensitive to questions of time, place, and mind. It is not so much that I intend to argue L. M. Montgomery had knowledge of Zen Buddhism, or that she is imitating the seasonal rotations of *haiku*, but rather to suggest that, by using a different aesthetic vocabulary which is part of Japanese culture, we may have a new way of interpreting and relating to Anne's experience. Particularly, I would like to employ the language of *haiku* aesthetics and Zen to suggest that the discoveries and meanings in this text can benefit from the perspectives and articulations of these Eastern traditions.

Anne is a tremendously loved creation of humanity and art throughout the world, but particularly so in Japan. I will discuss Anne--as spontaneous poet and soul-in-inertia--by the themes that I have considered in the previous sections: name, faith, journey, destination, individuation; but, also, I hope to show the differences exhibited in the energy of Anne's being.

***Sabi* is a way of describing the sparse simplicity of the soul. *Sabi* [寂], a difficult word to translate, has a strong presence in the tradition of *haiku*: *sabi* implies the quality and sense of an unpretentious, soft but sparse, loneliness one feels amongst the vague sketches of perception: it is this quality especially that helps create the *feel* which distinguishes a *haiku*, but *sabi* is also a spiritual value and a human temperament. I will discuss this term, used frequently in Japanese literary theory, as a way of appreciation for the imaginative powers of Anne and her adolescence.**

Within the experience of Anne, I will reconsider many of the same investigations made of Brontë--imagination, personal mythology, liminalities of consciousness, patterns of journey--but the tonality and spiritual formations of Anne make a distinguishing contrast in how they harmonize with space.

The expression and continuation of the calm passion of the creative principal in the entirety of life is Anne's kindred spirit. Anne's secret is not a secret, but the wind among the reeds. Her sense of spirituality and spontaneous benediction have a unique poetic quality I would like to examine:

Where we have Issa write,

てもさてもても福相のぼたん哉

**Dear, dear,
What a fat, happy face it has,
This peony! (Blyth 3:865)**

Anne has said, "Have you ever noticed what cheerful things brooks are? They're always laughing. Even in winter time I've heard them under the ice" (77). This sense of ice and laughter, continuous,

hearing into the space, involves a poetic-intuition that moves from the boundaries of conventional ego. It is quite different from Lucy Snowe's winteriness.

At a few moments in this study, I will include several translations of Anne of Green Gables into Japanese and involve the Buddhist/*haiku* language of these which is used to render certain concepts of nature and identity. For example, the word *dō* [道], road/way, has Zen connotations and is playfully used by Yasuko Kakegawa when describing the life-journey of Anne. Recently, there has been similar research by Mariko Kouno² which considers the representation and translation of Anne's poetic aptitude into the Japanese language.

I have felt that some recent criticisms of Anne of Green Gables rely too heavily on Persephonic archetypes to explore the importance of nature, place, and season in Montgomery's writing. As I do with Brontë, I hope to offer alternatives to appreciating the magnitude of consciousness, the energy of the feminine in space/time, without overly-determined reification of life and nature using standardized mythological tropes. While I agree with archetypal readings to some extent, I would like to study how Jane Eyre and Anne Shirley evade these depersonalizing abstractions, which can mislead intuition from the immediacy of sensitivity.

2-Mariko Kouno's book "Red-Haired Anne: Translation Lessons"

「赤毛のアンの翻訳レシスン」 has discussed textual play and naturalism in the novel, including some commentary on the importance of seasonality, which is also an important quality in the tradition of *haiku* poetry.

Green Gables is a dimensionality of the home, like a repository of spiritual contemplation, and a fixed position in the relationship of natural phenomena. By easing from the more metaphysical traditions of my first section, I hope this second section will embody a literal space of wilderness that can provide a stabilized, earthy context for the succeeding and preceding sections.

Anne's change through adolescence is an evaluation of the habits of interiority and exteriority, as creating a personal *house of dreams* and identity, and how it also evaluates that individual self-awareness can be balanced, if not integrated, with the exterior. As mentioned previously, I hope to use current ecopsychological thinking to advance these ideas.

However, I agree it is important to discuss the varieties of appreciation in Brontë and Montgomery for nature and the personification of nature as a *sacred feminine*, as a way of interpretation and possibly as mythological (archetypal) abstraction. As such, my ideas are informed by recent post-Jungian writers such as James Hillman, who are instrumental in the development of ecopsychology (or deep ecology), and, to a lesser extent, Carol Bigwood, who has worked on Nature from a firmly situated post-structuralist theory. These individuals have been a part of a great, revisionary philosophy of psyche/space which has emphasized the importance of poetry, mental health, and the inter-connection of humanity and biosphere, that most immediate relativity of space and organism.

A: Snowe by Eyre, the Spatial-Temporal Act of Becoming

The Present Residence

Your children are not your children. They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.

-Kahlil Gibran (17)

A consistent figurehead of exploration?

Several Zen masters teach us that a *satori*³ can be achieved by the patient, repetitious use of the question, "Who is the one thinking in me, this, at this very moment?"--as spoken forcefully and directly at any given instant and locus of perception that is the self-conscious reference.

There is always a very real practice to this sort of meditation: to cause, by directly (experientially) forcing the issue of *who*, as this vague condition operates in the materiality of *moment* and *place*, a sort of spontaneous reckoning and acceptance can occur, an understanding that might be described as an immediate awakening, as opposed to a sky-rocketing ejection. This sort of Zen practice perhaps can cause an intense moment of appreciation and non-

3-[悟り] A label for the experience of *awakening* or *enlightenment*, usually said to mean seeing into Reality itself. *Satori* is derived from the verb *satoru* [悟る]--to know or to understand; however, this unique understanding is not meant as an intellectual quality of conceptual knowledge.

duality, wherein the plausibility of an individual name seems very hilarious, yet no mantra is more dear than one's own birthright to be individually addressed and recognized by a name in the here and now.

So I read a profound novel entitled Jane Eyre, an encounter with the elusive compound noun-name, which-who is an indefinite category, part of a title page, and yet also the first-mover of feminine power and narrative inertia. Jane is also a fictionalized (?) character: a subset of an authoress who herself had to adopt a falsified alias to have Jane's story in public print. But it is that eponymous Jane-name which has made the text so memorable, through its shifting locations. Compare this to the spatial politics of Villette, a novel defined and enclosed by the topography of a specific place, which is the new home for exiled geography. The *ville* is the situated city-republic which encompasses the *modus-operandi* of personal identity by its namesake.

Zen fiddles with the relativist language of metaphysics and pathologies of the self, which often habitually rely on the comforts of deictical phrases: *here, Vancouver, near, today, Thornfield, Jane, upstairs, go, Sligo, further, home* --the series of nuances which lend a reassuring sense of place by positioning consciousness into a spatial phrase of belonging. And perhaps the ultimate deictical phrase is one's own personal name, the baptismal gift, often inherited without choice. For the specificity of life, this name-phrase then moves around the individual, like some sort of epiphenomenon, smoke above the chimney, following the continuous activity of the individual. The nature of all things is *movement* and

no inscribed name can maintain an illusion of stasis around the more generalized and nameless fluctuations of psyche. But how important the *where* is! And Vancouver is not Amsterdam.

The imparting of name-ness has strong signifying power for christening and individuating a life: the name becomes the sign-construct, the autonomous noun which functions through repeated reference in asserting the location specifics of a person's essential nature. As indicative of the name's power in folklore, Rumpelstiltskin's title is the unspeakable essence whose utterance leads to liberation. Nemo in Bleak House shows us the possibility of dipping below or soaring above the name. When reciting from Hebrew scripture, the vowels of the Divine-title are omitted to preserve the sacredness of the ineffable. The name implies a reality beyond itself, even as it tries to seize upon that reality.

And the name comes to be known through its function and behaviour within the boundaries of location; although this given name, a constant set of letters in a prescribed order, can never really accommodate the vast fluctuations and changes of the transitional psyche, which the name attempts to underline throughout the inconsistencies of life.

Who does it mean to Become in Jane Eyre? that tangible, kinetic power of herself as creator and definer? as a Jane, a woman, an artist, a lover, and a journey?

My initial suggestion would be that Jane is a person of existence first and essence second: essence being the existential afterthought which includes personal and collective observations

upon the act of *doing*. So is *Jane* the first cause, or a neat signature upon a completed contract?

Despite the perpetual and habitual name-calling and name-defining, as performed by the authoritative powers in this work upon her, Jane's essential dedication is to personal choice:

Reader, I married him. (498)

Reader, the participant in the movement of narrative regeneration, is made into the trinity--the I, the Jane--an affirmative force as equally personable as Molly Bloom's *yes* --marries and unites with the third person, the outside person, a beloved, and the reader witnesses and affirms the choice, without being asked to voice any objections to the marriage act. To read the line out loud again, its quieting simplicity, answers any questions about life, by its loving. Jane's statement allows the all-occurring power of self-narrative to be united (devoted) with the brutalized form of the other world, the *him*, through the empathy which challenges the insistence on perfect self autonomy.

Reader, I have married my own--not creation nor artifice, but something more direct: my own *telling*, my own *karma* and meeting of selves.

If there is an existential formula of becoming, that the *être* behaviour of *I am* as such becomes *I am X . . .* what is that X? The X which marks the conclusion of a treasure-map or grail search? where the X marks the spot of self knowledge and the pirate's doubloons? Can X be the autobiographical signature which one uses to sign the blank space when the name cannot itself be written? Can

the *X* be an astronomical function, a spatial-temporal variable which is meant to represent and somehow enclose that questionably mysterious haunting of thought whose very stuff is a billion galaxies apart? and the *X* as somehow including every word she tells as self-revelation . . .

and for all that, the story of one person . . .
the figurehead--

The history of theory has dropped on us a dictionary of terminologies with which the inscrutability of consciousness can be transfixed: and how effective have they been for the reader, in situating a living space that language cannot behold?

What words can catch up with Jane?

Jane Eyre--that eponymous figurehead of a focus, her own woman's body which she solely carves before the lonely tidal moon onto a singular ship's prow--could be seen as a novel governed by Jane herself as the directive preposition which moves not by divine authority or personal indulgence, but a willingness to move amongst change.

* * * • * *

--Praying and meditating with Jane--

The name game of . . .
. . . onto(with)logical guess-work: Jane Eyre, JE, *je* (Boumelha 143)--subjective pronoun(ce), first of persons, eye of the air, Eyre of the air, a queenless coronation, a teller, a void: an absent pursuit?

"Where is God? What is God?" (JE 95).

A time to love:

Ja/nee? A Ouija. Molly's yes. = "Farewell" (358), to *move well*, the affirmative of Jane's goodbyes.

Jane's question of, "What does Bessie say I have done?" (13), reminiscent to me of Christ's "Who do you say I am?"⁴

Jane asks of herself.

"What shall I do? -- what shall I do?" (47)

Consider the lilies? Does Jane solve all problems by living (surviving)?--Jane's secret to ask opens myself--to move with love, which first moved sun and star? "A loving eye is all the charm needed" (276). Destination? Change? To be alone, or to let *be* alone that there may be love?

"I have no relative but the universal mother, nature: I will seek her breast and ask repose." (363)

The determinative power of Jane Eyre is within her Jane-ness: she who can direct within the causality of her own movements, she who doesn't live in swan lake, she who can relent to the wise push of beauty, she who is phrased into action by visions, she who can act in terms of mercy to those who tormented her, she who doesn't play the piano very well, she the great rememberer of unparticipated loves, she who can speak as she is, she who leaves the boys spinning in their own little world, she who can paint her own life and visionary landscapes:

As I saw them with the spiritual eye, before I attempted to embody them . . . (142)

She who resists the reifying power of the world's definition makers, she who is and was and will be towards the is . . .

4- There are a number of incidents in the Gospels when various accusers ask Jesus to define his role or nature: Mt 16:15; Mr 8:29; Lu 9:20; Joh 8:53. There are also incidents when people do not ask at all, for the answer is quite self-evident: Joh 21:12.

Is there anything crazier in this life
 than being called [Pablo Neruda]?⁵
 (Neruda 32: 1-2, brackets mine)

Is there any life crazier than one being named?

* * * * *

What can be said, in the hazards of definition, about a woman named Jane Eyre? the plain of Jane who is that limitless atmosphere of air, an emptiness which has no map or geography:

“As I exclaimed, Jane! Jane! Jane! a voice--I cannot tell whence the voice came, but I know whose voice it was--replied, ‘I am coming: wait for me’ . . . (496)

This is Rochester’s description of the intangible air-ness of Jane’s presence and motion.⁶ The vast but almost unseen space, perhaps that expresses her *Eyre* -ness, a feminine power which of itself beseeches the world by enwrapping the globe with non-definable substance and necessary oxygen-breath. That first person, the *Eyre*, is of a profundity which Borges says is “not worth it to define something we feel instinctively” (48).

In this way, Jane is foremost a narrative of personal participation rather than the particulars of theoretical exegesis: a direct *she* who must become of one’s own, despite all the supplicatory *Jane* simulacra that the world creates as proxies for

5-Hay algo más tonto en la vida
 que llamarse Pablo Neruda?

6-It may have a hint of scripture within the description: the undetectable wind of Joh 3:8 and “Surely, I come quickly” (Rev 22:20). Jane directly quotes this passage as the conclusion of the book entitled with her name.

the identity that can never be fully understood. And so Jane, for the sake of self-realization, must make decisive choices which are in conflict with the presence of other people, to be and release Jane: to slip through, in-between, the hollow corset en-circles of Jane-ness--the Governess, the Missionary, the Devil, the Changeling, the Wife, the Pitiable, the parody of the Gypsy's fortune telling, to slip through her artistic self-mimesis--to be in the ways of her own uncontrived becoming.

All the above titles applied to Jane have nominal power only, but its her *air-ness*, a substance of changing coverage and expansion, which forms the temperament of her behaviour, even more than those personalized inscriptions which stay static on the book cover or require the power of the italicized literary efforts, of examination and exclusion.

Jane moves through a story of an abandoned promise: Mr. Reed had requested that Jane always be cared for and made welcome in her life at Gateshead--this promise is broken.

. . . I wish to adopt her during my life and bequeath her at my death whatever I may have to leave. (268)

Thus cast adrift, Jane has the power of self-possession to such an extent that she can heed the causal signs which indicate the kinetic times to *move self*, to change in transition from locus to locus, while maintaining a consistent presence of self-awareness and respect. Many of the elements of self-discovery in Jane Eyre are precipitated by a conscious, often spontaneous, decision to travel, to cross thresholds of location to new location, governed by the conscientious will to self-determination: "I am feverish: I hear the

wind blowing and I will go out of doors and feel it" (308).

Villette is governed mostly by a single site of motionless persuasion. The city itself becomes the conscious map, the city itself placing its title upon the book--its topographical spires and heights defining the vertical, all these are assumed before the recognition of the main character who has been displaced from preliminary locations. Yet, it is Lucy who instigates the crucial crossing to the continent, which leads to the feeling of a torn text and the later stasis in Villette.

Lucy Snowe's name, like Jane Eyre, hints at behavioral characteristics of how her character moves. Possessing the alien qualities of foreign language and unfamiliar religion, the geography of Villette is the location of exile for the split psychology of the protagonist. As such, Villette, as functioning set and scenario, can have a strangely surreal quality, an embodiment of dislocation for Lucy Snowe and her conscious inquiries, she who has wandered over the English channel unto an exiled opportunity for self-revision.

Lucy, as snow, could be thought of as the cold product of the cloud which has drifted over on an expatriating air-current: the cloud's contents which disperse upon a singular location to settle as crystalline and motionless.

The new location creates a psychological dynamic of the unfamiliar and allows for Lucy to re-assess herself in the unique qualities of a fresh start. She will often tell of the performative realities of her memory not through direct autobiographical recounting, but rather through supplicatory, falsified recreations of

the past:

**Picture me then idle, basking, plump and happy,
stretched on a cushioned deck, warmed with constant
sunshine, rocked by breezes indolently soft. (29)**

This is the beginning of her new location with Miss Marchmont.

This is one of the first examples where Lucy Snowe actively manipulates memory, and the representation of memory, so as to confuse its own remembrance. Hauntingly, she will use the same technique to distract the reader with a falsified conclusion to the novel: "Let them picture union and a happy succeeding life" (463) which is distinct from a suggested reality, that M. Emanuel lies buried beneath the Atlantic which "was strewn with wrecks" (462). Memory can act as both restorer and keeper of personal soul, and also the sustainer of affectation and illusion.

Charon and the river Styx in the town of Villette (43) guide Lucy to a geographically and psychically distant place to the real, yet distorted, beginnings of her memory's spatial origins, as well as her emotional dependencies. Lucy can attempt to function through a consciously unified sense of self which avoids the various disparities and self-divisions which fragment her voice: persona and person, eclipse and luminosity, imagination and reason, honesty and fear, reclusivity and public stage, and so forth. It is a search rather than escape into a tempered place of independence, perhaps most simply expressed in the privacy of her garden space. Lucy struggles for internal self reliance that can somehow avoid the agonizing reticence of being shy.

Both eyr (air) and snow have the added e --a vaguely French

form for the feminine. The appending of a female name to something elemental (Lucy/Snowe, Jane/Air) implies a certain correlative relationship between the feminine narrator and nature. Lucy is the snow, but also the warmth of lucidity, light (*lux*, *lucis*). The garden, as a refuge place of enclosure and meditation, serves as a quieter version of the confession box. The sustenance drawn from natural relationships expresses a profoundly simple sense of commitment from life, such as Montgomery's Anne receives from the plain honesty of the seasonal patterns. Likewise, Lucy's snow has kinship with the seasonal gardens:

yet nature had given me a voice that could make itself heard . . . (71)

which reminds me of a passage from Kakuzo's Book of Tea:⁷

In joy or sadness, flowers are our constant friends. We eat, drink, sing, dance, and flirt with them. We dare not die without them Their serene tenderness restores our waning confidence in the universe. (90)

(I mention this line of inquiry as a way of sensing in some voices, often feminine, the affinity to the immediate as a spiritual practice, as opposed to certain quest/Sublime narratives which tend to have a distinctly masculine prologue and destination: eg. Yeats's Aengus, Shelley's Alastor, grails and moons.)

The narrative form and diction of Jane Eyre and Villette are surprisingly different, reflecting, I think, the degrees of repression and self-consciousness which define the character-essence of each

7- I am interested very much in the haiku-like relationships between certain heroines and their direct affinities for the as-is-ness of nature. Anne, of L. M. Montgomery's works, for me especially practices this sort of communication with flowers. It is a Way very distinct from Shelley's intellectual Beauty or other such abstractions.

heroine. However, both Lucy and Jane flow through an ontological space as liminal changelings of self-defining existence. Jane, most conclusively, defines the energy of personality within the gravitational pull to the affections of other human beings, even to the extent of the disquieting, but humanely empathetic, willingness to let go of her personal liberty for the weight of love: "I proceeded: at last my way opened, the trees thinned a little; presently I beheld a railing, then the house--" (479).

Staying Put

The present--was the passing second of time--was all I had in which to control and restrain him. (JE 340)

To remain at Ferndean concludes the wanderings of Jane, who has throughout the novel used momentum and travel as a method for generating opportunity and change.

However, quite opposite to any sense of movement, Jane Eyre begins with the sense and scene of immobility: "There was no possibility of taking a walk that day" (13); nature's experience is just beyond the window-seat, but circumstances prevent Jane from interacting with the outside. So she reads of the flights of birds (14) and her own mental imaginings take wing. At that window-seat, postured as withdrawn and reflective, situated both near and far from home and nature in her "hiding place" (15), Jane finds a comfortable position to which she will return throughout the novel, a form of seclusion by personal choice, in the many different homes in which she will live.

It is not circumstances so much as the force of people that

prevents Jane from interacting with the inside, the Reed household. John drags her forth, across the “marked line of separation” (35). A confrontation of power ensues, one which Jane is already destined to lose.

Punishment in this novel often involves the control over an individual’s will for movement. For Jane, that means submission to the physical force of direction as ministered by the Reed family. It can be as disturbing as John’s pretence to authority, which is based on his standing in the family lineage, as well as his greater physical size. Jane compares him to a Roman emperor (17), a theme that is more generally repeated in the household’s routines of command, for example, when they do go outside--“The order was now given ‘To the garden!’” (58). It is not a matter of being ordered out of the garden by a higher authority, but being ordered back in, depending on the whimsical discretion of that power.

Jane Eyre will later become a kinetic narrative, geographic movement in parallel to personal development--of actively experiencing the shifts of place and empathetic connections as a provision of growing into natural harmony with self--so the theme of *staying put*, especially as an instituted punishment, shows the antithetical force operating in the novel: to bind, cramp, and situate the psyche into unnatural postures of obeisance and stunted development, to deny the personal energies of initiation by choice, and the urges to change. The meaning behind the Reed family is expressed later in a metaphor Jane uses to describe St. John’s manipulating effect: “I grew pliant as a reed . . .” (466).

Thus, various authoritarian powers will forcibly situate Jane in specifically fixed places, estranging her into the margins of the socially and/or spiritually excluded. This is sometimes a public act of chastisement, a form of positioning the individual under the collective scolding of the group eye--memorably so at Lowood:

I was paralysed: but the two great girls who sat on each side of me, set me on my legs and pushed me towards the dread judge

"Fetch that stool," said Mr Brocklehurst

"Place the child upon it." (77)

In an instant, Jane is immured within an enclosed space of isolation that, in a cognitive sense, can envelop her body, removing her from participation in the living world, even if the same time she remains an object of humiliated curiosity.

From the novel's onset, Jane occupies a posture at the window: neither outdoors, nor by the hearth, neither touched, but with a view to both sides, liminally, on a threshold. The first instance of violent spatial anathema begins when Mrs. Reed and her coterie of servants "thrust me upon a stool" (19); and, refusing to be regulated by their definitions of space, the young girl wildly contests their grip of control. In response, they threaten to tie her down, to fasten her into a submissive posture. As she relents, her body assuming the limp shrug of compliance, the pathological wardens withdraw and leave Jane in a sort of existential purgatory, where the dramatic imagination of youth--with the dreadful anxiety of loneliness--creates a hallucinogenic confrontation. Time and hope are in suspension.

Whether this passage is meant to be a menarchal allegory,

which I do not believe, or to represent other rites of passage, I find the primary meaning in the essential confrontation with the non-routine of the *unused room*, where the consciousness is made to experience its own embodied dislocation--just being a lonely girl locked-up in a never before seen dungeon, left to confinement.⁸

Jane is marginalized by floor plans, by segregated room arrangement, shut away into the closets and nether-regions of the household dwelling, defined by a parent's thesis. The Red Room imprisons her in the exile of solitary exclusion, encasing her within the claustrophobia of isolation, a form of psychological torture. They leave her with a monumental, eschatological threat: that the vengeful Father-God will creep into the horrendous void and strike her dead (20). They depart, and the mind is left to its own condemnatory reflection.

Jane, the child--and Jane, the adult engaged in memorial recall-- endures the harrowing of the Red Room's coldly un-empathetic nature: "the spell which kept it so lonely in spite of its grandeur" (21). The closed door eclipses the outside world and only her own dreary dark-sided moon remains, in withdrawal, to preside over the lonely rotations of her mental imaginings.

The psychological drama has two running lines of conscious reflection: (1) a meditation on the horrible unfairness of John's behaviour, his ability to evade public judgement--as opposed to Jane, whose very self is perpetually defined by looking-glass

8-In a more comical version, Lucy Snowe uses this technique to subdue an unruly student (V 72).

accusations, no matter what her interior intentions are; and (2) the apparitional visitation of the mirror-ghost, the spectral shadow which haunts Jane's dark night of the soul. The spectral manifestation of such a being I think invites a psychological play of mind/body disunity, as the ghost, more than the room, enlivens her own dread and perhaps phantomizes something that I might call unrequited *karma*, a debt to the absent made visible through vision. This happens several times in the novel, either as a challenge or a message, but all visitations seem to precede narrative change.

As for the method of punishment, to inflict congenital paranoia, the executioners, not only forcing the positional body into a place of ensnared proximity, also take it upon themselves to define the essence of the one they have placed in the stocks. The scourging chastisement of authority, debasing the cornered girl--this affirms public label and judgement, the attempts to write into the life of a younger person. They assert their own sense, their own version, of Jane:

"but one cannot really care for such a little toad as that." (34)

She is the toad on the stool:

"God will punish her." (20)

"No sight so sad as that of a naughty child." (41)

And so on . . .

She is not one of the "contented, happy, little children" (13). Jane is the naughty girl, the unwanted orphan, the ugly one sent off from the pleasures of inter-personal affection. However, as an act of self sufficiency and ontological achievement, Jane can resist the

outrageous malevolence of human nature and even endure it-- moreover, even made stronger, through her own resolute self-reliance.

The ultimate punishment of staying put (hell) is introduced in the first confrontation with Brocklehurst. Shame and pre-destination being the primary methods of his rhetoric, he reaches into the mental landscape of suffering and threatens Jane with hell; he asks her to visualize the pain. To interrogate her, Brocklehurst acts something of the role of Minos, inducting the souls to the various levels of permanent descent:

“Do you know where the wicked go after death?”

“They go to hell,” was my *ready and orthodox* answer.

(41, my emphasis)

This dialogue of course continues until Jane utters her famous retort that the best way to avoid hell, the orthodox hell of Brocklehurst’s fear-mongering, is *to live and be alive*, to “not die” (41). And with this exchange begins Jane’s descent into Lowood.

Helen will later offer a contradictory, heaven-based cosmology to Jane, and a gospel of love. A personal clarity--a clarified vision of survival--of self-love will be especially necessary at Lowood. This charity school’s primary business is the assimilation and consumption of the growing individual, to subsume the potentiality of girlhood into categories of non-description and submission. The method of instruction is to habitually instill in the pupils a sense of their prescribed humble vocations--a form of downcast meekness in the guise of Christian virtue. Brocklehurst attires each individual in the uniform smock of a servant girl in training (43), “to clothe

themselves with shame-facedness and sobriety” (76); he wishes to pre-ordain their expected function in life to that of name-abandoned servitude, “to render hardy, patient, and self-denying” (74). Thus, imagination, nourishing food, and compassion become negligible luxuries which have no utility in the general utilitarian roles that these future maid-women shall be allotted. After all, such false privilege might very well spoil these negligible girls into a needless state of personal expectation and desire.

The natural impetuses of the human being are irrelevant to Brocklehurst’s behaviourist methodology which seeks to mould the individual, regardless of individuality. He demonstrates his ridiculously superficial and restrictive thinking when he is confounded by the lavish curls of Julia’s head, seemingly Julia’s effort to ornament her appearance against the dull uniformity of the Lowood setting. Miss Temple tries to explain--“Julia’s hair curls naturally” (75)⁹--and Brocklehurst replies that such spontaneous expressions of nature itself are irrelevant: nature must be supplanted by consistency. Consistency is achieved through conformity, and conformity is maintained through negation. Nature is not allowed to be their parental influence; his charges are to be “children of Grace”--Grace being both divine providence and a euphemism for his authority, as this names a religious abstraction that has no realization in the plain, scrubbed existence of the

9-In the Franco Zeferelli film adaptation of *Jane Eyre* (1996), it is Helen, played by an anemic, Irish-looking girl, who has the offensive red ringlets which are cut off. Jane volunteers to share in her friend’s humiliation as a sign of defiance.

Lowood factory. Clearly, I think, it is he who wants to assume the figurehead of the tall, wizened, judicial Father-God: the male authoritarian whose sceptre and birch directs his adopted family.

As an act of public interrogation at the Lowood institution, the authorities place Jane upon the stool of condemnation, that the entire population of Lowood might bear witness to the atrocities of her character: curiously, she had tried to hide herself behind a slate, which falls explosively and forces a revelation of her being.¹⁰ Brocklehurst stuns her with his patronal authority, paralyzing Jane, who is ushered forward by the combined hands of the older, more physically powerful, pupils (77). Now, before the hypocrisy of the opulent, ostrich ladies--who dogmatically refuse to address reality, as well as reality's educators--as well as Jane's fellow students, Brocklehurst demonizes her socially and excommunicates her spiritually: "Who would think that the Evil One had already found a servant and agent in her?" (78). His rhetorical fervour incites condemnation within the youthful crowd--who are Brocklehurst's governable, adopted children--while Jane is the "castaway," the Cain, the existential *stranger* who cannot find psychical place within the community dynamic or the body of Christ.

The little girl gone astray--the ruddy petal, festering lily--excites the public imagination with the notions of scandalized innocence. Contemporary talk-show glitz revolves constantly around the topic, *"My teenage daughter is freaky, socially inept, and needs*

10-Surprisingly, there is a comical similarity in AGG, when Anne, exploding under her temper, demonstrates her own character by breaking her slate over Gilbert's head.

a make-over!" Blame becomes the consequence of the audience's ballyhooing, and deeper emotional contexts are ignored. Likewise, let me substitute "sullen" for "freaky" and make reference to Mary Pipher's book Reviving Ophelia : a psychological study of why the enthusiasm of girlhood capitulates to bitter introversion during the adolescent years--the withdrawn, angry maenad, entering the realities of adolescence, who has outgrown her mary-janes (*where has our merry Jane gone?*) and for Some Reason has lost the playful spontaneity and ribboned manners of her younger years.¹¹

However, Jane gains a sense of willful independence and self-authority as a result of these taunting confrontations between the senses of movability and stagnation. Her defiant spirit is spurred into autonomy as a reaction to the definitions which are implicit in their questions. And, as an act of possessing the authenticity of her own emotionality, not so merry but defiant, Jane Eyre upsets the generalized patterns of acceptance in Brocklehurst's sir-system, reminiscent of her confrontation with the Master, who was John.

Her disposition threatens their ruling positions.

Jane even at this preadolescent phase shows a strong, outspoken character, sensitive as she is sensible: one's personal sensitivity struggles with public speculation which attacks her spirit through humiliation and rejection.

11-The recent, unforgettable novel of the Icelandic author Guðbergur Bergsson, Svanurinn, investigates this theme. An adolescent girl, caught shoplifting, is sent away to a country farm as punishment. In the geography of this new, isolated place, a harrowing investigation of self and tension begins.

Brocklehurst, the extraordinarily phallic figure of religious sceptrehood, upholds the school's manner like a marble column and shining pillar of religious authority. All of his scripture-based lecturing rings hollow as he delivers all without charity, despite the plaque which embosses the school with a sort of religious heraldry in *name* only (59).

The plaque and the destructive plague which kills Helen--both are underscored by the hypocritical sermonizing of this male pillar-figure. The patterns of his school induce a self-opinion of denial and unworthiness, preparing the girls for lives of obedient servitude and giving over. His infallibility, his place as speaker *ex cathedra*, assumes command of organization and limitation, and the personal destination of the individual who must sacrifice potential for the survival instinct of conformity.

The staying put theme continues. In a future episode, Jane is interrogated and verbally situated by a Rochester who operates comfortably only in an imperative mode. And another example of the seat--even after her ordeal of movement through the desertions of loneliness and near-death crossovers, the ultimate time of locational void, Jane must be ordered to sit down at the family table for the sake of giving her resuscitation: "Not too much at first--restrain her" (377).

To return briefly to Lucy's positions, she, likewise in dread of staying put, fears being buried alive: a central motif in the book reflected through the burial of the nun's worldly possessions, as told in one of Vilette's urban legends. (The nun, reminiscent of

Lucy's reticence, is herself a ghost gagged by a wimple). Lucy's smothering by life comes from the habits of shadow dwelling and wallflowering, and through a variety of her metaphorical phrasings which imply a sense of being covered and shrouded by the editing of self. She describes her own snow-like quality by analogies:

The hermit--if he be a sensible hermit--will swallow his own thoughts, and lock up his own emotions during these weeks of inward winter he will be comfortable: make a tidy ball of himself, creep into a hole of life's wall, and submit decently to the drift which blows in . . . (248)

There is for Lucy the threat of overshadowed presence from the overwhelming natural world, the environment, and from the social, such as stage personas of the confident *other*, such as the theatre divas. Yet, Lucy finds paradoxical comfort in reclusion, a womb *retreat* into the cosiness of abdicating public voice, finding in personal reflection the fulfilling experience of easeful non-doing: "I almost wished to be covered with earth and turf, deep out of their influence" (V 145).

The final sense of destination in Jane Eyre is St. John's offer of marriage, and, in fulfilment of the narrative expectations of womanly virtuous novels, to join him in missionary work in India. This would be a finalized form of staying put, a persuaded journey without personal movement. Her final choice, to reject this, which is to sweepingly reject the apocalyptic eschatology of Brocklehurst and St. John, and use her free will to choose her own quiet place of finality, that is the final act of kinesis in the novel.

The Cairn of Villette

Is it true that amber contains
the tears of the sirens?¹² (Neruda 20: 1-2)

Neruda's question poses to the mind a discomfiting awareness of how geography and mythology conflate into a single belief which is the human response to its own life. Were there really sirens? and why did they cry? Is it that our own tears can harden into the geology of place, to be later uncovered as objects of value, dislocated from their weeping craftsman? Are the tears themselves witnesses imprisoned into the stone, to be somehow released, like the genii from their bottles of brass?

Staying in one place can provide an opportunity for observation, as well as introspection--a meditative posture--but it can also be a sadly paralyzed state of still-born activity.

Snowe's name, with its wealth of connotations, implies the sense of that which sits still: the quiet, semi-frozen, the obscure falling of cold vapour made solid, finding its dispersed residence on the anonymous streets of a condensed life. Lucy's narrative voice is vague and cloud-like: somewhat insubstantial and full of mist, often lacking outspoken clarity, as her story drifts across the English channel, eventually creating a nebulous shadow over the particular locale of Villette.

The theme of staying *put*, a soul in stasis, most dreadfully

12-Es verdad que el ámbar contiene
las lágrimas de las sirenas?

shows itself in the imagery of immobility, suffocation, and burial in Villette, particularly demonstrated in the novel's repeated motif of the individual who is buried alive. The narrative elaborates this idea by depicting the conditions of the psyche trapped inside its own withdrawn environment. Lucy describes her residential ambience as being claustrophobic, a reclusive space of enclosure:

Two hot, close rooms thus became my world . . . (31)

My calm little room seemed somehow like a cave in the sea. (168)

And, similarly, she describes her psychical habitats--which, although suffocating, almost permit peaceful isolation--as hazy, covered, and entombed:

"I lie in the shadows of St. Paul's." (40)

But I was not only going to hide a treasure--I meant also to bury a grief. (277)

. . . that raven cloud foreshadowing Death himself.
(230)

That she wishes to be "covered with earth and turf, deep out of their influence" (145) emphasizes the painful duality between self-awareness and public self-representation, a tension which aggravates much of the way Lucy perceives and symbolizes the experience of her consciousness.

Lucy's personal experiences and expressions are themselves overshadowed by a gothic myth of silence, suffocation, and imprisonment, as embodied in Villette's ghost story which, half-told and spectral, haunts the background of Lucy's impressions of her new, foreign home:

one great old pear tree--the nun's pear-tree--stood up a tall dryad skeleton, gray, gaunt, and stripped. (276)
 Beneath this tree is the presence/absence trauma of the nun-ghost, who, although later to be proven a hoax, gives a layer of a profoundly disquieting texture upon the meaning and reality of Villette. In a chapter entitled "The Casket," Lucy gives an abbreviated version of the story,¹³ noting the folklore's lack of scientific validation yet nonetheless its popular notoriety:

unaccredited, but still propagated . . . the bones of a girl whom a monkish conclave of the drear middle ages had here buried alive, for some sin against her vow. (96)

That outcast nun was buried beneath the pear tree, in a croft covered with grave flowers, withheld from spiritual contact through imprisonment, yet who none the less continues to project a wraith-avatar and a legend which influence the threshold world of Lucy. She, on several occasions, sees and feels the traces of monastic spectre wandering the area.

As thematic element in the novel, the nun is a trans-dimensional figurehead who never attains any substance other than apparition and folk tale. In her ghostly reticence, she is the voiceless woman who never materializes into the fullness of redemption or peaceful death. Was the sin against her vow a rejection of solitude and the experiencing of sexual love, and for this her predicament of spiritual exile?

The parallels between the nun-ghost and Lucy Snowe may be

13-This story might be compared with the classical figure of Byblis, who, for the passions of inappropriate love, was consumed by her own tears and became a fountain, or, as told in another version of the story, was transformed into a *hamadryad*.

deduced from the patterns of Lucy's own quietude, her dress, her social absence, and the spectral presences of her psyche which float among pathways and personifications of mythology, allusion, and the esoteric; the weight of all Lucy's thoughts and silences become the many stones which cover her dwelling place in existence.

Lucy's sense of the environment often prefers a cloistered, peaceful scene of resting snow;¹⁴ and, indeed, there is peace in this. The ghost-nun, however, is restless in her liminal uncertainty, fettered to an unquiet grave at the base of the pear tree, and incomplete in her emotional status and doomed to an archetypal duration of mute, lost wanderings. She serves as a warning of the extreme fate which is traumatic immersion and surrender into non-being.

This nun is a revision of dryad-lore, she being not the sylvan priestess of the *Dionysiaca*, but rather the pain of a solitary woman immured and bound to the location of her tree. The traditional concept of the *hamadryad*¹⁵ in Greek mythology is of the dew-soaked tree nymph, a creature isolationist by nature, who shares an

¹⁴-In regards to the day of her reception of the habit, St. Thérèse of Lisieux describes in her autobiography her sense of the parallel between a nun's garments and the quietude of snow-covered ground:

Where did this love of snow come from? Perhaps it was because I was *a little winter flower*, and the first adornment with which my eyes beheld nature clothed was its white mantle. I had always wished that on the day I received the Habit, nature would be adorned just like me. (154)

¹⁵-*Hamadryad* is a combination of the preposition 'αμα (*at the same time with*) and δρυς (*oak*).

inextricable bond of life and protection with a particular oak tree. However, as a sign of a life turned barren, the pear-tree of the ghost-nun has withered and turned stark in the grey against the setting of shadowy voids in Villette. Not sylvan nor pastoral, the ghost-nun haunts the peripheral vision of Lucy, who, in her own in-between glimpses, sees the mute, “snowy-veiled woman” (277) dragging wraith robes--eclipsing with darkmoon-trails the view of Lucy’s imagination.

Lucy’s own personal habits of reticence (which make the experience of the narrative sometimes feel like a live burial) were partially learnt early, as conformist and survivalist techniques of subsuming her own personality into the general dynamic of an environment. Much of her childhood life with the Brettons was spent observing the behaviour of social adaptation. As she moves onward, in constant internal movements of emotion, in extreme shyness and turbulence, Lucy’s presence condenses and later explodes in smaller, internalized forms of intensity, expressed as feelings of alienation:

I must somehow have fallen overboard . . . (29)

not the crowd I feared, so much as my own voice. (128)

fate was of stone, and hope a false idol the weight of my dreadful dream became alleviated--that insufferable thought of being no more loved. (147)

I seemed to pitch headlong down an abyss. I remember no more. (150)

The entombed nun, embodied into the layers of Villette’s landscape yet lacking physical presence, intimates the potential hell

of the archetypal shadow, the permanent submersion within it--Villette's version of Bertha. There is a direct allusion to Charon (43) which informs us of Lucy's own specific awareness of loss, alienation, journey, and underworld. And the underworld's obscure peculiarities and psychological architecture threaten Rationality, and spatial/emotional circumstances become unpredictable and obscure. To continue with the allusion to guides who lead the soul's descent, the "Minos in petticoats" (64), Madame Beck, is the servant of allocation and spatial permanence who guides Lucy into the habitual realities of woman's work in the Victorian era: "Presently the rude real burst coarsely in . . ." (V 100), a rude reality which will contrast with the imaginative fancy of Lucy's perceptions. In this way, the Minos further inducts the first-personal narrative into the patterns of shifting realities in Villette.

Cabinets, cupboards, closets, cloisters, and caskets fill the chapter titles and scenery of the novel. The dormitories, which were nuns's cells (60), are among the many nooks and crannies of enclosed worlds in the dimensions of Villette's small spaces. In the most prominent moment of the spatial-emotional, dramatized within a surrounded expanse of physicality, is the confession box episode. In this tightly fitted enclosure, Lucy releases a tremendous outpouring of psychological energy which is transformed into the inertia of progression and re-birth for the narrative's momentum. In its own reflective way, this scene duplicates yet enlightens the darker aspects of lunation and shadow which forever transfix the ghost-nun's story.

The nun's black veil (97) can metaphorically clothe Lucy's thought process, as demonstrated in her patterns of mental evasion in Villette. Her manner of first-person narrative moves according to severe mental investigations, wildly fantastic imaginative gestures and cognitive alchemy--yet she is also hyper-rationalistic and tightly held by "rigid restraint" (125). Amongst all of these forms, she will remain for the reader something of the occluded and beyond comprehension, made of questions: the mental effect of her psychical distancing through memory lapse (how was she orphaned?); narrative condensing (the eight years with Miss Marchmont become but a breezy chapter); and imaginative re-invention (what really was the fate of M. Emanuel as a soul in peril on the sea?)

A longer study would be required to examine the existential instability of Lucy's narrative, her extreme style of invention and hallucination--but I would like to indicate that the dense, surreal method of her observations may be perceived as a lively struggle (a psychomachia) to unearth herself from burial, a mental contest of an "escapemaster-in-chief from all sorts of holdingplaces" (Finnegans Wake 1:6 127.11). This extra-sensory contest for individuation becomes the moments of emergence into the light and presence of tranquility within the novel. The emotional violence of her inner life escapes into tears and expressions which, rather than becoming stone or amber, bond to new experiences of human relationships.

The cairn of Villette--her monument of silent, heavy stones marking the place of burial--is not, for Lucy, an inevitable feature

of her own mythology and landscape; rather, it is that potential for enclosure away from love and redemption. Both Jane Eyre and Villette are novels of salvation as process, and destination as journey; the final understanding of these terms--however many alternate interpretations are offered along the way--will only be found and concluded in the gaze of the figurehead.

Helen Burns and the Elliptical Return

Why do I move without wanting to,
Why can't I stand still?¹⁶ (Neruda 31: 3-4)

Helen Burns has the distinction of being Jane's first kindred spirit, her first friend with whom she forms a dialogic of growth, insight, and companionship. Their camaraderie and conversations will affect the developmental course of Jane's life, its spirituality and sense of human relations.

Jane and Helen meet in a purgatory, under conditions of absolute uniformity and penitence. Mutually, in each other, they realize something other than solitude. In the midst of the institution's rules for redemption and self-improvement, Helen offers a distinctly genuine comfort, so different from the capricious pity of Jane's guardians and Bessie the maid at Gateshead. Offering a personalized view of salvation, Helen's dedicated spirituality embodies a sorrowful mystery of patience, suffering, and eventual

16-Por qué me muevo sin querer,
por qué no puedo estar inmóvil?

transcendence and unification with God: "Helen Burns considered things by a light invisible to my eyes" (66). However, it is also Helen's form of individuation and repentance which predictively completes itself in her affliction and death. Necessarily, this death fulfils her imitation of Jesus, the sacrificial gesture, and Jane realizes the vulnerability of spiritual sensitivity, and understands that a manner of strength is required to avoid the same early death as Helen.

Jane learns much from Helen's manner of piety, and, although Jane never herself duplicates it, she does grow personally from the exchange. Helen's influence as the first friend of the novel is incalculable: she is a child close to Jane in age, a match for her intelligence, and is possessed of a remarkable capacity for introversion, vision, and human relations. Psychically, they both connect and distinguish themselves in behaviour and idea; however, in the beautiful connectivity of fellowship, there exists between them a mutual understanding of each other's history and pain, and from this empathy arises the sacrament of love.

As well as the gift of acceptance, Helen influences Jane's developing sense of individuality in two crucial ways: a faith in the possibility of a cosmology which charts and completes the entire orbit of the soul; and, in her early death, a lesson in the immediacy of mortality. The moment at Helen's deathbed poignantly renders philosophy ineffectual, showing the potentially complete isolation of the human condition, and the need for emotional support. Helen introduces cosmology in sermon, and mortality in sickness.

Helen delineates a belief in pre-destination, as an elliptical journey of return, since God Himself established the soul in a pattern of movement, trajectory, and finally restoration. Helen's archetypal vision of Heaven as homecoming contains many of the classical difficulties of Western spirituality and mysticism: life/death, being-here and unbeing, God's omnibenevolence and the reality of suffering, divinity as seen and unseen, and the dichotomy between spirit and the material world. Helen herself dwells both on earth and in that transcendental submission to the design of the Father. Somewhat of a paradox, Helen's present state resides in the anticipation of that future death, and eventual happiness within the Divine, as glimpsed by her faith. In the mean time, until that revelational then, among the bearable thorns of abandonment and neglect--Helen is a pilgrim in the eternal movement of return, the orbital path of re-encounter and re-emergence into God.

Jane never fully accepts this cosmological model--she being a fighter rather than a flagellant--although she often uses the language of heaven and home throughout the novel. But Jane, on a much simpler and more earthly scale, makes her own origin and conclusion mythology as the theme of forgiveness and return to Gateshead. And if Jane is also a pilgrim of movement in various degrees of isolation, she often chooses spontaneity over a scripted design of spirituality. Helen, in contrast, concentrates her energy into patience and stillness, which levitates and awaits the moment of transcendence.

Helen is the principal voice of theology and faith in Jane Eyre:

profoundly more so than any of the ostensible religious figureheads, such as Brocklehurst or St. John. Describing humanity as both located and dis-located in a universe of divine plan, Helen Burn's philosophy has a certain rigid detachment which reminds me of the prison life of St. Paul,¹⁷ the Stoical attitude of passive acceptance, or perhaps certain Franciscan or Theravadan Buddhist lifestyles, which emphasize the way of a spartan ascetic.

Helen, like all of these religious traditions, provides an interpretation of the reality of human grief, and this is a subject that largely occupies her conversations with Jane. Importantly, the religious instruction is complimented by an exchange of emotions and poetic feelings, which is the ultimate reality of their lives together, rather than the religious abstractions. However, Helen's courtyard descriptions to Jane, like Pauline epistles, concerning the nature of the soul, are spoken from one intellectual equal to the other and provide creative energy for both to alleviate the banality of the school's drills in basic education and household work. Thus, through a dialectic and verbalization of the idea of soul, the constructed language bridges emotional needs, and the individualities of these two orphans merges into mutual sharing and self-recognition.

Helen's theology is powerful, offering to Jane an opportunity for redemption, as well as a disquieting sense of submission as well. To better explain how Helen influences Jane's own

17-For Godly sorrow [λυπη] worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death. (2 Cor. 7:10)

understanding of life as a pattern of movement and change, I will summarize Helen's concepts:

P1: Helen believes there is an absolute Origin, and this Origin is also the point of absolute Return.¹⁸ This eternal locus of self-same origin/return may be understood and pronounced as *God*. The entirety of human experience is understood as orbiting, in dependent gravity, upon this central Power. The soul is

--the impalpable principle of life and thought, pure
as when it left the Creator to inspire the creature:
whence it came it will return . . . (69)

Listen to the language of this young girl speaking, vulnerable and possessed of otherworldly prescience. Helen's theology may be considered somewhat heretical: she posits that the essential spirit has a *pure* beginning and source before birth, to which is the spirit's same destination: "it makes Eternity a rest--a mighty *home*, not a terror and an abyss" (70, italics mine). Of course, orthodoxy produces the same hypocritical institution whose careless ministrations lead to Helen's death.

P2: God is distinct from this impermanent, material world in which the soul is imprisoned. For Helen, this mortal life, in this mortal frame, has a profoundly disappointing quality:

"our corruptible bodies . . ." (69);

". . . God waits only the separation of spirit and flesh to

18-Wordsworth, amongst others, had influenced the Victorians with such thematic symbols as the skylark ("To a Skylark"), a ground-nesting bird allied to the heavens, and the Plotinian of the "Intimations of Immortality," where God is understood as a Reality within and around (Luke 17:21).

crown us with a full reward.” (82)

Thus, because of P1, human beings possess a *gnostic* awareness of the preternatural, original One; yet, concurrently, they are also troubled by the anxiety which is the descent and separation into materiality. The eternal unity of the One is divided by the experience of mortal life, defined in the creation of consciousness, physicality, and self-awareness.

Helen tells us that our human experience is confused and contaminated, possessing the disconcerting quality of suffering as the consequence of original sin¹⁹ (or, to say in Buddhist terms, Helen teaches the first noble truth: *dukkha*)²⁰

“We are, and must be, one and all, burdened with the faults of this world.” (69)

“One strong proof of my wretchedly defective nature . . .” (67)

And, as Jane says in a moment of crisis, “This life . . . is hell!” continuing with, “there is no future state worse than this present one--let me break away, and go home to God!” (346).

The gloomy, fundamental quality of the material world is its

19-This is stated in a classically theological manner; however, I believe Helen’s understanding of original sin is probably more mystically inclined, and that original sin refers to a state of mind, as opposed to the literal, biblical event. She avoids reference to Adam and Eve, the spiritual foster-parents of humanity’s condition.

20-The first noble truth according to the Buddha-- “Existence is suffering.” Suffering is the usual translation of the Sanskrit and Pali word *dukkha*, a general term for the unpleasant qualities of life associated with desire and sensation, but also a way of describing the inherent nature of being without enlightenment.

proclivity to discomfort, indifferent cruelty, pain, and isolation. The One is separated from the All, and the divided binary is metaphysically arranged, defined, and correlated by the spatial gap (a gap and an ellipsis) between the eternal and the transient. This gap may be understood as sin, or, as some visionaries say, a type of veil called a cloud *of unknowing* by the unknown writer. And the nature of this gap is ultimately beyond definition and apprehension, so the soul uses faith to understand how it can be traversed . . .

P3: The present residence on earth is never a real comfort for Helen, and she does not seem to feel at home in the body. Helen does believe in the real, fixed nature of the mortal gap; and only death can dissolve the barrier between the soul and God. Thus, inevitably, a certain stoical duality arises in her thinking. As this world of matter, for the soul, is irrecoverably tainted, the soul should concentrate its energies on the transcendent: even the most simple participation in the material is ultimately disappointing. Thus, Helen proclaims: “death is so certain an entrance to happiness . . .” (82). The soul has its ultimate origin in a perfect state of Oneness, and the uncomfortable distance must be waited out through patience. From where the soul has come, so it shall return²¹--this coming/going is the opening and closing parentheses which enclose

21-Perhaps Helen envisions not so much the concept of a soul *progressing* towards becoming one with the Godhead, but something more akin to the Greek Orthodox concept of *theosis*, according to which God’s generosity is so limitless that He allows the soul entrance into the wholeness which is the Trinity.

the narrative of human unhappiness: an otherworldly parent's thesis from which the soul is orphaned when she becomes mortal and corruptible. Helen's faith in a return to the Eternal Home, "my long home--my last home" (94), which she utters to the Eternal Father, anticipating the moment of complete individualization of the All into One. If Helen has such a dim view of the capacities of life, and if she feels estranged in the mortal world, how should one behave in the performance of the *now*, where we are and who we are? if life seems a bastard child, a disheartening creation separated from the Divine?

Helen's soul clings to a belief in ascension, and her great journey moves along the ever upward path of this spiritual path (70). And accompanying her is a strong disregard for that which isn't the Divine. This sort of theology is the ultimate expression of liminality in Western religious thought: a soul divided from its Creator, the will to eternal surfacing but weighted in submergence. Helen's nature recalls this passage from Plotinus:

So it is with the individual souls; the appetite for the divine Intellect urges them to return to their source, but they have, too, a power apt to administration in this lower sphere the soul is a deserter from the totality it is caught into contact now, and tends to the outer to which it has become present and whose inner depths it henceforth sinks far. (338)

Jane, however, is more a creature of immediacy and of life in its constantly unfolding possibilities, in the name of the self. She and Helen thus express two central motivations of the human condition: the desire to escape and transcend this world, and the need to remain, understand, and connect with it. As Jane remarks on the

nature of human feeling,

“It is vain to say human beings ought to be satisfied with tranquility: they must have action, and they will make it if they cannot find it.” (125)

Helen and Plotinus are not Manicheans,²² and they never dismiss the material world as irresolvably evil. However, *why* the soul has undergone this descent, and the veil surrounding the descent, is a question concerning God’s intention. Jane’s experience is reminiscent of passages from the later Enneads, with its emphasis on coming to the presence of self, as an integration of the here and now:

It is not the soul’s nature to touch utter nothingness; the *lowest* descent is into evil and, so far, into non-being When the soul begins again to mount, it comes . . . to its very self . . . (Enneads 548, italics mine)

What is this transformative ascent? How is this trajectory achieved in human movement, and from what inertia generated by human deed? Helen has a detachment that does not embrace life for its own purposes; she regards it as something foreign and disconcerting, a sort of uncomfortable result and cause beyond understanding. The present residence of the soul/body dichotomy is a metaphysical pit to be ascended. Thus, the mortal being is a spectre, an unsubstantiated illusion who can only find completeness in a return to its divine origins. The passage of life is a delusional

22-For another reading similar to mine, which compares Helen’s philosophy to Plotinus, Thomas Taylor, and other forms of Romantic neo-Platonism, refer to Sara Moore’s “Rights, Reason, and Redemption: Charlotte Brontë’s Neo-Platonism.”

space, a forgetful distance from the true nature of the soul. The name-clothing of the mortal body is a hair shirt which tests the patience and dedication of an individual. Helen neither questions how her own soul came to be so removed from its sublime source, nor engages any philosophic discussion on theodicies as to why the parent's creation are so full of evil,²³ and why we "must be" carrying the indefinable suffering of existence (69).

Lowood expresses this orphaned soul's feeling of the experiential underworld, a penitential ravine--the "low wood"-- through which the being and nothingness of existential personhood journeys eventually "to pass through gradations of glory" (69). The life of Helen's movement then, unlike the sudden decisive motions of Jane's, is guided by very specific expectations of destination; she carries the burdens of ontological prediction while drooping under the weight of human conditionality.

So her *accursed nature* obligates Helen to always take penitential responsibility for her faults: her nature materialized in the consistent pattern of sin, affirmed by the admonitions of Miss Scatcherd, who has labelled Helen "slatternly" for resisting the "systematic arrangements" of the Lowood regime (67). Helen thus bears the problematic accusations of public disapproval which cause a sense of shame and self-dislocation: the cluttered, dis-organized girl. These are only a fact of life. Helen's name reminds of the punitive: *Hel-en*, burning. This idea of "putting off our corruptible

23-Compare with William Blake's The Book of Urizen (especially plate 3).

bodies" (69) is also reflected in the management of personal moods: anger and other negative emotions are themselves varieties of suffering and must be displaced from the consciousness of the individual.

But there is always the problem of the *now* which for Helen is her own "wretchedly defective nature" (67). Helen's stoicism, as an imitation of Jesus's own passive acceptance directed towards the greater redemption, looks upon life as a contrite education and assumes, rather than places, blame:

"I was sent to Lowood to get an education and it would be of no use going away until I've attained that object."
(66)

Life is an experience to be borne in penance and saintly patience:

"it is weak and silly to say you cannot bear what it is your fate to be required to bear." (66)

Helen's submission to the birch, to censure, and the other routine punishments of Lowood is not so much a recognition of Brocklehurst's self-inflated authority as inquisitor, but rather a more deep and lasting commitment to surrender personal will to the difficulties of existence. Jane has something of this when she says to Rochester, using a repetition of Helen's phrase: "We were born to strive and endure--you as well as I" (355). The sustenance of peace comes from the non-abiding willingness to strive to be not of this world, and what is of this world is to be penitent. As Jesus's "conduct [is] your example" (69), Helen accepts quietly that, if she is being punished, there is a higher reason; for her, the faulty nature of the soul results in suffering--her own failings in order and appearance--and suffering is a natural result of

some ultimate purpose. The scourging of Helen and her compliance, with its parallels to the New Testament (Mr 15:15; Joh 19:1),²⁴ allegorizes Helen's stolid approach to the discomfort of existence, not as masochism, but as monastic practice of poverty and obedience. This is naturally the opposite of Jane, who with outspoken power from the first chapter rejects the accusations of authority, their manner of correction, and asserts her own self-autonomy. And Jane, in a powerfully un-messianic way, is willing to say: "but I declare I do not love you" (45). But neither Jane nor Helen's philosophy, if held as dogmatic necessity, seems practical--neither Helen's method of turning the other cheek, or Jane's "When we are struck at without reason, we should strike back" (68).

Jane and Helen disagree on the importance of human love, displayed in this corruptible world. Helen depicts the only *true* love as the Immortal love from heaven, in the perfect expression of God,

24-The seemingly indifferent acceptance of suffering and false accusation is a trait of many spiritual heroes, who may be practicing a form of calm receptivity to the instability of life. The Zen master Hakuin approached all whimsical situations with the saying, "Is that so?"

When falsely accused of being the father of an illegitimate child from the village, he responded, "Is that so?" and took the child in to be raised, without any explanation, accepting the loss of his reputation. It is thought that this seemingly cold indifference displays a liberation from the ego and the understanding of deeper presences of truth.

which is thus the only worthwhile reality of the heart:²⁵

“Hush, Jane! you think too much of the love of human beings . . . the sovereign hand that created your frame and put life into it, has provided you with other resources than your feeble self, or than creatures feeble as you.” (81)

Jane never accepts this opinion, and, I think, neither does Helen, at the end of the day. Jane has held a lifeless doll and said, rather prophetically, “Human beings must love something” (37), which is another way of saying, *Human beings need to be loved by human beings* :

“You think I have no feelings, and that I can do without one bit of love or kindness; but I cannot live so . . .”
(45)

Jane never views engagement with the love of this world as empty or futile. Helen, at the hour of her death, speaks of the “mighty, universal Parent” but combines humanity within it, saying--

“don’t leave me, Jane; I like to have you near me.”
“I’ll stay with you, *dear* Helen: no one shall take me away.”
“Are you warm darling?”
“Yes.”
She kissed me, and I her; and we both soon slumbered.
(95)

In that yes, the most supreme of affirmations, Jane’s question-- Does God exist?--goes peacefully without response. But are you near me, loving me?--that question is confirmed, equally in peace,

25- “Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am [εἰμι ἐγώ]; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst [ἠγαπήσας] me before the foundation of the world [καταβολῆς κόσμου].” (John 17:24)

gesture, and silence.

Helen's vast model of the elliptical return--the theoretical soul's journey from origin and back again--absolutely dissolves into the very specific place of the bed: a symbiotic location with which Jane also finds a moment of contact and touch with another, a representation of *leaning* upon someone that figures so prominently in the novel. The boundaries of life/death and individual/individual concentrate themselves into the immediacy of experience and become conjoined. The verticality of Helen's upcast prayers integrates with Jane's horizontal commitment to change and transition. Later in the novel, this scene will be echoed in a moment of Jane's own elliptical journey of return and forgiveness. She will return to her own origins to visit her aunt Reed lying in her deathbed.

I consider Helen as the key that first opens the cloister of Jane's soul. The dimensions of Helen's mortality widen the life-experience of Jane; the beautiful expressivity and closeness of their friendship awaken a new magnitude of love and courage. In Helen, Jane realizes an empathetic *place of being* in the presence of life. But, in another way, I notice in Jane a quality of difference that must inspire her own sense of independence.

That need for independence--in the model of a cosmology of deliverance, a journey with a return destination, a destiny for the soul who is drawn back to a centralized location of origin and finality--is what draws Jane back, not to God, but to a human lover, to Rochester.

Jane's mythology of return is different from Helen's initial willingness to abdicate participation in the world of feeling and emotional display. Had this willingness remained, Helen's story would be mainly a sort of hagiography of an emotional-virgin, one removed from the tactile friendships and lovers, from touch and tears; but Jane's gift of compassion makes them both much more than that. And thus for Jane, Helen also presents a warning, another variation on the theme of stasis and *staying put*. Helen does not mature into the fullness of her personality, and the passivity of her stoicism perhaps gives way to a martyr's death, orphaning her propensity for a full human life. The moral of Helen's martyrdom seems, in keeping with her neo-Platonic expectations, *if the world won't have you, where else can you go?* Is one buried alive by the materials of life until the redemption that is only death?

And Jane cannot see life as a merely false dialectic of past/future, of vacuous notions of time and place, and commits herself to a Jane-figurehead of experience and gradual becoming into one's own self.

Helen has, ultimately, the most organized practice of religion and compassion in the novel, certainly much more so than the ostensible representatives of faith, Brocklehurst or St. John. All of Helen's intentions are thoroughly Christian in language, providing her a comfort in the reality of personal salvation, as directed by a Deity who has orchestrated a very specific, if distant and somewhat uncharted, place of return. But, importantly, this God is not an exclusive Principle of supremacy (as in Plato) but a

Figurehead who is a centralized location of Love's reality, and who certainly leaves an impression on Jane. Thus, although she is divided by sin, Helen's insistence on a God of perfect Love expresses the themes of the Gospel of St. John beautifully, balancing out against the vapidness, lovelessness, and hypocrisy of that obvious Johanian namesake, St. John Rivers.

Helen Burns has the distinction of being Jane's first friend: a dialogical foil to whom she talks, listens, smiles and, most importantly, opens the somewhat solipsistic nature of Jane's mechanisms of withdrawal from the everyday exteriority of living. Helen's personality becomes an entrance for Jane's emotional energies to participate in empathetic communion with the natural possibilities of sympathy for other human beings.

Their transitional souls must return to the admission of needing: the merciful Jane sharing the deathbed of the fading Helen shows the same dedication to the humane moment which is departure, as do the benevolent Buddhas who preside over the *bardö* in the Tibetan Book of the Dead, a text which touches, like the arms of Jane, at the liberating bedside moment of death-in-life, as a touch of transformation. Helen does not wish to encounter this change alone: the profundity of her emotional life reaches out from the threshold of disappearance for the sacrament of human contact. Jane, in an act of synchronized feeling, extends her own very self in the commitment of empathy, an epiphany she takes with her in the journey to Thornfield. At Helen's deathbed, there is union for them both in the movements of death into new life. Their exchange

represents mortal reality from one person to another: a holistic embrace of self and fair giving--neither intellectual, nor pre-meditated, nor contrived, but essentially *direct*. The bubble of the isolate is broken. Helen's last words teach, in dying, a perspective of how much the world is truly alive.

I am reminded of the closing riff to Jack Kerouac's On the Road: a meditational farewell toward the gradual departure (the disappearance) of the central buddy, Dean Moriarty:

I think of Dean Moriarty, I even think of the old Dean Moriarty the father we never found. (310)

Sal Paradise reflects upon a basic absence of the transcendental Parent, the leaving of friend and guide, and what and who may or may not exist in the latent understandings of the future location. *The father we never found*: for Helen, there is the orphan's supplicatory prayer for the Parent to re-instate the world according to order and conclusion, for a transcendental thus-ness which can circumscribe suffering with meaning and soteriological fulfilment. There is also friendship: when theology has lost its breath, only love should remain, to be wholly given through all those processes whose parental energies create beginnings and endings. In this, Helen is the mother Jane never finds.

Moving freely

There is soteriology as Helen has presented it, and there is the air of Eyre.

Jane's changeling power--that mysterious, apparitional

feeling of the otherworld that Brocklehurst and Rochester comment upon (78, 144)--allows for the movement which can manoeuvre away and psychically distance Jane herself from the all the secondary Janes who have been established within a location, that false domestication of her spirit in an inappropriate role. Moreover, this power enables her to travel in the multiple dimensions of reality. Thus, a narratological topography, such as the one that follows, of Jane Eyre must reflect the consistent essence of her voice, its authority and reliance upon personal freedom, as she moves from location to location, from definition to definition. The truest point of memory's fulfilment is that present tense from which Jane focalizes the spatial past, the choices and residences which have led to the ending, and the love that blends all together. From this ending, the present tense of union, the whole of the story has its origin in vocative power of a person to address (invoke) herself.

* * * * *

. . . . Jane's trace . . . yarn unwinding . . . not for the sake of centre nor minotaur nor blueprint nor treasure --not the mapped and X'd with anonymity. Signature. Topography, story, and journey: nature-- Jane contains all the gardens of the world:

GATESHEAD : *The gate, the passageway, the departure
Walking outward, transitional inertia, the
liminal;
Opening, juncture*

*Head--the seat of mind /body , illusion (?),
the voice behind the eyes, the optic nerve as
portal*

Her withdrawal moved through the rooms without love.

- *Transition= rain, wind, darkness. She does not eat her
- *oaten cake: this hunger after a red room experience
- *will replay in the scene wherein she moves from
- *Thornfield

“*Speak* I must: I had been trodden on severely and *must* turn . . .”
(45)

LOWOOD : *Lo(ck)wood , a new prison, a new immuring
low, the descent , enclosure , productivity
at the expense of personality*

*The low, the ravine
The sanitorium of abandoned souls*

*Wood, the surrounding orchards, nature and
wall*

A suggestion of the elemental

My Helen . . .

- *Transition = “the transformative process” (99)
- *the long winding road she watches from the windowsill.
- *A new advertisement and negotiation: a new position of
- *work; prayers scatter on the loose blowing wind

“What do I want? A new place, a new house . . .” (100)

Would.

THORNFIELD : *Thorns and briars, crowns and veils,
snares and walls*

*Field, a spaciousness, a potential for
un-enclosed space*

*An opening of dialogue and exchange:
Rochester as challenge and response*

*Transition = the shattered marriage and the rent veil
 *The vision of the Mother urges her forward
 *A three day trial of hunger and threshold experiences
 "I must begin a new existence amongst strange faces
 and strange scenes." (342)

My Rochester . . .

A day is another goodbye:
 to have her day and to bid her farewell

Voices move through wilderness

Moor House : *House, a dwelling, a second hearth,
 a new familial correlative
 a cross, a crossway,
 a three-day span of suffering, a three-day
 recovery*

*Uncultivation of the land--
 Moor/marsh, the sinking bogs, the slowed
 footways, the (marsh) end?*

The new continent and as an apocalypse: the penultimate question to
 Jane's wandering--choice as mover--

@TRANSITION=A vivid return and reconnection@

I return quickly. 'I am rewarded now" (494).



* * * * *

MY SELF: Jane finds a completion to her own mind as history
 and future combined, the face before she was born, in the present
 (tense) of residence, where recollection, consciousness, and
 whereabouts share a common form as storytelling. Jane Eyre's
 triumph is that she navigates the entirety of her journey as the

constant figurehead, who is actually the changing, living energy of Jane Eyre; she does not lose herself to the anonymity of non-pronouncement. The narrative, in its bewildering uncertainties of location, destination and future--and Jane's willingness to become and exist in that *aporia*--empowers her possibility for freedom and movement. Her Jane-ness is the constant accomplishment, avoiding the existential silence of someone like *Netochka Nezvanova* (nameless nobody), the eponymous abandoned girl of Dostoyevsky's unfinished novel.

In the same way she refuses to become what she perceives as a mere Bertha substitute, Jane refuses the final destination offered by St. John, to go and be settled in India, committed to a contrived missionary vow which would not be her calling. By choosing away from this, Jane herself brings to a self-determined resolution her life's pattern, its movement and development--as operating in conjunction with residence and settlement--to return to the central gravity of human love:

"As I exclaimed 'Jane! Jane! Jane!' a voice--I cannot tell whence the voice came, but I know whose voice it was--replied, 'I am coming: wait for me' ". . . (496)²⁶

Thornfield, as a permanent edifice of previous occupation, has been destroyed, but the potential of mutual re-creation, a new habitation in place and time, allows closure and embodiment to Jane's

26-The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit. (John 3: 8)

Behold, I come quickly: blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book. (Revelation 22: 7)

persistent roaming. The settlement brings to rest Jane, who has wafted upon her own direction as a vast, complex human being, committed to movement but yearning for a hearth which has a consistent warmth. As a ballad from Jane's youth states, "Heaven is a home" (30) and, upon her departure, Jane exhorts Rochester to trust in self and trust in God, echoing again Helen's myth of the eternal return, that heaven might be a place of complete remembrance:

"Do as I do: trust in God and yourself. Believe in heaven.
Hope to meet again there."

"Then you will not yield?"

"No." (355)

It is how one yields, what one surrenders and what is lost, that causes such conflict in Jane's life.

Home and the love within it-- when Jane is questioned about her home life at Gateshead, she reveals the abuse and neglect. Mr. Lloyd simply ignores this reality of violence and asks, "Don't you think Gateshead is a very beautiful house?" and "Are you not very thankful to have such a fine place to live at?" (32). In her later life, St John asks her: "Do you like your house?" and "Have I furnished it nicely?" (406). Jane must freely move and establish her own harmonies, against the restrictive power of the established sermonizer to falsify a version of life and homestead in opposition to Jane's imagination and awareness. Who ties the corset strings as the back is turned? These residences are houses and not homes. Jane demands that the transformative power of human relationships is required to consecrate the local habitation with its energy.

Both Jane Eyre and Villette have been navigational encounters

with social and geographic landscapes. More space could be given to Jane's artistic mimesis of her location and her own portraits through impression and representation, as in her paintings. She discerns the contours of the terrain while the pundits rub and look for personality as bumps on the head (219). The names of many of the people she encounters have a topographic quality of water: Reed, Rivers, and Burn(s), which in the Scottish dialect means *brook*. Likewise, the tarot cards display a spatial vignette which arranges identity and metaphysical abstraction in an interpretive layout. Similarly, like tarot cards on a different sort of table, some of Villette's anxiety of arrangement involves the theatrical stage and the people placed on it as a performance, or the galleries dedicated to the divas and the fiery goddess-like figure of Vashti.

Jane's life defines itself through decisive velocity, moving from location to location, as intuition declares that change is necessary. Throughout her development, Jane has refused psychological atropification, to become the porcelain doll or the maidservant scarecrow. As a changeling, that disconcertingly bewitching presence accused as otherworldly, Jane has been able to occupy a space of refusal which is seemingly supernatural, maybe even demonic according to those who are threatened by it, in the peripheries of the public sphere. Her reality cannot be understood through another's definition of that which her mind is supposed to contain. To many, then, Jane is the standoffish bubble in their uniformly watery surface. (What is the mark on her forehead that inherits rejection?)

To her own commitments to living and avoiding claustrophobia, Jane's practical earthliness, which, I think, balances with her spacious air quality, is thoroughly organic and self-expressive. Jane's path in life is kin with the immediate rather than the transcendent. Rather than the metaphysical isolate, the Eternally Removed, Jane chooses Nature as her Mother, directly, imminently, and allows the existential world to be itself: "I have no relative but the universal mother, nature: I will seek her breast and ask repose" (363). The understood melody of nature is variation and transitive movements.

Both Jane Eyre and Villette are centre-less narratives in that their central consciousness, the female first person, has no cosmological egg (an allegorized first cause) from which inter-related proximities or relationships can be related or organized. They are orphans in flesh, heredity, and spirit. Seemingly lacking an archetypal Centre, the narrative of Jane Eyre does not have the mediated designs which are found in Edenic, phoenixian, Persephonic, or other myths, which have within their paradigmatic blueprints an established sense of pattern. These stories which portray innocence lost/regained do not function cohesively in this novel.

Both Rochester and Brocklehurst attempt to interpret Jane using an established rhetoric of metaphysical definition and allocation. And they also both mis-read her. Brocklehurst's version of the Christian meaning of salvation has no consistent understanding or reference in either Villette or Jane Eyre, despite the allusive references to his soteriology of sin and Second-Coming.

He is a mere anthropomorphic arm of The Lectionary; his oratures inculcate youth and life within the jurisdiction of generalized, dogmatic sermon. Rochester interprets Jane through the occult, elvenizing her and alluding to her nature as being fae-like (and perhaps he has some measure of accuracy). But, ultimately beyond the masks of myth as persona, Jane exists as the isolate, the orphan and outcast. From the novel's overture, she moves without the pre-ordered blessings of standardized patterns of allegory. The elements of fairy tale that pursue Jane and Lucy--the beauties, beasts, and transformations--are not complacent images.

Brontë refuses to figure either of these heroines in the mythopoetic devices of a blissful, primordial garden, from which they are expelled in an obvious break with the divine Parent; and, therefore, no quest ensues, for the redemptive grail, for crescendos and loud conclusions. The orchard around Lowood is by no means an Edenic garden, as this would posit a superficial mythic reality which never really enters the everyday life of Jane. She says very clearly that the only Eden to be had is in the makings of the individual mind, "the green flowery Eden in my brain" (352). The Edenic myths of place, loss, and recovery, moving from states of wholeness to division--can such definitional phrases be found in actuality, within the life of a girl-orphan in this story? Jane's life does not conform very well to the patterns of salvation mythology placed upon her; rather, the Eden of her brain works harmoniously, and sometimes not, with the self-intentionality of her intimate act of self-narration.

As there is no definitive Alpha for Jane--the archetypal location of the soul's origin--the theological concept of an equative Omega becomes likewise indeterminate as a universal symbol. Jane Eyre concludes with St. John Rivers quoting his Johanian namesake, from one of the last verses of Revelation:

“Surely I come quickly!” and hourly I more eagerly respond,--”Amen; even so, come Lord Jesus!” (502)²⁷

St. John Rivers fittingly does not quote Revelation 22: 21, the concluding verse of the Bible which follows.²⁸ The apocalyptic tone of Revelation 22: 20 finalizes the entire salvational history of humanity, from Original Sin, to Messianic Incarnation, concluding with the Judgement and permanent establishment of the spatial hierarchy of heaven, hell, and a restored Earth. Jane, however, has already revised the implications of this quotation: Rochester in his clairaudient experience hears Jane herself say, “I am coming: wait for me” (496), as that saviour presence. Apocalyptic fire has already destroyed Thornfield, and the bodily resurrection of Rochester is his slow recovery from blindness. He proclaims, “I thank my Maker, that in the midst of judgement he has remembered mercy” (497); this homiletic language could be ironic and really meant to be addressed to Jane. Then together, in a final image of human bodies leaning on one another, they enter the wood and wend

27- He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. (Revelation 22: 20)

28- The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.
(Revelation 22: 21)

to the new "homeward" (497).

As much as I emphasize the *Eyre* - ness of Jane--the essential ontological power of her becoming--I believe in the equal importance of Jane receiving real guidance throughout the novel because of her commitment to the emotional relativity of other human beings. Perhaps this is affirmed in the repeated invocation of "Lean on me . . .":²⁹ in this statement, the discipline of upholding the personal body in a withdrawn ego must relent, even surrender, to the tactile world of another's personal touch.

A similar force of rejoining synchronizes Lucy's re-encountering of the Brettons, reminiscent of the power which orchestrates fairy tales according to strange, acausal coincidences: "Fate took me in her strong hand; mastered my will; directed my actions . . . (V 56). Jane, however, consciously decides to return to her aunt through a decision by her own activity. In these two novels, narrative structure, narrative location, and narrative voice link in various symbiotic processes of the changing individual--of personal development as being in close relationship with the dimensionalities of here-ness. The rotating nature of self consistently must change with time, yet remain constant in its own assurance of self-awareness. The absolute place of this *awareness*--its intimacy, obscurity, and nebulous eternity--manifests the very mystery of consciousness, which is the elusive

29-This phrase is repeated with an almost mantraic quality in *Jane Eyre* (for example--131, 229, 322, 480). The image of *leaning* on someone frequently appears, complimenting this phrase (for example--82, 497).

present residence of the Charlotte Brontëan manner of the novel.

Jane Eyre tells the story of Jane Eyre as a restoration already revealed--love--a Jane Eyre self re-enacted through the narrative of regenerative analepsis, to remember in re-telling. The past embodies the present, the emotional whole of the future relating to the habitual past. The reciprocating act of Jane's soul-recall commits her beginning to personalize and connect all possible conclusions: the girl who ponders the world from the window seat unites, through the practice of imaginative memory, with the entirety of her later development. The conclusion welcomes the whole story into the completion of self. The question of to be or not to be (with Rochester) has already been answered by the self-determined act of remembrance, which firmly believes in the entirety of life and memory. Cloud, air, and bubble burst--exteriority and interiority are shed--the completeness of life answers itself. Rochester called upon the name "Jane" as the "alpha and omega of my heart's wishes" (496).

Yet, for Lucy, the re-enactment of self is troubling. Her ability to remember often fails, her own life being unrequited in assurance and finality. Miss Marchmont had proclaimed to Lucy on her deathbed:

"I love memory to-night . . . she is bringing back to my heart, in warm and beautiful life, realities . . ." (33).

Villette ends on a broken present tense: the promise that separation can be bridged by patience and emotional commitment. Memory and prediction must be used as a substitution for present consciousness.

Unlike Jane, Lucy, in uncertainty, must forward-think to her (improbable) conclusion with an indeterminate: the morning of return and union when her lover will settle into the situation of one constant place. The lover, however, may already be buried alive beneath the seas.

All of Christian theology concerning the soul conjoins in the absolute concept of *parousia* --a theological term which implies the Second Coming, but the simplest meaning in the Greek is *presence*.³⁰ As a story of the soul, Jane Eyre remembers the presence of union; Lucy Snowe forgets in the absence which is separation. At the end of the day, the present residence is presence itself--*And no soul knows in what land it will die* (al-Qur'ān 31:35).³¹

30-παρουσια

- *presence* , 2 Cor. 10: 10

- *arrival* , Matt. 24: 3

(Perschbacher 315)

31- وَمَا تَدْرِي نَفْسٌ بِأَيِّ أَرْضٍ تَمُوتُ -

B: AnneZen

An Antiquated Tree
Is cherished of the Crow. (Emily Dickinson 1514: 1-2)

The Time-Worn Accident

i

Anne of Green Gables is a novel about an accident--the temptation may be to say *mistake* --but, no: a book about a delightful, heart-wrenching accident.

The Cuthberts wanted a boy; they may have indeed *required* a boy, as the strenuous work of farm-life, and the lack of any children of their own to share the burden, would necessitate the hiring of an orphan who would become a labourer to share in the work and status that might create a Cuthbert family.

Instead, the world's imagination has forever been enkindled by that strange accident, of an even stranger Anne-girl--crowned by "very thick, decidedly red hair"³² (51)--who appears in the drizzly, provincial world of Prince Edward Island. Matthew's first meeting with Anne startles him beneath his shy attempts to talk: he cannot "demand of her why she wasn't a boy" (51); he must, rather, be moved by the mysterious provision that all is right with the world,

32-Most translations of the novel's title stay close to Montgomery's original: Anne . . . La Maison aux pignons verts or Anne van het Groene Huis. Interestingly, the established translation in Japan is 「赤毛のアン」 (*akage no An*) which means Red-Haired Anne or-- Anne of the Red Hair.

and that Anne has been given to this island to share, rejoice, and weep, entrusted to his life.

ii

Anne of Green Gables, like Jane Eyre and Villette, communicates the mood arising from the time and space dislocations experienced by an orphan, very young, dissociated from her origins, and sent out alone into unfamiliar circumstances. The heroines bear the stigma of abandonment; the prim, social atmosphere is hostile to their identity and nature. For no fault of her own, the orphaned heroine will always be considered, to some degree, an outcast/e of the hearth, church, and home, until Charity adopts and re-replaces her into a position of acceptability and station.

Eyr, snow, and Ann--with an e. Like Jane and Helen, Anne is plain and steeplish in appearance, reflecting both social circumstances and the phenotype of whimsical genetics. Her body creaks in thin spasms beneath a stiff, ugly dress; and only the purity of her imagination gives a great spark to her eyes, the glow of belief, anticipation, and dream. Her dream focussed into gaze--that vivacious width of her expectant poetry and sensitivity. Those enkindling eyes first indicate that "no commonplace soul inhabited the body of this stray woman-child" (51).

Incidents of the fae's unseen power to slip one of their own childlings, as a stealthy replacement for a human babe, populate Irish and many other traditions of folklore. Anne indeed has a certainly otherworldly quality, yet she is also undeniably rooted in

the very essence of Nature, the immediate and complete manifestation of all that is life and death. To the tidy and insular town of Avonlea, Anne and her bewitchingly red hair and green eyes must certainly show an extremely distinct touch of sorcery, paganism, orphan witchcraft, Ariel-ism, as well as Irish incivility.

Green and red establish the character and identity of the fae in such diverse texts as Sir Gawain and the Green Knight and the volumes of Lady Gregory's collection of Connacht lore. L. M. Montgomery certainly lends her creation a pronounced cast of the magical: Anne's power of imagination, her ability to commune and communicate with nature, her empathic presence and uncanny intuition--those mental faculties enchant in their bewildering abilities, and we often ascribe them to the realm of superstition and the esoteric. Anne, however, matter of factly describes her mesmerizing lens of insight as "the scope of the imagination" (53). Avonlea society, however, may call her gift mischievous, if not devilish, impropriety. Her distinct individuality and unique gift for insight places Anne, like Jane and Lucy, in a liminal place of perception away from the accepted mode, which seems preternatural, full of faerie blood, and thus rather spiritually dubious.

Margaret Anne Doody's interesting introduction to The Annotated Anne of Green Gables assigns archetypal and mythopoetic significance to many of the names of places, persons, and their functions in the novel: for example, Rachel Lynde is a Mother Earth goddess (26), and Anne the Persephone maiden who brings Spring

(32) and is thus a “vegetation deity” (29). Also, Doody describes the “magical pentangle” (27) of character relationships, and the Arthurian and Celtic influences on Anne’s representation as well as the Morganian allusions of the name *Avonlea*. Following this trend, I might suggest that Anne³³ is akin to her Irish namesake *Áine*, who has the seeming ability to spirit away at night the souls of mortals, as is particularly attested to in the North of Ireland (MacKillop 9).

However, while I delightedly acknowledge Anne’s theatrical capacity to perform as mythic persona, it falsifies the text to allegorize Anne out of proportions, as a goddess or archetypal device. To do so somehow distances Anne’s nature, infinitely human, from that very same nature which should be the immediate, simple essence of her experience, the absolute source of her poetry. Whether she dreams in *Avonlea* or not, the figurehead of Anne interacts on a fundamentally instantaneous, not allegorical, relationship with life. Her constant heart apprehends Truth in the concept of truth/beauty, expressed as the everyday rubato of things as she feels them.

Anne understands life as that which is in the Moment of happenings. This fact, that Anne’s existence is that of a mortal girl, as natural as honeysuckle, should not be buried and forgotten in our attempts to render her into a symbolic figure of abstraction.

33-And, to follow this way of investigation, Anne’s name may or may not be related to the Irish *Áine*, the fairy goddess of the *Tuatha Dé Danann*, who possessed powers of fertility, teleportation, and other magics and haunts the *Cnoc Áine*, a place of unusual sightings, in the Co. Limerick.

Montgomery insists in her novel upon a wide array of Anne's dimensions--through anecdotes of accidents, emotional outbursts, mischievous incidents, and misunderstanding--which keep us unbalanced and amused in our estimation of Anne.

I believe Anne's empathy for existence finds a "kindred spirit" in the simple humanism of Issa (1763-1827), the *haiku* poet of fate, sparsity, and inner feeling, much more so than in the spellweaving associated with druids, Circe, or harvest deities. For example, Issa here doesn't concern himself with magic or gods, but uprooted and fallen flowers:

まけ菊をひとり見直す夕かな

(Issa)

That evening,
Looking again at the chrysanthemums
That lost. (Blyth 4: 1125)³⁴

The humbling, homesick feelings for that which has been abandoned--this is similar to Anne's comment,

They just looked
like orphans themselves,
those trees did. (AGG 56)³⁵

Anne and Issa are poets of sparsity and the seeing-within of their own direct feelings, as simultaneously reflected, presented, and

34-Issa, within the tenderness that characterizes much of his great *haiku*, here considers the discarded heap of chrysanthemums that did not win at the yearly gardening competition.

35-This sense of who we are in relation to our natural space might be compared with Dorothy Wordsworth:

When we got out of the dark house the sun was shining
& the prospect looked so divinely beautiful as I never saw
it. It seemed more sacred than I had ever seen it, & yet more
allied to human life. (20)

fully expressed in the presence of nature, rather than practitioners of the obscure crafts of mysticism and symbolism.

Green Gables does indeed change after the sudden arrival of this strange girl. Can Marilla wash her hands of the *karma* of meeting Anne, this meeting of selves, that act of chance? or perhaps a shrewd Mrs. Spencer was trying to rid herself of a talkative orphan? The fortunate accident--Anne and Marilla seem so dissimilar and yet are also absolutely perfect for each other.

Their classic disagreement of temperament has a long history--a disagreement as old as Plato and the poet, or between the storyteller and the sermonist in al-Qur'ān (31: 7).³⁶ On one side, there lives the playful fancy and breadth of the intuitive imagination, and, on the other side, the sober objectivity of religious duty, dogma, and convention. Marilla demonstrates the prescriptive nature of religion, as obligation, regularity, and discipline. Anne, however, mixes dream and emotion in sudden, ecstatic displays of unorthodox spirituality. As the novel will demonstrate, neither temperament is sufficient unto itself, and the gradual harmonization of Anne and Marilla in a loving relationship, gently exchanges wisdom and experience between the two of them, so that one completes the other.

36-This is a much discussed passage, sometimes cited as proof of the dangers of the imagination and storytelling.

Moments are the Travellers

For a brief moment Death had fallen asleep and dreamt of life.³⁷

(Kazantzakis 6: 1292)

The native land of the soul is time, and the soul's intentions and solutions manifest themselves continually in the direct experience of consciousness, itself continually adrift on a sea of space and time.

In my introduction, I stated that I wished to consider the poetic magnitude of Anne through a comparison with *haiku* aesthetics. I do not wish to claim that L. M. Montgomery studied Zen Buddhism, nor that she had any prolonged, intimate interest in Japanese culture, which probably did not make much of an appearance in the P.E.I. world of Anne. However, of herself, Anne has made a tremendous showing in Japan. Many translations have been made of the Anne series into Japanese--most notably those of Muraoka Hanako³⁸ and Kakegawa Yasuko. The Japanese response to

37-. . . μιαν αστραπη κοιμηθη ο Χαροντας και τη ζωη νειρευτη.

(Z: 1290)

38-Muraoka Hanako (村岡花子) completed much of her translations during the Second World War, using editions of Montgomery left behind by friends who returned to Canada at the war's outbreak. While working, Muraoka Hanako often would have to cease working and cautiously guard her translations, along with the rare originals, in shelters during each intensive series of aerial bombings. Her grand-daughter has a website dedicated to Muraoka's amazing achievements and contributions to peace and understanding:

http://club.pep.ne.jp/~r.miki/index_e.htm

Anne truly has been enormously popular; perhaps women in Japanese culture see a parallel in the ethos of Avonlea, or Anne's appreciation and treasuring of nature reminds of the spirit of *ikebana* flower arranging and the long tradition of blossom-contemplation.

The language and practice of *haiku* poetry has profound similarities to Anne's poetic expressivity and spirituality. By using the terminology of *haiku*, by using the language and sense of its method and perceptions to consider Anne of Green Gables, I hope to find new ways of appreciating the perspicacity of her imagination and poetic mastery.

Although she brings a form of light and change to Avonlea, Anne is not Persephone. Her orphanage may have been a variation of a season in hell, but she never describes it as such. Spring does not begin because Anne arrives at Green Gables. Autumn does not come because I am writing this thesis. The humbling truth is that no human being is a Persephone: spring does not return because of what we do, nor does it depart because we leave.

Yet, nature's reality does not express a mere indifference to Avonlea. Anne of Green Gables aligns its narrative sympathies to change with nature, not to cause change *in* nature. Anne lends poetic transformation to Avonlea, and Avonlea reciprocates the favour by giving Anne growth and development, and the cycle of nature, of itself, turns the whole while. What is poetry, and what is nature? To best describe this Anne-relationship between experience, change, and life, the narrator gives a beautiful observation, stated with the spirit of Zen: "All things great are wound up with all things little"

(AGG 199).

However, like many of the most memorable *haiku*, poetic solitude defines Anne from the novel's outset, although this does not mean she is *alone*. Anne's awareness of things as they are, or things as they could be, would be as Lucy says--"She [the moon] and the stars, visible beside her, were no strangers where all else was strange: my childhood knew them" (v 99). Anne's kinship to lonely elements of nature, to solitary moods of creative process, causes her to think of a flower: "I shouldn't shorten their lovely lives by picking them--I wouldn't want to be picked if I were an apple blossom" (108). Her mind dwells in connective affinity for the spirits that animate a Lake of Shining Waters. And, at other times, her interpretive sensitivity remarks,

Listen to the trees
talking in their sleep

What nice dreams they must have! (64)

I feel the same dreaming energy of things in their places--which Buddhists might call *dharma*, and detectable at any time--in this *haiku* of Bashō:

かりてねむ案山子袖や夜半の霜

Frost at midnight:
I would sleep, borrowing
The sleeves of the scarecrow.

(Blyth 4: 1038)

If Coleridge would have us lurk and pace awake in thought next to his hearth and embers, Bashō and Anne would tell us to pull the thin covers higher over our heads, to muse, shiver, then sleep in the quiet reality. Anne befriends the scarecrow and the faerie; her dryad does not wither in sparse isolation like that of Villette, but plays and delights in the woven beauty of nature, feeling, and experience,

always a companion, even if in human affairs she appears alone:

“ . . . I look out my window and wonder if the dryad is really sitting here combing her locks with the spring for a mirror” (240).

Haiku prizes and sympathizes with those objects worn down into individual character by the processes of time, objects often overlooked by many. *Haiku* delights in imperfections and silly nuances. Nature and experience cause understated insights that come suddenly and breathtakingly, for no obvious reason or grand significance. Anne’s threadbare carpet-bag, with the “certain way” she must carry it, totes along all of her “worldly goods” (52) in her wanderings of poverty and amazement, reminiscent so much of Bashō, especially in his travel-meditation sequence The Narrow Road to Oku.³⁹ Anne’s presence, her whole being, relates to the world in a soft sentimentality of affection that gives care and meaning to the subtle palettes of her landscapes and environment. This awareness energizes her poetic experience, which is never limited by expectations as to what is an appropriate subject or place, nor the question of when is an appropriate moment. Her sensitivities co-exist in the dimensions of nature and change:

In the mornings

I always think the mornings are best . . .

When evening comes I think it’s lovelier still. (AGG 303)

Her beloved “scope of imagination,” so vital and individual, constantly apprehends the animate presentation of the poetic, which is to say an apprehension of life and spirituality itself, as a journey

39- 「おくのほそ道」

of transition.

With her intense familiarity with reality, and ecstatic companionship with nature, we would never say of Anne--“You never felt love” (JE 161). Marilla, however, recognizes that Anne has never felt consistent *human love*. In a profound moment when Marilla first begins to understand the nature of Anne, she says of her:

that simple little prayer . . . was entirely unsuited to this freckled witch of a girl who knew and cared nothing for God’s love since she had never had it translated to her through the medium of human love. (99)

Marilla’s important involvement in Anne’s development will strengthen Anne’s own understanding of the human world and its co-existence with the natural world. Anne of Green Gables is a novel of strangers and kindred spirits, found in people and in nature, the quality of each always transforming and revealing through space and time. Crucially, Anne becomes Anne of Green Gables, discovering, identifying, and uniting with that common house by the roadside. In a way, her essence imbues both homestead and landscape, which Matthew has seen each and every day while tilling the fields, yet his perception of which will utterly alter.

Venus, the evening star, looms over Anne’s arrival at Green Gables, burning as her star of gentleness in the glow of contemplation above her. It is said that the Buddha attained enlightenment when he gazed upon the morning star one sudden day during the early hours (Suzuki, “Zen and Haiku” 223). Anne of Green Gables has its power not in that Anne somehow finds epiphany and enlightenment, but rather that it is the story of one who never

interferes with herself by seeking enlightenment; and thus her growth in love, nature, humanity, and life--full of accidents and surprises--develops unpredictably and personally--in a *haiku*-like manner, as a matter of fact.

Kigo: Affective Flora

Tell me, is the rose really naked
or does it just dress that way?⁴⁰ (Neruda 3: 1-2)

An important quality of the Japanese system of language is the use of *kanji*, or Chinese characters. As ideographs, they possess the representational qualities of a pictorial image, and not just basic phonetic value, as do the letters of the English alphabet. They are landscapes as well as sound and thus, *kanji* feature so powerfully in *haiku* since their value as mimetic figures especially suit the aesthetic philosophies of *haiku* poetry. A *kanji*, such as *sakura* [桜], *cherry tree*, invites the viewer (the reader) to see into the textures of bark and leaves in the ideograph. Thus, the Japanese language especially enables the reader to participate within the dimensionality drawn by shape of the *kanji* and its interactive representation of the natural world, its aspect of trunk, blossom, and moistened countryside. *Kanji* demonstrate a belief that nature, and being in nature, is first an immediate experience of perception.

Anne practices seeing *into* nature, the exchange between mind,

40-Dime, la rosa está desnuda
o sólo tiene ese vestido?

moment, and nature--the witnessing of light distilled through the shape of a bough, the rain and roots as sketched within the calligraphy of words, using imagism to convey intuitive sympathies. Like Shiki cataloguing every single aspect of his garden, the flowers and the slugs, with a *haiku*, Anne absorbs her environment through poetically witnessing Prince Edward Island in enthusiastic musings through the scope of organic vision. Her first activity in her new life in Avonlea, re-naming and christening the environs with such names as “the Lake of Shining Waters” (61), consecrates the local landscape to her poetic imagination. In a way, she is creating her own vocabulary of *kanji*-like image-forms:

Now I'll look back. Good night, dear Lake of Shining Waters. I always say good night to the things I love just as I would to people. I think they like it. The water looks as if it was smiling at me. (62)

It is, after all, but a mere farm pond. However, Anne's mind commits to the reality of nature as containing a pure, unfolding expression, which tells of everything as its own vast existence. It is only Anne's ordinary mind, her everyday mind, that experiences this truth. Her poetry concentrates on--listens to--something as direct and immediate as a pond, in the same manner that Bashō's own, now very famous, Lake of Shining Waters speaks to him outwardly:

古池や蛙飛び込む水の音⁴¹

41-A standardized form for *oto*. Most translators now render *mizu no oto* (literally, the sound of water) with poetic devices such as *kerplunk* or *splooosh* and other onomatopoeia, to show the highly sensory, sudden experience which is the poem.

The old pond;
 A frog jumps in,--
 The sound of water. (Blyth 1: 246)

D. T. Suzuki, commenting on this frog-into-pond, notes: "The sound coming out of the old pond was heard by Bashō as filling the entire universe" (228). This essence of the moment of insight, which combines both the singularity of a pond and the entirety of the universe, shows the paradox of consciousness, and is thus a paradox of many *haiku*, and is quite beyond any conceptual explanations. Neither the pond nor the universe confuse or lose one another in the simplicity of the poem's experiential moment.

Anne lovingly participates in the dimensions of nature, mindful of their own particular, yet infinite, qualities: "that joyous glow where the sunshine of a hundred summers was being distilled from the maple cord-wood" (313). The graphical world of *haiku*, like Anne's meditations in the wilds, examines the reality of nature as nature-itself, the cherry tree-ness of the cherry tree. But to truly phrase this feeling, we have to accept, as Anne recognizes, "The world looks like something God had just imagined for His own pleasure, doesn't it?" (206). Where is God?--and where is His consistent pleasure, and what is the feeling of that pleasure which can take so many forms? There is something, but it is not quite an answer: that is the moment of the *haiku*.

From the moment of Anne's arrival, the novel's rotational energy develops firmly upon the revolving palettes of the seasons. The chromatic and emotional change in the gradual shifts of seasonality, and the human change within it, travels along the axis of time, declaring the dynamic potential of life. Shiki describes an

awareness of this promise of relationship:

年々に菊に思はん思はれん

(Shiki)

Every year
Thinking of the chrysanthemums,
Being thought of by them. (Blyth 4: 1126)

For Anne, the feeling is--

as she talked . . .
wind and stars and fireflies
were all tangled up together . . . (243)

--and as Anne journeys through Avonlea-life she haplessly asks, "Can I take the apple blossoms with me for company?" (108). Not only is Anne aware of the immediate reality of nature, but she is aware, at the same time, of nature as process and movement. In describing nature as time, Anne says, "I'm so glad I live in a world where there are Octobers. It would be so terrible if we just skipped from September to November" (177).

The seasonality of Anne of Green Gables continuously matures, fades, and returns, and Anne delights in all its aspects. She shares with *haiku* poetry the dedication in awareness to the particular season to which a poet composes his or her verse, and that any particular poem can only be understood as part of a vast sense of time. *Kigo* (季語), literally *season word*, is an important, almost definitive, quality of *haiku* through the poetry's history after Bashō. Dictionaries called *saijiki* attempt to catalogue the sensations, festivities, flora, and fauna that have become the realm of *haiku* poetry. A *kigo* identifies the particular season in which the *haiku* is participating; it may be an obvious phrase, such as *spring* or *autumn moon*, or may be perhaps a particular sort of flower (cherry blossom)

or atmospheric condition (snow, heat, falling leaves) which life associates with each alternation of the seasonal cycle. In a *haiku*, the *kigo* has the same purpose and effect that Montgomery's narrator has when she emphatically declares the sense of alternation in the novel's temporal location as seasonal: for example, the narrator carefully informs us of such times as when "Spring had come . . . in a succession of sweet, fresh, chilly days, with pink sunsets and miracles of resurrection and growth" (224). Anne's own fresh, chilly days and sunsets likewise mature and make themselves known. Her poetic imagination is matured by the accidents, happenings, and changes that become for her the experience of Avonlea. Time, in all those anticipations and rejections, becomes loosely patterned into that experience we somehow manage to reify and outline in the mere word of *spring*.

***Myō*: Boundaries of the Imaginative**

Over the centuries, Zen and *haiku* have developed a sizable vocabulary of terms for describing one virtue of the human heart--the amazement and imagination of childhood--and these include:

joriki, the power of mind, often described as child-like energy and spontaneity; *rōshō-no-memmoku*, the countenance of a newborn girl; and *myō* wonder, the child-like mixture of excitement and humility before the magnitude of the world.

Of course, no description of *myō* (妙) satisfies its experiential nature. *Myō* believes that *soul* is a euphemism for experience. *Myō*

contains not only a delight in the seemingly facile, but also the worship of the supreme; *myō* is sublime in its gestures, and endearing in its errors. It can only be understood in everyday affairs, as felt in our own moments when we give way to splashing in puddles, or when we spend an afternoon with an infant. *Myō* seriously accepts the incomprehensible sensation of life, gets goose-bumps during a favourite song which appears on the radio at the right moment, and wistfully dyes its own hair green by accident (AGG 288).

The feeling of *myō* vastly expands and retracts to appreciate itself and its surrounding; but *myō* is neither a mysticism of seeing into the infinite, nor the petty nostalgia of having had too much of the drink. Its crisp freshness comes from quickness and honesty, the sort of inspiring flash that causes Anne to make this *haiku*-like observation:

And that tea-rose--
why, it's a song and a hope
and a prayer all in one. (AGG 375)

And, similarly, *myō* invites the sizable adoration of the girl in this poem of Issa's. We wonder which is larger--the peony or the shape of the girl's love?--

是ほどのぼたと仕かたする子哉
"The peony was as big as this,"
Says the little girl,
Opening her arms. (Blyth 3:864)

Anne and Issa feel the spirit of the flower, living their inner nature in concordance with the flower, overflowing into a poetic utterance. And, for all these expressions, the heart of *myō* concludes in the spirit of Anne's prayer when she says,

And that's all the blessings I can think of just now
to thank Thee for. (99)

Haiku always invites the reader to understand a wider narrative and scope than the poem images themselves. Therefore, much literary *criticism of haiku* is not critical at all--but rather responsive, poetic, and meditational, much akin to the manner in which Anne sees the bride in the "white and lacy" form of a tree outline. A single poetic line of Issa's rainfall should carry the sound of the storm that's been falling from the night before. The wren in the graveyard, who might he fly for? And the priest at his bell--did he skip his lunch? And the butterfly perched on that unring bell--does it wonder?

Myō provides the energy for Anne to compose small sketches of imagination around the smallest of natural surprises. She busily orchestrates the environment of Avonlea into profound inspiration: "pretty? Oh, *pretty* doesn't seem the right word to use. Nor beautiful, either. They don't go far enough" (59). Anne's scope of imagination opens to the potential of imaginative experiencing, dislocating its own boundaries. To describe the limitless power of free-thought, Suzuki cites an example from the Zen master Ummon, who announced, "My staff has turned into a dragon, and it has swallowed up the whole universe; where would the great earth with its mountains and rivers be?" ("Sense of Zen" 23). This is wonder, yet an equally clear presentation of *myō* in Anne of Green Gables comes with the awed, simple quiet of Anne: "She could keep silence, it was evident, as energetically as she could talk" (59)--

“Oh, Mr. Cuthbert,” she whispered, “that place we came through--that white place--what was it?” (59)

The chapter title “A good imagination gone wrong”⁴² summarizes a major theme of the novel, that the delights and passions of Anne’s fervour and her poetic interpretations sometimes lead to mischief and accident, those anecdotal moments which occupy much of the middle of the novel--the lie about the lost brooch, the drink she gives Diana, the leap into the occupied spare-room bed, and her supernatural terrors in the trembling forest. Indeed, Anne’s *myō* directly and indirectly leads to a series of human errors and conflicts, but also heroics, all of which exasperate Marilla and endear Anne to her, eventually fusing their relationship. What does it mean to say that an imagination is “good” or that an imagination has “gone wrong”? Marilla epitomizes the Victorian, Presbyterian world of Avonlea that Anne’s figurehead must successfully navigate. Anne possesses, in abundance, the frivolity of inspiration and a seemingly pagan appetite, and to much of Avonlea, that inspiration leads to vain fantasy, which provides no moral or Godly edification. The inherent flaws of the flesh are to

42-Perhaps reflective of a Buddhist mind-set, neither Muraoka’s nor Kagegawa’s translation of this chapter title insist upon the dualist judgements of something being *good* or *wrong*.

Muraoka renders 「行きすぎ想像力」 which has more the sense of the imagination’s *power* and directness.

Kagegawa translates 「震えあがる」 which stresses the effect of the imagination (literally, ‘the tremor,’ *furue*). These Japanese translations say more about the cause and effect of the imagination, as opposed to a judicious classification of its flaws and the need for correction.

held in check, not given full freedom of flight and indulgence. Society's perception of Anne's ill-mannered and un-disciplined behaviours is antithetical to the proper deportment of their insular, back-buttoned society. Thus, for Anne's own good, but acting just ever so slightly akin to Brocklehurst, Marilla takes it upon herself, as the mother figure, to refine Anne and "conceived it to be her duty to drill Anne into a tranquil uniformity of disposition . . ." (246). The discipline will help Anne focus her potential. But a survivalist technique of conformity, which she will need to appease Avonlea, may make her society more companionable, but also has the potential price of sacrificing her individuality and aspirations. Marilla measures Anne according to acceptable behaviour and dutifully sets out to render Anne into a pleasing model of girlhood. Anne attains a certain hilarious drama whenever she attempts to adopt the voice of Avonlea gentility:

"I'm a dreadfully wicked and ungrateful girl and I deserve to be cast out by respectable people for ever . . . What I said to you was true, too, but I shouldn't have said it."
(123)

Of course, this well-laid plan does not materialize as Marilla intended, and much of the novel's fun arises from the inevitable conflict of energies between Anne and Marilla, who debate over such issues as Anne's sinful enjoyment of clothing (306)--vanity--her daydreaming--lethargy and carelessness!--and her many outspoken pronouncements--which are variations once more of vanity and unconscionable self-importance. Marilla, over time, comes to love Anne for her own individuality, her brisk, outspoken honesty,

but still gives strengthening guidance to Anne's upbringing.

Myō dislikes the habitualizing effects of stern methods that impose a straitlaced, scolding standard which enforces uniform conduct. Anne truly wishes to please Marilla, as a gesture of love and gratitude to her new family, but she disdains those methods which would have a person or poem overly up-righted and corrected: "They had analyzed it and parsed it and torn it to pieces until it was a wonder there was any meaning at all left in it for them . . ." (295). Anne, under the Avonlea scope of indignation, feels the same as this poem--a figurine to be appraised, criticized, and modified.

Jane and Anne both unsettle the propriety of society with their outspoken vigour. They defy the coinage of what is the good, proper girl. Avonlea society eagerly anticipates the slightest confirmation of their prejudices against the orphan-Anne. Her dress, unsettling appearance, and rough behaviour all carry potential omens of the unwholesome. Mrs. Lynde readily notes that Anne is "full of original sin" (248), as if one human being can be possessed of this to a greater degree than another. The Christian concept of sin may be described as the tension between God's metaphysical distance and the need for immediate proximity to Him, in an emotional relationship which only faith can accomplish, and from faith comes commitment and obedience to the meaning of the Divine Sacrifice. Yet Anne, more than anyone else, even Matthew, feels perfectly at home in the breath of Creation.

Sacrifice, order, and sobriety compose Marilla's steadfast, and somewhat alienated, sense of the world's appearance. The contrast

between Marilla's and Anne's personality shows itself in this passage:

"Look at the maple branches. Don't they give you a thrill--several thrills? I'm going to decorate my room with them."

"Messy things," said Marilla . . . "You clutter your room up entirely too much with out-of-doors stuff, Anne. Bedrooms were made to sleep in."

"Oh and dream in too, Marilla . . ."

Dreams, to Marilla, content themselves in conceit and self-indulgence. She says, "The trouble with you, Anne, is that you're thinking too much about yourself" (247). Likewise, frilly clothing, posh outings, and starlit imaginings provoke Romantic obsessions which should be discarded in favour of a more objective, doctrinal existence of hard work. It's not so much that Marilla declares fact over fancy like a headmaster in a Dickens novel, but that her sober religious demeanour perceives any sense of ornamentation and unleashed emotion as delusional and ultimately frustrating--"You set your heart too much on things, Anne . . . I'm afraid there'll be a great many disappointments in store for you through life" (147).

Marilla is right in that imagination, emotional attachment, and fantasy can be endless traps of escapism and role-playing, wherein nothing is accomplished, and the endless dreamlife suffocates an individual away from reality. The InterNet, and its many versions of image-addiction, reminds us of the potential for snared psychology. Lucy Snowe refers to daydreams in terms that makes them sound as if they are the epistemology of the devil: "Day-dreams are the delusions of the demon" (49). Anne, however, utilizes her scope of perception for expression, not seclusion, and interacts with the

creative spirit of existence through her own synchronously creative impressions and insights.

Throughout the novel, Anne and Marilla differ in opinion, yet uniquely combine to form musical phrases of relationship. Anne is melodic; beneath this melody, Marilla provides regularity, the insistence of measured time. As Avonlea enthralls Anne in the early years of her life, Marilla employs a dutiful voice of the elderly and discontented to advise Anne of the fallacies of youthful negligence. Their mutually nurturing relationship of two extremes will balance each other out and emerge as one of the great symbols of harmonization in the novel.

In the history of *haiku*, a somewhat similar conflict, between sentiment and prudence, has existed in the aesthetics of Bashō and Shiki, the former emphasizing sympathetic meditations and subjective feelings, while the latter has called for objective, strictly impressionistic style of landscape and observation. Admittedly, there is as much Bashō in Shiki, as there is Shiki in Bashō. And Anne, like the *haiku* instinct, knows that the winter moon is not what people tell her it is. The great passion of life, *myō* allows Anne react to different circumstances in a religiosity that says, “This isn’t poetry, but it makes me feel just the same way poetry does” (105).

Anne anticipates the unknown quality of life in a sort of *positive-capability*: “Marillia, isn’t it nice to think that to-morrow is a nice day with no mistakes in it yet?” (243). But mistakes may come and do come. A wonder for experience relishes and prizes

mistakes, recognizing that mistakes often confer the potential for growth and change, and thus we have many stories of an amused Zen monk who falls into the mud puddle upon *satori*. The AGG narrator describes that peculiar comedy of life, which can co-exist even in terrible tragedy, that is so characteristic of Anne and *haiku*: “the glimmerings of a sense of humour--which is simply another name for a sense of the fitness of things” (99).

Sabi: The Dimensionality of Haiku

月いづこ鐘は沈みて海の底

(Bashō)

Where is the moon?

The bell is sunk

At the bottom of the sea. (Blyth 4:1007)

I imagine Bashō composed this *haiku* during the later phase of autumn, when that season of decline moves towards stillness and obscurity. Bashō drifts aboard a small boat, being ferried by the uncertain navigation of a night-crossing--slowly progressing toward a small port, perhaps to visit an old friend, a friend who may indeed no longer be in the same home. It's been so long. Bashō scans the sky for that re-assuring presence known to all poets and sailors but uncovers no light or confirmation. Where is the moon? It must be in the sky--even in its changing sphere, the moon's identity and proximity to the earth remain true to some relationship of constancy. The moon is always somewhere in the sky. Concurrent with the absence of the moon, high in the heavens, the poet

juxtaposes the connection of a bell at its far depth, the location the poet implicitly knows. But which individual dropped the bell into the sea? a sailor such as himself? How can the moon be unknown, while the folkloric personality of a sunken bell reveals its certainty? Somehow one thing is known, the depths, and the other half-known, the heavens. But Bashō does not see the bell,⁴³ which, like the moon, is concealed in the murky dimensions of its environment, so it too is only half-known. Bashō hopes he will reach the port soon. How does a bell sound underwater?

Selecting a poem to represent and illustrate that vital aesthetic of Japanese culture known as *sabi* is difficult, the term being so prevalent in many Japanese art-forms yet also so unwilling to be defined. *Sabi* 「寂」 literally means *lonely*, but as an artistic expression has, over the history of Japanese art, come to summarize the particular quality of loneliness that is spare, simple, and mildly serene. As a feature of *haiku*, *sabi* colours and gives texture which balances the emotional experience, in connection to affairs and landscapes, of the poetic life. Arguably, *sabi* has its origins in the solitary austerity of Zen practice, the still meditation of mental perceptions.

Sabi combines the strange feelings of familiarity, distance, and *thus-ness* that the consciousness experiences in its surroundings, reflecting inwardly and outwardly. *Sabi* emerges from the existential quality of that which is and yet is not. Anne

43-Is this bell like the one presumed to be at the bottom of Lough Gill, in Co. Sligo?

describes her *sabi* as “a queer funny ache and yet it was a pleasant ache I’m always sorry when pleasant things end” (59-60).

In the spring or autumn night are feelings of the mind of Anne, simple, solitary, and involved in intuition and sensitivity to her Avonlea. In company with a kindred spirit, Diane, Anne seeks the spare-room, where she finds such humble and nostalgic affection furnished like a meagre temple of *sabi* (223). Unfortunately, an old harridan occupies this spare-bed, but, in a typically bewildering way, her anger towards Anne turns to endearment, and she will later give Anne the necessary lodging she needs to complete her studies, in the “very sparest spare-room bed” (224). *Sabi* capably accepts such little human affinities, between Miss Barry and Anne, for a room and for its arranger. To Neruda's question about amber and the Sirens, Anne would counter with another question, “Do you think amethysts can be the souls of good violets?” (148)

Like the poetess Chiyo, Anne arranges the wildness of flowers in cracked earthenware jugs and then wonders how to fetch them water. Anne possesses the simple hospitality of a tea-ceremony, the deliberate sound of an arrow reaching its target, and the quieting arrangement of scattered rocks, gathered Junebells, and rustic pathways in a garden. She, like *sabi*, has a certain similarity to Romantic melancholy--in the pain and awareness of the sad nature of comings and goings, but *sabi* by its nature much prefers to be balanced and quiet, to “think dear, pretty thoughts and keep them in one’s heart like treasures” (AGG 332). When expressed, Anne’s *sabi* utilizes a direct poetic mind which interacts with nature in

wistful responses, using spontaneous insights, phrased in the essential features of melodic individuality.

Anne, dressed in drab clothing, contains an imaginative scope that perceives both moon and bell, and feels both their nearness, their kindred spirit, and their absence. Despite the poverty of her clothing, she “liberally garlanded her hat with a heavy wreath” of floral bundles and hand-picked beauties (129). Like the funny Zen lunatics of old--who walked long distances clanging finger-cymbals to the bewilderment of the general populace--Anne satisfies her questions in the thoughts of sunken bells; “whatever other people might have thought of the result” does not disturb her tranquility. She wonders how the critics can live without imagination, always second-guessing natural affections. She says, “I’m so sorry for people who live in lands where there are no Mayflowers” (225), which bears a nice comparison to Bashō:

秋深き隣は何をする人ぞ

Deep autumn;

My neighbour,--

How does he live? (Blyth 3:896)

When Anne’s own life loses a Mayflower, the Mayflower named Matthew, the narrator says, “no life is ever quite the same when once that cold, sanctifying touch has been laid upon it” (378).

The loneliness and bareness of her life can understand failure--perhaps Bashō’s feeling about arrival, on the boat composing the *haiku* that introduced this section, echoes Anne’s sadness: “I don’t want to get there. Somehow, it will seem like the end of everything.” Does it end? Anne has the memories of a thousand and one nights when she says, “Something just flashes into

your mind, so exciting, and you must out with it. If you stop to think it over you spoil it all” (220). *Sabi* compliments *myō*: the quiet, meditative loneliness tempers the innocence of excitement. *Sabi* is the great rememberer; it connects the past to the present as no logical formulation possibly can. The New Year cannot come to be without the past, which includes suffering and change:

元日や思へば淋し秋の暮

(Bashō)

The First Day of the Year:

I remember

A lonely autumn evening.

(Blyth 2:359)

The “fat, happy face” of Issa’s peony may remind Anne of the caring concern of her departed mother and cause her to react in tears--and thus a poetic likeness reminds her of longing, joy, and helplessness. But the responsive power and integrity of life infuses *haiku* with a terse freedom and grand magnitude. Anne, at first glance frightened, carries all the loneliness and isolation of the orphan, the abuse and neglect of her earlier life. *Sabi* does not romanticize tragedy into a false virtue; rather, it accepts and makes peace with its own heartache. In their respective situations in the orphanages, Helen uses theology to survive, and Anne uses poetry.

Anne inquires into the dreams of butterflies, the chiming of time, into the children who blossom with the wisteria in their hands, the eerie play off a swinging branch--and she composes sudden religious liturgies from these. The narrator summarizes Anne’s capacity and magnitude for the constant, simple poetry dwelling in the expression that is life: “and there is no sweeter music on earth than that which the wind makes in the fir-trees at

evening” (303). This is the same sound of Bashō’s sunken bell.

Dō: The Road Among the Way, and the Shadow of Change

Anne travels the long, sloping road to Avonlea, establishing one of the central images that declares her emergence into the new landscape. The customary name for this path, the Avenue, does not sufficiently ring true for Anne, so she christens her new road--her new life begun--with the easy proclamation:

They should call it--
let me see--
The White Way of Delight. (AGG 59)

Anne detects a kinship, through her poetic intimation, with the “eccentric old farmer” who originally planted the arching apple-trees that now reach and span over the roadway. Matthew, not quite accustomed to appraising the beauty of an area so familiar to him, has his fundamental perceptions altered by the new range of Anne’s tenderness. The road, and the mind upon the road, harmonize in reflective inspirations. Anne’s spirit, and the spirit of the road, intertwine and become without differentiation, like the synonymous passion and understanding of Zen. The Anneroad converges in a sensitivity of wholeness that is the poetic spot in time. If Jane Eyre observes the feeling of life and sighs, somewhat dividedly--

Everywhere sunshine.
I wished I could
live in it and on it. (JE 364)

Anne embraces and indwells the sunshine; the interior versus the exterior disappears and does not interfere with her awareness:

Here and there a wild plum leaned out from the bank
 like a white-clad girl tiptoeing to her own reflection.
 (61)

This verbalises the same expansive enthusiasm of a mind in bloom
 such as Buson:

白梅に明る夜ばかりとなりにけり

(Buson)

Every night from now
 Will dawn
 From the white plum-tree.

(Blyth 2:583)

From *haiku* such as this, the sense of the Plum-tree mind, as one and the same as poetry, arises. Her unified whole of the White Way, the distant horizon, the potential for home, and the passion of the travel, as all of these being one and the same shows her Anne-ness perfectly from the beginning.

Pathways are frequent subjects of *haiku*, especially for Bashō, a seasoned journeyman, and Buson, the studious surveyor of the unfolding landscape in remote locations. Personally, I love travelling unacquainted pathways for the same reason I love crossing straits of water on a ferry: that inherent promise of discovery and a sense of timeless potential expanse of change, laid into the wake-length of significance, purpose, and voyage. The Japanese word for path or road--*道* 道--has served an indispensable function in the imagery and philosophy of Eastern poetry and philosophy. Certainly, artists have prized the literal meaning of road in ink-drawings, which unfold in winding scrolls of travel and view. But, also, Buddhism, Zen, and various martial arts have utilized the connotation of *道* as implying *the way*, the metaphorical

understanding to follow a path through dedication and practice. Further, the greatest awareness of road is in that we think of life as a journey, that the soul inhabits the metaphysic of movement and time, that the destination cannot be inclusive from the path that leads to the end--that the beginning, middle, and end form a holistic continuity that many philosophers call the *road* or *dō*.

When Bashō speaks of a mountain path, he refers to a multitude of feelings in the simplicity of the *haiku* form: the road, his fatigue and surprise as the road carries him forward, and the progressive sense of his own travels:

山路来てなにやらゆかし菫草

(Bashō)

Coming along the mountain path

There is something touching

About these violets. (Blyth 2: 638)

It is that *something* which fails us, the something that causes Anne to go silent along the White Way of Delight. Our intellect, discretion, intentionality, anticipations--these never fully apprehend the power of existence. Only perhaps intuition, in its strange profundity and heedless truth, sees into the paradox, mystery, and essential specifics of poetry and life.

Something.

As Anne comments about the world and the road through the world, "It wouldn't be half so interesting if we knew all about everything, would it?" (55). Issa feels the undefinable without defining it--and thus creates poetry and epiphany--when he writes,

露の世は露の世ながらさりながら

(Issa)

This dewdrop world--
It may be a dewdrop,
And yet--and yet-- (Blyth 3: 968)

Is this poem an insight both akin to and different from the eternity in a grain of sand? Issa is not contemplating eternity; he is mourning the loss of another child, and perhaps that is the contemplation of eternity. His love and loss shed the dewdrop world itself in a single trickle. Anne offers sympathy to Issa, sharing in the sparse, timeless magnitude of the soul, when she says:

And if I go out there and get acquainted with those
trees and flowers and the orchard and the brook
I'll not be able to help loving it. (AGG 81)

Anne must go out there. No alternative is possible. If Anne weeps, she weeps; and her praise and ecstasy equally allow themselves fullness. Anne's morning benedictions bless the house that has come to accept her. She approaches life in holistic passion; Casals played Bach preludes on the piano to awaken himself every morning. Her nature opens itself to the greatest and most immediate sense of meaning in life--possibility. Anne's secret is not a secret,⁴⁴ but the wind among the reeds. She meditates on the brook. The scope of her imagination asks, in the simple mirror of instinct, "Have you ever noticed what cheerful things brooks are? They're always laughing. Even in winter time I've heard them under

44-Consider how Christina Rossetti's poem, "Winter: My Secret," changes its mind:

Suppose there is no secret . . .
But only just my fun.
Today's a nipping day. (8-10)

the ice" (77). To this, Issa might reply,

我が春のも上上吉ぞ梅の花

(Issa)

Plum blossoms:
My spring
Is an ecstasy. (Blyth 1: 193)

Anne is not perfect--nothing in *haiku* is--which makes for her special, individual qualities of poetic experience. An endearing quality of Anne is the gradual harmonization of her spirit, misadventures, and blessings. Anne's imperfections distinctly form the breadth of experience of Anne of Green Gables in a wholeness that Helen's perfectionism can never attain.

Avonlea must grow accustomed to Anne, and she must familiarize herself with Avonlea, both as nature and human affairs. Although Anne busily navigates the countryside--composing narratives and consecrated names--her successful steermanship amongst personalities incurs more difficulties. Marilla assumes the charitable role of properly raising Anne into cultured correctness. She considers Anne's character as that of "an unlucky child, there's no doubt about that" (256). However, beneath her gruff observations, Marilla knows that Anne's darkened heart sometimes looks upon herself as a flow of disconnected time: Anne comments on her own history, "I do wish she'd lived long enough for me to remember calling her mother" (86). And, so, Marilla turns Anne's way.

In the nurturing, necessary gift of providing Anne with a home, Marilla cares for Anne's development and takes a responsive,

sustaining interaction with her. Marilla's dutiful approach--a physical duty as well as a moral duty--to Anne gives her new health and wellness, and the novel stresses the importance of food, nutrition, and feeding,⁴⁵ and also the value of physical activity. Anne does not languish in her sickly waif status, but exuberantly gains a healthy weight and level of activity outdoors:

As a result, Anne had the golden summer of her life she walked, rowed, berried and dreamed to her heart's content . . . a heart full of ambition and zest once more. (327)

Likewise, Miss Stacey, as well as inspiring their literary imaginations, takes all her students out from the classroom to participate, investigate, and experience nature (261). Anne of Green Gables offers a lesson in what we know call ecopsychology, where the biosphere is comprehended through vital and ecstatic feelings, operating in mental and physical spaces of exercise which participate in the outdoors to promote mental health.

In adopting Anne, Marilla provides a spiritual landscape of hearth, connection, and belonging. The beauty of Anne of Green Gables locates the special, quaint harmony of individual, family, home, and the panoramas of nature. That Anne becomes so much a part of the terrain of Avonlea, that she without question becomes *of*

45-Exercise and proper nutrition also greatly help the young Mary Lennox:

But the big breaths of rough fresh air blown over the heather filled her lungs with something which was good for her whole thin body and brightened her dull eyes she wakened one morning knowing what it was to be hungry. (Secret Garden 46)

Green Gables, defines the spiritual capacities of her future. Her breathing through the pines sounds as melodious as the wind. As a feature of *Green Gables*, she dwells peacefully commonplace:

里ふりて柿の木持たぬ家もなし

(Bashō)

The village is old;
No house
But has its persimmon tree.
(Blyth 4: 1111)

Marilla raises Anne, but she loosens her grip on the idea of re-arranging Anne, of

fashioning this waif of the world into her modest little girl of demure manners and prim deportment. (246)

Anne has aligned herself with the dryad, the playful, solitary magic of the imaginative faeries:

“Sometimes I look for her footprints in the dew in the morning. Oh, Diana, don’t give up your faith in the dryad!”
(240)

Marilla has already advised Anne against the vanity of fancy, stating that she “did not think it prudent to cultivate a spirit of belief even in harmless dryads” (240). Even Diana, with her “dreadful heathenish” name (62), reacts with Avonlea ethos: “You know there is no such thing as a dryad” (239). For her own purposes, Anne believes in the dryad the way she believes in the ribboned splendour of a poplar tree, that the natural realm of creativity glints as expressions and feelings which enchant the dimensions of meditation and response.

Marilla’s solemn sensibility wants the activities of the mind to involve materials which are decidedly wholesome and proper.

Such a strict, instructive attitude may stifle Anne temporarily, but it increases her concentration and ability to make the most of her abilities. Perhaps Marilla fears that Anne will wish to *become* a Dryad, and vanish into a realm of perpetual fantasy, never to develop the talent to make the most of her talents. Anne has a proclivity to the far reaches of invention and illusion, both delighting and dreading the supernatural within the natural. Like Jane Eyre, she fears and senses ghosts, whose astral visitations reveal states of absence (the loneliness and incorporeality of the red room and Anne's haunted forest).

Marilla steadies Anne's propensity to be distracted and enamoured with Gothic morbidity. The consistency of her home-life enables Anne to develop a greater understanding of her own place and potential in her dreams. She says of her adolescence in Avonlea, "I'm not a bit changed--not really. I'm only just pruned down and branched out" (356). Importantly, Marilla realizes she cannot reform Anne, and doesn't need to: guidance and care have a far greater compassion. To best love Anne, Marilla accepts what is of Anne, and what is "as alien to her as to a dancing sunbeam in one of the brook shallows" (246)

Anne, in return, opens up the stifled frustration of Marilla's incomplete life: "The lesson of a love that should display itself easily in spoken word and open look was one Marilla could never learn" (315). But, with Anne, Marilla learns to cry. Anne loosens Marilla's tendency to unmoving judgements. Because of her relationship to Anne, the sublime qualities of the summer grove, and

the release of emotional power as a tribute to one's own self, change Marilla's conceptions of the way things are. Their melody and rhythm of time co-exist with such mesmerism, that Marilla "wondered how she could have lived before Anne came to Green Gables . . ." (228). What was her original face after Anne?

ii

Matthew and Anne share one of the most eloquent friendships in the history of literature, using so few words to communicate their profoundly deep telepathy. On the wee accident that is the novel, Matthew says in true amazement and awe at the unpredictability of life,

"and there never was a luckier mistake than what Mrs. Spencer made--if it was luck. I don't believe it was any such thing. It was Providence, because the Almighty saw we needed her, I reckon." (360)

Matthew proves to Anne that kindred spirits may be found anywhere, in many voices and styles.

The upbringing of Anne bundles together the many influences, external and internal, that collect Anne into maturity and growth, in the way that all things of nature do. Diana identifies the unique quality of Anne, but cannot define it: "There's something so stylish about you, Anne" (349). What definition would capture the spirit of Anne?--Her consistent Anne-ness.⁴⁶ Marilla, who has learnt from Anne to rebut Mrs. Lynde, best describes the way that Anne

46-歌い上げる (*utaiageru*) to sing at the full capacity of one's voice, to completely express one's entire feeling in a poem.

changes and yet never sacrifices her essential Anne-ness that so perfectly articulates her inner nature:

“There’s a good deal of the child about her yet in some ways.”

“There’s a good deal more of the woman about her in others,”
retorted Marilla . . . (393)

Anne, in review of her own history, has a fond appreciation for the accidents that composed her chronology. Of Gilbert, “her friend the enemy,” she recognizes, “What would she have done without their inspiring rivalry?” (376)

To go to Queen’s, Anne sheds her narcissus (326), dropping the flower; the play-dreaming and mythological performance have been made into the flesh and potential of her own determination that emerges into the act of seeking her hopes. The living of her life has become her most sincere art-form--and then, when the time comes to rest, like drowsy autumn, she rests--

“I mean to spend at least two hours to-morrow lying out
in the orchard grass, thinking of absolutely nothing.”
(375)

The most essential observation of our cosmology and our life is that day becomes night, night becomes day, and again, that shadow of the hand of change. In her third book about Anne, Montgomery entitles the first chapter “The Shadow of Change.”⁴⁷ Through this image, Montgomery, I believe, intends to represent that although the shifting patterns of day and seasons motivate our attentions, we

47- Kakegawa renders the chapter title “The Shadow of Change” as 「変化の兆、見える」, a phrase that implies the omens of transformation have been made clearly visible. In English this phrase implies “The Sight [appearance] of Changing Omens.”

cannot directly see--apprehend--change *itself*, which happens so discreetly and insistently. Instead, the shadow of change's passing crosses over our awareness, the lingering trace from the penumbra of its touch, as Shiki and Anne describe:

夏木立入りし人の跡もなし

There is no trace
of him who entered
the summer grove. (Blyth 3:845)

the little wood things . . .
have gone to sleep . . .
tucked away until spring under a blanket of leaves.
(AGG 315)

With Matthew's sudden, but not completely unexpected, death, Anne truly arrives at another bend in the road, a pivotal time of change and definition in his passing that accompanies the ceremonial sense of her graduation from Queen's. Anne, like Issa, will contemplate the dewdrop world shed through loss. Shiki describes in a *haiku* the shadow of change, and where we recognize it:

舟と岸柳へだつる別れ哉

(Shiki)

In our parting,
Between boat and shore
Comes the willow-tree. (Blyth 2: 563)

Between Anne and Matthew is the life of the "little white Scotch rose-bush" which his mother brought out from Scotland long ago: "Matthew always liked those roses the best . . ." (383). The moving and distancing, to join and to part, between the movements of two people give bloom to flowers "small and sweet on their thorny stems" (383).

The accident that is the novel is brought into a question of consequence: had Anne been, in fact, the boy so requested, would Matthew's life have been prolonged and spared a greater degree of toil by another youth's hand? Had Anne been that boy capable of simple farmwork, would he have taken out the loan that seemingly was to aid Anne through college? I would say that the reason for Matthew's death, so deliberately stated in the novel, is a strong message from Montgomery:

The secret of the shock was an account of the failure of the Abbey Bank. (380)

While all the beautiful idylls and heartfelt discretion of the soul discover the beauty of life--for Anne and everyone--Montgomery reminds us that around the serene life of Prince Edward Island there is, so massive as to be unseen, a gruelling economic system that cuts and pastes the lives of dependent bystanders.

But Matthew needed Anne, as Bloom needed Dedalus, as Paradise needed Moriarty, and as Jane needed Helen. Many of our most profound incidents of spontaneous soulmaking occur in these coincidental constellations of spirit, the combining of the lives of two people, for each other, mutually accomplishing through friendship and assurance a new beginning where previously there had been only a position of isolation. What or who insists on bringing us together? For Dante it was of course

l'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle. (33: 145)

Matthew, in his own little way, calls it Providence. His unknown rose-bush blooms so distinctly against the grasses . . .

鳶ひよろゝひゝよろ神の御立げな

(Issa)

The gods are setting forth, it seems;
Hyororo hiiyoro,
 Cry the kites. (Blyth 1235)

This is an autumn haiku. The acoustical strength of the stern wind lifts the kites into the sky and billows about the ascent of the grand gods. The fluttering of kites's tails whistles upon the breeze and may or may not be the musicality which accompanies the gods's ascent. The frolicsome coincidence of divine congregation and child's play tremble together in the humour, surprise, and devotion to life and the unforeseeable. Anne looks upon the pond which "reflected them all in still softer shadings":

"Dear old world," she murmured, "you are lovely and I am glad to be alive in you." (394)

This, to me, is virtually the same as the less personal statement,

"God's in his heaven, all's right with the world." (396)

What do the children know of these gods? What does the wind know of the kite's music? Imagine those hands guiding the string from the village outskirts, while distantly another hand meditatively conducts the *shintō* ritual in the temple proper. While we are born and while we are buried, these movements continue, the play and the ceremony.

Blyth's comment on this startling *haiku* is informative and very gracefully stated:

On the 1st of October, all the gods throughout Japan leave their own shrines to assemble at the Great Shrine of Izumo. On this day, the kites are circling round in the pale blue sky, uttering their plaintive cry Are there really heavenly beings that set out on the 1st of October? Have the kites any connection with the journeying of the gods? Both these questions have

the same answer. If we say yes, we commit ourselves to superstition and fancifulness. If we say no, we deny the deepest intuitions of the heart, and the rights of the poetic imagination. The verse requires the religious insight that penetrates to the truth underlying all creeds and dogma.

(4: 1235)

I think of the quotation I used from Shiki which so reminds me of Anne and of Matthew's rose-bush, at the beginning of my thesis. Of course the rosebud is easier to paint, to cherish the choosing of a crimson palette, to articulate fragrance, beauty, and completion, the rose at its ultimate expression of rose-ness. It is the leaves that give us more difficulty, its *do*-to paint their unobtrusive beginnings, the rough texture and allure of growth, the sharpness of the stem.

The tail of the kites flutter. Jane Eyre concludes in a religious call to the future restoration of the Apocalypse, on the coming *parousia*. As for Anne, in typically Anne fashion, she offers no definitive interpretation of herself or her world, but says something very much of Bashō:

a fascination of its own,
that bend,
I wonder how the road beyond it goes . . .
(390)

The energy of life is made of greetings and goodbyes--"what new landscapes" (391). Anne exists in-between the two autumns, one of Matthew's and one of her own. Of the space, place, and presence of her way, she says "I don't know, but I can imagine It all depends on the way we look at it" (222-3). Sparking in the half-dark, her fascination unites with the road that leads through life and

Avonlea.

**“God’s . . . heaven, all’s . . . world”--like the greatest of *haiku*,
Anne whispers to us that God is the present affirmation.**

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