ABSTRACT OF THESIS. "BAUDELAIRE AND PROUST".

The Symbolistic technique as applied to the novel. An attempt to discover how far Proust may be considered an exponent of Symbolism, with special reference to his affinities with Charles Baudelaire.

A consideration of Marcel Proust, as exponent in the novel of some of the themes dear to Symbolism, and, before the Symbolists, to their precursor Charles Baudelaire.

In treatment of all these themes of memory, synesthesia, and music; symbol, liturgical symbolism, and mysticism: Time, and dreams; he shows close affinity with Baudelaire, and varying degrees of affinity with Symbolism proper, but everywhere he makes the novel a flexible instrument for expression of subject matter, and use of technique, hitherto considered the domain of poetry and the other arts, such as music, even the province of metaphysics (time) and psycho-analysis (sleep and dreams, memory and synesthesia).

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Treatise of parallel in this connection between Machado and Azorin on the one hand and Baudelaire and Proust on the other.

Bibliography. Proust boldly ranks first ... Only two familiar (i)-(ix) delightful material relaxations provided by a material evidence, and the wonderful but Index of proper names, of all metaphysical effort to capture elusive and intangible Truth ... hence the charming description of the journey to Dordrecht - the seafaring voyage of our self-esteem occasioned by the letters of officials, and our consequent decision to dedicate a book to them ("the least we can do for those she have made us a present of the Truth").

Perhaps one of the reasons why I love this passage so much is the fact that it immortalises every scholar's efforts to arrive at Truth - now Truth intangible, now Truth the "material object which exists between the pages of a book," the necessary exaltation of powerful influences; for Proust the "paying of court to the Venerable Archbishop of Utrecht with his fine old Jansenist face," discreet handling of the pious guardian of the archives at Amersfoort. The following reminds me of my own eager journeys by tube to L'Etale region - usually on autumn afternoons - to see Miss Mante's secretary - part of the way over a bridge astride the Seine, a row of beaches turning to flame, and bewitching by virtue of the delicate grace of their beauty.

"Le calme et la fraîcheur du vieux couvent sont si égaux ... et pendant que nous travaillons, les curieux du xviie siècle étourdissent si tendrement l'eau naïve du canal, qu'un peu de soleil pèle suffit à abolir, entre les doux rangées d'arbres dépouillés dès la fin de l'été qui frôlent les miroirs accrochés aux maisons à pignons des deux rives."

1. "Days of Reading", Marcel Proust choisen and translated by Gerard Hopking. Minaga, p.130

2. Ibid., p.130-131.

Avis au lecteur:

- I have found in Proust's "Journées de Lecture" of the Chroniques a passage which must afford great consolation to all seekers of Truth, as well as a warning to any students unduly obsessed by the desire to discover a document. The study of interior evidence, the discovery through medium of literature of "buried regions" in ourselves, this, Proust boldly ranks first ... Only too familiar to him the delightful material relaxations provided by a search for material evidence, and the wonderful but fleeting renunciation of all metaphysical effort to capture elusive and intangible Truth ... hence the charming description of the journey to Dordrecht - the soaring movement of our self-esteem occasioned by the letters of officials, and our consequent decision to dedicate a book to them ("the least we can do for those who have made us a present of the Truth")!

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1. "Days of Reading", Marcel Proust chosen and translated by Gerard Hopkins. Wingate. p.130

2. Ibid. p.130-131.

We cannot do better than cite in conclusion the words which Proust utters like admonition and blessing to all seekers of Truth in all centuries and in all nations. Who knows whether it is not perhaps with a special tenderness for such students of his own work as are driven back upon internal evidence for groundwork of their thesis - and find in newly published material "a pointer to Truth, or its verification so that room is left for another truth, which it merely announces or proves, a truth in itself the creation of those who seek it."?

"Cette conception d'une vérité sourde aux appels de la réflexion et docile au jeu des influences, d'une vérité qui s'obtient par lettres de recommandations que nous remet en mains propres celui qui la détenait matériellement sans peut-être seulement la connaître, d'une vérité qui se laisse copier sur un carnet, cette conception de la vérité est pourtant bien loin d'être la plus dangereuse de toutes. Car bien souvent pour l'historien, même pour l'érudit cette vérité qu'ils vont chercher au loin dans un livre est moins à proprement parler la vérité elle-même que son indice ou sa preuve laissant par conséquent place à une autre vérité qu'elle annonce ou qu'elle vérifie, et qui, elle, est, du moins une création individuelle de leur esprit." ¹

A book, a discovery even of materials should be a guide to interior evidence - not "une idole immobile qu'il adore pour elle-même, qui au lieu de recevoir une dignité vraie des pensées qu'elle éveille, communique une dignité factice à tout ce qui l'entoure", but a means to the end of an act, - one of creative interpretation - "l'ange qui s'envole aussitôt qu'il a ouvert les portes du jardin céleste." ²

These words of caution - "Take heed lest ye worship the letter and not the Spirit, the material object and not the message!" were, no doubt, urgently needed by his own day, for Proust to have written them with such cogency. This misplaced devotion

¹. Ibid. p.257.
². Ibid. p.257.
seems to prevail generally - far beyond the academic sphere - to-day. Only too commonly one hears the question posed "What remuneration does such discovery, such work bring to its devotee?"

Only too rarely: "What is the real value to the world of ideas of this or that interpretation, or (more pertinently) of this or that document?" Surely, even then, it is in the vision of the object, in the analysis which in turn it imposes on us, that the true value of any piece of knowledge must finally reside. "Science sans conscience n'est que ruine de l'âme" wrote Rabelais. Urgently required is keen analysis of its content. What more gloomy spectacle than of the collector or hoarder of books, the man for whom they exist only as rolls of parchment, or beautiful editions, - the man on whom their spiritual message is lost?

Similarly when a student discovers a document, or obtains the permission of the deceased author's family to edit the master's work, there is a tendency to declare with common assent that his name is made in the world of letters; - not only has he discovered, but he will shortly publish "quelque chose d'inédit" Either the relatives of the author in question, ignorant of his value, have abandoned the document to the avid searcher, or they have never been aware of its existence, and now rush to the scene of action, demanding their legal rights of possession. Occasionally they give such a document to the seeker of knowledge.

It is difficult to know sometimes how many of the people concerned, or of the general public, care about the intrinsic value of the paper as message and about the light which its newly discovered existence may shed on interpretation of the author's work. To value a document because it is a document, or because it reveals a possible source in real life of a character's identity, all this is to discount the truth which Proust saw and expressed - that all evidence is merely a pointer to the Truth, or its verification, that even the author's creative work has to register an impact on and within our consciousness, in order really to live and foster in us, in turn, corresponding creative urge, so that room is left for another Truth, "which it merely announces or proves, a Truth, which in itself is the creation of those who seek it."

This, then, is the criterion of art, and by our reaction and response to the challenge, the document will stand or fall, irrespective of its contents and message - and if we fail in our task of interpretation, it is left for the next line of readers to make honourable amends.......

When, in search of material, I embarked for France, I firmly supposed like many before me, that the discovery of a document, of "quelque chose d'inédit," would not only enhance the aura of scholastic endeavour, but add a very important justification to the ones which I believed I could already cite for producing a thesis on the writer Marcel Proust.

Nor did I ever under-estimate the value for literary research, of independent criticism. The closest I ever drew to realisation of this dream of a document, was when Mme Mante-Proust granted me permission to read hitherto unpublished papers of her uncle, on the subject of the poet Baudelaire - "cahiers" forming a virtual grand finale to the well known essay "A propos de Baudelaire," of Chroniques. Moreover, this reading confirmed many ideas, which I had entertained on the nature not only of nature's symbolism but also of his grounds for ranking Baudelaire high in the list of his favourite poets.

Another event - highlight in the literary world of Paris, that September of 1951 - was in store for students.
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of Proust. In "l'Opéra", his niece gave notice of her intention to publish in 1952 a newly discovered novel of her uncle - the first sketch or "première ébauche," of A la Recherche du temps perdu - Jean Santeuil, as it is named after that central figure of its action. Many critics have thought that this piece of writing should be reserved for students of Proust's work alone, and not released upon the uninitiated lay reader, chiefly in order to avoid any possible misinterpretation or placing of a false stress on a "première ébauche," rightly to be regarded in this capacity alone.

If Proust had intended his first sketch for publication, - they argue - he would most certainly have taken steps to ensure that publication during his lifetime. He took no such steps, indeed he is peculiarly reticent on the subject, even in the correspondence. The fact remains that such records of the birth of a masterpiece are of profound interest to the literary student, - since they measure in some sense the distance and rate of growth to maturity.

I should, here, like to express my thanks and indebtedness to the following - friends of Proust, authors, critics, professors and librarians for all they did to make my task of research easier and even more fascinating in its
line of development than I could have dreamed possible. To Madame Mante-Proust, Proust's niece and heiress for graciously permitting me to consult unpublished material, and to her secretary, M. Bernard de Fallois for his trouble in this direction.


To Mme Charles du Bos for enlightening me further about her late husband's appreciation of Proust.

To Mme Céleste Albaret for her generous sharing with me of a vivid and unique knowledge of Proust.

To M. Larcher for showing me "les sites Proustiens" of Illiers, and for providing me with a glimpse of the reality from which Zola and Proust drew such contrasting creations of art as the village of "La Terre" on the one hand, and Combray, instinct with poetry on the other.

Here in England I should like to thank my supervisor, Professor G.M. Turquet for her generous help in guiding my endeavours, and Professor E.M. Wilson for his suggestion of
a parallel between Machado's and Proust's conceptions of Time and equally for his help in preparing the translations of Machado and Azorin.

All have contributed to make my programme of inquiry fascinating and rewarding.

Fiser points to Valéry Larbaud as the originator of such inquiry in 1931, and has in mind presumably Larbaud's preface to Fiser's own book L'Esthétique de Marcel Proust,
published Rieder, Paris 1933.

He discovers that, once launched, the idea has rapid growth; yet of all the critics cited in support of his argument that Proust shows affinity with the Symbolist school, none is found, on closer examination, to do more than touch on the subject, and all seem to leave open to Fiser the real highways and byways of exploration. As virtual though not always complete parts of his thesis, Fiser aligns the following whom we will briefly mention in turn.

Florence Hier: La Musique dans l'oeuvre de Marcel Proust New York 1933, p.57.

A résumé of work already done in this field of research.

How far Proust's interpretation of the symbol shows affinities with Wagner, Baudelaire, Mallarmé and Bergson, is a subject treated at greatest length by Eméric Fiser in Le Symbole littéraire - Essai sur la signification du Symbole (chez Wagner, Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Bergson et Proust) 1941. Fiser points to Valéry Larbaud as the originator of such inquiry in 1931, and has in mind presumably Larbaud's preface to Fiser's own book L'Esthétique de Marcel Proust, published Rieder, Paris 1933.

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Florence Hier: La Musique dans l'oeuvre de Marcel Proust New York 1933 p.57.

By his own confession, Fiser's aim, briefly stated, is to find in Symbolism an idea of the Symbol sufficiently comprehensive to explain and unite the most representative works of the movement, and to claim Marcel Proust as one of its exponents, certainly not in all respects, but at least in respect of a great part of his aesthetics.

It seems to have escaped Fiser's attention that a certain German, Irma Tiedtke treated a kindred subject in her thesis: "Symbole und Bilder im Werke Marcel Prousts" ("Hamburger Studien" XXIX.)

Yet in spite of an interesting and suggestive introduction to her subject, Fräulein Tiedtke fails to examine the very lines of approach which she proposes. In the winter of 1930-31 Herr Doktor Brulez gave her the
initial urge to study Proust's "Symbolism" and it only
needed a suggestion in E.R.Curtius' essay on Proust.
("Die Neue Merkur", Febr. 1922), the word of Marie
Jeanne Durry, Artikel: "Réflexions" - Les Contemporains: Revue le Capitole, and Valéry Larbaud's Introduction to Fiser's work, to confirm her intention of giving the subject exhaustive treatment. Approaches which she mentions only 'en passant' without pausing later to examine their deeper implications, are a study of the relationship of Proust's aesthetics to those of the Founder of Symbolism, Baudelaire (a link openly avowed by Proust, Temps Retrouvé 11, 82, 3). Once given analogy with a past sensation, any particular one experienced in the present can set in vibration a communication-cord with the past, bringing it before us in veritable essence.

In the Chapter on Baudelaire, Fiser treats at some length this theme neglected by Irma Tiedtke, - but even he fails to detect all the affinities shared by Proust and Baudelaire in their experience of resurrection. (See Chapters II and III of my thesis).

Next, she mentions equally cursorily Proust's affinity with Verlaine in the use of "tragic landscape," this interaction of man and nature, the eternal interplay of the moods of man (See Ch.1 of Thesis - section on
Atmosphere and Climate - in Baudelaire, Verlaine and Proust). Jean-Louis Vaudoyer urged me to treat Proust's "Lyricism" which apart from an article by Edmond Jaloux in the "Revue de Paris", he considered to be a subject sadly neglected.

Tiedtke is vividly reminded of Rimbaud by the evocation in Proust of fantasy pictures through names. (See Rimbaud's "Sonnet des Voyelles.") Yet she equally fails to treat at length this process of synesthesia, which pervades the work of Baudelaire, Rimbaud, and the Symbolists proper. By this "dérèglement de tous les sens" Baudelaire and Rimbaud had thought to reach Eternity, but synesthesia often degenerates into a love and cult of sensation for its own sake, in a period of decadence, of civilisation become effete, (cf. Huysmans). Proust's position in the mêlée, Tiedtke never stays to examine. (See Thesis Ch. V. "Synesthesia")

The influence of the Pre-Raphaelite Symbolism, of Ruskin etc. has been examined by S. de Souza and others, but to the actual liturgical symbolism present in Proust, very little place has hitherto been accorded in literary criticism.

My aim does not stop short at examining more closely just those aspects of Proust's symbolism mentioned, then
neglected by Tiedtke, (lyricism, synesthesia, full nature of affinity between Baudelaire and Proust) but in fact extends to analyse in its theory and technique, Proust's treatment of integral themes of the Symbolist poets, and of subjects dear to the heart of their generation; the gamut will range over music, the possibility of an approximation to this art in literature; the Symbol, its meaning and rôle; Mysticism, its connection with and contribution to art; Time, an obsession in Baudelaire and Flaubert - more persistently with Proust's generation - (Machado); Dreams, their relation to reality, "Das Leben wird Traum, und der Traum wird Leben" (cf Gérard de Nerval); Death - of which sleep and dreams are a semblance.

Within the wide reaches of this outline I have made a special study of Proust's affinity with Baudelaire and I have endeavoured to go more deeply into this literary relationship than Eméric Fiser, that critic who has really granted to the theme some of the consideration of which it is so abundantly deserving.

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1. In Chroniques p.175 the article "Tal qu'en sorge, par Henri de Regnier" points to a deep sympathy on the part of Proust with one of his favourite Symbolist poets.

2. Proust chosen by G. Hopkins "About Flaubert's style", p.234: "Instead of spending the rest of our working lives producing unconscious parodies"
Biographical part of introduction.

Whenever anyone begins to conjecture about the degree of Symbolist influence brought to bear on Marcel Proust, it is a commonplace to refer the inquirer to *Les Plaisirs et les Jours* and the *Pastiches et Mélanges*. In *Les Plaisirs et les Jours* alone are to be found numerous quotations from Mallarmé and Verlaine, and, equally, verse written in the style of Baudelaire ("Portraits de Peintres et de Musiciens" p.135). In *Pastiches et Mélanges* p.32 is a Critique of "l'Affaire Lemoine par Henri de Régnier". The latter article a brilliant instance of parody it is true, but did not Proust openly admit that often parody was his sole means of escape from complete domination by a favourite writer? Verlaine, who to our amazement evokes no direct comment from Proust, is in *Jean Santeuil* openly acknowledged as one of the early formative influences. Nothing more, then - these instances - than the literary enthusiasms of an adolescent, stormy phase through which the young author is destined to pass in order to reach the calm

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1. In *Chroniques* p.175 the article "Tel qu'en songe, par Henri de Régnier" points to a deep sympathy on the part of Proust with one of his favourite Symbolist poets.

and poise of maturity. Yet evidence of a deeper permeation by Symbolist influence confronts us even in the work of maturity – a fact we attempt to demonstrate especially in the second part of this Chapter (p.xxi onwards).

At the Lycée Condorcet, and again during his period of collaboration with Gregh as co-editor of "Le Banquet" Proust underwent Symbolist influences. Verlaine is Jean Santeuil's favourite poet. Francis Jammes ranks high too. (See M. Beulier in Jean Santeuil Ch.111.p.328 etc.).

We also know that Comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fézensac, 1855-1921, Proust's guide through the inferno or paradise of aristocratic society, was the friend of Symbolist associates, and introduced his young follower Proust to many of their number. At his fêtes and artistic séances the society would include such visitors as Mallarmé, Whistler, Verlaine, Oscar Wilde, René Louys, Ida Rubinstein and Sarah Bernhardt.

As an exponent of Dandyism, who traced his social lineage to Baudelaire and Stendhal, he certainly influenced strongly the observer and analyst of society in Proust, now attracted now repelled by his object of study. "Incapable

2. See Mina Curtiss. The correspondence of Marcel Proust. ps. 29 and 30.
of pleasing ... too different from other people, and given to the aristocratic pleasure of offending."

Montesquieu's style is considered by many to have swayed Proust strongly and to have done much to form the young writer's peculiar tone of expression. It seems certain now that he was the model for the chief protagonist of a major Symbolist work, Des Esseintes of Huysmans' A Rebours, as well as a key to the Baron de Charlus.

The Comtesse Anna-Elisabeth de Noailles, 1876-1933, for whom Proust and Gregh had great admiration (see Proust: "Les Eblouissements" of Chroniques) was taken up by the Symbolist generation as one who gave eminent expression to their state of mind. François Mauriac has said that she expressed "the spiritual torment of a whole emerging generation." On Proust and Gregh she exercised a personal influence. Of Proust the Comtesse is reported to have written: "He is the only person who ever made me change a line."

Proust frequented the salons of Mme. Straus, Mme. de Caillavet, and Mme de Noailles. The occasion for his acquaintance, and later friendship, with Jean-Louis Vaudoyer was afforded by the presence in Paris of the Ballet Russe. The salon of Marie Schoikévitch brought together A. France, 1. See Mina Curtiss: The correspondence of Marcel Proust. ps. 29 and 30.
Jules Lemaître, Paul Valéry, the Comtesse de Noailles and Jean Cocteau, but the actual relationship Valéry-Proust is difficult to determine. When I asked M. Georges de Lauris what he thought was Proust's opinion of Valéry, he was unable to enlighten me ... Valéry's poetry was published late, and Lauris seemed to think that there was more likelihood of influence on Proust from the work of Jules Laforgue — a poet whose subtle irony won the regard of Lauris and his entire generation.

"Eblouissements" p.177 of *Chroniques*, although primarily intended to give a commentary on the poems of the Comtesse de Noailles, sheds light on Proust's assessment of the Symbolists, Henri de Régnier, Maeterlinck, Francis Jammes, three of the appointed six who are destined to open out to him "les Jardins du Paradis."

Of Henri de Régnier (*Chroniques*, p.184), he speaks as ever in terms of affection, - perhaps the first poet whom he knew, - and he delights to contrast the hard, cold, gem-like brilliance of Régnier's architecture and nature, fish and flowers with the natural décor of Francis Jammes. Proust's tone is never anything other than that of a man who speaks of "livres d'enfance, livres de chevet", nowhere here the perspicacious admiration which he reserves for masterpieces, but rather the familiar, disarming tone one would adopt to an intimate life-long friend. The garden of Jammes is full of "lis communs, grenadiers, choux, avec les deux petits chats gris qu'il a le plus aimés sur la terre."

The account he gives of metaphor as of a transposition, of a visual error - which the intervention of intelligence

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1. M.Larcher claims to have found in Régnier a direct préfiguration of Combray, no. 23. nov. 1947. "L'Europe." Article: "Illiers - Combray". p.71.
would banish - (cf. a rope can appear first as a snake, probably only later as a rope etc.), this must surely be of interest and remind us of synesthesia and "les correspondances". In the portrayal of the poet, the faculty of transposition receives a major stress.

When, in Du Côté de chez Swann, Proust introduces the figure of Bergotte, we are plunged straight into the heart of matters affecting Symbolism. 'Poésie pure', that haunting problem of verbal incantation, preoccupied the narrator to the extent of fatiguing him! To Bloch is owed this introduction and the occasion for somewhat amused comment by Proust on his childhood's reactions to 'poésie pure' in theory and practice.


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Du Côté de Chez Swann. l. p.130,

"Les problèmes insolubles que je me posais à propos de la beauté dénuee de signification de 'la fille de Minos et de Pasiphaé' me fatiguaient davantage et me rendaient plus soufrant que n'auraient fait de nouvelles conversations avec lui . . . ."

Bergotte has "une philosophie idéaliste", and the boy stumbles upon a "morceau idéal de Bergotte"; - all this terminology savours somewhat of Mallarmé and his following. As for style, Bergotte uses "expressions rares, presque archaïques", full of poetic virtue and melodic power.
Here we are reminded of sixteenth century influence on Symbolist poetry. More especially does Proust seem to have had the same link in mind, when we come to Proust's appraisal, for Reynaldo Hahn, of Mallarmé's quatrain. (See "Nouvelles Littéraires" 18/9/52)

In the newly published correspondence of Reynaldo Hahn there comes to light Proust's readiness to appreciate Mallarmé other than by citation of an occasional and admired verse in the Correspondence, or, again, simply by detection of "un vers mallarméen", in Baudelaire. (M/s). (Ch. P. 71)

Proust was well aware of his friend Reynaldo's liking for the fluid, sonorous poetry of the variety Mallarmé produced indiscriminately for reviews, writing on fans and envelopes, and even on "galets"; - we are told by Guillot de Saix (in her article of 18/9/52) that Proust obtained from Méry-Laurent a quatrain by the latter's friend, and sent it to Hahn "en cas deau" with a commentary, at once a concession to his friend's regard for Mallarmé, and apt illustration of his own powers to appreciate the master.

After admitting the fluidity, and fugitive quality of Mallarmé's verse, that element which would defy the boldest mind to broach analysis... he then somewhat teasingly concedes

1. In the lines of "Soupir", where a spray of water rises, Mme Straus can enjoy "poésie pure". (Corr. Gén. VI. p. 9)
2. "Nouvelles Littéraires."
to his friend Reynaldo's literary fetish. "Pourtant puisque cela amuse mon Reynaldo de me voir patauger - (even Proust feels somewhat adrift in the world of Mallarmé) - et puisqu'il s'intéresse à tout ce qui vient de Mallarmé, je lui dirai de ce poète en général que ... ses images obscures et brillantes sont sans doute encore les images des choses, puisque nous ne saurions rien imaginer d'autre, mais reflétées pour ainsi dire, dans le miroir sombre et poli du marbre noir."

The version which Proust selects for analysis is the less concise form of two writings, (one dated August 1896, and not included in the 'Pléiade' collection, of Mondor and Jean Aubry)

The less concise version of the quatrain was published recently in a catalogue of autographs.

"L'an, pareil en sa course au fleuve que voici,
S'écoule vers la fin d'un été sans merci,
Où le pied altéré, fêté par l'eau, se cambre
Pour la taquiner mieux du bout d'un ongle d'ombre."

Proust admires the first two lines for their great simplicity - supremely evocative of the outlines of summer. "S'écoule vers la fin d'un été sans merci" reminds one of Proust's own delineation of a relentless summer day. AD(1)105.
(See ch. ix where comparison is drawn with Baudelaire's poem on "L'insolente nature").

Then, most strikingly, Proust proceeds to analyse the relationship: Mallarmé — sixteenth century, — finding in both a preciosity of mythology and expression. (During my own reading of Maurice Scève I was frequently carried forward in time to Mallarmé.) Guillot completes the circle by asking whether there is not some affinity with the sixteenth century technique in Marcel's prose. (cf. Montaigne).

Proust approaches the theory and technique of the Correspondences when he stresses the natural and sincere character of the images favoured by preciosity. Similarly Baudelaire comments, in Swedenborg, on the analogy between a smile and the wagging of a dog's tail. Here Proust certainly conceives of imagery as an instrument to sharpen and clarify thought. He makes use of the same technique in the prose medium.

"Ajoutez que dans la préciosité, les images restent d'une sincérité, d'un naturel exquis (je veux dire empruntées à la nature); ce pied altéré qui va boire comme une plante, nous donne merveilleusement l'idée de ces êtres obscurs que sont nos organes et qui paraissent en effet vivre d'une vie particulière mais obscure."

The foot drinks like a root and then becomes "désaltéré".

1. P. 313.
"Le pied fêté par l'eau" - Proust analyses further - "'water indeed seems to caress the foot'..". (In Proust's own writing, "le goût", "la saveur", and "l'odorat" frequently seem to become animated.)

From the trivial, poetry is drawn, and Proust is inspired to formulate his ideal of the poet on this occasion, eloquently. For he writes in his final résumé:

"C'est là, en dernière analyse, que réside le charme. C'est du reste le charme de Mallarmé, et le rôle du poète de solenniser la vie."

But it is to solemnise death, that Proust uses Mallarmé's poem "Hommage à Richard Wagner", in the death scene of Bergotte. Monsieur Henri Mondor drew my attention to this source of Proust's inspiration. The books surrounding the dead Bergotte become wings of angels, heralds and symbols of his resurrection. In "Hommage à Richard Wagner", the books have the quiver of a wing, and trumpets of gold surmount the "vélims", testifying to an apotheosis of the dead Wagner.

"Héroglyphes dont s'exalte le millier
A propager de l'aile un frisson familier,
Enfouissez - le moi plutôt dans une armoire, Trompettes tout haut d'or pâmé sur les vélims,
Le Dieu Richard Wagner irradiant un sacre
Mal tu par l'encre même en sanglots sibyllins"

("Hommage": Mallarmé, Editions Barnard p.86)
Monsieur Mondor drew my attention also to the fact that Valéry dedicated to Marcel Proust, *Le Cahier des Vers Anciens.* - His dédicace to Proust reads "Du Côté de chez Mallarmé - Son admirateur Valéry." i.e. he for his part goes to the school of Mallarmé. Does Valéry see any affinity between Proust and Mallarmé? Perhaps the fact that the verse dates to his school days implies a harking back to Mallarmé's influence on Marcel Proust as well as on Valéry - at least in the early formative years.

These, then, are the biographical details which I have managed to glean. In the actual study of internal evidence I have drawn from the entire range of Proust's work, not only from the early writings, *Les Plaisirs et les Jours, Pastiches et Mélanges*, savouring of a more superficial influence of Symbolism, but from the whole of *À la Recherche du Temps perdu* and *Temps Retrouvé*.

The references to the latter two works conform to the pagination of the old, standard edition, of the "Nouvelle
1
Revue Française", unless otherwise stated. Where reference is made to the Scott-Moncrieff translation, this, too, is made clear.

The following accepted symbols are used for the reader's convenience.

S: Du Côté de chez Swann (dernière édition en 2 volumes)
J.F: A L'ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs. (édition en 3 volumes)
G.I: Le Côté de Guermantes I
G.II: Le Côté de Guermantes II
S.G.I: Sodome et Gomorrhe I (dont la pagination suit celle de G.I)
S.G.II: Sodome et Gomorrhe II
P: La Prisonnière
AD: Albertine Disparue.
T.R: Le Temps Retrouvé.

The figure in brackets refers to the volume, and the next figure to the page.

P.J: Les Plaisirs et les Jours. (N.R.F)
P.M: Pastiches et Mélanges (N.R.F.)
C: Chroniques (N.R.F.)
J.S: Jean Santeuil (3 vols. N.R.F.)

1 & 2 By 'old standard edition' and "dernière édition en 2 volumes" is meant the pre-1935 edition of Proust, used by Raoul Celly in his Répertoire des Thèmes de Marcel Proust.
References are made throughout the thesis to the E. Starkie edition of Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal*. 
CHAPTER I

Jean Santeuil.

How far this early novel, - virtual "ébauche" of Proust's masterpiece, - can be claimed to show the birth and evolution of his mystic of involuntary memory, and his masterly conception of Time -

"Impressions Retrouvées" of Jean Santeuil.

Le Temps Retrouvé of his maturity.

Partial enlightenment of the mystery surrounding Proust's reflections on aesthetic creation - reflections cut short by his entry into the salon of the Duc de Guermantes.

(T.R. (2) 83.)

1. "J'allais chercher à me rappeler les pièces de Baudelaire à la base desquelles se trouve ainsi une sensation transposée, pour achever de me replacer dans une filiation aussi noble et me donner par là l'assurance que l'oeuvre, que je n'avais plus aucune hésitation à entreprendre méritait l'effort que j'allais lui consacrer, quand étant arrivé au bas de l'escalier, qui descendait de la bibliothèque, je me trouvai tout à coup dans le grand salon". (T.R. (2) 83)
Plan of chapter:

6-7 Brief abstract of novel:
(i) Jean Santeuil falls between *Les Plaisirs et les Jours* and *A la Recherche*, and is of value in showing the gradual passage into ascendancy of master-traits.
(ii) Function of art, - of poetry in particular. Parallel between ideologies of Baudelaire and Proust.

11-12

12-14

14-20

20-22

22-23

23-24

24-27

27-33

1. Outlook of *Malade*, fundamental to Baudelaire's and Proust's ideologies.
2. Conception of Time conditioned by illness and convalescence.
3. In illness is the stimulus of Baudelaire and Proust to seek out the joys of imagination. Value of the Past and the Ephemeral for the poet and novelist. From these comes the substance of the eternal, Art.
4. a. Baudelaire's art of remembrance.
   b. The penalties of his technique.
5. Quality of vision.

(iii) A. Theory of memory imprisoned within object, sensation or "habitat":
(1) Is this a variation of Balzac's theory of "milieu" as expression of character?

(2) Flaubert's contribution.

(3) Proust's originality.

(iv) B. Involuntary Memory.

(1) Belief in predetermination.

(1) Proust atmosphere.

and (ii) Baudelaire.

(2) Proust's mystic of memory in Jean Santeuil.

(3) Immobility, a characteristic of memory in Baudelaire, but only rarely in evidence in Proust (as in Ch. on Penmarch). It is a potential foe of "Remémoration."

(4) (a) Contrastingly dynamic quality of Baudelaire's style.

(b) Ternary grouping of adjectives, verbs and nouns. Baudelaire and Proust.

(5) Simple simultaneity and correlation of past and present in Baudelaire. This simple simultaneity, and also complex simultaneity of a group of actions in the present, in Proust.

Main Division (v) A. Climate.

Sensitivity of Baudelaire and Proust to climate and atmosphere.

Proust's observations on Baudelaire's "Climate".

Natural imagery of Baudelaire.

Autumn.

Spring - parallels with Proust.

Process of "assujettissement" to climate in Baudelaire and Proust. Lyrical aspect of Proust's genius; cf Baudelaire and Verlaine.

Association of mood and weather - a continuation of the tradition of Verlaine.

Elaboration of such ideas, and Stimmungslieder in Proust's A la Recherche.

More surely than individuals, it is nature that holds our affections.

B. "La Voix". Rôle in Baudelaire and
Proust. Proust's comment on "Les Voix" in Baudelaire.

Main Division (vi) Time.


92-93 Conclusion.
Brief Abstract of Jean Santeuil.

In view of the recent nature of its publication, some introductory note about Jean Santeuil would seem desirable. The man entrusted with the task of editing the novel, M. Bernard de Fallois, has established the date of authorship as falling between Les Plaisirs et les Jours 1896 and Du Côté de Chez Swann 1910.

The fact that Proust was creating this work between 1896 and 1910, destroys the theory of an exclusively 'mondaine' period which legend would place immediately prior to his period of great literary output. It is only by great good fortune that the book has come down to posterity at all, since Proust at one point even contemplated burning it.

To a friend he wrote: "J'ai écrit un roman entier sur la Bretagne, mais je l'ai détruit." These fragments form the extant Jean Santeuil, as it reaches us today:

Near the bay of Concarneau, Proust meets a famous writer, and Jean Santeuil is his novel, a copy of which is given to Proust by the author himself, and in turn given by Proust to

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the world after the author's death. It is the tale of Jean Santeuil, or rather biography, taking us from the fifth to the twenty-fifth year of the hero's life. By his indirect approach Proust enjoys the combined advantage of objectivity and subjectivity, free to insert from time to time critical observations, in the course of a narrative which would otherwise be purely direct and autobiographical. Characteristically, Proust sets himself at a distance to survey and analyse Proust ....Jean Santeuil.

How far this early novel, - virtual "ébauche" of Proust's masterpiece, - can be claimed to show the birth and evolution of his mystic of involuntary memory, and his masterly conception of Time.

The "Impressions Retrouvées" of Jean Santeuil point forward in time to Le Temps Retrouvé of his maturity.

In Jean Santeuil we discover partial enlightenment of the mystery surrounding Proust's reflections on aesthetic creation - reflections cut short by his entry into the salon of the Duchesse de Guermantes.

1. Jean Santeuil falls between Les Plaisirs et les Jours and A La Recherche, and is of value in showing the gradual passage into ascendancy of master traits.

Whatever criticism may have opposed Madame Mante-Proust's
publication of her uncle's novel Jean Santeuil - students of Proust can express only gratitude for her action. Surely few occupations can vie in interest with that of plotting a line of development, and watching it travel into the ascendancy. A parallel urge prompts us to list and discuss the notes and "variantes" of the author, those "notes en marge", or marginalia which so often disclose the point of departure, the mother-cell of creation. Just because this primary growth burgeons at random, - that is no reason for us to discard it summarily, as perhaps the novelist will do - pruning, and re-ordering the vigorous life-force - witness Flaubert's curtailment of so many acts of involuntary memory in the final version of Madame Bovary. 1 The evolution of memory in all its phases is no less the obsession and "nerf" of Flaubert, his immediate and vibrant self-expression than the rambling, absorbing discursiveness of the "Correspondence". Artistry demands order and a greater detachment from the ego, and correspondingly more analytical approach. Time, too, is needed, for artist and object to fuse; a period must elapse between the conception of the work, its "ébauche" on the one hand, and its execution on the other. Jean Santeuil is Proust's early "récolte."

1. See New Edition of Mademoiselle Leleu, which it is most interesting to set in comparison with the "expurgated" edition circulated today.
I think that Proust was vividly conscious of his immediate relationship to Jean Santeuil, - after all, the first-born of the 'novelist', for it falls roughly in the year 1895 between *Les Plaisirs et les Jours* and *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu*. He feels 'at one' with this early novel, and seems to regard the work with something of a parent's tenderness for the first child, not merely contiguous to its procreator, the "first breath of his being," but an expression, "consubstantial" with the artist Proust, who is clearly a direct descendant of Montaigne in this cardinal aspect.

"Puis-je appeler ce livre un roman? c'est moins peut-être et bien plus ... c'est l'essence même de ma vie recueillie sans y rien mêler dans ces heures de déchirement où elle découle."

The first impact of reality on the artist's consciousness lies recorded in these pages - more autobiographical in content and expression than *À la Recherche*. In many parts, the "umbilical cord" has not yet been severed; reality has to undergo a still deeper mellowing within the soul - before it can be acclaimed as truly converted into its artistic equivalent. Only in appearance are they facets of

1. (J.S. (1) 31) cf. Montaigne - "Une vie qui découle".
"effritement" and negation, - these handservants of art -
repetition and oblivion. They do not lose but rather
yield for a spell to the flow of time all the strength
and poignancy of our lives.

Memory alone will restore in full splendour of
involuntary resurrection what was superficially lost and
hidden from outer time. With naïve freshness and clarity,
as if he were in the room beside us, Proust, in this early
novel, intones as refrain a literary variant of the
Biblical text: "He who would lose his life, shall save it";
his own version, "I must lose the Past to find it in
essence, - I must equally lose Jean Santeuil to find my
true self-expression, i.e. A La Recherche and, having set
distance between myself and my first self-expression I
must thread my way 'en sens inverse,' to the apparently
trivial incident, or detail of costume. to the anecdote
1 'indumentaria,' and, only when beheld by Involuntary
Memory, - only when subjected to 'une vue oblique' can
this part, or, rather, essence of the Past really break
in upon my consciousness."

A vague fluttering and awareness of the power of
memory, a premonition of its rôle, - and the natural
consequence of the laws of time and oblivion, all these

1. See Appendix B to Ch. IX where Machado speaks of
materialisation of the past, in the particular and
trivial, in the inconspicuous detail of costume.
are present from the outset of the book; but it follows that we find only in later pages of Jean Santeuil, the most striking instance, psychological, and aesthetic, of Involuntary Memory. The haunting power of this 'incident of the cloak' is in itself a justification "avant la lettre" of the artist's defiance of conventional time laws; and his defiance inspires the structure of A la Recherche and his constant re-instatement of "Inner Time". It even impels him to emancipate the characters from any vestige of an artificial and professed synchronisation with outer time.

(ii)

In their conception of time there is a definite parallel between the ideologies of Baudelaire and Proust.

Already in Jean Santeuil, Proust has evolved his aesthetics, and has sounded the triumphant keynote which the closing pages of Temps Retrouvé will do little more than re-echo, - namely that the artist must look to the past for his material, - especially to the past, resurrected involuntarily, and convert this unadulterated essence, - his unique individuality, into terms of literature and art. An intellectual experience, and résumé of the past give only bare bones, not the body and substance of reality; therefore

1. J.S. (2) 228
it is into sensation, - curiously enough, into the trivial border-line of our perceptions, - that all the poetry of feeling has always flowed. Chance governed this process of outward flow, and it is equally chance, which can ordain that a like sensation will, in the fullness of time, restore the fruits of past experience, and enable us to extract the essence common to both. From a world of appearance to a world of essences, ideas...

1. How far can we claim that Baudelaire's ideology runs the same course? We can measure the extent of Proust's agreement with his precursor by an examination of Baudelaire's poetic rather than his theoretic writing. Proust seems, in fact, to provide the running commentary - the marginalia so illuminating to the lay-reader - of Baudelaire's technique. After reading Proust's clarification of the processes of creation and memory, so closely inter-allied, we return to Baudelaire with new powers to appreciate and understand the poet's very soul.

The outlook of "malade" is fundamental to Baudelaire's and Proust's ideologies.

Some illumination does reach us, in this connection, from the pages of L'Art Romantique, and the Curiosités Esthétiques. A signal feature of both writings, is the

2. " "
manner in which Baudelaire, probably speaking for himself alone, as eternal type of "le malade" and "le convalescent," clarifies our understanding of Proust, and the latter's thought processes.

When Proust wrote Jean Santeuil he had already undergone attacks of asthma, and a certain strain of the "maladif" pervades the novel - in acuity of sense-perceptions, and equally in the increasing refuge taken in a spiritualized reception of reality - by memory and imagination. "The only forms of paradise, the true ones, are those we have lost." So wrote Proust, and if we did not know that Baudelaire had written the following, it would be impossible to say whether we were reading Baudelaire or Proust; - of the artist M.G. it lies recorded: "Revenu récemment des ombres de la mort, il aspire avec délices tous les germes et tous les effluves de la vie; comme il a été sur le point de tout oublier, il se souvient et veut avec ardeur se souvenir de tout .... La curiosité est devenue une passion fatale, irrésistible. Supposez un artiste qui serait toujours spirituellement à l'état du convalescent, et vous aurez la clef du caractère de M.G." (p.59 "Le Peintre de la vie Moderne")

Do we not seem to be hearing Proust's introductory

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1. cf. Baudelaire's "Le Cygne". The poet thinks of whoever has lost "ce qui ne se retrouve jamais."

2. L'Art Romantique.
remarks about the writer C - the "Jean Santeuil" of his novel, that baffling and intensely autobiographical figure of a man who had come to the coast of Brittany partly to recuperate...? Reynaldo Hahn has brought Proust before us in L'Hommage ("Promenade", p.39) as a man held enraptured by the beauty of a rose, and seeking to divine its innermost and elusive secret in one of his "minutes profondes"; so too the novelist of the opening pages of Jean Santeuil, - hero-worshipped by two young boys, - falls prey to the fascination of essence, latent within the beauty of natural and fleeting forms.

2. Conception of time conditioned by illness and convalescence.

"Let us toil up the hill of time, by a retrospective effort of imagination, to our earliest impressions, and then we will realise that they had a curious affinity with the vivid impressions which we received later, at the end of a physical illness, provided that this illness left intact our spiritual faculties. With this difference from childhood, that now endowed with virile organs and analytical mind, we can discipline the wealth of materials amassed involuntarily." (Baudelaire). Proust's actions during a stage performance emphasise even more vividly what must have been, in his instance, an innate tendency to register most

1. A preliminary sketch of the poet captivated by a rose is to be found in Jean Santeuil (2) 45.
clearly all impressions on the fringe of experience. Hence
his technique of Involuntary Memory, of emotion preserved
intact on the very fringe of sense perception, and
experienced to the full only in retrospect.

Pierre-Quint. M. Proust. Sa vie et son œuvre pp. 60
and 61. "Proust chatted through the theatre performance and
seemed to do anything but pay attention to the stage. Yet
after performance, surprised his friends by repeating
everything important in the play."

T.R. (2) 33 - "Une chose que nous avons regardée
autrefois, si nous la revoyons, nous rapporte avec le
regard que nous y avons posé, toutes les images qui le
remplissaient alors."

Similarly the sight of a book, read in the past,
restores to us not only its contents of reading matter, but
the sun and wind which tempered its pages and mingled
indefinitely with its essence - and it is the privilege of
those who see more clearly what they are not looking at
directly, "de voir reflétés sur leurs pages les demeures
et les étangs qui n'existent plus."

('Journées de lecture", P & M. 226.). The library which
Proust would own, differs from all others in relying for
riches and rareness on his own 'first impressions'

1. T.R. (2) 37.
2
An application of this technique to his vision of time accounts for his inability to capture and savour the present while it actually flows past him; he finds that he can enjoy sensation only indirectly and by virtue of recall ... materials which Baudelaire will term "amassed involuntarily ... "

(p.59. "Le Peintre de la vie Moderne").

What we had thought could never return to convalescent or artist, all the impressions on the fringe of experience, return in extra-temporal glory to be enshrined in the only fit resting-place, the work of art, where the rôles of convalescent and artist are not spiritually but literally fused; as for both Proust and, latterly, Baudelaire, a branch of hawthorn, brought into the sick room, even the slightest impact of outer reality on the invalid's perceptions:

a sound from the street below, a perfume, - will suffice to release the magic of stored sensation, and give a sense of imperishable continuity to the most transitory phase of human experience.

'That is why,' - declares Proust, - in one of the most revealing chapters of Jean Santeuil, p.233, Vol.ii.

1. cf.S. & G.II (i) 178. - "païse, -domaine inconnu qui ne nous est restituable que par laressurrection des impressions qui leur ont servi de cadre."

2. Proust seems to have specialised in the opposite of "Central fixation", i.e. he sees a thing more clearly, when he is not looking at it! (See overleaf p.15. & p.16)
"Impressions Retrouvées", - 'That is why, we should live and know all the hours of life; let us be sad, if we wish, in hotel rooms, do not let us even grieve unduly that we have spent our time in elegant carriages, and in salons; we do not know on what day, just when we are searching for beauty in a mountain or in a sky, we shall find it in the sound of a rubber wheel, in the perfume of a material, in these things which have floated through our lives, where chance brings them to float once again, but better armed this time to enjoy them; for chance cancels their quality of being past, with their present reality, rescuing us from the bondage of the present, and overwhelming us with the sweet sense of an uninterrupted flow of life....'

cf., "the better armed this time to enjoy them," (Proust: "Mais mieux armée cette fois-ci pour en jouir,")

with the following underlined phrase from Baudelaire's passage:

"Mais le génie n'est que l'enfance retrouvée à volonté, l'enfance douée maintenant, pour s'exprimer, d'organes virils et de l'esprit analytique, qui lui permet d'ordonner la somme des matériaux involontairement amassée."

L'Art Romantique, "Le peintre de la vie Moderne," p.60

1. This sounds like regrets of a "Mondain" over his period of frivolity.
How many times we wish we could arrest the fleeting moment - a superb rendering of ballet, of music, a chance combination of colour and light effects on land and sea! This was the "hantise" or obsession of the Impressionists - and it would impel Monet relentlessly to plot the faintest modulations of light, painting and repainting a scene never identical with its previous self, except to the most superficial glance. Proust has the painter's pre-occupation with change of light in "Sunlight on a Balcony." ¹ Proust's sensibility and Baudelaire's are peculiarly attuned to perceive and render the faintest velleities of sense impressions - whether the organ be sight, touch, hearing, taste or smell. The latter organ reaches an abnormal degree of sensitivity in both men....

"If only I could see such beauty again!" is a spontaneous cry.

"Aimez ce que jamais on ne verra deux fois.
Ah! qui verra deux fois ta grâce et ta tendresse?"
(Vigny: "La Maison du Berger.")

"La Modernité! C'est le Transitoire, le fugitif, le contingent, la moitié de l'art, dont l'autre moitié est l'éternel et l'immuable."

("Le Peintre de la Vie Moderne," p.66)

¹. G: 100
The miracle for Baudelaire and Proust is that the "second coming" does materialise. Even absence from the scenes so rich in supply of sensation and emotion, entails no sacrifice of renewal - in fact just the reverse....

"Soyons tristes dans des chambres, ne nous désolons même pas trop d'avoir vécu dans des voitures élégantes et dans des salons!" We do not know when we will rediscover beauty in the sound of a rubber wheel, or in the scent of a material.

Proust almost urges us to rejoice that such beauty lurks round every corner, there, in the most trivial seeming object, imprisoned for our delight. Don't even let us be unduly sad, that we have spent so long away from primary beauty in "carriages and salons," or, could we not add, for Proust and Baudelaire, - 'whiled away the hours from grim necessity in a sick room'?

"Anyone who had been condemned, as I have been, to live for years in a room where the shutters are kept closed, and the only light is supplied by electricity, would naturally envy the sage of Mantua, the beautiful walks." Small wonder that in view of his intense regret at loss of direct experience, Proust should so valiantly resort to imaginative delights,

1. C:236. (N.R.F.)
savoured at a remove from reality, one past sensation imprisoned within the aura of a present reality, - sound of a wheel, modulation of a voice, scent of a material. The 'secondary' beauty so released exceeds any direct experience in spiritual power. It was no idle boast that Proust made, when he said that from his bed, through the media of sound, and scent alone, he could know the exact quality and feel of the day, and weather in the street below.

3. In illness is the stimulus of Baudelaire and Proust to seek the joys of imagination. The past and the ephemeral have great value for the poet and novelist. From these comes the substance of the Eternal - Art.

'Draw from the transitory an eternal quality!' was Baudelaire's injunction to the would-be painter of modern life. In the particular and fleeting lies the essence of poetry; (how like Machado's belief!) Baudelaire's words remind us too, of Proust's credo in Jean Santeuil: "Presque toute notre originalité vient de l'estampille que le temps imprime à nos sensations". (p.69 "Le Peintre de la vie Moderne"). This is a key to the aesthetics of the poet,

1. "Une Matinée au Trocadéro". p.288. Hommage à M. Proust. "L'ouie, ce sens délicieux, nous apporte la compagnie de la rue dont elle nous retrace toutes les lignes, dessine toutes les formes, qui y passent, nous en montrant la couleur."

2. T.R. (2) 25

3. See Appendix B to Ch.IX Time.
and Jean Santeuil will equally uphold, as sovereign function of poetry, the enshrinement of past moments in a lasting habitat. The cult of the past, of discovering underneath layers of impressions the original one, this is a means for both men of re-discovering fragments of themselves and of others, of establishing through the chaos of chance and change, some thread, however slight, of continuity and survival ... Stray, quite random sensations are the lost fragments of our soul, and plead for recognition and rebirth - the natural consequence, this, of the line of 'Ulysses':-

"He was a part of everything he had met."

Proust urges caution to the explorer "in depth", lest the resurrected past, the soul of the little boy who read Francois le Champi should lose freshness through re-absorption in time.

In the following passage from Jean Santeuil, Proust has in mind La Comtesse de Noailles and himself. Here all these scattered parts of ourselves entreat us to give them reunion in memory, never scathingly to brush them aside with an intellectual memory, which would mean death to them, the unbidden visitants.

"Nos poèmes étant précisément la commémoration de nos minutes inspirées, lesquelles sont déjà souvent une

1. T.R. (2) 37.
sorte de commémoration de tout ce que notre être a laissé de lui-même dans des minutes passées, essence intime de nous-même, que nous répandons sans la connaître, mais qu'un parfum senti alors, une même lumière, tombant, dans la chambre, nous rends tout d'un coup jusqu'à nous en enivrer et à nous laisser indifférents."

Much later, in a letter to Antoine Bibesco, Nov., 1912, (M.Curtiss: Letters of M.Proust, p.189), Proust reiterates that "it is involuntary memories altogether that the artist should call for the primary subject matter of his work; - moreover, Chateaubriand and Baudelaire practised this method."

4a. Baudelaire cultivates all means of remembrance; his poetry could be termed a 'cult of memory', so ardently does he enshrine recollection to the greater glory of art.

"Je sais l'art d'évoquer les minutes heureuses
Et revis mon passé blotti dans tes genoux."

"Le Balcon" xxxvi p.35

"Charme profond, magique dont nous grise
Dans le présent, le passé restauré,
Ainsi l'amant sur un corps adoré
Du souvenir cueille la fleur exquise."

"Le Parfum" p.37.

1. Note the audacity inspiring the title: "Mémoires d'outre-tombe."
"Ton Souvenir .............
............. Voltige ........ "

("L'Aube spirituelle", XLVI.)

"... Un vieux flacon qui se souvient,
D'où jaillit toute vive une âme qui revient

Voilà le souvenir enivrant qui voltige
Dans l'air troublé, ...................."

("Le Flacon", xlviii)

"Un coeur tendre, ....................
Du passé lumineux recueille tout vestige!"

(Harmonie du Soir," xlvii)

b. The converse aspect of memory - a restoration, even
a re-integration of the human personality, -
See "Le Flacon":- "... un vieux flacon qui se souvient.
D'où jaillit toute vive une âme qui revient,"
has a nightmare as well as a joyous consequence for Baudelaire.
It sounds a dread echo of past failures, and the ruin of his
former self; not always does it bring a note of jubilant
reunion as in the credo of Jean Santeuil, just quoted.
Perhaps we would not always desire a revival of past

1. T.R.(2) 34 seems to provide the commentary to this verse.
With each impression is restored the soul which experienced
the impression.
manifestations, of the traitorous "moi". Like Faust, Baudelaire cannot escape the wrath of God in face of his misspent years and the very stars which might, under happier circumstances, have recalled a golden boy - a feat they achieved no doubt for Jean Santeuil - now appal Baudelaire with their portion of ill spent years and their dread implications ... From implacable Memory there is no escape:--

"Comme tu me plairais ô nuit! sans ces étoiles,
Dont la lumière parle un langage connu,
Car je cherche le vide, et le noir, et le nu,
Mais les ténèbres sont elles - mêmes des toiles
Où vivent, jaillissant de mon oeil par milliers,
Des êtres disparus aux regards familiers."

5. Quality of vision.

Value of art is in the vision of the artist, - c.f. Baudelaire, and Proust, in their choice of vice as subject. No value lies in the object of vision.

Proust and Baudelaire are united in declaring that the touchstone of art lies in the thought and creative processes of the artist, by no means in his material.

(See J.S. "Les Visites," Ch.iii., p.29) Both writers hold the natural corollary of this belief, - that possession is

1. "D'où jaillit toute vive une âme qui revient."
possible only spiritually, never materially. (J.S.(2) 30. "La seule possession qui soit impossible (les choses n'étant possédables que par l'esprit) la possession matérielle ")

Hence their natural device of gleaning knowledge by medium of the past. Imagination, "la reine des facultés" (Baudelaire) can deploy its force on the spiritualised forms of experience alone, - past or future - both beyond our reach materially - but never on the present. This means that we must lose material possession before we can gain the spiritual hold upon reality....

"Woe betide photography, that product of the industrial world, when it would infringe on the domain of art, and thrust itself forward at the cost of the artist's spiritual creation, distinguished from all material works by its element of human soul"

P.271. Les Curiosités Esthétiques. 

"Mais s'il lui est permis, c'est-à-dire à l'industrie, d'empêter sur le domaine de l'impalpable et de l'imaginaire, sur tout ce qui ne vaut que parce que l'homme y ajoute de son âme, alors malheur à nous."

Later he will say that the mind's reception of reality is all important and urge the poets of his generation to extract poetry from mud, as proof of their signal powers to

1. Proust has a similar tirade against photographic art. T.R.(2) 30.
create the world afresh. In short it is for them to emulate his example.

"Car j'ai de chaque chose extrait la quintessence.

Tu m'as donné ta boue et j'en ai fait de l'or"("Epilogue")

Readers of "Le Crépuscule du Soir", and "Le Crépuscule du Matin," can vouch for the truth of his statement - Not only will that man be the painter, the true artist, who can extract from modern life its epic elements, and bring realisation, by virtue of colour and drawing, of our grandeur and poetry in the simple attire of ties and polished boots (L'Art Romantique: "Salon de 1845". p.77), the supreme proof of spirituality and classicism, of the artist's mastery of material, will surely lie in the skill of his portrayal of vice. Proust, for one, sensed Baudelaire's superiority and artistic triumph in this respect, because in his Préface to Tendres Stocks he comments admiringly on the direct proportion between the licentiousness of the poet's subject matter on the one hand, and the sheer power and classicism of his treatment on the other. The classicism and spirituality of form grow in direct proportion to the immorality of the subject in question.

How true ring the words of Jean Santeuil as commentary

J.S.(2) 29 "La valeur de la littérature n'est nullement dans la matière déroulée devant l'écrivain, mais dans la nature du travail que son esprit opère sur elle."

When considering Proust's aesthetics, it is tempting to ask the question: 'Is Proust's theory of memory, imprisoned within object, sensation or habitat, in some way a variation of Balzac's theme of milieu as expression of character?'

Huysmans' character Des Esseintes deliberately makes every aspect of his immediate surroundings an expression of his personality. Colours and scents, weird furnishings, all are designed to convey the finest subtleties of mood. These are some of the "raffinements," in which the excessively civilised, often decadent figures from the world of arts, are wont to indulge, without restriction, but not without popular criticism of their vagaries.

The unconscious moulding of clothes, furnishing and milieu (to the cast of the individual) seems to me of far more profound significance - socially and psychologically, if only because it ranks among the involuntary processes, and is for that reason more likely to express the essence in time of the individual concerned.

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1. The model for Des Esseintes and for Charlus is alleged to have been partly Montesquieu.
We may even ask whether Proust did not discern in Balzac's expression of character by way of the milieu, the first indications of his own laws of involuntary memory. A random sensation, a trivial object contains the essence of past experience with all its emotive value intact. At the same time Proust sets great store by the delicate impress left on milieu by artists such as Robert de Montesquiou. J.S.(3) 272. "La maison d'un Edmond de Goncourt, d'un Anatole France, d'un Robert de Montesquiou, intéressent le romancier et redeviennent pour lui matière à description, c'est-à-dire à résurrection de ces journées."

We cannot finally determine whether Proust found in Balzac's theory of milieu a guide towards development of his own ideas about the residue of personality within the material objects, or whether, dominated by his pet obsession, Involuntary Memory, he simply moulded for himself a figure of Balzac in the tradition of the great exponents of memory - yet it is certain that he saw him in the cherished light of one who would preserve all memory and vestige of the human soul, in whatever trivial object it had, unaccountably, perhaps, chosen an abode.

1. T.R.(2) 33. Proust reapplyes this theory to the domain of each individual's "sensibilité." Other people's books, in the capacity of material objects, would be of interest to him as a collector, only in so far as they traced the story, breathed the atmosphere of their owners' lives.
J.S.Ch. "L'Hôtel de Madame Desroches."

"Et c'est comme sur les chartes, sur le Grimoire poudreux de l'histoire qu'un Balzac pouvait se pencher sur un appartement comme pour le déchiffrer, et d'après les formes des choses, ressusciter les générations des hommes".

2. Flaubert's Contribution.

Flaubert said that "la casquette" of Charles Bovary expressed the whole character of the man - posing from the outset the fatality of the narrative by its crystallisation of stupidity.

The classroom sets the tone of mediocrity dominating Flaubert's existence; the conflict of materiality and the dream dates for Baudelaire from the time his cradle lay next to the library, and two voices strove for mastery of his soul ("La Voix", p.165) Equally for their descendant - there is a hint of the same predestination.

Proust, in turn, subscribes to a belief in predestination.

There is a distinctly Bovaryiste and Baudelairean note audible in the following from Jean Santeuil.

"La vie n'est belle que de loin. Au fond elle ne nous réserve rien de plus que ce que contient la plus ennuyeuse journée de classe; en passant celle-ci médiocrement

1. cf. Baudelaire's "Ah, que le monde est grand à la clarté des lampes," ("Le Voyage").
nous avons vécu la vie d'avance, comme dans un étroit chantillon on peut se figurer toute l'étoffe, puisqu'elle n'est que la répétition des mêmes fils entrecroisés."

J.S. (2) 230, "Impressions Retrouvées."

Flaubert saw all the character and destiny of Charles Bovary in the schoolboy's "casquette", and there is, indeed, no reason why much of the human character, its whims, and eccentricities should not pass into articles of clothing.

A chance discovery by Jean of his mother's evening cloak, no longer in use, and now redolent with memory, will release upon the young man the entire magic of his childhood's love for his mother, and utterly rout his mood of blazing anger.

We can imagine that the scent, and vision of his Mother's furs, would have much the same effect on the poet Baudelaire.

"(3). Not so much memory as its conversion into sensation, "non point précisément le souvenir mais la transmutation du souvenir en une réalité directement sentie" preoccupies and enslaves Marcel Proust, even in the early days of Jean Santeuil; and is it not precisely for this kind of sensation

1. See Fusées p.43 where the scent of furs and memory of his mother seem to intermingle: "Je confondais l'odeur de la fourrure avec l'odeur de la Femme. Je me souviens ... Enfin j'aimais ma mère pour son élégance. J'étais donc un dandy précoce."
instinct with the past, for the poem at the basis of which lies a transposed sensation, that he will turn to Baudelaire with a disciple's unqualified devotion, in the closing pages of Temps Retrouvé, yielding us the key to the enigma of his aesthetics?

In conformity with their theory of the continuity demonstrated by human memory, Proust and Baudelaire seem to believe in predetermination, in a fore-ordaining of our life's pattern. Once we subscribe to the theory of continuity, it seems inevitable that our philosophy, aesthetics, and literary expression should all be tinged with a certain fatalism, of almost Jansenistic colouring. Not only in the mature work of A La Recherche — in the novel, Jean Santeuil — and in Les Plaisirs et les Jours, also, Proust's inability to forego his mother's "Good-night" kiss foreshadows the theme of his dependence on women. These first impulses never perish, but rather strengthen their hold. Proust would seem to be telling us: "You can do no more than re-echo the notes of these first years." — Identical elements of past experience, and of the individual, who responded to their contact, survive in the process of involuntary memory, and in the deeper aspects of character and conduct. The joys of these sessions of remembrance must be bought at a price, and the price is
unconscious slavery to the dictates of your nature - persisting in these acts of remembering.

Baudelaire traces his fatality to a day in childhood when, lying in his cradle in the room adjoining the library, he heard the voice of materialism and the voice of dreams stake their rival claims and open for him a life-long conflict. (E. Starkie edition, p. 165). Another sequel of dependence on memory lies in the very nature of retrospection - the past conditions the Present and Future, - but how much more so, for the poet or novelist who clings to the fleeting moment, and is for ever turning his gaze backward, and even deliberately seeking to encourage the rebirth of the past from analogous sensations in the present - opium and drugs and the like.

For all the consolation which they afford of continuity and preserved identity - a veritable light to one cast adrift on a sea of change - those moments outside time, savoured by "l'homme éternel," held a dreadful consequence where our ill-advised actions and weaknesses are concerned, since they imply the continued existence of evil as well as good.

A bell has never ceased to ring in Proust's consciousness - this is the truth we learn at the close of Temps Retrouvé, but equally momentous truth dawns in
these opening pages of Jean Santeuil, and again a bell—ironically—is the chosen image to render fatality: (cf. "C'est la faute de la fatalité.")

All subsequent developments will be mere variations on an opening theme, on the "forme maîtresse"

J.S.(1) 70. "C'était contre le métal même de son coeur que sonnaient ces heures enfantines, et le son qu'elles rendaient alors, put devenir plus grave, quand son coeur durcit, se fêler ou s'approfondir, ce son resta le sien."

Baudelaire's "La Cloche Fêlée," and his "Voix dans la Bibliothèque":

"... C'est d'alors

Que date ce qu'on peut hélas: nommer ma plaie,

Et ma fatalité ... "

give their own admission of fatality to the question which the poet so naively poses, in "Moesta et Errebunda," here apparently unaware of the more dire consequences of involuntary resurrection.

p.65. "L'innocent paradis, plein de plaisirs furtifs,

Est-il déjà plus loin que l'Inde et que la Chine,

Peut-on l'animer encore d'une voix argentine?"
Involuntary Memory.

(2) Proust's Mystic of Memory in Jean Santeuil.

In Vol. II Ch. iv. of Jean Santeuil, Proust gives one of his own most intimate reasons for cultivating the art of recall, and "l'art d'évoquer les minutes heureuses," may have been tended and cherished by Baudelaire for the same reason. (This seems even more likely when we consider that the immobility enforced by illness and long convalescence approximates closely to the subjection of old age, in the effect of weakening the scope of present sensation and strengthening the tyranny of the past.) With Montaigne's faculty for finding within nature compensations for the flight of time and wane of our youthful vigour, Proust states that as we grow old our sensations weaken, but that all the aureole of the past is there to intone them with greater glory, and alchemise them into a rich compound. Like Montaigne he might have added that Nature and Memory here combine to prepare us for passage to a more spiritual state.

"Elles s'accompagnent de l'écho des sensations plus anciennes."

Is it not this multiplication of present sense experience
by the ghosts of former days, which drives Baudelaire to cultivate deliberately all possible means of recalling the past? No less conscious than Proust, of the fast weakening power of sensation, he sees and favours all conditions likely to encourage a chance encounter between present and past, and so give him access to the richer spirituality, which we so urgently require to meet the challenges of natural decay.

(3) Immobility, a characteristic of memory in Baudelaire, but only rarely in evidence in Proust (as in Ch. on Penmarch J.S.) is a potential foe of "Remémoration".

In a letter published in 'Les Annales' Feb. 26, 1922, Proust answered the question "Are there still schools of writing?" with a statement that they are only the material symbol of time, and that this is the only reason why men have to wait, before Baudelaire, "the judgement against him reversed, can fraternise with Racine (whom he for that matter resembles especially in form)"

He proceeds to enumerate slight differences between Racine and Baudelaire; 'Racine is more fertile in psychological discoveries, Baudelaire teaches us more about laws of memory'; then he makes a supremely important reservation on the nature of Baudelaire's act of remembering and we sense a belief, on his own part, that with Proust remembering is dynamic.
He states "With Baudelaire, remembering is static - it already exists when the poem starts. 'Quand les deux yeux fermés etc.' 'O toison moutonnant, etc.'"

Now, mostly throughout the range of Proust, remembering is dynamic; there is swift transition from the initial encounter to the unfoldment of memory. Never do the two, i.e. encounter and memory, unroll simultaneously.

A period always intervenes between the two, during which Proust wonders why he should be so strangely moved; he has not, like Baudelaire, deliberately sought a particular scent, or his mistress' hair, or the touch of her knees, and the mystery remains all the greater and more impenetrable. As a result, the opening out of the past seems to Proust more miraculous, and forceful in movement, less indolent, deliberate or dreamlike.

All the time of his baffled uncertainty, the 'déclenchement' is dawning, and suddenly the past releases itself upon him, a part of himself now reunited with its point of origin...

Baudelaire's 'Spleen' poems show something of the penalties incurred for him by the static quality of remembrance, peculiar to his mind and De Quincey's.
"Je suis comme le roi d'un pays pluvieux" (LXXVII)
"J'ai plus de souvenirs que si j'avais mille ans."
(LXXVI)

The past positively ousts the present in Proust's writing, is never content merely to accompany the present and provide the poet with a simple alternation... Indeed, unless encounters of analogy between past and present sensation occur with some frequency, and set in movement truly dynamic acts of memory, there ensues a weary, oppressive sense of the accumulated weight of the past - forlornly awaiting resurrection from the depths. Hence Baudelaire's lament that he already lives burdened with the weight of as many memories as if he were a thousand years old. They await reunion with their owner and dynamic unfoldment; - instead of receiving this fulfilment they accumulate wearily in limbo, and even when vouchsafed emergence to the surface, enjoy none of the vigorous rebirth and healthy re-union they have in Proust's instance.

This lack of movement or, at the best, dreamlike flow of recollection, goes further than Proust acknowledged. Beyond the actual process of remembering, it reaches deep down into the mind of Baudelaire, into the intricate labyrinthine composition of his temperament. We readily
understand why this characteristic could, on occasion, poison "le vin du souvenir" for the poet of the Spleen poems, and, even without the aid of opium, reduce his tempo of creative thought and action, cause him to lament his own sterility of action in face of destructive Time. "Les lendemains de rêve sont atroces," he cries in the intervals of disillusionment, or, "l'action n'est pas toujours la soeur du rêve."

Once, in *Jean Santeuil*, Proust pauses to meditate awhile on the ever-growing storage of images within the palimpsest of the mind - this "immense caveau" as Baudelaire termed it. He reflects on the pose of immobility assumed by images as soon as ever they enter the store-house of memory. There they lie, doomed, perhaps, to virtual extinction, if no chance encounter galvanises them into action and return to psychological life. The tempo is reduced from the slow motion of a film to the perfect immobility peculiar to images en bloc. How many of these images, impossible to number, slip unnoticed into limbo? Their continued presence actively within the upper reaches of the mind is not only a practical impossibility - it would clog and stultify all

1. See Ch.iv. (3) The weight of the past within Baudelaire p.133 etc.
action. This consequently static underworld haunted the Baudelaire of the Spleen cycle, and now it holds Proust in momentary thraldom, but his curiously dynamic turn of mind, his allegiance to flux and movement, soon sweep him upwards through the trap door, out of the depths of that cave where he would only rot in ease on memory's wharf.

It is while Jean makes his journey to Penmarch that the inner drama unfolds. We should remember too, that frequently a journey, train or carriage, a shifting of the lines of symmetry, which here accompanies passage into limbo - can equally mark an involuntary resurrection. (True to his 'static' tendency Baudelaire will write: "Je hais le mouvement qui déplace les lignes.") J.S.(2) 203. "Mais Jean suivant avec peine dans le vent sur le chemin où les flocons d'écume lui fouettaient la figure, ses deux compagnons, avaient déjà pris dans sa mémoire cette immobilité où sont restées et où nous les revoyons, si par hasard un événement nous les rappelle, où souvent nous ne revoyons jamais, ces figures grotesques ou belles que nous avons vues dans un lieu public ... quelque chose d'immuable..."

Fondly Proust talks of this passage into immobility; "Telles dans un coin de la mémoire de Jean, où il n'irait peut-être jamais les rechercher, siégeaient la

1. cf. opening of Du Côté de chez Swann.
There is also a contrastingly dynamic quality in Baudelaire's style. He uses ternary grouping of adjectives, verbs and nouns.

I am in no way disputing the dynamic quality which Baudelaire's verse can so readily assume - especially, as Proust has observed, in direct proportion to the licentiousness of his subject. This is yet another characteristic of his poet's sensibility that within his make-up he can reconcile apparently incompatible qualities. In fact, I would even claim that Proust may have owed to Baudelaire at least one device capable of lending great dynamic power to the style of poetry and prose alike: - I found my claim partly on the fact that Proust is forever commenting on this power of Baudelaire's poetry in the essay on Baudelaire and in his correspondence. André Maurois comments on the actual device in Proust but neglects to relate it to Baudelaire.

J.S.(l) 25. (Introduction)

"Déjà il se plaît à cerner peu à peu un objet de trois adjectifs ou plus, dont le faisceau se referme sur une nuance exacte.

'Le sourire étincelant, moqueur et doux de Marie.' "

I would point to comparable technique in Baudelaire.

The verbs and nouns as well as adjectives, undergo ternary...
grouping, which seems to alternate with a binary form, and a quite wonderful symmetry results. (That the juxtaposition of verbs gives force is well known.)

"Que tu viennes du ciel ou de l'enfer, qu'importe;

O Beauté! monstre énorme, effrayant, ingénu!

Si ton œil, ton souris, ton pied, mouvrent la porte,

D'un Infini que j'aime et n'ai jamais connu?"

Fifth verse also:

"L'Hymne à la Beauté," xxi.p.22

"L'éphémère ébloui vole vers toi, chandelle.

Crêpite, flambe, et dit: 'Bénissons ce flambeau!"

Simple simultaneity, and correlation of Past and Present are to be found in Baudelaire. This simple simultaneity and complex simultaneity also, of a group of actions in the Present, are in evidence in Proust.

We have in Baudelaire's typical poems of languor, as opposed to the "Pièces Condamnées," charged with vehemence, arresting simultaneity and correlation of events: one

1. "La Chevelure" affords real justification of Proust's comment that one world lies enclosed within another in Baudelaire's poetry.
event in the world of immediate sensation and the other in the province of hitherto lost time - a binary action.

Proust, while using this technique goes yet further, and correlates a host of actions or simultaneous reactions of the mind, and this is largely responsible for his tortuous syntax. Here, in Jean Santeuil, there is a hint of this future quality of his maturity, but the simple simultaneity existing between two actions mostly prevails.

"Il remettait des fraises et détenait un peu de crème, avec toute l'expérience d'un coloriste, et la divination d'un gourmand."

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1. See le 25 juillet 1936 "Nouvelles Litteraires" Article publishing "Pensées et aphorismes de Proust"; also Paul Valéry on such correlation. Not only Baudelaire but Proust, is still far removed from practical action: "Il n'a pas saisi la vie par l'action même, il l'a rejointe et comme imitée par la Surabondance des Connexions que la moindre image trouvait si aisément dans la propre substance de l'auteur."
(6). Involuntary Memory is the inspiration of the Cloak Incident in Jean Santeuil.

Nowhere in Baudelaire or, indeed, in the mature work of Proust can be found an incident of Involuntary Memory capable of vying with Jean Santeuil's discovery of lost time - time isolated and materialised in all its purity in an old evening cloak, which was once used by his mother. Here are assembled all the elements of the Involuntary Memory process. In the mind of Jean Santeuil, unknown to him, lies the past imprisoned within a cloak; the chance encounter of the cloak in the immediate context - outer reality - releases the current of lost time. Vanished now is any static measure which memory and oblivion might seem initially to impart to these objects departed outside Time.

The only evidence of this static quality in his work was Proust's encounter with the cyclist.¹ - In Baudelaire on the other hand, such testimony abounds, and inflicts on its author a grim punishment - an effective divorce of thought, and action, the opening of an immeasurable gulf between materiality and the dream.²

1. J.S. (2) 202
2. cf. P.497
The trees of Balbec will wave their branches as suppliants in elegiac entreaty, when Proust threatens to pass on his way in ignorance of their yearning to restore to him the Past, and with the Past, the soul which experienced the past, a portion, moreover, rightly his own.

From where they lie motionless on the sea-bed of memory the inner images of those trees sense the call of a kindred sensation and crave release to the surface, where movement and light will be theirs.

Here, in Jean Santeuil, however, perhaps the direct outcome of his complicated nervous state, his blend of irritation and grief at his parents' lack of understanding, there is acute awareness of a rape of the past, the violation by present anger and memory of that hitherto forgotten image - his mother's youthful beauty and tenderness for her son, which memory now so pitilessly resurrects before him in that talisman of the past, the overlooked cloak.

In conformity with the law of change, he has so far drifted from his old affections as to plot revolt and, especially salutary at this moment of impending rift with the old and plunge into the new, - his past identity returns, giving him a sense of permanence and restoring him to his

1. J.F. (1st edition) 248
former senses and bonds of affection. Jean chokes back anger that just when he had determined upon a different and better course of action - in short to reject doubtful acquaintances for a fresh visit to Réveillon, and renewal with him of the threads of past friendship, his mother clumsily frustrates his desire to make amends; showing that curious lack of synchronisation with the moods of those whom we tenderly love, she chooses just this moment of the return of the prodigal, to upbraid him for this suggested visit to Réveillon, in the belief that he neglects his studies for wild frivolity. Santeuil anticipates his more serious rape of the past (contained in the 'cloak incident'), when he breaks the Venetian glass - in blind fury at being misunderstood. The reader feels that the atmosphere is ripe for the birth of an incident of involuntary memory. As Jean begins to cry again, he feels cold and goes into the dressing room to find something to cast round his shoulders. He fumbles wildly; so it is that he forgets his usual ritual of omitting the first rows of different velvets, silks and satins, this range of his mother's old evening cloaks; (because she no longer wore them, she had them locked up there). As a result of forgetfulness he puts his hand in the nearest division taking down an old cloak from the hook.

The cloak comes to life in the manner of a mythical personality, and, wrested from oblivion, enters the room on Jean's wrist like some young maiden, whom a warrior has dragged by the hair into daylight. We know that this is a chance encounter, but Jean's ruthless and deliberate procedure, recalls in that sense alone, a certain affinity with the deliberateness of a Baudelaire in treatment of the past - with the difference that Baudelaire knows his quarry - (cf. Proust's description of Baudelaire's technique: T.R.(2) 83.

"Chez Baudelaire enfin ces réminiscences plus nombreuses encore, sont évidemment moins fortuites et par conséquent, à mon avis, décisives; c'est le poète lui-même, qui, avec plus de choix et de paresse, recherche volontairement, dans l'odeur d'une femme par exemple, de sa chevelure et de son sein, les analogies inspiratrices, qui lui évoqueront l'azur du ciel immense et rond, et 'un port rempli de voiles et de mâts')

Again, deliberately, Baudelaire encourages all means of revival.

Proust, here, senses - perhaps dimly - that the past will open out before him, but once the initial step had blunderingly been taken, like the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp - he forging blindly and doggedly ahead, without waiting for enlightenment; - almost unknown to himself he challenges

the past to touch or deter his present unflinching resistance to his mother ...

It is, in any case, too late for after-thoughts now. He has stumbled on one of the communication chords linking him with the past. Now, we positively feel the past, as it seizes the initiative, and paradoxically succeeds the present. None of Baudelaire's dreamlike flow of simultaneity here, but dynamic energy, force, if you like, akin to the rage of the 'Ange furieux qui fond du ciel.' (See Proust's comment on Baudelaire's power of expression). This time the power is deployed not as for the poet, in portrayal of licentiousness, but in resurrection of the past, and eventual ousting of the Present by the Past.

The attack has all the violence of rape, but of rape on oblivion. Already, before the discovery, Jean's emotion ran high, as if to set the tone of this outrage on the past, yet, the outrage marks the climax of feeling. The 'saccadé', accented jerk of the syntax reflects the rise and fall of emotional intensity. So, on his wrist, Jean brandished the spoils, but the triumph is short-lived. Quickly the past retaliates and ousts the present with extinction of the accompanying blaze of anger against parents, and lack of synchronisation.

The hand groping for the cloak, assumes the life-force of a person, and opens the meandering course of sentence and groping movement alike;— triumphantly, — or so it thinks, — in control of the situation. The reiteration of "Comme" reflects the dismay. Emotion shapes the form, and the time sequence of emotion supersedes that of logic and convention — so results a dizzy, confusing waltz, a movement "tournoyant" of tenses — cf Flaubert's passage, Madame Bovary, where Emma inhales the scent of Rodolphe's hair, or again the equally peculiar twists and turns of Baudelaire's:—

"Les sons et les parfums tourment dans l'air du soir.

Valse mélancolique et langoureux vertige"

("Harmonie du soir": Les Fleurs du Mal.)

J.S.(1) 309.

"Comme sa main était déréglée et comme folle, elle n'accomplit pas comme d'habitude la petite révolution mathématique. Non, elle arracha le premier manteau qu'elle rencontra. C'était un manteau de velours noir brodé d'aiguillettes, doublé de satin cerise, et d'hermine, qui, meurtri par la violence du coup, entra dans la chambre au poing de Jean, comme une jeune fille, saisie aux cheveux par un guerrier."

Whenever the evocation of the past is concerned, the

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rôle of scent seems to be of great importance both for Baudelaire and Proust. It is in Baudelaire the sense of smell, which most frequently renews his link with the past. ("Le Flacon", "La Chevelure", "L'Encensoir", "Le Parfum") and is cherished even purely for the merits of sensation, which it vouchsafes - quite apart from the fact that scents are more deeply enmeshed than other sense data in the substance of the human mind and emotion, especially of the memory.

In Proust, scent takes priority over the other senses for sheer beauty of content and ability to hold the essence of the Past; thus he couples it with taste in his panegyrict of the communication chords of memory: 'L'odeur et la saveur portent "l'édifice immense du souvenir."'  S.(1) 73.

When we consider the cardinal incidents of Involuntary Memory in Proust's work, we harvest them at random from Jean Santeuil, where perhaps I am justified in feeling that Proust's closeness to his literary models, Baudelaire included, is most readily apparent, though not for that reason necessarily most profound.

Strongly under Baudelaire's influence, it is to scent that Jean first reacts with all the resonance of his fine sensitivity - it assails his senses with all the poignancy of awakening that Baudelaire has recounted in the closely

1. To judge by these cardinal incidents and not just the moments most replete with sensation, scent cannot be claimed to predominate as exclusively in Proust's novel as in Baudelaire's poetry.
related poem of "Le Flacon." Here, scent does quite literally bear the edifice of recollection, and from this scent of velvet, flow again all the actions of the past which were ever performed under its sovereignty and, who knows, perhaps under its impulsion?

Certain it is that from breathing a fragrance literally, we can progress with Jean Santeuil to breathing the spirit of an occasion: "Sa bouche respirait sur le front de sa mère tout le bonheur dont elle respandissait et qu'elle semblait lui promettre."

The sensations of touch were, without his knowledge bound up in this supreme one of smell: - So inextricably are the senses interwoven that all the anticipation of his senses in general, had been poured into this one of "l'odorat". So it is possible for him now to feel "le velours écrasé sous sa main, et que les aiguillettes lui caressaient les joues, pendant que sa bouche respirait tout le bonheur..."

The "tournoiement" of the tenses, and recall of actions pêle-mêle, obeying a chronology of emotion, never of logic or time, reminds us (see above) of Emma Bovary's renewal of past experience under the stimulus of scent exhaled by Léon's hair-pommeade. The assault of the past both on the mind of the poet and on the present, is equalled in power in the work.

1. cf. T.R. (2) 33. "Dans la moindre sensation sont encloses toutes celles qui l'accompagnaient la première fois que nous l'avons ressentie."
of Baudelaire, whose souvenir is more sepulchral perhaps, but, for all that, just as intact and powerful to shatter present folly.

"Le Flacon.\" XLVIII.p.47.

"Voilà le souvenir enivrant qui voltige,
Dans l'air troublé; les yeux se ferment; le Vertige
Saisit l'âme vaincue et la pousse à deux mains
Vers un gouffre obscurci de miasmes humains;
Il la terrasse au bord d'un gouffre séculaire
Où,Lazare, odorant, déchirant son suaire,
Se meut dans son réveil le cadavre spectral,
D'un vieil amour ranci, charmant et sépulcral."

The materialisation of the past, the isolation of a little of time in its purity, I have never seen as powerfully achieved as in the scent and still smooth texture of this velvet cloak.

J.S.(1) 309. "Troublé, il regarda le manteau qui dans ses couleurs encore fraîches, son velouté encore doux, ressemblait à ces années qui ne servaient plus à rien, sans rapport avec la vie, mais pas fanées, intactes dans son souvenir."

This is an answer, indeed, to Baudelaire's anguished inquiry as to whether resurrection can be achieved of vows, scent and kisses, all in virginal splendour.

1. cf."Lazare, Lève-toi!!" (p.73."Le peintre de la vie moderne")- "Une contention de mémoire résurrectioniste, évocatrice, une mémoire qui dit à chaque chose; 'Lazare, lève-toi!!"
See "Le Balcon", xxxvi. p.35.

"Ces serments, ces parfums, ces baisers infinis,
Renaîtront-ils d'un gouffre interdit à nos sondes.
Comme montent au ciel les soleils rajeunis,
Après s'être lavés au fond des mers profondes?"

There is a deliberate nature of recall in parts of the incident.

For once, Proust now uses the deliberate technique of Baudelaire, however much in Temps Retrouvé he seems to turn away from the deliberate recall, as a potential foe to the involuntary and integral resurrection.

"Il l'approcha de son nez, sentit le velours fondre encore sous sa main, et crut qu'il embrassait sa mère."

"Il l'approcha de son nez" - the preliminary move, to recreate the illusion that he is again kissing his mother, is this time a deliberate attempt to engender a longer flow of recollection. It reminds us of Baudelaire, deliberately shaking the hair of his mistress, - hair redolent with memories, - even as he would shake a handkerchief.

cf. "La Chevelure" xxiii. p.23.

"Extase! Pour peupler ce soir l'alcôve obscure
Des Souvenirs dormant dans cette chevelure,
Je la veux agiter dans l'air comme un mouchoir."

1. cf:"Vers un gouffre obscurci de miasmes humains
Il la terrasse au bord d'un gouffre séculaire."
The act of closing the eyes, peculiar to Flaubert, Baudelaire and Proust, is an equally deliberate move to entice the slumbering past to become present.

The whole incident is, at least in the first instance, governed by chance. The deliberate tone, just noted, marks an innovation.

It is more in keeping with Proust's customary surrender to chance that he should be again granted at random the feel of velvet crushed under his hand:-

"Ainsi Jean le brandissait, mais ses yeux n'étaient pas encore tombés sur lui, qu'il reconnut l'odeur indéfinissable de ce velours qu'il sentait quand, il ya dix ans, il allait embrasser sa mère; alors jeune, brillante, heureuse, prête à sortir et que passant ses bras autour de sa taille, il sentait le velours..."

The second occasion: "il sentit le velours fondre encore sous sa main, il embrassait sa mère," - is the sequel of a deliberate effort to renew the past.

Proust reminds us sometimes of Kierkegaard when he expresses anguished sense of Time. Even after this wonderful instance of renewal, in the cloak incident of Jean Santeuil, we feel Time, that "ennemi vigilant", outstriding his victim...

Has anyone, has even Baudelaire, expressed more poignantly than Proust here, in Jean Santeuil, that agonising sense of the
flight of time, which even the gracious visitations of Memory are powerless to stay for long? Perhaps this sense of time, and the overlap between event and its reception accounts for the sinuosities and contortions of Proust's style. Verse immured Baudelaire within too firm bounds to admit of such frenzied efforts to defeat conventional time.

Here, in the following passage of tension and entreaty, resounds an orchestration of the Romantic Theme:

"O temps suspends ton vol!", and of the resigned counter endeavour: "Aimez ce que jamais on ne verra deux fois," an orchestration so superb in psychological refinement as to be the feat only of the most finely attuned sensibility. The breathless pace, the unchartered flow of clauses afford a glimpse of Proust's style of maturity - perhaps at the prime moment of revelation. I believe that this style, while so intimately the creation of Proust, derives great stimulus from Montaigne. The styles of both men seem to spring so immediately from a sense of flux and a courageous endeavour, which they never wholly abandon, to make the sentence con-substantial with the artist's own movement of thought, often pursued in several directions at once, indissolubly interwoven.\(^1\) The material symbol of the cloak, which no longer fits the owner, serves as initial impetus to the chain of

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1. In a letter to Madame Straus, Corr., Gên., VI.p.72. Proust mentions a style of language difficult to cultivate, but worthy of the endeavour. "Chaque écrivain est obligé de se faire sa langue"
emotion and tormented thought. Is this the process of thinking by images which Monsieur Beulier denounced in his pupil (J.S.(l) 239) - a technique cherished by Hugo and Baudelaire alike? Whatever its inadequacies the progression, image: thought gives rise to wonderful poetry, and here it conveys Proust's inner cadence and rhythm, with its long sustained bridge of tension, coming only gradually to a dying fall of exquisite modulation.

"Et comme elle ne remettait jamais le petit manteau trop jeune pour son âge, trop riant pour son deuil éternel, trop étroit pour son émbonpoint, trop suranné pour les modes nouvelles, jamais plus il ne la trouverait ainsi, et dans quelques années il ne la retrouverait plus non plus telle qu'elle était aujourd'hui.

Il se jeta à genoux au pied de son lit, et des larmes, en se précipitant, essayaient d'entraîner hors de lui son intolérable chagrin.

Il aurait voulu embrasser sur les joues de sa mère les restes de sa jeunesse et de son bonheur, retenir avec ses
baisers pendant des heures / les instants qui passaient, la vie qui s'écoutait, la beauté qui s'éflétrissait, les espoirs qui s'envoyaient, / l'existence enfin de la personne par rapport à qui il concevait tout, ce qui un jour serait anéanti à tout jamais / Sans qu'il pût jamais la retrouver, 9. Sans que rien d'elle ne subsistât, 9 Comme si elle n'avait jamais été. 11."  

As for Montaigne, the acuity of thought is gradually relieved by nature, who providently induces torpor; - life must continue. The orthodox present must be resumed, however painful the break with former selves - with the thousand thoughts now awakened, the "chrysalides funèbres" of the Fleurs du mal.

"Aussi, comme un homme fatigué cesse de penser, puis s'endort, la partie du cœur de Jean qu'épuisait cette idée, cessa d'y être sensible et entra dans une sorte de torpeur ....

1. c.f. S.(2) 108 (New edition). "Comme ceux qui après s'être acharnés à étreindre le problème de la réalité du monde extérieur, ou de l'immortalité de l'âme, accordent la détente d'un acte de foi à leur cerveau lassé."
Jean se sentit rentrer dans la réalité, dans la vie présente."

With this final line expressing a return to the struggle with reality, compare the close of Rimbaud's "Le Bateau Ivre", and Valéry's "Cimetière Marin."

To judge by "le Masque", xx.p.20, Baudelaire shares such feeling; "... Mais ce qu'elle déplore surtout, ce qui la fait frémir jusqu'aux genoux c'est que demain, hâlas! il faudra vivre encore! Demain, après - demain, et toujours! comme nous!"

Despite the spiritualised resurrection of the past, Proust feels that each moment is unique and cannot have a material double, even if its soul remains intact in the limbo of his mind. The practical use of each moment cannot be repeated; in the return of the past there is no renewed choice of possibilities for Proust.

It is for the artist, then, to use every passing moment in such a way as to leave no room for regret... The talisman has achieved a purpose - he will make the quietus of all anger against his mother:

p.312-13. "Car il n'y a qu'une vie pour aimer ses parents, leur faire plaisir, leur éviter du chagrin; après, il n'est plus temps et comme il n'y a qu'une vie, et qu'il n'y en a pas d'autres pareilles, où on peut recommencer ce qu'on a mal fait dans celle-ci, de même, chaque jour est
unique, n'a pas double. Ce que nous y marquons de bonheur ou de peine pour les autres est une chose sur laquelle il n'y a plus à revenir, qui est telle pour l'éternité."

He progresses beyond this stage of belief in *A La Recherche*, and finds he can account for varying stages of moral and artistic development only by assuming a previous existence. Perhaps, then, according to this later belief, there is room in his tenets for agreement with Priestley: 1

La Prisonnière. (1) 255."Comme si nous entrions 'dans l'âme' avec les obligations contractées dans une vie antérieure,"

The sense of time passing irrevocably, while the certainty steadily grows that we shall have little if anything to show for our stewardship at the day of final reckoning - this is nothing short of Baudelaire's 'hantise'. See Mon cœur mis à nu and the poems of "L'horloge" series - all expressive of absolute despair ... The flight of time is irrevocable, at least as far as practical use is concerned.

Perhaps because they feel so acutely the inexorable march of time, tenderness has a marked stress in the Proust of Jean Santeuil and in Baudelaire.

As for Siegfried the sword, so for Jean, the cloak becomes a symbol of protection - a literal talisman - endowed

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1. J.B. Priestley would seem to imply a renewed choice in the case where a life-time begins again e.g. *I have been here before.*

2. cf. G.78.
with supernatural powers; and he accords to the cloak a
fit measure of tenderness and awe. Symbol of the past, it
is also to him a token that, even if moments cannot be
recovered to be used for different actions, at least, he,
Jean, has the option of making peace with his mother in
the present moment.

"Pour que cette tendresse ne l'abandonnât pas, et
sans rougir d'implorer l'aide d'une chose qui avait déjà
tant fait pour lui, il jeta le petit manteau de velours sur
ses épaules."

This tenderness no more deserts Jean in the following
scene than it does Proust on future occasions, whenever he
mentions the chord of memory. Always it will be with a
kindred depth of emotion and gratitude. Few scenes in
Proust can rival the close of this one in tenderness....

Baudelaire alone reaches this degree of gentleness and
humility in moods of melancholy which have not grown bitter.
Great tenderness inspires his approach whenever he writes
of the suffering and death, of the aged and infirm, lovers,
artists, criminals and prostitutes....

"Encore la plupart n'ont-ils jamais connu
La douceur du foyer et n'ont jamais vécu!"

Poem to his nurse Mariette "La servante au grand coeur" (.C.102)

"Si par une nuit bleue et froide de décembre
Je la trouvais tapie en un coin de ma chambre,

1. "Le Crépuscule du Soir." XCV.p.47
Grave, et venant du fond de son lit éternel
Couver l'enfant grandi de son oeil maternel,
Que pourrais-je répondre à cette âme pieuse
Voyant tomber des pleurs de sa paupière creuse?"

In all Baudelaire's poetry I find no trace of such
tenderness to mark the close of an unfoldment of Involuntary
Memory. Jean's father notices the cloak and demands its
removal. Perhaps it is because it marks the degree of union
between his mother and himself, that Proust has reserved for
this episode such melting yet restrained tones. One glimpse
of Jean's confusion at his father's request that their
son should remove the cloak - an effeminate display in a
boy of his years - and Mme. Santeuil grasps with sure
intuition in an instant, Jean's train of thought of the
past two hours.

Only for his old nurse Mariette (See "Tableaux
Parisiens", C.p.102) did Baudelaire show a tenderness in
any way comparable to that of Proust for his mother. The
final word on the delicacy of Proust's love for his mother
and especially of hers for her son, must be enshrined for
ever in this incident. Seeing the depth of her son's
affection and fearing that a full display of her own may
soften his character unduly, make him love her with an
excess which will one day cause him pain - she attempts to
dismiss the incident as quickly as possible.
Froust was fond of detecting the Racinian element in Baudelaire, (see p.222 Chroniques) "et rien n'est si Baudelairien que Phèdre, rien n'est si digne de Racine, voire de Malherbe, que Les Fleurs du MaL." What would he have said, if we met him on his own ground, and found something of Andrômaque's tenderness for Astyanax, or of the finesse of La Princesse de Clèves in the following:

"Mais elle, heureuse d'être aimée, mais ne voulant pas qu'il s'énervât et l'aimât avec un excès qui pourrait un jour lui faire de la peine, lui dit doucement en se relevant et en cessant de sourire comme pour moins exciter sa tendresse.

'Non, non, voyons, ne sois pas bête, va te remettre à ta place, et dînons'."

As if to round off the episode in true documentary style, a brief author's note is appended, but brilliantly couched in the style indirect libre.

"Après cette scène, Jean écrit dans son testament que les meubles... et le petit manteau seront gardés par sa mère et par son père.... Les meubles, oui, mais le petit manteau..." (cf. Flaubert, close of Madame Bovary "Il vient de recevoir la croix de la légion d'honneur....")

The entry of Jean's mother, is salutary in diverting him from this train of thought, and cuts short all further
reflection on wills and death. As for Rimbaud and Valéry, life must be lived and we cannot safely linger too long in the shades of memory or indulge too freely in affection without impairing life and the continuity of human endeavour.

Like these reflections of the author in the library, Temps Retrouvé (2) 83., destined to be cut tantalisingly short by his entry into the salon of the Duc de Guermantes, so here the meditations of the footnote, closely allied in content to their successors, — end abruptly and point a contrast with the climax of Madame Santeuil’s statement concerning the Venetian glass: "Ce sera comme au temple le symbole de l’indestructible union." We are reminded of Flaubert’s

1. Céleste Albaret has an interesting light to shed on the origin of this story of the Venetian glass and of the process of "symbolisation" involved. Céleste had not, at the time of relating the incident; linked it with the breaking of the Venetian Glass in Jean Santeuil, rather was she quoting the incident to prove Marcel’s admiration of his mother’s self-control, and his consequent efforts to develop his own will-power. Briefly stated, Marcel went out to buy a tie and some boots. For a reason he no longer remembered, he was seized with sudden anger against his Mother, and in order to hurt her deeply he decided to break something of value to her, — her Venetian vase. I now quote Céleste’s narration of the incident — for her words and style of delivery still bring to us something of the authentic Marcel across the interval of years. She identifies herself with her master in this narration:

"Quand j’ai dit à ma mère ce que j’ai fait, quand elle l’a su, elle s’est retournée, et elle m’a dit : ‘Mon fils, cela ne fera que plus grande notre amitié. — comme au mariage juif sacre l’union la coupe qu’on casse; — ainsi pour nous deux ...’ "

Céleste thought this symbol a magnificent one, especially since it was drawn from Jewish custom, and addressed to a son who was so finely fitted to appreciate all its subtlety. This incident, Marcel must have related to her many times always with a renewed sense of wonderment at his Mother’s self-mastery, and ability to transform even a hurt into a strengthening symbol of their union...
Chute Plate, of the human inability to pursue indefinitely the tenuous danger-ridden thread of memory, the potential foe of active life, and equally to retain for ever even such a mascot of indestructible memory as the evening cloak. To think of flux always, to rely wholly on memory for inspiration - is to commit the sin of Lot's wife in looking ever backwards - hence Péguy's censure of Proust - and here the school of Péguy and partisans of practical activity win the victory. Jean must leave such thoughts of the past and turn away from retrospection: - his mother recalls him to life... "Après cette scène, Jean écrit dans son testament que les meubles de sa chambre et le petit manteau seront gardés par sa mère et par son père s'ils vivent encore, sans cela par Réveillon, les meubles, oui - mais le petit manteau, cela lui paraissait plus qu'une profanation, mais être vendue, c'est bien pire. Alors il ne sait plus que résoudre. A ce moment sa mère entra et lui proposa de sortir, il cessa de songer à la mort pour jouir de la vie."

(v)A. It is especially in connection with incidents of involuntary memory that both Baudelaire and Proust show great sensitivity to climate and atmosphere. To this the cloak incident of Jean Santeuil is a notable exception. A change of weather or atmosphere, certain climates and their luminosity,

1. See ch. V. p. 171 & 172
are all intimately connected with experiences of affective memory, both in Jean Santeuil and in *A la Recherche du temps Perdu*. Changes of light and atmosphere enrapture Proust as much as they do Monet. Here again Proust perfects a technique cherished by Baudelaire, for there was never poet more sensitive to climate and the interplay of mood and atmosphere than the man whom he was proud to cite as precursor.

Proust has interesting observations to make on Baudelaire’s "Climates". In the essay on Baudelaire, which Madame Mante-Proust hopes to publish soon, Proust says that he has passed over the Baudelairean tropics as an aspect of the poet’s genius already too well known to warrant further comment from him. "Du reste est-il rien qu'il n'aït peint? J'ai passé les tropiques comme un aspect trop connu de son génie, au moins trop connu de nous deux puisque j'ai eu tant de mal à m'habituer à la chevelure . . . . . . ." Leconte de Lisle’s love of sunlight and the tropics first attracts Proust in his essay "A Propos de Baudelaire". Then it is that he observes

L. See C:"A Propos de Baudelaire", p.234. "Reste la lumière et ...... la fraîcheur;" and:"Baudelaire se souvenait bien de cette nature tropicale. Même derrière la muraille immense du brouillard il faisait évoquer par sa négresse les cocotiers absents de la superbe Afrique. Mais cette nature, on dirait qu'il ne l'a vue que du bateau. Leconte de Lisle y a vécu, en a surpris et savouré toutes les heures."
also the frequency with which the exile's mirage and dream are in Baudelaire's poetry of an exotic nature, enhanced by nostalgia: "Light and its delicious complement freshness" are peculiar to the lines of both poets.

1 cf. Baudelaire: lines which Proust probably had in mind -

1. "Tel le vieux vagabond, piétinant dans la boue,
Rêve le nez en l'air de brillants paradis"

"Le Voyage" p.136

2. "Je pense à la négresse, amaigrie, et phtisique,
Piétinant dans la boue, et cherchant, l'œil hagard,
Les cocotiers absents de la superbe Afrique
Derrière la muraille immense du brouillard."

(Close of "Le Cygne" LXXXIX p.80)

3. "Comme tu pleurerais tes loisirs doux et francs
Si ...........
Il te fallait glaner ton souper dans nos fanges
L'œil pensif, et suivant, dans nos sales brouillards
Des cocotiers absents les fantômes épars!"

("A une Malabaraise". "Pièces diverses," xx.p.169)

1. Proust quotes "derrière la muraille immense du brouillard" and "les cocotiers absents de la superbe Afrique": I have given the full context above.
The tropics with all their dreamy languor, their natural splendour and enhancement of every form of relief to body and soul, are and remain Baudelaire's inner climate, the atmosphere of his choice, cf. Proust: "Hot days are better appreciated in Memory" *Albertine Disparue* (1) 114. The continuation of the essay shows that Proust has studied the predominance of moonlight effects, and his appreciation of Baudelaire's "sun in a polar hell" seems to indicate that Proust values much of this poetry of climate for its rendering of a state of mind:—"paysage: état d'âme"... Imagination can revel in climate of involuntary memory. Emotion overflows into atmosphere, climatic change, in much the same way as it has been seen to find outlet in an object situated on the fringe of perception - the future vehicle of involuntary memory. Into climate flows the emotion, thus transformed, or rather, like 'le souvenir' become "une réalité directement sentie," (J.S.)

Natural imagery abounds in Baudelaire's poetry. Everywhere in Baudelaire's poetry, nature's moods are summoned to express human velleities, and the faintest modulations of feeling. It affords him a natural symbolism. Baudelaire could have joined Montaigne in saying: "J'ai mon

beau temps et ma pluie au dedans de moi." Only the
natural imagery does he need for the self-expression,
which is usually his point of departure; sometimes, but
not necessarily, a synchronisation of mood occurs between
nature and himself, i.e. first a discovery of Nature's
mood, and then growing approximation of his own mental
state to the outer scene; sometimes, in fact, he proclaims
a sardonic rejection of Nature's appearance and sees in her
only parody of his own gloom ...

On first impulse he always sees and expresses emotion
in terms of climate:—

See p. 49. (L) "O femme dangereuse, o séduisants climats,
Adoreraï-je aussi ta neige et vos frimas,
Et saurai-je tirer de l'implacable hiver
Des plaisirs plus aigus, que la glace et le
fer?"
p. 56 (LV) "Vous êtes un beau ciel d'automne clair et rose,
L'hiver va rentrer dans mon être.... "

Autumn is the season most expressive of his brooding melancholy,
his regret at change and decay:

"Comme moi, n'es-tu pas un soleil d'automne?"
his sense of a decline in his own powers of creative thought:—

"Je touche à l'automne des idées... "

his delight in maturity and fruition, his evasion in her
protective mists: — "while winter wind and the mob howl at his 
door, "Brumes et Pluies" ("Tableaux parisiens") as one 
C.l.

ighth and one delight, the recreation of spring from a 
spirit."O fins d'automne, hiver, printemps trempés de boue 
Endormeuses saisons je vous aime et je vous loue, 
D'envelopper ainsi mon coeur et mon cerveau, 
D'un linceul vaporeux et d'un vague tombeau."

Autumn is privileged to express a return of Nature 
upon herself, — a "recueillement" and "récolte," — therefore, 
equally in the poet a review of shattered illusions, a 
sorting of the chaff from the grain, and a melancholy 
resignation to decay.

Spring, — Parallels with Proust.

Yet the secret tragedy of this stress on autumn, 
symbol of a compromise with life, Proust was one of the first 
to detect, in the sequel of his essay on Baudelaire, — and 
here the surety of his intuition, his uncanny grasp of 
Baudelaire's inmost feelings, strike us afresh, and renew 
our wonderment.

"If I sing of autumn and have lost the taste for Spring, 

Spring still owns my adoration, my first love and my
L. "L'absence de Pâques". 611. "Florence restait seule."

So writes Baudelaire in tones of elegiac strain: — 
L.xxx. p. 76. "Plaisirs me tentez plus un coeur sombre et boudeur, 

Le printemps adorables a perdu son odeur."
While winter wind and the mob howl at his door, the poet safely immured within his study has one thought and one delight, the recreation of spring from a spiritual sun, the conception of a warm atmosphere from the glow of thought... Proust performed the self-same action when, in Paris bound by winter, he lived, exulted in the Spring of Ponte Vecchio - piled high with jonquils, narcissi and anemones. The following lines from Baudelaire may have given him the necessary 'coup de pouce'...

*Et quand viendra l'hiver aux neiges monotones,
Alors je rêverai des horizons bleuâtres,
L'Emeute, tempêtant vainement à ma vitre,
Ne fera pas lever mon front de mon pupitre,
Car je serai plongé dans cette volupté
De tirer un soleil de mon coeur, et de faire
De mes pensers brûlants une tiède atmosphère.*

If deliberately, Proust omits mention of Baudelaire's lines on autumn, not however, without a passing allusion to their majestic, haunting power, it is to stress his joy in the lines on spring - of all the seasons, the poet's first.

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1. "Vacances de Pâques". C.113. "Florence renaissait pour moi, car, depuis que le temps était redevenu froid autour des marronniers et des platanes du boulevard, dans l'air glacial qui les baignait, voici que comme dans une coupe d'eau pure s'étaient ouverts les narcisses, les jonquilles, les jacinthes du Ponte Vecchio."

2. "L'Eroïlaga" LXXXV.p.61.
and true love - symbolically ousted by autumn, even as hope must give way to disillusionment.

Ms. "Et si j'ai omis l'automne, dont tu sais comme moi par coeur tous les vers, il a eu sur le printemps des vers tous différents et divins.

'Le printemps vaporeux fuira vers l'horizon,' 'Le printemps adorable a perdu son odeur.'"

We know Proust wrote the essay and its sequel (for Jacques Rivière), when, particularly ill, he had no books immediately to hand for confirmation of the lines - quoted from memory. The brilliance of the essay thus written, and the abundance of quotations from Baudelaire, only testify to Proust's degree of saturation in the poet's verses.

Verification of the two lines just quoted reveals an interesting and illuminating change of the original.

Baudelaire had written: "Le plaisir vaporeux fuira vers l'horizon" a line intensely poetic as it stands in the

1. "A propos de Baudelaire". C:235. "Quand j'écrivis cette lettre à Jacques Rivière, je n'avais pas auprès de mon lit de malade un seul livre; on excusera donc l'inexactitude possible et facile à rectifier de certaines citations. Je ne prétendais que feuilleter ma mémoire et orienter le goût de mes amis."

How illuminating for the reader this turning over of the leaves of memory, when Proust gives as Baudelaire's line: "Le printemps vaporeux fuira vers l'horizon"

2. "L'Horloge" LXXXV.p.81.
original script. Proust's detection of Baudelaire's love of spring - he terms "divine" the poet's lines dedicated to this season - has caused him to replace 'plaisir' with 'printemps' and how wonderfully poetic the result - yet still essentially Baudelairean in inspiration; expressive, too, of the truth of the poet's existence.

"Le printemps vaporeux fuira vers l'horizon."

Coupled with his instinct for pastiche, goes Proust's power to detect affinities in his idol, "un vers matrice de mille autres congénères," in Baudelaire a Mallarmean line -

"O charme du néant mollement attifé," a Racinian:

"Tous ceux qu'il veut aimer l'observent avec crainte," one such as Prudhomme might have written:

"O toi que j'eusse aimé, o toi qui le savais," or Hugo:

"Et les grands ciels qui font rêver d'éternité."

(See Ms)

A sense of death and decay, the strongest disillusionment

1. Proust makes interesting and charming reference to a line of Prudhomme on at least one occasion. Immediately prior to undergoing an operation, Charles du Bos began to read Proust; he was ecstatic in that writer's praise. Mme. du Bos tells me he could speak of nothing else, Vaudoyer was consulted and every attempt was made to arrange a Du Bos - Proust meeting. In vain ... A letter since stolen, and written by Proust to M. & Mme. du Bos, was the only outcome - "une lettre charmante" in which Proust affirms his desire to remain unknown to his admirers; preferring the legend to disilluisonment. In support of this plea for continued obscurity he quotes the line of Sully Prudhomme:

"Soyons des amis inconnus."
have made of Art and the symbol of Autumm the poet's most
natural self-expression, and, on this ground he seems to
bid a reluctant but final adieu to Spring in -

"Brumes et Pluies."

C.i. "Tableaux Parisiens."

"Dans cette grande plaine où l'automn froid se joue,
Où par les longues nuits la girouette s'enroule,
Mon âme mieux qu'au temps du tiède renouveau,
Ouvrira largement ses ailes de corbeau - "

Madness he expresses in terms of inability to recognise the
flow of the seasons - a cessation of their flow within the
soul also, where an implacable winter reigns:

"...... Sa raison s'en alla
L'éclat de ce soleil d'un crêpe se voila;
Et quand il s'en allait sans rien voir, à travers
Les champs, sans distinguer les étés des hivers,
Sale, inutile et laid comme une chose usée,
Il faisait des enfants la joie et la risée."

"Monde baudelairien que vient par moments mouiller
et enchanter un souffle parfumé du large, soit par
rémisincences, ('la chevelure' etc.) soit directement, grâce
à ces portiques dont il est souvent question chez Baudelaire.

'Ouverts sur des cieux inconnus' ('La Mort') ou que

1. Proust quotes this verse in the sequel of his essay on
Baudelaire - as an example of prophecy fulfilled.
'les soleils marins teignaient de mille feux' ('La Vie Antérieure')"

Proust: C: 225.

The Prose Poems are filled with renderings of climate, spiritual and natural.... In Baudelaire's depiction of Nature, Proust discovered a range of delicate colour - tones, - anticipating the modern poetic ones, and enhancing this natural imagery.

M/s.

"Rappelle - toi que toutes les couleurs vraies, modernes, poétiques, c'est lui, (Baudelaire) qui les a trouvées, pas très poussées, mais délicieuses, surtout les roses avec du bleu, de l'or et du vert."

We might well compare with this flair for detecting gradation of colour, Proust's own description of a radiation of light before dawn. S.G.ii.(3) 206,

"Où toutes les couleurs de l'arc-en-ciel se réfractent sur les rochers."

He discovers a new range of colours, subtle tints, - "Ces taffetas gorge de pigeons." J.F.(11)29.

1. Proust selects: "Vous êtes un beau ciel d'automne, clair et rose." "Les soirs au balcon, perlés de vapeur rose ..." in the text, "voilés de vapeur rose." He writes also "de bleu (chercher) la fumée (chercher) et tous les soirs où il y a du rose."
Bleu: A cursory glance brings to light on the part of the reader

(continued on next page)
Footnote 1 continued from previous page:

**Bleu:** "Un soir fait de rose et de bleu mystique." ("La Mort des Amants" p.131)
- "Si par une nuit bleue et froide de décembre" ("La Servante au grand cœur". P.102)
- "le réseau mobile et bleu" traced by smoke from "La Pipe" (LXVIII p.68)
- "le bleu cristal du matin" ("Le Vin des amants". CVIII.p.113)
- "Cheveux bleus, pavillon de ténèbres tendues" so finely poetic both in colouring and growth of outline, "de ténèbres tendues". (XXXIII.p.24)
- "Pays chauds et bleus" conveying the nostalgia of the Malabaraise for that shimmering blue haze of heat, her native clime...
  ("A une Malabaraise". xx.p.169)

'Rose' is usually found in the company of 'vert' or 'bleu';- sometimes all three combine to give wonderful richness...

**Rose et vert:**
- "Des nappes d'eau, s'épanchaient, bleues, Entre des quais roses et verts". (p.100)
- "L'aurore grelottante en robe rose et verte". (CIII)

The "pensers dormants" enjoy colourful rebirth - a veritable splendour of dawn - bleu, rose, or.
- "Teintés d'azur, glacés de rose, lamés d'or".

**Or:** This colour, to be expected from the pen of one who loved tropical climes, is found in isolation and in skilful union with blue and pink as immediately above; alternatively now with pink, now with blue.

In isolation: "Ces soirs d'or où/se sent revivre" (XCI.p.92)
- "or" and "rouge": Wine glorifies the squalor of a hovel - "Et fait surgir plus d'un portique fabuleux Dans l'or de sa vapeur rouge".
- "or" and "bleu": a delicate shade - hyacinth blue:- "Les soleils couchants Revêtent.....
La ville entière D'hyacinthe et d'or."

a deep shade:
- "La gloire du soleil sur la mer violette."
"le magnifique manteau couleur pensée". G. (1) 242
"Rose soufre." J. F. (111) 247

We are reminded of Baudelaire's expression of mood in terms of climate -
"Et rien .........
Ne me vaut le soleil rayonnant sur la mer",
when we come to Chernowitz' statement that Proust extends impressionist lighting even to psychological analysis - the latter appearing in terms of sky and climate.

When Proust singles out for comment "Les roses, avec du bleu, de l'or ou du vert," is he thinking, here too, of the Impressionist's use of blue or violet, even in shadow - only to the superficial eye, grey or black. "Pas poussées" he wrote of Baudelaire's "modern" colour range, but he, Proust, was prepared to go the full length in differentiation and analysis of fine tones: -
Bleu. "La route où bleuissaient les falaises .." S. G. 11. 17
"Rose d'un cuir ancien de Cordoue" S. i. 203.

1. cf. Commentary on the name of a friend, Illan de Casa. Quoted by the latter in the article "M. Proust et les parfums" Revue hebdomadaire. 17 août 1935. p. 359. Proust wanted documentation from R. de Billy on 11th century Spain "Pas de joyau plus rare même parmi les cuirs de Cordoue ou les coupes arabes aux reflets roses ou rose jaune - que ce prénom d'Illan....."
As in Baudelaire's poetry, so in Jean Santeuil, climate and modulations of atmosphere play a cardinal rôle, anticipating the more grandiose orchestration of A la Recherche. In the early "Ebauche", however, it is on their intimate connection with "des heures obscures de son âme" that the young poet chooses to linger....

As later for Marcel, so now for Jean, a change in atmosphere can set in motion the complex mechanism of involuntary memory.... A change of atmosphere can recall a previous change or a previous climate of the soul. Conversely a scent can recall a climate for Baudelaire and the poet always stresses the climate as the element remembered.

cf. "Le Parfum": ........

Scent: "Quand je respire l'odeur......
Climate: Je vois se dérouler des rivages heureux,"
and "La Chevelure":

"Je plongerai ma tête amoureuse d'ivresse,
Dans ce noir océan où l'autre est enfermé"

In Proust, it is climate which recalls climate.

( Atmosphere Involuntary Memory. Proust. )

( Atmosphere previous atmosphere or climate. Proust. )

( Scent atmosphere remembered and associated with Scent (Baudelaire). )

1. The inner climate can, in the later Proust, reach such a degree of strength that it displaces the outer scene.
Proust recognises that scent is Baudelaire's medium of discovering within one world, another of previous experience and hallowed recollection:—

Compare: "Je plongerai ma tête amoureuse d'ivresse dans ce noir océan où l'autre est enfermé."

with Proust's comment in the hitherto unpublished sequel of the essay on Baudelaire:— Proust quickly seizes upon the technique of "one world within another world," the past within the present, just as, in his passages on Involuntary Memory, he will never tire of extolling the fascination which stems from one sensation "miroitée à travers une autre" — or the present surrounded by an aura of past experience — the beauty of one flower enhanced by the spiritual presence of all the flowers loved in childhood:— "Nos sensations s'accompagnent de l'écho des sensations plus anciennes."

(J.S.(2) 10)

In Baudelaire, he sensed the key of this experience and aesthetics:—

M/s. "Et dans cent univers un autre plus interne encore, contenu dans les parfums." (cf. Baudelaire's word 'Enfermé')

1. "Sait que la réalité ne se forme que dans la mémoire, les fleurs qu'on me montre aujourd'hui, pour la première fois, ne me semblent pas de vraies fleurs" (S.(1)245 new edition)

2. Stressing his own experience of one world within another world, this natural consequence of his ability to see more clearly "de biais, d'une vue oblique," Proust penetrates to the innermost fibre of sensation, to a vein of essence buried deep within the reaches of involuntary

(continued on next page.)
Perhaps the most Baudelairean line of Proust focuses on this theme, and it conjures up all the spiritual aura of Baudelaire's sensitivity to climate.

"Une heure, ce n'est pas qu'une heure, c'est un vase rempli de parfums, de sons, de projets, et de climats."

T.R.(2) 39.

Sensitivity to climate is closely allied with lyricism and consideration of the lyrical aspect of Proust's genius induces comparisons with Baudelaire and Verlaine.

In Jean Santeuil it is more especially climate which recalls climate by affinity, but the mention of "heures obscures de son âme," recaptured by change of atmosphere, makes us think of the German "Stimmungslied," the technique of expressing mood in nature - practised by Baudelaire and...

footnote 2 continued from previous page:

"La moindre parole que nous avons dite à une époque de notre vie, le geste le plus insignifiant que nous avons fait, était entouré, portait sur lui le reflet des choses qui logiquement ne tenaient pas à lui, en ont été séparées par l'intelligence, mais au milieu desquelles - le geste, l'acte le plus simple reste enfermé comme dans mille vases clos, dont chacun serait rempli de choses d'une couleur, d'une odeur, d'une température absolument différentes."

Ps. 11-12. Temps Retrouvé. II.

footnote 1 (this page)

cf. "Une lueur est un vase rempli de parfums, de sons, de projets, et de climats" T.R.(2) 33.
Verlaine. This lyrical aspect of Proust's genius, his gloriing in the beauty of Nature, in her luxuriance, her whims and her caprices, in her power even to transform his own "état d'âme", has only recently been selected for comment, but the predominance of natural lyricism in Jean Santeuil, in such passages as the following, will do much to serve the cause of a sadly neglected Proustian leitmotiv. The delicacy of touch in matters 'natural' and 'spiritual' makes us feel, in advance, the finely sensitive vibrations of the essay "Sunlight on a balcony."

"Deux gouttes de pluie qui commençaient à tomber, un rayon de soleil qui reparaissait, suffisaient à lui rappeler des automnes pluvieux, des étés ensoleillés, des heures obscures de son âme, qui s'éclaircissaient alors à l'enivrer de souvenirs et de poésie." - (Passage from Jean Santeuil and quoted by Maurois in his introduction. p.214.(1).)

Maurois calls this a nature, 'imprégnée de sentiment,' I would liken it to Verlaine's assimilation of Nature in his poetry, and does not Proust say that Nature and the Songs of Nature are better qualified to hear our memories than Music

1. Monsieur Jean-Louis Vaudoyer drew my attention to a recent article in the "Revue de Paris" by E.Jaloux on Proust's lyricism, but expressed the belief that with few exceptions this was a neglected theme.

2. Proust chosen by Hopkins. p.159.
of human devising? Into Schubert's songs everyone would read his or her own memories and emotions - yet to natural music such experience and its recollection are much more intimately and indissolubly bound - since this music is unique and ephemeral, more the expression of a particular moment and of the essence of the individual, than any humanly composed song could ever aspire to be; either at the moment of composition, or when heard by other individuals years later, and monopolised for their medium of self-expression (J.S.p.160). Baudelaire felt this strongly, to judge by his insistence on climate and nature's moods, whether or not they sounded harmony with his inner climate and personal mood. He asks the "Étonnants Voyageurs" of the poem "Le Voyage," to cast upon the screen of the listeners' minds: "Vos souvenirs avec leurs cadres d'horizons."

The association of mood and weather is a continuation of the tradition of Verlaine.

For Proust, rain bears the association for all time of Marie Kossichef's failure to meet him in the Champs-Elysées. He feels then in perfect harmony with the poet Verlaine, and his citation of the following lines shows that he experienced and fully realised the harmony with a poet whom, to our amazement, at least until we read Jean Santeuil, we never find much cited or appreciated at length in the whole range of Proust.
Here Verlaine reaps the reward of a moment's affinity of mood with Proust, and gains just and honourable mention:—

"Il pleure dans mon coeur
Comme il pleut sur la ville.
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon coeur?"

J.S.(1) 90

We find elaboration of such ideas and Stimmungslieder in Proust's *A la Recherche*

Proust's later work will elaborate such ideas about climate as we find scattered through *Jean Santeuil*.

"Atmosphere has a profound effect on memory"

G.(1) 190

"Cold weather can release an unconscious memory in Marcel"

P.(1) 69-70

Climate tends to form mood mysteriously and by anticipation. (cf. Proust "une heure, ce n'est pas qu'une heure, c'est un vase rempli de parfums, de sons, de projets, et de climats" T.R.(2) 39 )

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3. "Je savais..." Albertine l'aurait fallu que je les oubliasse toutes.
4. "Je..."
5. Scott-Moncrieff's translation.
Seasons retrace before the narrator the outward journey of his former liaison with Albertine. The seasons return, but not to him come a fresh leaf of reality, rather the ghost of a love which he longs to banish yet cannot lay in face of the resistance offered by climate.

Climate is deterministic in Baudelaire and in Proust. See Le Côté de G. (2) 49 :– 'A change in the weather is sufficient to create the world and oneself anew. ' 'Even moments of inspiration are due to change in weather.' ‘Unique moments are due to changes in weather’ (P. (1) 23-4)

'Changes in the weather hint at changes in Marcel's life' (S. & G. (2) 167).

'Hot days are better appreciated in memory.' (A.D.97)

'Sunlight is an essential part of Marcel's memory of a certain drawing room' (S. & G. (1) 196)

It has been explained psychologically, this power of coffee-aroma, of winter cold etc. Perhaps it is, that, in the past, we have associated exciting and pleasurable events to come, with such climatic phenomena as aroma of

1. 'Lié qu'il était à toutes les saisons, pour que je perdisse le souvenir d'Albertine il aurait fallu que je les oubliasse toutes'—Scott-Moncrieff's translation.

2 & 3.

4. 

5. " 

6. " 


coffee, or the biting cold of a winter's morning. Snowflakes still fall between Proust and the volume of Bergotte, which he elected to read as solace, on that winter's day, long ago, when he could not see Gilberte. We have filled climate and aroma with all our power of anticipation and now these powers return to us hundredfold - all the potentiality realised.

Even independently of scent, the ray of sunlight on a desk can work as a charm (J.S.(1) 149-51) (See also list cited above of rôles of climate in A la Recherche and prominence of sunlight...)

"Grâce à elle, Jean vieilli, n'attendant plus rien de la vie, vivant, d'un dur travail, dans une ville d'où il ne sortait jamais, d'où il n'apercevait jamais la campagne, dormant mal, se réveillant plein de malaise.... sans avoir besoin pour cela des espérances de son enfance, en retrouvait un moment toute la douceur .... " (J.S.(1) 149).

According to Proust (and here, as so often, he annotates Baudelaire) - Nature must hold more of the artist's soul than other individuals to whom he gives for a time his affection (J.S.(2) 220) - or so it will seem, since

1. cf. also T.Ret.(2) 35 ("Mais du volume lui-même, la neige qui couvrait les Champs-Elysées, le jour je le lus, n'a pas été enlevée.")
2. cf. the later period of Proust's own life
after long absence from objects of nature, Jean finds that he wants them so much still. Nature, then, reflects a greater degree of constancy in human affections, than individuals, to whom affection goes and from whom affection flees at the appointed hour. Natural song, birds, rivers etc. will prove a more reliable leitmotiv than music of human devising.

(v) 6. For Baudelaire and Proust the human voice has an important musical rôle. Both writers find a natural music in its cadences.

As we will observe in chapter VI on Music Proust, once, even lost himself in speculation as to what would have happened, had man confined himself to expression in music, and left undeveloped speech, and the conceptual media which we know to-day...

For both men the human voice had a peculiar fascination, and, to the best of my belief, no critic has dwelt on this interest as one which the two men hold in common. In the sequel of the essay on Baudelaire, Proust, it is true, speaks of the omnipresence of voices, in his precursor's poetry, but he leaves it to another generation of critics to observe his own predilection for 'voices' and link it with a corresponding trait in Baudelaire.

In the essay still to be published by Madame Mante-Proust he writes of the fascination, which Baudelaire's voices will
always hold for him. In a letter, he could quote the voices of "Le Voyage", to prove a point - and this instance affords proof, in turn, of the degree to which "Les Voix" pre-occupied the writer - if he would even cite a passage in a casual letter.

M/s. "Et ses voix qui promettent des mondes, celles qui parlent dans la bibliothèque, et celles qui parlent au-devant du navire, celles qui disent que la terre est un gâteau plein de douceur et celles qui disent; 'C'est ici qu'on vendange les fruits miraculeux dont votre coeur a faim'.

The fact that the voice in isolation has often to be our key to understanding and even visualising an individual, known or unknown, is partly responsible for the magnetic power, which it can on occasion exert upon Baudelaire and Proust. Baudelaire uses the sound of a voice, in its resemblance to a voice heard in the past, as an example of the analogy, capable of setting in motion involuntary memory...

"Il vous est maintes fois arrivé de vous retourner à un son de voix connu, et d'être frappé d'étonnement devant une créature douée de gestes et d'une voix analogue"

(Curiosités Esthétiques p.139)

(Ed. Calmann-Lévy)


2. 'Le narrateur, entendant la voix de sa grand'mère dans le téléphone, éprouve par avance la mort de celle-ci'.G 1.120,122. Anticipation of this experience in Jean Santeuil.(J.S.(2) Section VI. "Jean en Bretagne: le téléphonage à sa mère".) Also Proust chosen by Hopkins "Days of reading" (2) p.116-52.
The voice which, by medium of the telephone, sounds miraculously from a distant place, already causes Proust to ponder on the mystery and pain of separation by death. Further, the novelist has set in relief the poetic and evocative charm of the voice in Baudelaire's poetry, - the siren-like voices of "Le Voyage", so capriciously spaced, and the "Voix Fatidique", - the voice of his inner conscience, and sinister double in "The Library".

We have the human voice imbued with the latent poetry of the 'phone in Jean Santeuil, in an incident precursor of the rôle in A la Recherche.

I cannot help wondering what poetry Baudelaire could have drawn from this modern invention. There is in Jean Santeuil a conversation, which Jean has frantically contrived between his mother and himself, in a desperate attempt to allay the agony of separation from "Maman". His mother's voice, here, as in the telephone conversations of A la Recherche, is an almost mystic medium of communication, and seems the very essence of her individuality, at least it appears in this guise to the Jean, who has never lost but merely developed a fatal initial dependence.

In A la Recherche voices seem to be regarded as keys to the personalities of their owners. All distinctive, - "Voix d'Andrée, de Bergotte, de M. de Charlus, de M.de Norpois".
There are echoes here of their rôle in Jean Santeuil.

'Voix de l'être dans le téléphone,'

(G.I.120)

'Douceur inouïe de la voix de la grand'mère du narrateur.'

(G.I.121)

'L'or paresseux et gras d'un soleil de province
traîne dans la voix de la duchesse de Guermantes.'

(G.I.184)

'Voix indolente de l'employé qui annonce les
stations du train de Balbec.'

(S. G.II (3) 217)

How often does Baudelaire's verse assume the form of a dialogue: "Le Voyage," "Horrëur Sympathique," or, in the poems of the "Horloge" cycle an interior monologue: "Le Goût du Néant" p.76 - the latter medium sometimes transformed into dialogue, as for instance by the intervention of the Voice of the clock and of Time.

"La Seconde

Chuchote 'Souviens-toi!' - rapide avec sa voix
D'insecte, maintenant dit 'je suis autrefois'"

("L'Imprévu." p.166, affords another example of dialogue form, where the clock takes the rôle of spokesman)

"Le Voyage" is only the outstanding example, ("poème sublime" as Proust called it), of a dramatic form practised
instinctively by Baudelaire, and with a superb effect the which Proust, the 'connoisseur' of the human voice, could not bear to let pass unnoticed by posterity.

Recueille-toi, mon fils, en ce grave moment,
Et ferme ton oreille à ce rugissement.

Already in Jean Santeuil we discover not only a Proust absorbed by music and kindred questions, but a man who never flags in his juxtaposition of inner and outer time - the "ennemi vigilant", who haunted Baudelaire.

The lack of synchronisation between individuals' moods projects tragedy into human life. This theme, in short, of "Les Intermittences du Coeur", figures early in Jean Santeuil - where it wrings from Proust a pathos more childlike than any that marks the accents of his later work.

"Les mêmes heures ne sonnent pas pour tous," of Jean Santeuil is perhaps vaguely indicated in Baudelaire. - "Le Crépuscule du soir" shows so many sections of society, all wanting dusk for different reasons and purposes; - scholar and workman long for rest, prostitution awakens to life, thieves "qui n'ont ni trêve ni merci" will soon begin their work, but as if a bell had tolled in his consciousness, the poet suddenly pauses; from scrutiny of the night-life of a city, he turns away, chilled by the thought of the sick and the dying, who now draw into their moment of ordeal.
Night, the friend of so many, is to the sick a foe, to the
dying, at once sordid and salutary, for may it not, with
aggravation of their woes, bring the release of Death?

"Recueille-toi mon âme, en ce grave moment,
Et ferme ton oreille à ce rugissement.
C'est l'heure où les douleurs des malades s'aigrissent.
La sombre nuit les prend à la gorge; ils finissent
Leur destinée et vont vers le gouffre commun"

("Le Crépuscule du Soir" xcv.p.97)

Here, the poet soars above his own time and sees the dis­
cordance of hours for so many individuals. Elsewhere he
stresses his frequent lack of synchronisation with daylight -
and asks for night, as in:-

"Vite! soufflons la lampe afin,
De nous cacher dans les ténèbres"

("L'Examen de Minuit". p.174)

He is equally sensitive to a lack of harmony with nature,

"Quelquefois dans un beau jardin,
Où je trainais mon atonie,
J'ai senti comme une ironie
Le soleil déchirer mon sein.
Et le printemps et la verdure
Ont tant humilié mon coeur
Que j'ai puni sur une fleur,
L'insolence de la nature."
("A celle qui est trop gaie").
"Les Epaves": V. p.150

but nowhere again with the complex tonality of Jean Santeuil
weeping bitterly over the lack of synchronisation of his
own moods, failures and resolves, with his mother's
reactions....

This is the bitter condition of time and we experience
it individually in a whole variety of ways. Montaigne
suffered keenly from the sense of frustration consequent
upon this penalty:

"Quand je prends des livres j'auray apperceu en tel
passage des graces excellentes et qui auront feru mon ame -
qu'un autre fois j'y retumbe, j'ay beau le tourner et
virer, j'ay beau le plier et le manier, c'est une masse
incogneue et informe pour moy . . a peine oserois - je dire
la vanité et la faiblesse que je treuve chez moi....."

(B.ii.Ch.12., p.634. Essais)

We listen to a piece of music, which we know and feel
to have been sublime on previous hearings - yet we find
ourselves on this occasion tragically devoid of reaction
and harmonisation with the spirit of Music. Like Baudelaire

I could say on such an occasion: "Ne suis-je qu'un faux accord?"

The death of one near and dear to us often leaves us, at the time, curiously numb and empty of feeling. Some time later, however, the death becomes a 'reality' to us, the inner chronology obeys no uniform man-made measurement of Time. We here enter another dimension - of inner time.

Proust makes here and now in Jean Santeuil (II) an irrevocable admission of defeat in face of the complex tangle of syncopation, as between event and reaction, - each person doomed to virtual isolation, since he has a different time-sequence and duration from everyone else. Baudelaire, writing in a losing fight against Time, trying to reform against Time, would only have endorsed Proust, whose complex nature heightens the agony beyond endurance. There is no remedy for such anguish as this, evinced by words, gesture and style, only the resignation of the mature and sensitive man to the fatality of Time.

(Jean has already taken a new resolve, when his mother, thinking that he lingers still in his old ways of dissipation, begins to reproach him severely.)

"'S'il en est ainsi dans la vie', se dit-il, en baissant jusqu'à ses genoux sa tête en pleurs, et frappé
lui-même du geste de son humilité, si les hommes exécutent ainsi leurs résolutions sur des hommes, qui ont changé à leur insu depuis qu'ils les ont prises; si, à chaque instant, on risque de tomber à faux, d'étouffer une bonne intention, de désespérer quelqu'un qui vous aime, de démoraliser quelqu'un qui devenait bon, le monde est trop compliqué pour moi, la vie est trop forte pour moi."

He certainly resigns himself to the inevitable, but the lack of synchronisation never fails to elicit his baffled surprise that it is so.

Even in the time, which elapses between going to sleep and wakening, our mood may unaccountably have changed (cf. the amazement we register on re-reading a letter, which we wrote only a short time ago). Proust speaks for all with sincerity, when he re-states the lack of an universal and standard time.

"Tant nous avons de peine à comprendre que l'heure de la joie, le temps du repos ne sont pas à la fois pour les autres en même temps que pour nous..."

The numerous aspects of Proust's outlook stand revealed in the newly published novel, and heighten for us the documentary value of Jean Santeuil. Here we find elucidated the function of art, and of poetry in particular, as well as the theory and mystique of memory; in Proust's
character, strong evidence of tenderness, coupled with lack of will-power; startling in their degree of development are his hypersensitivity to climate and his new conception of Time. The animation of natural objects reminds us of Nerval and of the Baudelaire of "Les Correspondances." Here we see Proust's "Récolte", before any sorting process has separated chaff from grain, and the publication of Jean Santeuil thus proves to be an event of cardinal importance. It enables us to see clearly tendencies at their point of origin, and to link Proust still more closely with one of the major formative influences of these early years - Charles Baudelaire; - it is, in short, the hinge on which this comparative study of Proust and Baudelaire readily turns, before opening out fully into a revelation of their mutual affinities.

1. See for further development of this theme Ch.IV (4). Note (1) p.137.
2. J.S. (2) 140. "Son âme débordée animait divinement toutes choses."
Chapter II. "Sensation - Souvenir - Symbol".

The theme of "sensation - souvenir - symbole" is developed by Baudelaire no less than by Proust. One random sensation awakens in "L'inconscient", or sub-conscious, an echo, finds in fact the memory of a similar sensation, and then becomes the symbol of the whole experience. This process is clearly foreshadowed in Proust's examination of dream phenomena. The figures of a dream are part of the sub-conscious, but released into free activity ("délanchées"). Accordingly, when the sub-conscious is in any way reached during the day-time, an echo of the dream-world rises from the depths, and answers the call of a like sensation. On this subject of "les souvenirs des songes" Proust describes their surviving form as "si enténébrée, que souvent nous ne les percevons pour la première fois qu'en plein après-midi, quand le rayon d'une idée similaires vient fortuitement les frapper" (G.(I) 78) This is stressed as a chance encounter between "souvenir" and "sensation", and is regarded by both writers as capable of creating a supernatural state, a veritable "extase". See Baudelaire; Fusée.: "Dans certains
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états de l'âme presque surnaturels, la profondeur de la vie se révèle tout entière dans le spectacle, si ordinaire qu'il soit, qu'on a sous les yeux. Il en devient le symbole"  Baudelaire's word, "la profondeur" conveys a process of plumbing the depths, the subconscious in fact; similarly Proust will speak of "la rumeur des espaces traversés," when involuntary memory comes into operation. Even a word bears for Proust the impress of the subconscious depth, the mystery inseparable from individuality: - a far cry, this, from the traditional French demand for simplification and clarity.

"certain éclairage.... dans ses livres (Bergotte), comme dans ceux de quelques auteurs, modifie souvent dans la phrase écrite l'apparence des mots; c'est sans doute qu'il vient de grandes profondeurs" J.F.(1) p.174, (123 éd. N.R.F.1929.)

The final explanation of this "presence," this visitation, remains as much a mystery to Baudelaire as it did to Proust. Both writers are conscious of a "ténébreuse et profonde unité," and cannot resolve the enigma. It is interesting

1. Fusées. Editions de la Sirène, 1919., p.35.
2. cf.Temps Retrouvé XV.p.20 New edition. "La seule manière de les goûter davantage, (ces vérités), c'était de tâcher de les connaître plus complètement là où elles se trouvaient, c'est-à-dire en lui-même et de les rendre claires jusque dans leurs profondeurs."
to note the way in which "enténébré," "ténèbres" qualify in both cases the artist's desolation - as opposed to the terms "l'éternité retrouvée," and "paradisiaque" of Rimbaud, and, on another occasion, of Baudelaire. (See below Les Paradis Artificiels:"Le Goût de l'Infini." p.160) Whilst Proust came later to place the main stress on "l'esprit" as opposed to the senses: - "Tout est dans l'esprit, dans le sujet, non dans l'objet" - (T.R.(2) 72.), Baudelaire, in the following passage, couples "L'esprit" and "les sens," giving full value to the activity of both - a tacit recognition of man's duality: -

"Cet état exceptionnel de l'esprit et des sens, que je puis, sans exagérer, appeler paradisiaque - si, je le compare aux lourdes ténèbres de l'existence commune et journalière, c'est qu'il n'a été créé par aucune cause bien visible et facile à définir." (Paradis Artificiels: "Le Goût de l'Infini" p.160)

Evelyn Underhill has, perhaps, come closer than any other to a solution of what baffles the human reason in the experience of Baudelaire and Proust. (See Mysticism - a study in the nature and development of man's spiritual consciousness London, 1911, Methuen & Co.,) The limit between subject and object goes, part of the human personality actually penetrates the essence of the object, under the sway

of powerful feeling c.f. Proust's contemplation of roses, etc. (recorded by Reynaldo Hahn in *Hommage à Marcel Proust "Promenade", p.39.) The bilateral penetration of subject within object, and in turn of object within subject (le modèle interne) can be witnessed in Proust's creation. Underhill terms the interpenetration "a mystic union" (eine mystische Hochzeit" to quote Curtius' translation), between the spirit and one aspect of the external world:- I quote still from Ernst Robert Curtius' rendering

"Wir sind für einen Augenblick in das Leben des Alls eingetaucht, eine tiefe friedvolle Liebe verbindet uns mit der Substanz der Dinge; eine mystische Hochzeit hat stattgefunden zwischen dem Geist und einem Aspekt der Aussenwelt."

(We are for a moment plunged deep within the life of the all-embracing spirit, a profound, peaceful love binds us to the substance of things; a mystic union has taken place between the spirit and one aspect of the external world.)

This idea of the incorporation of spirit within matter is vividly expressed by Bergson in *Energie spirituelle* P.39, although, as a fact of experience it is one of the grand

1. Éméric Fiser: *Le Symbole littéraire*, p.111.Ch.1."Le Précursieur du Symbolisme, Ch.Baudelaire"
themes of the mystics from the fourteenth century, Juliana of Norwich onwards, and is even resumed by a heroine of modern France, such as Odette Churchill; for Juliana of Norwich, inner strength can be drawn from the infinitesimal — from a hazelnut: — "Ein kleines Ding, von der Grösse einer Haselnuss"; for Odette Churchill, it can come from a withered leaf. So Bergson writes: —

"Le philosophe devrait descendre au dedans de lui-même, puis, remontant à la surface, suivre le mouvement graduel par lequel la conscience se détend, s'étend, se prépare à évoluer dans l'espace. Assistant à cette matérialisation progressive, épiant les démarches par lesquelles la conscience s'extériorise il obtiendrait tout au moins une intuition vague de ce que peut être l'insertion de l'esprit dans la matière" (Energie Spirituelle, p. 39)

This is surely Baudelaire's "vaporisation" followed by "la centralisation du moi." 3

Baudelaire would seem to convey the same message of deep import when he speaks of "Une magie suggestive, contenant à la fois l'objet et le sujet, le monde extérieur à l'artiste et l'artiste lui-même" 4 We see stressed now the spiritualisation of reality, the formation of a "modèle interne," now the

1. E.R.Curtius: op.cit.
2. Jerrard Tickell: Odette
3. Baudelaire: Mon Cœur mis à nu, p. 63
   Ed. Conard p. 129.
incorporation of the spirit within a material object of the external world. Proust sees the row of trees on the course of his ride, but he has to close his eyes, and pursue the inner vision of the trees (T.R. (2) 161 and 164), the resurrection of an inner reality created by himself, so, in the essay "The Village Church" of "Le Figaro", Sept. 3. 1913 - he almost reaches the point, when he can magnificently discard external reality, except as a point of departure, and explore, instead, unknown realms within his soul and memory - "lands recovered from the depths of oblivion, cast high and dry upon the shores of the present. More anxious then, than ever I was when I asked my way, I seek it still. I turn a corner.... but the corner lies within my heart". In the instance of the trees lining the road to Hudimesnil he fails to capture the analogy between the present sensation and the "souvenir" - probably because he concentrates less on the inner impression, than on the part of perception "à demi engainée dans l'objet" (T.R. (2) p.43). The loss of part of his personality, his "moi" or "ego", is implied throughout the despairing admission of defeat.

At the one extreme of Proust's experience lies unity "ténébreuse et profonde" ("Spleen et Idéal". "Correspondances" p.65); this sense of unity is attained only when the inner

1. Proust chosen by Hopkins. p.176
2. J.F. (2) 164
spiritual reality is recreated, and the analogy discovered between "sensation" and "souvenir" (cf. Madeleine incident).

At the other extreme lies disintegration, and "éparpillement du moi" - Baudelaire's intuitive vision, embodied in a first phrase of Mon Coeur mis à nu flashes upon the mind as we read of Proust's tragic failure to recompose unity, to reunite subject and object. Baudelaire, indeed, splendidly resumes this Proustian leitmotiv. "De la vaporisation et de la centralisation du moi, tout est là."

Proust: "Je crus que c'étaient des fantômes du passé, de chers compagnons de mon enfance, des amis disparus, qui invoquaient nos communs souvenirs. Comme des ombres, ils semblaient me demander de les emmener avec moi, de les rendre à la vie. Dans leur gesticulation naïve et passionnée je reconnaissais le regret impuissant d'un être aimé, qui a perdu l'usage de la parole. Je vis les arbres s'éloigner en agitant leurs bras désespérés, semblant me dire: 'ce que tu n'apprends pas de nous aujourd'hui, tu ne le sauras jamais; si tu nous laisses retomber au fond de ce chemin d'où nous cherchions à nous hisser jusqu'à toi, toute une partie de

1. See Note J p.99
It is not granted to Proust to give them the reunion and quietus which they so desire, and his words of farewell to this unity, evading capture, strike a note of forlorn dejection. He feels part of himself die away, even as the trees foretold:

"J'étais triste, comme si je venais de perdre un ami, de mourir moi-même, de renier un mort, ou de méconnaître un dieu" (J.F.(2) p.164)

Baudelaire not only elucidates one's understanding of this passage by a brief intuitive flash, he reveals the same situation in his poetry: - a "souvenir" which demands to be heard, - the inner essence of an object struggling to be reunited with the "moi"

"..... un vieux flacon qui se souvient
D'où jaillit toute vive une âme qui revient"

("Le Flacon." XLVIII.p.47)

The heritage of German Romanticism, of Tieck and Novalis, in particular - with its curiously nostalgic refrain, seems to be concentrated in the imagery of the forest, through which the poet wanders "exilé dans l'imparfait," and

1. Baudelaire: "Notes nouvelles sur Poe."
vouchsafed an occasional echo of his former self, now incorporated within a material object, a sensation, - be it vision, sound, taste, or perfume. At the same time Proust appears, ghostlike, in that tireless "quest" and the auditive image has a wonderful power of evocation:

"Ainsi dans la forêt où mon esprit s'exile,
Un vieux souvenir sonne à plein souffle du cor."

("Le Cygne", LXXXIX, p. 88)

In Temps Retrouvé (2), p. 81-83, occurs a passage which sheds a revealing light on Proust's spiritual affinity with Baudelaire. Proust is keenly alive to any resemblance between the experiences of other writers and his own. The demon of analogy haunted him in his work of creation, and it obsesses him even at the point when he takes up pen and searches for justification of his creative design. The word "analogues" rises unbidden and full of consolation to the writer:

"Et déjà je pouvais dire que si c'était chez moi,
par l'importance exclusive qu'il prenait, un trait qui m'échalt personnel, cependant, j'étais rassuré, en découvrant qu'il s'apparaitait à des traits moins marqués mais reconnaissables, discernables et au fond assez analogues chez certains écrivains."

Proust recognizes as his immediate predecessor in the
CHAPTER III

(1) Analysis of "remémoration in Baudelaire's "La Chevelure"

(ii) Comparison with Proust's "act of remembering"

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Proust recognises as his immediate precursors in the
field of "sensation-souvenir," Chateaubriand, Gérard de Nerval and Baudelaire. A secret affinity draws him curiously close to Baudelaire, and, at first sight, the reason for this hidden power of attraction would seem to derive from the fact that Baudelaire like Proust, while giving full pre-eminence to involuntary memory, deliberately seeks the occasion of evoking analogies, consciously cultivates the state of mind in which the "Symbole", the presence, will manifest itself to him, dispersing the shades of convention and the heavy conformity of "le moi social". In a state of rêverie, the "déclenchement magique" the release of the buried subconscious forces, stands greater chance of operating...

Baudelaire's "réminiscences" are, in Proust's opinion, more decisive, precisely because the poet leaves them less to a chance combination of circumstances, cultivating and seeking out conditions favourable to their appearance. One cannot help remembering, here, that Proust had sometimes lost sight of his mystic experiences, had indeed allowed the "moi profond" to be "refoulé" by its conventional mode of expression. Proust's debt to Baudelaire may never be truly estimated, especially if we consider that an experience of the kind is described by Proust, when he
explains how he came to embark on his quest, and defines what really lies at the basis, at the very roots of his act of creation. Coleridge, in his *Biographia Literaria* claims a kindred point of departure to his aesthetic creation. The suggested key to the artist's problem is, in all three cases, to develop conditions favourable to the spontaneous birth of analogies in the poet's mind, and to "cultivate a state of mind susceptible of provoking transpositions into the past." Transposition in time, leads almost naturally to transposition of the senses.

A hitherto unknown freedom of movement up and down the scales of time, of the senses and of the arts, distinguishes the poetry of Baudelaire and the prose of Marcel Proust.

How often, a kind of "détente", an involuntary disengagement from the stream of the world's measured course, seems to mark the prelude of this experience of transposition, both for Baudelaire and for Proust (cf. the incident in which Proust suddenly sees his grandmother "penchée sur sa fatigue," and the langorous opening of Baudelaire's "La Chevelure"). It is a superb illustration

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1. See p. 243 N.3 & 487
2. Synesthesia.
3. S.C.II.(1) 170
of Proust's understanding of Baudelaire that he puts his finger on that evocative word "paresse," when he passes in survey the poet's technique:

"C'est le poète lui-même qui, avec plus de choix et de paresse, recherche volontairement dans l'odeur d'une femme par exemple, de sa chevelure et de son sein, les analogies inspiratrices qui lui évoqueront l'azur du ciel immense et rond et un port rempli de flammes et de mâts."

The rhythm of the words quoted from Baudelaire casts its spell, and we feel Proust gathering together his creative powers in an attempt to emulate, and stamp with the impress of his own personality this "communauté d'expérience."

"J'allais chercher à me rappeler les pièces de Baudelaire à la base desquelles se trouve ainsi une sensation transposée, pour achever de me replacer dans une filiation aussi noble, et me donner par là l'assurance que l'œuvre, que je n'aurais plus aucune hésitation à entreprendre, mériterait l'effort que j'allais lui consacrer...."

Unfortunately, Proust's arrival in the grand salon of the Duc de Guermantes, as well as his amazement at the

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1. T.R.(2) 83
altered appearance of the other guests, cut short this momentous train of thought, and debar from easy development before our eyes, what Thibaudet would most certainly have called "la cellule mère" of Proust's creation. We are left to conjecture which other poems of Baudelaire he would have quoted as justification for his own voyage of enterprise and discovery.

In "La Chevelure," Fiser finds all the elements of "le symbole dynamique": - sensation, souvenir, analogy, reverie. While appreciating the link with Proust, I cannot refrain from noting that a striking difference dates from the opening of such a poem as "La Chevelure." Moreover, Proust, with keen perception noted the difference in his Correspondence - ("Les Annales") Whereas, for Proust the process of symbolisation is dynamic, and characterised by extraordinary, almost Protean swiftness of movement and an intensely elusive charm; (note the predominance of

1. Le Symbole littéraire chez Wagner, Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Bergson et Marcel Proust. p.117.
   The letter from which the passage is quoted, was published in "Les Annales" Feb.26.1922, in reply to two questions submitted by the editor.
   (1) Are there still schools of writing?
   (2) When a distinction is drawn between the analytical novel and the adventure novel, does it, in your opinion, mean anything and what?
Wagenfahren as a stimulus to creative activity and mystic experience in Proust: (see E.R.Curtius: M. Proust. 1925;)
for Baudelaire the languorous, indolent quality, previously noted, affects the movement of the whole process, - static by comparison with Proust's experience, and opening with the poem itself. with equal force to Baudelaire.

"With Baudelaire, remembering is static, it already exists when the poem begins - 'Quand les deux yeux fermés' 'O toison moutonnant etc.'!"

(See "Les Annales")

There is the same generalisation of the experience in "Le Parfum Exotique," where the state of ecstasy is simultaneous with the opening of the poem, as opposed to a fleeting visitation provoking tension in an artist such as Proust. The very movement of the verse crystallises the difference of technique.

"Quand les deux yeux fermés, en un soir chaud d'automne
Je respire l'odeur de ton sein chaleureux,
Je vois se dérouler des rivages heureux
Qu'éblouissent les feux d'un soleil monotone."

The poem "La Chevelure" - from which Proust quotes in the part of Temps Retrouvé (2) 83 cited above - opens with a presentation of the external world, the sensation

1. Ibid.
enjoyed by the poet, as he draws his fingers through the hair of his mistress. The source of inspiration in this poem springs from the sense of touch as well as from the sense of smell. The remark of Du Bos, in his Journal, about the amazing acuity of Flaubert's sense of touch, could be applied with equal force to Baudelaire.

Next follows a portrayal of the intimate and withdrawn world of reverie - a description of random souvenirs awaiting, like Proust's row of trees, a gracious recall to life - a state to be realised whenever present sensation finds "un souvenir analogue." As in Proust's description of the scene at the opera (quoted 'in extenso' by Martin Turnell - The Novel in France) where various keywords confused reality with a dream-like sea-scape, so here, in a way which reminds me of Wagner's gradual introduction of a leitmotiv, the fusion between the sensation and its own special souvenir, is anticipated from the outset. The hair is "toison moutonnant jusque sur l'encolure." The first two words already show in which direction the analogy gropes its way - towards the sea imagery, so radiant and majestic in movement - in contrast with the tempest-ridden "presqu'ile" of Rimbaud...

The third section shows the union between the present
sensation and the souvenir - the hair becomes identified with the sea, and the perfume is important in effecting the transition. The properties of hair and sea merge, to a point where they become as indistinguishable as two orders of imagery under the transforming touch of synesthesia (see Chapter V: 'Synesthesia')

"Mer d'ébène...
cheveux bleus - l'azur du ciel."

The conscious nature of Baudelaire's use of this chance encounter between sensation and souvenir, contrasts strongly with Proust's more complete and involuntary surrender to the experience. The past sensation and its 'milieu' jostle and oust the present from the picture as in the incident of the serviette at Balbec, where Proust actually experiences a conflict for pride of place between the past scene and the present one. At Balbec, there is a momentary shifting of scene, and finally the present surroundings, though with some difficulty, establish their ascendancy for the artist.

In "La Chevelure," however, Baudelaire remains consciously in control of his experience, able to renew it almost at will, and the two worlds remain darkly adjacent -
the world of fantasy and the world of present sensation - the latter the point of departure of the former, and inter-
change between the two still a matter of ease. Not present, therefore, to quite the same degree in Baudelaire's experience is that stifling, and at the same time, fascinating awareness of one world of the past about to replace, usurp in fact, the present. the past and the present, otherwise he could never have

"Je plongerai ma tête amoureuse d'ivresse
Dans ce noir océan où l'autre est enfermé."

Baudelaire is consciously saying to the hair, the colour and perfume of this hair - "Be for me an ocean, resplendent with riches!" This is surely what Proust discerned, when he wrote in Temps Retrouvé (2):

"C'est le poète lui-même qui, avec plus de choix et de paresse recherche volontairement dans l'odeur les analogies inspiratrices..."

He does not lose consciousness as completely as does Proust of the present scene. The correspondences of "les parfums, les couleurs, et les sons" provide a scale along which the poet's senses glide, now in "la chevelure," now in "l'océan."

From the moment when the "sensation" joins the "souvenir analogue," when the hair and the sea become
both; he strives to disengage their essence (cf. Proust's discourse on the metaphor, (T.R. (2) 39-40) overleaf quoted in extense) and succeeds, with great display of his powers of evocation. In the closing lines, Baudelaire would most certainly have agreed with Novalis that "Jeder Gegenstand ist der Mittelpunkt eines Paradies," when conceived as a link between the past and the present, otherwise he could never have written the lines of evocation:—

"N'es-tu pas l'oasis où je rêve et la gourde
Où je hume à longs traits le vin du souvenir?"

"La Chevelure," xxiii.p.23.

Baudelaire here attains a degree of fusion between the present and the past, between sensation and souvenir — such as Proust ardently conceives to be the means of imprisoning and enshrining the "moi profond" within the framework of art.

There seems to be complete accord between the two writers, to judge by a form of manifesto pronounced by Proust in Temps Retrouvé (2), p.39-40 and indirectly a commentary on Baudelaire and the Symbolist technique. It is, moreover, "le bonhomme de l'analogie," who labours still to fashion lasting beauty, a Mallarmean perfection.

"La vérité ne commencera qu'au moment où l'écrivain prendra deux objets différents, posera leur rapport, (analogue dans le monde de l'Art à celui qu'est le rapport unique de la loi causale dans le monde de la science) et les enfermera dans les anneaux nécessaires d'un beau style." (cf. "la hantise du mot juste, la haine des à peu près,"

"Ou même, ainsi que la vie, quand en rapprochant une qualité commune à deux sensations, il dégagera leur essence en les réunissant l'une et l'autre pour les soustraire aux contingences du temps, dans une métaphore, et les enchaînera par le lien indescriptible d'une alliance de mots."


The conscious effort of the artist to create a world of order and beauty, to penetrate from analogy to the essence of things, and to save this essence from the hand of Time, this noble endeavour reminds us, in turn, of Baudelaire's deliberate resolve."


"Je te donne ces vers afin que, si mon nom aborde heureusement aux époques lointaines..."

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1. Hia soul is "un cimetière abhorré de la lune."

"Spleen et Idéal." LXXVI "Spleen". p. 73

2. His mistress is "un beau ciel d'automne..."

"Spleen et Idéal." LV. "Cauérie" p. 56.
"Architecte de mes fées
Je faisais à ma volonté
Sous un tunnel de pierreries
Passer un océan dompté"

"Rêve Parisien." c.ii. p.104

The fact that Proust savours the full enjoyment of a sensation only by the medium of a recall, inspires him to remark that he has already been set well on his way to achieving "la symbolisation" and transposition. Nature had indeed endowed Proust with a peculiar aptitude for transposition within time and sensation, but she seems to have done much the same for Baudelaire in fitting him for his poetic vocation.

Proust enjoys a sensation with all his powers and vitality only when it has, - to use a term dear to Bergson, - been 'spiritualised'. Accordingly, he takes great trouble to explain that his imagination is debarred from a share in the enjoyment of a present sensation. Only when this sensation is recalled by analogy, can he have the intense pleasure of a sensation in the present, and a spiritualised form of a past experience operating simultaneously.

1. His soul is "un cimetière abhorré de la lune."

"Spleen et Idéal." LXXVI "Spleen". p.73

His mistress is "un beau ciel d'automne...."

"Spleen et Idéal." LV. "Causerie" p.56.
way in which he seems to enjoy the "second term" of the image through the medium of the present sensation—this surely carries the mind forward in time to Proust, whose thought functions by a similar process of transposition if anything, heightened by his extraordinary sensibility.

"La nature, elle-même, à ce point de vue, sur la voie de l'art, n'était-elle pas commencement d'art, elle qui souvent ne m'avait permis de connaître la beauté d'une chose que longtemps après dans une autre, — midi à Combray que dans le bruit de ses cloches, les matinées de Doncières que dans les hoquets de notre calorifère à eau."

(Temps Retrouvé (2) p.39-40)
CHAPTER IV.

The reasons held by (a) Proust and (b) Baudelaire for wishing to go in search of lost time.

(a) In a letter to Princess Ribesco, Proust elucidates further reasons for his quest, and as we read his profession of faith, we are given:

(1) Reasons held by (a) Proust and (b) Baudelaire for wishing to go in search of lost time.

(2) Stream of consciousness theory.

(3) Weight of past within De Quincey, Baudelaire, and Proust.

(4) Regret and sometimes remorse for the past in Baudelaire and Proust.

(5) "Les Petites Vieilles" of Baudelaire, one of Proust's favourite poems.
CHAPTER IV

The reasons held by (a) Proust and (b) Baudelaire for wishing to go in search of lost time.

(a) In a letter to Princess Biblesco, Proust elucidates further his reasons for directing his mind towards the past, and as we read his profession of faith, we are given a curiously vivid insight into the mind of this man, who, an eternal Orpheus, - thought to glimpse horizons all the more wondrous for being poised between the present and the past. There could be no more striking contrast to Péguy, "ce pauvre Péguy," as Proust terms him contemptuously in a letter of April 1921 to Jacques Boulenger:

"J'exècre la littérature du pauvre Péguy et n'ai jamais varié".

While Péguy directs his concerted forces towards "l'avenir," and evokes Bergson's profound admiration and affection, Proust can find redemption only in a spiritualised form of the past.

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1. Letter 133: To the Princesse Marthe Biblesco (concerning her novel Alexandre Asiatique), written Wednesday, May 1, 1912. See also reference to same letter p.122 Mina Curtiss: Letters of Marcel Proust. p.178
which gives man an uplifting sense of unity within himself, and, since it places him outside time, an unique sense of eternity.

After mentioning Princess Bibesco's Alexandre, Proust continues in a real "illumination" to give his reasons for wanting to "clutch the inviolable hope"

"Rien ne m'est plus étranger que de chercher dans la sensation immédiate, à plus forte raison, dans la réalisation matérielle la présence du bonheur. Une sensation, un parfum, une clarté, s'ils sont présents, sont encore trop en mon pouvoir pour me rendre heureux; c'est quand ils me rappellent un autre; quand je les goûte entre le présent et le passé (et non pas dans le passé) qu'ils me rendent heureux."

(cf. "Car les vrais paradis sont les paradis qu'on a perdus."

Temps Retrouvé (2) 13)

"The only true forms of paradise are the ones which man has lost," says Proust in Temps Retrouvé (2) 13, and his statement, equivocal as it may appear, at a first reading, seems to continue the thought which he expressed in his correspondence with Princess Bibesco, namely that there must be a quest, the thing sought after so avidly, must have an elusive charm, like the "durée réelle et intérieure" of which

1. cf. Lack of central fixation. p.16 Note 1. (ch. 1.)
it forms part. Within the conventional framework of time, human desire will continually overreach itself. The religious mystics, Saint Augustine and his following, place the final assuagement of desire in God. - "The soul finds no rest until it rest in thee," so runs their refrain. Pascal demonstrated with impassioned logic that human desire is like a constantly revolving spiral, for ever turning in upon itself until it finds the infinite.

"Car si on a la sensation d'être toujours entouré de son âme, ce n'est pas comme d'une prison immobile, plutôt on est comme emporté avec elle dans un perpétuel élan pour la dépasser, entendant toujours, autour de soi, cette sonorité identique, qui n'est pas écho du dehors mais retentissement d'une vibration interne" (S (1) 128)

All are united on the point of man's need of the Infinite. It is of God that Pascal thinks, when he writes the paradox of eternal fascination for the human mind, "assoiffé d'Infini": - "Tu ne me chercherais pas, si tu ne me possédais."

In the experience of the madeleine, Proust has discovered the Infinite, and this visitation of presence he is to go on seeking perpetually; exalted to the heights, when he is vouchsafed a moment of time in its purity, and cast

down into depths, when the vision fails him, or when, after a first impact, it falters and fades. The identity, which he rediscovers in a resurrection of a spiritualised past, gives him unity with God, with the Infinite, and like a devotee of a cult, Proust feels guilty of abnegation of God, as well as of a crime towards his own spiritual unity when, as in the episode of the trees, failure ensues:

"J'étais triste, comme si je venais de perdre un ami, de mourir moi-même, de renier un mort, ou de méconnaître un Dieu."

(J.F.(2) 164-165.)

The imperative need for an experience of this kind becomes yet more pronounced in Proust's instance as a result of a régime austere beyond our imagination and imposed by illness. Cf. "La maladie augmente le plaisir de se souvenir" P.(1) 33 and, "les malades se sentent plus près de leur âme." (P & J 13) Just as Proust stresses the rôle of illness and suffering in the evolution of Baudelaire's creative work, so a present-day critic might do well to recall Proust's own explanation of the desire, which sprang eternal within his soul:

"Et peut-être aussi la grande sobriété de ma vie sans voyages, sans promenades, sans société, sans lumière, est-elle une circonstance qui entretient chez moi la pérennité du désir"
Still in this same letter to Princess Bibesco about her book *Alexandre*, Proust reveals how enforced immobility fostered his delight in tracing laws — static in a sense — laws governing involuntary memory and the recapture of pure duration. The past was, indeed, destined inevitably to be the reserve from which Proust would draw infinite strength, and in the following lines he leads us to suppose that the reconquest of time "à l'état pur" (T.R.(2) 15) solves that haunting enigma of desire overreaching itself to infinity.

"Et quand on ne pense plus qu'à son propre plaisir, on en trouve même à constater les lois en vertu desquelles, ce que l'on croyait pouvoir garder nous est ravi, et les coeurs eux-mêmes, et l'intérêt des lois, en vertu desquelles, par contre, nous sont finalement apportées les choses, sur lesquelles nous n'aurions jamais cru pouvoir compter, cet intérêt est capable de compenser pour nous la déception de posséder ce qui nous semblait beau quand nous le désirions."

One is tempted to hazard the conjecture that Proust means by "ce que l'on croyait pouvoir garder," materiality, present sensation, and the fruits of the voluntary memory of the intelligence. The note of triumph sounds irresistibly on the ear, as soon as he turns his mind to the visitation of

1. See Footnote (1) p.118.
involuntary memory, which represents the past in amazing freshness, in precisely those endearing details which we had believed consigned to eternal oblivion. Proust comments frequently in his novel, particularly in "L'Amour de Swann," on the impossibility of true possession; for instance, Swann never really possesses Odette, physically or spiritually, and whatever he seems for a moment to possess, falls incredibly short of his desire. The paradox would now seem complete; what we think we possess, is never truly ours, whereas "les choses sur lesquelles nous n'aurions jamais cru pouvoir compter" - the consolation for Proust of seeing suddenly his grandmother's face "penchée sur sa fatigue," the sensation of time so wonderfully regained in the episode of the serviette at Balbec, these instances form the essence of the artist's strength. "L'oubli," assumes the rôle of conserving what is most deeply and intimately a part of our subconscious, our "durée intérieure," - as in that visionary glimpse of his grandmother again ministering to his needs, "l'oubli, ce qui, quand nos larmes sont taries, seul a la force de nous faire pleurer encore..." (Albertine Disparue p.193)

1. S.G.11 (1) 177 etc.
2. T.R.(2) 10 and T.R.(2) 21
(b) Reasons held by Baudelaire for wishing to go in search of lost time.

Baudelaire places a similar stress on the past, more especially on the past as we carry it within us. It is a commonplace of literary criticism to speak of Baudelaire's "spirituality" and, indeed, throughout L'Art Romantique and Les Curiosités Esthétiques, the poet strives to impress us upon the value of the inner reality, - which it is the supreme task of art to convey, - and the futility of merely photographic art or photographic reproduction. The elements of experience need to be transformed in the artist's soul, and then recreated in terms of art. As a novelist, Balzac failed for Proust, because the reality expressed in his writing was "trop peu transformée" - inadequately assimilated. Proust will speak in the same strain as Baudelaire of the recreation of reality in light of the artist's inner ideal: - "An artist of genius disintegrates the harmony of nature and recombines its elements to form a new harmony in accordance with his own ideal." A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs. pp.223-6.

1. Proust chosen by G.Hopkins. "Days of Reading" (1) p.126. Proust speaks of the futility of an actual visit to Millet's field, Monet's bend of the river, etc. Also T.R.(2) 34
2. See Proust's note to his prefaces on Reading, edition of Mercure de France. p.25
3. 123e édition NRF 1929
The past provides the artist with a wonderful store of material, as yet unco-ordinated, and out of this elemental chaos, the poet has the task of directing his imagination to create order, and spirituality.

In "Le peintre de la vie Moderne," and in a page of *Paradis Artificiels* Baudelaire expresses the great truth of creation or rather re-creation, which he shares so abundantly with Proust:

"Tous les matériaux dont la mémoire s'est encombrée se classent, se rangent, s'harmonisent et subissent cette idéalisation forcée" (*L'Art Romantique*, Crépet 1925, pp. 60-65).

The same transmutation and resurrection of an inner reality are expressed in unforgettable poetry in "Le Balcon". Justin O'Brien has done well to term this evocation "l'expression de la mémoire involontaire, claire et poétique" (*Revue de littérature comparée*, "La mémoire involontaire avant Marcel Proust," janvier 1939). The striking resemblance between Baudelaire's method and Proust's poetic manifesto, as couched in *Temps Retrouvé*, can lead to infinite speculation about the natural affinity between the two artists. Proust's probing search into the very essence of things, as bodied forth within the mind and memory, re-echoes with a cry of hope Baudelaire's "Moesta et Errabunda", LXII.p.64, the never ending quest of the poet errant.
Proust strives to "respirer cet air plus pur que les poètes ont vainement essayé de faire régner dans le paradis, et qui ne pourrait donner cette sensation profonde de renouvellement que s'il avait été respiré déjà, car les vrais paradis sont les paradis qu'on a perdu." (Temps Retrouvé 11, 13)

To return to "Moesta et Errabunda," the past is reborn from the depths of the subconscious, where it drew infinite riches from what Proust calls "l'oubli conservateur"; the poet's image for this phoenix-like rebirth is of the sun rising again from the sea.

"Ces serments, ces parfums, ces baisers infinis, renaitront-ils d'un gouffre, interdit à nos sondes, comme montant au ciel les soleils rajeunis, après s'être lavés au fond des mers profondes?" be enough to deat. The subconscious, heralded as "un gouffre interdit à nos sondes," re-echoes Proust's reaction to any suggestion that intelligence should attempt to fathom "L'inconscient" without an intermediary, without the discreet and cautious prelude of intuition. The process of resurrection is for Baudelaire and Proust, in the last resort, involuntary, and both artists can only stand aside, and witness the mystery, which deploys itself without their intervention, and demands
the reverential treatment of a cult. While Baudelaire asks the question, and secretly admits the existence of satisfaction, of assuagement, Proust declares himself in favour of "exploration, cautious and gently probing" - "exploration en profondeur" as Léon Pierre-Quint would have called such technique.

In reply to two questions submitted by the Editor of "Les Annales," the following letter was received, expressing Proust's viewpoint. The letter was published in "Les Annales" of February 26th, 1922. Proust writes as follows:

"To say a last word about the so-called analytical novel, it must in my view, never be a novel of pure intellect. It has to do with drawing a reality out of the unconscious in such a way as to make it enter the realm of the intellect, while trying to preserve its life not to garble it, - a reality which the light of intellect alone would be enough to destroy, so it seems. To succeed in this work of salvage, all the forces of the mind and even of the body are not superfluous. It is a little like the cautious, docile, intrepid effort necessary to someone who, while still asleep, would like to explore his sleep with his mind, without this intervention leading to his awakening. But although it apparently embodies a contradiction, this form of work is not impossible."

Further reference p.186 Footnote 1
Stream of consciousness theory.

Baudelaire, too, realises that the means of access to the past is by the affective as opposed to the voluntary memory of the intelligence. While condemning the use of artificial stimulants, which can bring forth only "les paradis artificiels," at the best a poor substitute for "les vrais paradis, les paradis qu'on a perdus." (Temps Retrouvé (2) 13) Baudelaire seeks always to give full release to the myriad forms of the subconscious by the stimulus of perfume, sound, colour, or sensation of touch. Where do we find more reckless and melancholy surrender to the flow of memory - the very tone and rhythm expressive of "la mémoire affective" - than in such poems of Baudelaire as those dwelling under the tyranny of Spleen, especially in the poem: "J'ai plus de souvenirs que si j'avais mille ans"? ("Spleen," LXXVI p.73)

"Le poète assiste au libre jeu de ses souvenirs" (Piser: Le Symbole littéraire) and for the moment, no voluntary co-ordination of the souvenirs enters the poet's scheme of action (as is the rule by contrast in "La Chevelure"). This is the "magie suggestive, contenant à la fois l'objet et

1. P.III.Ch.1.p.116
Here it is as though the poet, to quote Proust, "while still asleep, would like to explore his sleep with his mind," without this intervention leading to his awakening and we are irresistibly reminded of the literary phenomenon, which Baudelaire foreshadows - the "stream of consciousness" already glimpsed by Proust in Flaubert's *Education Sentimentale*, and threading its course to the present day through the works of Virginia Woolf, and James Joyce. The dead forms of the successive "moi", which constituted the poet's individuality, seem ready, as in Proust, to imbibe their "céleste nourriture" and return to life:

"Un gros meuble à tiroirs encombrés de bilans,
De vers, de billets doux, de procès, de romans
Avec de lourds cheveux roulés dans des quittances,
Cache moins de secrets que mon triste cerveau,
C'est une pyramide, un immense caveau,
Qui contient plus de morts que la fosse commune.
Je suis un cimetière abhorré de la lune."

There is here a wonderful unity dominating and inspiring the movement of imagery and verse. The memories, which, in the

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1. L'Art Romantique. p.119
2. See Essay on Flaubert's style (Chroniques)
3. T.R.XV.p.15 (most recent edition)
rush of civilisation, the "moi social" has to press below
the trap door (well named "l'oubliette") of the sub-conscious-
these souvenirs were never lost by the "moi profond" of which
they form an integral part, and now they surge back into
consciousness, replete with the past. A whole world of
evocation lies submerged in the line reminiscent of "La
Chevelure" heavy and somnolent in rhythm:

"Avec de lourds cheveux roulés dans des quittances"

Van Meter Ames, in his work on Proust and Santayana,
writes that "we all plan for a return over the way we have
come." It is an experience shared by many, that reluctance
to liquidate vestiges of the past, letters, documents and
souvenirs, and it is merely heightened by the poet, who "du
passé lumineux recueille tout vestige"

Proust experiences vividly this "voyage en sens
inverse," when everything surrounding him, touches each
successive moi with wounding recollection of "Albertine
Disparue." His "return over the way he has come," creates
for him, the illusion of travelling in the original direction,
but the irony and poignancy of his situation are intensified

1. Cf. Ch.1. p.43. Proust's classification amongst limbo of the
images of cyclist etc. at Penmarch (J.S.(2) 202)
3. "Harmonie du Soir." XLVII p.46

"Je suis un cimetière attaché de la Lune."
by the fact that the ground of Proust's exploration, too, "contient plus de morts que la fosse commune," and that the illusion grows for a moment, only to be duly relegated to the burial ground of his dead self, its moment of life rendered more tragic by the inevitability of its death — as wrote the German poet Hebbel, of the rose in maturity: — "So weit im Leben ist zu nah am Tod." ("Sommerbild.")

The various images of Albertine registered by the successive "moi", are likened to "instantanées", detached from each other, and now in the process of development "to the greater agony of remembrance", since for Proust, we merely expose the negative of consciousness in the first moment of experience, and only later can we develop, often painfully, the significance of that moment: (The modern film is capable of a highly skilled power in use of this technique or "flashback", as it is called in film jargon)

Baudelaire and Proust discerned the same truth, and the poet speaks for both when he writes: "pyramide, caveau, morts, fosse commune, cimetière." All these images stem from Baudelaire's memory in unity; heavy with the atmosphere of the past. A veritable burial ground of the successive "moi" stretches away into unending night in the line of negation.

"Je suis un cimetière abhorré de la lune."

A moment of illusion caused Proust to suppose at first that
he was bent on the outward journey - a cruel trick of memory! So for Baudelaire, the burial ground of his successive personalities is, perhaps, at first, hopeful of moonlight - a symbol of his high spirit of optimism - but darkness quickly engulfs, and overwhelms the symbolical moon in those words speeding to their end: "Je suis un cimetière abhorré de la lune".

To a pyramid and immense cave (see above LXXVI, p. 73. "Une pyramide, un immense caveau") and he found in De Quincey the image of "our own heaven-created palimpsest, the deep memorial-palimpsest of the brain," which he translated in Les Fées d'artifices as follows:

"la palimpseste divin, créé par Dieu, qui est notre incommensurable mémoire."

Apart from the unanimity of conception, the word "incommensurable" is surely a key one, and conveys the poet's intense wonderment at this prodigious survival underground of "la vie intérieure."

The destructive work of convention, of "le moi social," for ever imposing demands for action and consequent subordination

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1. It is interesting to note that Proust uses this term "palimpsest" when he describes Céleste's method of joining his fragments of manuscript. In a letter to Violet Schiff (Corr. Gen. 31, 9) he says that every leaf of his manuscript added to the 50 copies of the De Luxe edition of James Filles en Fleurs - "est ravissant et a l'air d'un palimpseste et cause de la personne qui le colleit avec un goût infini." (Céleste still takes pride in explaining her "system" of binding together the author's "retouches.")

2. S. (2) 190
The weight of the past within De Quincey, Baudelaire and Proust.

Linked by the powerful attraction of *Les Paradis Artificiels*, Baudelaire and De Quincey share a deeper affinity, one fundamental to the structure of both their creations. Baudelaire compared the faculty of memory to a pyramid and immense cave (see above LXXVI p.73. "Une pyramide, un immense caveau") and he found in De Quincey the image of "our own heaven created palimpsest, the deep memorial-palimpsest of the brain," which he translated in *Les Paradis Artificiels* as follows:

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2. S. (2) 190
of the dream-life - this hostile array finds expression in
the imagery of the "worms of remorse which attack ruthlessly
the dying forms of the poet's inner self." This situation
must have been particularly true in the case of a man like
Baudelaire, whom remorse for the past never ceased to torment
and pursue:

"... un cimetière abhorré de la lune
Où comme des remords se traînent de longs vers
Qui s'acharnent toujours sur mes morts les plus chers."

There is present here something of Proust's melancholy when the
wildly and vainly gesticulating trees fail to deliver to the
artist their secret, and part of his former self, or, again,
when he notes the first "interritasses du coeur."

After portraying the weight of the past within his
memory, Baudelaire elaborates further the quality of
"incommensurable," by a strangely poetic expression of the
cumulative nature of the past, without as well as within
the human soul:

"Rien n'égalé en longueur les boîteuses journées
Quand sous les lourds flocons des neigeuses années
L'ennui..............................
Prend les proportions de l'immortalité."

When the ringing of the bell at Combray becomes linked in
time with the like sensation experienced one morning at

1. J.F.(2) 164
2. cf. Proust. "Les romanciers sont des sots qui comptent
par jours et par années." (C."Vacances de Pâques", 106)
Guermantes, Proust begins to explore the depths of his consciousness, and "l'inconscient." 1

He experiences a sense of bewilderment at the discovery that the bell of Combray still rings in the depths of his being, that there can have been no discontinuity, that an unbroken thread like "le fil d'Ariane," binds the remotest elements of his past to his present self. Like Baudelaire, he feels overwhelmed with fatigue, and more than mortal weariness at the thought of bearing so much of the past constantly, irreparably within himself.

Despite any distance of separation in time, the thought and emotion of a Baudelaire, burdened with the weight and riches of the past - find an answering call in the gently stumbling figure of Proust, lost in conjecture about the incommensurable past, which he has "borne and yet must bear till death like sleep may steal on him":-

(cf."J'ai plus de souvenirs que si j'avais mille ans",)

"J'éprouvais un sentiment de fatigue profonde à sentir que tout ce temps si long, non seulement avait été sans interruption, vécu, pensé, sécrété par moi, qu'il était ma vie, qu'il était moi-même, mais encore que j'avais à toute minute à le maintenir attaché à moi, qu'il me supportait, que j'étais

1. T.R.(2) 260
juché à son sommet vertigineux, que je ne pouvais me mouvoir sans le déplacer avec moi."

(Temps Retrouvé (2) 260)

The accumulation of que-clauses charges the passage with weight and depth, and as Proust continues his survey - he hastens, bewildered by the height and depth, to a conclusion reminiscent of Baudelaire's in "Le Goût du Néant" - "Avalanche, veux-tu m'emporter dans ta chute!"

"J'avais le vertige de voir au-dessous de moi et en moi pourtant, comme si j'avais des lieues de hauteur, tant d'années, - comme si les hommes étaient juchés sur de vivantes échasses, grandissant sans cesse, parfois plus hautes que des clochers, finissant par leur rendre la marche difficile tout et périlleuse, d'où à coup ils tombent."

The "Chute plate," leads to a melancholy re-statement of the painful bearing of the past without hope of relief. Cf. Baudelaire's sense of oppression and horror at the weight of the years, and the minute portion still remaining:

"douloureusement" strikes an intensely Baudelairean note:

"Je m'effrayais que les miennes fussent déjà si hautes sous mes pas, il ne me semblait pas que j'aurais encore la force de maintenir longtemps attaché à moi ce passé qui descendait déjà si loin et que je portais si douloureusement en moi."

1. LXXX.p.76.
2. Proust singles out from Hardy's and Stendhal's writing, a love of height and linear symmetry - a delight in angles and plane surfaces. (It is strange that he fails to comment on it in Baudelaire's poetry)
Regret and sometimes remorse for the Past in Baudelaire and Proust.

At this point, and in Du Côté de chez Swann, where Proust commits the irreparable fault of pleading repeatedly for his Mother's "Good-night" embrace, and so paves the way for dependence on future mistresses, - a note of remorse at the irrevocability of such action, and indeed of the past, is sounded with haunting poignancy. The lack of will-power, Proust and Baudelaire are for ever lamenting, and it forms here a common theme. This crippling sense of impotence, as we encounter it in Baudelaire and Proust, can, paradoxically give rise to poetry of great evocative power, and we apply poetry here in the wide sense of the term, not restricting it to verse form.

So in Les Fusées, Baudelaire experiences something closely akin to depth of love for Jeanne Duval, as a result of their companionship of the past in sin and suffering. Baudelaire and his mistress experience a "volupté saturée de douleur et de remords," as they turn their faces towards the past. "A travers la noirceur de la nuit, il avait regardé

1. See Ch.1. Note 1. p.93. also Section (5)of present Chap.
   Note 1. p.147
2. Fusées. p.51-52
derrière lui dans les années profondes." There is vividly present an identity of outlook and of conception of the past, as between Baudelaire and Proust, in that admirable expression "les années profondes." The same pathos inspires Proust's words of weariness, foreshadowing inevitable surrender: "Il ne me semblait pas que j'aurais encore la force de maintenir longtemps attaché à moi ce passé qui descendait déjà si loin, et que je portais si douloureusement en moi, "as Baudelaire's "delectatio morosa" in the following painful vista of the past: "Emu au contact de ces voluptés qui ressemblaient à des souvenirs, attendri par la pensée d'un passé mal rempli, de tant de fautes, de tant de querelles, de tant de choses à se cacher réciproquement, il se mit à pleurer."

Indeed, something of the mood informing Proust's early work: "La Confession d'une Jeune Fille" (where remorse is paramount at every page) inspires the above quoted words and, in fact, the bulk of Baudelaire's poetry and prose. While modern critics have despaired of finding such an eminently Christian sentiment as remorse in a work, "d'où

1. Fusées p.51-52
2. See Charles du Bos. Approximations: "Baudelaire".
4. It is a quotation from Baudelaire's "Le Cygne" which Proust places as sub-title at the head of section IV. of "Confession d'une Jeune Fille." p.153. "A quiconque a perdu ce qui ne se retrouve jamais...jamais!"
Dieu est terriblement absent" (Mauriac: Du côté de chez Proust.) Baudelaire, according to Claudel, (cited by Jacques Rivière 'Etudes' p.20) has sung "la seule passion que le dix-neuvième siècle put éprouver avec sincérité: le remords." Yet apart from "La Confession d'une Jeune Fille," to which other critics have clung as affording evidence of Proust's propensity for remorse, there is surely an undertone, at times a leitmotiv, of regret, when, as in Proust's review of his childhood, he sees the future already taking shape irrevocably in his inability to renounce the 'good-night' ritual, and in his mother's equal inability, permeated with infinite sadness, to deny him his childhood desires....

At a moment when the heroine of "La Confession d'une Jeune Fille" has already sullied her innocence, and, after a period of abated desire, is about to plunge further into an act of self-abandonment, which commits her irrevocably, a kiss of innocence, "le baiser même des Oublis," rises from her remote childhood days, as she kisses her mother. The regret implied here, is of rare intensity, and the kiss serves as a poignant interlude between a past containing innocence and guilt, and a future destined to renew the dependence on sin; - with what delicacy, Proust evokes the

1. See anticipation of this theme (of irrevocability) in Jean Santeuil: Thesis: Ch. 1. ps.29-33.
nostalgia of past innocence, - "l'innocence des paradis enfants" (Baudelaire: "Moesta et Errabunda") "J'attirai près de moi vers la fenêtre, son visage délicatement reposé des souffrances passées, et je l'embrassai avec passion; je m'étais trompée en disant que je n'avais jamais retrouvé la douceur du baiser au Oublis. Le baiser de ce soir - là fut aussi doux qu'aucun autre, ou plutôt ce fut le baiser même des Oublis qui, évoqué par l'attrait d'une minute pareille, glissa doucement du fond du passé, et vint se poser entre les joues de ma mère encore un peu pâle et mes lèvres."

("Confession d'une Jeune Fille," p.156)

In his essay "Du Repentir," Montaigne made open avowal of his inability to experience this Christian sentiment, which implies remorse, and a desire to make amends. "Regret for what is past, I can certainly experience," writes Montaigne, "but repentance would pre-suppose a belief on my part that I could have acted otherwise, and I cannot subscribe to such a belief." Perhaps Proust's Jewish ancestry, and his affinity with Montaigne are responsible for his keen susceptibility to regret. The fact remains that a

1. Montaigne III,ii.p.157 ("Selected Essays," Tilley and Boase. Manchester University Press 1934). "Quant à moy, je puis désirer estre autre...et l'excuse ma foiblese naturelle mais cela, je ne le doits nommer repentir ce me semble... et le repentir ne touche pas proprement les choses qui ne sont pas en notre force, ouy bien le regretter."
reading of his work leaves one with an aching sense of regret; ("douloureusement" springs to mind in this connection) and if this regret fails to attain the stature of remorse and repentance, it, nevertheless, assumes, like 'ennui' and the sense of futility in Baudelaire, "les proportions de l'immortalité".

Baudelaire's inability to find in love true satisfaction and fulfilment of his ideals, Proust's discontent with love as an act of possession (see "L'amour de Swann," ) impel both writers to go in search of a recreated inner reality, transmuted into poetry by virtue of having been borne within, "porté douloureusement en moi." Much of the regret, with which a review of the past is pathetically seared, may arise in both instances from the artist's conception of love and of the sexual act. The solitude surrounding Proust, follows Baudelaire equally, and neither can really achieve by love a release from himself; Baudelaire conceives of love as "une tragédie de déshonneur" in which one of the protagonists assumes the rôle of executioner, the other the rôle of victim.2

"Et que trouvez-vous de pire dans la question appliquée par de soigneux tortionnaires? Et le visage humain qu'Ovide croyait façonné pour refléter les astres, le voilà qui ne parle plus qu'une expression de férocité folle...épouvantable

1. Baudelaire: "Spleen." LXXVI. p.73
2. Fusées: ps. 10-11
jeu, où il faut que l'un des joueurs perde le gouvernement de soi-même."

This passage and Baudelaire's inimitable 'résumé' of the subsequent disillusionment in the words: "Après une débauche, on se sent toujours plus seul, plus abandonné," find a curiously close parallel in conception and expression, in the following piece from "La Confession" of Proust. The likening of love to a process of torture, as well as the sense of desolation already arising from the very expression of love - these two features, alone, bring Baudelaire and Proust into intimate "communauté".

"Alors tandis que le plaisir me ternit de plus en plus, je sentais s'éveiller au fond de mon cœur, une tristesse et une désolation infinies; il me semblait que je faisais pleurer... l'âme de Dieu. Je n'avais jamais pu lire sans des frémissements d'horreur le récit des tortures que des scélérats font subir à des animaux, à leur propre femme, à leurs enfants; il m'apparaissait confusément maintenant, que dans tout acte voluptueux et coupable, il y a autant de féroce de la part du corps qui jouit, et qu'en nous autant de bonnes intentions, autant d'anges purs sont martyrisés et pleurent."
Baudelaire's preoccupation with "les petites vieilles" can be explained partly in light of his predilection for the weight of the past, of memory and of sin. These women enable him to re-live his, and their own past, and this retrospection becomes the supreme delight of a man who lacked will-power, and complained bitterly of this lack, never ceasing to pass in review his life, and the lives of others, at a time "Quand notre coeur a fait une fois sa vendange." 1

Baudelaire once termed art a desire for prostitution:
"Dans un spectacle, dans un bal, chacun jouit de tout le monde. Qu'est-ce que l'art? Prostitution." (Fusées. p.5)
and again,
"goût inamovible de la prostitution dans le coeur de l'homme, d'où naît son horreur de la solitude."

So, in "Les Petites Vieilles" Baudelaire speaks of reliving the past of these pathetic old women, and a sense of prostitution becomes apparent in these lines:

On this combination of cruelty; i.e. the irony with which the presentation of this poem is charged - and an infinite degree of sensibility, Proust has been one of the first to remark, in a letter to Mme. Proust (now in the possession of Madame Mante-Proust). This observation on the part of Proust offers an interest all the more striking since the same combination of characteristics has been noted by modern critics in Proust himself. It is of the utmost significance, also, that the elective affinity between Baudelaire and Proust should have impelled the latter to single out *Les Petites Vieilles* for abundant appreciation in his essay "About Baudelaire" as well as in this illuminating letter.

The reflections of Baudelaire on these 'miserable little old women' "débris d'humanité pour l'éternité mûrs," send the mind forward to Proust's reflection on the habituées of the Guermantes salon, his horror at finding so little of the original image in these aged figures, "le duc de Guermantes

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With unerring instinct Proust glimpses the poet's "coeur multiplié," that element of prostitution fundamental to art, and underlying Baudelaire's desire for "des bains de multitude." He might have added, too, that the poem offers, also, a splendid example of a reality relived; even as Proust carries within him a long stretch of time, and endures on separation from Albertine, agonies multiplied by the contribution of each successive "moi", so Baudelaire voluntarily prolongs his own "durée intérieure" by re-living his past in these "ombres ratatinées." The passage from the letter to Madame Proust is so revealing that it merits quotation in extense; he writes:-

"I realise that your love of Baudelaire is only partial; you have found in his letters as in Stendhal's, cruel reference to his family. Cruel he is in his poetry with a cruelty that is linked with an infinite degree of sensibility. His hardness is all the more astonishing because one gets the impression that he too has felt the sufferings, that he describes and presents in so unmoved a fashion, that he has felt them in the very fibres of his being. Certain it is that in his wonderful poem, "Les Petites Vieilles," there is
not a single one of those old women's pains that has escaped him."

Perhaps it is because Baudelaire had, at thirty, reached the age, when time falls into proper perspective, that he could appear to Proust to be devoid of pity in his presentation of the old women; - he already thinks in terms of spiritual beauty and spiritual ugliness, not in terms of the physical, more repellent to Proust than to Baudelaire.

The 26th April, 1891, the man who was more than any other, intent upon creating "un climat intérieur" (cf. Montaigne: "J'ai mon soleil et mon beau temps au dedans de moi;") this same man could write of old age:

"Aux yeux déabusés et désormais clairvoyants, toutes les saisons ont leur valeur, et l'hiver n'est pas la plus mauvaise ni la moins féerique; dès lors la beauté ne sera plus que la promesse du bonheur, c'est Stendhal, je crois, qui a dit cela."

(Writing of Baudelaire, published by M. Paul Fuchs in "Supplément Littéraire du Figaro," 7 Février, 1925)

1. Cf. Note 2 p711
2. See also Ch.1. Section on Climate pp. 63-84
irrésistible" - to quote his words). It is interesting to speculate for a moment as to whether Arnold Bennett may have followed a similar line of thought, before putting pen to paper and immortalising the sufferings of women who, like Baudelaire's caricatures, "ont beaucoup souffert par leurs amants, leurs maris, leurs enfants et aussi par leurs propres fautes."

It cannot remain in doubt that Proust may well have experienced a feeling at least bordering in intensity on Baudelaire's revelation. The attraction, which moved him so powerfully in his reading of "Les Petites Vieilles," can perhaps be explained in this light. In his Approximations, Charles du Bos quotes Paul Valéry: "Il faut tant d'années pour que les vérités que l'on s'est faites, deviennent notre chair même," and applies this truth to Baudelaire, in respect of the gulf between Baudelaire's clarity of apprehension on the one hand, and action on the other - in fact, his lack of will-power. Proust is constantly quoting Baudelaire in his correspondence, and the novelist may have undergone a similarly

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1. See also present chapter Section IV. note 1. p.137. Baudelaire condemns "haschisch" and opium principally on the grounds that they undermine and finally destroy will-power. (Paradis Artificiels v. "Morale." p.218): "La volonté surtout est attaquée, de toutes les facultés la plus précieuse."
prolonged growth to maturity, alone in his "arche de Noé," maintaining a constant watch over the growth of the past.

"Vois se pencher les défuntes Années,
Sur les balcons du ciel, en robes surannées."

(Quoted by Proust, cxix, p.108 Correspondance générale, "A Robert de Montesquiou" Vol.1.)

In "Les Petites Vieilles," Baudelaire mentions, and lingers awhile in the thought, that age and childhood merge in at least one respect, and he elicits pathos from an observation on the symmetry associating "berceau" and "tombe." Flaubert, equally, wrote that he never saw a cradle without thinking of a tomb, and vice versa. Chateaubriand, however, ranks with Baudelaire in the degree to which he is "proustien avant la lettre," by virtue of his vision of the continuity, and intermingling of diverse currents within the stream of Time. The interplay of past, present and future reflects Chateaubriand's surrender to "la durée intérieure," to the chronology not of external events but of the soul:

"Les divers sentiments de mes âges divers, ma jeunesse pénétrant dans ma vieillesse, la gravité de mes années d'expérience attirant mes années légères, les rayons de mon soleil, depuis son aurore jusqu'à son coucher, se croisant et se confondant comme les reflets épars de mon existence, donnent une sorte d'unité indéfinissable à mon travail.

1. Chateaubriand is one of the three writers whose treatment of time Proust selects for commentary.
berceau a de ma tombe, ma tombe a de mon berceau.... et l'on ne sait si ces Mémoires sont l'ouvrage d'une tête brune ou chenue." (Mémoires I, XL.VIII."Préface")

Here indeed, we can testify to the presence of "l'homme affranchi de l'ordre du temps," voluntarily plunging anew into the waves of Time, and outside Time. Yet it is Baudelaire, who anticipates most authentically the unique solution of Proust, when, in "Le Peintre de la Vie Moderne," and again, in a page of Paradis Artificiels, he proclaims the artist's justification for embarking on such a daring quest as that of lost Time, and for practising "l'art d'évoquer les minutes heureuses." For him, as for Proust, recovered time comes in disembodied form; "désincarné" is Proust's keyword, "idéalisation forcée" is Baudelaire's, but the unity of conception as between Baudelaire and Proust, dawns upon us with unforgettable power, and there is in Baudelaire's utterance the classical purity of style, which at the end of this "filiation aussi noble," Proust extols so triumphantly in his "A propos de Baudelaire" and "Préface" to Tendres Stocks.

To Baudelaire goes the distinction of having written before Proust's advent:—

"Mais le génie n'est que l'enfance retrouvée à volonté, l. "Le Balcon" XXXVI.p.35
l'enfance douée maintenant, pour s'exprimer, d'organes virils et de l'esprit analytique, qui lui permet d'ordonner la somme de matériaux involontairement amassée. Tous les matériaux, dont la mémoire s'est encombrée, se classent, se rangent, s'harmonisent et subissent cette idéalisation forcée, qui est le résultat d'une perception enfantine, c'est-à-dire d'une perception aigüe, magique à force d'ingénuité.  

1. L'Art Romantique. p.67-68 (Ed.Calmann-Lévy)
CHAPTER V

Synesthesia in Baudelaire and Proust.

Synesthesia implies the disappearance of conventional lines of demarcation between the senses, a synthesis of sensation, so swiftly and magically effected that, for the moment, it is often impossible to determine which sense holds sway. It can happen that we have a spontaneous feeling that E-flat is green, but once the process of this intermingling, this "dérèglement de tous les sens" has become the property of the artist, deliberate use can be made of such links between sense. A progression from the world of sensation to the world of moral values; white is pure; from sense to feeling; the rose's perfume is sad, this is equally synesthesia, which has been well defined by Lehmann in his Symbolist Aesthetic in France 1885-95 as a 'coupling of sense or feelings'.

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For Baudelaire who believed in transcendental reality, reminiscent of the Platonic 'idea', the various classes of sensa (sounds, taste, touch, scent, sight, - images, emotions and notions), all bear their part in shadowing forth the Divine. The theory of "Correspondences" fascinates Baudelaire just as intensely as ever it did Hoffmann, Novalis and Gérard de Nerval. The classes of sensa answer each other, "les parfums, les couleurs, et les sens se répondent" and at the same time it is as if the artist moved along their range - following a horizontal line, which...
and notions), all bear their part in shadowing forth the Divine. The theory of "Correspondences" fascinates Baudelaire just as intensely as ever it did Hoffmann, Novalis and Gérard de Nerval. The classes of sensa answer each other, "les parfums, les couleurs, et les sons se répondent" and at the same time symbolise a transcendental reality. It is as if the artist moved along their range—following a horizontal line, when he passed from one sense to another, a vertical line when one special experience set him in intimate communion with the one reality—as opposed to the fleeting glimpses afforded by the mobile scale of sense perceptions. Accordingly, Baudelaire speaks of the process whereby the most trivial and ordinary spectacle becomes the symbol of a transcendental unity, but only thanks to "un état d'âme presque surnaturel" (Fusées p.35)

Otherwise, in strict terms of logic, the admission of "analogues" involves Baudelaire and any other artist in the

1. For Baudelaire, the process of symbolisation seems to have been assisted in many instances by opium and "haschisch". While defining the effect of drugs on the artist's creative faculty, the poet uses terms vividly reminiscent of the passage from Fusées (p.35) just quoted. See Les Paradis Artificiels - "L'Homme-Dieu." (Calmann-Lévy) p.205. "Cependant se développe cet état mystérieux et temporaire de l'esprit, où la profondeur de la vie, hérissée de ses problèmes multiples, se révèle tout entière dans le spectacle, si naturel et si trivial qu'il soit, qu'on a sous les yeux, - où le premier objet venu devient symbole parlant."
agreement to concede equal value to all analogies, - "each in some way bound up with an equivalent to each of the other fields."

In his article of L'Art Romantique (Conard: p.199) entitled "Richard Wagner et Tannhäuser à Paris," Baudelaire displays the interesting and, - be it admitted, - somewhat alarming consequences of this view of reciprocity as between the various arts. He gives the recorded impressions of Berlioz, Liszt, and himself, vis-à-vis of the Lohengrin Overture, and finds a striking unity of reaction and artistic appreciation in the three instances. From this discovery of underlying unity Baudelaire concludes triumphantly that all things are capable of expression in terms of their "analogues", that the Indivisible Unity of Creation - proceeding as it does from one God, - makes "Correspondences" and Universal Analogy supremely natural and, in one word, inevitable. The implication that all can be expressed by another medium - that what finds expression in music, can find equal title to expression in poetry, sculpture, etc., that even Baudelaire's expression in prose of the message of the Lohengrin Overture has equal right to citation alongside the music "du premier jet" - all this is

1. Proust has comment to make on these hesitations as to form, on the expression of the same content now in verse, now in a prose-poem, (Baudelaire); of the same château Louis XIII, now in verse, now in prose, (G. de Nerval); he draws consolation from his discovery. "Carnets". Thesis: 'Conclusion'. See p.456 etc.
left for the reader to notice and develop.

The last mentioned implication:— that Baudelaire's version in prose, since it shows understanding of the message of Wagner, ranks with Wagner's fresh creation, as expression of the Idea—such an implication excites immediate criticism and its challenge invokes objection. A masterpiece bears the unique stamp of the artist, who brought it into existence, and henceforth stands alone, in its own inalienable right. The work of art can evoke an infinite variety of reactions, dominated by some central unity, but to imagine for one moment that the original message, can, in all its beauty and peculiar

1. In the "Carnets" (Journal publié, 25 novembre 1939: "Figaro Littéraire") Proust confides that Baudelaire's hesitation as to form gave to him, the later writer, great reassurance while he was engaged in search of a literary form.

Again, the fact that in "La Chevelure," and the corresponding poem in prose, occur two equally beautiful versions, and that twice the epithet is a verb, might seem to baffle Proust and shock him for a moment out of his subscription to the tenet that "il n'y a qu'une seule manière de peindre une chose." I detect a certain mystification in his acknowledgement:

"En effet dans 'La Chevelure' Baudelaire dit:

'Un ciel pur où frémit l'éternelle chaleur'

et dans le poème en prose correspondant:

'Où se prélasser l'éternelle chaleur.'

Il y a donc deux versions également belles......
J'ajoute que personne ne m'écrit cela et que c'est mon propre souvenir qui casse le nez, comme dit Molière, à mon raisonnement",

(C: "A propos de Baudelaire," p.236)
integrity be recast in another mould, in another medium, and have equal status in that new guise, means denial of the unique essence of a masterpiece.

It is characteristic of the reaction against isolationism, as it prevailed within the ranks of the arts, that, following in the steps of Diderot, not only Baudelaire but the Symbolist Poets, and Marcel Proust should claim the equality of the correspondences and of the "analogues". A contradiction seems to be inherent in the theory which claims the equal right to citation of creator and critic (cf. Baudelaire: "Comprendre, c'est égaler"), since the Symbolists base their definition of art on the assumption, firstly that art has an unique contribution to make to the world - not simply the function of imparting knowledge or a purely utilitarian end in view, secondly, that each artist creates in his own right a world irreducible to that of a fellow artist. Proust, who speaks of sound as "une traduction musicale de la pluie," who exercises the Symbolists' prerogative of transposition with supreme skill, and exalts the process of Synesthesia, would, however, seem to put forth a claim, - absent from the writings of Baudelaire - namely that each artist's newly created world is

1. "Le génie, la faculté de transformer et de transposer ..." (J.F.(1) 177.)
unique and irreducible to those of his colleagues in the same, and in all other arts:— Each artist is indispensable to the world by virtue of the originality of his utterance, and Proust takes us far away from Baudelaire's obsession to reduce all to unity;— it is the diversity, and mutual "irréductibilité" of the new worlds of creation, which lend impetus to the following train of thought sustained by Proust in the N.R.F. 1 June, 1923 (quoted by Thibaudet: Le Bergsonisme T.ii., p.65)

"Le seul véritable voyage, le seul bain de Jouvence, ce ne serait pas d'aller vers de nouveaux paysages, mais d'avoir d'autres yeux, de voir l'univers avec les yeux d'un autre, de cent autres, de voir les cent univers que chacun d'eux voit, que chacun d'eux est, et cela, nous le pouvons avec un Elstir, avec un Vinteuil, avec leurs pareils; nous volons vraiment d'étoiles en étoiles."

Taine, and his theory of "catégories" destructive to art and its "raison d'être," stand menacingly at the end of Baudelaire's line of argument— that the message of one form of art can find its equivalent in another medium ad infinitum.

It would seem advisable to consider first Baudelaire's belief in unity of sensation, and there is indeed intense inspiration,— an exalted note, wherever the poet touches on
his discovery of Unity, of stability, in the heart of apparently infinite diversity. As was the experience of the Romantics, so for Baudelaire and Proust, art sometimes presents itself in the guise of a challenge, of a quest for Unity and permanence; - the "bonhomme", who seeks out analogies, will by Proust's own avowal die hard, and that, only when Time has been reconquered. Equally Baudelaire, "amoureux de la lutte," fights the destructive nature of material time with the curiously potent weapon of analogy and unity (see L'Art Romantique, Richard Wagner et Tannhäuser à Paris," p.206, Crépet).

"D'ailleurs, il ne serait pas ridicule ici de raisonner a priori sans analyse et sans comparaisons; car ce qui serait vraiment surprenant, c'est que le son ne pût pas suggérer la couleur, les couleurs ne pussent pas donner l'idée d'une mélodie, et que le son et la couleur fussent impropres à traduire des idées, les choses s'étant toujours exprimées par une analogie réciproque, depuis le jour où Dieu a préféré le monde comme une complexe et indivisible totalité.

"La nature est un temple où de vivants piliers (Laissent parfois sortir de confuses paroles) Comme de longs échos qui de loin se confondent Dans une ténébreuse et profonde unité."
Nothing could be more natural than Baudelaire's transition from a stress on the indivisible unity of creation to a corresponding stress on the unity of sensation, the human equipment for apprehending the one reality. Baudelaire's preoccupation with analogies is reflected in his concern, from 1848 onwards, at the failure to draw up anything in the nature of complete lists of sensa. He asks earnestly "si quelque analogiste a établi solidement une gamme complète des couleurs et des sentiments". Novalis in Heinrich von Ofterdingen, analyses the meaning of the three primary colours, - and his feelings at the sight of "die blaue Blume," (the blue flower of German Romanticism), are at least some commentary on the link between colour and feeling.

Hoffmann in a passage of Kreisleriana published in 1814, comes very close to Baudelaire by reason of an overwhelming sense of the Unity of Creation, - moreover, since Baudelaire quotes these words of Hoffmann in his "Salon de 1846", it may well be possible that the German writer influenced the French poet, or at least, that he gave clear expression to thought which till then had lain dormant in Baudelaire's mind and soul. (The italics are my own.)

"Ce n'est pas seulement en rêve, c'est encore éveillé,

2. For further reference to Hoffmann see ps.412-413 and 552-554 of thesis.
lorsque j'entends de la musique, que je trouve une analogie et une réunion intime entre les couleurs, les sons, et les parfums. Il me semble que toutes ces choses ont été engendrées par un même rayon de lumière et qu'elles doivent se réunir dans un merveilleux concert."

(Quoted by Baudelaire in *Curiosités Esthétiques*, p.93)

This stress on unity, on the character of original creation to which the poet gropingly finds his way back, by fusion of the senses - this, in particular, brings Hoffmann peculiarly close to Baudelaire. The scent of marigolds plunges Hoffmann into deep "rêverie", and he writes, foreshadowing Baudelaire, "et j'entends alors comme dans le lointain les sons graves et profonds du hautbois." To the affinity of inspiration between German mystic and French poet, Baudelaire's lines of "Les Correspondances" and one of the closing lines of "Le Cygne" bear witness, especially where the forest, rich with medieval lore, engulfs the wanderer.

"Les Correspondances": "Il est des parfums............
Doux comme les hautbois."

"Le Cygne": "Ainsi dans la forêt où mon esprit s'exile,
Un vieux souvenir sonne à plein souffle du cor!"

Rich in the heritage of Eichendorff, and Shelley's generation in England, Baudelaire's world revelled in drawing
up new "analogues." We find Musset taking part in this quest, which went beyond the mere proportions of diversion, where Baudelaire was concerned; (see Pommier: La Mystique de Baudelaire. p.9) The Symbolists cling to this tradition, and so infectious is the general fervour that scientific enquiries are conducted as to how many people have "audition colorée". While Guyau and other scientists find a physiological necessity covering the correspondence between analogies, it is highly characteristic and significant that Baudelaire and Proust own to a mystical necessity. This question divided the Symbolists. René Ghil goes to the extreme and logical conclusion, favouring a methodical survey of the relations between vowel sounds and instrumental textures. The wealth of poetry distilled by a Rimbaud, Baudelaire, or Proust from such a phenomenon as "audition colorée," tends to lose power, when interpreted with such a rigidly scientific spirit. Ghil's "Ecole Instrumentiste", and the latter's "Traité du Verbe," elicit from Verlaine the true poet's reaction in all the charm of naïveté and espièglerie: "Ghil est un imbécile."

1 Music conjures up colours, and it is an automatic step to reverse the process - the partisans of synesthesia are strongly given over to paradox - and to claim that colours evoke music in the beholder.

1. Proust will speak of "l'appel rouge et mystérieux du septuor".
See Charles Barbara's *Histoires Emouvantes*, 1857 (date of *Fleurs du Mal*):

"...... Une chose bizarre, c'est que mon oreille perçoit des couleurs et que mon œil entend des sons."

This confusion causes the artist to doubt for a moment which sense really operates, and it reigns supreme in the deliberate retention of the substitution or "change-over".

The subjectivity of such experience makes it impossible for artists to erect as laws their personal reactions, nor does Rimbaud attempt to impose a standard reaction to the vowel sounds in terms of colour, when he releases a highly personal stream of imagery in the famous "Sonnet des Voyelles."

Within the ranks of the Symbolists a strong reaction arose in favour of preserving the poet's right to originality of utterance, and in opposition to the imposing of systems. Morice and his followers attack the rigidity of Instrumentalism, yet, Morice, Kahn, and Laforgue so far assert their claim for liberty of the poet's individual caprice, that the wise observer will begin to fear for the reader. Kahn is alarmingly inclined to let the reader take care of himself, and the reaction against regimentation assumes an aspect menacing to art - for what is art, if it fails to communicate?

Kahn writes: "Le lyrisme est exclusivement d'allure
intuitive et personnelle, et la poésie va dans ce sens depuis cinquante ans, et rien d'étonnant à ce qu'un nouveau pas en avance fasse paraître le poète comme chantant pour lui-même."

At least we need entertain no fears as to Proust's view on this matter. Not only are we strong in the reassurance afforded by the passage previously quoted - N.R.P. "avec un Elstir, avec un Vinteuil, avec leurs pareils, nous volons vraiment d'étoiles en étoiles," - a necessary condition of the flight must remain a certain communicability of utterance - but also we have Proust's views on any tendency to sacrifice the reader, in his famous article: "Contre l'obscurité," of "La Revue Blanche"; irresistibly the modern reader is attracted by the question: "What would Proust's verdict have been on the James Joyce of Ulysses as opposed to the creator of The Dubliners and of the Portrait of the Artist as a young man, even while we admit the essential unity of Joyce's utterance?"

Synesthesia implies "substituting for one element of artistic material an alternative element which, on its own or in conjunction with its tenor, (the course of meaning which holds on through something written or spoken - (term borrowed from Richards, who contrasts it in metaphor with the

1. p.157 of thesis
2. Chroniques p.137
vehicle)) appeals more strongly to the artist or spectator, or at least forms an apter vehicle for expressing an artistic intention."

I quote in full this definition of Lehmann (from his Symbolist Aesthetic in France) since, in my opinion, this retention of different sense elements and, - in a metaphor, - of the original meaning alongside the new reference, characterises both Baudelaire and Proust. Despite all the fierce idealism and desire to assert fully the claims of poetry as opposed to science, the Symbolists were predestined to failure in their attempt to use words as a composer or performer would, on occasion, use a note of music, - divested of intellectual content, and valid purely as incantation .... Similarly Baudelaire would claim that, if he used the word 'white' for 'pure', it was not because white was associated with purity, but rather, because he grasped the symbolism of white intuitively. The fact remains, however, that the association of white with purity, - because vestals wore white robes, (see Lehmann) - does count for a great deal, if only in the subconscious self, both of artist and reader.

Baudelaire, on the contrary, would make the mystic's experience of white as purity, the starting point of his aesthetic, and claim that for this reason, - namely white is a natural symbol of purity, - vestals wore white robes.
The unity is his point of departure - cf., "Tannhäuser à Paris"; - "le monde est une complexe et indivisible totalité."

Some of the analogies which Baudelaire glimpses in his rôle of "voyant", may well be intuitive, but mostly, association plays a great rôle, as when music surrounds him (sited by Proust: Le Mystique de Proust). Again, at the end of a day of fierce heat, Proust looks at the sky, and becomes "un vaisseau qui souffre .... " His identity then merges confusedly and soothingly with the ship, and the verse rhythm reproduces the turbulent roll of wind and wave, without as well as within the poet. .... Music has become the sea; Baudelaire, in "La Chavellerie," has so identified the hair of Baudelaire has identified himself with "un vaisseau qui souffre", and a process approaching madness, according to dictates of modern science, creates poetry of lasting wonder and beauty:-

"La poitrine en avant, et les poumons gonflés

Comme de la toile,

J'escalade le dos des flots amoncelés,

Où je hante les traits le vin du souvenir"

Que la nuit me voile.

It is interesting to note that Bergson proclaims a theory charged with resemblance to that of Baudelaire and Proust. Je sens vibrer en moi toutes les passions

According to this "philosophie du décalisme" as he has been called, the artist distinguishes himself from other men in that he has been upon "décalé" in some aspect or other.

Sur l'immense gouffre

Me bercent......... "

1. Proust's commentary on Mallarmé's Quatrains - "le pied planté sur l'eau" (Nouvelles Littéraires, 18.9.52)
Even as in this poem "La Musique" LXIX p.68, the function of association causes Baudelaire to merge identity with a vessel torn by tempest and soothed by the music of the sea, so for Proust, who contemplates a bath in the heat of the day, a steeple gives the idea and effect of a fish (cited by Pommier: La Mystique de Proust). Again, at the end of a day of fierce heat, Proust looks at the sky, and the moon by a strangely poetic transposition assuages his thirst and longing;—she is "la lune désaltérante". With this last example one may well compare the technique whereby Baudelaire, in "La Chevelure", has so identified the hair of his mistress with the ocean and its wealth of exotic craft and perfume, that the tresses are finally epitomised as the very fulfilment of longing and, in the end, a veritable "oasis" for the wanderer over the face of earth and sea, the poet of Baudelaire's conception:

"N'es-tu pas l'oasis où je rêve, et la gourde
Où je hume à longs traits le vin du souvenir?"

It is interesting to note that Bergson proclaims a theory charged with resemblance to that of Baudelaire and Proust. According to this "philosophe du Symbolisme" as he has been called, the artist distinguishes himself from other men in that he has been born "détaché" in some aspect or other.

In the exercise of one particular sense he shows greater

1. cf. Introduction ps. XXIV-XXVII Proust's commentary on Mallarmé's quatrains—"le pied fêté par l'eau" (Nouvelles Littéraires," 18.9.52)
development and receptivity than the common run of humanity. By virtue of this particular sense or "conscience" he stands supreme as sculptor or musician, or poet, and is receptive (cf. French word "disponible") to the message of the one Reality.

'It is usual for the artist to excel in one particular direction' writes Bergson in *La Pensée et le mouvant* p.173-174, but one who excelled in all the arts at once, creating a new and dazzling synthesis, would be acclaimed as a genius such as the world had never known before. One cannot help thinking, at this juncture, of Leonardo da Vinci's and Goethe's near approach to realization of this conception. Bergson writes in *Le Rire* p.157, of this superman of an artist, rising above the normal hopes of human attainment:

"Son âme excellerait dans tous les arts à la fois, ou plutôt elle les fondrait tous en un seul.

//Elle apercevrait toutes choses dans leur pureté originelle, aussi bien les formes, les contours, et les sons du monde matériel que les plus subtils mouvements de la vie intérieure."

The woman who was from infancy blind, deaf and dumb, and yet, as a result of powers of vision from within, triumphed over the apparent barrier imposed by sense limitations, - this woman, Helen Keller, seems to fulfil perfectly the two extremes
of requirement for complete genius advanced by Henri Bergson in the second sentence quoted above and marked //

This is a curiously vivid recall of Baudelaire and striking anticipation of Proust's artistic contribution. Baudelaire sings ecstatically of the "métamorphose mystique de tous mes sens fondus en un" ("Tout entière") ; he speaks, in his articles on Wagner and Delacroix, of the arts lending each other new forces (Art Romantique, Crépet edition, p.5), and Bergson's vision of all things in their original purity - forms, colours, sounds, and "La vie intérieure", - seems to draw close to Baudelaire's belief in the powers of intuition to grasp analogy. By his use of analogies drawn from all the arts: - painting, music, sculpture etc., and from all the senses, Proust merely exemplifies triumphantly in prose the theories of Baudelaire and Bergson.

For the musician, the "sense" in which the artist is "detached", - to use the Bergson terminology, - is hearing. All sense-impressions received from the outer world, translate themselves into sound within the musician's soul. Baudelaire and Proust are "détachés" and receptive in all their senses, especially smell, hearing and taste. Perfume evokes before Baudelaire the visual impression, ("La Chevelure"), but equally images and sounds can be metamorphosed into perfumes:

"Son haleine fait la musique, (scent becomes sound)

"Comme sa voix fait le parfum." (sound becomes perfume). An instance of synesthesia cited by Pommier from Baudelaire's *Journaux Intimes* - "Choix de Maximes Consolantes sur l'amour", and termed by Pommier, "l'expression hardie d'une association d'idées," anticipates irresistibly the incident of the "calorifère" in Proust. Association by contiguity operates in both instances, and effects the transition from one sensum to another; in Proust's case, from sensum to "state of conscience." Baudelaire writes: "Les traces de petite vérole chanteront l'air de Paganini (parce que vous aurez écouté une fois cet air en regardant le stigmate ineffaçable sur le corps d'une chère convalescente)." The music recalls the past and possibly further parts of the poet's experience.

Similarly Proust, when preoccupied with recollections of Doncières, hears the sound of the hot water system ("le calorifère à eau", and, as a result, he can never hear this sound later without the memories of Doncières invading his consciousness. The meeting point between sound and state of conscience is the product of chance - so too, in Baudelaire's instance - but the affinity establishes itself irrevocably.

"Depuis le matin, on avait allumé le nouveau calorifère à eau; son bruit désagréable qui poussait de temps à autre une sorte de hoquet, n'avait aucun rapport avec mes souvenirs de
Doncières. Mais sa rencontre prolongée avec eux en moi, cet après-midi, allait lui faire contracter avec eux une affinité telle que chaque fois que, un peu deshabitué de lui, j'entendais de nouveau le chauffage central, il me les rappellerait" (G. (2) p. 37).

The chance encounter between the sound and the memories of Doncières impels one to compare the Proust incident with Baudelaire’s experience, although, if one considers the power of music to evoke a state of mind, it is, in Proust’s work, to Swann’s linking of the Vinteuil music with his love for Odette that one turns. The music becomes "l’air national" of Swann’s love to the extent that his original sentiments on first hearing the music, relive on all successive occasions, and when that love for Odette is dying - Swann’s previous ‘moi’ experiences painful rebirth. ....

It is curiously interesting to note the way in which for Proust, one sensation enchains another and brings back the past in a moment of clarity. Baudelaire’s tendency to personify the faculties of taste and smell anticipates a Proustian feature most vividly. See Les Journaux Intimes where Baudelaire writes of his memories as a passenger of the ‘Commandant Saliz’, and his impressions under exotic skies: - he remembers clearly "les fruits savoureux dont le goût trompe et déplace les sens et révèle au palais des idées qui
In "La Musique", sound awakened a sight-image before Baudelaire's mind; in the world of Proust, the reverse process occurs in a flash of poetic beauty, and sight awakens a sound-image. Light lingering in the evening on the Venetian waters seems to be a note held down long by some optic pedal. This is admittedly rare in Proust's world, peopled by transpositions, and it is more customary for music to evoke a picture. The fact of its rarity renders yet more irresistible the charm of Proust's transposition from sight to sound. Curiously enough, Baudelaire moves from sight to sound in "Chant d'automne". He sees the tower being felled to earth and creates a sound picture, a tone-poem in the musical tradition.

"J'écoute en frémissant chaque bûche qui tombe.
L'échafaud qu'on bâtit n'a pas d'écho plus sourd
Mon esprit est pareil à la tour qui succombe,
Sous les coups du bélier infatigable et lourd."

Proust conceives of a ringing bell as translating musically the effect of rain or sun and he writes, favouring

"L'ouïe, ce sens délicieux" - "Tout peut se transposer et un univers seulement audible pourrait être aussi varié que l'autre".

1. See p.195-201 & 214 for further effect of bells. The most notable example in Proust's work is the oft-quoted one of the bell at Combray T.R.(2) 259.
This illuminating confession we find in his Correspondance, and it is owed chiefly to a heightening of the acuity of sensation, brought about, in turn, by enforced imprisonment within his room. The loss of one sense, or of exercise of that sense on account of illness, entails enrichment of all the others, (cf. Le Côté de Guermantes l., p. 58), the life-force finds outlet and expression along the other channels of sense - so wrote Proust, only corroborating the evidence of Helen Keller; the latter, without material vision of the island of Skye or of Edinburgh, enjoyed, and rendered through the senses of touch, smell, and taste a spiritual insight into the material reality of these places - insight lacking in no material detail and infinitely superior to our casual sight.

When Proust writes that hearing, this enchanting sense, "nous apporte la compagnie de la rue dont elle nous retrace toutes les lignes, dessine toutes les formes, nous en montrant la couleur," synesthesia predominates but one's mind is sent back irresistibly to Hugo's poem:--

"Fenêtres Ouvertes - le matin en dormant" (see L'Art d'être grand-père) and the perfect transposition (from the auditive to the visual world) in "Ecrit sur la vitre d'une fenêtre flamande" (Rayons et Ombres).

Proper names (cf. L'Abbé Bremond) evoke pictures of intensely rich colour and variety, and the subjective element.
reigns supreme in Proust's account of the vision conjured into life before his mind's eye by such names as Guermantes. Here again, however, imagination does not work on sonority alone but on association, a law indispensable to the functioning of the poet's "Vie intérieure."

The town of Coutances has a butter trade, and this fact militates in favour of the image of the crown, "grasse et jaunissante," which Proust detects in its final diphthong. The language is sometimes termed "savoureux", and we remember that Baudelaire experienced a strong sense of "gourmandise", (see "Le Parfum") mostly when he inhaled the scent of incense. Proust carries much further than Baudelaire the "métamorphose mystique" of intermingled sensations, as when the sound of bells means for him not only golden light but the "saveur fade" of "confitures."

Perhaps the most striking and suggestive example of synesthesia in all Proust's work occurs where the excitement of hearing Albertine's laughter gradually infects sight, smell, touch and taste, thus moving along the whole "gamme" of sensation. This is the new world of liberation for the senses - the dream of the Symbolists:-

"Je venais de l'entendre rire, et ce rire évoquait les roses carnations, les parois parfumées, contre lesquelles il semblait qu'il vint de se frotter, et dont, acre, sensuel

1. See reference to Illan de CasaP75 whose name conjured up for Proust "Cuir de Cordoue," I.de Casa: "M.Proust et les Parfums", Revue hebdomadaire, juillet-aout 1935. Also reference to "poésie pure" of 'la fille de Minos et de Pasiphae's (1) 130 (p.XXII: Introduction)
Contiguity of correspondent qualities seems to determine the transition from one sensum to another, and Baudelaire's vision of a harmony of all senses would appear in Proust to have found wondrous fulfilment. There is no complete substitution of one artistic material for another, but a gradual sliding along the scale of sensation, one sensum overlapping delicately with another and enriching it strangely, in the process; as in the lines of Proust, where the roof smooths its slates, because pigeons alight there one next to the other, - and their cooing draws "une ligne horizontale" in harmony with this smoothing movement, and in contrast with the cock whose song mounts skywards, (cited by J. Pommier La Mystique de Proust). In view of such instances as these, Proust's amplification of synesthesia as an artistic procedure, would alone entitle him to stand in the "filiation noble" of his master Baudelaire.
CHAPTER VI.

(a) The rôle of music in the work of Marcel Proust, and the extent to which his conception of music and 'musicality' brings him into line with the Symbolists and their precursor Baudelaire.

(b) Musical Metaphor in Proust.
CHAPTER VI.

(a) The rôle of music in the work of Marcel Proust, and the extent to which his conception of music and 'musicality' brings him into line with the Symbolists and their precursor Baudelaire.

The fact that Baudelaire and Proust found in the music of Wagner a deep and unfailing source of inspiration has even prompted some critics (notably Florence Hier in *La Musique dans l'oeuvre de M. Proust*) to claim that this bond of music acted as primary cause of the relationship: Baudelaire: Proust. The supposition that Proust felt impelled to seek the kindred spirit of an author equally orientated towards music, gathers strength from his predilection for yet another precursor of Symbolism - also charged with intense powers of musical appreciation, and that in the nineteenth century, notorious for the eclipse of music, namely Gérard de Nerval. While it would seem that the appeal addressed by Baudelaire to the creative artist of the twentieth century, was immediate and emanated from "l'homme total," the importance of music in the literary aesthetics of both writers
stands resolutely paramount. It is intensely interesting
to trace the influence of music and musical theory in the
poetical utterance of Baudelaire and the Symbolists on the
one hand and in the prose work of Marcel Proust on the other.
Proust’s love of musical metaphor has been amply illustrated
by Florence Hier, but a triumph of musical technique, -  the
word musical to be taken here in its full emotive sense-
haunts and inspires Wyzéwa, as he dreams of a synthesis of
arts, "une complète vie littéraire", (painting, literature,
music springing to life within the novel), and Proust surely
comes in answer to his prayer for "la littérature émotionnelle,"
for a strangely vivifying symbolism applied to the novel:-

"Mais cette mort de la poésie ne détruit pas la
possibilité d'une littérature émotionnelle: la musique des
mots peut en effet être aussi clairement et plus entièrement
exprimée par une prose, une prose toute musicale et émotionnelle,
une libre alliance, une alliance harmonieuse de sons et de
rhythmes, indéfiniment variée suivant l'indéfini mouvement
des nuances d'émotion": ("Revue Wagnérienne", Juin 1886,
"Nos Maîtres", p.49)

Wagner stresses the importance of music as a narration of
"la vie intérieure," and Wyzéwa shows himself loyal to the
Wagner tradition by demanding that art, music, or prose should
embody progression of feeling. Mobility of the "état d'âme"
requires a medium of expression capable of corresponding flexibility and flight. Herein lies the eternal fascination for Proust of the rise and fall of melody - as he writes in Les Plaisirs et les Jours p.182, resuming majestically the thought of Wyzéwa, and Wagner - the motive of flight in music reflects the fluctuations of the soul, and comes nearest to penetrating the depths of human emotion.

"Le penseur voit sa vie morale se dérouler tout entière; les chutes de la mélodie défaillante sont ses défaillances et ses chutes, et tout son cœur se relève et s'élance quand la mélodie reprend son vol: - Le murmure puissant des harmonies fait tressaillir les profondeurs obscures et riches de son souvenir."

It will never be possible to assess fully the French debt to Baudelaire in respect of (a) Wagner's apotheosis, and (b) the return to power of music as a shaping force in the development of the arts. Symbolist poetry and Symbolist prose bear the impress of Baudelaire's stubborn challenge to convention and Philistinism. No wonder, that the man who wrote to Wagner, February 17th, 1860, in an access of impatience and rage: "Je me suis dit que je veux être distingué de tous ces imbéciles," could pour into his love of Wagner all the "démesure" of his creative urge - which he beheld equally reflected in the

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composer's music: The "feeling for renewal" which Proust discerned in Baudelaire's poems, is vividly present in this article "Richard Wagner et Tannhäuser à Paris", Art Romantique. p.239:—

"J'aime ces excès de santé, ces débordements de volonté, qui s'inscrivent dans les œuvres comme le bitume enflammé dans le sol d'un volcan, et qui, dans la vie ordinaire, marquent souvent la phase pleine de délices, succédant à une grande crise morale ou physique."

According to Camille Mauclair: Histoire de la Musique européenne, it was Baudelaire who first divined Wagner's greatness. Gérard de Nerval is now admitted to have been first in the field in this respect, but certainly to Baudelaire goes the credit of much appreciative and finely detailed writing on the composer's music. From 1860 onwards the concerts of Pas de Loup, Colonne and Lamoureux prepare the era of Wagnerism, and from 1885, Wagner's influence is at its height. As Lehmann has remarked, however, Wagner's importance may be measured less in terms of direct influence than by the peculiar bias and interpretation accorded to his aesthetic theory by Symbolist writers, notably by critics such as Wyzáwa. J.É. Blanche the painter, records that while Proust was still between the ages of fifteen and twenty, he met the young author

at the house of Halévy and even enjoyed some prestige in the sight of Proust and "ces garçons exceptionnels", by reason of a share in the propaganda of Edouard Dujardin, "directeur de la Revue Indépendante et de la Revue Wagnérienne" (J.E.Blanche, Mes Modèles p.101.) Proust discerns in Baudelaire the echo of "les cors" of the Wagnerian orchestra, and is quite prepared to admit that much of his own admiration for Wagner, at the Concerts Lamoureux was excited by "des morceaux insipides" ("A propos de Baudelaire", Chroniques, p.217).

We realise the full truth of the remark that Wagner's aesthetics and technique exerted a greater influence than his concerted works, when we study Proust's use of the leitmotiv in application to the novel, and his appraisal of the importance of music, adjudged mediocre by competent critics. Proust, in fact, acknowledges the contribution of mass fervour to his own love of Wagner, and he writes sympathetically in Chroniques of Baudelaire's passionate admiration for the composer, whose greatness by no means escapes scrutiny and challenge from the musicians of Proust's own day. It makes no difference, according to Proust, whether or not the poet achieve objective precision - all that matters, is that he is empowered to release from captivity his innermost music - his "mélodie intérieure".

The lines in question are from "Les Damnés":
"Le son de la trompette est si délicieux
Dans ces soirs solennels de célestes vendanges,
Qu'il s'infiltre comme une extase dans tous ceux
Dont elle chante les louanges".

and Proust, perhaps, holds in mind here, Swann's loyalty to the "air national" of his love for Odette, and that renewal of aspiration towards "les réalités spirituelles", on hearing the "Sonate de Vinteuil," he translates directly into literary criticism his favourite dictum that value lies in the "pouvoir réfléchissant et non dans la qualité intrinsèque du spectacle reflété."

"Although the young musicians of the present day may be right (but I doubt it) in their denial of Wagner's genius, such lines as those I have just quoted are living proof that the objective precision of a writer's judgements, on an art other than his own is without importance. What matters, what sets him dreaming is the fact of his admiration even when it may be given to what is unworthy."

Proust speaks with equal ardour of the "prodigieuse fécondation que c'est d'entendre Tristan" ("Lettre de Proust à Lucien Daudet", p.101) and rebels against the stupidity of depriving "je ne dis pas nos musiciens, mais nos écrivains"

2. Du Côté de chez Swann.
3. See J.F.I.p.177 "le génie - la faculté de transformer et de transposer ... le génie consistant dans le pouvoir réfléchiss-
ant et non dans la qualité intrinsèque du spectacle reflété".
5. Autour de soixante lettres de Proust; Lucien Daudet.
of this great source of inspiration - irrespective of the political winds hostile to Wagner in consequence of 1870 and its implications.

At the outset of any attempt to assess the measure of Wagner's influence on Baudelaire, the Symbolist Poets, and Proust, it is necessary to refer to the composer's division of the arts. Three main divisions are accepted - painting operates within the sphere of sensation; literature within the range of notions, and music addresses its appeal to the emotion. Wagner believed in a synthesis of these "trois modes", a combination of the arts, each developed within its own rights. Wyzéwa, however, diverges from Wagner by his theory that it behoves the exponent of each art to enlarge his sphere to include traces of the others. ("L'Art Wagnérien: la Peinture". "Revue Wagnérienne" v.1886).

Accordingly, in poetry, musicality can be mentioned as 'added' to, or superimposed upon the language of notions (by Wyzéwa). In painting, line and colour can become "signes de nos émotions" and therefore musical too. In music, Wagner has introduced representative elements (painting) and logical elements - poetry, by means of leitmotiv. An important difference becomes immediately obvious between Wyzéwa and Wagner in their conception of the nature of language and poetry.

1. A division cited by Lehmann in his Chapter on Music Symbolist Aesthetic in France.
Whereas Wyzéwa regards language as primarily conceptual, and only subsequently adding musicality and sentiment, Wagner holds a theory much more favourable to the vindication of Symbolist aims and the fostering of a "musical" poetry - namely that primordial language is music, e.g. the cry of a child, the bark of a dog, and that the conceptual element is grafted on the music of speech at a later date. "Speech is music after the latter has been subjected to a process of direction to enable it to particularise reference" (see Lehmann: "Wagner in France " Symbolist Aesthetic in France.) "Musical," Wyzéwa equates with "emotive" and so he can envisage all arts partaking of 'musicality'.

Schopenhauer considered music to be the immediate "objectivation of the will", Herder considered language in its genesis to be musical, and, finally, Proust seems to subscribe to the theory that music is the original language of man, part of the 'paradise lost' for which, "ange déchu", he is destined eternally to yearn. This thought of the communion between the souls of men causes Proust to speculate afresh on the loss incurred by the drift towards a written and spoken language - one increasingly conceptual in nature.

The strangely emotive power of music can give a positively physical sense of heart-ache, and would seem only to strengthen Proust's argument. Keats sought to define this quality - which,
in the last resort, simply defies analysis - when he wrote in the "Eve of St. Agnes" of "Music yearning like a god in pain". Although Proust, dazzled by the light of his discovery and penetration within the realm of "L'inanalysé", fully recognises the rift between original language, as it might have evolved, unimpeded, and the harsh reality of its conceptual nature - it is, nevertheless, as if he lingered for a moment, suspended in flight between two worlds.

There is the world of Vinteuil's discovery, where a musical phrase hovers in the confines of human perception and waits for a genius to deliver it into our world, merely by acting as "déchiffreur".

There is also the world where custom has blunted our powers of perception, submerged the "moi profond" beneath the never-ending waters of the "moi social." It is tempting to believe that Proust, if only for a moment openly, at least for a long time secretly, toys with the idea of making music yield its secret even in the medium of prose, the 'musical, emotive prose' of Wyzéwa's imagining!

1. cf. Baudelaire "Le Vin des Amants" p.113: "Les sons d'une musique énervante et câline, semblable au cri lointain de l'humaine douleur". Bergson in Deux sources p.36 has a similar conception of music: "Quand la musique pleure, c'est la nature entière qui pleure avec elle."
"Turn but a stone and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many splendoured thing."

So wrote Francis Thompson of a world invisible and intangible, yet, like Proust's and Vinteuil's worlds, glimpsed and touched in moments of revelation.

The passage in question occurs in La Prisonnière, p.76 and Proust's moment of vision, or "transe", comes at the end of the septuor. The sound of human speech grates discordantly on his ears, now attuned to "la céleste phrase musicale" with which he has just communed. The fervour of his utterance impels the reader to speculate in turn, as to whether Proust only narrowly fell short of a musician's destiny - since, according to Bergson's reasoning, each artist enjoys the privilege of one sense developed at the expense of the others: if such is the case, this may account, in part, for Proust's repeated use of musical metaphor to render his thoughts and feeling; music and musicality must, by his own admission, be peculiarly fitted to convey as well as to plumb the depths of "L'inconscient" (cf. Maeterlinck's plays and Debussy's music).

"J'étais vraiment comme un ange qui, déchu des ivresses du paradis, tombe dans la plus insignifiante réalité. Et de même que certains êtres sont les derniers témoins d'une forme
de vie que la nature a abandonnée, je me demandais si la musique n'était pas l'exemple unique de ce qu'aurait pu être - s'il n'y avait pas eu l'invention du langage, la formation des mots, l'analyse des idées, la communication des âmes.

Elle est comme une possibilité qui n'a pas eu de suites; l'humanité s'est engagée en d'autres voies, celle du langage parlé et écrit."

One senses the same fascination as that which grips Proust, when he contemplates exploring the world of dreams, yet without allowing the destructive touch of full consciousness or reasoning to shatter and dispel the illusion; anything which defies analysis, music included, holds him spell-bound and he displays the musician's disdain for the purely conceptual:

"Mais ce retour à l'inanalysé était si enivrant qu'au sortir de ce paradis, le contact des êtres plus ou moins intelligents me semblait d'une insignifiance extraordinaire".

It is only natural that Wagner's attempt at a synthesis of the arts and more especially his efforts to graft poetry -

2. Already in the "Garnets", extracts of which have been published in the number of 25 Nov. 1939. "Figaro Littéraire", - Proust avows his desire to fathom obscurity.

"Je vois clairement les choses dans ma pensée jusqu'à l'horizon. Mais celles-là seules qui sont de l'autre côté de l'horizon, je m'attache à les décrire."
which he deemed conceptual in nature - on music (sentiment),
should have as corresponding reaction an attempt on the part
of the Symbolists to recover for poetry something of its
musicality, its emotivity and powers to express feeling.
E. Barthélémy's quotation from Carlyle in the "Mercure de
France" comes nearest to an estimate of musicality and
recalls very vividly Proust's account of his attempted
penetration into l'inanalysé" - and Vinteuil's transcription
of the "inner melody", the innermost soul and essence of things.
The theory of the Platonic idea, and man's attempts to grasp
this true reality, - all this is implicit in the quotation
taken by the French writer from Carlyle:-

"Musicale! que de mots tiennent dans cela! une pensée
parlée par un esprit qui a pénétré dans le coeur le plus intime
de la chose, qui en a découvert le plus intime mystère, c'est-à-
dire la mélodie qui git cachée en elle - l'intérieure harmonie
de cohérence // qui est son âme, par qui elle existe et a
droit d'être ici en ce monde."//

In this last section of the credo marked // // "Qui
est son âme, par qui elle existe et a droit d'être ici en ce
monde", one can almost see Vinteuil stretching out his hand
into the apparent void and capturing "la petite phrase" whose
essence is of another world.

1. Note that the inner essence always seems to be musical!
Section ii: Musicality (continued)

To the opinion of Thomas Carlyle about "musicality", Brunetière drew attention in his Article on Symbolism in the "Revue des deux Mondes" i.xi., 1888, and it later fell to the rôle of Edmond Barthélémy to pass it on to the "Mercure de France", and then leave the French public to unravel its far reaching implications. Just as Diderot had felt inspired to write that passion confers dignity of expression, however lowly the estate of the character, and even endows silence with emotive power, so now Carlyle was seen to advance a claim which comprised and went beyond Diderot's conception. Emotivity, sentiment, call it what you will, seems to be inextricably bound up with music, and at times inseparable from the essence of harmony. Even the least receptive witness of opera must have known moments when feeling and music melted for him too, into one flawless outburst of song and when he could have felt safe in defying the most discerning of critics to set a line of division between music and language. Here, perhaps, can be found a return to the true unity of speech and music - unity, from which everyday speech, dulled and worn by convention, has drifted so tragically. The schism is not irrevocable, however. Wagner envisaged the union of music and poetry - a rich synthesis of these arts principally. The Symbolists dreamed of a
language rich in musical and emotive power. The fact that Proust subscribes to the belief in music as original language, must have strengthened him considerably in his quest for expression, by medium of prose, of "L'inanalyssé." the enigma of the human soul, the eternal riddle of identity.

It is tempting to imagine Proust lighting suddenly on this transcription of Carlyle’s views in the "Mercure de France", but if we leave aside all conjecture, the affinity of conception between these two men still remains beyond dispute. Proust, who instinctively heard in the garrulous development of a theme, the cascading yet ordered torrent of a Bach fugue - would certainly have felt a quickening of the pulse at such discovery of kinship with the English writer:

"Toute parole, même la plus commune des paroles a quelque chose de chant en elle ... observez aussi comme tout langage passionné devient réellement de lui-même musical avec une musique plus belle que le plus pur accent; la parole d'un homme même dans l'ardeur de la colère devient une musique, un chant..."

(Brunetière: "Revue des deux Mondes" i, xi., 1888)

In our own day, in Menotti's "drame musical", The Consul, the simplest utterance is capable of becoming music of a highly evocative order; once again, the line of division would be impossible to establish. It is interesting to note in this
connection that, where the language has extreme simplicity, the emotion and "intérieure harmonie de cohérence" come into their own and exert supreme power over the listener's reactions. Small wonder if language draws close to its musical origins, when vibrant with feeling! The devotees of German folk-songs, Herder, Novalis, Tieck, and many other German Romantics; the Lakeland poets headed by Wordsworth and Coleridge — (see Wordsworth's "Preface" to the Lyrical Ballads) all these writers converged in agreement as to the palpable need for a reaching down to the roots of feeling, and lyricism — and for many, simplicity seemed to hold the solution...

Gide gives his exposition of the rôle of sound in poetry, while he is defending Baudelaire against the criticism of Faguet. As can be well imagined, any answer to the charge that Baudelaire had little ear for the "music" of poetry must of necessity bring us to the very heart of the controversy about 'musicality'. Faguet would seem to have identified the word with onomatopoea, assonance, in fact all the literary devices and stock in trade of poetry. Gide, however, sets the problem in true perspective by contending that a fusion of sense and sound, of music and language, is inherent in true poetry — Rudler develops the same theory, when, in his introduction to Mithridate, he speaks of the melody, the
'musical line' of Monime, as opposed to the life rhythm of the other characters.

Here we see in a visionary flash, the way in which the music of speech can express the indefinable essence of nature and the human soul, and at the same time transcend, dispense with a deliberate or conscious handling of literary effects.

"Musical! veuille ce mot. ici n'exprimer point seulement la caresse fluide ou le choc harmonieux des sonorités verbales par où le vers peut plaire même à l'étranger musicien, qui n'en comprendrait pas le sens; mais aussi bien ce choix certain de l'expression dicté non plus seulement par la logique et qui échappe à la logique, par quoi le poète musicien arrive à fixer aussi exactement que le ferait une définition, l'émotion essentiellement indéfinissable."


Mallarmé, Viélo-Griffin, and Paul Valéry, all stress the need for an inner music, an appropriation of speech, not simply an exclusive loyalty to the perfection of technique. Wyzéwa yearned for expression of "la vie littéraire complète" and, since music forms an integral part of man, the word 'musicale' dominates and inspires his vision of a new flexible prose; - when Viélo-Griffin strives to define the act of
expression, he no less than Wyzéwa, conceives of true art as the total act, and musicality or immediacy of emotion as bearing the essential rôle. Mobility defies capture, but by summoning his whole being to the task, the artist can convey the rhythm of life:

The words: "l'Être tout entier, l'acte et l'instant d'un homme", sound their own message, charged with a strangely Proustian note, and indeed, Proust embarked on a quest which here Viélé-Griffin dimly discerns - the quest for "l'homme éternel", for the unity of the "moi successifs", since "je ne sais quelle présence de ce véritable résonnateur communique au discours de tout autres puissances, lui restitue des caractères tout primitifs.

Le rythme, le geste, la collaboration de la voix, - par les timbres des voyelles, les accents, - introduisent en quelque sorte le corps vivant, réagissant et agissant, et ajoutent à l'expression finie d'une pensée, ce qu'il faut pour suggérer ce qu'elle est d'autre part - la réponse, l'acte et l'instant d'un homme."

Of the same school of thought as Viélé-Griffin and Gide, Valéry detects in Baudelaire's poetry a profound inner musicality whereby sound and sense merge to the point of becoming indissolubly one. At Valéry's mention of the harmonies

fundamental to Baudelaire's verse and so mysteriously and intimately bound up with the genesis of his poetry, we are reminded irresistibly of Valéry's own confession about the form taken by poetic generation in his particular case. He recounts how, first a rhythm surges through his mind, while he walks along a street; it is simply an inner music, in the first instance, growing within him, until words rise at its bidding, and become part of the melody, a complete fusion of sound and sense. The musicality of poetry and of language found yet another partisan and exponent, when Valéry delivered poetry to the world by this process of creation. Baudelaire and Valéry mark complete accord here, and the fact that Valéry, in his capacity as poet, is supremely fitted to probe the mysteries of poetic creation, gives a ring of authority to his intuitive judgement of Baudelaire.

"Cette parole extraordinaire se fait connaître et reconnaître par le rythme et les harmonies qui la soutiennent, et qui doivent être si intimement et même si mystérieusement liés à sa génération, que le son et le sens ne se puissent plus séparer, et se répondent indéfiniment dans la mémoire."

"Situation de Baudelaire" (Œuvres p.163) Valéry.

While Valéry draws a distinction of kind between poetry and prose, Claudel - like Proust, whom he rejoins in this issue, revels in the music with which all speech is so powerfully
charged, and discovers music in the chatter of two girls as well as in the majesty of rhythmic metre. The mind is sent irresistibly from a reading of Claudel's discernment of latent music, to that part of Proust's *A l'ombre des Jeunes Filles en fleurs* where the voices and laughter of the young girls blend in harmony with the sound of the sea waves.

"Je ne voyais pas mes amis mais je devinais leur présence; j'entendais leur rire enveloppé comme celui des néréides dans le doux murmure qui montait jusqu'à mes oreilles.

Entre les intervalles des instruments, si la mer était pleine, reprenait coulé et continue, le glissement de l'eau d'une vague".

In these "rimes croisées" between various domains of human sensibility - here, a discernment of music in the voice of man and nature, an extension of music to two realms of sound - Florence Hier claims to see a brilliant demonstration of Baudelaire's theory of "Les Correspondances". Transpositions from the world of sound to the world of sight are unforgettably effected in Hugo's: "Ecrit sur la vitre d'une fenêtre flamande", yet in "Fenêtres Ouvertes" the poet receives impressions of the outer world entirely in the guise of sound, and, most

1. J.F. (3) 259.
2. Florence Hier: La Musique dans l'oeuvre de Marcel Proust.
3. Les Rayons et les Ombres.
4. L'art d'être grand-père.
important of all, - the sound impressions are self-sufficient without further transposition; they form, in fact, a musical translation of the morning. The attitude of Hugo in "Fenêtres Ouvertes", the poet lying poised over a world of sound - evokes before our eyes the image of Proust, so closely confined within his room by illness, that the universe had to pass through the filter of sound in order to reach "le prisonnier".

In la Prisonnière (1) p.112, Proust lends increasing strength to our previous conjecture that he only narrowly missed the vocation of musician - 'vocation' taken here in the Bergsonian sense of the term, namely that Proust's organ of hearing was developed to such a fine degree as to supersede at times all other fields of sensation. While synesthesia involves its exponents in amazingly swift transitions from one field to another of sensation - once given the initial stimulus, - now we see Proust linger here fondly in thought of the supremacy of sound. Much in the same manner he can stand captivated, reluctant to move away from the confines of this same "univers seulement audible" lost in speculation and wild surmise about the musical origins of language.

Rain and sunlight reach Proust's senses through the sound of a bell and the infinite number of channels through which

2. See La Prisonnière (2) p.76
3. P (1) 112
sensation can be received is surely indicated at the utmost
extreme in the instance of Helen Keller, blind and deaf —
and until late in life, dumb. Perhaps Proust had the thought
of this girl in the recesses of his mind, no less than of her
miraculous unfolding to the light of beauty and understanding,
when he wrote in Le Côté de Guermantes i , p.58 1 that loss of
a sense adds as much beauty to the world as its acquisition.

Helen Keller could write from a personal experience
more bitter and poignant than for Proust and Baudelaire any
resulting from illness and confinement (The World I Live In,
Methuen, Ch: "The Power of touch", p.29.)

"With my three trusty guides, touch, smell and taste, I
make many excursions into the borderland of experience which
is in sight of the city of Light. Nature accommodates itself
to every man's necessity. If the eye is maimed so that it
does not see the beauteous face of day, the touch becomes
more poignant and discriminating. Nature proceeds through
practice to strengthen and augment the remaining senses.
For this reason the blind often hear with greater ease and
distinctness than other people. The sense of smell becomes
almost a new faculty to penetrate the tangle and vagueness of

1. Moncrieff's translation.
2. Baudelaire and Proust always close their eyes, when
attempting to receive a message from the outer world through
the sense of hearing (cf. "Le Parfum")
"Quand, les deux yeux fermés en un soir chaud d'automne,
Je respire l'odeur......."
things. Thus, according to an immutable law, the senses assist and reinforce one another".

With wonderful perception, Proust saw this truth that "there are other windows to the mind than the eye." (Preface, pxiv, to the new English edition, July 1908, of The World I Live In,) and he might have conceded "than the ear", but hearing he was not denied, as was the case for Helen Keller.

Many other observations made by the three: Proust, Baudelaire and Helen Keller tally wonderfully:— notable amongst their number are the following:— Baudelaire extols the virtues of "la fertilisante douleur", physical and spiritual pain, even from the throes of such agony. Proust writes:— that "suffering is the best thing life has to offer." T.Ret.264 and that "les malades se sentent plus près de leur âme".

H. Keller affords a testimony wrung from experience more searching than theirs — "It is undoubtedly true that physical disabilities tend to accentuate spiritual values." (p.xiv Preface 1908 to The World I Live In.)

Rain and sunlight reach Proust's senses, then, through

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1. Helen Keller was strongly influenced by Swedenborg (cf. Baudelaire). Many ideas which Proust, Baudelaire and Helen Keller share, may have come through the agency of Swedenborg.  
4. Final footnote in this connection. It is significant that Mme. Maeterlinck took a great interest in H. Keller.
sound, therefore at a remove from reality, and, we cannot help remembering his words about the "calorifère of Doncières", namely his inability really to enjoy a sensation except within the framework of another. Reality thus undergoes a process of spiritualisation, exactly as Bergson relates. Whatever Baudelaire may feel inspired to say on the subject of music and sound in general, it is through the sense of smell principally that the world - and its visualisation, penetrates his consciousness. In the instance of Proust, the senses of smell, and of taste, seem highly developed as media of receiving awareness of the outer world - the sense of hearing, however, remains fundamental.

A name in a book, which you have once read, is not simply a name; there has entered its essence a tangle of impressions from the senses; - sunshine, and wind - the "climat intérieur", all are now an integral part of the book, for un better or for worse. "Tel nom lu dans/livre d'autrefois contient entre ses syllabes le vent rapide, et le soleil brillant, qu'il faisait quand nous le lisions". Similarly for Baudelaire, "une heure, ce n'est pas qu'une heure, c'est un vase rempli de parfums, de sons, de projets et de climats". (T.Ret.(2) 39).

1. See Ch.1.67-84.
Proust comes nearest to Debussy, when rain and sunlight visit him with heightened charm, rarefied as it were, by their journey through sound... The word "traduction" reminds one irresistibly of Baudelaire's theory of equivalence and accompanying notion of the artist as "déchiffreur."

(c.f. Stendhal on bells Lord Baldwin and Fernand Bregh, l c)

"Il y avait des jours où le bruit d'une cloche qui sonnait l'heure, portait sur la sphère de sa sonorité une plaque si fraîche, si puissamment étalée de mouillé et de lumière que c'était comme une traduction musicale du charme de la pluie ou du charme du soleil, si bien qu'à ce moment là, les yeux fermés, dans mon lit, je me disais que tout peut se transposer, et qu'un univers seulement audible pourrait être aussi varié que l'autre." 2

Music here conveys the essence of nature in a manner apprehended usually with such intensity by the company of composers alone. Sound, moisture and light have merged into

la. Stendhal, Henri Brûlard, vol.i, pp.58 & 72, Edition du Divan p.58; "Le spectacle, le son d'une belle cloche grave sont et furent toujours d'un effet profond sur mon cœur".

lb. Baldwin: Lecture to the classical association" 1926, "I remember years ago... after 4 centuries it stirred the heart of a wandering Englishman and made him sick for home".

lc. The narrator of "Mystères", F.Gregh. himself, was strangely moved by the sound of bells.

2. P. (1) 112
such wonderful unity for Proust that the ringing of the bell alone brings in its train the moisture and light accompanying a previous hearing. Baudelaire demonstrated on unprecedented scale the notion of "unité des sensations", and Proust continues this noble "filiation", placing, if anything, a marked stress on the rôle of sound.

Of true poetry, it has been said that sense and sound merge to the point of inseparability - we have Valéry's word as guarantee in his "Situation de Baudelaire", (Oeuvres p.163) already quoted on p.193 of thesis. Moreover, Valéry's words recall Baudelaire's line on the unity of sensation, of "Correspondances", and, perhaps this is indeed, no mere coincidence.

Compare Valéry speaking of the rhythm and harmonies of Baudelaire's verse; - "si intimement et même si mystérieusement liés à sa génération, que le son et le sens ne se puissent plus séparer et se répondent indéfiniment dans la mémoire." and Baudelaire's line of the "Correspondances":- "Les Parfums les couleurs, et les sons se répondent."

A more powerful exponent of Symbolist thought, in so far as represented by Baudelaire and Valéry, could hardly be found in the entire range of French twentieth century prose - than Marcel Proust, when he achieves such fusion between the

1. cf. Lack of central fixation noted in Ch.I.15-17.
senses as to derive from sound the impressions of "mouillé" and "lumière": sound and the message or "sense", which it evokes, fuse, on their way into Proust's consciousness and yet again as they are released by him into the world at large - in the rhythm of the prose medium which he adapts to service of his will. Note the persistent return of impetus, especially in "du charme de la pluie ou du charme du soleil", corresponding to the intermittence of rain and sunshine in the peal of the bell. We are here very close to the dancing, scintillating rhythm of "jardins sous la pluie," "Le bruit portait sur la sphère/ de sa sonorité/ une plaque si fraîche/ si puissamment étalée/ de mouillé et de lumière/ que c'était comme une traduction musicale/ du charme/ de la pluie/ ou/ du charme/ du soleil."

(1) fusion of

sound (A) with

moisture (B) and light (C)
b. **Musical Metaphor in Proust.**

Barrès: "Nous autres écrivains, nous avons pour mission de traduire en idées claires et d'un vigoureux relief, bref, de rendre intelligible le mystère qui bourdonne autour des orchestres." (see "Préface à Musique et littérature". André Coeuroy.)

According to Du Bos, writing his *Approximations*, Proust is, by virtue of music, "aussitôt porté au sommet de sa puissance". It becomes possible to discern the exact degree of truth in this assertion, if we apply to Proust's use of music, as a term of reference, the touchstone adumbrated by Barrès. Music expresses "ideas", in the Platonic, as well as in the accepted sense, and performs the miracle of delivering them to the world by means of melody, namely on the level of feeling or sentiment. Barrès, accordingly, assigns to the discerning and appreciative listener - a layman in the sight of musicians, - the rôle of rendering into prose or poetry, at least, into language, the emotive message - "Le mystère qui bourdonne autour des orchestres". A process of transcription is at once implied - the exact corollary of the musician's technique. This music conveys ideas on the plane of sentiment or feeling, recapturing something of the mystery with which such "ideas" are for
all time imbued.

Language reduces this message to a level of clarity and intelligibility, and, if it satisfied Wyzéwa's aspirations, it will preserve the inner harmony of music in its own peculiar way, and all the more effectively for having renewed the link with the "world invisible, world intangible", to which sheer music has direct access. So, Proust can speak of the "prodigieuse fécondation que c'est d'entendre Tristan", for "je ne dis pas nos musiciens, mais nos écrivains."

("Lettre à Lucien Daudet" No. 101.)

(Autour de soixante lettres de M. Proust par Lucien Daudet.)

Baudelaire, Proust, Barrès, Suarès are alike in experiencing and proclaiming this process of enrichment, and the power of Wagner's music to awaken their individual creative urge, and to deepen their psychology.

We have Proust's testimony of the process whereby melody is expression of ideas - see S (2), p.189 "Swann tenait les motifs musicaux pour de véritables idées d'un autre monde". Even as Valéry had spoken of sound and sense, merging inextricably and forming true poetry, so ideas and emotions, according to Wagner, blend into each other, to form music, the ideas revivifying and immortalising the emotions. If this process unfolds in music, why should it not grace poetry
(Valéry) and prose (Proust)? Music and language seem indeed to evolve from Proust's consciousness at a depth where he experiences difficulty in separating them into distinct categories. Simply because many of Proust's ideas are at their very origin indistinguishable from music, come to him in fact in guise of music, "Comme un motif musical", (R. Dreyfus: Souvenirs p. 291.) he seems pre-eminently disposed to transcribe the melody of sentiment into the ideas of language, thus exercising his supreme prerogative as master of the prose medium.

Bergson indulged in dreams of a genius, whose every faculty might be developed to the full extent, and thereby render possible the combination of musician, poet, prose-writer, architect, sculptor, painter, and scientist, in the person of one man. This dream approached fulfilment in Goethe, but the union of poet, prose-writer, and musician was certainly achieved most memorably by the instance of Marcel Proust, who, according to R. Dreyfus could say of the concepts in his mind:

"Je les ai d'abord aperçus au fond de moi-même sans les comprendre, ayant autant de peine à les convertir en quelque chose d'intelligible que s'ils avaient été aussi étrangers au monde de l'intelligence que comment dire? un motif musical."

1. Bergson: Le Rire p. 157
2. Compare with Proust's difficulty to render intelligible a "musical motif", his first onset of disdain for ordinary intelligence, as contrasted with "l'inanalysé" (p. 186). Does the fascination with what defies analysis account in part for his reaction to "poésie pure"? (See Introduction
The words: "autant de peine à les convertir en quelque chose d'intelligible", afford a direct echo to Barrès' appreciation of the degree of effort involved and, - more important, - the nature of the task, "mission" as Barrès terms it, which beckons to the exponent of Symbolism in poetic language, "mission de traduire en idées claires et d'un vigoureux relief, bref de rendre intelligible, le mystère qui bourdonne autour des orchestres". Thus exists the difficulty of transcription, of reversing the process effected by the composer, and of rendering sentiment in the form of language. Proust is keenly alive to these demands of his vocation as artist of the prose medium. Baudelaire's theory of equivalence of media, a transference of synesthesia to the plane of artistic creation, would logically impel him to believe that a transcription in prose of Berlioz' music or Lohengrin equalled in every way the splendour of the original vision:

2. See 32 (189) "Swann tenait les motifs musicaux pour de véritables idées d'un autre monde".
Baudelaire falls - the notion of equivalence of music with the other arts. Music is an integral part of the "idea", the immediate objectivation of the Will by Schopenhauer's theory, and, consequently, all the arts can approximate to revelation of the Idea, only in so far as they partake of music, and musicality. Wyzéwa's theory comes to mind in this connection.

The poet's dependence on music - one might well say the artist's debt to music in all spheres - these facts are epitomised by Proust not only because he constantly thinks in terms of music but, in addition, because he sets himself the goal of transcribing the music of ideas, for him the original inspiration and vision of "la patrie perdue,"
"quelque chose comme si nos plus belles idées étaient comme des airs de musique, qui nous reviendraient sans que nous les eussions jamais entendus et que nous nous efforcerions d'écouter et de transcrire."

(Temps Retrouvé (2), 23.)

The difficulty of Proust's task may, perhaps, be gauged with some degree of accuracy, when we recall for an instant the average man's inability to exteriorise the feelings evoked and embodied by music and Proust is the last to disdain or underestimate the difficulties of interpretation, which the ideal
work of art imposes. Wagner conceives of a work of art in which music and poetry intermingle "de sorte que toute réflexion s'évanouisse dans le sentiment". (Wagner T.VI,p.219.) Baudelaire characterised Wagner's music in much the same way as Proust: "des personnifications d'idées," (Baudelaire: Art Romantique: "Essai sur Wagner" p.232) but his theory of equivalence, as opposed to Proust's conception of a music identical with "ideas", spared him the novelist's sense of impotence to convey the message by his appointed medium.

The revelation to Wagner of the leitmotiv dominating the prelude to the Rheingold, recalls the process of creation such as Proust experiences it, in the incident of the three trees. Again there is the example of the narrator, who can attribute reality to a plant only after having first fostered its growth in his "jardin intérieur," (S (1) 248, new edition). Helen Keller was driven by necessity to cultivate forms and ideas within her soul - she firmly upheld the assertion that our world of physical vision was not more real than her world of spiritual vision reached by the "eyes of her soul." She did, of necessity, what Proust and Elstir, any real artists, in fact, do spontaneously, while trying to urge others to follow their example.

2. cf."Climat Intérieur".
To the thorough materialists, to the scorners of Swedenborg, she gives conclusive reply: They say that sense-reality is all important:—

"Can those learned ones measure the length and breadth and sweep of human cognition? Have they determined its boundaries? Then, how can they justly say what a mind faced with a compelling necessity and stimulated by an intense desire can or cannot do? Just as a poet's and an Einstein's mind outstrips the mind clogged by ignorance, and want of perception, so the mind driven by an imperative need must find a plane where it can live and grow and build its world. Like the poet and the scientist, I rejoice in a world my eyes have not seen." (p.xvi of preface to The World I Live In) (May 1933. New English edition.)

Proust says that it is within himself that he is driven to seek the image and reality of the three trees, not in external nature - so, in closely similar terms, Wagner writes of his discovery of the Rheingold motif:— "Je me réveillais en sursaut. Je reconnus immédiatement que le motif du prélude de l'or du Rhin, venait de se révéler tel que je le portais en moi, sans être parvenu encore à lui donner une forme." (Cf. Proust's difficulties of exteriorising the inner reality.)

"En même temps je compris la singularité de ma nature,
c'est en moi-même, que je devais chercher la source de ma vie et non au dehors."

Proust must have sensed intuitively his kinship with Wagner in this act of revelation preceding, and conditioning artistic production, and, curiously too, a name used by Wagner comes from his pen, while he elaborates the moral of the tree incident (J. Filles (2) p.164) (see also E. Fiser Le Symbole etc. p.86). In the Rheingold, the appearance of Erda is announced by the theme of the Nornes, the Parques of Scandinavia, and the harmony, even concord between Wagner and Proust is strikingly attested - for Proust writes of the captive souls yearning for release, of the creative act doomed on this occasion to abortion, and he writes with pathos such as in the Flying Dutchman grips and haunts the reader:

"Cependant ils (les arbres) venaient vers moi, peut-être apparition mythique, ronde de sorcières ou de nornes qui me proposait ses oracles." (J.F. (2) 164). M. Cattaui glimpsed the strong feeling for folk-lore, and fondness for allegorical interpretation peculiar to Proust and Wagner. Recollection and sacrifice form the leitmotifs of Proust and Wagner respectively; it is left to M. Cattaui to discern the hidden harmony and to link ingeniously but quite justifiably the two symbolisms.

1. Cattaui: L'Amitié de Proust p.30
Estrangement from the source of "la durée réelle" dominates most of human existence for both artists, but while for Proust lightning flashes of recognition bring reconciliation and "moments in the eternal being", Wagner can see redemption effected by the sacrifice of another alone, (cf. Flying Dutchman). The treatment of leitmotiv by Proust and Wagner brings us to the very core and essence of the relationship and influence existing between the two artists. The term leitmotiv has been defined as "the theme associated throughout a piece, with some person, situation, or sentiment". In music, to which its reference is peculiar in the first instance, the melody accompanying a previous scene is played on its own, and so becomes the leitmotiv, "vehicle", or representation in essence of this scene. Fiser, in his chapter on Wagner (Le Symbole littéraire.) approximates Wagner's use of leitmotiv to the rôle enjoyed in Proust's work by "la tasse de thé," "la sonate de Vinteuil", or "l'inégalité des dalles."

Such a thesis abounds in interest: the correspondence between the two uses and techniques is vividly apparent. The music, which marked one particular emotion and situation, while that emotion and situation were still clearly before us, returns later re-evoked by a situation presenting some affinity with the previous scene. This means that a spiritualised form of the past, now represented wholly by the melody, plays before our "mind's eye"; the emotional content obviously stands to gain
by the technique of leitmotiv.

This passion for analogy causes Proust to link in his subconscious first, and with his full powers of reasoning later, the Vinteuil sonate and Wagner's "Tristan", and this intuitive discernment of affinity inspires him with a wonderful vision of unity of themes paramount in Wagner.

Conjecture carries us well within the realm of possibility, when we almost involuntarily pose the question:

The leitmotiv of the past, recaptured in its essence, the re-appearance of characters bearing within them their tangle of human problems - surely these themes weave their way in and out of the fabric of Proust's creation in much the same manner as they underly Wagner's music?

"Je me rendais compte de tout ce qu'a de réel l'oeuvre de Wagner, en revoyant ces thèmes insistants et fugaces qui visitent un acte, ne s'éteignent que pour revenir, et parfois lointains assoupis, presque détachés, sont à d'autres moments, tout en restant vagues, si pressants et si proches, si internes, si organiques, si viscéraux, qu'on dirait la reprise moins d'un motif que d'une névralgie."

"Névralgie," the mounted rhythm and impetus of a leitmotiv

1. cf. "la tasse de thé"; "L'inégalité des dalles".
2. P (1) 217
resumed so many times - this word comes to mind as we think for a moment of Proust's obsession with his peculiar visitant, the past in essence.

The process by which a melody can recapture past time, and become, in fact, a leitmotiv, is first expounded by Proust in *Les Plaisirs et les Jours*, and the rôle of the Vinteuil sonate, as "l'air National" of the love between Odette and Swann, is most brilliantly anticipated. There is evident here something of the more deliberate "recherche" of sensation-souvenir, the kind which Proust detected throughout the range of Baudelaire's poetry - as opposed to the chance encounter of a present sensation with an analogous one in the past, the variety paramount in Proust's work, by his own confession.

(T.Ret.,ii., 275-7 "A work of art is founded upon a certain class of sensations.")

The character in question knows from experience that by playing a phrase from the *Mastersingers*, the image of M. de Laléande can be powerfully evoked before her mind's eye, and having discovered that the music and her lover are linked, in the first instance without her conscious intention, she deliberately uses the theme of music to conjure up the image of this man. Here we cannot help comparing the technique employed by Emma Bovary. When she desired to relive the "bal

1. S.(1) 313 also S (1) 299-302
2. Scott-Moncrieff Translation.
de la Vaubyessard", the cigarette case alone epitomised this chapter of her life. Again, the scent of the hair-oil, used by Rodolphe, re-evoked both the image of the Vicomte and the scintillating but transitory atmosphere of the ball.

Emma sought out solitude in order to revel in the image of her lover, and Proust's heroine is aided in her quest for M. de Laléande by solitude and by that spiritualised form of the past, music - here the theme of the Mastersingers.

cf.1.Flau bert: "et machinalement, elle entreferma les paupières pour la mieux respirer." (Madame Bovary p.209)

2. Baudelaire: "Quand, les deux yeux fermés en un soir chaud d'automne,
Je respire l'odeur de ton sein chaleureux
Je vois se dérouler ................."

3. Proust: "Une phrase des Maîtres-Chanteurs entendue à la soirée de la princesse de A- avait le don de lui évoquer M. de Laléande avec plus de précision. Elle en avait fait sans le vouloir le véritable leitmotiv de M.de Laléande...
De temps en temps, pas trop souvent pour ne pas se blaserl elle s'enfermait dans sa chambre, où elle avait fait transporter le piano, et se mettait à la jouer, en fermant les yeux pour mieux le voir."

1. cf. Proust's fear that he may by reckless repetition impair the effect on his memory of that material object, his childhood's copy of François le Champi. Proust was obviously aware that experiences, in the first instance involuntary, - genuine visitations of affective memory, - could easily lose their value, by degenerating into a mere technique, or a too deliberate procedure.
A scent, a sound, a note, can hold imprisoned the essence of the past, and all other sensations accompanying the key one, come flooding in upon the artist’s consciousness, released from “l’oubli conservateur”.

The music of the bell contained the intermittence of rain and sunshine; the phrase from the Mastersingers epitomises M. de Laléande.

This power of involuntary memory, inspired by evocative sense stimuli, reaches a grandiose consummation in the instance of the Vinteuil sonate, and its influence upon Swann. "La petite phrase de Vinteuil était comme l’air national de leur amour." Indeed, when Swann’s love wanes, it is as though there remained within him, in the depths of his being, quite strangely intact, all the intensity of his love for Odette — a part of the past borne within him. This part of the past is bound up in the music of "la petite phrase", and is released, "déclenché", by the stimulus of sound. Now, past memory, past sensation, assume potent life, and invade the writer’s consciousness like so many vital forces clamouring for release.

The mistake occurs when, lost to the present, and destined to peregrinate in limbo, they are from time to time deceived by a clarion call such as summoned them to time deceived by a clarion call such as summoned them to (W. G. Curtiss, Letters of W. Froust, p.237): "...We feel the illusion that the brain is setting out again, but in the direction of the place from which we have come, as on the former journey...Such is the cruelty of memory."
life in the past. The mind is struck irresistibly by the parallel instance in *La Prisonnière*. Albertine has gone, but each successive "moi" of Proust's personality has to be informed in turn - first seeking the lost one, then abandoning the hopeless quest - a return journey by train, rendered painful in the extreme by the fact that the successive "moi" are constantly in the process of being deceived and made to feel that they are still on that first journey of joyous departure, outward bound...

Baudelaire's lines of "Le Voyage" (Pièce cxxxvii of *Les Fleurs du Mal*) might well be taken as the final word passed on both instances, on the waning of Swann's love for Odette and on the exile from Proust's consciousness of the subsequent figure, Albertine.

"Ahi que le monde est grand à la clarté des lampes,
Aux yeux du souvenir, que le monde est petit!"

1. To Proust, the memories denied resurrection, always appear in the light of creatures possessed of every claim to the fulness of life and cruelly robbed of their birthright. See *Chroniques*. "A Propos de Baudelaire". p.236: The further quotations from Baudelaire return to Proust's mind only to lament that the man who could have given them rebirth, is so crippled by illness that he has to deny them their right; "d'autres plus frappantes reviennent en ce moment du fond de mon souvenir comme pour se plaindre de ne pas avoir eu leur place...."

2. See letter to Madame Scheikévitch, Nov. or Dec. 1915. (Mina Curtiss: *Letters of M. Proust*, p.237): "...We feel the illusion that the train is setting out again, but in the direction of the place from which we have come, as on the former journey...Such is the cruelty of memory."
In these words, Swann could well address the "moi successifs" as they rise unbidden, to sing their "refrains oubliés du bonheur." Music and memory join forces - as never before in the medium of prose - and Swann's present misfortune reaches unknown depths.

"Tous ses souvenirs du temps où Odette était éprise de lui, et qu'il avait réussi jusqu'à ce jour à maintenir invisibles dans les profondeurs de son être, trompés par ce brusque rayon du temps d'amour qu'ils crurent revenu, s'étaient réveillés et à tire d'aile, étaient remontées lui chanter éperdument, sans pitié pour son infortune présente les refrains oubliés du bonheur."

Even as the "souvenirs", the parts of the past, imprisoned within some material object, lie waiting for the hour of release, so too the past unfolds in and through music, once given a certain receptivity and mood of readiness on the part of the listener. Swann's reactions to "la petite phrase" embody three main stages - his first hearing of the Vinteuil sonate, his second hearing when the music merges indistinguishably with his love for Odette, and his third hearing in after years, when his love has waned to the point of death. The music of Vinteuil, by evoking varying reactions according to the phase reached by Swann, reflects in common
with all music, the perpetuum mobile of the human soul. The souvenirs could assume life almost in keeping with the traditions of mythology, Celtic or Classical, and the "petite phrase" proves no exception, rather does it quiver with intense life recalling for a moment, and surpassing in life-force, Hugo's "danseuse espagnole", "se cousant son tablier d'argent!" Proust's visitant shows a resemblance to Du Bellay's vision of the Muses on a moonlit slope, indefinably pastoral and timeless in beauty and grace; the high tremulos of the violin prepare the way for releasing from the depths of Proust's subconscious the personal reality of another world - so captivating in charm that the writer might well speak in terms of despair of his subsequent fall from grace, "ange déchu" indeed, after the glory of this rich sensation - a truth made palpable...

"Dans le velouté d'une lumière interposée, la petite phrase apparaissait, dansante, pastorale, intercalée, épisodique; appartenant à un autre monde, elle passait à plis simples et immortels, distribuant çà et là les dons de sa grâce avec le même ineffable souvenir."

Small wonder that Proust conceived of the artist's function and duty to mankind in terms of translation (T. Retrouvé

1. "Ecrit sur la vitre d'une fenêtre flamande" from Les Rayons et les Ombres.
2. P (2) 76. Discussed p.185 etc. of Thesis.
a literal "bearing over" from another world of spiritual realities. Baudelaire, equally, stressed the rôle of "déchiffreur" as opposed to the alleged task of "invention" and, moreover, he stands high by virtue of his recognition of the rôle of music. Baudelaire and Poe seem to sound haltingly, perhaps, but no less sincerely the challenging and revivifying theme of Proust - an ardent reaching out to "la vérité extra-temporelle", a glimpse of 'truths' to come.

Baudelaire: "C'est à la fois par la poésie et à travers la poésie, par et à travers la musique que l'âme entrevoit les splendeurs situées derrière le tombeau" (Art Romantique p.159).

Poe: "Inspirés par une prescience extatique des merveilles situées par delà le tombeau, nous luttons par de multiples combinaisons, parmi les choses et les pensées du temps, pour atteindre une part de cette splendeur dont les éléments même, peut-être n'appartiennent qu'à l'éternité."

The juxtaposition of "temps" and "éternité", would have been to Proust's liking, had he read the passage. (Poems by E. Poe ed. Routledge 1887, (p.184-185.)

While the power of hidden spiritual realities often manifests itself in guise of personification - in the literal acceptance of the term - and while, even in this appreciation of music, a synthesis of the arts and of sensations takes place, there is a moment when music hovers before the recipient
"sine materia", immaterial, indeed "irréductible à tout autre ordre d' impressions". Here Proust parts company with Baudelaire, who favoured the theory of equivalence of the arts and their interchangeability. By his own avowal, Proust places music higher than the other arts in degree of spirituality, and summons us to the "réalités invisibles", the world of spiritual creation, a vocation missed by Swann, whose creative activity focuses on the mundane, and on an ephemeral love for Odette. (S.1,p.302-303.) Proust writes of the consoling power of "la petite phrase", as it urges Swann towards the universal, revealing to him the brotherhood of men in the school of bitter experience - cf. Baudelaire: "Hypocrite lecteur, mon semblable et mon frère." Here, Proust at one and the same time draws curiously close to Baudelaire, and comes as near as any author I have ever read, to definition, in words, of the soul of music - that immediate communion with the creator even here on earth. Keats' words we have already cited, "Music yearning like a god in pain" and they come to mind again in this connection.

Suffering, for Baudelaire always "la fertilisante douleur", is the timeless bond linking the original creation with its correspondent theme in the life of Proust - cf. S. "et la pensée de Swann se porta pour la première fois vers ce Vinteuil, vers

1. S (1) 300-301
2. cf. Ch. V. of Thesis.
ce frère inconnu, et sublime qui, lui aussi, avait dû tant souffrir; qu'avait pu être sa vie?

Au fond de quelles douleurs, avait-il puisé cette force de Dieu, cette puissance illimitée de créer?"

As for Musset and Baudelaire, man's latent powers of creation can be fully awakened only by the baptism of sorrow -
"nul ne se connaît tant qu'il n'a pas souffert," ("Nuit d'Octobre" 1, 217). To this line of Musset, Baudelaire gave his own distinct chord and reverberation in his life, and, by his poetry, outside time. Proust continues the probing search of Christianity into the depths of suffering, which - eternal enigma - are of supreme power in stirring man to creative activity. A Pascalian grandeur informs Proust's acknowledgement of the union constantly in process of being kindled and effected between composer and listener, between poet and reader - all creators in their own right: - with understanding Proust seems to be telling us that suffering alone can bring to light the hidden riches of the soul, its

1. Céleste Albaret, in so many ways reminiscent of Proust, told me that this poem of Musset remained her favourite; "Tout est là," she said.

   In Jean Santeuil, "La Nuit d'Octobre" is cited as forming for a long time Jean's favourite poem. Mme d'Arpajon is ecstatic in appreciation of a line from the same poem. She asks M.de Guermantes to write on her fan: "Ces reliques du coeur ont aussi leur poussière".

2. J.P.Sartre, - in his 'Essay on Baudelaire' - has stressed the poet's resolve to fulfil in literature and in life, the "destiny" of his character.
full emotive range. His words bear the clear ring of authenticity:

"Quelques-unes des millions de touches de tendresse de passion, de courage, de sérénité, qui le composent, (le clavier incommensurable) ont été découvertes par quelques grands artistes qui nous rendent le service, en éveillant en nous le correspondant du thème qu'ils ont trouvé, de nous montrer quelle richesse, quelle variété, cache à notre insu cette grande nuit impénétrée, et décourageante de notre âme que nous prenons pour du vide et du néant." 1

While recognising a moment of immateriality in music, a moment of "irréductibilité", during which it soars unpinioned above the other arts, and owns allegiance to no earthly, artistic laws, Proust seems to subscribe to the idea of a general synthesis of the arts - in the sense that Wagner and Baudelaire imply, namely that each world, each medium has its "déchiffreur" and beckons just as invitingly to every "explorateur des profondeurs de l'âme" (Fiser). Proust assimilates his experience in music to the visitation from spiritual reality, afforded equally by the sound of the teaspoon, the taste of the madeleine. Vistas, "perspectives" "échappées rapides", are terms common to Poe, Baudelaire, and Proust as they contemplate, in the Platonic tradition, the one

1. S (2) 190.
2. See La Prisonnière I, p.217. 'The arts are the result of the decomposition of light by the spectrum'. Cf. Hoffmann.Fr60.
reality, the idea, behind the veil of mobile appearances.

The call to the artist to give to the world his fleeting vision, sounds imperiously in the ears of Proust, intensely eager to seize upon the "joie extra-temporelle", and convey it to posterity before his creative powers either flinch away from the challenge, or die within him unfulfilled, as in the instance of Swann.

"Et repensant à cette joie extra-temporelle causée, soit par le bruit de la cuiller, soit par le goût de la madeleine, je me disais, "était-ce cela le bonheur proposé par la petite phrase de la sonate à Swann, qui s'était trompé en l'assimilant au plaisir de l'amour et n'avait pas su le trouver dans la création artistique?"" (S 243).

Again in La Prisonnière he expresses the conviction that not only are the incidents in question - these "points de repère" in his existence - marked by states of mind, which closely correspond to each other, but that, in addition, his sense of happiness and exultation is no illusion - rather, intimation of a hidden reality. Wordsworth would have said, "Intimations of Immortality,

Fallings from us, misgivings -

Wanderings about in worlds unrealised."

"Je me mettais à douter, je me disais qu'après tout il se pourrait que, si les phrases de Vinteuil semblaient l'expression de certains états d'âme, analogues à celui que j'avais éprouvé
en goûtant la madeleine... rien ne m'assurait que le vague de tels états fût une marque de leur profondeur..."

The doubt is followed swiftly by an upward surge of faith and certainty. "Pourtant, ce bonheur... ce sentiment de certitude dans le bonheur... (pendant que je respirais aux Champs-Elysées une odeur de vieux bois) ce n'était pas une illusion"

In La Pris., (2) p. 79, he associates the experience afforded by the Vinteuil sonate with the impression gained from the steeples of Martinville and from the trees of Balbec; - the preference, here, seems to go to music as the first revelation in order of immediacy - "Cette phrase était ce qui aurait pu le mieux caractériser... ces impressions qu'à des intervalles éloignés je retrouvais dans ma vie comme les points de repère, les amoncèses pour la construction d'une vie véritable."

Baudelaire never attains the same depths of musical appreciation as Proust, whether, in the "Article on Wagner", he translates his impressions of Wagner's music in terms of visual imagery - (an experience peculiar to writers - witness the example of Goethe, for whom Mozart's music conjured up the image of a sweeping stairway alive with stately figures) - whether, in his poetry, he writes in soothing strain:-

"La musique souvent me prend comme une mer Vers ma pâle étoile."

1. La Pris., (2) p. 243.
or likens the restless murmur of the woods to the rolling note of an organ ("Obsession"). (There is a blend of auditive and visual in: "Grands bois, vous m'effrayez comme des cathédrales.")

Yet Baudelaire rejoins Proust on the main issue; the human condition which, in the poem "Bénédiction" appalled and threatened to overwhelm the Poet - conscious of his vocation - this condition is terrible, and makes us long to escape 'N'importe où hors du monde', but it is not the sole fate in store for humanity. "Points de repère" for Proust, "de confuses paroles", "Correspondances", for Baudelaire, the true essence manifests itself; the idea behind the changing, evanescent forms; and it is this "Inconnu," which in the guise of sudden perspectives and vistas, lures the artist with the promise of a new life, in exchange for the old. Proust speaks of "amorces", and refers to the visitations illuminating his life, dispelling its sordid air of futility; - the term rings through our consciousness, until it links up with an analogy, "le correspondant du thème" in Baudelaire's poem "Le Voyage" - where the poet hails with triumph the dawn of "la vie véritable". The message is "extra-temporel", and informs all the arts in so far as they fulfil their function for God and man.

"O Mort, vieux capitaine, il est temps! levons l'ancre!
Ce pays nous ennuie, o Mort! Appareillons!
...
...
Nous voulons ...
Plonger au fond du gouffre, ...
Au fond de l'inconnu, pour trouver du nouveau!"
CHAPTER VII.

The Symbol in the work of The Symbolist Movement and Marcel Proust.

(1) Symbolism of art and human experience.

The function of art is to convey a spiritual reality, which the artist projects even in the ordinary, making it intelligible to himself and to others.

(2) The Symbol: general discussion - rôle of affectivity. Baudelaire’s and Proust’s insistence on "inevitability" of metaphor and symbol.

(3) A discussion of the necessity for symbols. A comparison of the interpretations of symbol by Baudelaire and Proust.

For the artist to act as "déchiffreur", "traducteur"; and in this issue Baudelaire and Proust are united. Human experience, devoid of spiritual message, art devoid of terms of reference to human experience, both would be equally meaningless, and futile. The ideal would seem to be union between the two, but so intimate that no one can safely say where ordinary experience ends, or where art begins; experience forever deepening our spiritual insight, and an inner vision lighting up in turn the most obscure reaches of life, informing with sense and purpose the most trivial actions. In respect of this function, all art may be said to partake of symbolism; in the sense that it is meant to convey a spiritual reality,
CHAPTER VII.

The Symbol in the work of 1. The Symbolist Movement.  2. Marcel Proust.

An attempt to compare the interpretations of the Symbol by Baudelaire and Proust.

(1) Symbolism of art and human experience.

The function of art is to convey a spiritual reality, which the layman may sometimes experience difficulty even in discerning, let alone in rendering intelligible to himself and others. It is for art to set within reach of ordinary, fumbling human experience this world of spiritual reality; for the artist to act as "déchiffreur", "traducteur"; and in this issue Baudelaire and Proust are united. Human experience devoid of spiritual message, art devoid of terms of reference to human experience, both would be equally meaningless, and futile. The ideal would seem to be union between the two, but so intimate that no one can safely say where ordinary experience ends, or where art begins; experience forever deepening our spiritual insight, and an inner vision lighting up in turn the most obscure reaches of life, informing with sense and purpose the most trivial actions. In respect of this function, all art may be said to partake of symbolism; in the sense that it is meant to convey a spiritual reality,
while still using the human idiom and our normal media of understanding.

The closer the relationship between art and experience the more vibrant will be the contact, first of artist, then of spectator, with the world of spiritual values, and the more dynamic the "symbolism". It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find anything more deeply enmeshed in the literary, creative urge than were Proust's experiences of affective memory. 'On whatever foundations the work of art may rest', he writes in *Temps Retrouvé* (xv. p. 76):

"Je ne pouvais nier que vraiment en ce qui me concernait, quand des impressions vraiment esthétiques m'étaient venues, ç'avait toujours été à la suite de sensations de ce genre."

Proust conceives many of his ideas at a depth where they are indistinguishable from music (R. Dreyfus: *Souvenirs sur Marcel Proust* p. 291). Again, he considers that such experiences of affective memory as the incidents of the Madeleine, the uneven paving-stones, the serviette at Balbec, the steeples at Martinville or the three trees, were already on the way to art, even perhaps capable of assimilation to art, since he can identify with the ecstasy of the "phrase de Vinteuil," the peculiar kind of delight which they gave.

In and by his writing Proust was destined to consummate the last stage of their symbolisation and to prove to the world their affinity, and virtual identity with all the arts.
The Symbol: general discussion - rôle of affectivity. Baudelaire's and Proust's insistence on "inevitability of metaphor and symbol.

The interpretation of the term "symbol" poses implacably the major problem for any reader of poetry and prose, for on this point not even the Symbolists are agreed amongst themselves. Their theories range from the belief that the symbol may well be the equivalent of metaphor (Moréas according to Huret: "Enquête", 1891) to a highly diffuse conception such as the one held by Yeats, linking symbolism and all art: "the continuous, indefinable symbolism which is the substance of all style." (Symbolism of Poetry, 1900 Works vol.i. p.188). The word 'symbol' is derived from the Greek 'symbolos', a token regarded by general consent as naturally typifying or representing, or recalling something by possession of.
representing, or recalling something by possession of analogous qualities or by association in fact or thought. The lion is a symbol of courage - white is a sign or symbol of purity.

A consensus of symbolist theory would seem to imply that the symbol is not only distinguished by a highly affective power, but also performs the function of expressing (cf. "extérioriser") the artist's "état d'âme". This task of revealing the poet's inner depths, of rendering his emotions intelligible to a succession of readers can be conveniently delegated to the symbol, and a wider form of the same phenomenon - the myth. Both allow of the poet's expressing in a form for others to read, the intricate labyrinthine ways of his innermost complexity. This is surely the supreme difference between allegory and symbol, that the former is an universalised and outmoded currency - aiming not so much at fusion of message and language into artistic perfection as at the communication of universal values and ideas - the bevilled edges are worn level, and the poet's highly individual utterance must pour forth into a medium capable of more subjective usage.

Both Baudelaire and Proust are quick to proclaim that

1. The contingencies of time and space are indispensable to the

1 The contingencies of time and space will be discussed equally by Machado see Appendix B to Ch. IX on Time. p.520-21
artist, who wishes not only to capture his inner vision, but to couch it in tangible, intelligible form for contemporaries, and posterity. Indeed it is these very contingencies of time and space which give Baudelaire and Proust their point of departure for the world of inner vision where "tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté, luxe, calme et volupté".

The duality of human nature makes the media of sensation and expression of the individual, indispensable to the artist, if he is to succeed in reaching his fellow-men. Pascal discerned the truth of the paradox: "L'homme n'est ni ange, ni bête, et le malheur veut que qui veut faire l'ange, fait la bête." At the remove of centuries, Marcel Proust sounds a no less stringent tone in the one article which he devoted explicitly to the subject of Symbolism.....

"Contre l'Obscurité" ("Revue Blanche", T.xi., No. 75, p.72, 15/vii/1896) "qu'il me soit permis de dire encore du Symbolisme, dont en somme il s'agit surtout ici, qu'en prétendant négliger les accidents de temps et d'espace pour ne nous montrer que des vérités éternelles, il méconnait une autre loi de la vie, qui est de réaliser l'universel ou l'éternel, mais seulement dans des individus." 

1. Pascal: Pensées No. 358 p.493, Brunschvicg P.407...
2. Proust here draws very close to Machado's conception of the "particular".
Proust had in mind perhaps Maeterlinck more than any other Symbolist writer in the following paragraphs. The 'fourth' dimension, that of "profondeur", has been sacrificed to the "idealists" pre-occupation with the universal.

"Les œuvres purement symboliques risquent donc de manquer de vie et par là de profondeur si, de plus, au lieu de toucher l'esprit, leurs " princesses" et leurs "chevaliers" proposent un sens imprécis et difficile à leur perspicacité; les poèmes qui devraient être de vivants symboles, ne sont plus que de froides allégories."

Proust here draws a distinction between two possibilities within the same work, on the one hand, the clearest work - judged by the efficacy of didactive expression - but on the other, at the same time leaving much to be desired in the respect of aesthetic ideals.

Before a symbol can really stand before us "vivant", a truth incarnate, there must be fusion of an intense and immediate kind between an object of the outer world and the poet's "durée intérieure", that inner, mobile form given to Protean transformation. Inevitability has to characterise symbol and metaphor, - the former a heightened form of the latter according to Proust, and this character of inevitability is achieved by a converging of the outer
and inner worlds. The miracle occurs when some object, however trivial, some sensation, however trifling in appearance, impinges on the depths of consciousness and seems for a moment of "illumination", to epitomise the liquid mobility of the "durée intérieure" - to be in fact, its only possible form of expression.

The "profondeurs opaques" of Montaigne give rise to fascinatingly original expression, when this writer succeeds in capturing a moment of inner consciousness; the poet's message emerges in the sight of the world "tout empreint du parfum des saintes solitudes" by Vigny's intimate avowal, and Proust attributes the transforming power of certain of Bergotte's words to the fact that this peculiar "éclairage" "vient sans doute de grandes profondeurs". T.R.(1) p.174.

Baudelaire sought and found the real "grain de musc", "qui gît invisible au fond de mon éternité", and Proust equally can never content himself with approximations of feeling or expression. Nothing but the inner truth, embedded in the depths, will suffice, and, in literature, an absolute inevitability of cohesion with some object of the outer world. With what stern condemnation Proust must have surveyed some of the half-hearted play of the pseudo-

1. "La Bouteille À la Mer." Verse XXVI.
Symbolists; only the "cime menaçante de l'absolu" and Baudelaire's défi: "L'inexprimable n'existe pas" (Art Romantique p.158, Crépet edition) could have held enthralled the man, who sent out a lash of scorn regardless of hurt to himself and others - in the letter to Louis de Robert ("Revue de France", janvier 1925)

"Au fond de nous, nous sentons bien que les choses sont ainsi, mais nous n'avons pas la force d'aller jusqu'à ce fond extrême où gît la vérité, l'univers réel, notre impression authentique, et nous ordonnons magnifiquement des à peu près d'expressions."

The same obsession with "inevitability" of image and symbol, dominates and inspires a remark in the preface to Tendres Stocks, ("Revue de Paris", Nov. 1920) addressed to Paul Morand. Only boiling point - Proust might well have added, - 'of affectivity,' - can witness the miracle of fusion:

"Tous les à peu près d'images ne comptent pas...

l'eau dans les conditions données bout à 100 degrés. A 98°, à 99°, le phénomène ne se produit pas, alors mieux vaut, pas d'images."

Baudelaire experiences much the same sense of a 'fourth' dimension, "en profondeur", and his words, alive with a

1. Opium can bestow for a time this sense of depth. (Paradis Artificiels. "L'Homme-Dieu". p.208)
poet's sure and unerring intuition, provide a commentary to Proust's own thought on the subject.

In Fusées Baudelaire states what is for him and for many others an incontrovertible fact - that there are moments when one enjoys a heightened sense of existence - quite inexplicably it would seem! It is perhaps most often, an overwhelming sense of unity with a supreme purpose and scheme of things (See Ch. X on Mysticism).

A certain moment and situation seem to tally exactly with their prototypes, unknown and unglipted for the most part, but having their abode in an extra dimension, which it seems possible to call only "profondeur" - no other word can Proust or Baudelaire produce to fit the quality of experience.

The simplest action such as mounting the stairs, can be accompanied by this sudden vision of another dimension, outside time and space, from where it is possible to discern rhyme and reason, an underlying sense in the apparent monotony of human existence, and to know that we form part of a pre-conceived scheme; if we want to recapture this certainty we are bound to send our minds back to the object or situation which seemed to evoke and embody the feeling.

"Il y a des moments de l'existence où le temps et

1. ibid.
l'étendue sont plus profonds, et le sentiment de l'existence immensément augmenté."

(Baudelaire: *Fusées*. p.33 Edition de la Sirène)

A page later, Baudelaire glimpses the inevitability of fusion between the inner world, and "le spectacle, si ordinaire qu'il soit, qu'on a sous les yeux." The high degree of affectivity is marked by the expression, "dans certains états de l'âme presque surnaturels," and seems in this instance of generalisation to supersede the "spectacle" or external world. In both Baudelaire and Proust, however, the external object, perfume, taste, or other sensation can give rise to the "déclenchement magique":

"Dans certains états de l'âme presque surnaturels, la profondeur de la vie se révèle tout entière dans le spectacle si ordinaire qu'il soit, qu'on a sous les yeux. Il en devient le symbole." (*Fusées*. p.35).

Hofmannsthal gives predominance to the affectivity or "flot de vie supérieure," as he terms it, overflowing into

1. Proust will make this "quality of vision" the cardinal rôle in matters of love, especially in the act of "falling in love." His words seem an ironical parody of Baudelaire's statement, the moment we grasp that Proust applies them to something as important as love:

"Nous projetons simplement dans la femme dont nous sommes amoureux un état de notre âme, "par conséquent l'important n'est pas la valeur de la femme mais la profondeur de l'état."* J.F.(3) 130.
* vouchsafed to him — ("réceptacle" is here synonymous with "symbol"):

"C'est quelque chose qui n'a pas de nom, qui se dévoile alors à moi, versant comme en un vase, dans quelque objet visible de mon entourage journalier, un flot débordant de vie supérieure. Un arrosoir, une herse abandonnée dans les champs, un chien au soleil, un pauvre cimetière, un estropié, une petite maison de paysan peuvent devenir les réceptacles de ma révélation"

(Quoted by J. Pommier: La Mystique de Proust)

In his survey of "Le Symbole littéraire chez Baudelaire, Wagner, Bergson, Mallarmé et Proust," Fiser makes great point of quotations from Bergson's writings, all tending to claim that music and painting are the most direct of the arts, unrivalled in immediacy and completely dispensing with symbols. Music, especially, captures the "durée mouvante" of the soul by virtue of its corresponding mobility. Literature, however, since it must ultimately confess the failure of its attempts to launch a frontal attack on the ephemeral and elusive moods of man, is driven to adopt the alternative of "une attaque de biais." Bergson outlines the only possible attitude open to the artist of language,
any object, however trivial, which may chance to be at hand. (Cf. Proust's conception of the process of 'falling in love' - equally governed by the chance of the moment and a momentary combination of favourable circumstances.)

We detect the tone of a mystic, noting for a relatively heedless world the features of this vision, given these circumstances, and he anticipates brilliantly the Symbolist Manifesto. Suggestion (cf. Mallarmé: "Le suggérer, voilà le rêve," ) forms the last yet triumphant resort to which the poet is relentlessly driven back:

See "Revue de Paris", 1899 - a passage from Le Rire p.159. "Et pour nous induire à tenter le même effort sur nous-mêmes, ils s'ingénieront à nous faire voir quelque chose de ce qu'ils auront vu: par des arrangements rhythmés de mots, qui arrivent ainsi à s'organiser ensemble - et à s'animer d'une vie originale, ils nous disent ou plutôt ils nous suggèrent, des choses que le langage n'était pas fait pour exprimer."

Such a mode of action would certainly have appealed with full force to the exponents of innutrition in the sixteenth century in particular, Maurice Scève etc. - no less enamoured of the subtle complexities and ramifications

1. See Stéphane Mallarmé, in J.Huret's "Enquête sur l'évolution littéraire".
2. See Introduction p.XXXV. the parallel which Proust draws between Symbolism and the Sixteenth Century preciosity - the work of poets like Maurice Scève....
of the human soul; and did not Montaigne openly avow his predilection for "prendre les choses de biais" "d'une vue oblique"?

Proust equally visualises the artist's task in terms of an indirect approach, and the reader senses intuitively an instinctive groping for symbol on the part of the writer, as he strips away "le moi social" from "le moi profond", and sets about the painful and exacting task of decoding, deciphering the enigma within, raising it from its native depths to the searching light of day.

Here, if anywhere, Symbolism in the sense of deciphering "le moi profond" is given a superb "raison d'être":-

"En somme cet art si compliqué est justement le seul art vivant; seul il exprime pour les autres et nous fait voir à nous-mêmes, notre propre vie, cette vie qui ne peut pas s'observer, dont les apparences, qu'on observe, ont besoin d'être traduites et souvent lues à rebours et péniblement déchiffrées." (Temps Retrouvé (2) p.49-50)

"C'est la marche en sens contraire, le retour aux profondeurs."

G. Dumas, in his Nouveau Traité de psychologie T.iv., Ch.v., p.313-314, draws a far-reaching distinction between symbol as

1. (Cf. "Or qu'est-ce qu'un poète si ce n'est un traducteur, un déchiffreur?" (Baudelaire: Ch. on Hugo in L'Art Romantique.))
understood and exemplified by Hugo, Musset, Vigny and Leconte de Lisle on the one hand, and "Le symbolisme nouveau" on the other. The second paragraph of this quotation (given below and marked (a)) illustrates vividly a certain alignment of Proust with the Symbolists at least on the ground of aims and aspirations. One has, too, the conviction that the figure of Bergson overshadows the Symbolists and Proust, inspiring and urging them to a further gallant march and assault on the "profondeurs", the "mystères" of "la forêt de l'âme."

"Il ne s'agit pas chez les poètes que nous venons de citer, de trouver des métaphores qui nous fassent participer à des états affectifs, pour lesquels les mots ne suffisent pas, il s'agit de symboles objectifs, bien plus propres à illustrer qu'à analyser....."

The new symbolism is (a) "celui qui traduit non pas des données abstraites, des vérités philosophiques, ou des données affectives conçues, mais des données de la vie intérieure.... (a) et dans ces données ce qu'elles ont de plus personnel, de plus mystérieux."

1. (Hugo).

2. Proust will single out for comment in Baudelaire's "Le Balcon" a sense of mystery - with which the poet's inner 'life' or 'durée intérieure' imbues all surrounding objects and atmosphere. - After speaking of Vigny's power to convey a sense of mystery, Chroniques p.215., he adds, on the subject of Baudelaire: "Bien des vers du 'Balcon' donnent aussi cette impression de mystère."
Apart from Bergson's justification of the symbol for moral and artistic reasons - i.e. to depict the current of inner life, and by the only means language has at its disposal - namely indirect media, it is possible to ground the use of the symbol in the mystic tradition. As Baudelaire and Proust reveal traces of such influence, and certain affinities with the partisans of a mystic conception or Weltanschauung, it would be advisable to examine the validity of the claim put forward by Swedenborg and his followers.

Swedenborg declares that everything in the world is a symbol of something in the supernatural realm. Such a declaration sends the mind irresistibly to Lamartine's exemplification of a theory originally Platonic in the close of "La Vigne et la Maison."

If, like Fourier, the ardent disciple attempted the Titanic task of compiling a catalogue - it would prove quite a formidable endeavour in light of the alleged inevitability attendant upon the birth of symbols, and the true Symbolist's horror of "les à peu près." There is too, the unpleasant risk of ridicule, bound to threaten the thorough-going exponent of his master's doctrine.

Consequently, those who claimed that everything is
capable of being a symbol in the hierarchy of "Universal Analogies", desisted from an excursion into endless detail. Carlyle belongs to this category, and particularly where he mentions the impingement of fantasy on the normal vision of the world, he seems to point the way to Proust. For Proust there is an actual shifting of the present scene, as it yields to the resurrection of a spiritualised form of the past. (See the incident of Balbec.) Carlyle's belief that the whole universe is a symbol of God, brings us close to Baudelaire's theory that art in its highest expression, nature in moods of exaltation, - both are an "aperçu" or "Correspondance du ciel."

The poet, for Charles Baudelaire, rises above the need for invention, rather does he need merely to note by transpositions of sense, the Unity dominating all Creation. "Or qu'est-ce qu'un poète, si ce n'est un traducteur, un déchiffreur?" (Chapter "Victor Hugo" in Baudelaire's L'Art Romantique.)

The difficulty of such a belief, as we have previously noted in the Chapter V on Synesthesia, when treating of the Correspondances - is that it affords no criterion whereby we are enabled to distinguish between good and bad symbols.

1. The opening chapters of Sartor Resartus contain Carlyle's views on the Symbol.
Proust seems here to be in advance of Baudelaire, since he places high in the range of effectiveness, the aesthetic quality of man's utterance. He speaks (see p. 232) of the dangers which beset the poet, luring him from the realm of affectivity, that "climate" enveloping the birth of the symbol, to the cold abstraction of allegory. The idea that everything is a symbol hardly coincides with Baudelaire's accompanying belief that the depth of life is revealed to the artist in exceptional states of mind, "certains états de l'âme presque surnaturels," (Fusées) incapable of extending indefinitely or of conferring unceasingly upon the "voyant" peculiarly felicitous powers of expression.

As Lehmann has remarked in his chapter on the Symbol, Baudelaire has tried unsuccessfully to fuse into one, his theory of metaphor and of universal correspondences, thus involving himself in the wild claim that all metaphor is the fruit of insight into another dimension, namely that of spiritual reality. While Proust stands out in relief as a daring exponent of synesthesia, ringing all conceivable changes of sense transpositions on the faithful metaphor, even perhaps sensing latent within the device a power to reach

the unseen, - despite this, he is intensely anxious to preserve distinction between good and bad metaphors. Good metaphor is for him the result of true fusion between the artist and the external world; bad metaphor occurs when images come to the surface of mind before boiling point. Further, while he exults in the thought that he has captured "un peu de durée à l'état pur", freeing him from contingencies of time and place - he treats these glimpses of spiritual reality, ("extra-temporal") as landmarks in his life - "points de repère", Temps Retrouvé xv.p.72, or "Sommets".

One is reminded of the wonderfully illuminating passage of Temps Retrouvé xv., p.72 where Proust gropes like one obsessed, for objective justification of "la sensation transposée," and before entering the salon of the Duc de Guermantes, seeks to revive within himself "l'homme éternel"; it is as if he sensed in advance the blow which the hand of Time was so cunningly contriving, and we know that he enters the salon, his spiritual strength renewed by this communing with kindred souls - all of whom are linked into fellowship by the aspiration to defeat Time. Humbly but with strong conviction he admits the rareness of such visitations from the 'extra-temporal'. "Quand des impressions vraiment esthétiques m'êtaient venues, ç'avoit

2. " "
3. cf. Coleridge's confession to a similar birth of aesthetic life in his own instance! (Se ps.106 and 487-88 of thesis)
toujours été à la suite de sensations de ce genre; il est vrai qu'elles avaient été assez rares dans ma vie, mais elles la dominaient; je pouvais retrouver dans le passé quelques-uns de ces sommets que j'avais eu le tort de perdre de vue (ce que je comptais ne plus faire désormais)."

At the triumphant close of Temps Retrouvé xv.(p.229) the image of "sommets, points de repère," passes in favour of "juchés sur de vivantes échasses" from which men, like giants, dominate Time in their turn, and, though defeated by space, finally assert their sway over Time, for Proust veritably the "Last Enemy". With this triumphant message ringing in our ears, can we wonder that Proust contended that "metaphor alone can give a species of eternity to style"? ("Le style de Flaubert". p.195) The instances when he felt himself outside the range of Time (the incident of the Madeleine, the row of trees, the steeples of Martinville etc.) stand out in sharp relief as symbols of a transcendental reality and provide him with the "raison d'être" of his great work. (Temps Retrouvé xv.p.71). True metaphor seems to satisfy, - on a smaller scale admittedly - something of Proust's longing for escape from time. In fact, in Temps Retrouvé 2 p.39-40 he ranks the creation of metaphor beside

2. "
the experiences of Combray, and Doncières, which found the true life only when, withdrawn from their place in time, they were relived at a later date within the framework of a kindred sensation. "Le bonhomme de l'analogie" dies hard indeed, even as Proust foretold. Metaphor, here, verges on the rôle of symbol, and distils the eternal essence of life.

"La vérité ne commencera qu'au moment où l'écrivain prendra deux objets différents, posera leur rapport, et les enfermera dans les anneaux nécessaires d'un beau style, ou même ainsi que la vie, quand en rapprochant une qualité commune à deux sensations, il dégagera leur essence en les réunissant, l'une et l'autre pour les soustraire aux contingences du temps dans une métaphore, et les enchaînera par le lien indescriptible d'une alliance de mots.

Connaître la beauté d'une chose longtemps après dans une autre, midi à Combray dans les bruits de ses cloches, les matinées de Doncières dans les hoquets de notre calorifère à eau...."

Proust, therefore, accords to language an immensely important rôle in poetic experience; words are rich with associations, they fuse with the things which they

1. (cf. "Images inévitables.")
2. Proust makes this comment in his article: "Contre l'Obscurité."
represent, and their powers of evocation are infinite. (See Ch.V. on synesthesia). Baudelaire, on the other hand, would deny this measure of independent artistry latent within a word, and conceiving of mystic vision as an a-linguistic activity - he would, in theory, at least, relegate language to a function of mere transcription. To believe as Baudelaire did certainly believe, - that the vision of a transcendental reality stands supreme, before the "voyant" enlists the aid of words, places the rôle of art and aesthetic values in a highly precarious position. Proust avoids this pitfall, and appears to preserve inviolate the integrity of language and vision. (A notable factor helping him is that he never assigns a mystic function to all metaphor indiscriminately. . . .) Proust uses myth, partly, no doubt, under the influence of Wagner's inspiration - especially the passage where Siegfried hammers at the door of his gradually awakening consciousness or the beginning of Du Côté de Chez Swann, haunted by the richly evocative figures of Colo and Geneviève de Brabant. It is tempting to reflect that Proust, in common with Yeats, may well have read and found food for thought in Charles Morice's appreciation of the resources contained within a mellowed language, an appreciation ironical for the Symbolists

1. G.78
who missed their cherished dream of complete innovation, and
who loved to think of fashioning a new language. The Proust,
who loved to renew the life of proper name, myth and legend,
by his own subjective interpretation, would surely have
found a stimulating chord of affinity, a noble "affiliation"
with Charles Morice in this page from the latter's "Littérature
de tout à l'heure." besides the one or two the writer lays
emphasis:"Il est impossible de rien dire de neuf, dans une
langue neuve; elle est ou elle serait toute barbare,
inapt'aux inflexions, avec modulations...."
The grey, twilight tones of Verlaine's poetic utterance
"Nous voulons la Nuance," ("Art Poétique"), flicker inter­
mittently through the following confession of a noble
resignation to age and to the consequent enrichment of
language."En vieillissant, les langues acquièrent avec cette
phosphorescence de la matière qui décompose, cette ductilité
subtile qui permet de mieux induire l'idée dans les
intelligences moins brutalement ouvertes." (p.363)

In Yeats, too, especially in certain lines from his
Philosophy of Shelley's Poetry 1900 (Works vol.vi., p.100)
Proust would have found an answer to his own "visionary gleam",
his own fond caressing of place-names, and in the world of
German myth, he came upon these half-lights allowing of
infinite range of suggestion.  Proust may seem, indeed, in
retrospect, to stand beside Baudelaire, as the poet of
essences and pure ideas; the artist of Yeat's imagining:—

"It is only by ancient symbols, by symbols that have
numberless meanings besides the one or two the writer lays
emphasis upon, or the half-score he knows of, that any
highly subjective art can escape from the barrenness and
shallowness of a too conscious arrangement, into the abundance
and depth of nature.

The poet of essences and pure ideas must seek in the
half-light that glimmers from symbol to symbol as if to the
ends of the earth, all that the epic and dramatic poet
finds of mystery and shadow in the accidental circumstances
of life."

(i) Inspiration derived by Proust from Ruskin.

(ii) "Le génie" - "une qualité de vision".

(iii) Proust's debt to Ruskin in the respect of religious
symbolism.

(iv) Absence of Faith from Proust's novel.

"Aesthésie" sometimes prevails over "Théorie".

(See Roger Fry.)

(v) Completeness of Baudelaire's impregnation by
Catholic liturgy in his poetry, even in the poems
of revolt.
CHAPTER VIII.

Liturgical Symbolism in Baudelaire and Proust.

"Of the two it is not Hugo with his sham medievalism, who might have been a carver of images in a cathedral, but Baudelaire, the impure man of Faith, the casuist kneeling with a grimace upon his lips, and destined for damnation".

"À propos de Baudelaire", p.198.

1. Introduction. Relationship between Art and Morality.

Baudelaire's Liturgy. The Structure of "Limbes", and of Proust's novel.

2. Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites.

(i) Inspiration derived by Proust from Ruskin.

(ii) "Le Génie" - "une qualité de vision".

(iii) Proust's debt to Ruskin in the respect of religious symbolism.

(iv) Absence of faith from Proust's novel.

'Aesthesis' sometimes prevails over 'Theoria'.

(See Roger Fry.)

(v) Completeness of Baudelaire's impregnation by Catholic liturgy in his poetry, even in the poems of revolt.
(vi) Continued presence of ritual - indirect expression of need of God, in Proust's writing.

Link between Proust and the Pre-Raphaelites.


(i) Introductory remarks.


(iii) Rapprochement between Baudelaire and Waugh's Character of Sebastian in Brideshead Revisited. The ancient liturgy is a veritable part of Baudelaire.

(iv) The adoration of beauty outside the aegis of the Catholic Church, but continued use of Catholic Symbols in this worship of beauty.

(v) Aesthetics of Baudelaire and Racine.

(Racine is Baudelairean in practice, not in theory.)

(vi) Baudelaire's affinities with the writers of Mystery and Allegory.

(a) Proust's commentary on Baudelaire's symbolism.

(b) Proust's hitherto unpublished commentary on Baudelaire's symbolism.

4. Proust.

(i) The analogy of 'Cathedral- Forest' in Proust.

(ii) A living symbolism? Can religious images provide this? Proust's answer.
(iii) Proust's religious symbolism - Conclusion.

CHAPTER VIII.

Liturical Symbolism In Saudelaire and Proust.

"There is a Jesuit philosophy, a Jesuit art, a Jesuit pedagogy.
Saudelaire himself was in touch with the Church if only through sacrilege". Lettre à G. de Lauris.
July 29, 1903.


The Church gave birth to medieval drama; the embryonic forms of Mystery and Miracle plays grew from the enactment of the scriptures. The liturgy provides a symbolism, kept alive through the ages by constant and meaningful repetition, as well as by the vital and universal message of the Gospels. An important element in favour of the continued perennial life of liturgical symbolism, must surely be the fact that we imbibe it from infancy onwards. The symbol has become part of our second nature and its meaning is gradually unfolded to us, in many cases grafted only later on to the abundance of images peopling our minds. The acceptance of images has been first the role of our emotions; only later will the intellect and reasoning establish the...
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I. Introduction: - Relationship between Art and Morality.

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The Church gave birth to medieval drama; the embryonic forms of Mystery and Miracle plays grew from the enactment of the Scriptures. The liturgy provides a symbolism, kept alive through the ages by constant and meaningful repetition, as well as by the vital and universal message of the Gospels. An important element in favour of the continued perennial life of liturgical symbolism, must surely be the fact that we imbibe it from infancy onwards. The symbol has become part of our second nature and its meaning is gradually unfolded to us, in many cases grafted only later on to the abundance of images peopling our minds. The acceptance of images has been first the rôle of our emotions; only later will the intellect and reasoning establish the
hold and supremacy of symbol.

It is a debatable point whether the aesthetic appeal of a symbol can be divorced from its message or whether the two mingle inextricably:

L'Art Romantique: "Réflexions sur mes Contemporains". "Ils devraient dire - ces esprits faux: 'l'Idée et la forme sont deux êtres en un'."

whether in fact we have here a repetition of the age-old dilemma, style and content - can they be separated or are they indissolubly one? The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood seem peculiarly sensitive to the aesthetic appeal, and somewhat alarmingly find justification for their preferences only later in the framework of morals! Ruskin and Morris will never tire in their attempts to establish the true relationship between art and morals. They claim that what is moral is beautiful art, but such a claim cannot possibly carry conviction, - otherwise moral treatises would be aesthetic masterpieces. Nor can the question as to whether art is moral be answered by a wholly unqualified affirmative. Both negative eventualities are possible. Some other element, - call it genius, a perfection of vision and expression in one breath - has to intervene for a work of art to be born, whether compounded of moral subject matter or of material questionable according to the criterion of accepted morals.

In the liturgy we are forever discovering afresh the
beauty of religion and art, but in such unity that it is impossible to draw any line of division between the message and its expression; the two must have fused in the writer's act of creation, much in the manner of the "images inévitables" of Marcel Proust's dreams and fulfilment. (See "Préface" to Tendres Stocks of Paul Morand). The message has hallowed its expression and the expression has in turn rendered beautiful and perfect artistically the sacred meaning. There are, no doubt, already inherent in holiness powerful elements of beauty (cf. Biblical "The beauty of holiness" as well as Plato's comments on the beauty of noble lives - their harmony and symmetry). Beauty, too, of any kind, whether or not it be wholly moral, reveals a harmonious ordering and pattern. A striving for harmony can often be the very essence of morality. (see "Les Veuves") where the Poor Man's Grief, so Baudelaire alleges, reveals lack of harmony, "une absence d'harmonie qui le rend plus navrant".

Baudelaire wisely avails himself of the refrains and cadences of liturgy, as well as of its imagery, in such a way as to distil the very quintessence of poetry and association. Not only in the poems of Satanism, - how often the fruits of an inverted sense of Christianity, - but in the poems of the "Vénus Blanche" cycle, does he bring into

glorious use the cadence of majestic forms and ritual. Set in contrast the "Litanies de Satan" with the ardent spiritualised "Hymne à la très chère, à la très belle". "Harmonie du Soir" is translucent with the light of Catholic Imagery, in that haunting and incandescent manner, peculiar to the poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins, (Note rhythms of the "Loss of the Deutschland".) or of Francis Thompson, particularly the latter's "Hound of Heaven."

cf. Baudelaire,

"Voici venir les temps où vibrant sur sa tige Chaque fleur s'évapore ainsi qu'un encensoir. Le ciel est triste et beau comme un grand reposoir." (XLVII p.46)

and Francis Thompson:

"I was heavy with the even When she lit her glimmering tapers, Round the day's dead sanctities."

The natural scene evoking the poet's emotions is, in every instance, a frame for the delicate miniature of the poetic image:- sometimes magical fusion is achieved, and there results one focus - the simile disappears completely and evening's act of lighting the stars is that of the priest lighting the tapers and letting forth a dirge over the day that is fled. It is obvious that the more complete the fusion, the more forceful and disturbing must be the impact of the Symbolism. (Cf. Proust, who, in the Cathedrals, occasionally senses the message just as original congregations
2. Divisions taken from Thibaudet.
Artificials" - situated on the confines of Limbo and Hell, and ultimately witness the soul's arrival at Death - a Dantesque growth and formation.

Proust shows a constant regard for symmetry. We know that he prided himself on marshalling his gifts and powers to construct a novel - even as the artisans of bygone centuries united their forces to erect a cathedral. The likening of the novel to a cathedral formation recurs under his pen as a steady leitmotif, - and he has recorded in a letter of 1919 to the Comte Jean de Caigneron that the image of a cathedral was the core of his inspiration as novelist and creator:

"Et quand vous me parlez des cathédrales, je ne peux pas ne pas être ému d'une intuition qui vous permet de deviner ce que je n'ai jamais dit à personne, et que j'écris ici pour la première fois; c'est que j'aurais voulu donner à chaque partie de mon livre le titre, Porche, Vitraux de l'abside etc. pour répondre d'avance à la critique absurde qu'on me fait de manquer de construction, dans les livres où je vous montrerai que le seul mérite est dans la solidité des moindres parties. J'ai renoncé tout de suite à ces titres d'architecture parce que je les trouvais trop prétentieux; mais je suis touché que vous les retrouviez par une sorte de divination de l'intelligence ..."

André Maurois (p.174 ss.) has developed this prime conception and applied it to the entire form of Proust's novel:

'The arches are supported by the first volume and the last. To the theme of the little madeleine of Swann correspond the themes of the uneven paving stones and the serviette.' So, pursuing the analogy further, Maurois discovers in the incident of Swann's Love Affair a pagan temple or Roman church, surrounded by the rest of the work, as if by a Gothic cathedral. 'In Mademoiselle de Saint Loup, "Le côté de chez Swann" has linked up with "le côté de Guermantes". The arch is completed, the Cathedral consummated.' From such articles in Pastiches et Mélanges, as "Death Comes to the Cathedrals" we know that he shared with Ruskin a most profound admiration for this poise and balance of workmanship - all forces unified by a mastering aim - even as his own propensities combined to urge him ever onward in pursuit of "Lost Time", and solution of the enigma raised by the phenomenon of Involuntary Memory.

2. Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

(i) Inspiration derived by Proust from Ruskin.

From Ruskin Proust must certainly have gained much deep knowledge of liturgical symbolism and from the writings of Emile Mâle also. It is Ruskin, whom he reads with boyish
eagerness, before he sets out on a pilgrimage for Amiens, and Ruskin's note about "the little man" will inspire him to search the sculpture of the main portal at Rouen until rewarded by discovery.

"En Mémoire des Eglises Assassinées."
(Pastiches et Mélanges, p.174.)

To Ruskin, this same minutely and superbly carved figure owes a new immortality, an enshrinement in literature as well as in its native tracery of a cathedral sculpture.

"En Mémoire des Eglises assassinées" with its wonderfully evocative sub-titles -

I. "Les Eglises Sauvées".
II. "Journées de Pèlerinage".
III. "John Ruskin. La Mort des Cathédrales",

this masterpiece of aesthetic and moral appraisal could arise only from an ardent interest in the English writer and in his predilection for the cathedral both in conception

1. In one dédicace to Céleste Albaret, Proust cites their visits to Cathedrals as more significant to him than much book learning.
and execution. The Pre-Raphaelites favoured the education of the senses, and it is not surprising that moral import and the fine shades of aesthetic culture are forever intermingled in their work. The Symbol was bound inevitably to compel their admiration and enslave them to an arduous cult. We are strongly aware of this predilection and of the rigour of its demands - chiefly a ceaseless striving to express the inexpressible - in Holman Hunt's "The Light of the World" or in the contrasting, but symbol-laden atmosphere of Gustave Moreau's paintings. The combination, indeed, the fusion of morals and aesthetics, such as presented itself to them in the High Anglican Church Movement on the one hand and in Rome on the other, may rank as one of the original factors urging the members to turn to cathedrals and their Liturgy.

(ii) Le Génie - "Une qualité de vision". Ruskin's stress on power of vision as distinguishing attribute of the artist reminds us of a constant theme of Proust's aesthetics - the conviction that "la qualité de vision" is the nearest we shall ever attain to definition of genius. Many critics have been united in singling out as dominant trait of Proust's aesthetics and practice a remarkable

1. See Mina Curtiss: Letters of Marcel Proust No. 111 to Antoine Bibesco, Nov. 1912. (pp. 189-190.)
emphasis on powers of vision and expression. Proust sees the world and renders his vision with searching clarity - he lends us his 'optique', as far as literature is concerned, as effectively as any chemist of Illiers in a purely material sphere. Further, Ruskin thinks of vision in terms of poetry and religion, thus introducing a new bias.


"The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something, and tell what it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy and religion all in one."

(iii) Proust's debt to Ruskin in the respect of religious Symbolism. Sensuous trend.

Did Proust perhaps seize upon this statement of his idol and hope that a breath from the spirit of the actual Liturgy and sculpture of the Church would increase his own artistic powers in the rôle of "déchiffreur" or "interpreter" of the object seen? The sculpture of the cathedral, the cadences of service and ritual, form a perfect example of spiritual vision and artistic expression melted into one, religion and art coalescing into joyful and eternal unity. Can Proust, the novelist of the twentieth century express so faultlessly a symbolism equally alive and immediate for his contemporary readers and posterity?

The inspiration may have dawned partly from the
cathedrals and their liturgy, from their appraisal by Ruskin, - but no one would claim that the translucent flame of religion animates all Proust's symbolism. Sometimes with a sense of dreariness we discover that the light of belief is wholly absent, - that a layman's appreciation of cathedral and liturgy only on artistic grounds remains to console us. Hence the undeniable irony of the opening passage of 'Death comes to the Cathedrals' - for Proust the inner faith is no longer inviolate!

p.198, **Chroniques**:

"Supposons pour un instant le catholicisme était depuis des siècles, les traditions de son culte perdu".

p.199 "Mais, malgré tout, on ne peut s'empêcher de penser combien ces fêtes devaient être plus belles au temps où c'étaient des prêtres qui célébraient les offices, non pour donner aux lettres une idée de ces cérémonies mais parce qu'ils avaient en leur vertu la même foi que les artistes qui sculptèrent le jugement dernier au tympan du porche, ou peignirent la vie des saints aux vitraux de l'abside."

Proust deplores the fact that, try as we may, we must fail to hear the liturgy and to see the sculpture with the perception of their first witnesses. He admits failure and his appreciation is at times entirely sensuous.


Surely, true art, be it liturgy or sculpture has

1. Now we stage artistic renewals. This is how the Christians conducted their cult before "Death came to the Cathedrals"!
universal range! Provided that the message and its expression have once fused - their appeal remains timeless. If, like Proust, any other readers feel out of touch with medieval symbolism, have to make an effort to bridge the distance between the modern and medieval stance, a lack of faith may well be responsible. I feel that Proust is constantly trying to reach religion and religious understanding, even conviction, by way of the medieval expression in liturgy and cathedral.

Tragic to record, - depth of faith and conviction are not actually present within him, ready to illuminate and in turn be illumined by the medieval artisan's expression of what the faithful beheld and knew in their inmost hearts. Ruskin and his fellow pre-Raphaelites with their acclamation of good art as the product of good men; their (un-Baudelairean) watchword - "Art is Morality, Life is art; Religion is poetry;" may sometimes appear to us in the guise of men born out of their time, virtual members of the class of medieval artisans, towards whose number they naturally gravitate. Active in them, is something of that desire, which animated the writers of the Renaissance movement, but whereas their desire had the Latin and Greek classics as its goal, the Pre-Raphaelites were now reverting to the Bible and to the interpretations which the Middle Ages chose to give of the Holy Writ.
Graham Hough discerns in the Last Romantics a tempering of Hebraism with Hellenism, and this critic's discernment in Ruskin of the same distinction as Roger Fry's, between the apprehension of beauty as a sensuous charm, and the apprehension of beauty as a satisfying emotional order, the perceptual or aesthesis on the one hand, the supersensual and theoria on the other, could, in turn, be applied admirably to Proust's own appreciation of religious art. Wherever Proust fails to apprehend fully the supersensual or theoria in cathedral sculpture and ritual, he falls back upon apprehension of beauty as a sensuous charm. (See in Chroniques the part where he speaks of the vague but satisfying reaction of the uninitiated layman to the glories of the church).

Whatever liquidations losses of belief may cause, childhood associations of hawthorn as a symbol on the altar of Mary's month - these linger, and once having impregnated his mind, haunt him for ever. Theoria and aesthesis are present singly or in unison. The aesthetic appeal of religion is never lost upon Proust. So he will long for his work to be dominated by a unity no less strong than that which ordains the symmetry of a church in conception.

to the finest details of execution. In the sequel to the essay, "A Propos de Baudelaire", a fragment not yet published by Gallimard, but due December, 1952, Proust cannot help observing in Baudelaire as in Gérard de Nerval, coupled with miracles in the fine details of execution, negligence in the broad outlines of conception.

(v) Completeness of Baudelaire's impregnation by Catholic Liturgy - even in poems of Revolt.

In Baudelaire's instance, the reactions are much more clear cut. While none of his critical prose writings dwells at such length on liturgical matters as "En Mémoire des Eglises Assassinées", it is entirely through the veiled artistic medium of his poetry that we are left to measure the extent of his impregnation by the liturgy. Aesthetically the impregnation is complete, comparable in fact to the degree of innutrition presented in England in our own day by Francis Thompson and Gérard Manley Hopkins, e.g. "Confession", "Harmonie du Soir", "Obsession", "De Profundis Clamavi"... or the poems of Revolt: "Reniement de Saint Pierre", "Litanies de Satan" and all the poems of the spiritual cycle, all virtual "Hymnes" addressed to the "Muse, Madone, Ange Gardien".

Whether the poet expresses a need of God, all the more acute because it takes the form of Satanism, and denial,
whether, in moods of deeper tranquillity, he expresses unutterable yearning for a spiritualised reality, or simply rests for a moment in the Platonic love of the Vénus Blanche Cycle (addressed to Madame Sabatier), the religious cadences spring rhythmically under his pen and indicate the depth of their acceptance by a continued presence, dirge, almost, in face of the poet's revolt against the spiritual message which they bear. They bring home more powerfully than ever, man's inability to escape from God and wholly to overrule an irrefutable demand of his nature.

(vi) Continued presence of ritual - indirect expression of need for God in Proust's writing. Link with the Pre-Raphaelites.

"The Catholic liturgy is one with the architecture of our cathedrals, because these things derive from the self-same symbolism."

("En Mémoire des Eglises Assassinées"). 1

François Mauriac described Proust's work as one "d'où Dieu est terriblement absent". He might have added that the ritual of Christianity and reflection of the innate need lingered still through the Satanism of the characters, through all the sense of void which vaulting desire strives

1. Proust chosen by G. Hopkins, p.100
2. Du côté de chez Proust.
in vain to bridge; (life-stories of Swann and Marcel); in the anguished attempt to reach Eternity while "still here on this bank and shoal of Time", and in the emulation through scheme and execution, of those artisans who built the cathedrals of France.

The 'Village Church', 'White May; Pink May' bear steady witness to the power of beliefs inculcated at an early age. (The 'Village Church', 'White May; Pink May', reappear in the substance of the novel).

'In Memory of the Churches' is the logical forthcoming of such early promise, which had to find fulfilment, if not in the rich glories of belief and faith, at least in veneration through the medium of Ruskin, of the forms of beauty to which such belief gave birth.

Harold March and others will continue their efforts to assess how close Proust draws in fact to God by a cult of mysticism and by his assimilation of art to religion.

Examples adduced by Graham Hough in the Last Romantics only prove further that for the late nineteenth century the attempt to find a connection between art and religious experience is a major pre-occupation. Examples are Ruskin, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Pater, all fascinated by traditional

1. H. March; The Two Worlds of Marcel Proust.
Rossetti's poetry is filled with Christian Imagery, Pater is obsessed by the conflict between Pagan and Christian religious ideals, and many of the aesthetics of the nineties found that the worship of beauty could be satisfyingly consummated only within the Catholic Church. A French critic in the nineties wrote a book on Ruskin et la religion de la beauté. Not only do passages from the Ruskin diaries at the time when the 'Seven Lamps' was being written, show that Ruskin was open to the fascination of services in French cathedrals, but Proust quotes in their entirety and with evident approval many such passages from Ruskin's writings. It is strikingly apparent that Proust and the Pre-Raphaelites of the nineties, headed by Ruskin, here meet on common, and for literature and the aesthetics, abundantly fruitful ground.


(i) Introductory Remarks.

Hebraism tempered with Hellenism, or the Christian and Greek mythologies maintained as separate camps in rigid mutual isolation - the use of the one virtually excluding any potential riches of the other, - this problem has presented itself to a long succession of poets. - There are seventeenth century disputes as to the advisability even propriety of admitting "le merveilleux chrétien", to form part of the scenic...
décor and motive of the action - Corneille and Racine boldly add to the territory of the stage a whole world of Biblical history - Old Testament and New - with all the accompanying conceptions; finally Chateaubriand makes daring use of Biblical material in epic form, and releases Christian figures for inspiration of modern poetry. These are some of the outstanding stages of development but the late nineteenth century and the twentieth often mask a compromise, a more complete blending than hitherto of Christian and Greek elements within the self-same work of art, poem or novel, — a rhythmic turning now to Hebraism, now to Hellenism. Hebraism, a changeless and universal liturgy, colour Baudelaire's conceptions and imagery.

(ii) Liturgical symbolism. Rôle of grief in Baudelaire's and Proust's aesthetics.

A trait which strikes us at once is Baudelaire's Christian acceptance and exaltation of "la Douleur". The young poet of "Bénédiction" "S'enivré en chantant du chemin de la Croix" and for his race, "La Douleur est la noblesse unique". The greatest testimony of human dignity lies, in fact, in a brave expression of resignation through the medium of art, not only of music, but of all the arts, "yearning like a god in pain" (Keats: "The Eve of St. Agnes"). Proust, in...
turn, conserves as life-blood of his doctrine the Catholic approach to the problem of pain and suffering.

"As soon as one is unhappy, one becomes moral", writes Proust and the words ring out like an epitaph to Baudelaire's clairvoyance or "conscience dans le mal". We know too, that, at times, Baudelaire discards even the morality which suffering might bring:

"Que m'importe que tu sois sage? Sois belle! et sois triste!"

"Madrigal".

One of the attributes, which Baudelaire accords to his ideal conception of beauty, is "le malheur", "la douleur", Fusées, p.29.

"J'ai trouvé la définition du Beau, de mon Beau; c'est quelque chose d'ardent et de triste - c'est une tête de femme qui fait rêver à la fois, mais d'une manière confuse, de volupté et de tristesse..... le mystère, le regret, sont aussi des caractères du Beau. Je ne conçois guère un type de Beauté où il n'y ait du Malheur."

and we find Proust saying the self-same thing in Albertine Disparue: "Grief like Art imparts charm and mystery to insignificant things"

Baudelaire lost his own consciousness of personal grief

1. Within a budding grove (1) p.290. (Scott-Moncrieff translation)
2. Ill.p.176. (E.Starkie edition)
3. Albertine Disparue p.107 (Scott-Moncrieff)
by taking what he so originally coined "un bain de multitude", and by allowing his personal complaint to be absorbed in the sufferings of humanity. This is the process in "Les Petites Vieilles", and "Les sept Vieillards", where the poet's heart vibrates with the common chord of sympathy, - indeed, a profound compassion for his fellow-sufferer - this "hypocrite lecteur, mon semblable et mon frère". So Proust could voice the sentiment that we cease to feel our own grief by becoming another person. (Albertine Disparue). This was true in his own instance, also by reason of the swift flow of "moi successifs", enabling an "interrittenue du coeur", a cessation, even if only momentary - because memory has its returns - to the paroxysm and agony of grief. In Temps Retrouvé, 256-264, there is an appreciation of the value of grief to the writer; - like Baudelaire, Proust must "imposer tous les temps, tous les univers", and leave to grief a mellowing and deepening of his character.

escape to the farthermost ends of the world and so hide from God, must surely fail. "From the utmost ends of the world I will draw them into my net". See p.194 of Brideshead Revisited. "There's father gone and Sebastian gone and Julia gone. But God won't let them go for long you know. You remember the story Mummy read us, the evening Sebastian first got drunk. I mean the bad evening. Father Brown said something like 'I caught him, (the thief) with an unseen hook and an invisible line, which is long enough to let him wander to the ends of the world, and still to bring him back with a twitch upon the thread'."

The author of Brideshead Revisited avails himself of this truth to solve the enigma of Sebastian's character. Sebastian, the man, who, all his life long, has tried to evade his vocation to God, merely proves the need for this service, all the more by the misery and length of his "evasion". He ends his days happily in menial tasks at some monastery - triumphantly "drawn into the net" by an urgent, inner need.

One cannot approximate Baudelaire to Sebastian, but the line of action and reaction is much the same. Even when despairing at the distance he has travelled from the Christian tenets and practice of his childhood, he finds himself driven involuntarily to use of Catholic imagery.
In "Spleen et Idéal" VIII he addresses "la Muse Vénale", one of his "moi successifs", in words full of melancholy and regret that the light of faith has to all appearances burnt out. Sardonic despair and derision that the "embers of his spirit" are sunk so low and now fade out beneath "the ashes of mischance", there is all this in the sadness with which a sudden flash of Catholic imagery is tinged, as it reaches him from the depths of childhood. His sense of defeat has to flow from him, couched in the imagery of the very religion he seeks to evade; a sure reflection, this, of his need of God.

"Will you have embers to warm your feet, blue with cold?" he asks his Muse. "When penniless, will you still gather the gold of armed vaults? You must earn your living as 'un saltimbanque à jeun'."

or 'Comme un enfant de choeur, jouer de l'encensoir Chanter des Te Deum auxquels tu ne crois guère'"

In "Le Mauvais Moine" (Fleurs du Mal) reigns a feeling akin to Sebastian's that he has failed God and disappointed God's trust and plan for his service in the Church. The essence of his soul (cf. the scent of "le vieux flacon") is Christian to the extent that all the ancient liturgy has become a part of his inmost being - "intérieurisé" so deeply within him that he can no longer, from an objective standpoint, estimate the exact degree of his accord with religion.
In Christopher Fry's The Firstborn, Ramases brings the news to Anath that Moses and Aaron "are standing here at the foot of the stairway", but Moses has grown to be so much a part of Anath's own mind and its most intimate workings, so "intériorisé" (even as for Baudelaire, the conceptions and figures of religion rejected by him) that Anath says of the rejected Moses:

"He has stood all day under my brain's stair way"

So Baudelaire's soul is a grave, a terrible cloister, where no vestige of holy truth adorns the walls.

"Mon âme est un tombeau que, mauvais cénobite,
Depuis l'éternité je parcours et j'habite,
Rien n'embellit les murs de ce cloître odieux."

There follows a heartfelt plea and confession to his own inadequacy.

"0 moine fainéant, quand saurai-je donc faire
Du spectacle vivant de ma triste misère,
Le travail de mes mains et l'amour de mes yeux?"

The punishment, "châtiment de l'orgueil", which he predicted - probably for himself as much as for any other offender of Divine laws - came true most ironically for Baudelaire. Proust quotes the irony in the part of his "A propos de Baudelaire" to be published December 1952 - and says of the
poet's blasphemy at the last, that it is only seemingly blasphemy and he states: "Mettre en avant, 'sa raison s'en alla.'"

(iv) The adoration of beauty outside the aegis of the Catholic Church, but continued use of Catholic symbols in the worship of beauty.

Dangers arise from a worship of beauty for its own sake, beauty divorced from any spiritualising power. G.Hough observed the growing tendency of the late nineteenth century to love and praise beauty only in the context of the Christian religion, and the aegis of the Catholic Church.

Baudelaire at times worships beauty blindly - all his immense store of poetic energy and feeling running riot and thus incurring a grave risk of misdirection. His love of the ugly and Satanic surely marks the logical outcome of a strength for worship of the good perverted to the other extreme. The poet worships beauty divorced from life and soul, for its own sake and for the relief which it brings from ugliness and from the burden of Time. ("Tant l'écheveau du temps lentement se dévide.")

Proust will take increasing refuge in beauty outside

1. The Last Romantics
2. cf."L'Ecole Pâïenne" of L'Art Romantique: - "Le Goût immodéré de la forme pousse à des désordres monstrueux et inconnus - les notions du juste et du vrai disparaissent. La Passion frénétique de l'art est une chancre qui dévore le reste."
the aegis of orthodoxy, and moral perversion equally ensues. Pangs of conscience that the powers of appreciation are no longer harnessed to the morality of a Christian upbringing, we find reflected in his prolonged search to recover the unspoilt candour and "mysticité" of childhood. The moral decline predestined from that moment of his childhood, when he failed to do without his Mother's Goodnight kiss, how much anguish and pain of conscience this débâcle or fall from grace was to inflict on Proust, we shall never fully realise.

The terms of liturgy and the ritual which should have God as supreme object are now directed upon the Vénus Noire and the Vénus Blanche. The re-direction of such imagery from its real and fitting object to the loved one, has a movement like the swing of a pendulum to other aspirations. The beloved has the odour of sanctity and floods a new light upon his vision. The rebound and renaissance of his soul to worship, have something of the strength of renewal, that dynamic quality observed by Proust in his idol's verse.

Moreover, it is the loved one, "la très belle, la très bonne et la très chère", whose "regard divin" "l'a soudain reflueri", and even in those instances selected by Proust, it is this same love of a woman, that endows him with sudden power of renewal. I quote this illuminating criticism in entirety;

1. See Proust chosen by Hopkins. "Préface" to Tendres Stocks. pp.213-114
"et pourtant nul poète n'eut mieux le sens du renouvellement, au milieu même d'une poésie. Parfois c'est un brusque changement de ton ......

Un exemple plus frappant est le poème qui commence par

'Bientôt nous plongerons dans les froides ténèbres,' et continue

tout d'un coup, sans transition, dans un autre ton, par ces vers qui, même dans le livre, sont tout naturellement chantés:

"J'aime de vos longs yeux la lumière verdâtre." D'autres fois la pièce s'interrompt par une action précise. Au moment où Baudelaire dit: 'Mon coeur est un palais....'

Brusquement, sans que cela soit dit, le désir le reprend, la femme le force à une nouvelle jouissance et le poète à la fois enviré par les délices, à l'instant effervescents, et songeant à la fatigue du lendemain, s'écrit:

'Un parfum nage autour de votre gorge nue
O beauté, dur fléau des âmes, tu leveux;
Avec ces yeux de feu brillants, comme des fêtes,
Calcine ces lambeaux qu'ont épargnés les bêtes.'"

(v) Aesthetics of Baudelaire and Racine. (Racine is Baudelairean in practice).

As for Baudelaire's worship of beauty, how far is it allied to good and its manifestations? Baudelaire would have

1. Fernand Gregh records that Proust was particularly fond of this line ...
pointed fingers of scorn at introduction into works of art of any moral criteria. L'Art Romantique p.158 "La poésie ne peut pas, sous peine de mort ou de déchéance, s'assimiler à la science ou à la morale, elle n'a pas la vérité pour objet. Elle n'a qu'elle-même."

Froust has stressed the poet's honestly avowed lack of conformity to normal moral criteria and his (Baudelaire's) studied opposition to the view of the Racinian prefaces i.e. that "virtue should be shown in the most favourable light, even the slightest faults severely punished and the thought of crime approached with as much horror as crime itself .... "

Baudelaire is perhaps more honest in his prefatory note to the reader: "Hypocrite lecteur, mon semblable et mon frère"

Beauty is the criterion and inspiration to worship, and the poet unashamedly confesses that evil often appears in attractive guise. "Aux objets répugnants, nous trouvons des appas". (See prefatory note to Fleurs du Mal) and this serves as partial justification in advance, of his idolatry of beauty, wherever found .... The dictate is sweeping:-

1. See beginning of section 3 of this chapter, p.270
2. Fleurs du Mal."Au lecteur" p.2
"... Je suis belle et j'ordonne
Que pour l'amour de moi vous n'aimiez que le beau.
Je suis l'Ange Gardien, la Muse et la Madone"

(XLII)

A certain preciosity, which we sometimes associate with metaphysical poetry, - part of the work of Marot and of Scève in France, and of Donne in England, becomes strikingly evident whenever Baudelaire's ecstasy drives him to overstate and "paint the lily" as in the lovely lines redolent with the mystery of altar and shrine. Baudelaire 'wears his symbolism with a difference' and just as Phèdre's prayers were to and for Hippolyte, Baudelaire's devotion flows to Venus. No wonder that Proust found such a Racinian flavour in Baudelaire's poetry. (See "A Propos de Baudelaire")

"Charmants yeux, vous brûlez de la clarté mystique,
Qu'ont les cierges brûlant en plein jour; le soleil Rougit mais n'éteint pas leur flamme fantastique.

Ils célèbrent la mort. Vous chantez le réveil,
Vous marchez en chantant le réveil de mon âme,
Astres dont nul soleil ne peut flétrir la flamme."

"A une Madone, Ex voto dans le goût espagnol,"
provides a further instance of preciosity - an address to his

1. See XXII.p.41
beloved in religious style. The application to love of images rightly the prerogative of divine worship reaches a high pitch of intensity. The hair of his beloved is a "vivant sachet", "encensoir", not of "l'église" but of "l'alcôve".

(vi) Baudelaire's affinities with the writers of Mystery and Allegory.

(a) Proust's commentary on Baudelaire's symbolism.

There are moments when Baudelaire verges on the style of Mystère and Allegory, if we judge by a form which his particular vein of Symbolism readily takes. Not only the already well known essay "A Propos de Baudelaire" but the "Suite" - a fragment still to be published at the time of writing, probably in December 1952, - includes a passage conveying intense appreciation of the vividness of Baudelaire's symbols.

Nothing short of spiritual affinity could have inspired such perceptive literary criticism as the following taken from the present "A Propos de Baudelaire" just as it stands, and it is of the utmost value to us in our attempts to establish a link between the uses of liturgical symbolism in the writing of poet and novelist.

Mystery, Proust confesses, ranks as a dominant

characteristic of Baudelaire's poetry, but he dismisses the claim that mystery could be called the most characteristic feature of his work, and concentrates his attention on religious symbolism - particularly the variety inspired by an overshadowing of Death (cf. the dramatic use of inference to create in imagination the figure of Death in Christopher Fry's *The First Born*.)

Fascinating figure in a "lignée de malades littéraires", Proust conceived that the body was a potential foe of the spirit, and obstacle to its development, and in this vein, he wrote that "les malades se sentent plus près de leur âme". This fact of illness may have played no small part not only in Baudelaire's increase of spiritual vision and love of religious symbolism but also in the growth of Proust's liturgical symbols - and indeed the carving of his work, in all the layers of its structure, after the manner of a cathedral; a task lovingly performed, and written as he freely tells, under imminent threat of extinction by Death, "le vieux chasseur". Is this partly the secret of both writers' power over us today, their dreadful proximity to Death ....?

Chroniques: "Peut-être, hélas! faut-il contenir la mort prochaine en soi, être menacé d'aphasie comme Baudelaire,

1. P. J. 37.
Pour avoir cette lucidité dans la souffrance véritable, ces accents religieux, dans les pièces sataniques.

Il faut que le gibier paye le vieux chasseur...

Avez-vous donc pu croire, hypocrites surpris,

Qu'on se moque du maître et qu'avec lui on triche,

Et qu'il soit naturel de recevoir deux prix,

.. D'aller au ciel et d'être riche?

Peut-être faut-il avoir ressenti les mortelles
fatigues qui précèdent la mort pour pouvoir écrire sur elle
le vers délicieux que jamais Victor Hugo n'aurait trouvé;

O'Et qui refait le lit des gens pauvres et nus'

C'est un ange qu'i'j

(b) Proust's as yet unpublished commentary on Baudelaire's symbolism.

In the hitherto unpublished fragment on Baudelaire,
Proust is even more explicit, especially about Baudelaire's
predilection for symbol - a trait of the medieval mind - and about those features of Baudelaire's symbolism which make
most intimate appeal, in its vivid tangible substance, a visual and dignified imagery turned to new glory by poetic
alchemy.

Proust seems to concentrate on the symbols of death.

I quote the passage in extenso.
"Et du reste, peut-on compter ces formes, quand il n'a jamais parlé de rien (et il a parlé de toute l'âme) qu'il n'ait montré par un symbole et toujours si matériel, si frappant, si peu abstrait, avec les mots les plus forts, les plus visuels, les plus dignifiés.

'Bâton des exilés, lampe des inventeurs
Toi qui fais au proscrit ce regard calme et haut,
Qui domine tout un peuple au bord de l'échafaud.'

et sur la mort:

'C'est l'auberge fameuse inscrite sur le livre,
Où l'on pourra manger et dormir et s'asseoir;
C'est un ange qui tient.......
Le Sommeil.............
Et qui refait le lit des gens pauvres et nus,
C'est la gloire des Dieux; c'est le grenier mystique,
C'est le portique ouvrant sur des cieux inconnus.'

We can readily see what appealed to Proust here. Have not Curtius and others observed the visual nature of Proust's writing, the almost Pre-raphaelite re-education of the senses, the sensuous beauty which his prose unfolds?

How masterly and dynamic in their visual and spiritual power, in their refusal to admit defeat, are the lines following the swift juxtaposition:-
"Bâton des exilés, lampe des inventeurs,
Toi qui fais au prosérit ce regard calme et haut,
Qui domine tout un peuple au bord de l'échafaud."

It is easy for the reader to discern the following facts and the implications of Proust's words.

This immediacy of human need for material relief, in the sick and dying, Baudelaire has rightly placed first and allowed it to form the inner essence of this symbolism of death.

To the poet, lovers etc.... Death is a relief from the exigencies haunting their future lives, from all the dreary process of "effritement". Death satisfies more than chance circumstances, the animal needs of eating, sleeping and of resting their weary limbs. Here is a spirit akin to the one which inspires with holy calm the carved representation in Chartres Cathedral of God creating Adam; - there is an indescribable tenderness in the movement of God's hand on Adam's head. The same spirit presides over "Sommeil", especially in the line promising gentle assuagement to the heavy laden -

"Dieu, touché de remords, avait fait le sommeil,"
It is as if Baudelaire had succeeded for a moment in effecting a wonderful transposition of personality whereby he too,
could see only the narrow circumscribed horizon of the sick and needy - no further, and only Death can open a new 'portique' upon skies and worlds unknown.

"Auberge" is the immediate portent of relief, and, under Baudelaire's pen, assumes the symbolic meaning of final halt, and refuge. In "L'Irréparable," guilt has extinguished the light of hope in the windows of "L'Auberge". Despairingly, Baudelaire wonders how many of those, who long for "le Crépuscule du Soir" (XCV) have ever known even temporary assuagement of animal, let alone, spiritual needs.

"Encore la plupart n'ont-ils jamais connu

La douceur du foyer, et n'ont jamais vécu."

Eating, sleeping and drinking, - he seems to tell us - are elemental needs demanding satisfaction before man can live, and use his divine faculties of apprehension. For people at grips with elemental needs and occasionally resorting to gaming, time appears quite naturally as "un joueur avide", and the allegorical mode of representation reminds one of Villon and of the sixteenth century. Virtue untouched by the wastrel is like the inaccessible azure of Mallarmé's poetry or a virgin bride - and repentance, last inn on the wayside, fails the wastrel dreamer too. All say: "Too late".

"Tantôt sonnera l'heure où le divin hasard,

Où l'auguste vertu, ton épouse - encor vierge,

Où le repentir même (oh la dernière auberge)

Où tout te dira: 'Meurs, vieux lâche! il est trop tard!'"
The analogy of 'Cathedral-Forest' in Proust.

Proust's use of quotation from Baudelaire.

Cathedrals and woods interchange in Proust's mind; so, accompanied by Baudelaire, we penetrate into a mystic forest, as if into a cathedral or shrine - and the theme receives magnificent orchestration at his hands: - (again in "Les Correspondances")

LXX - "Grands bois, vous m'effrayez comme des cathédrales
Vous hurlez comme l'orgue et dans nos coeurs maudits
Chambres d'éternel deuil où vibrent de vieux râles
Répondent les échos de vos 'De Profundis'

Des êtres disparus aux regards familiers"

It is, perhaps, something of a truism to think of a cathedral in terms of a forest, or of a forest as embryo of a cathedral. Even as a forest leads us involuntarily to the thought of a cathedral, so our presence in a cathedral makes us recall its material origin. Eichendorff, in that delightful Nouvelle: Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts, speaks of the silence and repose of the woods as inspiring a mood of religious
adoration, as if one were truly in Church - "Da war es still und andächtlich wie in einer Kirche," ('There it was peaceful and devout as if in a church'). The finely carved figures and columns of tapering wood, the pillar formation, and humanly ordained symmetry, fashioned from the labyrinthine pattern of Nature's primeval forests, all guard their origin and birthright from any threat of oblivion.

Baudelaire saw Nature and her forests in the form of a temple, at least of a place of worship, sanctuary or shrine in the famous sonnet of the "Correspondances", where is adumbrated the theory and perfected the practice of metaphor and synesthesia.

"La nature est un temple où de vivants piliers Laissent parfois sortir de confuses paroles.
"Il n'est pas de bois sans esprits qui nous effraient comme des cathédrales," links up with these remarks on the forest: cathedral analogy. In fact, the line, "Des êtres disparus aux regards familiers" bears more than chance resemblance to the "symbols" of the "Correspondances" sonnet - "Qui l'observent avec des regards familiers."

Proust actually expresses the reaction to Catholic
Symbolism of the uninitiated layman by borrowing from Baudelaire this self-same quotation about a forest of symbols. Proust begins by saying, those who can read the symbolism of the Middle Ages like an open book, are not the only people for whom the living cathedral, that is to say the carved and coloured building, with its echoing music, provides the greatest of all spectacles. A man may have a feeling for music, even if he knows nothing of harmony. While fully aware that Ruskin demands understanding of the thought and spiritual meaning, which determine the arrangement of the chapels in the apse of a cathedral, Proust makes a bold and impassioned plea for the appreciative response of the untutored layman.

p.206 Chroniques.

"Il n'en est pas moins vrai que nous connaissons tous le fait d'un ignorant, d'un simple rêveur entrant dans une cathédrale, sans essayer de comprendre, se laissant aller à ses émotions, et éprouvant une impression plus confuse sans doute mais peut-être aussi forte.

Comme témoignage littéraire de cet état d'esprit, fort différent, à coup sûr, de celui du savant dont nous parlions tout à l'heure, se promenant dans la cathédrale comme dans une forêt de symboles, qui l'observent avec des regards familiers, mais qui permet pourtant de trouver dans la cathédrale à l'heure des offices une émotion vague mais
puissante, je citerai la belle page de Renan appelée 'la double prière'."

Proust furnishes us with a solution of the enigma: 'Why do the trees of forest and cathedral watch us with familiar eyes?' Our mind has become "à moitié engainé dans l'objet," particularly in one soliciting our admiration, and a part of our former selves now looks back at us, beckoning from the depths of the so-called inanimate world.

The growth of the forest into Church and Cathedral, under the loving hands of artisans, merely entrenches deeper in the stone the mind of man divinely inspired, with the result that the structure visibly palpitates with divinity, human life, and history. We have only to listen to Proust unfolding before our mind's eye, the wonder of Amiens, and of all art, the human moulding of Nature in light of inspired symmetry. 'Vivant' recurs like a veritable leitmotif of life - which pulsates through the carved wood - p.123. Chroniques. "En Mémoire des Eglises Assassinées".

"C'est un bois doux, à jeunes grains: du chêne choisi et façonné pour un tel travail et qui résonne maintenant de la même manière qu'il y a quatre cents ans. Sous la main du sculpteur il semble s'être modelé comme de l'argile, s'être plié comme de la soie, avoir poussé comme des branches vivantes,


avoir jailli comme de la flamme vivante.... et s'élance, s'entrelace, et se ramifie en une clairière enchantée, inextricable, impérissable, plus pleine de feuillage qu'aucune forêt et plus pleine d'histoire qu'aucun livre."

(ii) **A living symbolism. Can religious imagery provide this? Proust's answer.**

Beauty, Proust admits, is less divine in the manifestations of art than thought in its pure essence, but the artist's work gives greater beauty to the world. The designer of a Cathedral, the Ruskin, who acts as guide through a Gothic masterpiece, transforms the world for Proust.

We have to wait until we read the essay: "La Mort des Cathédrales," before we find the most lucid expression of Proust's religious symbolism. We already know that he never loses sight of the importance due to the pure essence of thought - the secondary merit even of its most haunting manifestations. It can, therefore, cause no surprise to find that the artist in him protests vehemently against the killing of the spirit and mere retention of the empty letter, and outward form of religious service and sculpture. Without the spirit to vivify, cathedrals are mere "museum-pieces", frozen and dead. The German victory was a victory over the fabric alone, not over the spirit which gives life and shape to otherwise dead material.
"Why", Proust asks, "cannot the government do for the Mass and for the Cathedrals by subsidy precisely what it has done for the theatre at Orange, and the tragedies of the Ancient World? From the Mass stem not only historic interest and drama itself, but social, plastic and musical interest."

Here appears a variation on Proust's cherished theme about contemporaneity. How great is our good fortune when a previous "moi" favours us with unexpected return to life. The souls of the faithful to whom the ceremonies and sculpture first spoke with absolute immediacy, - spirit and expression indissolubly one, - and for whom the ritual and the carving were equally expression of the living faith, these souls cannot become ours today, and remain so in the future unless we rekindle our faith and have real priests to say the "office", every person meaning every word he utters.

There could be no more impassioned expression of belief in a living religious symbolism.

He claims to recapture the essence of reality in the act of involuntary memory. So, now he recaptures the essence of the liturgy, by concentrating on the spirit instead of on the aesthetic appeal alone. The others pay homage to manifestations which for them are meaningless and empty. Proust loves first the spirit which 'vivifieth'. Liturgy and Sculpture are assimilated as expression of one living
The attempt to capture the essence by a search for lost time, is here applied in the context of the Church. "In spite of all they may do, we cannot help feeling how much more beautiful the festivals must have been, when real priests said the office, not with the object of giving to sophisticated onlookers an idea of what it was all like, but because they believed in the virtue of their rites as keenly as did the artists, who carved the Last Judgement in the tympanum of the porch, or set the lives of the saints in the stained glass of the apse"

(Proust chosen by Hopkins. "Massacre of Churches" p.98)

Artistic beauty is, in fact, not to be gained for the seeking, but an elusive by-product of faith (see Hopkins' translation p.99). It is the Ministers of the Faith who therefore, more artistically. Cathedrals are, then, living evidence of symbolism.


The oxen of Laon are symbols of the labour expanded

1. "The Catholic Liturgy is one with the architecture of our cathedrals, because all these things derive from the self-same symbolism." ("En Mémoire des Eglises assassinées")
2. cf. Baudelaire's feelings about "Art for Art's sake"
patiently and without thought of reward on the building of cathedrals - they take a place in our affection, almost in the manner of G.K. Chesterton's "Donkey", with the difference that their blindly operating devotion is addressed to a Christ of memory and spirit only; the donkey of G.K. Chesterton's poem has the immediate material evidence of his master's presence, and this tangible consolation gives him his greatest hour.

There is, in the "Days of Reading" ("Journées de Lecture") a mention of the theories of William Morris, and the Pre-Raphaelite conception of church symbolism. From association of emotions and contiguity the objects in Proust's own room most beautifully and naturally assume new meaning. The dressing-table decked in white and adorned with the beloved hawthorn blossom becomes an altar. It is the feast of Mary, the month of May. A trinity reigns beside his bed. (cf. Gerard Manley Hopkins' type of symbolism).

The Church is a symbol which at times is as alive as any human.

The tombstones are a spiritual pavement for the choir. The stained glass is three dimensional - and the fourth dimension

1. See Proust chosen by G. Hopkins ("The Village Church") pp.171-6
of the Church is Time, - in the form of the centuries, which it bridges. Last symbolism of all on this theme - the slope of the stones of the tower is like the grace of hands joined in prayer. A more humble but still poetic symbolism occurs when the tower appears to bear analogy to sacramental bread. The body of the Church is the finger of God.

"L'Aubépine" gives rise to the loveliest passages of religious symbolism which Proust has ever written. These flowers of Mary's month weave an aura of poetry round the innocence of childhood and now renew within him the child's soul.

"I feel once more the same in age and mood as when I saw it (i.e. Hawthorn) for the first time inseparable from the Mysteries in the celebration of which they participated like prayers made visible" (Proust chosen by G. Hopkins p.153).

The theory and example of religious symbolism in Proust's writings, the Liturgy of the Catholic sculpture, give us the conviction that the religious variation is yet another facet of Proust's symbolism and therefore of inevitable attraction to him, - powerful in the possession of eternal appeal. He seems to have been born, as he once said, when speaking of "Le bonhomme de l'analogie," to seek out affinities between people, thoughts and sensations, each category in its

particular sphere, - and then, having done this, destined to re-order the world, in the light of these affinities, of which he is the privileged witness and interpreter or "déchiffreur", thus setting himself once again in the spiritual and artistic lineage of Charles Baudelaire.

The role of time in the work of Baudelaire and Proust. An attempt to show how far these two writers are alike in theory, own allegiance to precurseors and contemporaries, and innovate in artistic practice.

1. General discussion of time and modern authors. Possibility of Bergson's influence on Proust. Impossible to pass entirely unaffected through a climate of ideas. Proust's reactions is a fascinating comparison of his work with that of Einstein.

2. The meaning of time. A fourth dimension.

3. Larger outlook as practicable in waking life as in sleep. Habit alone serves as four-dimensional vision, waking and sleeping.

4. Effect of the new conception of time in a novelist's technique.

5. Bergson's and Proust's conceptions of time set against the background of the recent ideas.

"Les Intimations d'une peur".

6. The fourth dimension.

7. Desire to fix moments.

8. Simultaneity and succession.
CHAPTER IX.

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5. Bergson's and Proust's conceptions of time set against the background of the romantic legacy.

"Les intermittences du cœur".

6. The fourth dimension.

7. Desire to fix movement.

8. Simultaneity and succession.
9. Bergson. "Durée à élasticité inégale". 

Proust. "Le temps dont nous disposons chaque jour est élastique" (Du côté de chez Swann) (1) 129.

The relativity of time.

10. Proustian equation.

11. (a) Enhancement of importance of involuntary memory in the form of a novel.

(b) Technique involved.

12. Time's indivisibility, and interpenetration of component parts - cannot be translated in terms of space.

(i) (a) Flaubert - a precursor of Proust.

(b) Flaubert's sense of relativity.


(a) Artificial means.

(b) Time regained - temps qualité.
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CHAPTER IX.

The rôle of time in the work of Baudelaire and Proust. An attempt to show how far these two writers are alike in theory, own allegiance to precursors and contemporaries, and innovate in artistic practice.

1. General discussion of time and modern theories.

Possibility of Bergson's influence on Proust. Impossible to pass entirely unaffected through a climate of ideas.

From the outset, controversy has delighted to seethe round any delicate question, not least round that of Bergson's possible influence on Proust. That there was such influence, no one can challenge; for no writer can move through a climate of ideas without unconsciously reflecting their presence in his mind, either by allegiance or by revolt; - even in the latter instance, something of the original ambience, which he would like to eradicate, may yet cling to the writer's mind.

"Qui s'excuse, s'accuse", runs the French proverb, and "Methinks he doth protest too much!" the English adage. What does Proust say to give us grounds for suspecting that, merely to suit his own whim, he would have us discount Bergsonian influence in his life-work?
In a letter to Camille Vettard (Correspondance générale - Paris 1930-36 III. p.195), Proust denies direct suggestion as also to Robert Dreyfus: Souvenirs sur Marcel Proust; Paris 1926 p.289. On the other hand we have Lucien Daudet’s testimony of Proust’s eagerness to document himself accurately. He is known to have read Faculté motrice dans les plantes de Darwin before writing part of Sodome et Gomorrhe. (See N.R.F. Janvier 1923, p.54.)

While men in the cultured and highly rarefied society which he frequented, weighed and examined new and fascinating theories of time, surely Proust would have been the last person to neglect this whole segment of documentation formed by the writings and teachings of Bergson. Indeed, we have proof at hand that he did read Bergson, and given this point of departure, we are still well within our rights in noting parallels of expression and thought. They may be chance resemblances, they may spring from influence - it is a point incapable of final solution, whether time or any other theme comes under discussion. There is, however, one view which cannot be entirely precluded as a provisional judgement until a definite encounter with Proust resolves all doubts. It is surely the balanced conjecture, that, given the Jewish
ancestry, common to Proust and Bergson, both novelist and philosopher may have been preconditioned by race, like Montaigne before them, to stress the flux and instability of human life, the prison of subjectivity to which all are tragically doomed. Hearing Bergson for the first time at the Sorbonne and later reading him in seclusion, Proust's feeling may well have been of amazement to find in the philosopher such a vivid reflection of his own thought; he must have known that, though his claim to originality was intrinsically unimpaired, it would serve his cause best to persuade men to read him first in his own right.

He seems to say: "Wonder at the parallel with Bergson afterwards, if you like, yes! He inspired me too, I don't deny it - but read me first on my own merits." Such motives may possibly have dictated Proust's denial of direct suggestion to Camille Vettard and to others. He did not wish to be read through Bergson's "optique", but, quite naturally through the unique instrument of vision which a new alchemist of Illiers handed to his readers.

The facts before us are that Proust was a pupil of Bergson at the Sorbonne, and that M. Bergson, became a distant relative of Proust by marrying Mlle. Neuberger. Proust read
the thesis of Bergson at the Sorbonne and, in a passage of *Le Côté de Guermantes* we find a reference to *L'essai sur les Données immédiates de la conscience* of 1889; Saint Loup, then at the Garrison of Doncières, recalls to his interlocutor a book of philosophy which they both read at Balbec—presenting "la richesse du monde des possibles par rapport au monde réel". (G.(l) 103)

Proust's reactions to a flattering comparison of his work with that of Einstein.

We may note "en passant" that the man given to making comparisons i.e. Camille Vettard, created a mild sensation by comparing Proust to Einstein (as well as to Bergson) (See N.R.F. Janvier 1923, republished in Cahiers Marcel Proust, l.193). Proust, it seems, was highly flattered by such a parallel— but his is above all a psychological and aesthetic use of the relativity of time and space— for Einstein and others the mathematical subtleties. It is interesting to note that M. Robert de Billy, in the preface to his book *Lettres et Conversations* (p.15) discovers a striking chronological agreement between the work of Proust and the conclusions of Einstein, on the relativity of time and space!

2. The meaning of time.

First, we must ask the question: "What is time?" and, having posed a challenge as momentous in proportions as
that of jesting Pilate, it behoves us patiently to stay for an answer. It has been the delight of all philosophers to stress the irreversibility of time:— "On ne se plonge pas deux fois dans le fleuve d'Héraclite"; each moment, each fraction of time differs from its predecessors, just as surely as from its successors. "No two leaves are alike," declared Leibnitz, propounding his theory of "Les Indiscernables!"

How then can the present become the past, be eliminated entirely by the past? It is difficult to find a solution which reason does not reject. Fernand Gregh in "Mystères" suggests that the human mechanism may resemble a clock, which can on occasion be turned back to a moment of the "past".

Up to 1911 the orthodox policy, as far as metaphysics is concerned, seems to have been to divide time into distinct and independent parts; - past, present and future, - all reality confined to the present 'now'. From the beginning of history, however, men have had experiences of a quality of time, which this artificial division would deny out of hand - in other words an interchangeability among the elements of past, present and future, a "temps-qualité," as Bergson calls it, and which makes nonsense of mathematical divisions.

Einstein, operating from the sphere of ontology, assailed this notion that the past must by its nature remain impenetrable, incapable of access - "What for one man on one planet constitutes past time, may be rightly regarded by another man on another planet as present space. All is relative to position both in time and space".

A Fourth dimension.

A fourth dimension giving length, breadth and height to time and enabling the fourth dimensional observer to travel into the past, as well as ahead of chronological time into the remoter future - this is still not adequate to account for the nature of time's essence, since it leaves out of consideration the fact that "all the unique single nows of the world's denizens" are travelling and subject to incessant change. It seems impossible, then, ever satisfactorily to define absolute time, and man is driven to use of spatial symbols in order to express falteringly any one of his conceptions of time.

According to the customary three-dimensional outlook the travelling present is the only fraction of time to which we concede the dimensions of length, breadth and height, i.e. space in which to live physically and spiritually. A wider and more comprehensive range of vision and movement has
inspired some theoreticians, including Dunne, to conceive of a time in which we enjoy as much freedom of motion as in space, and so behold past, present and future. In order to capture absolute time we would obviously have to discard our finite selves and partake of the infinity, which is time's essence. Here, in this world of the finite, we would require not only a fourth, but a fifth, and sixth dimension etc. and so on to infinity - if we were to try in vain to seize time; one time is entirely as fictitious and arbitrary as any other.

In sleep and dreams we cross the boundary into a four-dimensional outlook, leaving the space - length, height and depth, - of the travelling present, which convention would have us accept as alone habitable. As long as we move through dreams, we are under the sway of the past, present and future, often inextricably integrated into a moment "out of time"; "Extra-temporel" as Proust would term it - not exclusively past, present or future, but since it may partake of the nature of all three, a new dimension in which we can travel, absolutely as real and authentic as the space of the conventional present. The ordinary world of waking life and the waking present - we find - is in dreams superseded by a world freed from time-laws,

1. See Dunne's book on: - "The Experiment with Time".
but no less real on that score than the ordinary world of the waking senses. He believes that habits undreamed

3. Larger outlook as practicable in waking life as in sleep. Habit alone deters us from enjoying four dimensional vision, waking and sleeping.

Dunne may appear to some readers to make a startling claim, when he launches the gallant conjecture and vast implications bound up in the words: "There is nothing beyond established habit to keep us, when awake, from using our larger outlook (four-dimensional) but every psychologist knows that a firmly established habit amounts to practically an inhibition." He can enlist some degree of support from Bergson, however, on this point of time-travelling. Bergson subscribes to the theory that past, present and future are intermingled in any given moment, and the amount of past and future embraced will depend on the observer’s concentration of attention.

Bergson: La Conception du Changement p.28

"La distinction que nous faisons entre notre présent et notre passé est donc, sinon arbitraire, du moins relative à l'étendue du champ que peut embrasser notre attention. Le présent occupe juste autant de place que cet effort."

1. cf. Ch.XI on Sleep.
2. Dunne. op.cit.
Dunne sees in sleep countless possibilities of dilating the 'now'; he believes that hitherto undreamed of freedom of movement prevails, once granted the elimination in sleep of the physical conditions present at the three dimensional now. Similarly Proust speaks of the "reprise des années perdues" afforded by really deep sleep and a sensation of being "désincarné". Ironically, these selfsame physical conditions had once seemed alone capable of promising movement, so much so, that even movement in time had to borrow terms of spatial symbolism for its expression.

This possibility of dilating (cf. Proust's "gonfler") the 'now', according to the range on which attention chooses to concentrate, accounts in turn for the extraordinary manner in which the same duration of time can strike one observer as long, another as short. Bergson believes unreservedly in this inner duration or flow of time, "La Durée Intérieure". This if anything is the time, metaphysical indeed, which Proust has in mind, when with great insight and deep understanding of man's invasion of time or infinity, he writes at the opening of his article "Vacances de Pâques" Chroniques, p. 106:

"Les romanciers sont des sots qui comptent par jours et par années. Les jours sont peut-être égaux pour une horloge, mais pas pour un homme; il y a des jours montueux..."
et malaisés qu'on met un temps infini à gravir\textsuperscript{1} 

and, gay contrast, —

"Et des jours en pente qui se laissent descendre à 
fond de train, en chantant. Pour parcourir les jours les 

natures un peu nerveuses surtout, disposent, comme les 
voitures-automobiles de vitesses différentes" 

Attention relaxes in a dream, and so diffuses over 
a wider range than is customary during waking life. A prelude 
to this state of relaxation occurs during our waking hours, 
in moments of fatigue or immediately prior to sleep. Then it 
is that isolated and apparently irrelevant particles of the 
day's experience, elements often on the fringe of experience 
and perception, integrate nonsensically perhaps for the 
rapidly retreating reason, before they assert the full sway 
of a world outside the human conventions of time and space, 

a world, possessor of new laws of time and space; (cf the 

concentration on meaning of written page yet unconsciousness 
of subtle admixture of sun, wind, and mental atmosphere). 

Relaxation of attention, after all, permits involuntary 
memory to deploy its wealth of inconspicuous but significant 
detail in full glory. A moment can endure in the consciousness, 

unimpaired, simply because it has lain forgotten, untouched by 

\textsuperscript{1}. cf. Baudelaire: Fusées p.48."On dit que j'ai trente ans; mais 
si j'ai vécu trois minutes en une, n'ai-je pas quatre-vingt-
dix ans?"

\textsuperscript{2}. cf. Thesis p.14,15,16,17,82,83. Evidence of lack of "Central 
Fixation"

\textsuperscript{3}. cf."l'oubli conservateur" of Proust.
habit, change and reflection. Intrinsically it is the same moment, or rather, the nearest approach to identity possible in the human context. It is, too, a moment which has been outside time for some period. Flaubert's characters have a habit of closing their eyes, prior to vision - often in moments of fatigue, and similarly Proust closes his eyes, in order to capture the message of the spires of Martinville; - and Proust experiences extreme fatigue - immediately before the first realisation of his grandmother's death.

This four dimensional world graces us with a fleeting vision in moments of relaxed attention and empowers such divines as Flaubert, James, or Joyce to fashion a new music of time and consequently of tenses... which are the expression of human actions

4. Effect of the New Conception of Time on a Novelist's Technique.

It is significant that Flaubert's rôle of "Musicien des Temps - Le premier il a mis le temps en musique". (C: "Le style de Flaubert" p.265-6) - wins Proust's most admiring comment, and also in L'Education Sentimentale, usage of tenses to denote the swift transition through years and decades (e.g. "Il voyagea; il fréquenta le monde" etc.) We cannot,

in fact, attach to any definite period of time many of Frédéric's actions. Proust translates into yet more daring practice than did "avant la lettre," his precursor Flaubert, a defiant censure of novelists, whose only loyalty is to the conventional measurement and ordering of time: "Les Romanciers sont des sots qui comptent par jours et par années." He will follow the inner chronology "la durée intérieure" of Bergson and Dunne for his criterion of time, and, since he writes the novel in some sense against conventional time, for the arrangement of events, the very structure of the novel, he will use the touchstone of the same inner time or duration - to the greater glory of "Les intermittences du coeur", a title originally intended for A l'ombre des Jeunes Filles en fleurs, but which, on a par with Baudelaire's "Limbes" as opposed to the current "Fleurs du mal" could profitably have served as all embracing title for the entire work - its inspiration no less than its execution.

5. Bergson's and Proust's conceptions of Time set against the Background of the Romantic Legacy.

"Les Intermittences du Coeur"

The Romantics tended to confine themselves to a lament

1. C: "Vacances de Pâques": p.106
of time lost by all chronological laws and they resorted to evocation. The fourth dimension opens up a new corridor of existence, because there dawns with its realisation the possibility of recovering the past, admittedly not in chronological but in psychological time:— a moment of the past, necessarily trivial in appearance, and consequently far from appreciated at its first advent, has lain hidden from "le temps du calendrier", hidden also from the "wearing down," "l'effritement de la vie", habit or laws of change:— all these factors of obscurity mean that the past moment can reappear in integrity, a veritable symbol of the defeat of temporal laws. This is as close as we can ever draw to reproducing intact, "à l'état pur", the identity of human experience.

Of first importance are the apparently trivial actions, the unlacing of shoes, the stumbling against a stone, the inhaling of a scent, the tasting of a madeleine, and on actions such as these the essence of an experience chooses to stamp its impress as if in defiance of our human failure to savour it fully in all its directness; as if too, it were dimly conscious that within the husk of the seemingly trivial and ephemeral, lay its surest chance of survival, and protection against the deadening effect of our voluntary, reasoned actions.
The announcement of a person's death, - as of his grandmother's death for Proust, - will probably leave all concerned aghast, but unmoved in the substratum of their consciousness. Perhaps a considerable time later, the sight of a glove, (cf Montaigne), a hat, a gesture, or some act performed by the departed person, will, even as for Proust, release a pent up flood of grief, and for the first time all know their loss.

One reason for the immense power of a given moment may be that it has lain untouched within us, and the impact of its reappearance - first true appearance, - is that the moment has lain within us all the time, without our knowledge. The law of interpenetration entails an overlapping of one sensation with another, of the most infinitesimal perception of the senses with a message, or an emotional pitch of rare intensity. Sunlight and wind enter our reading of a book just as surely as they light up and flap the pages. We may not record full awareness or realise the full impact of the situation; the meaning, which our human nature failed to comprehend directly, overflows and becomes imprisoned in the least significant of our actions, - a gesture, even - to be recaptured in full splendour when a chance encounter promises and grants release. This is a consummation of experience "de biais", as both Montaigne and Proust would say - then the past floods our consciousness with such dazzling completeness of array that the essence of time, so disengaged, displaces the

1. cf. Note 2. p.307
mockery of a chronological ordering of events. How often when witnessing events or situations which we know to be of the utmost solemnity and importance, do we encounter a void and find to our horror that numbness paralyses any capacity for finer feeling. As Proust and Bergson would unanimously declare: "There is no need for alarm at this evidence of insensibility - the human heart has times and seasons of its own and withholds a blind subservience to the arbitrary grouping of clocks and calendar - even the efforts of voluntary memory avail nothing." Milton knew and quailed before the same juxtaposition of the outer world with the inner, before the same tragic failure of the soul to achieve conformity and harmony with the rhythmic ordering of the year. (In Milton's case, even outer vision has gone).

"Thus with the year, Seasons return, but not to me returns Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn" (Paradise Lost. Bk.III. l.32)

Engulfed by outer darkness, Milton calls upon the light of a new inner climate to reign, "So much the rather, thou celestial light, Shine inward." Baudelaire lamented the aridity of his own soul before the leafy tracery, and burgeoning promise of spring, and all hapless failure to synchronise with nature's time rhythms and

1. cf. Division of Ch.1 on Climate. ps. 65-84
powers of renewal. This regeneration seemed to mock him and finally provoked him to insolence from the depths of abject misery where he lay, to an intransigeant mood of egocentrism: "Why cannot nature and the flow of the seasons reflect my misery and my inner climate?" he cries, and, after the melting nostalgia of

"Le Printemps adorable a perdu son odeur"
there follows the dark rebellion and desire to kill of

"J'ai puni sur une fleur
L'insolence de la nature".

("Les Epaves". "A celle qui est trop gaie").

For Baudelaire, Bergson and Proust, hope must surely lie in one direction only - to take increasing refuge in inner or psychological time - in cultivating the technique of involuntary memory - and in using the fourth dimension. The fact that Baudelaire indulges this faculty for travel into the past much more deliberately and "moins fortuitement" (Proust: Temps Retrouvé (2) 83 ) than Marcel Proust, (and hereby the latter's undisguised avowal)- makes the character of his regained time static, dreamy, and on occasion totally unlike the dynamic flow, the unexpected quality of Proust's discoveries.

1. cf. Division of Ch.1. on Climate. ps. 63-64.
6. **The Fourth Dimension.**

Camille Vettard in the N.R.F. Janvier 1923 quotes Bergson as desirous of an art which, "en dilatant notre perception, non plus en profondeur, et en n'isolant jamais le présent du passé, qu'il traîne avec lui, donnerait aux choses une quatrième dimension."

Baudelaire and Proust are under the spell of the "fourth dimension", and the triumphant possessor of the truth that both men acknowledge the riches of this new perspective, can search out the more striking resemblances even of terminology, and differences, if any, between the conceptions of the two writers.

From the outset, Proust rewards our search for the fourth dimension gratifyingly, but - significantly - he uses the newly conquered territory of the fourth dimension to the greater glory of aesthetics and psychology. His terms often lend themselves to more than one interpretation. For instance when he writes in his Testament of Faith, *Temps Retrouvé* 11,257. "Du moins ne manquerais - je pas avant toute chose dans la transcription de l'univers, d'y décrire l'homme comme ayant la longueur non de son corps, mais de ses années, comme

1. cf. Baudelaire: *Fusées*, p.48. "On dit que j'ai trente ans; mais si j'ai vécu trois minutes en une.... n'ai-je pas quatre-ving-treize ans?"
devant. "les trainer avec lui quand il se déplace," he may seem to make of time a dimension more real than that of space (and by dimension we mean of course mode of measurement).

Even as he wasted no time in lament over man's restricted rôle in space, so now he revels exultantly in the human triumph in time at the close of Temps Retrouvé II, 261, where the odds had seemed overwhelmingly great.

"Quand il avait tinté, j'existais déjà et depuis; pour que j'entendisse encore ce tintement, il fallait qu'il n'y eût pas discontinuité, que je n'eusse pas un instant pris de repos, cessé d'exister."

Again he implies that physical deterioration, the amount of space allotted, however much it dwindles, all counts as nothing; if anything, the process of mortal decay points in mockery to the weight and solidity of the past, which forms in the fourth dimension a metaphysical as well as a physical burden - a source of delight by virtue of its power to transcend ordinary time laws, and correspondingly a source of woe by virtue of its power to re-introduce the sense of ever-present failures.

"Nothing dies"; and Dunne's title reaches us like a resonance of the Proustian theme - but did not De Quincey already prefigure something of Proust's horror at the penalty,
as well as his delirious joy in the delights of past time, time destined to be borne within us, (who knows?) perhaps beyond the boundaries of death? De Quincey rightly conceived as a veritable hell the ever presence of our past within us - no particle of it lost, - a bewildering proof, also, of our individuality. (cf. Proust T.R.(2) 259). De Quincey and Proust seem to withdraw, engulfed by Stygian darkness, and so expiate Orpheus' crime of excessive retrospection, but a corollary of their natures, especially of Proust's, was an inability to live in the present and the power only to savour or rue that present when it was past. It would, in fact, seem, - to use Dunne's image, - (quoted at the head of the chapter, p.303) that, "De Quincey and Proust were like men on another planet." For them the past of this planet of ours was alone present space (cf. Proust's expression of "rumeur des espaces traversés" to illustrate the voyage of memory). 'Past time is to me present space', so runs Proust's refrain. Similarly it is the fringe of consciousness in space, which can embody the entire past, not the focal centre. He symbolises his motto, incarnating it unforgettably in the Church of Combray, which occupies "un espace à quatre dimensions, la quatrième étant celle du temps, déployant à travers les siècles son vaisseau - qui de travée en travée, de chapelle en chapelle, semblait vaincre et franchir non pas
seulement quelques mètres mais des époques successives, dont il sortait victorieux" (S.1 92).
(Note that the victory over space is again discounted; time is the enemy whom we must defeat).

Proust will proceed to draw from this theory of the fourth dimension all manner of psychological manifestations — chief among them the materialisation of time — a dimension mostly "incolore" and "invisible", but thanks to Proust's analysis visible and tangible. (T.R.2 256). He accordingly answers a challenge which was posed by Bergson, and expresses time in the only possible way, that is, indirectly, not by its immediate impact on the soul. The closing chapters of Temps Retrouvé II. from the moment he revisits the Salon de Guermantes, (like the Church of Combray, a variation on the theme of time), constitute his reply to Bergson's hint of frustration: "Le temps est un milieu vide et homogène".

Thus he takes his decision to mark his work with the seal of time, and render "La forme que j'avais autre fois pressentie dans l'église de Combray, et qui reste habituellement invisible, la forme du temps. Cette dimension du temps... je tâcherais de la rendre continuellement sensible dans une transcription du monde qui serait forcément bien différente de celle que nous donnent nos sens si mensongers" (T.R.,2 256).
Proust re-echoes Bergson in the definition of time as indistinguishable from the continuity of the inner life, and like Bergson he detects the inevitable issue of self-analysis in a succession of juxtaposed states, static indeed (cf. Bergson: _Durée et Simultanéité_ p. 55 "Tous ces états sont des instantanés pris artificiellement sur la transition"). Yet the blinding truth of our natures and of time lies in continuity, an indivisible continuum, in the interpenetration of one "moment" and one state with another to the extent that no one can with impunity draw a line of demarcation anywhere, least of all when the past reappears in glorious purity — and in defiance of all laws of chronology, as if to startle us out of a dull and unthinking automatism. (See _Durée et Simultanéité_ — Paris 1922 p. 54 — "Le temps se confond pour nous avec la continuité de la vie").

We have only just noted Proust's stress on time as an even greater reality than space; Bergson avows a similar stress in _La perception du changement_ Oxford 1911.

7. Desire to fix movement.

Any preoccupation with the flux of time (cf., Shakespeare's in the Sonnets:

"Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end"

(Sonnet 60))

tends to be accompanied by a compensating urge to fix movement,
admittedly as vain seeming at times as a feckless mathematician's boast to square the circle. To Proust the artist, lies open a way from which Bergson the philosopher is debarred; - Bergson and Proust avow failure to arrest materially the fleeting movement of life, and in this act of avowal both call to mind Einstein's theory of relativity. As previously noted, what forms past time to one man on one planet, is present space to another man, on another planet. It is equally difficult for the human mind to grasp, and having grasped, to appreciate and accept the fact that the light denoting a shooting star can reach our perception only long after the event. So, as Vial has brought to our notice in his appraisal of Bergson's sense of flux, this stress on human inability to match with a corresponding speed and acuity of perception the lightning pace of some natural phenomena or even to arrest ordinary movement, dominates Bergson's writings; e.g. he states that as soon as you glimpse an arrow in flight, it is already in another part. Proust turns to wonderful use in an aesthetic and psychological sphere the equally tireless mobility of human emotion. Swann 1. 263.

Flaubert, that "musicien du temps", reverts increasingly to this theme of the inevitable gulf between desire and assuagement and in the chapter on symbol, we had noted that music above all the other arts was eminently suited to reflect the infinite movement, or mobile perpetuum of the soul.

Perhaps this may rank as one of the reasons why Proust borrows from music particular techniques, why in fact, the Symbolists tried, but in vain, to make literature, though virtually static by comparison, approximate to music - "reprendre à la musique son bien". In music alone does Proust encounter a mobile perpetuum which mirrors the movement of his soul, and challenges his material senses by resisting and effectively defying capture.


"A peine un son était-il reçu dans son oreille qu'il était remplacé par un autre."

Confronted with flux and change, De Vigny resorted

1. cf. Section on Time in Ch.I. p.87-92 treating lack of synchronisation (Jean Santeuil) especially p. 91-92.
wildly to pure gratuitousness, and love of the ephemeral, because it is ephemeral - "Aimez ce que jamais on ne verra deux fois!" and he consecrated his love as well as the objects of his love in the lasting form of art. So each individual, by the unique nature of his vision, recreates the world, refashioning the outer symmetry after the design of his inner "durée", and all Proust did, was to lay down directions for mode of execution of this final term of De Vigny's precept, later a watchword of Symbolism, when he claimed that "la métaphore seule peut donner une espèce d'éternité au style," (See "Le style de Flaubert": Chroniques p.193).

The metaphor and analogy, in general, achieve this by extracting the essence from experience and placing it in a sphere outside the laws of time and contingency. Such eternity and transcendence of time laws are at the very heart of Proust's exultant message - Swann (1) 204.

"Ce parfum d'aubépine, une bulle formée contre une plante aquatique... mon exaltation les a portés et a réussi à leur faire traverser tant d'années successives, tandis qu'alentour les chemins se sont effacés, et que sont morts ceux qui les foulèrent et le souvenir de ceux qui les foulèrent".
8. Simultaneity and Succession.

What are the appearances of involuntary memory but anachronisms, reversals of time laws - "intermittences du coeur"? Voluntary memory gives back only the bare bones of the past, its quantitative measure, while the involuntary memory flows into another dimension, and restores the essence of time, its very quality of purity:

"Souvent notre vie étant si peu chronologique, as interférant tant d'anachronismes dans la suite des jours, je vivais aux jours plus anciens que la veille ou l'avant-veille ou j'aimais Gilberte".

There co-exist external and internal movements of time. Obviously an arbitrary and conventional chronology must operate, to save the world from indescribable chaos.

There are as many different "times" as there are individuals, and society has to impose an universal criterion from without. Events, (e.g. death of Grandmother and his actual realisation of loss), for us successive, can by the symbol of space be distinguished from each other, and achieve simultaneity in space... the psychological simultaneity occurs really outside time (cf., "l'être extra-temporel pour goûter une joie extra-temporelle").

There occurs an integration of a previous succession
of flashes. Accordingly, in Albertine Disparue, 1,100, the complete Albertine has to rely on integration in these flashes or "instantanés". Outer time gives a succession of flashes, and so allows of differentiation; inner time integrates:

"Pour entrer en nous un être a été obligé de prendre la forme, de se plier au cadre du temps; ne nous apparaissant que par minutes successives, il n'a jamais pu nous livrer qu'un seul aspect à la fois".

As Vial so brilliantly proclaims, Proust devotes the 'matinée de Guermantes' to establishing "simultanéité" between the present and his own state of mind - i.e. bringing into line with inner time what might have appeared as a succession of events only to be expected in outer time. Events have left their mark on the people around him, and integration by inner time proves difficult - a laborious effort indeed to register at a later date events which till now have had no direct impact on Proust's consciousness. He makes wild references to his own psychic state - all the figures had ceased to move beyond a certain point in his mind. (Cf. the experience of seeing again someone known to us in his youth and our middle age; - inner time marked a

1. "Le Symbolisme bergonien du temps chez Proust".
standstill and so impels us to continue in our vision of the person concerned as young.) It comes as a shock to discover that outer time has been cruelly mobile in the interim.

Once having stomached the unwholesome revelation of time's havoc, Proust turns to a yet more alarming discovery, the equally unbroken continuum within himself; - from the time the bell first rang at Combray to announce Swann's departure, right up to the time when its ringing again becomes audible in his consciousness at the "matinée de Guermantes".


(Parallel drawn by Vial. ("Le symbolisme bergsonien du temps chez Proust," "Mod., Langs Review").)

The relativity of time.

Time is made up of intensity and quality within our minds, but only by external criteria do we judge it in terms of quantity. Hence our surprise to find that a friend has aged, and now shows traces of time's fell hand, in the only tangible form, - by materialisation. See Bergson's "Durée mobile", - Données p.95 - where the "durée qualité" is "celle que la conscience atteint immédiatement".
"Même à l'état de veille, l'expérience journalière devrait nous apprendre à faire la différence entre la durée qualité, celle que la conscience atteint immédiatement, et le temps pour ainsi dire matérialisé, le temps devenu quantité".

(Données p.95)

Again, somebody whom we have known during his youth and our own maturity will always seem a child to us, because we observe the laws of inner time and the relationship of the friend to ourselves, the friend's age at the beginning of the acquaintance in relation to our age. Time during which we are wholly absorbed, and captivated by reading passes with incredible speed for this criterion of quality or intensity, just because we have lived at such a high and rarefied pitch of feeling, "engagés" as the French would term it. (cf. Proust in "Journées de lecture" P.M. ps.225-26, and opening of S.I.129).

We often feel we have lived centuries - a purely metaphysical experience. (cf. Note 1. p.314). When we await with anxiety someone's return, time hangs heavily and this is the impression produced directly on our consciousness.

All Proust's observations are attempts to establish simultaneity between the evidence of outer time, painfully

1. "Et à chaque heure il me semblait que c'étaient quelques instants auparavant que la précédente avait sonné - la plus récente venait s'inscrire tout près de l'autre dans le ciel et je ne pouvais croire que 60 minutes eussent tenu dans ce petit arc bleu, qui était compris entre leurs deux marques d'or,"
apparent in the faces and forms of the characters around him - so many marionettes of time, - and his own inner time, or "durée qualité" which had maintained his erstwhile acquaintances at precisely the stage where he had left them.

Similarly a certain scene or period in our life seems to lie dormant in our consciousness - a holiday, a period on board ship, a channel crossing, - awaiting a continuation in external time. For in the "durée intérieure" it never dies. Once the continuity is granted, it seems to our inner sense of time that no interpolation had ever occurred.

10. Proustian equation.

A. Mémoire ( - temps ) - durée ( - temps ) métaphysique
    involontaire qualité) intérieure) inétendu) physique
B. Mémoire ( - temps ) - temps ( - temps ) physique
    volontaire quantité) ordinaire) étendu)

"Mémoire involontaire" is to "mémoire volontaire"

as "temps qualité" to "temps quantité"

as "durée intérieure" to "temps ordinaire"

as "temps inétendu" to "temps étendu"

as "métaphysique" to "physique".

One of the main Symbolist tenets must surely have been to stress and consecrate in art the subjectivity of vision - (cf. Schopenhauer). 'The outer world exists only in so far as mirrored in my consciousness - the table, as I see it, is
different from another person's vision of the same table.' It is not surprising then, if Proust, starting from this theme of relativity, - reverberated through his age, - allows time as mirrored in his own and in all human consciousness, to mould the very structure of his novel.

According to Feuillerat, Proust's decision to allow his conception of time to shape the very form of his novel, must have been taken latterly, i.e. only when the author came to grips with a recast of the first redaction. This testament of faith, which is the Matinée de Guermantes, exalts as origin of the writer's creative urge the unfoldment of involuntary memory, the qualitative as opposed to the quantitative dimension of time. Only later apparently did Proust resolve to carry to its extreme conclusion this logic of inner time and concede to the durée qualité - in form as well as in content, - an overwhelming victory. Argument has raged, too, round the grouping of Baudelaire's poems but it is evident that he rejected chronological grouping in favour of a slightly "dantesque" topography - the progression of the soul through limbo, "Les Limbes", each group of poems

1. A. Feuillerat; Comment Marcel Proust a composé son roman. Yale University Press 1934.
2. In the essay: "Le Style de Flaubert" (C) 210-11, published N.R.F. janv. 1920, Proust announces his decision to use as "jointure" in his novel a phenomenon of memory - thus paying a direct tribute to his conception of inner time.
expressive of the accompanying moods. Baudelaire, too, observes, then, a law of inner chronology.

Beuillerat records for us in Proust's instance, that the first redaction underwent countless rehandlings; the theme most seriously dislocated was "ce grand niais de temps". In the first version the succession, i.e. chronological order of events was perfectly straightforward. (Beuillerat: Comment M. Proust a composé son roman). Perhaps Proust took more than one lesson from the "Musicien du Temps", Flaubert, whose dislocation of time laws especially in L'Education Sentimentale he had so openly and unreservedly admired (See Chroniques. "Le style de Flaubert," p.205)

The links are strong here. Flaubert's Madame Bovary might possibly have been known to Baudelaire, in its first version. Baudelaire would have unearthed with the keenest delight the enlightened treatment of the laws of time and memory, ruthlessly excluded from later versions of Madame Bovary. We must maintain an open mind where the question of Flaubert's influence on Baudelaire is concerned - especially regarding the laws of memory and a conception of time.

Much more startling is the unison between subsequently discarded parts of Madame Bovary, (first version), and Proust's conception of memory and time laws. Did Proust ever stumble
upon this first version? This question of literary detection seems likely only to tantalise and remain eternally unanswered. As so often, we are driven back upon a bare declaration - no less fascinating because we can adduce no proofs of influence - that here, if anywhere lies captivating evidence of a great affinity of mind, - "parenté d'esprit" - and yet one more illustration of the way in which ideas can circulate some fifty years or so in advance of their appointed time.

11. (a) Enhancement of Importance of Involuntary Memory in the Form of the Novel.

Dreams and sleep fascinated Proust the more, because they afforded full scope to the affective elements of human life, and played havoc with time laws in the process. A veritable oasis in the desert of mathematical time, they offered him time in all its purity, "un peu de temps à l'état pur", but he later discarded them as a means of re-discovering lost time, and cultivated wholly the resources of involuntary memory. Perhaps, he felt something of the artist's dignity would be sacrificed by such complete subservience to dream life as for instance De Quincey voluntarily gave and most bitterly rued.

1 Dreams always held for Proust a primordial element of

1. See Ch.XI "Sleep and Dreams"
revolt against time and, after all, one of the qualities observed by Bergson, (the reinstatement in dreams of qualitative as opposed to quantitative time) must have compelled allegiance. See Proust: "En rêve nous ne mesurons pas par la durée mais nous la sentons. De quantité elle revient à l'état de qualité. L'appréciation mathématique du temps ne se fait plus." So it comes about that by his own confession to Louis de Robert, Proust tried to bathe in an atmosphere of "half-sleep" now nebulous, now lucid, but always poetic, the whole of the first part of Du Côté de chez Swann. Dreams gave him (who knows?) the initial stimulus to seek out the lost years, and, by virtue of a momentary release from temporal and physical laws, enabled the dreamer to hover "désincarné" outside time, "sommeil lourd où se dévoilent pour nous le retour à la jeunesse, la reprise des années passées, des sentiments perdus, la désincarnation".

The experience of disembodiment before the appointed chronological date of its definitive happening, must surely have delighted the heart of Proust!

Technique Evolved.

In practice, Proust carries to the extreme logical

1. Essence of Combray.
conclusion: a theory common to Bergson and himself. Bergson in *Matière et Mémoire* p. 86, studies the "plans différents de la conscience", the chains of associated events operating outside time. Proust envisages this theory of plane geometry in its application to psychology and, in the same breath and sentence, faces its practical implications for the technique of writing a novel. The Impressionists' first manifesto, (see Monet), glorified as special technique the rendering of a first visual impression, independently of laws of perspective and actual arrangement of objects in space.

Proust extols as his technique the rendering of a qualitative time and shows absolute defiance of conventional, chronological time. "What you have done for the vision of space" he declares to the Impressionist school, "I will now do for the vision of something infinitely greater than space, namely time. You may be driven to use of spatial terms to express abstract time— but, note well, I treat 'temps-qualité et infini', the reverse of your mathematical time."

A French rigidity and ruthlessness applies the theory in its entirety, and so is responsible for the creation of a new technique of writing, from which such exponents as James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, and Aldous Huxley, will draw infinite
riches. Of what importance any question as to whether
the following manifesto takes its roots in Bergsonian
philosophy, or simply shows deep affinity with Bergson's
thought?

What is of supreme importance is that affinity there
is, and that Proust becomes proud exponent of an "idée
créatrice", circulating in the philosophical "ambiance"
and mental climate of his day. The gains to literature are
untold. Here we see what Thibaudet would have called "une
cellule mère" for a whole generation of writers:-

"Et sans doute, tous ces plans différents suivant
lesquels le temps, depuis que je venais de le ressaisir dans
cette fête, disposait ma vie, en me faisant songer que dans
un livre qui voudrait en raconter une, il faudrait user, par
opposition à la psychologie plane, dont on use d'ordinaire,
d'une sorte de psychologie dans l'espace; ajoutaient une
beauté nouvelle à ces résurrections que ma mémoire, en
introduisant le passé dans le présent sans le modifier, tel
qu'il était au moment où il était le présent, suppose
précisément cette grande dimension du temps suivant laquelle
la vie se réalise".

12. Time's Indivisibility and Interpenetration of Component
Parts cannot be translated in terms of space.

Vial and other critics have already made abundantly
clear rapprochments between Bergson's and Proust's conceptions of the indivisibility of time, - the futility of all attempts to represent time adequately in terms of space. The human mind must always represent infinity in terms of space - extent, étendue, - events in terms of succession in space, in glaring opposition to their truly indivisible nature, and to a position which can be described only as one of overlapping and interpenetration with infinity. We may formulate an interesting thread of continuity in the following alignment from Bergson to Proust. The quotation from Proust is distinctly Baudelairean in tone, and both Bergson and Proust will find an echo in Dunne's Experiment with Time.

I. Bergson: "Avant-propos" to Essai sur les Données Immédiates de la conscience. "Nous projetons le temps dans l'espace, nous exprimons la durée en étendue, et la succession prend pour nous la forme d'une ligne continue, dont les parties se touchent sans se pénétrer."

The challenge is taken up in Données p.99 - "On détruit la vraie nature des états psychologiques profonds lorsqu'on les examine de près, lorsqu'on les distingue, les juxtapose, et par conséquent lorsqu'on les projette dans l'espace, puisque leur vraie nature est de se compénétrer, de s'influencer les uns les autres, et de changer continuellement. Ils ne sont que durée, ils
deviennent temps espace".

II. Proust: Temps Retrouvé II.39.

"Une heure, ce n'est pas qu'une heure, c'est un vase rempli de parfums, de sons, de projets, et de climats"

(i) (a) Flaubert - a precursor of Proust.

A Reversal of time-laws.

Flaubert: Madame Bovary (Première version.)

"Le père Bertaut - il n'avait pas de ces joies intérieures de l'esprit. La pluie peut tomber dehors - il y a gala dans l'intérieur"

Baudelaire: "L'Emeute, tempêtant vainement à ma vitre,
Ne fera pas lever mon front de mon pupitre,
Car je serai plongé dans cette volupté
D'évoquer le printemps avec ma volonté,
De tirer un soleil de mon coeur et de faire
De mes pensers brûlants une tiède atmosphère."

Proust: "Une heure, ce n'est pas qu'une heure, c'est un vase rempli de parfums, de sons, de projets et de climats."

(T.R.(2) 39)

The first version of Madame Bovary, so patiently and skilfully restored by the scholarly labours of Mlle. Leleu renders Flaubert worthy to be ranked in his own right of 1. Cf.Ch.1. Section on Climate 63-84.
precursor of Marcel Proust, alongside Chateaubriand, Nerval and Baudelaire, those other guests present in a fourth dimension at the Matinée de Guermantes, deities favourable to Marcel's enterprise, and all united by an irrepressible desire to overturn the laws of time.

In his *Histoire de la littérature française* Thibaudet called posterity's attention to the "caractère proustien avant la lettre" of a certain passage of *Madame Bovary*, where Emma, under the stimulus of a present sensation, here the scent of Rodolphe's hair - lives now in the present, now in various "plans" or "vistas of the past" (See *Madame Bovary*, the visit to the Comice Agricole, "elle se tenait les bras croisés sur les genoux...") The tenses and times interchange with wondrous fluidity.

The illustration, however, which I should like to select from the *Première Madame Bovary*, savours at once of Baudelaire, Bergson and Proust. (I had noted p.326 that certain experiences are so much a part of our inner selves, the inner "durée", "temps qualité", that they lie dormant within our souls, totally unaffected by the flow of outer time - so, a holiday, a period on board ship, will await continuation in external time, for, in the "durée intérieure"
it never dies. Once granted the continuity, it seems to
our inner sense of time that no interim had occurred.)

(Leleu edition p.162) When Charles returns to the
Bertaux, after his wife's death, thus yielding to Rouault's
persuasion, he finds everything consolingly the same, un-
changed in fact - and this leads him to a thought closely
allied to the Proustian "Weltanschauung" or philosophy of
life - i.e. that within him there had been no break, no
discontinuity, (cf. "le bruit de la sonnette", in Proust, -
the bell still rings in his consciousness. (Temps Retrouvé
II.259) )

Only the outer season bears in upon Charles the
sensation of time's ever rolling course: "le flux et le
reflux". Inwardly the unity remains inviolate. Time
refound indeed, "émotion renouvelée", an experience making
one believe strongly in the unity of personality, consoling
and even, - paradoxically - capable of alarming a voyager
as intrepid as Proust.

("Je m'étonnais de voir..." - T.R.II)

It is as though these things alone had made an
impression; they seem, as for me once the Cathedral of
Chartres, to have become part of the innermost soul, call

1. See Ch. X. Mysticism. ps.384-85
it "durée intérieure" - "la seule vraie", if you will.
I quote the relevant passage in its entirety for I consider the parallel with Baudelaire and Proust to be arresting:

"Charles suivit son conseil, il retourna aux Bertaux. Tout y était comme la veille, comme il y avait cinq mois. Gens et lieux, rien n'avait changé. Pas un arbre d'abattu, pas une pierre changée de place."

Things stand out with a supernatural clarity, cf. the combined testimony of Verlaine's "Kaléidoscope" and Gregh's "Mystères".

Verlaine: "Les choses seront plus les mêmes qu'autre fois, Ce sera si fatal qu'on en croira mourir."

Someone returning to this life, as a result of resurrection might speak in terms closely allied and with the same intensity:

"La longue crémaillère de la cheminée avait toujours à son dernier crochet d'en bas la même grosse marmite de fonte, se noircissant au fumignon de la bûche, qui semblait presque à notre esprit qui y retrouve ses forces".

la même, ou n'avoir pas brûlé sous ses cendres."
The clock forms the immediate sensation, making possible a link with the past and subsequent replacement of travelling present by the past. As in Baudelaire's poem it is an ironical symbol of the human attempt to measure infinity. The past projects itself within Charles and demands to be prolonged into and beyond the moving present. To "L'oubli" ("l'intervalle oublié"), Flaubert has assigned much the same conserving rôle as have Baudelaire, Bergson and Proust ("l'oubli conservateur").

"Le grand balancier de l'horloge aussi battait toujours dans la cuisine, heurtant de droite et de gauche, à temps égaux contre les parois de sa boîte sonore - et les aiguilles marquant les mêmes heures, sur le cadran peint de bouquets de roses, ramenèrent la pensée de Charles à des jours qu'il avait passés.

Comme si depuis eux rien autre chose dans son existence n'avait eu lieu, il ne se rappela qu'eux seuls."

The next words expressive of an incredible continuity, of an interpenetration of all moments within each other - such is "la vraie durée intérieure" - are absolutely redolent of Proust, Bergson and Dunne. (See latter's Experiment with Time)

A passage to be compared above all others with this excerpt

1. See J.F.(2) 61: "C'est grâce à l'oubli que nous pouvons retrouver de temps à autre l'Être que nous fûmes".
   J.F.(3) 79: "L'oubli, le néant mental, est nécessaire à notre esprit qui y retrouve ses forces".
from the first version of Madame Bovary is the one treating the ringing of the bell at Combray, a sound prolonged over the only apparent interruption of the years.

"Un instant interrompu par cet intervalle oublié, sa sensation lointaine continuait, le passé se trouvant être maintenant le présent et son souvenir une émotion renouvelée..."

Only at the moment when this reproduction of the past within the framework of the present threatens to overwhelm the novelist, (much as this seeming overthrow of metaphysics confounded Fernand Gregh in "Les Mystères"), does Flaubert begin to detect previously imperceptible scenic changes due to the progression of the season. Before, all had lain in the grip of winter, now spring proclaims the joy of release.

"Seulement l'herbe dans les cours était plus tassée. Le mois d'avril commença. La verdure de l'épine bouchait déjà par le pied les trous des haies...

La ferme plus animée semblait contente du printemps".

The vision splendid is already fading from the instant Flaubert notes differences, and sees things in terms of external time, - from the moment, that is, when the past recedes from an identification - in all points apparently complete - with the present.

1. See Note 1.p. 302.
Gregh writes in "Mystères":

"En bien, dans les crises, la minute présente est en tous points semblable à la minute passée; aujourd'hui devient autrefois, une chose est aussi une autre chose. J'ai peut-être en ce moment-là, la stupeur foudroyée qu'aurait un mathématicien en voyant tout à coup, 2 et 2 faire 5".

Flaubert, Baudelaire and Proust, all share the faculty for what Flaubert names "une perception double et simultanée". The present sensation serves as point of departure for a train of reverie; it solicits some imagined or previously experienced confrère, which gradually and imperceptibly displaces the original, and, in reality, ever present environment. It culminates in the process of enjoying one thing through the medium of another, and at a remove. For all the fragments of imagination supersede present reality, while artfully employing the texture of the present to convey a dream, - thus is given to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name".

p.288 Leleu edition:

"C'était le soir; elle était couchée dans son lit comme maintenant, et elle en sentait même sous son corps la chaleur élastique, car, par une perception double et simultanée, ce qu'elle pensait, avec ce qui l'environnait, présent, se confondant, ses rideaux présents de damas de laine étaient en damas de soie, les flambeaux de la cheminée des candélabres..."
de vermeil, et des bougies roses y brûlaient; à la place
de la chaise une robe de chambre à revers bleus pendait
même d'un sopha sur une peau de tigre étendue....

Il était là et allait venir - mais tout s'écroula
soudain".

Baudelaire exploits the resources of exactly the same
technique in all the poems of involuntary memory - "Parfum
Exotique" and "La Chevelure". In the latter there is the
deliberate "Soyez"

(Reality) (dream)
"Fortes tresses, soyez la houle qui m'enlève!
Tu contiens mer d'ébène, un éblouissant rêve,
De voiles, de rameurs, de flammes et de mâts,"

Here we behold in undimmed splendour the riches
which can accrue to literature from "une perception double
et simultanée", but even as for Flaubert, so for Baudelaire
the act of involuntary memory is static, and again the
substitution of the ebony sea for jet black hair, operates
from the opening of the poem, is "simultaneous" with the
opening in fact, and proves to be an analogy more deliberately
cultivated than ever is the rule in Proust. The simultaneity
between present and merely imagined sensations persists in
contrast with the more dynamic, less deliberate displacement
to which Proust's technique of remembering is ever subject.

1. cf. Ch. III analysis of "La Chevelure" compared with Proust's
   technique ps. 104-116
Simultaneity:A "Je plongerai ma tête amoureuse d'ivresse, (A. simultaneous with) B Dans ce noir océan, où l'autre est enfermé!

B) "A Cheveux bleus ...

B Vous me rendez l'azur du ciel immense et rond".

Proust records that, whereas for Baudelaire (see Mina Curtiss' edition of Proust's correspondence - Section: Baudelaire, p.314, from a letter late 1921 or early 1922 to the Editor "Les Annales") the act of remembering opens with the poem - the present and imagined sensation, static and parallel, and more deliberate; Proust's own laws of memory are essentially dynamic.

This vitally dynamic, less deliberately cultivated form of involuntary memory holds good in general for Proust's moments of exaltation. In "Easter Holidays", (C.p.106 "Le Figaro", March 25, 1913), in the opening of Jean Santeuil, and again in Le Côté de Guermantes the substitution assumes a more voluntary character.

As soon as Proust crosses the border line separating what he had before him from what he hopes to recover, he tends to stress the dream to the exclusion of a present reality. Baudelaire and Flaubert continue to juxtapose. Proust achieves

1. "With Baudelaire, remembering is static, it already exists when the poem starts

("Quand les deux yeux fermés etc.,' 'O toison moutonnant etc.'")
a more complete suspension of disbelief than either of his precursors, in the involuntary as well as in the consciously willed moments of exaltation; an instance of the latter kind occurs in Easter Holidays, but there only, perhaps, the chestnuts stand - resolute harbingers of spring, to offer Proust what encouragement they can, to dream that by the wayside, winter changed to spring, or that Florence is a present reality. Baudelaire mostly had a strong present stimulus, although in the poem about "L'Emeute" quoted at the head of this section, he created his "tiède atmosphère" from the grim extreme of "l'hiver aux neiges monotones". See p.109 Chroniques:—

"Notre attention est à tous les moments de notre vie beaucoup plus fixée sur ce que nous désirons que sur ce que nous voyons effectivement.

De même c'était Florence et les fleurs vendues à foison dans l'ensoleillement du Ponte-Vecchio, que je voyais, tandis que par un froid comme il n'en avait pas fait en janvier, je traversais le Boulevard des Italiens, oh, dans l'air liquide et glacé, comme de l'eau qui les entourait, les marronniers n'en commençaient pas moins à ciseler l'irrésistible verdure". "Infinity in a grain of time" to

The feat is difficult! How intensely voluntary compared with the habitual process of stressed involuntary nature. In spite of its unusually voluntary nature, how
different this from the dreamy self-possession of Flaubert and Baudelaire, and how drastic in physical consequences this "tour de force".

P.111 Chroniques.

"Alors ce que j'avais cru jusque-là impossible, je me sentis vraiment pénétrer dans ce nom de Florence, par une gymnastique suprême et au-dessus de mes forces, me dévêtant, comme d'une carapace sans objet, de l'air de ma chambre actuelle, qui n'était déjà plus ma chambre; je le remplaçai par des parties égales d'air florentin, de cette atmosphère indicible et particulière, comme celle qu'on respire dans les rêves et que j'avais enfermé dans le nom de Florence, Je sentis s'opérer en moi une miraculeuse désincarnation".

(b) Flaubert's sense of relativity.

Flaubert has an acute sense of the relativity of time (in common with Baudelaire, Bergson and Proust), and perhaps nowhere does he succeed in conveying it more vividly than where Emma feels inspired by a glimpse of the convent walls to recall her past. She is startled to hear the convent bell strike four o'clock and she feels, as if she had been there for an eternity. "Infinity in a grain of time" to

2. cf. "Die Welt wird Traum und der Traum wird Welt." (Novalis)
change the line, but "Eternity in an hour" to quote Blake literally, and still utter a truth - or, if we quote Baudelaire:

"Une heure immobile, c'est l'éternité" (Poèmes en prose: XV, "L'Horloge", Calmann-Lévy p.45), and we still have fresh in mind Proust's contempt for time assessed by human criteria.

"Le temps est élastique - les passions que nous ressentons le dilatent, celles que nous inspirons le rétrécissent", J.F.(2) 19; this too is Bergson's idea of "dilating" the present.

So Flaubert will write in the early Madame Bovary.


"Quatre heures seulement, et il lui semblait qu'elle était là depuis l'éternité, car elle venait, en effet, d'y revivre tous ses jours (un infini de passions peut-être, condensé dans une minute: comme une multitude dans un petit lieu)."

cf. Baudelaire. ("L'invitation au voyage"
Poèmes en prose XVIII.1.49) "Rêver et allonger les heures par l'infini des sensations"

Again, Emma finds it utterly impossible to rediscover the niche in chronological time for these particular moments, or to replace them in their exact context: - they are elusive,

1. "To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour."

("Auguries of Innocence", Blake).

2. cf Sensation in dreams of a metaphysical time.
haunting memories, and assault her mind and senses. Time remembered involuntarily is qualitative, - of no particular epoch - because it represents time within the soul and consequently outside the jurisdiction of measured time; it is "le temps souverain".

"Ainsi le matin, elle errait la tête toute pleine de tapage, de couleurs, et de tristesse, mais il lui était impossible de se rappeler le lieu, la cause ou l'époque; en cherchant ainsi dans ses sensations perdues, elle rencontra de nouveau le bal qu'elle venait de quitter tout à l'heure".

Proust restates such experience often in identical terms, cf. "Couleurs, - l'époque", when he writes of his attempts to locate the memory of the Madeleine incident, or generalises upon the rôle of chance in bringing into play only certain threads of communication.

"Too confused is the memory" writes Proust in Swann (1) 72.

"A peine si je perçois le reflet neutre, où se confond l'insaisissable tourbillon des couleurs remuées - mais je ne puis distinguer la forme, lui demander de m'apprendre de quelle époque du passé il s'agit... "

1. S. (1) 72, 79.
2. T.R. (2) 236.
Flaubert uses "cylindre-tournant" to describe the confusion of memories, an image closely allied to Proust's "insaisissable tourbillon" and spinning-top.

(ii) Baudelaire - a precursor of Proust.

"Le monde de Baudelaire est un étrange sectionnement du temps où seuls de rares jours notables apparaissent; ce qui explique les fréquentes expressions telles que 'si quelque soir' etc."

C: "A propos de Baudelaire". p.224.

"O douleur, O douleur, le temps mange la vie,
Et l'obscur ennemi qui nous ronge le coeur,
Du sang que nous perdons, croît et se fortifie"
("L'Ennemi", X.p.13)

Under what aspect does Baudelaire envisage time? Does he, in the manner of Proust, regard external time as a destructive force, and in self-defence attempt to formulate a testament of poetry against time? These two questions deserve and solicit, an unqualified affirmative. Firmly and ironically, the dying Proust was destined to appear before Mauriac as a being devoured by external time, his mind besieged by the onset of time's materialisation; thus, their creator in turn joined that gallery of figures, whose solemn cortège we witness proceed during the "Matinée de Guermantes". Indeed, towards the latter end, that ultimatum of time, death, in the form of an ugly woman, was actually to visit him, in
Baudelaire had an equally deep realisation of the destructive nature of man-made time, and even saw, in answer to Proust's question: "Laquelle est la vraie, de la vie ou de la mort?" a predominance of death.

"... Plus encore que la Vie
La mort nous tient souvent par des liens subtils."

("Semper eadem", XL. p.40)

Baudelaire fought a hard and losing battle against heavy odds, - crushing debts and crippling lethargy. He strove to gain quantitative time, and, appalled by the weight of sin by time accrued - yearned for the chance of "amendment". Before time's material encroachment on his person, he betrays a horror, at all points equal to Proust's "Sentiments d'un parricide". He confronts death unflinching yet sensitive to its impact in every fibre of his being. That strange union of cruelty and tenderness, which so fascinated Proust in his idol's poetry, pulsates through such verse as "Réversibilité." Stern and unfaltering yet curiously tender, unfurls the question:

"Ange plein de beauté connaissez-vous les rides,
Et la peur de vieillir et ce hideux tourment
De lire la secrète horreur du dévoûment
Dans des yeux où longtemps burent nos yeux avides?
Ange plein de bonté, connaissez-vous les rides?"
What could be more closely related to this anguish, searching in its lucidity, than Proust's moving portrayal of an onslaught and siege relentlessly waged on the people and things we love most. We unwittingly play into the hands of time by hurting those whom we love; "For each man kills the thing he loves" wrote Oscar Wilde, and for Proust, too, the wound goes mortally deep:

"Au fond nous vieillissons, nous tuons tout ce qui nous aime par les soucis que nous lui donnons; 

Si nous savions voir dans un corps cher le lent travail de destruction, poursuivi par la douloureuse tendresse qui l'anime, voir les yeux flétris, les cheveux longtemps restés indomptablement noirs, ensuite vaincus comme le reste et blanchissant, les artères durcies, le coeur forcé, vaincu le courage devant la vie, la marche alentie, alourdie, l'esprit qui sait qu'il n'a plus à esperer, alors qu'il rebondissait si inlassablement en invincibles espérances, la gaîté même, la gaîté innée, et, semblait-il, immortelle, à jamais tarie."

He breaks off almost with a sense of weariness - at the end of this long modifying clause - in which is traced the invincible course of time, and finally drives home a violent thrust against the subtle thief; the hour glass has all but run out, only a few moments remain, and "tardif" rushes from his pen, as he glimpses a desperate but genuine solution,
the one proposed by Baudelaire for the poor, artists, lovers, prostitutes and criminals. So Proust writes: "Peut-être celui qui saurait voir cela, dans ce moment tardif de lucidité que les vies les plus ensorcelées de chimère peuvent bien avoir, reculeraient devant l'horreur de sa vie et se jetteraient sur un fusil pour mourir tout de suite..

Remainder of Reaction against Quantitative Time.

"... L'un court et l'autre se tapit,
Pour tromper l'ennemi vigilant et funeste,
Le temps...

("Le Voyage")

Baudelaire lives in the thraldom of an obsession - the relentless flow of time. Proust wrote in his essay about Baudelaire that only a man who had lived in the constant presence of suffering and in the fearful proximity of death, could have written lines so vibrant with compassion:

"Et qui refait le lit des gens pauvres et nus"

("La Mort des Pauvres." CXXII. p.131)

and we have, further, Baudelaire's own testimony that he was haunted equally by a sense of the nearness of time. Time reminds him that he has failed in his liabilities to life, and he longs for sleep, ultimately death, as sole respite from such gnawing consciousness:-

".............moi.............
Que le temps, injurieux vieillard,
Chaque jour frotte avec son aile rude".
Time makes him cast his mind back over the years, and renders painfully intense his recollection of a misspent life.... and it is again as an ugly old man (Poèmes en prose, "La Chambre Double," p.14) now accompanied by a solemn procession of negation, - memories, (on this occasion hurtful) regrets, fears and anguish, that time appears before him: this vision of quantitative time jars unpleasantly, following so closely upon the mystic trance of "La chambre double". Time and life rush relentlessly by, - they now hold implacable sway, and the poet seems to indicate death as the only possible means of issue from an untenable situation. From the stress on mathematically measured time springs a poetry, grim and macabre; the direct symbolism savours too, of the mystery and miracle plays, as for example of Chaucer's Pardoner's Tale, where the characters join in search not of lost time, but of death, which appears before their faulty conceptions as an old man.

See p.14 of Poèmes en Prose, where the cumulative effect reinforces the poet's terrified flinching from time.

"Le temps règne en souverain maintenant, et avec le hideux vieillard est revenu tout son démoniaque cortège de Souvenirs, de Regrets, de Spasmes, de Peurs, d'Angoisses de Cauchemars, de Colères, et de Névroses".

All the cortège of time's accompanying woes merely preludes, - worst feature of all, - the renewal, after mystic
ecstasy, of life's untempered sway. Baudelaire's hiss of contempt, and powerless fury yield gradually to a softer recognition of death as a release.

"Je suis la vie, l'insupportable, l'implacable vie. Il n'y a qu'une seconde dans la vie humaine qui ait mission d'annoncer une bonne nouvelle, la bonne nouvelle qui cause à chacun une inexplicable peur".

Means of defeating Time (a) Artificial means (b) Time regained, Temps qualité.

One means of defeating time, Baudelaire for a period even seriously considers. He leads up to this artificial device when he mentions dreaming as a method of prolonging and extending time beyond its normal duration - of 'dilating the present', as Bergson would have said:

See "L' Invitation au voyage"; "Rêver et allonger des heures par l'infini des sensations." Another means is, like that of Proust, to live and suffer in the personalities of others. (See "Les Fenêtres" (cf. Proust's feelings about the fisherwoman.))

So Baudelaire's "Vitrier" writes of escape from his own age - and a consequent evasion of time's pattern within himself:

1. Poèmes en prose. p.49.
"J'ai refait l'histoire de cette femme (derrière la vitre) ou plutôt sa légende et je me couche fier d'avoir vécu et souffert dans tant d'autres que moi-même".

A less dignified means of evasion, one totally unworthy of the artist and the ruination of such men as De Quincey, is to resort to drugs - "Enivrez-vous!" gives reckless expression to this mood, to this passing whim in Baudelaire, "Il faut être toujours ivre, tout est là, c'est l'unique question. Pour ne pas sentir l'horrible fardeau du temps qui brise vos épaules... il faut vous enivrer sans trêve"

Rhythmically the dirge continues:
"Pour n'être pas les esclaves martyrisés du temps, enivrez-vous sans cesse. De vin, de poésie, ou de vertu, à votre guise."

The means of evasion which Baudelaire effectively adopted was the rediscovery of lost time, a technique fully recorded in our chapter 31 and 4 on Remémoration where we also attempt to explain the reasons for Proust's selection of "Les Vieilles" as one of his favourite poems. Baudelaire's salvation was memory, the faculty for reversing time and finding a fourth dimension:
"Je sais l'art d'évoquer les minutes heureuses
Et revis mon passé blotti dans tes genoux".

1. Poèmes en Prose p. 106
The hours which Baudelaire longed to believe still ever present, destined to be reborn from the depths of oblivion, did indeed illuminate his soul with the full glory of their resurrection:— For the poet and the novelist, Temps-qualité alone endures and Proust makes of his work a veritable shrine of the length, breadth and height of time:

"Ce n'est qu'au fond de lui-même que l'homme retrouve le temps perdu".

1. Mental Climate of Baudelaire, Proust and theNovelists.
2. The relation between art and mystical cognition.
3. Conditioning factors tend to develop in Proust the habit of contemplation. Bond of illness between Baudelaire and Proust.
5. Proust's testament of contemplation.
Mysticism in Baudelaire and Proust.

1. Mental Climate of Baudelaire, Proust and the Symbolists.
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Mystic: — "of hidden meaning", and "one, who seeks by contemplation and self-surrender to obtain union with or absorption into the deity, or who believes in spiritual apprehension of truths beyond the understanding," so runs the definition of the Oxford Dictionary. Mystery — Greek mystikos, and any reader of Symbolist literature knows only too well how much in vogue was that word "mystère".

1. Proust speaks of the "mystère" in Baudelaire's poetry. He appreciates Henri de Régnier's profound sense of mystery, of the 'inanimate' world. C: "Tel qu'an Songe".
CHAPTER X.

Mysticism in Baudelaire and Proust.

1. Mental Climate of Baudelaire, Proust, and the Symbolists.

The claim to discover traces of mysticism in Marcel Proust meets cries of indignant denial from many critics. In face of opposition, however, a careful study of the claim, preceded by consideration of the intellectual climate of the late nineteenth century, can still repay the undaunted questioner, and even send him on his way satisfied by discovery of some elements of truth.

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and also how gloriously abused!

A man like Rimbaud, stood qualified as seer and visionary in his own right, and he seems a Promethean figure, striving to tear asunder the veil interposed between man and reality. In addition, poets like Régnier, who could have no pretensions to knowledge of mystic experience or occultism, revelled in the implications of that word "mystère". Symbolism, in perhaps its main tenet, reposes on a neo-Platonic doctrine closely related to the premise of mysticism - "phenomena of the visible world are symbols of an invisible reality."

The Symbolists' aim will necessarily be to afford glimpses of the reality by skilful use of symbols and their suggestivity. In his higher flights the Symbolist often follows the mystic at a respectful distance.

The period of Decadence and Aestheticism in the late nineteenth century stemmed mainly from the spiritual negation of Naturalism, Determinism and Darwin's theory, all of which tended, if not openly, at least covertly, to deny spiritual reality. In his "Prière sur l'Acropole", Renan felt impelled to confess that Reason and Common Sense were not enough, and Maurice Barrès expressed the intense yearning of his generation for a religion to fill the void left by denial and rejection of ancient creeds -

"Take the Self as a waiting ground in which to remain
until some energetic person has reconstructed a religion for you"

"Let us be ardent and sceptical"

Danger lurks in the background of such a scene, however, pending the arrival of new faiths and ideals. As in the Biblical Parable, twenty devils more only await their chance to occupy the newly furbished room. The close affinity shared by Baudelaire and Proust both in mental atmosphere and reaction must strike the most detached observer. Baudelaire knew all the grim delight of utilising the spiritual void, "le gouffre infini," to run counter to nature; - to long for death, to cultivate the quest of pain, to shock the bourgeois, to blaspheme, to make evil his good.

With a depth of feeling peculiar to one of its elect, Baudelaire could write of hysteria that "it is a kind of energy which springs from boredom," and, - intimate with "le démon de la perversité", avow that "ces élans nous autorisent à croire que des démons malicieux se glissent en nous et nous font accomplir, à notre insu, leurs plus absurdes volontés."

2. "Un homme libre!" Préface. p.XXIII.
3. See Thesis Note 1, p.497 for details about "sens du gouffre"
An inverted desire for the Infinite may well be at the root both of Baudelaire's perversity and Proust's agony of mind, as when the latter condemns his sin and in the same breath attempts to extenuate his guilt:

See Baudelaire, "Le Goût de l'Infini", le Poème du Haschisch. p.162

"C'est dans cette dépravation du sens de l'infini que gît, selon moi, la raison de tous les excès coupables...."

and again (p.162)

"Les vices de l'homme contiennent la preuve de son goût de l'infini - seulement c'est un goût qui se trompe souvent de route."

By the medium of his characters, - those children of his spiritual creation, - Proust ranges from defiance and a glorying in voluptuous sensation as in "Confession d'une Jeune Fille";

"Mais qu'importe l'éternité de damnation à qui a trouvé dans une seconde, l'infini de la jouissance?"

to the abject and anguished humility of St. Paul:

"For the good that I would, I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do .... O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this Death?"

The conflict was posed between the beliefs which Proust inherited from Taine and his school on the one hand - namely...
that the self is a collection of successive states, and
the fiercely indestructible urge of Proust the idealist
on the other, that there remains intact a residuum of
individuality, an all powerful unity ensuring communion
with a transcendent reality. For proof that the conflict
was grim and unrelenting we have only to read the observation
of Alphonse Daudet in his "Cahier" about the state of mind
of his son Léon - Proust's contemporary and fellow pupil at
the Lycée Condorcet. No wonder that Barbey d'Aurevilly
indicates as solution to the impasse of Des Esseintes the
choice between the muzzle of a pistol and the foot of the cross.

We feel Alphonse Daudet's sense of disquiet at the
violence of disillusionment facing Proust's generation:-
(quoted Martino, Le Naturalisme français p.160)

"Note: the sadness, the fright of my big boy who has
just entered his year of philosophy, and has read the books
of Schopenhauer, of Hartmann, Stuart Mill, Spencer. Terror
and disgust with living; the doctrine is dead, the professors
without hope, conversations in the yard despairing. The
uselessness of everything appears to these youngsters and
consumes them. Is it a good thing to initiate them so
suddenly? Would it not be better to continue to lie, to
let life do the disillusioning?"

2. Quoted by Harold March The two worlds of Marcel Proust.
In this first section I have drawn freely from H. March: The Two Worlds of Marcel Proust.
2. The relation between art and mystical cognition.

It is easy to draw a line of demarcation between perception and contemplation. Perception relates to cognition by the senses, a practice essential to the flow of material existence. Contemplation, however, involves a discovery of the essences, of the inner identity of things; a depth and fixity of purpose, peculiar to prophet and seer, invest our word 'contemplation' with new and grandiose proportions (cf. Les Contemplations of V. Hugo). There is implied a reaching down to the roots of things, a piercing of apparent and ephemeral reality, prone to change under our gaze. From the moment that the artist conceives of his function, as an attempt to penetrate through appearances to reality, art assumes a religious and sacred nature. So Baudelaire conceives the outer world to be a symbol of God and in this sense aligns himself in the schools of Swedenborg and of the German philosophy, Hegel, Schelling, etc., (and Carlyle).

Symbolists favour irrationalism - Péladan, Hello and Schuré etc. and Jacques Rivière is quoted by Dujardin (in "La vivante continuité du symbolisme", p.71) as believing that art is primarily irrational and emotive.

The stress on contemplation should be noted.

1. Lehmann's Symbolist Aesthetic in France provides an interesting discussion of this subject.
"La poésie tend de plus en plus à se différencier du jugement et même de la perception, elle s'enivre de plus en plus sur cet abîme que nous portons en nous, différent à la fois du cœur, des sens, et de l'esprit, et elle se dévore avec une docilité croissante à en recueillir les incertains murmures".

As seen in the Chapter on the Symbol - N.B. Baudelaire's Theory of "Correspondances," - belief that the touchstone of art is mystic cognition, would preclude aesthetic standards and equate all forms of art, provided that they afforded some glimpse of hidden reality.

Art has a higher task to perform than a mere recording of scattered facts, otherwise mere authenticity in time and place would alone be required of the work of art. The artist must himself escape from the bonds of time and space and also wring his creation from the iron grasp of these contingencies - Proust can thus speak of the metaphor in terms of a deliverance; by establishing a unity of essence between two objects - separated and apparently dissimilar in time and space. The poet can thus save the essence peculiar to both, and in itself a transcendent reality. Who knows whether Proust did not

1. cf. Spanish outlook. Machado etc. -

This artist, endowed with mystic powers, may seek alone
glimpse in the mystic's approach a means, in his own instance, of capturing for Art more fully than ever before, the transcendental quality which remains in varying degrees its very life-blood and raison d'être?

Art does not lay claim to factual exactitude, nor does it admit allegiance to historical verisimilitude. The relation for Baudelaire between his own mind and "un cimetière abhorré de la lune", the relation for Proust between the spires of Martinville and the origins of the legend, are relations in essence, since everything is placed in the mind. Notice the implied contrast between perception and contemplation.

"I understood furthermore that the slightest episodes of my past life had contributed to the lesson of idealism from which I was to profit today. - Only gross and erroneous perception places everything in the object whereas everything is in the mind". (Le Temps Retrouvé II.69, 72)

Like the artist envisaged by Baudelaire in "L'Art Mnémonique", Proust the creator aims at synthesis and depends on "instinct", and an inner process of elaboration for the clarity of his vision, and powers of expression. It is left to the reader to reconstitute the master's experience by his own process of analysis, and only then to live in a new world of essence - "for there are as many worlds as there are artists."

This artist, endowed with mystic powers, may seem alone
fully equipped to answer the challenge of Léon Blum in his "Nouvelles Conversations de Goethe avec Eckermann" 7 Oct. 1897. p. 38. "(L' imagination est impuissante à faire la synthèse de ces éléments analytiques que lui fournissent un à un et toujours incomplètement les descriptions... Le lecteur se chargera de l'analyse à lui tout seul.)

Il s'agit de frapper l' imagination, d'éveiller toute son activité libre au lieu de l'enchaîner dans un réseau de petits faits inutiles".

Finally, it is perhaps no mere coincidence that Proust, in the course of his article: "Le Balzac de M. de Guermantes" should level at the novelist the serious charge of "une réalité mal transformée," one devoid of the impress from the creator's soul, and that Baudelaire should, in parallel terms, - even using the same image of digestion - speak of the unconscious, instinctive conversion of the outer world into a spiritual reality; after stating that desire for synthesis haunts every artist: -

"C'est cette terrible peur qui possède tous les grands artistes et qui leur fait désirer si ardemment de s'approprier tous les moyens d'expression, pour que jamais les ordres de l'esprit ne soient altérés par les hésitations de la main; pour que finalement - l'exécution, l'exécution idéale devienne aussi inconsciente, aussi coulante que l'est la digestion pour le cerveau de l'homme bien portant qui a dîné".
3. Conditioning factors tend to develop in Proust the habit of contemplation.

A highly discerning essay by Virginia Woolf entitled "On being ill," may be quoted to support the contention that confinement to one room, isolation from the outer world, an indirect reception of impressions - a tempering of the wind to the shorn lamb - all combine to heighten powers of perception and to encourage a search for spiritual reality, - "un monde intérieur", on the part of the sick person.

It is important to remember that Baudelaire, and Proust were both schooled in suffering and illness. Baudelaire obviously falls short of being one of the great "Malades" of French literature, but it is instinctively to traces of the latter's community of suffering with fellow man that Proust will turn in his study of the poet. (See C: "A propos de Baudelaire" and again, in the hitherto unpublished sequel). Nor must we ever forget how deep was Proust's

1. Proust comments on the grim irony of the fact that Baudelaire, man of poetry and eloquence, should have been reduced in his latter days to the two words, feebly stuttered, "nom" and "crénom" - Yet in a letter to Robert de Montesquiou, written probably towards the end of April 1921, he seems to have sensed the shadow of a kindred fate; - he makes no explicit statement of kinship with Baudelaire but it is Baudelaire whom he instinctively quotes at the close of the paragraph - here indeed as so much elsewhere "son semblable et son frère" (Letters of M. Proust, translated by Mina Curtiss. p.299.)

"What pleasure can a person have, who can no longer even enunciate words clearly? Lately I ventured into a restaurant, and I had to repeat the word "Contrexéville" ten times in order (continued at foot of next page)
hurt at being called by many friends "le malade imaginaire". As Céleste Albaret told me, only he really knew how sick he was. . .

A deep sense of "Camaraderie", and a more than fleeting sense of kinship, inspire Proust to seize upon Baudelaire's lucidity, born of suffering, and his infinite compassion for those in the throes of spiritual and physical torment. . . Only a man whom suffering had initiated into her most sacred rites, could have gazed on Death "so steadily and seen it whole", and conserved such depths of compassion for his brother men. . . .

Chroniques. N.R.F.216,

"Peut-être faut-il avoir ressenti les mortelles fatigues qui précèdent la mort, pour pouvoir écrire sur elle:-

'Et qui refait le lit des gens pauvres et nus;' si celui, qui a écrit cela, n'avait pas encore éprouvé le mortel besoin qu'on refit son lit, alors c'est une 'anticipation' de son inconscient, un pressentiment du destin qui lui dicta un vers pareil."

Footnote 1 continued from page 365.

to make myself understood. Since I have never had syphilis, this painful disorder is quite unaccountable. . . It gives way for a few hours, after several days of taking caffeine and adrenalin. . . . I can only say to myself, in turning my face to the wall like Baudelaire: "Dors ton sommeil de brute!"
Proust is entirely of Baudelaire's "lignée", when discussion bears on "la fertilisante douleur", and the wealth of humanity bred in man by sickness. While illness affords Proust a source of consolation by joining him spiritually to the host of fighting men - many, his most intimate friends - the novelist discerns in illness riches of inspiration and a depth of experience denied to the healthy. We are reminded of Pascal's Prayer and of Baudelaire's lines of "Bénédiction" very familiar to Proust, witness the "Fin de Baudelaire" to be published December, 1952.

"Soyez bénis mon Dieu, qui donnez la souffrance
Comme un divin remède à nos impuretés"
and it is tempting to hazard a conjecture as to whether Proust owed to illness and enforced confinement a strengthening of mystic experience and revelation.

An artist, it is true, may shorten the course of nature by the depth of his message, but the wisdom of the healthy counts as nothing compared with the wondrous gain yielded by the sick -

"Ces artistes harmonieux ou réfléchis, s'ils représentent mille siècles par rapport au travail aveugle de la nature, ne

constituent pas eux-mêmes, les Voltaires par example, un temps indéfini par rapport à quelque malade, un Baudelaire, mieux encore un Dostoïewski, qui en trente ans, entre leurs crises d'épilepsie, et autres, créent tout ce dont une lignée de mille artistes seulement bien portants, n'auraient pu faire un alinéa".

(C: "A Propos de Baudelaire", p.216)

The isolation enforced by illness obviously helps to clear the way for a spiritual solitude which forms the very condition of artistic creation.

Noah never knew the earth so well as when, imprisoned within the ark, he explored the mysteries of his own soul, and inevitably of mankind. V.Woolf might, indeed, have had Marcel Proust in mind, when she measured the necessity of solitude for self-discovery and freedom:- Only as "un malade" - (and ironically no "malade imaginaire" despite his friends' inner convictions on the matter) - could Proust win the stern and essential condition of solitude for creation of his life-work. This inner "sondage", - Montaigne already avows, - finds strength in a gradual divorce of soul from body.

1. See N.R.F.1918 3e édition, tome II.
   A l'ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs p.186, where Proust speaks of the ecstasy of delight drawn from a masterpiece in the bare surroundings of a Museum:- "Salle de musée, laquelle symbolise bien mieux par sa nudité, et son dépouillement de toutes particularités, les espaces intérieurs où l'artiste s'est abstrait pour créer".
(cf. Platonic Dialogues of La Reine de Navarre - between body and soul in 16th century) - and the simplest sensation becomes capable of incredible refinement, during fitful returns to more normal health. Not all the tale of sound and fury, recounted by Hugo, of life and death, - can equal the virgin forest won by Baudelaire and Proust from under the shadow of death - ("Ce que le pauvre Baudelaire a trouvé dans l'intimité souffrante de son coeur et de son corps"), and none would have acclaimed with more whole-hearted acceptance than Marcel Proust, the closing testimony of that spiritual child of his own lineage, Virginia Woolf, when she writes: -

"We do not know our own souls, let alone the souls of others. Human beings do not go hand in hand the whole stretch of the way. There is a virgin forest in each; a snow field where even the print of birds' feet is unknown. Here we go alone, and like it better so. Always to have sympathy, always to be accompanied, always to be understood would be intolerable. In health we have to keep up the pretence; in illness it goes ......"

V. Woolf notes in her Essay "On being ill", what Proust leaves to the conjecture of posterity - the degree to which mysticism can be fostered by the conditions of a sick-room.

1. cf. ps.xxii-xxvi: Introduction
"In illness words seem to possess a mystic quality". Wilful obscurity, Proust was one of the first to decry in his article of "La Revue Blanche", "Contre l'Obscurité", but the task of introducing a torch into baffling gloom, of bringing intelligence to bear on the mysteries of human experience, of converting the link between two sensations into a "spiritual equivalent", - all this he ardently urged to the forefront of the writer's field as the work of an angel of deliverance. He wanted to wrest from incomprehensibility something of its power, without in any way damaging its message or robbing it of its poetic radiance, by a too clumsy and faltering touch...... The sick man can relive in imagination an experience which immediate sensation would only restrict and render crude; had not Nature put him on the way to artistic fulfilment in this respect also by making him value memory, as opposed to immediate sense experience in all his illness?

cf. V.Woolf: "Incomprehensibility has an enormous power over us in illness, more legitimately perhaps than the upright will allow. In illness, with the police off duty (i.e. intelligence

1. While Proust seeks personally to clarify even his own definition of "symbole", the Symbolists leave to the reader the task of elucidation.
domineering over the senses) we creep beneath some obscure poem by Mallarmé or Donne, some phrase in Latin or Greek, and the words give out their scent and distil their flavour, and then, if at last, we grasp the meaning, it is all the richer for having come to us sensually first by way of the palate and nostrils like some queer odour.

Illness, too, can invest certain faces with divinity - and wreathes the faces of the absent with a new significance.


"Il est des moments de l'existence, où le temps et l'étendue sont plus profonds et le sentiment de l'existence immensément augmenté"

(Baudelaire Fusées p.33)

Transfiguration is the philosophical term, specially coined to describe the experience of elation realised by an artist, visionary, prophet or seer, whenever he pierces the veils of form and matter to the underlying essence or 'idea'.

Wordsworth noted with intense regret the fading of such experiences into "the light of common day" and their very gradual diminution in proportion to the age of man.

The "celestial light", a sensate world momentarily charged with meaning and converted into the medium of expression of a higher mind, all this consolation he lived long enough to see dulled with usage and ravaged by the encroachment of time.

Baudelaire gave witness in "La Chambre Double" to the
process of "dédoublement" which things could so mysteriously undergo, every time a message was about to dawn from a hidden world. Swedenborg had empowered the poet to use analogy, and "Les correspondances", as a means of attaining the Essence or the Unity of which sense-perceptions are merely the symbols.

**Essence**

**Sense-Perceptions**

The poem "L'Élévation" of Baudelaire, speaks of flight to a higher plane of communion and understanding, where reigns an intercourse between man and things, mysteriously unhampered by the heaviness of the senses or by difficulties arising from lack of a common medium, where man "... comprend sans effort le langage des fleurs et des choses muettes". (Cf. Wordsworth's joy in the "language of mute insensate things"). Gérard de Nerval founded a wonderful lineage of poet-mystics in France - witness "les Vers dorés", and this poem is, in all probability, at the source of Baudelaire's "Correspondances" as well as of Proust's inner vision. We should never forget that Proust loved the soul and writings of Gérard, and even makes a curiously vivid rapprochement between

1. No. III. p. 6.
Nerval and Baudelaire ("Fin de Baudelaire", - due to be published December, 1952.)

In the meantime, what could have been written in more Nervalian strain than the following passage of "La Chambre Double", where - foretaste of Proust and the Danish writer Larsen, -

Time disappears into its native nothingness, and a new "vie suprême" dawns on our vision? 
(See V.p.12. Petits poèmes en prose. "La Chambre Double")

"Les meubles ont l'air de rêver, on les dirait doués d'une vie somnambulique, comme le végétal, et le minéral. Les étoffes parlent une langue muette, comme les fleurs, comme les ciels, comme les soleils couchants."

In the opening section of "Le Goût de l'Infini", Baudelaire speaks of a curious lightening of the shades, which like a prison-house close about the growing poet. He, in turn, experiences and extols the same heightening of powers of perception as V.Woolf notes in a sick person. We need only recall that M.Johnston had her experience of transfiguration during sickness, and that in the sketch "Céleste" Stephen

1. cf. Proust's description of Albertine asleep - also sketch: "La Dormeuse", N.R.F. 1921. She partakes of "la vie végétale", and he never again comes so close to possession of her soul as when she lies there asleep.
   cf. also "Heureux celui ... Qui plane sur la vie et comprend sans effort Le langage des Fleurs et des choses muettes!"
   ("Elévation").
Hudson has thrown into relief Proust's fondness for gazing from his place in bed, at certain light effects, at certain artfully combined arrangements of quite ordinary objects; objects capable of illumination by an inner meaning - according to where they are placed, or where the rays of light fall upon them. Proust's régime of an invalid, and his customary fasts² must have rendered yet more pronounced any such innate tendency to penetrate to the essence of things. Baudelaire seems to sketch a day in

1. (a) cf. The remarks of Proust's servant Céleste as quoted by S. Hudson in "Céleste and other Sketches", pp. 20-21. "For instance the sun casting its rays into the corner of the room, illuminated it in some fashion that pleased him, or touched with fantastic colour an object - a jug, or a coffee cup, or a half emptied glass of beer ... Sometimes he insisted on its remaining indefinitely because he wanted to renew the sensation it had given him...."

(b) It has been said that the figure of the artist in Jean Santeuil bears striking resemblance to Maupassant. Further, it has been discovered that there may have been a link with Maupassant (cf. Maupassant's short stories written under the shadow of madness - 'the things around him seem animated...'). Dr. Blanche who attended Maupassant was related to J.E. Blanche the painter friend of Proust from the Auvergne days.

2. Céleste can record that he would go for a whole day without food, and for days without anything other than a snack of coffee. Her own state of health after Proust's death was precarious as a result of similar irregularity.
the life of Proust "avant la lettre", and, inspired by a stirring of his subconscious, he anticipates Proust's destiny in much the same manner as Proust claimed that Baudelaire's compassion for the sick and suffering, caused the poet to anticipate his own intimacy with Death. ("C'est une anticipation de son inconscient, un pressentiment du destin qui lui dicta un vers pareil sur la mort - "Et qui refait le lit des gens pauvres et nus!")

Mme. Mante-Proust has stated with conviction that long periods of fasting only increased the efficacy with which Involuntary Memory and Contemplation operated in her Uncle's instance. She has also mentioned Pavlov's attempts to develop a theory of involuntary memory, and application of a fasting régime to the animals on which he conducted his experiments. The orgy of work dominated Proust's nights to the extent that his occasional and fleeting visions of daylight must have gained an extraordinary degree of power and intensity. Like Proust, Baudelaire must have experimented too, in varieties of sleep, drugged and natural ......

The prophetic Baudelaire foresaw even the abuse of

1. (See La Prisonnière, p.153) "Mais pour un homme habitué à ne dormir qu'avec des drogues, une heure inattendue de sommeil naturel découvrira l'immensité matinale d'un paysage aussi mystérieux et plus frais."
physical faculties, - when he sketched in a moment of
curious insight, this day in the life of Marcel Proust.

See "Goût de l'Infini", p.159-160 (Proust was
destined to comment on the same abuse in Baudelaire)

"Il est des jours où l'homme s'éveille avec un
génie jeune et vigoureux. Ses paupières à peine déchargées
du sommeil, qui les scellait, le monde extérieur s'offre à
lui avec un relief puissant, une netteté de contours, une
richesse de couleurs admirables......

L'homme gratifié de cette béatitude, malheureusement
rare et passagère, se sent à la fois, plus artiste et plus
juste, plus noble, pour tout dire en un mot . . . état
exceptionnel de l'esprit et des sens que je puis sans
exagération appeler paradisiaque, si je le compare aux
lourdes ténèbres de l'existence commune et journalière".

Baffled by the question of causes, Baudelaire can do
nothing but attribute this state to an external visitation:
"C'est comme si cette merveille était l'effet d'une puissance
supérieure et invisible, extérieure à l'homme, après une
période où celui-ci a fait abus de ses facultés physiques."

The final conclusion so resembles Proust's fervent
surmise, that the identity of views as between Baudelaire
and Proust seems startling. We have Céleste Albaret's
testimony about Proust's state of beatitude, or of
"éblouissement" (his eyes alight with an inner fire), a state which she observed when he had devoted himself without reserve to his writing. ("Que je suis content!" he would say, or, "J'ai bien fait ... ") This testimony, humble but unerring, only combines with Baudelaire's message to give infinite consolation and strength of conviction to a long line of men and women, to whom something close to supernatural experience was afforded: - Kingsley, Henry James, M. Johnston, and Larsen. It does a further service because it helps to strengthen our reasons for believing in the sincerity of Proust's conviction not only of a previous existence but of a continuation in future worlds. Baudelaire writes:

"Cet état, c'est une espèce de hantise, mais de hantise intermittente, dont nous devrions tirer si nous étions sages, la certitude d'une existence meilleure et l'espérance d'y atteindre par l'exercice journalier de notre volonté."

Especially when he discusses the power of opium and "haschisch" in L'Homme-Dieu does Baudelaire come closest to definition of contemplation - a state merely enhanced and

1. See later in this chapter.
amplified by addiction to drugs. Under the influence of "hashisch" or opium, or in illness, the artist can find a mystic power in words, and let his reverie bathe in the fascination of a few words, however trivial indeed by ordinary standards.

When in "Journées de Lecture" (C:92. "Au seuil du Printemps"), the child Marcel is prevented by illness from going away to Venice, or else lives in the joy of eager anticipation, then it is that merely to turn the pages of Baedekker or any railway guide gives him the essence of pleasure, the thrill of untrammelled imagination which an ever present reality would only impede and frustrate.

Baudelaire resumes in slightly different guise the oft-quoted generalisation of Mon Coeur mis à nu but this time he enlightens the reader further by stressing the onset of transparency in things vegetable and animal. The account which we owe to Reynaldo Hahn (see Hommage à M. Proust. "Promenade" p.39) of a man intent upon deciphering the inner message of roses, all this comes to mind as we read Baudelaire's attempted explanation of the visionary's fixity

2. "Dans certains états de l'âme presque surnaturels, la profondeur de la vie se révèle tout entière dans le spectacle, si ordinaire qu'il soit, qu'on a sous les yeux. Il en devient le symbole." Fusées. p.35
of gaze...

See L'Homme-Dieu p.206.

"Cependant se développe cet état mystérieux et temporaire de l'esprit où la profondeur de la vie, hérissée de ses problèmes multiples, se révèle tout entière dans le spectacle, si naturel et si trivial qu'il soit qu'on a sous les yeux - où le premier objet venu devient symbole parlant. Fourier et Swedenborg - l'un avec ses analogies, l'autre avec ses correspondances, - se sont incarnés dans le végétal et l'animal qui tombent sous votre regard; et au lieu d'enseigner par la voix, ils vous endoctrinent par la forme et par la couleur".


From an early age Proust was peculiarly sensitive to impressions of natural beauty, and to experience of hallowed moments, with or without the intervention of analogy as an aid towards capturing the unity of essence. There is the notable passage where the "jeunes filles" merge inextricably with the "fleurs de l'églantier" and vice versa until they reach the verge of unreality...

Even without the help of analogy, (brought to bear in the incident of the 'clochers de Martinville'), Proust experienced a mysterious glow of pleasure from apparently
ordinary sensations; perhaps already with the fantastic interplay, which is their prerogative, poetic associations had woven their way deeply into the substance of a roof, into a reflection of sunlight on a stone, into the odour of a road. (S.1,256) He confesses that such is the truth in his experience of hawthorn beauty. (See C: "Au Seuil du Printemps").

Under the influence of opium, Baudelaire and De Quincey could identify themselves with any object; the line of demarcation between subject and object vanishes, for the artist is the tree, the cloud, etc. (Compare a child's difficulty to disentangle himself from natural objects and discern where his own life ends and the separate life of natural objects begins. Compare also Baudelaire: "Je suis la pipe d'un auteur" (Poem "La Pipe": Fleurs du Mal)\(^1\)

Similarly Fourier et Swedenborg (See p.379 of thesis) "Se sont incarnés dans le végétal et l'animal qui tombent sous votre regard," and by virtue of sheer intensity of pleasure in sense-perception the artist Proust felt that a part of his own soul had fled into the roof, into the reflection of sunlight, or the odour of a road, and now lay there in magical and mysterious splendour, challenging him to seek and find reunion

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1. LXVIII.p.68 Proust admires this poem. See MS.
2. cf. Ch.II. p.97-101 etc.
with a part of his own life-force. Sometimes the impulse seems to seek fulfilment within his soul. It is within that he expects to find the image of the tree but the power of entreaty springs from the fact that a part of Proust's own being strives, and passionately yearns for recognition and reunion with its immediate creator. Baudelaire relates the same experience in "Le Flacon", "d'où jaillit toute vive une âme qui revient", and the trees of Balbec wave their branches in elegiac entreaty, lamenting the loss of a part, infinitely precious, of Proust's own soul.

These are moments of transcendent being, of emotional insight or exaltation, and man discerns a pulsating life in the inanimate. Charles du Bos was one of the first writers to single them out for attention. Bertocci, (See Article on "Charles du Bos and English Literature", N.Y. 1949 pp. 18-22) conceives of such exaltation in terms of an eternal pursuit of a "second reality". No writer on the subject, however, seems to have posed the obvious question: "How far does this life in the inanimate proceed from me, its privileged observer - how far from my previous sensations which probably date back to "une vie antérieure", or even, how far from the

1. XLVIII. p. 47
enjoyment of previous observers, and finally, how far from
some hidden and separate power?"  

James Joyce defined such revelation of meaning in
Stephen Hero as a "sudden spiritual manifestation," the
object's epiphany, - reminding us in the same breath of
Baudelaire's "Le Flacon", and Proust's experience of the
'Spires of Martinville'. Blake's perception of heavenly
symmetry, of eternity in a grain of sand, flashes into
the memory of anyone reading Joyce's brilliant analysis
of the experience. Again, did not Proust discern and
admire the fashioning of other worldly symmetry in Stendhal
and Hardy? A certain shifting of distances and movement
induce a moment of exaltation in his own case ("Le Clocher
de Combray", "les trois clochers de Martinville" etc.) and
there is a comparable moment in the train bound for Balbec
where he rushes first to one side and then to the other in
order to behold Sun and Moon in simultaneity and so capture
their essence.

(p.195, A l'ombre des Jeune Filles II, Troisième édition N.R.F.)

Joyce writes:

"When the relation of parts is exquisite, when the parts
are adjusted to the special point, we recognise that it is that

1. See Harold March's article "The Artist as Seer". Vol.II.
   No. 2. Yale Studies.
2. XLVIII.p.147.
thing which it is. Its soul, its whatness leaps to us from the vestment of its appearance. The soul of the commonest object, the structure of which is so adjusted seems to us radiant. The object achieves its epiphany. Proust's essay; "The Threshold of Spring" sheds interesting light on the mystery of such inner radiance. Already, as he stands in rapt wonderment before the glory of Mary's flower, something of the mystic's fascination with a higher power's instrument of expression informs his attitude and motivates the flood of tears on his departure and separation from the beloved hawthorn flowers. Memory, - he avows, - causes him to brood before the blossoming thorn, and depths of feeling embedded in memory as well as in the flower's life-force, seem to add a past, a soul to the flower; here is Joyce's Epiphany in exquisite modulation ... 

"Alors si je m'arrête pensivement en regardant les aubépines, c'est que ce n'est pas ma vie seule, mais ma mémoire, toute mon attention qui sont en jeu. J'essaye de démêler quelle est cette profondeur sur laquelle me semblent se détacher les pétales et qui ajoute comme un passé, comme une âme à la fleur; pourquoi je crois y reconnaître des cantiques et d'anciens clairs de lune."

1. Cf. Baudelaire: "l'objet le plus naturel, le plus trivial". 2.(a) Quoted by Harold March - "Artist as Seen" (b) Cf. Verlaine, "Kaléidoscope": - "Les choses seront plus les mêmes qu'autrefois". ...
Harold March (See "Artist as Seer" - Vol.2. No. 2 Yale Studies) quotes a passage from Browning's "Prologue to Asolando" 1889, where a strikingly similar experience lies recorded. My attempt at explanation of the phenomenon would resolve itself as follows, and I am here turning to account an implication of Marcel Proust himself. Everyone forms an inner image or representation of objects of the outer world. Sometimes this imagery can be so intimate and intensely individual as to prove incommunicable, and so it would effectively remain, a hidden inner world, were it not for Art and sublime powers of expression. Dreams, memories, stamp with indelible impress the inner retina of the soul. One need only quote Plato's symbol, within the cave, of the screen on which are reflected the fleeting forms of the true ideas, - perceived directly by the Seer alone. Some of this inner stream of imagery may well stem from a previous existence - no one knows!

A moment of exaltation arises when the inner world is suddenly confronted by an amazingly close approximation in the outer world. There is a synthesis, mystic union between subject and object - a reciprocation. There is always a part of perception "à demi engainée dans l'objet" Temps Retrouvé. II,

p.43, and correspondingly, a part of the object sheathed within perception. It will be noticed that the object can partake fully of the poet's inner world, and Proust looks within himself for a deciphering of the trees' message.

I remember visiting Chartres with little expectation of ever seeing it again. A further journey, however, involved a wait of an hour in this city and I returned to the Cathedral. My second glimpse was almost startling, by reason of the extraordinary pleasure which it afforded me. I had a wonderful conviction that the cathedral and all its message of beauty were within me, and the external form surprised me, in that it could be external to me in any sense - even in the material, so completely must it have undergone conversion into essence or spiritual equivalent. This kind of experience can give us, as indeed it gave Baudelaire and Proust, the unshakeable conviction of a continuity and eternity of spiritual life, existing outside Time, and favouring us with 'moments of grace' - as Baudelaire, in his artist's ecstasy, chose to term them. The past, from which Proust can recoil with horror, when there dawns upon him the realisation of the weight accumulated within him, all the "depth" of the years, from the sounding of the bell at Combray to the moment in the Salon of the Duc de Guermantes,

this same past, by the very virtue of its integral survival,
can bear a message of hope to the otherwise beleaguered
victim of time.

"Les choses seront plus les mêmes qu'autrefois.
Ce sera si fatal qu'on en croira mourir"

So wrote the poet Verlaine in "Kaléidoscope", and still to
this day this verse is quoted by the French poet Fernand
Gregh as testimony of the type of experience which, he,
shared with Proust.

Things find for Browning this same revelation of
their true identity or "whatness" from the moment they
are possessed within the poet's soul.

1

"An object could reveal its shape,
Clear outlined, past escape,
The naked very thing? so clear
That when you had the chance to gaze,
You found its immost self appear,
Through outer seeming-truth ablaze,
Not falsehood's fancy-haze.

The naked very thing? so clear
That when you had the chance to gaze,
You found its immost self appear,
Through outer seeming-truth ablaze,
Not falsehood's fancy-haze.

1. See "Prologue to Asolando".
For natural objects seemed to stand
Palpably fire-clothed!

No mastery of mine o'er these!

Terror with beauty like the Bush,
Burning but unconsumed."

By a mystical paradox, the "inmost self" of the
"naked very thing" can appear, only if lost to the outer
world; its essence is extracted to go on burning imperishably
within the shrine of the artist's "inmost self". All which
we thought lost lived on within us, only awaiting an auspicious
moment, - a chance symmetry, a curious light-effect, the
transforming touch of an inner radiance and emotion, to
burgeon forth within our inmost selves. It is the age-old
paradox of Biblical foundation, and unchanging truth: "He
who would lose his life, shall save it." Proust's version
runs: "The only true forms of Paradise are those which were
lost," "l'impression des seuls vrais Paradis, les Paradis
perdus." C; "Rayon de soleil sur le Balcon," p.105.

The essay: "Added Space", published posthumously,
(Mary Johnston), 1947, draws curiously close to Proust's

1. Cf. the cathedral of Chartres which I had deemed lost ....
and never expected to see again, let alone with such a
thrill of exaltation.
intuitive awareness of the radiance shed by the hawthorn blossom. Did not Baudelaire speak of colour and form as capable of conveying a message of deep import — without the halting indirectness of language and conceptual thought? ("... endoctrinent par la forme et par la couleur", and again: "Les parfums, les sons et les couleurs se répondent").

Mary Johnston's experience of a world transfigured, Harold March fails to set in the intimate comparison which it deserves, with Proust's vision of 'Lady Mary's flower'. Roses and carnations are brought to her by a friend and from her recumbent position in bed, she beholds "the vase and the flowers transfigured". Perhaps here too some inner Platonic idea of essence, encouraged by the spirituality consequent upon illness, found, and leapt with joy at finding such an enthrallingly close approximation to its heavenly symmetry in the world of time and space — for she writes:

"I despair of giving in words any indication of this burning, exceeding loveliness. One might say: 'Translucence, jewel fire, surface lost in depth and height', the 'inanimate' vase pulsing significance and power, the roses, the great white and red pinks, the ferns, vast individuals, bright Kings and Queens."

She sinks back, exhausted by vain attempts to capture the solution and explanation. The visitant came without warning, and now goes equally unbidden; a sense of void takes back into normality flowers and vase.... and the "true life apart" remains only as a memory, albeit a glorious one, still imbued with mysterious power to touch and transform the Present.

"And yet that does not describe transfiguration. It all held perhaps thirty seconds, then the wand sank. There stood a great familiar vase, and a winter gift, beautiful flowers from a greenhouse. But over and through now eighteen years, vibrates yet that half-minute of splendour."

(See Fireside Book of Ghost Stories ed. by Edward Wagenknecht N.Y. 1947.)

The counterpart to the solution suggested above and adumbrated by Proust (i.e. the theory that there is a warming of the inanimate to the pitch of intensity of the inner vision) - still takes the form of a union between outer and inner worlds. This time, however, it is the inner representation which fades perhaps by a certain dimness and shadowy nature. Then it is that the radiance comes from without and transforms the "monde intérieur" beyond all expectation. In my opinion, it is this counterpart process which transpires in Mary Johnston's moment of exaltation.
Is there here perhaps a hint of the identification of subject with object, enhanced by illness and, in De Quincey's case, by opium? Its nature is decidedly "homeward bound". Proust accordingly relates that the hawthorns brought him "pleasure such as we feel when we see a work of some favourite painter, different from those we know already from his brush, or when we are shown a picture of which we have known, till then, only a pencil sketch, or when a piece of music heard only on the piano is later played to us in all the coloured splendour of an orchestral score." It is undoubtedly the outer world, as opposed to the inner which, here, undertakes the grand orchestration. The one remaining constant factor is union between subject and object, resulting miraculously in exaltation outside time and space, - and furnishing Baudelaire and Proust with more than suggestion, - even with inner certainty of our survival in essence. The final stress is placed on the subject, on the world within, - and the accord with mystics such as Boehme, or with exponents such as Novalis, achieves completion in this final emphasis on the human medium, and receptiveness to messages from the "world of eternity, where there is freedom, beauty and peace."

(See H. March. "Preface and Keynote" to the Two Words of Marcel Proust)

1. Cf. physical vision of Chartres confronting inner image.
CHAPTER XI.

The rôle of sleep and le Rêve in Baudelaire and Proust.

1. General Introduction. The positive aspect of Sleep and Death. Fascination of sleep and dreams for mankind - particularly for Baudelaire. The Symbolists, - fascination all the more powerful, since the late nineteenth century and the early twentieth century strive to see the positive where previous ages might have discerned only negation. Sleep is a préfiguration of Death, therefore why not the awakening a miniature of the Resurrection?

2. "Le Rêve" according to Baudelaire's interpretation; - parallels with Proust.

3. The immense value accorded to "la volonté" in the artistic creation born of dreams. Baudelaire (and Proust)

4. Rôle of "le Sommeil" and "le Rêve" in Baudelaire's prose- poems and poetry.

Suggestions already of Proust's attitude.

(i) Introduction.

(ii) A conscious and deliberate cultivation of dreaming on the part of Baudelaire - in this respect also the precursor of Marcel Proust.

(iii) Rôle of imagination in the construction of an Inner World or "L'artiste intérieurise le monde" (Fiser)

(i) Introduction: Bergson's conception of a dream.
(ii) Belief in a common language intelligible only within the fabric of a particular dream. Unanimity of Bergson and Proust.
(iii) A materialistic basis for dreams. Invasion of determinism.
(iv) Affinity between Bergson's conception of a dream and Proust's conception of a symbol.
(v) While Baudelaire and Proust favour the cult of "souvenirs", Bergson desires principally action and economy of recollection.
(vi) Relationship between dream and memory. The apparently trivial is conserved by confession of all three men.

6. Proust's observations.

(i) Reversibility of Time. Rapidity of dreams etc. Value of involuntary sleep as restorative.
(ii) Contribution of dream and oblivion to artist's inner world.

"La Mort".
CHAPTER XI.

The Rôle of Sleep and "Le Rêve" in Baudelaire and Proust.

General Introduction. The Positive Aspect of Sleep and Death.

"Ma pauvre Muse, hélas! qu'as-tu donc ce matin?
Tes yeux creux sont peuplés de visions nocturnes;
Le cauchemar d'un poing despotique et mutin,
T'a-t-il noyée au fond d'un fabuleux Minturnes?"

"La Muse Malade".
("Spleen et Idéal", vii)

A particular fascination has always seemed to stem from the mystery of sleep and dreams. It is perhaps because sleep reflects and prefigures death, that it has so haunted and absorbed the minds of men, and especially of philosophers. Sleep appears to us in the guise of a gracious deity, whose visitations suspend, at least for a period, our more than mortal weariness and hold out the infinite promise of renewal for our inner life-force. Hamlet, reflecting on life and death, instinctively added the image of sleep to the momentous words "to die" and thereby softened the sharpness of the irrevocable.
"To die, to sleep, no more....
And by a sleep, to say we end the heart-ache,
And thousand natural ills that flesh is heir to!
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Sleep is made in the image of Death; for Baudelaire
it is "aventure sinistre de tous les soirs", and naturally
it partakes of the mystery for ever attached to this "great
leap into the unknown". Nor can it amaze us that philosophers -
as well as perfectly humble men, - who would be among the
first to disclaim pretensions to such high rank of thought,
quite unconsciously argue from the fact of renewal after
sleep, to that of resurrection after Death. 'Is Memory after
sleep a phenomenon also of resurrection after Death?' asks
Proust, and Baudelaire makes the same query in "Le Rêve d'un
Curieux". (CXXV "La Mort"). We venture forth into the
Unknown both in sleep and in death. In spite of progress
in science, man is a child as far as both experiences are
concerned.

Dreams lay bare a vast realm - another life within
our life - frequently so real and tangible, that men have
been led to ask the question: 'Which of the two, of life and
dream, is reality?' From this questioning, it is only
one further stage to pose the challenge: 'May not the dream
be reality, and life itself the unreal?' Novalis, in the
liminar poem of the second part of Heinrich von Ofterdingen,
writes "Die Welt wird Traum, der Traum wird Welt." Proust recoils in terror before the prospect of such confusion between reality and the dream S.G.11 (3) 32:

"J'étais effrayé pourtant de penser que ce rêve avait eu la netteté de la connaissance. La connaissance aurait-elle réciproquement l'irréalité du rêve?"

Long before the advent of Freud and theories of modern psychology, men have wondered whether their inner soul did not sometimes find more immediate expression in dreams than in real life. Without subscribing to occultism, a poet and philosopher have every right to unravel as far as they can this elusive, eternally bewitching thread of "questionings, fallings from us, wanderings about in worlds unrealised."

The observation has already been made that the "ennui", or world-weariness characteristic of Baudelaire's era and, in turn, (following the negation of naturalism and Determinism) of Proust's own generation, was accompanied by an urge to run counter to nature, and incidentally, to find positive values in ideas and things, which would normally spell absolute negation. No wonder, then, that Baudelaire, precursor of Symbolism, turned with joy to find in Sleep and Death the consolation which Life persistently withheld. His use of drugs,
opium and "hashisch," however much he decried such practice as virtual extinction of human will-power, was merely evidence of a deeply rooted urge to turn his back on Life (cf. "Les Fenêtres" of Mallarmé).

"Je fuis et je m'accroche à toutes les croisées, D'où l'on tourne l'épaule à la vie . . ."

and to find positive values in Death. Loyalty to a Platonic conception of the world could only serve to strengthen such an attitude in Symbolists like Valéry, who wrote: "La vie n'est qu'un défaut, dans la pureté du non-être". The effect of this tenet on Valéry's aesthetics is ruthless in its completeness. Novalis, that precursor of Symbolist thought, was for ever singing of union with sleep, night and Death — and when one day Charles du Bos, with a flash of intuition, declared that Novalis prefigured Proust, his critical faculty was most wonderfully unerring; no one more than Marcel Proust came to regard sleep, dreams and, above all, Death in such a positive light.

Moreover, as Proust wrote in the oft-quoted article "Contre l'Obscurité" of the "Revue Blanche", his aim as a voyager through realms of obscurity, was to herald the


"La vue . . . de Novalis, — celle qui préforme, qui contient Proust, c'est que cette faculté créatrice, ou plus exactement, chacun de ces innombrables filets, réseaux, projette un monde possible, et qui de la possibilité n'a besoin pour passer à l'acte que de l'existence de l'artiste."
appearance of a torch of light, never to revel in obscurity for obscurity's sake. Sometimes it is a turn of phrase, a conviction animating the imagery, but the fact remains that Proust, in harmony with Baudelaire and the Symbolist tradition, sees in sleep and even on occasion in Death (see subdivision to this chapter p. 457) a transition to new life. How often the sea for Proust expresses sleep; or, again, the sleeper's rebirth to life is implicitly likened to a powerful upward surge to the surface, - like the form in which D'Aubigné expressed his own conviction:

"Comme un nageur venant du profond de son plonge,
Tous sortent de la mort comme l'on sort d'un songe"

D'Aubigné. Les Tragiques

2. "Le Rêve" according to Baudelaire's Interpretation.

A common practice is to oppose dreams, or "le rêve", to reality, and to let a definition of "le rêve" spring from this juxtaposition. Such a custom cannot fail to prove dangerous, since life quite often partakes of a dream world (cf. Spiritualised vision of Baudelaire), just as the dream world can take its point of departure in reality, sometimes of the most prosaic variety. The Austrian dramatist of Byron's choice, Grillparzer, conceived of such a close affinity between life and dreams that in his play "Der
Traum, ein Leben", it is at times impossible to determine of which world we are the fleeting guests, so inextricably do these two realms intermingle and even, sometimes, merge.

Proust must have sensed from the outset of his artistic creation that a deep substratum of sleep and dreams underlies and supports life; in a letter to Louis de Robert he avows his desire to express the counterpart of his conviction in artistic structure, by opening his cycle of novels with an illuminating analysis of sleep and the wakening consciousness, a theme all the more fundamental and "consubstantial" to his life work, because dreams play havoc with time. (Cf. "Les rêves m'avaient toujours fasciné par le jeu formidable qu'ils font avec le temps". S I opening part and T.R. (2) 71)

There is something intensely appropriate and symbolical in the way this child of Combray already holds the enchanted circle of the hours, at the very beginning, thanks to the alchemy of sleep, and is destined to emerge at last as "l'homme affranchi de l'ordre du temps", a ravaged but unbowed victor of Time in the unforgettably majestic close of Temps Retrouvé.

Baudelaire seems to have studied at length Swedenborg's conception of dreams for he writes (Fusées, Editions de la Sirène 1919., p.13) "Rêves et théories du rêve à la Swedenborg".

For Baudelaire as for Proust, "le rêve" implies
unchartered freedom of artistic creation, and unfettered movement of the imagination. The world's touchstone of truth and falsehood vanishes. In order to penetrate the wonder of a work of art, man has first to grant a "willing suspension of disbelief". In dreams we comply with this condition in spite of ourselves and accept as valid the beauty and enigma of it all, as long as we linger in the other world. A vague questioning as to the truth or, rather, logic of events in a dream seems to be regularly silenced and overruled by another self, such is the power the dream-self can exert, and it is often only after a considerable lapse of time that logic will have finally emptied of significance and value the keyword of a dream. As long as the dream lasted, and well into the period of "réveil", the power of new criteria, opposed to the world's criteria of truth and falsehood, holds tyrannic and undisputed sway. (See Proust, S et G.11)

The cultivation of "le rêve" and skilful use of its vast store of imagery can for Baudelaire spiritualise the artist's vision of the ordinary or waking world, and miraculously fuse subject and object, the artist and the external world in one indivisible act of creation.

"Le Goût de l'Infini" ("Le Poème du Haschisch")
"Il est des jours où l'homme s'éveille avec un génie jeune et vigoureux. Ses paupières à peine déchargées du sommeil qui les scellait, le monde extérieur s'offre à lui avec un relief puissant, une netteté de contours, une richesse de couleurs admirables. Le monde moral ouvre ses vastes perspectives, pleines de clartés nouvelles."

This high state of awareness and receptivity means that the artist sees and creates in one breath; his vision and creation are indivisible; the creation is, in fact, - triumph of mastery - inseparable from the act of seeing.

Art Romantique. "L'art philosophique" p.113.

"Qu'est-ce que l'art pur suivant la conception moderne?
C'est créer une magie suggestive contenant à la fois l'objet et le sujet, le monde extérieur et l'artiste lui-même."

Baudelaire's "rêve" implies then, vision and expression, no easy surrender to the inner stream of dream images or rêverie but a resolute stand against the passivity of the Surrealist attitude, and the lazy obscurity of some Symbolists, anxious to shield confused emotion and thought by claiming that a correspondingly muffled expression can alone be worthy to meet the subject matter.

1. Cf. Hugo: "On a des matins triomphants"
3. The immense value accorded to "la volonté" in the artistic creation born of dreams. 1

This desire to preserve the artist's spiritual integrity, to accord full play to human will-power, to recognise the deliberate element in creation, - surely lies at the root of Baudelaire's stern condemnation of 'haschisch' and the 'paradis artificiels'. Powerful irony and tenderness charge Proust's expression of disappointment that Baudelaire never fought entirely free from the tyranny of drugs, and that the master of words was reduced to the last humiliation, the failure to articulate a word. This irony and tenderness are all the more wonderful and arresting, since Proust and Baudelaire never ceased to decry such defeat of will power in themselves, and in others. Both endured the agony of "la clairvoyance dans le mal" and the torturing spectacle of their own will-power undermined and defeated in private life. The measure of will-power exercised in work and artistic creation could alone relieve some of their torment.

Baudelaire and Proust set deliberate artistic endeavour extremely high, and their attitude in aesthetics is nothing more than a reflection of what both men strove hard to achieve in the every day measure of human existence, - strove to

1. This is all the more interesting in the case of Proust and Baudelaire since both men constantly lament their lack of will-power.
attain yet so often suffered failure and defeat. Proust lost his greatest preliminary battle when he failed to go to sleep without the benediction of his Mother's "Goodnight Kiss"; his lament takes on a haunting note of the irrevocable and he will spend the rest of his life trying to recover the ground he lost so early.

Baudelaire, the partisan of deliberate creation, flagellates himself equally unmercifully. The jerkiness of structure points to his sense of inadequacy:

Mon Coeur mis à nu p.159;

"Travail immédiat, même mauvais; mieux vaut que la rêverie."

"Une suite de petites volontés fait un gros résultat;" and the movement grows into an attempt to defeat the quicksands of temperament:

"Tout recul de la volonté est une parcelle de substance perdue. Combien donc l'hésitation est prodigue. Et qu'on juge de l'immensité de l'effort final nécessaire pour réparer tant de pertes."

One cannot help thinking of Proust in the throes of artistic creation and of that scene, when Céleste Albaret,

2. There are times, however, when Proust and Baudelaire seem to surrender to an even flow of reverie as course of action; J.F.(3) 109 and Mon Coeur mis à nu p.159 Cf. Ps. 407 and 408 of thesis.
unconsciously witnessing the torment which separated vision from the desired form of expression, said unthinkingly to her master:

"Mais vous n'avez qu'à écrire"

The anguished reply forced her back into silence - "Ah, Céleste, si ce n'était qu'elle - mais tu ne sais pas, tu ne sais pas ..."

No mere passivity of an artist, before whom unrolls the spectacle of dream imagery, rather, the vigorous activity, and extraordinary powers of rebirth, (which Proust singled out for comment in his essay on Baudelaire) dominate, and consciously rekindle the glory of the dream, - in the following lines from Baudelaire, so aptly quoted by Albert Béguin (L'Ame Romantique et le Rêve (Section: Baudelaire))

"Architecte de mes féeries
Je faisais à ma volonté
Sous un tunnel de pierreries
Passer un océan dompté."

On awakening, the poet imposes the aesthetic standards to which he must ever own allegiance, and order can thus literally be created out of chaos. In his work of criticism La Cathédrale symboliste, 1933, Antoine Orliac ranks Nerval at the head of this order of "Architectes de leurs féeries",
and consequently would make of him, with Baudelaire, precursor of a Symbolist technique.

"C'est de lui (Nerval) que vient la grande leçon de l'organisation du rêve dont procéderont les Symbolistes pour créer la fée Intérieure, tandis que par une inexplicable régression, sous prétexte de remonter aux sources mêmes du génie, quelques nouveaux venus en littérature étaleront tout le bric-à-brac de l'inconscient et mêleront aux rares fulgurances des trouvailles de décevantes trivialités. Or, Gérard de Nerval, dont ils se réclament volontiers a nettement proclamé que l'art a toujours besoin d'une architecture précise, d'une forme absolue au delà de laquelle tout est trouble et confusion."

Proust aligns himself with Baudelaire and Nerval against Surrealists, and these so-called Symbolists who allow obscurity to reign supreme, never applying either ray of light or the formative element of constructive and clarifying artistry. The subsequent examination we shall give to his treatment of complex and obscure dream phenomena and of sensations, for which he has to delve deep ("fouilles profondes"), will help to place his interpretation of "Symbolism" in this connection well beyond the reach of censure from any quarter.

Part of the manifesto which he was destined so brilliantly to fulfil, he already announces in "La Revue
Blanche", 1896, with an evident sense of elation at the prospect of his special territory, soon about to be added to French literature.

(p.142. N.R.F. Chroniques: "Contre l'obscurité").

"Je passerai presque sous silence la troisième raison que pourraient alléguer les poètes, je veux dire l'intérêt des idées ou des sensations obscures plus difficiles à exprimer, mais, aussi plus rares que les sensations claires et plus courantes.

Quoi qu'il en soit de cette théorie, il est trop évident que, si les sensations obscures sont plus intéressantes pour le poète, c'est à condition de les rendre claires; s'il parcourt la nuit, que ce soit comme l'Ange des ténèbres en y portant la lumière."

4. Rôle of "le Sommeil" and "le Rêve" in Baudelaire's Prose poems and poetry. Suggestions already of Proust’s attitude.

"Le poète au cachot..........

Ce rêveur que l'horreur de son logis réveille,
Voilà bien ton emblème, âme aux songes obscurs,
Que le réel étouffe entre ses quatre murs."

("Sur le Tasse en prison", "Les Epaves", XVI.p.164)

1. Cf. Quotations given in Conclusion p.153
(1) Introduction.

Baudelaire ranks in the first order the inner image, "modèle intérieur", or "double" as Proust will term it later. Art re-creates and improves upon the symmetry of nature. Surely Baudelaire's act of reassembling and re-ordering the universe, in obedience to the dictates of "la féerie intérieure", is intimately bound up with Proust's conception and practice of metaphor. No longer are objects grouped according to chance, as Proust will say: 'in "une simple vision cinématographique".' (Temps Retrouvé 11.39-40) but according to their deep mutual affinities, which it is the poet's privilege to discover, whenever he gives rein to his imagination or to reverie. (Cf. Baudelaire. "Article sur l'Oeuvre et la Vie d'Eugène Delacroix" p.12: "Tout l'univers visible n'est qu'un magasin d'images et de signes auxquels l'imagination donnera une place et une valeur relative......") Dreams may, in fact, be responsible for the vital "rapprochement", for introducing the fourth dimension, the one "en profondeur". Proust claims that the poet eternally seals such union by metaphor:

"La vérité ne commencera qu'au moment, où l'écrivain prendra deux objets différents, posera leur rapport et les enfermera dans les anneaux nécessaires d'un beau style - ou même ainsi que la vie - quand, en rapprochant une qualité
commune à deux sensations, il dégagera leur essence en les réunissant l'une et l'autre pour les soustraire aux contingences du temps, dans une métaphore et les enchaînera par le lien indescriptible de mots" (Temps Retrouvé 11. 39-40)

"Le Rêve", taken literally, sometimes, as well as figuratively, corrects a dull vision of the world and it behoves the artist faithfully to render his vision of the world, beheld "à travers le voile de l'âme." (L'Art Romantique p.167) (See also: "Delacroix traduit exactement 'le rêve"). Everywhere in his writings Baudelaire exalts a spiritualised vision of life. Even as art is superior to photographic reproduction, so is the dream, the imaginative insight to the bare bones of the world. "Tout est dans l'esprit," wrote Marcel Proust, and his meaning was exactly the same as Baudelaire's. The superiority of art to life, the value placed in the quality of vision rather than in the object, such as it is, when taken in the void, all this Baudelaire ardently affirms in prose and poetry, and with a practical concision in "L'Invitation au Voyage" of the Petits poèmes en prose.

"Les Rêves - pays singulier, supérieur aux autres comme l'art l'est à la nature, où celle-ci est reformée par le rêve,

(ii) A conscious and deliberate cultivation of dreaming on the part of Baudelaire - in this respect, also, precursor of Marcel Proust.

A conscious cult of dreaming amounts to increase of awareness and receptivity - to a heightening of the imaginative insight, alone capable of grasping and expressing mutual affinities. Baudelaire anticipates Proust, when he writes in *Mon Coeur mis à nu*, urging the artist to strengthen his propensity for dreaming, instead of, "getting and spending", ('merely laying waste his powers'). "Il faut vouloir rêver et savoir rêver. Evocation de l'inspiration. Art magique". (p.159. *Mon coeur mis à nu*).

Marcel Proust is equally single minded in his unreserved commendation of creative rêverie, recreation of the world according to the laws of spiritual affinities, and "essence" (See *Jeunes Filles en Fleurs* III. p.109) How fervently the Novalis of Heinrich von Ofterdingen would have accorded Proust his paternal blessing for expressing such sentiments, - Novalis the Father of this lineage of artists, -

"A little dreaming is a dangerous thing". Too swift a return to the empty world would only repel and kill. So "rêve" recurs with poetic intensity and splendid powers of evocation:-
"Quand un esprit est porté au rêve, il ne faut pas l'en tenir écarté, le lui rationner.... Si un peu de rêve est dangereux, ce qui en guérit, ce n'est pas moins de rêve mais plus de rêve, mais tout le rêve." (J.F.Ill.p.109)

(Cf. also Proust's "Journées de lecture" (Chroniques) where Florence and the Italian spring are enhanced by this indispensable, preliminary "rêve")

iii. Rôle of Imagination in the construction of an Inner world. or, "L'artiste intérieurise le monde"

The preparation of "le rêve intérieur", of the inner model within the artist's mind, makes experience of the outer world entrancingly fresh, immediate and unique. Anticipation within the mind enhances receptive and creative powers to such a degree that man projects his own world from his resources of imagination. Baudelaire terms the creator "l'imagination", but a "realist" or "positivist" the man who accepts reality without the magic light of spiritualisation.

See "L'Oeuvre et la vie d'Eugène Delacroix" p.15

"L'immense classe des artistes, c'est-à-dire des hommes qui sont voués à l'expression du beau, peut se diviser en deux camps bien distincts -

Un positif dit: 'Je veux représenter les choses telles qu'elles sont, ou telles qu'elles seraient, en supposant que je n' existe pas; - l'univers sans l' homme'.

Et celui-là, l' imaginatif, dit; 'Je veux illuminer, les choses avec mon esprit et en projeter le reflet sur les autres esprits'."

This same light from within, rather than the "Light projected by lamps" ("Le Voyage") magnifies the world for the child's dawning expectancy. Only when man has lost the ability to see the world afresh every moment and day of his life, does the 'vision splendid' pale into insignificance. This would appear to me to be the true message of the lines from "Le Voyage".

(Crescendo) A. "Ah, que le monde est grand à la clarté des lampes.
(Diminuendo) B. Aux yeux du souvenir, que le monde est petit."

This symmetry of increase and decrease, this shrinking into nothingness of the object of desire the moment it is realised, and its virtual extinction, as soon as one moves away from attainment of the goal - a voyage made inevitable by the perpetual flux, the mobile perpetuum to which all are sentenced - this sounds a Proustian note of despair, but there remains, too, a Proustian consolation....

The child's delight, and finely charged sense of discovery, the breathless anticipation of beauty pass in a
mysterious way into certain sensations or objects, however trivial. Consequently, a part of our very soul lies there awaiting a renewal of life from a magic "déclenchement" a glorious resurrection to lighten us on the return journey; the 'journey' is Proust's imagery, when he undergoes the painful experience of forgetting and renouncing his love for Albertine; each object encountered "en route" renews his first reaction, and gives him the illusion that he is only setting out, not making the melancholy return, so painfully haunted by a leitmotif of negation. In the instance quoted from Baudelaire, however, all the light "emmagasinée" within any object which ever filled us with intense joy, can be released yet again on our return, even as it was released for Proust in the "privileged moments", or in the moments of contemplation recorded by the novelist and by Reynaldo Hahn. To the aid of Baudelaire and of Proust comes the superbly creative and retentive faculty of "la mémoire involontaire" (Curiosités Esthétiques p.160), "véritable mémoire, susceptible d'évoquer à l'appui de chaque sensation les scènes du passé, en les douant comme par enchantement de la vie et du caractère propres à chacune d'elles." Baudelaire loves the dream, too, because this fashioning
of an inner world, destined to remain forever incommunicable, were it not for the miraculous medium of art, this act of spiritual creation reconciles him with the Infinite in a manner denied to the "positivist" or "realist".

The following lines from E.T.A. Hoffmann (Princesse Brambilla Ed. V. Attingen, Paris 1929 p.107) might well have been taken from Baudelaire's Prose-Poems, aesthetic writings, or from such a poem as "Elévation", so powerfully and authentically do they convey escape from the mediocre and from a dulled vision of the world, and thus rejoin the Symbolist tradition. Moreover, it was Proust's spiritual child, Elstir, - we remember, - who wisely said: "Si un peu de rêve est dangereux, ce qui en guérit, c'est tout le rêve" (J.F. 109) and Hoffmann, ("l'admirable Hoffmann as Baudelaire loved to call him), writes for all when he acclaims "Le Rêve" as a means of assuaging man's thirst for the Infinite.

"Je ne parle pas du rêve qui surgit en nous, lorsque nous sommes couchés sous la moelleuse couverture du sommeil. Non, je parle du rêve que nous rêvons pendant toute la vie, ce rêve qui souvent prend sur ses ailes le fardeau douloureux des choses terrestres et devant lequel s'éteignent toute

1. See further reference to E.T.A. Hoffmann's 159 & 552-54. (of thesis)
souffrance, toute amertume, toute lamentation, et toute plainte d'un espoir déçu, car ce rêve lui-même, comme un rayon du ciel allumé dans notre poitrine, nous promet la réalisation de l'infini de nos désirs."


Account and analysis based on content of L'Energie Spirituelle. Essais et Conférences. (Skira) "Le Rêve": 
"Conférence faite à l'Institut général psychologique", le 26 mars 1901.

(1) Introduction: Bergson's conception of a dream.

Henri Bergson, as might only be expected, brings to his study and survey of dreams, a scientific turn of mind and phrase almost wholly absent from Baudelaire's writings on the subject, but fascinatingly present at moments in Proust's analysis. I say 'fascinatingly', because the poetic conception remains fundamental; indeed, it is difficult to decide whether the poetry does not even spring sometimes from scientific premises, and thus widen the range of appeal.

First must come a review of dream or "le rêve" taken in the literal sense, one to which Bergson seems quite naturally to adhere, following his lights as philosopher-scientist, whereas Baudelaire and Proust venture more gallantly over the
confines into "le rêve éveillé" of the Symbolists. Proust records the persistence of dreams in the memory long after their occurrence in sleep. Bergson conceives of a dream as a state of inattention to life (Energie Spirituelle Ch."Effort Intellectuel"), a withdrawal of the forces of concentration, which normally keep in focus the world about us; - "c'est un état de régression psychologique, où les forces de l'esprit sont détendues et où l'esprit abandonné à lui-même se complaît dans son propre néant." (Fiser. Le Symbole Littéraire Ch."Bergson").

Even as a scientific analysis of the dream-life can give rise to sheer poetry almost unconsciously, for such is the enchanting power of the subject, so, we come upon poetic imagery in Bergson's writings, but judiciously restrained within the limits of reasoning - a cosmic poetry reminding us of the cold moonlight of Jules lap-CfTgue. The scientist and poet intertwine strands of thought in a manner expressive already of bewitchment by the moon, and it is not a very far cry from this figure of Henri Bergson, reflective before a mystery which defies human analysis, to the Proust who glories in a vision of Albertine, as she lies sleeping in the moonlight, a wonder of creation (Fris.11).

The partisan of the arts would need to be reminded that it is Bergson who wrote with such splendour of evocation:—

1. The Marquis de Lauris told me that he believed the influence of La Porgue on Proust and his own generation to be an important one. The poet's gentle irony appealed to Lauris strongly.
("Le Rêve", p.86) "Il semble que les rayons de la lune caressant les yeux du dormeur, aient la vertu de faire surgir ainsi des apparitions virginales. Ne serait-ce pas ce qu'exprime la fable d'Endymion, - le berger à jamais endormi que la déesse Sélène (autrement dit la lune) aime d'un profond amour?"

Proust loved Baudelaire's kindred vision of the moon, which in "Tristesse de la lune" of "Spleen et Idéal", sheds a tear "aux reflets irisés comme un fragment d'opal". (See "Fin de Baudelaire", due to be published Dec. 1952)

(1) Belief in a common language intelligible only within the fabric of the particular dream. Bergson and Proust.

Both Bergson and Proust note the common language current in dreams, one by which all make themselves understood, without the use of words, or else words incomprehensible, when laid bare in the cold light of morning and logic. Characterised by speed, dreams pursue the path of intuition and global thought. (S.G.11 (1) 183). Words enjoy an independent meaning and existence in dreams, as much as humans themselves do. Lucidity, however painfully reached in a dream, fades into obscurity for the waking consciousness. Proust succeeds in giving the character of universality to this intimate experience, and surely, no one conveyed more vividly that sense of amazed, and blindly groping awareness, resulting from attempts to readjust life to the dream, or rather to reduce the dream to terms of life..."
and reality. Gold turns to ashes in fairy tales, so too the treasure-trove of dreams fades away into nothingness when dawns that cruel awakening.

"Je ne comprenais plus même pourquoi le mot 'Aias' que m'avait dit tout à l'heure mon père, avait immédiatement signifié; 'Prends garde d'avoir froid!' sans aucun doute possible." (S.G.11 (1) 183)

The explanation of this sudden change from amazing clarity to obscurity, and the reason for the inevitable question: "Why does something previously charged with significance now appear, and, in fact, prove nonsense?"

Proust readily provides the key to the enigma, and, curiously, in tones peculiarly like those of the poet Gérard de Nerval whom he loved and claimed as precursor.

There is the same heavy sonority, the sensation of gliding under the waters of Lethe, 'through the labyrinthine ways of a human mind'. What other explanation could we ever find for the virtually inexplicable truth of meaning in the previous phrase: "Cérès, Cérès, Francis Jamme, fourchette?"

Mais déjà j'avais traversé le fleuve aux ténébreux méandres; j'étais remonté à la surface où s'ouvre le monde des vivants"

1. S.G.11 1, 183, and cf. atmosphere of "Je suis le ténébreux, le veuf, l'inconsolé" (Nerval)
(iii) A materialistic basis for dreams. Invasion of "determinism".

Belief in determinism prompts Bergson to allege that the angle of recumbent position, digestion and breathing difficulties are capable not only of being conveyed in dreams, but of fashioning their substance. Bergson relates an interesting example of such an occurrence, which could easily be adduced as further proof of a strong human tendency to revert to synesthesia. Max Simon happened to assume a position in bed, whereby his feet came to be on a different level - one leg raised by a folded blanket. This experience was translated visually in the dream by the imagery of two unequal piles of gold, which despite all his efforts to achieve their equality, remained persistently unequal - as reflecting the uneven leg position.

Similarly, Proust mentions that in one dream, he lay beside a woman "qui naissait pendant mon sommeil d'une fausse position de ma cuisse". (Opening of Du Côté de chez Swann); Proust also widens such particular truth to apply to the effect exercised on our sleep and dreams by the slightest change of habit. The difference between the "determinisms" of Bergson and Proust lies in the fact that Proust is visibly and consciously rejoicing in the poetic wealth afforded by sleep and the simplest physical movements during its course. "Only to think that such wealth is poured into our hungrily
outstretched hands from an apparently trivial physical movement before or during sleep", - so Proust reflects on one of Life's many mysteries, and his naïve wonderment and delight positively animate his style. We must never forget that as a "vrai malade" he discerned in sleep the figure of a mythological deity.

"Il en est du sommeil comme de la perception du monde extérieur. Il suffit d'une modification dans nos habitudes pour le rendre poétique. Il suffit qu'en nous déshabillant, nous nous soyons endormi sans le vouloir sur notre lit, pour que les dimensions du sommeil soient changées et sa beauté sentie" (G.l 76)

Like Coleridge, De Quincey, or Baudelaire, Proust seems to have carried to a fine point of refinement his experiments with varieties of sleep, drugged and natural. Like one of those Baudelairean voices on deck - selected for glowing praise by Proust (See "Fin de Baudelaire", - due to be published December 1952 ) in his appreciation of Baudelaire's "Le Voyage", as Proust, in turn, with intent to lure us from monotony, calls out to the heavy laden: 'Come buy of my infinite store of sleep - a store as varied as any range of Lotos flowers!'

1. The statement about Baudelaire's voices will be found quoted in the section "Voix" Ch.l on Jean Santeuil. P85.
While Bergson left his surmise "à l'état d'ébauche", Proust consummates the reverie, - triumphantly, and leads on from the determinism of physical movement and cause - a material charm after all! - to adumbration of messages of the "dream world, utterly transcending their material basis."

So speaks this pedlar of dreams to the readers of Baudelaire and Bergson, all united by their outward bound journey to the "pays de rêve":-

"N'importe où hors du monde!"

"Au fond de l'Inconnu pour trouver du nouveau".

"En faisant varier l'heure, l'endroit où l'on s'endort, en provoquant le sommeil d'une manière artificielle ou, au contraire, en revenant pour un jour au sommeil naturel - le plus étrange de tous pour quiconque a l'habitude de dormir avec des soporifiques, - on arrive à obtenir des variétés de sommeil, mille fois plus nombreuses que, jardinier, on n'obtiendrait de variétés d'œillet ou de roses.

Les jardiniers obtiennent des fleurs qui sont des rêves délicieux; d'autres aussi, qui ressemblent à des cauchemars". (G.I.78)

(iv) Affinity between Bergson's conception of a dream and Proust's conception of a symbol.

A fact to which no one seems to have drawn attention
is to be found in the amazingly vivid resemblance, or "parenté" between Bergson's conception of a dream, that is, of the formless "souvenir" seeking the local habitation and the name of a sensation, and Proust's conception of a symbol. According to Proust, a part of his soul seeks reunion with its master, and depends for embodiment, as did the dream, on the magic of some key sensation. For the origin of his own imagery, - Bergson claims, we must return to Plotinus (cf. Plato's Enneades). However this may be, indescribably vivid is the parallel of the gesticulating trees on the road to Balbec, lamenting in elegiac strain the loss of part of Proust's own soul, which they are longing to restore to him. In fact, it is at this juncture, that Proust uses as illustration of the lost memories seeking reincarnation, the Celtic belief that the souls of the departed remain imprisoned in some natural object, and merely await our liberating perception and recognition for the moment of reunion with their kith and kin.

Proust speaks of "le souvenir" as "désincarné", and sees its rebirth to life in terms of reincarnation - a "regnement". The rejection of those restlessly wandering souls, or "souvenirs", seeking form and material re-birth, and doomed to course eternally through the chaos of the void, unless vouchsafed the haven of body and sensation, this denial of life was to him a painful, heartbreaking experience. Bergson
prefigures this aspect of Proust's philosophy and to realise
this, we have only to place in juxtaposition the two beliefs,
professed in ardent terms by both men. We may recall too
that Proust only elaborates further an idea inherent within
this belief, when he speaks firstly of the inadequacy of
present sensation for a man who requires use of the imaginative
faculty in order to reap full enjoyment and complete
experience; (imagination has no play in the present)^1
secondly, he complains that mere remembrance of things past
is, in itself, inadequate also, since it presents the soul
or spiritual aspect, but without giving it the embodiment of
sensation and a human immediacy. The symmetry may be
fashioned thus:--

1. Memory = 1. Soul (Memory
  魂
   ~
   2. Present ) = 2. Body. (Sensation

Bergson: "Le Rêve": -  1
   A
   \"Je comparerais à ces âmes détachées les souvenirs qui
attendent au fond de l'inconscient, comme aussi
nos sensations nocturnes ressemblent à ces corps à peine
ébauchés.

1. Cf. Proust's stress on immediacy of sensation or influx of
   life.

\"Le Rêve\" - Perfect (and
   Act of (Reincarnation.

Bergson: "Le Rêve": -  1
   A
   B
   \"Le Rêve\" - Perfect (and
   Act of (Reincarnation.

Bergson: "Le Rêve": -  1
   A
   B
   \"Le Rêve\" - Perfect (and
   Act of (Reincarnation.
La sensation est chaude, colorée, vibrante, et presque vivante mais indécise. Le souvenir est net et précis mais sans intérieur et sans vie. La sensation voudrait bien obtenir une matière pour se remplir, se lester, s'actualiser enfin". (cf. Proust "se gonfler").

Union: "Ils s'attirent l'un l'autre, et le souvenir fantôme, se matérialisant dans la sensation qui lui apporte du sang et de la chair, devient un être qui vivra d'une vie propre, un rêve."

This is a fine expression in symbolical terms.

One of the most compelling "rapprochements" in French literature must surely be the line of continuity, the filiation as Proust called it, stretching from Baudelaire through such an arresting instance of Bergsonian intuition as the one cited above, and finding a grand culmination both in substance and style in Marcel Proust.

(v) While Baudelaire and Proust favour the cult of "souvenirs" Bergson desires principally action and economy of recollection.

It is no mere coincidence that Baudelaire should make frequent mention of "les deux yeux fermés", or cause to

1. cf. Proust's stress on immediacy of sensation or influx of life.
prevail in the poems of most brilliant remembrance a state, if not of somnolence, at least, of dreamlike nonchaloir. - a "withdrawal of forces of attention," to paraphrase Bergson. "Parfum Exotique", "La Chevelure", "Le Balcon", "Le Flacon", have respectively a warm autumn evening, "l'alcôve obscur", the intimacy of "le balcon", the drowsy dust-and memory-laden atmosphere of a deserted house, - as background against which the poet will unfold the "sessions of silent thought," granting life to some thoughts and memories in the dream-like trance preceding sleep, and, alas! inevitably destined to withhold life from at least some of the "mille pensers" "chrysalides funèbres".

The great pathos of thoughts and memories awaiting a chance sensation to waken them to a new life is a favourite theme with Baudelaire, Bergson and Proust. In "La Chevelure" lies "tout un monde lointain, absent, presque défunt"; in "Le Flacon",

"Mille pensers dormaient, chrysalides funèbres,
Frémissant doucement dans les lourdes ténèbres,
Qui dégagent leur aile et prennent leur essor,
Teintés d'azur; glacés de rose; lamés d'or.

1. Potentialities of life shown in light colour as opposed to darkness.
In "L'Art Mnémonique" of "Le Peintre de la Vie Moderne" p.73, Memory said to everything: "Lazare, lève-toi!" and in "Le Flacon", Vertige pushes the soul to the edge of the giddy precipice Memory, where one corpse-like "souvenir" achieves resurrection.

"Lazare odorant, déchirant son suaire, se meut dans son réveil le cadavre spectral, D'un vieil amour ranci, charmant et sépulcral."

cf. Bergson: "Le Rêve" p.94, where the "souvenir" owns equal dependence on a withdrawal of attention and on sensation, for its renewal of life, resurrection or "magique déclenchement":-

"Mais les souvenirs que ma mémoire conserve ainsi dans ses plus obscures profondeurs y sont à l'état de fantômes invisibles; ils aspirent peut-être à la lumière; ils n'essaient pourtant pas d'y remonter, ils savent que c'est impossible et que moi, être vivant et agissant, j'ai autre chose à faire que de m'occuper d'eux."

Third term of continuity, Proust wonders whether the trees

1. Spatial imagery to express lapse of time.
2. Baudelaire and Proust realise the loss of will-power and of capacity for action, which is the price of "Lazare, lève-toi!"
of Balbec have emerged from a dream, "image toute nouvelle, détaillée d'un rêve de la nuit précédente". These trees seem, as previous phenomena for Baudelaire and Bergson, "les fantômes du passé," seeking to "regonfler" the present sensation yet not fitting into the present situation as faultlessly as a hand into the glove of perfect size. The dream to which Bergson confines his observations forms a wonderful prefiguration of Proust's "Moments privilégiés."

"Le Rêve": "Dans le mécanisme de la perception et le rêve, il y a d'un côté les impressions réelles faites sur les organes des sens, et de l'autre des souvenirs qui viennent s'insérer dans l'impression et profiter de sa vitalité pour revenir à la vie."

It is with infinitely more anguish than Bergson the philosopher-scientist, whose forces are directed towards life and action that Proust, a man given to reflection and dreaming, abandons as lost these "invisible phantoms", these elements of his own soul. Bergson claimed that the lost souls of memory did not try to rise to the surface in waking hours, knowing that it was impossible and that "être vivant et agissant", he had 'something else to do than preoccupy himself on their account.' Perhaps the manner in
which memories, like worms of remorse ("Spleen" LXXVI) torture Baudelaire and Proust, can be traced to the prime cause of temperament unfitted for action, given over, instead, to insidious delay and "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Proust strives hard to achieve the resurrection of this previous soul, which Bergson disdains as irrelevant to action, its reappearance a mere amusement for the dilettante, or for the man actually asleep; - there is in Proust, as in Baudelaire, an "élément corrompu", and ineradicable. Not all the philosophy of action of Bergson and Péguy, could cure Proust of this eternal love of the past, and obsessive desire to reunite previous selves with his present soul. - Baudelaire seems to write for Proust: -

"Le Savant qui lui fait de l'or ....
Il n'a su réchauffer ce cadavre hébété
Où coule au lieu de sang l'eau verte du Léthé"

("Spleen" LXXVII)

Proust's anguish equals the painful degree of intensity expressed by the wildly gesticulating trees: "Si tu nous laisses retomber au fond de ce chemin d'où nous cherchions à nous hisser jusqu'à toi, toute une partie de toi-même que nous

l. For Bergson, Past and Present are indivisible.

1. of the "chute plate" of this conclusion with ending of incident (of clock) in J.S.Oh.I.pw.65-69 of thesis.
t'apportions, tombera pour jamais au néant."

He records that while Mme de Villeparisis besieged him with well-meant questions asking him time and again why he looked so pensive, - "l'air rêveur," all he was capable of feeling amounted to a benumbing sadness at the thought that he was responsible for the death of 'part of his soul, - and for rejection of a God'.

Contrast with Bergson's determined: "J'ai autre chose à faire que de m'occuper d'eux", the paralysing melancholy and agonised thought of having to "face the empty world again" held in Proust's mournful strain:-

"Je leur tournai le dos et cessai de les voir; tandis que Mme. De Villeparisis me demandait pourquoi j'avais l'air rêveur, j'étais triste comme si je venais de perdre un ami, de mourir à moi-même, de renier un mort ou de méconnaître un Dieu.

Il fallait songer au retour ......."

(vi) Relationship between dream and memory. The apparently trivial is conserved by confession of all three men.

Bergson, himself, affords a fleeting suggestion that the procedure adopted by dreams foreshadows the inimitable technique of memory - "Le rêve voit en raccourci; il procède

1. cf. the "chute plate" of this conclusion with ending of incident (of cloak) in J.S.Ch.1.ps.60-63 of thesis.
en définitive comme fait la mémoire." (See the rapprochement previously made between Bergson's dream and Proust's "Moment privilégié.")

Other respects in which Baudelaire, Bergson and Proust seem to record full agreement concern the different measure of time prevalent in dreams and the accentuation of the trivial both in dreams and in resurrection of memory. Baudelaire styles this kind of dream as, "le rêve absurde, imprévu, hiéroglyphique, - côté surnaturel de la vie" (See Fusées).

Bergson asserts that preference is accorded in the dream to insignificant memories; - "the involuntary and trivial memories have most chance of finding embodiment in the dream". A person gravely ill will recover in our dream - and the sole basis of the recovery is probably formed by the most insignificant and obscurely hidden remark, - in real life perhaps buried in the dense verbiage of a Doctor's verdict or a friend's blundering account. That does not matter (we are told in G.I.77) for by the same paradoxical and involuntary process as memory employs in waking life, the trivial and apparently

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1. Troisième édition N.R.F.
insignificant detail flowers again but this time gloriously; once "le moins remarqué", now given pre-eminence. It is the "moi distrait" which enjoys undisputed reign. Proust discerns in this resurrection and apotheosis of the apparently trivial an unsurpassed means of rediscovering the path to our former selves, either in memory or in dream. (cf. S et G. p. 183:
The dream about Proust's Grandmother; or again, the trivial remark of Albertine, ranking as the most reliable and revealing indication of her true character). Conservation of the trivial is the redeeming grace of memory in life and in dreams, and saves even the dream from the total extinction which would normally be its fate in the harsh light of morning;
"La meilleure part de notre mémoire est hors de nous,
dans un souffle pluvieux... partout où nous retrouvons de nous-même ce que notre intelligence, n'en ayant pas l'emploi, avait dédaigné; - la dernière réserve du passé - la meilleure, celle qui, quand toutes nos larmes semblent taries, sait nous faire pleurer encore."
"Au grand jour de la mémoire habituelle, les images du passé pâlissent peu à peu, s'effacent. Il ne reste plus rien d'elles. Nous ne le retrouverons plus, ou plutôt nous ne le

1. Bergson would reject formally the parts unnecessary to action. Proust delights to linger in the depths of this "dernière réserve du passé"

2. "" "" ""

3. Contrast "la mémoire involontaire"."
retrouverions plus, si quelques mots (comme 'directeur au ministère des Postes.'), n'avaient été soigneusement enfermés dans l'oubli, de même qu'on dépose à la Bibliothèque Nationale un exemplaire d'un livre qui, sans cela, risquerait de devenir introuvable."

(A l'ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs. Troisième édition p.183)

6. Proust's observations.

(i) Reversibility of Time. Value of involuntary sleep as restorative.

Proust enters into a rich heritage, if we consider the territory of dreams already explored by Nerval, Baudelaire and Bergson. The opening of Swann I. 11 provides the reader with a distinctly Baudelairean setting and point of departure for the poet's dreams. How powerfully reminiscent is this of "Le Balcon" in particular, its "cloison" and alcôve peopled with memories and "tisons". Moreover, such a background becomes customary in the life of "un malade", - and Proust never seems wholly to have lost his child's love of a night-light, or of a warm glow as heralds of nocturnal dreams: - Baudelaire, also, turns his back on life, and welcomes night for its balm and concealment, for the softened contours of objects, and for a temporary assuagement of mortal weariness.
"Vite soufflons la lampe, afin
De nous cacher dans les ténèbres,"
wrote the Baudelaire of "Le Balcon" ("L'Examen de Minuit". p.174) and the same desire for protection against a frigid, hurtful world only increases for Proust the attraction of "la chaude caverne, creusée au sein de la chambre même". The irritated reference to a relentless clock, marking external time as opposed to the "durée intérieure", makes one think of Baudelaire and Bergson in the same breath:

S.1.17

"On dort dans un grand manteau d'air chaud et fumeux, traversé des lueurs des tisons, qui se rallument; sorte d'impalpable alcôve, - de chaude caverne creusée au sein de la chambre même, zone ardente et mobile en ses contours thermiques.

L'insolente indifférence de la pendule, qui jacassait haut comme si je n'eusse pas été là".

Proust has compounded for dreams the equivalent of "La Carte du Tendre" for love. While duly recognising his debt to De Quincey and Baudelaire, we are still compelled to acknowledge that Proust, if he was not alone in triumphantly
adding to French literature a new and attractive territory, at least established it firmly in the desires of the reading public thanks to the unrestrained movement of imagination, the use of scientific data about "l'inconscient" and the seduction of style. He enumerates the effects of drugs with the experienced tone of one initiated. Shades of De Quincey's Confessions and Baudelaire's Paradis Artificiels hang about our path as, in leaving the regions of the world visible and embarking upon a voyage through the world intangible, we behold the hitherto inaccessible mysteries of sleep with terrifying certainty. Our guide knows every inch of this secret garden entered at such cost by the victim of drugs. (G.1.77) It holds great poetic beauty, this portrayal of the different kinds of sleep which grow "comme des fleurs inconnues".

Baudelaire, Bergson and Proust are for ever elaborating the theme of reversibility of Time-Laws in sleep. After the deepest sleep the waking man feels that he has traversed vast tracts of the Unknown and he experiences great difficulty in bringing himself into conformity again with human time, so wide is the gulf between "la durée intérieure" and the human convention of Time. The fact of gathering forces in sleep, according to Proust, enables you to measure time much more effectively than by any mechanical device. (J.F.(3) 79.)
Bergson vouches for the fact that deep sleep can more easily than the light kind, convey the impression that one has crossed centuries of Time, whereas, in reality, the actual space of time may be extremely brief. The scientific explanation runs to the effect that a deep sleep, even of short duration, so thoroughly rests the subject that years seem to have elapsed. While a light sleep must of necessity last longer to be of any use, this variety steers a mid-course between the outer world and the inner; it fails to plunge deep below the surface and must accordingly extend further along the surface. (J.F.3) 79.

The rapidity with which events unfold in dreams has always been a subject for comment. By a strange irony, which Bergson and Proust readily acknowledge, - the latter with special puckish delight, - the involuntary sleep, taken at an unaccustomed hour, confers an indescribable sense of repose and lapse of time. The involuntary nature of this sleep, Proust implies, is the secret of its power; even as involuntary memory towers above the bare bones of voluntary, intellectual and correspondingly impoverished recollection. "On s'éveille, on voit quatre heures à sa montre, ce n'est que quatre heures du matin, mais nous croyons que toute la journée s'est écoulée, tant ce sommeil de quelques minutes
et que nous n'avions pas cherché, nous a paru descendu du ciel en vertu de quelque droit divin, énorme et plein comme le globe d'or d'un empereur."

(J.F.3 79)

(ii) Contribution of dream and oblivion to the artist's inner world.

The involuntary sleep, coming from and going into oblivion is necessarily deep, and our chief means of salvation; it renews our life forces in much the same way as a resurrection of involuntary memory in flesh and blood, due entirely to the intervention of "l'oubli conservateur".

Using the image of the sea, Proust underlines the rôle of oblivion; — did he recall, too, the closing lines of "Le Balcon" (XXXVI. p.34) where Baudelaire draws highly poetic and majestic effect from the self-same thought and imagery? Proust's mind constantly reverts to the sea for imagery capable of illustrating aspects of sleep, and it is no wonder that he asks on his own account and, we may add, on Baudelaire's also, whether the sea is to our life forces what oblivion is to our true and deep awareness.

In any case, the rhythmic action of the sea flowing through life symbolises the equally vital flow of sleep and oblivion through our veins. 'You never enjoy the world aright, till the sea itself floweth in your veins', wrote
the mystic Thomas Traherne; 'till oblivion, like the sea, invaders your being', wrote Baudelaire and Proust, generalising from intimate experience of the technique of memory.

Proust: "S'il est vrai que la mer ait été autrefois notre milieu vital où il faille replonger notre sang, pour retrouver nos forces - il en est de même de l'oubli du néant mental" (J.F.(3) 79. (Old edition) 333)

and Baudelaire:

"Ces serments, ces parfums, ces baisers infinis
Renaîtront-ils d'un gouffre interdit à nos sondes,
Comme montent au ciel les soleils rajeunis,
Après s'être lavés au fond des mers profondes?
O serments, O parfums! O baisers infinis!"

("Le Balcon". Final stanza)

Novalis' definition of a dream corresponds closely to the conceptions of Baudelaire, Bergson and Proust. The dream is a means of allowing the imagination unimpeded range of movement. All three writers acknowledge the mysterious function

1. Thomas Traherne: Centuries of Meditation, 1908 (written c.1670)
2. See Introduction where I record that C. de Lauris cites this poem as one of the most important Baudelairean influences on his generation.

2. Cf. "c'est une partie de toi-même que tu perdras à jamais", - ("les arbres de Salber").
of dreams, whereby the outer world seems to be converted into "un monde intérieur". Thus Proust will search within himself for the key to the phenomenon of "les fausses reconnaissances", in the instance of the Spires of Martinville notably. As for Heinrich von Ofterdingen, so for Baudelaire and Proust, the world becomes a dream. There is Proust's veritable secret, laid bare by Novalis in the following passage from the same novel Heinrich: — and we, the readers, are made partakers of the strange and rich alchemy, or "métamorphose".

"Chaque rencontre, chaque entretien établit entre l'âme du héros et l'univers environnant un lien nouveau, ou plutôt lui révèle une région encore ignorée de sa propre âme, car l'univers qui le porte n'est en dernière analyse que la partie de lui-même qu'il ignore encore. À mesure que s'éveille et s'épure en lui son aspiration nostalgique, sa personnalité s'universalise et le monde du même coup se transforme à ses yeux, s'intériorise pour ainsi dire en lui ."

Thus spoke Novalis for all three writers under consideration, and even now, the degree to which he has outpaced his time and with seven-league boots gained a foothold in the twentieth century, must surely compel our admiration as we

2. Cf. "c'est une partie de toi-même que tu perds à jamais", — ("les arbres de Balbec").
3. — — — —
pay homage to Baudelaire and Proust. Charles du Bos glimpsed a great and glorious truth when he discerned this prefiguration of Marcel Proust and it remains for us to follow and examine his lead to the best of our ability - mindful of the fact that the great debt of Symbolism to Novalis has yet to be assessed.

"La Mort" Sub-division of Chapter XI on "Sleep and Dreams"

How did Proust conceive of Death? That abstraction which must eventually become a reality for all - as we "pass through nature to eternity" - preoccupied Proust always, and a cursory glance at his work sets the fact beyond all doubt. Critics will perhaps continue forever to debate whether or not he admits belief in immortality - a resumption of responsibilities, of the obligations contracted or still awaiting fulfilment in this present existence, merely to judge by present obligations, especially the differing degrees and nature of same as between individuals.

When she was asked whether Proust entertained belief in an 'after-life', - he certainly seems like Baudelaire to envisage 'une vie antérieure', - Céleste Albaret was inclined to answer 'Yes'. He had told her that when his time came, he
would have no fear of death, here faithful to the Montaigne tradition. Like his precursor of the Essais, he felt that nature would so prepare and soften the transition from life to death, as to remove the agony which assails us while we still live. This hurt arises only because we consider in advance two such sharply contrasted states, materially at least, as physical well-being on the one hand, physical extinction on the other.

Yet when Death drew near he was distinctly afraid. It took the form of a very real visitant, an ugly fat woman occupying every day still more of his living cells and tissue. We know that if Death alarmed him now, it was not for personal reasons but because for a long time it threatened to take him before the completion of his work.

"L'amour a aidé le narrateur à ne plus craindre la mort, mais ses craintes le reprennent lorsqu'il pense à l'œuvre à accomplir" (T.R. (2) 247).

"Il se demande si le Maître de sa Destinée lui permettra d'accomplir son œuvre avant la mort." (T.R. (2) 255)

Another answer to her questionings was non-committal but proved yet again the depth of his love for his Mother:

"Monsieur, vous qui voyez plus loin que nous autres, pensez-vous qu'on retrouve après la mort ses parents, ceux qu'on avait aimés?"

Et lui de me dire: "Ah, Céleste, si je croyais
retrouver Maman après la mort, alors je voudrais mourir tout de suite."

While showing me the Dédicaces, which Proust had addressed to her in the Fly-leaf of many First editions, Céleste paused over the one of Les Plaisirs et les Jours (Lemaire illustrated edition) and turning to the dedication proper—

"À Mon Ami, Willie Heath,
Mort à Paris le 3 octobre 1893," she told me of Proust's comment on the quotation which he had personally selected from Renan as worthy to stand at the head of his salutation and panegyric of a departed friend. Renan had gone with his sister on a pilgrimage; his sister died and then Renan wrote the lines in question, of which Proust said, after careful reading:

"Voyez, Céleste, la manière dont plane sur Renan son incertitude au sujet de la mort. Il essaie de tirer des mots la certitude de la survie".

As Céleste related this to me one evening, I felt that she was in turn making the same effort herself — accustomed as she was, and still is, to identify herself with her master in thought and feeling. Renan had tried to wring conviction of survival from this experience of personal loss. Proust appreciated Renan's anguish of uncertainty and sensed an
added unity with the writer on this plane, since he was in turn making the same effort. Now only Céleste remains but she, too, would, I feel, like to wring from the same words the victory of conviction which never came wholly to Renan, or easily perhaps to Proust.

"'Du sein de Dieu où tu reposes... révèle-moi ces vérités qui dominent la mort, empêchent de la craindre et la font presque aimer.'"

Apart from the allusions to Death scattered throughout A la Recherche, there is an interesting letter from Proust to G. de Lauris (LXXI, to be dated mid-August 1911) in which he compares Maeterlinck's idea of death and his own. He first makes clear that what he had written in his book on Death was completed before the appearance of Maeterlinck's articles, serialised in "Le Figaro" 1-6 Aug. 1911. Next he points the contrast between the views reached independently. Perhaps, Ballot has given to the subject of Death less thought than Proust, for he appeared very enthusiastic about Maeterlinck's essay. Maeterlinck's clumsy treatment of the word "infini", his calculation of three possible Infinities, these appear to Proust in the light of a travesty.

"Explorations de l'impalpable" demand delicacy of touch.' His more serious objection to the book is that Maeterlinck has interpreted Death as a negation, whereas Proust claims that throughout his own work he has been at great pains to
show its terrible positiveness.

"Vous verriez que tout mon effort a été en sens inverse, pour ne pas considérer la mort comme une négation, ce qui n'a aucun sens et ce qui est contraire à tout ce qu'elle nous fait éprouver.... Elle se manifeste d'une façon terriblement positive. Et toute la beauté dont Maeterlinck sait l'entourer n'est qu'une manière de nous détourner de ce que nous sentons véritablement en face d'elle."

How far has Proust's "effort en sens inverse" been rewarded with success?

First it is necessary to determine what is meant in this context by positive and negative. If death for Proust is positive, then death may be interpreted as the reality and life as the negative.

For Maeterlinck life is reality, death only an apparent interruption.

When positive and negative are interpreted in this light, Proust is seen to fluctuate between a belief now in extinction, now in survival.

Death the reality

To substantiate the keynote of Proust's observations on the subject, there is within call his analysis of the "moi" as a series of juxtaposed states, devoid of unity and continuity, ever subject to change, a virtual foretaste of the
complete extinction which is Death.

"A chaque altération du cerveau correspond un fragment de mort, ce qui empêche toute croyance à une survie". S.G.(2) 38.

His reasoning tells him that the fragmentation, and dispersal ("émiattement"), which take steady toll during life, are merely anticipation of Death. "Constant modifications of our personalities render vain the desire of a future life" S.G.11.(2) 95.

Life the reality.

Only when he sees his Grandmother die, does he desire and even concede for his own satisfaction the possibility of survival; - the emotions demand this. Proust has constantly in mind his mother in these passages.....

"Le narrateur, par pitié filiale, donne à sa grand'mère comme probable l'éternité des âmes et leur future réunion"

In her instance he does indeed seem to envisage survival but even this momentary gleam causes him pain by reminding him that, if his Grandmother survives somewhere, his own forgetfulness will hurt her grievously:

"Le narrateur est effrayé à la pensée que si les morts vivent quelque part, sa grand'mère connaîtra son oubli." (A.D.(1) 151)

Occasionally, it is true, the extra-temporal experiences
even have real power to dispel his doubts about death
T.R.(2) 14. "Si le narrateur cesse, en éprouvant certaines
impressions, d'avoir des inquiétudes au sujet de la mort,
c'est que la résurrection du passé fait de lui un être
extra-temporel."

Again, the moral obligations which we obey and which
go unrewarded in this world, render possible the idea of a
future life. P (1) 255.

The narrator always bears within himself the desire
of a future life. A.D.(2) 142.

Fluctuation between belief in survival,
and belief in extinction.

We might expect that Proust would focus on the work
of art his desire for immortality:— the writer must die for
the work to live; but another statement shows relapse
into gloom where both prospects, of man and his masterpiece,
are concerned.

"La durée éternelle n'est pas plus promise aux
œuvres qu'aux hommes". T.R.(2) 255:

We find indeed constant fluctuation between a belief
in survival and a belief in extinction (J.F.(1) 75). Grim
is the closing down of barriers upon hope, a contemplation
of death as of something terribly positive in conformity
with his letter to Lauris.

'This life is the only one without doubt.' (J.F.(2) 156)
Even memory which had at times given hope of continuity, of persistence of fleeting states and so unity of personality, even this handmaid of his life can play him false at the last; the resurrection of the soul is perhaps only a phenomenon of memory.

'Nobody really believes in a future life,' he writes in A.D.(2) 99

What of immortality for the work of art, - a theme which we have done no more than mention, - leitmotiv of Ronsard and his Pléiade, a refrain of Baudelaire also? What becomes of art, this sole means of communicating the otherwise inexpressible? There are times when even in the sphere of art Proust can see no victory over the last enemy, only the same extinction as overtakes the sons of men.

"La durée éternelle n'est pas plus promise aux œuvres qu'aux hommes." T.R.(2) 235.

The story runs that on his death-bed Proust made important modifications to the death-scene, - in his book, - of the writer Bergotte. Céleste substantiates this version. Mauriac has enhanced the story into a legend by his vivid description of a Proust consumed by the act of creation, an offering for his characters to the last hours of his life.

The widow of a famous literary critic rejected any suggestion that the inkwell had, as some claimed, overturned, and so defied Proust's last attempts to create.
The result of her preoccupation with Death is to be seen in "Où commence l'Eternité?" by Marie Toscane ("La Vie Intellectuelle", 25 avril 1935 7e année. Les Editions du Cerf, Tuvisy, Seine-et-Oise). Admittedly this "nouvelle" is far removed from any claim to portray Proust's own experience, but in this incident of Proust's death was the initial "coup de pouce". According to Marie Toscane, Proust's conception of Death as positive underwent in his last moments a volte-face transformation into something negative and its sequel stood out as the reality.

The light luring Bernard onwards becomes a symbol of the continuity of life. This is of course an imaginative

1. Proust's application of the term 'positive' to death is capable of being interpreted differently.

Death brings the lost person before us much more vividly than had been possible in his or her life-time. In perfect consistency with Proust's laws of memory the dead Albertine haunts the narrator. Even as reality comes to us in essence only after the event, in defiance of chronology and by virtue of involuntary memory, so the dead, although out of reach physically in conventional time and space, startle us by their active presence in the reaches of involuntary memory.

Death may well seem terribly positive in this respect to those who remain, whatever their surmise about the immortality of the departed.

1. See Introduction, pp. xxvi-'xxvii:
act of creation. Certain it is that in his own scene of Bergotte's death, Proust did envisage immortality for the work of art. Which "retouches" he may have added 'in the shadow of Death' we do not know. Perhaps a sudden intuition growing into certainty may have induced him to write the words which go far beyond the original of Mallarmean inspiration, to express the increasingly lucid vision of a man who faces death and who wants above all else to record his vision.

"Qui sait? Ce qu'on peut dire, c'est que tout se passe dans notre vie comme si nous y entrions avec le faix d'obligations contractées dans une vie antérieure; il n'y a aucune raison dans nos conditions de vie sur cette terre pourquoi nous nous croyons obligés à faire le bien."

(Did he think here of the "bonté" shown to him by Céleste, - "bonté" so immense that it surpassed his understanding? 'Why are you so good to me?' he often mused, concerning this Céleste, of whom he wrote in one Dédicace, "A Céleste d'avoir supporté la croix de mon humeur,......... A Céleste croix d'honneur....")

Whether or not Céleste inspired something of these reflections on the unaccountable urge "à faire le bien," the closing words of the chapter strike a powerful blow at the positiveness of Death, and in all their strength of affirmation

may well have come from the pen of a man even as he faced
Death: (The words: "pour celui qui n'était plus," have for
me deep significance and power in this respect)

"On l'enterra, mais toute la nuit funèbre, aux
vitrines éclatées, ses livres, disposés trois par trois,
veillaient comme des anges aux ailes éployées et semblaient,
pour celui qui n'était plus, le symbole de sa résurrection"
(p.232 La Prisonnière XI)
CHAPTER XII

Conclusion.

Only by following Proust closely through the successive circles of memory, correspondences and music; symbol and contemplation; Time and dreams; can we hope to measure the proximity of his own interests and Weltanschauung to those of Baudelaire and of Symbolism. Where mere affinity ends and where debt begins, this must always really be a matter for arbitrary decision - perhaps, even, in many instances the very author subjected to these influences, to ideas and climates of ideas, would find it impossible to draw the line of division. Matters touching affinity and influence are so complex that Proust, had he been asked the question which we pose now, might well have said of such inquiry that it would be as difficult to convert into intellectual equivalent, and "mettre au clair" the nature of his link with Baudelaire as to draw a musical theme from the depths of his subconscious and make it audible or intelligible to the world at large. "Il faut tant d'années pour que ces vérités se fassent notre chair et nos os même," wrote Valéry in his essay on Baudelaire, and the corresponding
process of analysis and assessment of influence demands equal maturity of mind and duration.

First, as far as Symbolism is concerned, the work of the Symbolist generation Mallarmé, Régnier, Jammes, Maeterlinck, such formative influences of Symbolism as Wagner and Bergson, it is easy to say that the ideas expressed by all, were "en l'air", the ambience of the time, that it was only for Proust to absorb and convert them into his own substance, unique self-expression reserved for a later date. It is equally tempting to recall that Proust knew Gabriel Trarieux, a Symbolist poet (Billy: Lettres et Conversations) a man who interested himself in mysticism. It is a matter of deeper interest, that he could analyse and appreciate Mallarmé's poetry with rare intuition, to judge by Reynaldo Hahn's recently published correspondence (See Letter of Proust to Hahn on quatrain by Mallarmé, his friend's poetic idol - article of Guillot de Saix. "Nouvelles Littéraires" 18.9.52).

Such speculation fascinates a reader but the question we must ask is: "Would Proust's work have existed without the Symbolist Generation and the influences of Wagner and Bergson?" Without Bergson, loss there would most certainly have been to Proust, especially in the elaboration of his leitmotiv: Time. One feels convinced that impoverishment...
would have ensued, whatever else he may have stated concerning the debt to Bergson. There certainly is a debt, incurred during the period at the lycée and reinforced during maturity. Marriage between the families of Proust and Bergson added its own impetus in this direction. True it is, as Proust relates, that Bergson failed to draw a distinction on which Proust's work rests - the difference between voluntary and involuntary memory, but Bergson still suggests the distinction...... Without Symbolism the loss would not have been so great as without Bergson, but the impoverishment would have been considerable.

I incline to the view that without the generation of Symbolist writers, and the formative influences of the movement, Proust might certainly still have explored themes of such great interest to him, for we must remember that these ideas were "en l'air", independently of poets and artists who gave them more lasting expression than the populace, and we can never divorce him from his ambience, even theoretically.

The motive for exploration of such themes would have had so much the less impetus. He would have written in isolation not from his time, but from fellow-poets. That he

"My novels are not Bergsonian ones, for my work is dominated by a distinction which does not figure in Bergson's philosophy......"
("Letter to Antoine Bibesco". Nov. 1912)
had a desire to become poet, by communion with nature is
evident from a fragment of the Journal (published in "Figaro
Littéraire" le 28 novembre 1959) and from its amplification
in Temps Retrouvé. 1.220-221. When later he feels discouraged
by a sense of inability to commune with nature, as poet (cf.
Jean Santeuil) he will turn to study of man, but a special
"penchant" for poets remains - (see also the writer's
admiration for Bergotte, and Proust's definition of the poet
in his article on "Les Eblouissements" of the Comtesse de
Noailles).

"Arbres vous n'avez plus rien à me dire, mon cœur
refroidi ne vous entend plus, mon oeil constate froidement
la ligne qui vous divise en parties d'ombre et de lumière; ce
sont les hommes qui m'inspirent maintenant; l'autre partie de
ma vie où je vous avais chanté ne reviendra jamais" (Fragment
of the Journal); and in Temps Retrouvé 1.220-2

"Arbres, pensai-je, vous n'avez plus rien à me dire, mon
cœur refroidi ne vous entend plus. Je suis pourtant ici en
pleine nature; eh bien, c'est avec froideur, avec ennui, que
mes yeux constatent la ligne qui sépare votre front lumineux
de votre tronc d'ombre. Si jamais j'ai pu me croire poète,
je sais maintenant que je ne le suis pas."

Céleste Albaret told me that Proust was independent of
Salons in the sense that, like Jean Santeuil, he could find
all his food for reverie in the natural scene and ordinary contacts, and later in memory, a condition enforced by virtual isolation from the outer world.... She qualified this claim of independence, however, by adding that he needed and used such social atmosphere for literary material; that he was always bent upon the work of "butiner" society as if it were a flower-bed and the writer a bee (cf. La Fontaine) On his return she could always tell by his facial expression whether the harvest had been good, or whether he came home empty.

I think that if he had not been conscious of a communion with his fellow-writers, the difference would have been one of diminished inspiration; For the field would still have been there. Did his themes come from fellow-writers? No, the subjects were rather "en l'air" and he was naturally prone to interest in such themes, his interest further ignited by their interest in and treatment of the same material. (cf. "Lettre à G.de Lauris" on Maeterlinck's serialised La Mort)

For the wilder exponents of Symbolism, who fashioned obscurity for obscurity's sake, Proust had contempt: See "La Revue Blanche:" "Contre l'obscurité". But for mystery in style, suiting and arising from the mystery of the subject itself, Proust had a secret regard. (See "Tel qu'en songe").

1. Cf. ps. 186, 239, 280-281, 486
Wherever he could, he ardently desired to bring, like "l'Ange des Clartés", a light into darkness, but his treatment of the obscure reaches of the soul, of the minute, detailed psychology lying behind the most trivial reactions, - this reveals an affinity with the Symbolist poets, and this property no doubt derived strength from the sight of their endeavours in the same field.

"Ce que nous n'avons pas eu à déchiffrer, à éclaircir par notre effort personnel, ce qui était clair avant nous n'est pas en nous. Ne vient de nous-même que ce que nous tirons de l'obscurité." Temps Retrouvé XV. ps. 23 and 24.

(New edition)

and again:

"Ces vérités que l'intelligence saisit directement, à claire - voie dans le monde de la pleine lumière, ont quelque chose de moins profond, de moins nécessaire que celles que la vie nous a malgré nous communiquées en une impression matérielle, parce qu'elle est entrée par nos sens mais dont nous pouvons dégager l'esprit" (p.22 XV. Temps Retrouvé)

Secondly - as far as Baudelaire is concerned, beyond all dispute remains the fact that, drawn by affinity, Proust steeped his mind and sensibility in Baudelaire's writings and while thereby proving the truth of Valéry's dictum

1. "Il faut tant d'années pour que ces vérités se fassent notre chair et nos os même...."
already quoted, at the same time renders impossible the task of ever ascertaining exactly how far Proust strengthened this natural affinity by assiduous reading of the poet.

We can speculate for instance in the following manner:—

'What would have been the nature of Proust's work, had he never read Baudelaire?' I feel that the natural affinity would have been self-evident, but that a definite enrichment and stimulus of Proust's thought would have been lacking.

Proust's reading of Baudelaire aided him to deeper self-knowledge, and something unique and peculiar to Proust ensues, — guided to fulfilment by the Confessor's hand.

To all his readers he makes open confession that only in Baudelaire's "sensation transposée", did he find justification of his aims, and confidence vital to the enterprise of his literary endeavour, as a conscious member of "une filiation aussi noble". ("J'allais chercher à me rappeler les pièces de Baudelaire à la base desquelles se trouve ainsi une sensation transposée, pour achever de me replacer dans une filiation aussi noble......" (Temps Retrouvé XV p.73))

It seems indeed that without Baudelaire, the veritable hinge of his work would have been missing. The conception of the artist's material as drawn from the reserves of oblivion and the past, Proust shares and is proud to share with his
precursor. No one can determine whether he would have arrived at this same point of aesthetics without Baudelaire's aid. Assuming that he would have arrived there independently of Baudelaire, and perhaps with the example of Chateaubriand and Nerval, would he still have had the same sustaining power of inspiration, which he undoubtedly draws from renewed reference to Baudelaire's writing? No one can answer this question either, but I, for one, would boldly claim that his work would have known some degree of impoverishment as a result. Without Baudelaire his work would indeed have lacked that spur necessary to inspire a writer with confidence in his own literary powers and vocation: ("L'assurance que l'oeuvre que je n'avais plus aucune hésitation à entreprendre, méritait l'effort que j'allais lui consacrer...." T.R.XV.p.73). Montaigne once said that all books are dim reflections of what their writers bear within themselves and long to express.

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Montaigne once said that all books are dim reflections of what their writers bear within themselves and long to express. For Proust, too, the work of art, especially its form, is for ever receding from the ideal; perhaps this is one reason why he adapts to the usage of prose the technique of music and the other arts, a procédé essentially of Symbolism; here again, however, it is from Baudelaire that he draws consolation when, drearily, he realises that all expression is a compromise, never entire perfection.
True to his precursor's spirit, and equally "âme amoureuse de la lutte", he will modify from his own death-bed the scene of Bergotte's death, to the last consumed by the work of art and a sense of vocation. Essayist, novelist, poet, artist, musician, - he casts about, forever trying to determine his genre, his "maîtresse forme." Traces of this hesitancy are to be discerned in his full range of varied techniques in and through the medium of prose. In the midst of his uncertainty appears first none other than Baudelaire, a master of several media. (It was Baudelaire who, to the intense wonderment of the critic Thibaudet, combined "une intelligence critique" and spirit of poetry). - Baudelaire, like Proust, was subject to an indecision about form, then turned his hesitancy to rich effect in the intermingling of techniques, of "les Correspondances".

1. "La paresse ou l'impuissance se réfugient dans l'incertitude sur la forme d'art. Faut-il faire un roman? Une étude plus longue? Que suis-je? Romancier? Ce qui me console, c'est que Baudelaire a fait les Poèmes en Prose, et les Fleurs du Mal sur les mêmes sujets; que Gérard de Nerval a fait dans une pièce de vers, et dans un passage de Sylvie, le même château Louis XIII; Le Myrte de Virgile etc... En réalité ce sont des faiblesses que nous voyons en lisant les grands écrivains, les défaillances de notre idéal, qui valait mieux que leur œuvre..." (Journal. publié 25 nov. 1939. "Figaro Littéraire").
The divorce between ideal and real simply demands of
Proust a greater effort, and in his prose he achieves a
revolution of technique parallel to that of Baudelaire in
poetry, - an emancipation from materiality such as
Baudelaire's admirer Flaubert foresaw and approved; a
tendency for poetry to border at times on prose, and prose
on poetry in number and rhythm, for the epic to cede before
the novel as a form capable of widest freedom of expression:
- there is no 'plot' in Baudelaire's poems, often simply an
arbitrary juxtaposition of images like that of successive
phrases of music; the inner climate determines form and
arrangement; - the poet even abandons orthodox time - ("Si
quelque soir etc."). Proust equally renounces conventional
plot and the 'time' observed by novelists (by all except
Flaubert), and his characters are seen from within another
color.

1. "Je croîs que l'avenir de l'Art est dans ces voies,
s'ethérisant tant qu'il peut..... La Forme, en devenant
habile, s'atténuée; elle quitte toute liturgie, toute
règle, toute mesure - elle abandonne l'épique pour le roman,
le vers pour la prose; elle ne se connait plus d'orthodoxie
et est libre comme chaque volonté qui la produit...."
("A Louise Colet.")
Croisset. Vendredi soir, 16 janvier 1852.

2. While I was in conversation with M.de Lauris, he singled out
as illustrations of this musical technique in Baudelaire's
poetry. - "Le Balcon," "Moesta et Errabunda", "Invitation
au Voyage".

Pl. Lettres Choisies.
de Gustave Flaubert (Dumesnil.
Paris 1947)
The consolation which he found in Baudelaire's trial of forms led him beyond a mere statement of the discrepancy between conception and execution, for it inspired him to undertake an "étherisation" of form such as Flaubert had acclaimed. So it comes about that all three men, Flaubert, Baudelaire and Proust are finally united in ranking above the object the quality of vision and in employing in the task of expression every "transposition d'art"; Proust, especially, omits nothing in his effort to fuse conception and execution, to banish from his own work what in a moment of discouragement and spleen he detected in the writings of the classics, "les défaillances de notre idéal qui valait mieux que leur oeuvre;" he reverts to his conviction that there is only one way of saying one thing; in the interval, the fine example of Baudelaire's rejoinder to the challenge of matter not only sets Proust firmly on the road but augurs well for a victory of spirituality.

1. Flaubert: "C'est pour cela qu'il n'y a ni beaux, ni vilains sujets; il n'y en a aucun, le style étant à lui tout seul une manière absolue de voir les choses". Baudelaire: "Car j'ai de chaque chose extrait la quintessence, Tu m'as donné ta boue et j'en ai fait de l'or" ("Epilogue")

Proust: "Le génie, - la faculté de transformer et de transposer; - le génie consistant dans le pouvoir rééchissant et non dans la qualité intrinsèque du spectacle reflété." (J.F.(I) 177)

2. See Ch. V. Synesthesia, p. 157
Footnotes: and 1 p.155
PLAN OF APPENDIX A.

The Mystic of memory in Wordsworth and Coleridge.

Divisions:

A. Introduction.


2. The Mystic of Memory - Coleridge.

(i) Introduction (ii) Problem of assimilation and expression as treated by Coleridge, Baudelaire and Proust. (iii) Aristotle's account of involuntary memory. (iv) Proust's theory of "Intermittences du coeur" affords partial escape from the doctrine that "nothing dies". Both Proust and Coleridge, however inconsistently, seem to own this tenet of dire implications.
APPENDIX A. TO CHAPTER III

The mystic of memory in two precursors of Proust - Wordsworth and Coleridge.

Introduction

Lucas' appraisal of Marcel, in the Mystic of Memory, is a study pregnant with thought. It stakes extremely high the claim that Proust's novelty lies in the special value always held for him by spontaneous recollections, and in the close analogy which he draws between these and the vision of the artist; Lucas proceeds to challenge further our curiosity, and encourages us to investigate his line of inquiry, by asserting that Proust stands in this respect first in the field - and Wordsworth only a timid harbinger, perhaps, of the great revelations consequent upon the new technique of memory.

"No one so far as I know, has suggested this before; though Wordsworth and others groped round it - they did not distinguish between the two kinds of memory." We seem to be hearing Proust's own contention about his special priority over Bergson: "Did not Bergson fail to distinguish between

voluntary and involuntary memory? It remains for us, merely one in the series of successive generations, to examine the validity of Lucas' as well as of Proust's own claim to precedence in the field.

1. "Poetry takes its origin in emotion recollected in tranquillity."

Wordsworth. 'Preface to Lyrical Ballads'

"Ce sont nos passions qui esquissent nos livres, le repos d'intervalle qui les écrit."


At a first glance, it may seem unexpected and strange that two men so strikingly dissimilar as Wordsworth and Proust, should entertain closely allied conceptions of the laws of memory; that, a whole century before the Frenchman, Wordsworth should exhibit this rich vein of involuntary memory. Proust complained to the friends, always eager to convert him into the literary equivalent of Bergson, that his whole work rested on an admittance of two kinds of memory, - which Bergson failed adequately to distinguish, - in fact, that the more passive and infinitely richer involuntary memory was the cornerstone of his literary structure. It is precisely this involuntary, wisely passive memory, which Wordsworth takes as perhaps his central theme.

The preoccupation with Time as a continuous flow was reputedly Germanic, English, - in any case, peculiar to a

Northern as opposed to a Southern temperament. The laws of memory, equally, have a natural habitat in English minds, especially in the Lakist poets. Justin O'Brien finds traces of a Proustian conception of involuntary memory in Cowper's "Task" but Lucas alone seems to have pointed to Wordsworth as notable precursor.

(ii) Wordsworth's intimation of the new mystic of memory in Lyrical Ballads 1802. Points in common with Proust:

The "Lyrical Ballads" of 1802 give the first intimation of the new "mystique". The words in which Wordsworth defines an important attribute of the poet, are vividly Proustian "avant la lettre". Does not Proust make frank and unashamed avowal of a master-tendency in his mental make-up, - an invincible urge to enjoy an event only in its absence, mirrored within the halo of an accompanying sensation? The inability to grasp the so-called present until much later, is one of the contributory factors, - also an inability to savour to the full any emotion or event, where the imagination cannot assert full power. Imagination can operate effectively only in the absence of a direct experience; - a quintessence of reality, of the individual reaction thus emerges, and wins a right to existence, which direct and photographic representation would hopelessly deny. A logical deduction
from this premise causes Proust to declare that nowhere in reality can the real pictures of the mind be rediscovered, only in the memory and in the art which enshrines memory:

"Tant de fois, au cours de ma vie, la réalité m'avait déçu, parce que, au moment où je la percevais, mon imagination, qui était mon seul organe pour jouir de la beauté, ne pouvait s'appliquer à elle en vertu de la loi inévitable qui veut qu'on ne puisse imaginer que ce qui est absent.

Et voici que soudain, l'effet de cette dure loi s'était neutralisé, suspendu, par un expédient merveilleux de la nature, qui avait fait miroiter une sensation - bruit de la fourchette, et du couteau, même inégalité de pavés, - à la fois dans le passé, ce qui permettait à mon imagination de la goûter, et dans le présent où l'ébranlement effectif de mes sens par le bruit, le contact, avait ajouté aux rêves de l'imagination ce dont ils sont habituellement dépourvus, l'idée d'existence." (T.R.11.p.15)

Wordsworth speaks of the same refuge in a reality created by imagination and yielding the essence which no direct and immediate approach could ever solicit, much less evoke.... "The poet is a man delighting to contemplate volitions and passions (similar to his own) as manifested in the goings on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them.

To these qualities he has added a disposition to be
affected more than other men by absent things, as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet especially in those parts of the general sympathy, which are pleasing and delightful, do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events." (Lyrical Ballads: "Preface")

So, the sunlight on the balcony will contain for Proust the long lost emotion of the past, - will resurrect it before his inner vision, as if it were still present. The emotion now recaptured is neither the identical past nor the customary present, but the immortal essence - the underlying identity of the past freed from the physical context and finding new incarnation in a kindred sensation of the present.

"Il n'est pour nous de rayons ni de parfums délicieux que ceux que notre mémoire a autrefois enregistrés."

No photographic reproduction of reality but the very essence of Past and Present, "un peu de temps à l'état pur," and so, most fitted to symbolise the eternal verities of human experience, can alone satisfy the artist and assuage his "soif de l'infini" The invalid has acute awareness of such truth; -

"Un jour vient où la vie ne nous apporte plus de joies."

1. C.104.
La lumière solaire - qui n'est plus pour nous qu'une réminiscence du bonheur; elle nous les fait goûter à la fois dans l'instant présent où elle brille et dans l'instant passé qu'elle nous rappelle, ou plutôt entre les deux, hors du temps, elle en fait vraiment des joies de toujours."

The victory of arrival at the essence, Proust resumes on a note of elation in the opening section of *Temps Retrouvé* II.39-40.

"L'écrivain, en rapprochant une qualité commune à deux sensations, dégagera leur essence en les réunissant l'une et l'autre pour les soustraire aux contingences du temps dans une métaphore."

Wordsworth claims that the poet is affected by a thing absent, as if present. For Proust, a like sensation in the present is the only stimulus required for the magic of things absent to affect him as if present, in fact to displace the present context and to give him full joy i.e., a joy in essence for the first time.

"La nature, elle-même, à ce point de vue sur la voie de l'art, n'était-elle pas commencement d'art, elle qui souvent ne m'avait permis de connaître la beauté d'une chose que longtemps après dans une autre; - midi à Combray que dans le bruit de ses cloches, les matinées de Doncières que dans les hoquets de notre calorifère à eau."

Without immediate sensation in the present and simply savouring something at a remove, Wordsworth's ideal poet
approximates closely to the model of Proust's conception:

"Whence and from practice, the Poet has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings, which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement." (Lyrical Ballads)

The phrase "without immediate external excitement" does not preclude from Wordsworth's theory, least of all from his practice, the fact that a present scene or sensation, notably one which affords a likeness to another in the past, can act as a stimulus, recollecting emotion and passion long since spent. It is important to remember that, according to Wordsworth, true poetry cannot be written under the immediate impact of circumstance, — art might just as well aspire no higher than photography, were this so; emotion needs time to mellow and lose materiality before the final act of grace incarnates the essence eternally.

Yet for Wordsworth as for Proust, art is simply an intimate vision of the world; and, style, consubstantial with the artist, quite naturally becomes "une qualité de vision". How long has an emotion lain passive and buried

1. Cf. "Elle qui souvent ne m'avait permis de connaître la beauté d'une chose que longtemps après dans une autre."
2. See Mina Curtiss: Letters of Marcel Proust: Letter III to Antoine Bibesco Nov. 1912 p. 138, "Style is not even a question of technique, it is like colour with certain painters, a quality of vision."
within the artist's mind? How spontaneous is its recollection? These are two criteria, touch-stones, if you like, of the value of emotion for a work of art and they may have determined Proust to make of "Involuntary Memory" the cornerstone of his literary masterpiece; in T.R.II, Proust states that involuntary memories should form the prime material of artistic creation.

(iii) The reality within - stressed by Wordsworth and Proust.

The virtue lies not in the external object but in that transmutation which the outer world undergoes in the artist's soul. An emotion or scene recollected after an interval will bear with greater surety the impress of the poet's soul. "Everything is in the subject," write Proust and Baudelaire, and Wordsworth's refrain strikes a kindred note.

Some people experience the desire to see for themselves the field depicted by the artist, a field which in the painting seems so utterly different from all others, possessor of an elusive, unreal charm. A visit to the actual scene of inspiration brings inevitable disappointment in its train. What more brilliant proof could we desire of the poet's achievement? First he has transformed the outer world by bathing it in an

1. See also the same letter as quoted in Footnote 2 on previous page (p. 466.)
2. "Tout est dans l'esprit"; le narrateur expose sa théorie de la subjectivité et en éclaire son œuvre'. (T.R.(2) 72.)
inner light, and only then has he truly created.

André Maurois confessed to disappointment when M.
Pierre Larcher showed him the Proustian sites of Illiers. The gulf between Combray and its probable point of departure, Illiers, seemed greater than he had expected. Proust, however, anticipated such disappointment in his "Journées de Lecture". He records that all humans want to see the Painter's model, or natural scene .... But that we cannot expect cold reality to approximate to the artist's vision.

When we weave an aura of poetry and romance round scenes or people, especially round elements of past experience, we, in turn, perform the creative rôle of the artist. The difference separating us from the artist is that our vision either (a) fails to reach great heights or else (b) remains effectively unexpressed. In both cases, (a) and (b), a reference to the external scene alone cannot be expected to make other people share our own feelings. Only the artist, by medium of art, can communicate his vision, and this he achieves never by bold allusion to the object seen but by a revelation of that object's place within his soul.

Baudelaire summoned the artist to make the modern man the subject of his canvas - hero of the contemporary epic with his "bottes et éperons". This transformation, he knew,
was a matter of vision or perspective and could be effected by art.

It can redound to the credit of the artist alone, and rank as a measure of his greatness, if, after immersion in his work, we find ourselves saying before a scene, characterisation, or a potential plot:—"That is in the style of Botticelli, - only awaits his brush, in fact;" or: "That is a situation ripe for treatment by Balzac". Our mind's eye already conjures up a vision - necessarily "à l'état d'ébauche", - of the artist's possible handling of this material. Baudelaire speaks of Art improving upon the crudity of nature.

Proust constantly makes such juxtapositions between a particular arrangement of reality and its possible treatment by an artist. Odette will seem to him all the more beautiful, because she resembles a painting by Botticelli, and because he feels that he in some way shares what would have been Botticelli's vision of Odette, and that he uses this painter's "optique". Hence, too, Proust's fondness and gift for parody. I quote the key passage from Proust "in extenso".

"Or, en réalité, ce sont de simples hasards de relations ou de parenté, qui, en leur donnant l'occasion de passer ou de séjourner auprès d'eux, ont fait choisir pour les peindre à Madame de Noailles, à Maeterlinck, à Millet, à Claude Monet, cette route, ce jardin, ce champ, ce coude de rivière, plutôt que..."
tels autres. Ce qui nous les fait paraître autres et plus beaux que le reste du monde, c'est qu'ils portent sur eux, comme un reflet insaisissable, l'impression qu'ils ont donné au génie, et que nous verrions errer aussi singulière et aussi désopatile sur la face indifférente et soumise de tous les pays qu'il aurait peints.

Cette apparence avec laquelle ils nous charment et nous déçoivent, et au-delà de laquelle nous voudrions aller, c'est l'essence même de cette chose en quelque sorte sans épaisseur - mirage arrêté sur une toile - qu'est une vision.

Le suprême effort de l'écrivain comme de l'artiste n'aboutit qu'à soulever partiellement pour nous le voile de la laideur et d'insignifiance, qui nous laisse incurieux devant l'univers.

(iv) Involuntary Memory - a cornerstone of Wordsworth's literary structure as well as of Proust's.

Striking proof that Wordsworth is not only open to the visitations of involuntary memory but, like Proust, makes of it a cornerstone of the artistic structure, cannot fail to grip the reader of his poetry. In "Expostulation and Reply" of the Lyrical Ballads, Matthew defends the idea that a wise passiveness can yield fruit, even a wonderfully

rich store, and, since it enables the mind to feed on life and nature, he infers that forms thus passively registered (cf. "enregistrées," "emmagasinées" - of Proust) are capable of wonderful rebirth to life within his mind at a later date. The following verse adumbrates the movement of involuntary memory. So, after many fruitless efforts, the student of music can safely leave for a time all performance of a piece of music. A passive and wonderfully potent growth to maturity ensues:

"Think you'mid all the mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?"

In "Tintern Abbey", the poet draws the expected inference; he claims that despite long absence, the scene of Tintern Abbey and all these "forms of beauty have favoured him with sensations sweet,

And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration"

As for Proust, the stimulus of a present sensation, which shows affinity or even identity with a previous sensation is alone sufficient to evoke the last "moi".
The fountain's plash recalls to Matthew the long lost emotions of youth -

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears,
Which in those days I heard."

Neither Wordsworth nor Proust tires of variations on a master theme, - the curious way in which one comes to love natural objects for their associations; tragedy sounds a note, when the natural objects change outside us, and grimly confront the unchanging inner image, which we cherish as much as the accompanying emotions.

"Nature . . .
Et comme vous brisez dans vos métamorphoses,
Les fils mystérieux où nos coeurs sont liés."¹

The sound of the cuckoo breaks in upon the silence of his consciousness; the bird which in his youth he endowed with magical properties, now projects an aura into the life of the mature man. One chance encounter of this familiar sensation of his youth has sufficed to turn the poet towards a deliberate reconstruction of the past; - as Proust said of Baudelaire's "réméniscences" that the latter were "moins fortuites", and of the "recherche" of "analogies inspiratrices", that it was "volontaire". (T.R.II.ps.83-84. Opening chapter)

¹."Tristesse d'Olympio" (Les Rayons et les Ombres) V.Hugo.
Nine French Poets: Berthon, p.74.
"And I can listen to thee yet
Can lie upon the plain,
And listen till I do beget,
That golden time again."

From this same poem comes expression not only of what ranks as an aphorism, but a "leitmotiv" of Baudelaire and Proust. Proust clings nostalgically to remembrance of Combray, of all the glory of youth, that circle of magic hours, of emotion all compact, from which age can do nothing better than cull transitory gleams. So Baudelaire had written "Le génie est l'enfance retrouvée à volonté" and Wordsworth: "The Child is father of the man".

In the poem to the Daffodils, a "flash" of recollection composes the bliss of the poet's solitude, and whatever the poet's mood, be it sadness or a sense of void, the inward eye perceives afresh a vision long since lost from the physical sight. The visitation can be of involuntary memory alone to flash before him "in vacant or in pensive mood".

The "Ode to Immortality" and the "Prelude", by nature autobiographical, cede a masterly rôle to recollection, this gracious act which in Wordsworth "doth breed perpetual benediction". The "Ode to Immortality" affirms belief in man's possession of a spiritual vision, in his power to penetrate to the essence of things; unfortunately, the gift
of spiritual vision fades in proportion to the advance of age and the insidious claims of materiality.

Only an inner spiritual vision, an "obscure sense of possible sublimity" could have riveted Proust's gaze so powerfully upon the rose bush (See Reynaldo Hahn: Hommage. "Promenades". p.39) or again, have brought him to a breathless standstill on the road, where sunlight caught at a particular angle the tiles of a roof, or, finally, have driven him to silence Mme. de Villeparisis, and to close his eyes in an attempt to capture the message of the spires of Martinville.

Is it for the same reason that Wordsworth seeks to divine the message of the tree, of the pansy at his feet? He calls their words the "essences of things" (line 308).

Both repeat the same tale of a glory of vision fled from his ken and returning only fitfully... As Wordsworth says: -

"To this sublimity the soul doth aspire.
With faculties still giving, feeling still,
That whatsoever point they gain, they yet
Have something to pursue."

The moments of exaltation gave Proust all the proof he needed of the unity, continuity of the human personality; - they inspire Wordsworth with a sense of "atone-ness" with God:

1. S (1) 258
Within the soul, "... make our noisy years seem moments in the being of the eternal silence."

Only by confronting Wordsworth with Proust and by posing the question, could we definitely discover whether the French writer might have found an echo of his own most intimate thought and sentiment in this curiously Lakist verse, but the directions of thought seem strangely close, almost at the point of convergence:

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears"

(v) "The Prelude": The rôle of involuntary memory in this work. Parallel with Baudelaire and Proust.

At the very outset of the "Prelude" Wordsworth accords overriding preference to the spiritualised form of a sensation i.e. the inner memory. One cannot help thinking of Proust's reaction in Temps Retrouvé II on hearing within himself the ringing of the bell of Combray after the lapse of so many years... The experience brought a cruel sense of oppression at the thought of the weight of so many past years, - and, paradoxically, a consoling sense of continuity: - "Je n'avais pas un instant pris de repos: cessé d'exister"

A merely external sensation, unaided by an immortality
within the soul, could never impart either the sense of oppression or the sense of unity.

"My own voice cheered me and far more the mind's Internal echo of the imperfect sound."

Proust's own movement in relation to a stationary object, (cf. the train journey to Balbec, the trees, the steeples of Martinville), frequently gave him the illusion of life and movement in the inanimate and static. Wordsworth enjoys a closely parallel experience, when skating on the frozen lake -

"The giant peak

Like a living thing,

Strode after me"

Just as Matthew, from his recumbent position beside the fountain, discovers in the plash of water a power to stir him to childish tears at all the recollection of his youth, so again, but much more dynamically - perhaps a violent gust of wind opened the "déclenchement"-Wordsworth's youthful ego returns for a moment to displace his present state of maturity, so deeply moved is he by the "sight of scenes long since lost":

"Unfading recollections! At this hour

The heart is almost mine with which I felt,

From some hill on sunny afternoons

The paper kite high among fleecy clouds

Pull at her rein like an impetuous courser".
It is to Wordsworth that we owe a vivid account of
the operation of involuntary memory:—the chance encounter
of a sensation which reveals affinity with a previous one,
and consequently releases some of the magic potency of emotion
stored away in the inanimate object. All the accompanying
sensations now return, the aura and intricate web of feeling
confined that distant day to the very fringe of experience.
The sun and wind are as much an integral part of the book we
read as the actual reading content, and a lake lies mirrored
in its pages. All this becomes tangible by virtue of a
spiritual resurrection....

"Yet even then occasional rememberable things, the earth,
And common face of Nature spoke to me,
Rememberable things, sometimes 'tis true,
By chance collisions and quaint accidents,
Like those ill-sorted unions, work supposed,
Of evil-minded fairies, yet not vain,
Nor profitless, if haply they impressed
Collateral objects, and appearance
Albeit lifeless then and doomed to sleep
Until maturer seasons called them forth,
To impregnate and to elevate the mind."

1. Cf. Proust Chroniques "Journées de Lecture" (2) p.226
3. Analogy - and registering of sensation within an object - fit
   matter for a resurrection later.
4. ""
5. Cf. Rôle of "l'oubli" in Proust and Baudelaire.
The scenes themselves came to be loved because they were, "by force of obscure feelings, representative of things forgotten;" accordingly one sensation of taste, say, in the incident of the Madeleine, will bring about a rebirth in visual terms, of a part or segment of the past. Those recollected hours have for Wordsworth the charm of visionary things, and owing to the switching back of a reel, the process is for Wordsworth, Proust, and Gregh, the triumphant reversal of all known laws of chronology .... for those "lovely forms And sweet sensations... throw back on life And almost make remotest infancy A visible scene on which the sun is shining."

(Close of Bk.1. "Prelude")

Not only was it the later generation of Bergson, Proust and the Symbolists, who conceived of man as a long, serried juxtaposition of fleeting states, innumerable "instantanées" of an age always in flux, but already Wordsworth is struck with equally deep amazement, that he could have travelled such a long way and have left so far behind a previously experienced state. Yet for him as for Proust the curious and incontrovertible testimony of his "purer mind", is that the previous consciousness still stands inviolate within him, no less real than when it appeared in

1. Renan holds this tenet. cf. Taine's belief mentioned p.359-60 in Chapter on Mysticism
the appointed chronological order ... These are two "mi successifs", although Wordsworth does not go so far as Proust and draw the implication of an uninterrupted continuity stretching from one consciousness to another ... It is only a step, however, from this statement of two consciousnesses to the conclusion that "nothing dies", that not just two consciousnesses but an unnumbered host of them compose the poet's personality irrespective of "length" of time.

Proust's fleeting recollections foster in him the illusion that he is setting forth on the outward journey of his love for Albertine - not so tragically re-descending from the heights and passing through all the "mi successifs" in reverse order.

Cf. Wordsworth 1.27. Bk. 2.

A tranquillising spirit presses now
On my corporeal frame, so wide appears
The vacancy between me and those days
Which yet have such self-presence in my mind
That, musing on them, often do I seem

Two consciousnesses, conscious of myself,
And of some other Being."

Wordsworth and Proust are alike in stressing the inward character of the vision. There is the unforgettable picture of Proust staring fixedly at the poplars from the moving carriage - avidly searching their natural outward appearance
Almost instinctively he closes his eyes, and realises in the same moment that it is within himself that he must continue the search, and look for enlightenment of the mystery. In common with the previously quoted experience of Chartres, this instance affords signal proof that for many people the outer image has to be confronted with a strong inner impress before involuntary memory can function, and this applies to the experience of Baudelaire, Proust and Mallarmé as a necessary condition before a work of art can come to birth.

Baudelaire: - "Il vous est maintes fois arrivé de vous retourner à un son de voix connu et d'être frappé d'étonnement devant une créature inconnue, souvenir vivant d'une autre créature douée de gestes et d'une voix analogue".

(Curiosités Esthétiques. Ed: Calmann-Lévy p.139)

Proust: - "Je mis un instant ma main devant mes yeux pour pouvoir les fermer sans que Mme de Villeparisis s'en aperçût. Je restai sans penser à rien, puis de ma pensée ramassée, ressaisie avec plus de force, je bondis plus avant dans la direction des arbres, ou plutôt dans cette direction intérieure au bout de laquelle je les voyais en moi-même."


1. The auditive image prevails here.
It is perfectly consistent with this stress on inner vision as identical with artistic creation that Proust should declare the futility of a visit either to Millet's field or to the turn of the river at Giverny; the truth is that genius is a quality of vision and the artist must, like Wordsworth, renounce a quest which has external reality as its object and use instead his own subjective "optique"; in his soul he will find the model.

From the moment of Renoir's appearance Proust and the world in general had to learn to see women as Renoir saw them.

Le Côte de Guermantes II:

"Et voici que le monde (qui n'a pas été créé une fois mais aussi souvent qu'un artiste original est survenu) nous apparaît entièrement différent de l'ancien, mais parfaitement clair. Des femmes passent dans la rue, différentes de celles d'autrefois, puisque ce sont des Renoir, ces Renoir où nous nous refusions jadis à voir des femmes."

The critic too, must substitute for his own direct view of the outer world the artist's intimate vision and see the world through the artist's eyes. This is the reflection of the world in the light of genius. The critic will then cease to long for a glimpse of Millet's field i.e. the point

1. G (2) 20.
of departure, but live rather in the painter's mind. As a result every external object is bathed in the reflection of genius. Wordsworth stresses inner spiritual vision, the absence of need for "bodily eyes", or "fleshly ear", surely an approach to Helen Keller's enforced technique?

"How shall I seek the origin? where find Faith in the marvellous things which then I felt? Oft in these moments such a holy calm Would overspread my soul that bodily eyes Were utterly forgotten, and what I saw Appeared like something in myself, a dream, A prospect in the mind"

Proust repeatedly declares (see Chroniques) that the secret of a work of art is to be discovered within the mind, not in outward form; - "Tout est dans l'esprit" (T.R.(2) 72)

It would not have mattered which field Millet had depicted, which bend of the river Monet had taken; all value lay in the creative mind whose power can rekindle and transform

A. cf. "Prelude" also - where the "Song of Creation" is heard "Self-audible when the fleshly ear, O'ercome by humbliest prelude of that strain, Forgot her functions and slept undisturbed".

B. cf. Experience of Chartres.

C. cf. "cette direction intérieure au bout de laquelle je les voyais en moi-même."

And ibid p. 248 "N'appartenaient-ils au contraire qu'à ces paysages du rêve?"

cold, inert material. The problem as to how far human experience involves a passage of mind into object, or of object into mind has long preoccupied philosophers. "A demi engainé dans l'objet" is Proust's expression of this truth, and so far in the present appendix, the stress has fallen now upon the presence of the object within the mind, now upon the magic stored by mind in object until the occasion of resurrection.

Yet the two processes are so closely related that the unity becomes at times indivisible -

However that may be, we are safe within the mind of artist and genius and become the privileged witnesses of an act of vision habitual to their kind. When we read Wordsworth's line about the projection of an inner light upon the outer scene we are reminded of Proust's passage (previously quoted) about the bathing of landscape in the reflected light of genius.

This is a faultless portrayal of the act of creation. The world lies before us, exquisitely re-created, mastered by the creative mind and poised afresh before our inner vision:—every time an artist beholds the world, the act of creation begins anew:—

1. Cf. Ch. II. ps. 97-101 The quotation is from T.R. (2) 45.
"An auxiliar light
Came from my mind, which on the setting sun
Bestowed new splendour; the melodious birds,
The fluttering breezes, fountains that run on,
Murmuring so sweetly in themselves, obeyed
A like dominion, and the midnight storm
Grew darker in the presence of my eye,
Hence my obeisance, my devotion hence
And hence my transport.... "

(vi) Demon of Analogy in Wordsworth and Proust.

Finally, no attempt to give an account of Wordsworth as precursor of Marcel Proust in respect of theories about involuntary memory, can be deemed complete unless some mention is made of a propensity, a gift shared by both. The demon of analogy, which governed Mallarmé, tyrannised Proust to the extent that he, one day, half-humorously, half-plaintively, wrote that "le bonhomme de l'analogue" would survive all other successive manifestations of his personality and stand victor at the last.

"Il y avait en moi un personnage qui savait plus ou moins bien regarder, mais c'était un personnage intermittent, ne reprenant vie que quand se manifestait quelque essence générale" (T.R.I.p.36)

"En moi quand la maladie aura fini de les jeter
c'est-à-dire ces personnages) l'un après l'autre par terre, il en restera encore deux ou trois qui auront la vie plus dure que les autres, notamment un certain philosophe qui n'est heureux que quand il a découvert, entre deux œuvres, entre deux sensations une partie commune."

(P.l.p.13)

Analogy, of course, enjoys a powerful rôle in the functioning of involuntary memory, i.e., perception of analogy between a chance sensation and one buried in the limbo of memory, revives the past, releases it upon the consciousness, and floods out the present context.

Obsession with analogy, the revelation of anthropomorphism, makes Wordsworth transfer to inorganic natures his own social principles of universal sympathy. Or, is this the revelation of Truth?

Wordsworth hesitates to select and determine the real cause for seeing the world in essence, "blessings spread around him, like a sea." Upon which cause, I wonder, would Proust finally have settled? Perhaps, like Wordsworth, he reviewed all as possible causes. The obsession with analogy, we know, Proust most ardently avowed; to a subjective vision of the universe such as would make him see things in universal sympathy, he was perhaps less prone. But I do think that he toyed fondly with the speculation that his moments of exaltation as well as his experience of seeing right down into the
roots of things ("ce sentiment mystérieux et profond des choses;" "Tel qu'en songe", Article on H. de Régnier. C:p.175) might well have been revelation of truth.

Wordsworth here seems to stand forth as advance spokesman for a French writer, who will be distinguished by his part in a gallant venture; to read Proust is certainly to experience re-birth, and "see blessings" in the minute and apparently trivial human emotions.

"The song would speak
Of that interminable building reared
By observation of affinities
In objects where no brotherhood exists,
To passive minds. My seventeenth year was come
And whether from this habit rooted now
So deeply in my mind, or from excess
In the great social principle of life,
Coercing all things into sympathy,
To unorganic natures were transferred
My own enjoyments; or the power of truth
Coming in revelation did converse
With things that really are; I, at this time
Saw, blessings spread around me like a sea,"
2. The Mystic of Memory: - Coleridge.

Coleridge's first sonnet was an attempt to convey an experience he had had of "déjà vu". This, apparently, was one of the key-happenings in his life and first led him into the realm of metaphysical happenings, just as it was to lead Proust into metaphysics and literary creation. A letter to Thelwall (No. 36 in Kathleen Raine's Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Grey Walls Press.) counters his friend's criticism of this first venture into "obscure" poetry and reminds us of Proust's distinction between an obscurity necessarily linked with any analysis of the obscure on the one hand, and a wilful, valueless obscurity, - a poor cloak of impotence on the other (See Proust "Contre l'Obscurité," "Revue Blanche"). Proust longed to introduce a clarifying ray of understanding, but without destroying the almost intangible essence of complex thought and feeling.

Thus, replying to John Thelwall's criticism of the sonnet, Coleridge writes in similar vein;

"My first sonnet is obscure; but you ought to distinguish between obscurity residing in the uncommonness of the thought, and that which proceeds from thoughts unconnected and language not adapted to expression of them. Where you do find out the meaning of my poetry, can you (in general, I mean) alter the language so as to make it more perspicuous -
the thought remaining the same?"

Not only does Coleridge here voice a claim in favour of Proust's conception i.e. that thought and expression, vision and communication fuse in one breath - but in addition, he describes in the sonnet in question an experience closely bordering upon the territory of Baudelaire and Proust.

I believe that this is the first time the following passage from Coleridge has been directly linked with Proust's own experience of the "déjà vu". It is inspiring to think that both men made such experience the cornerstone of literary and metaphysical creation:

"Oft o'er my brain does that strange rapture roll
Which makes the present (while its brief fit last)
Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past.
Mixed with such feelings as distress the soul
When dreaming that she dreams."

That feeling, in dreams, of opening a box within a box, often many times in succession, is wonderfully captured here, and it is in some subtle way bound up with the experience of "déjà vu" in waking life. It seems simply to be transferred to the plane of waking life in fact, from its previous habitat in the life of dreams. Fernand Gregh likened the experience of "déjà vu" to a double registering of an impression, due to fatigue or wandering of attention ("glissement d'attention") in the
first instance and he compared the process to the slipping of a print under tracing paper causing two copies to border each other in the closest proximity. At some later date a chance encounter - i.e. analogy between the present and the past will cause the duplicate to rise before us in startling clarity, (dédoublement!) just as it accompanied the first vision of reality.

Coleridge's elucidation of the mystery of genius recalls the theories of Baudelaire and Proust. There is a faint possibility that Coleridge may have had some influence on Baudelaire's development; - as an eminent contemporary of De Quincey, he could hardly have remained a territory of the mind unexplored by the French poet. Proust mentions him in Chroniques, when quoting from Théodule Ribot a passage about "Les Maladies de la Volonté". Coleridge's lack of will power amounted to a pathological case, and might, perhaps, have been instrumental in attracting Proust's attention in the direction of the poet. (Baudelaire's preoccupation with maladies affecting the will-power runs tirelessly through Fusées and Mon Coeur mis à nu).

Quite apart from the fascination of conjectures about a possible link between Proust and Coleridge, whether it be established through the good services of De Quincey, Baudelaire

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1. Proust mentions that the anticipation of an event, followed by its realisation is comparable to the process of tracing.
or Ribot, a study of Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* sheds a revealing light on Proust's aesthetics. For Baudelaire, Coleridge and Proust the mystery of genius in the fine arts is explicable in terms of an effort to assimilate the outer to the inner world and to project this assimilated form upon the world at large in a work of art. Thus, it comes about that the artist performs a virtual "tour de force", and we must own gratitude to art for conveying what would, without its agency, remain incommunicable.

(ii) Problem of assimilation and expression as treated by Coleridge, Baudelaire and Proust.

Proust: "Cette qualité inconnue d'un monde unique et qu'aucun autre musicien ne nous avait jamais fait voir; peut-être, est-ce en cela . . . . qu'est la preuve la plus authentique du génie bien plus que dans le contenu de l'œuvre elle-même."

*La Prisonnière*. 11, p.235)

Coleridge: "Now, so to place these images totalised and fitted to the limits of the human mind, as to elicit from and to superinduce upon the forms themselves the moral reflexions to which they approximate, to make the external internal, the internal external, and to make nature thought, and thought nature, this is the mystery of genius in the fine arts"

*Biographia Literaria* 1. This is the very process involved in the "mystische Hochzeit"; see Ch.II.p. 98
Baudelaire resumes the same mystery of creation with admirable lucidity:— "De la vaporisation et de la centralisation du moi, tout est là." (Mon Coeur mis à nu).

The respective degrees to which the artist assimilates the external world, or the external world assimilates the artist; the manner in which thought is best projected upon the outer world again; - all these are points upon which the three writers hold a variety of opinions.

Baudelaire implies that the true artist holds undisputed sway over nature, - he never cedes ground to nature in any guise. "La femme est naturelle, c'est-à-dire abominable." 1

His strictures about anything approaching subservience to Nature, about a too faithful reliance on external stimulus, - are fierce in proportion:—

"L'imitation exacte gâte le souvenir." 2

Proust declares uncompromisingly:—

"L'erreur c'est de dire que tout est dans l'objet, quand, au contraire, tout est dans le sujet, dans l'esprit" 3

From hard and unpromising material, the artist can draw inspiration for his most sublime work.

Coleridge, equally, will seem to place the stress on

2. Curiosités Esthétiques p.153
the mind, and assign full sway to the subject in this schematised version of the artist-world relationship.

"A good portrait is the likeness for recollection."

(Biographia Literaria)

(cf. "L'imitation exacte gâte le souvenir.")

By this note of memory, or the spiritualisation of matter, the artist arrives at the essences, and pre-requisite to this end is solitude. Coleridge might have gone further and said explicitly what he chose to leave merely implied. Proust, however, will complete the circle of thought by boldly affirming that the functioning of involuntary memory alone makes possible the spiritual solitude so essential to the artist, by permitting a distance from the concrete reality of sensation in time and space. The necessity for spiritual solitude not only within his life but within the framework of the creative act itself, is the reason why Proust enjoys an experience only when long afterwards it lies within the protective and awakening aura of a kindred sensation.

Nature in fact, by his own admission, fitted him to be in art an exponent of involuntary memory. This, too, is what Wordsworth meant by saying that "the poet enjoys a thing most truly in its absence", and that such visitation favoured the

1. Cf. Temps Retrouvé (2)

"Le souvenir, isolé par l'oubli, nous fait tout à coup respirer un air nouveau, qui nous donne une sensation profonde de renouvellement."

1. Cf. Temps Retrouvé (2)
"inward eye", this "bliss of solitude". When the poet indulges
delight in pain rather than in pleasure, "delectatio morosa"
such as Emma Bovary must have known it, encroaches upon the
very core of his being, and may sometimes even menace creative
activity.

Proust speaks of the necessity for solitude as a
prime condition of the artist's arrival at the "essence";-

"Mais en tout genre, notre temps a la manie de
vouloir ne montrer les choses qu'avec ce qui les entoure dans
la réalité et par là de supprimer l'essentiel, l'acte de
l'esprit qui les isole d'elle.

On 'présente' un tableau au milieu de meubles, de
tentures de la même époque .... fade décor .... et au milieu
duquel le chef d'œuvre qu'on regarde, tout en dinant, ne
nous donne pas la même envirante joie qu'on ne doit lui
demander que dans une salle de musée laquelle symbolise bien
mieux par sa nudité, et son dépouillement de toutes
particularités les espaces intérieurs où l'artiste s'est
abstrait pour créer."

Coleridge sums it up for all:-

1. See p.378 of Hommage
Ortega y Gasset finds traces of "delectatio morosa" in the
actual style of Proust:-

"Son art agit comme un frein qui nous retient. Le fait
est que la muse de Proust pourrait s'appeler 'morsité' et
son style consiste dans l'exploitation littéraire de cette
'delectatio morosa' que les Conciles ont si sévèrement punie." (cf.p.138. Baudelaire's "delectatio morosa.")
"And this is the true exposition of the rule that the artist must first eloi gn himself from nature in order to return to her with full effect."

"He that would save his life, shall lose it. Whereas he that would lose his life, shall save it." Does not the same rule apply with full force to the life of a memory, and to its chances of resurrection? A voluntary renunciation of all conscious design to salvage recollection, is the first condition of recovering the full glory of the past. The return in spiritualised form is made possible by a long absence of intervention, material or voluntary.

The Biographia Literaria relates intimately to a childhood acuity of "perception" the very nature of genius. (So does Baudelaire when he writes that the child's ecstasy before colour and vision of things "en nouveauté" is in every way comparable to the technique of genius.)

The Lakist poets on the one hand, Baudelaire and Proust on the other, are of one accord here, in acclaiming the rich store of childhood sensations which maturity will so wonderfully convert into imperishable art.

Wordsworth: "The Child is Father of the Man"

Coleridge: "To carry the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood - to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps
forty years had rendered familiar, - this is the characteristic privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talents."

Baudelaire: L'Art Romantique, ps. 67-68.

"Tous les matériaux, dont la mémoire s'est encombrée, se classent, se rangent, s'harmonisent, et subissent cette idéalisatio...
Whenever we feel several objects at the same time the impressions that are left (or in Hume's language 'the ideas') are linked together. Whenever, therefore, any one of the movements, which constitute a complex impression, is renewed through the senses the others succeed mechanically.

(iii) Aristotle's account of involuntary memory.

We can draw an explanation for many movements of involuntary memory from Aristotle's testimony that "ideas, by having been together, acquire a power of recalling each other; or every partial representation awakes the total representation of which it had been a part." Proust experiences a sense of void or gulf intervening between the recollection of a past moment and that moment's location in the past - a gulf stretching from the moment when the bell of Combray was last heard in reality to the time of its spiritual resurrection. Continuity is indicated by all this stretch of time during which Proust has "never once ceased to exist, never rested ..."

There is a power of recall at a further remove - see G.II,37: "Une impression accompagnant un réveil de souvenirs s'associe à eux, et par la suite les suscite."

1. Cf. Proust: - "l'odeur et la saveur portent l'édifice immense du souvenir" S (1) 73 and again: - "Les différentes parties d'un souvenir ont entre elles une solidarité qui nous empêche d'en rien distraire."

2. cf. The incident of "la petite vérole" cited by Baudelaire and mentioned in Ch.V. Synesthesia p.169
Or, again, the intervening period may miraculously shrink even, and vanish, making one feel that no interval of time could possibly have acted as interstice. For these occasional seeming chasms in the continuity of reproduction (cf. Baudelaire's sense of gulf - "sens du gouffre"), Aristotle gives due explanation by claiming that the movements or ideas in question had acted merely as intermediary links, content to serve in the rôle of recalling, then sink back into native nothingness. They thus make a period of "intermittence du cœur", to use the term, which Proust would, in turn, unforgettably coin for this blankness and inertia, the moments of exaltation standing out with supernatural clarity.

1. Baudelaire suffered keenly from a "sens du gouffre". It seems indeed to be a mental and emotional complex intimately linked with the phenomena which Symbolism selected for examination: sleep, action, dreams, memory, desire, regret, remorse, beauty, numbers.... Proust joins Baudelaire in his experience of divorce between sleep and consciousness, action and thought, dream and reality, involuntary memory and voluntary recollection, desire and its realisation, regret and remorse on the one hand and the irrevocable on the other, and lastly inner time and outer time. So Baudelaire will make the following tragic avowal in this page of Mon Coeur mis à nu:

"Au moral comme au physique, j'ai toujours eu la sensation du gouffre non seulement du gouffre du sommeil, mais du gouffre de l'action, du rêve, du souvenir, du désir, du regret, du remords, du beau, du nombre etc." (p. 150)
Proust's theory of "intermittences du coeur" affords partial escape from the doctrine that "nothing dies". Both Proust and Coleridge, however inconsistently, seem to own this tenet of dire implications.

Such intervening movements of ideas relapse into limbo; (does not Proust say that such nondescript moments are like the effect of the soft pedal in music, preparing one for the glorious diapason of joy in living?) By virtue of their presence and intervention they afford a way of escape from the awe-inspiring theory that "nothing dies", a theory which Coleridge, however inconsistently, envisages for a moment before turning away in an attitude of despair, at the thought of such a weight of past years.

The delirium of the woman of Göttingen brought from her lips Hebrew which, during her childhood, she had heard her pastor uncle utter, entirely without any act of comprehension on her part. The brain must indeed be the "palimpsest" of which De Quincey speaks and impressions fall on the multifold layers of wax; and the whole mechanism unrolls, a recorded past before the mind's eye.

Full of foreboding Coleridge flinches before the prospect of any enlargement of the intelligent faculty. It would require only a different and apportioned organism, "the body celestial instead of the body terrestrial to bring before any human soul the collective experience of its
whole past existence." And this, perhaps, is the dread book of judgment, in whose mysterious hieroglyphics every idle word is recorded. (cf. the Bell of Combray and the weight of the past in "J'ai plus de souvenirs que si j'avais mille ans", or in "Les Petites Vieilles" of Baudelaire).

Proust, in his "moments d'exaltation", Baudelaire in "Moesta et Errabunda" could envisage as consequence of the palimpsest the prospect of renewing pleasures in a Platonic sense. In Baudelaire and Proust we see traced, too, the tragedy inherent in the human fate; - that man should pre-determine his whole future (e.g. by inability to go without his Mother's Goodnight Kiss), and no less awe-inspiring is Coleridge's vision of the palimpsest as the dread book of judgement.

For all concerned, memory brings in its train joy and misery - the latter proportioned to the weight of human sin, "le péché immortel", and we can only hope, with these writers, that the proof of continuity and immortality will ultimately outweigh the terrible balance of guilt borne on these scales of character and fate.

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1 T.R.(2) 259.
Parallel between the conceptions of time held by Proust on the one hand and Machado and Azorín on the other.

1. (i) For the generation of 1898 Time is a Central Pre-occupation:—Possibility of "irradiation" (Fernand Gregh) between various authors.

(ii) Machado's knowledge of Proust's work.

(iii) Influence of Bergson. External and internal evidence. Intuition and conception in both writers.

(iv) Machado's new dialectic, partaking of advantages of intuition and reason.

(v) Proust's appraisal of "bare" intellect, and involuntary intuition. The function of his novel.

(vi) Machado and Proust dream of harmonious interplay of intuition and intellect.

(vii) The different means adopted (I) by Proust, (II) by Machado in an effort to evade time.

(a) Will logic or involuntary memory place us beyond the reach of time?
(b) Machado's demonstration of his viewpoint by analysis of definite poems.
(c) Machado draws close to Proust's exaltation of involuntary memory at least for a moment.
(d) The curiously Proustian poem of Machado: "Les Ojos".
(e) Maragall's symbolism, i.e. love of the ephemeral because it is ephemeral.
(f) Machado's stress on the temporal — the "inner" time.
(g) Spontaneity of creation — upheld by Machado and Proust. Rhyme and leitmotiv viewed in regard to time.
(viii) Philosophy and Poetry.

2. Parallel between conceptions held by Proust and Azorin.

(i) Introduction: Azorin shares to an extreme degree, the 1898 characteristic, i.e. preoccupation with time.

(ii) Unity in Diversity; problem of identity and its preservation.

(iii) Time is an indivisible continuum for Proust and Azorin.

(iv) Desire for change of identity in Azorin and Proust. cf. love of "Bain de multitude" in Baudelaire.


Proust's conception of time, we may well claim, was no more peculiar to him personally than to any other author of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. From Bergson, in fact, seem to radiate the essential ideas, and they have natural ebb and flow in his contemporaries.

Here we are strongly tempted to subscribe to a literary version of Tolstoy's explanation of greatness. Even as Napoleon was simply chosen to consummate a long line of development, a growing tidal wave of revolt, merely turning to account in his person the work and accumulated forces of many years — as the great literary
APPENDIX B TO CHAPTER IX.

Parallel between the conceptions of time held by (a) Proust on the one hand and (b) Machado and Azorin on the other.

1. (i) For generation of 1898 Time is a Central Pre-occupation:- Possibility of "Irradiation" (Fernand Gregh) between various authors.

"Not even the author who has been influenced can state with accuracy in what way and to what measure, and by which authors he has been influenced".

Proust's conception of time, - we may well claim, - was no more peculiar to him personally than to any other author of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. From Bergson, in fact, seem to radiate the essential ideas, and they have natural ebb and flow in his contemporaries. Here we are strongly tempted to subscribe to a literary version of Tolstoy's explanation of greatness. Even as Napoleon was simply chosen to consummate a long line of development, a growing tidal wave of revolt, merely turning to account in his person the work and accumulated forces of many years - so the great literary

1. "Ni el mismo autor influído puede decir con exactitud de qué modo, y en qué medida por qué autores ha sido influenciado"

ps. 9-10 "Sintiendo a España", Azorin.
figures of Hardy, Proust, Machado and Azorin, immortalise at
the zenith, ideas and technique especially current in their
own time.

This theme of the relativity and possible reversibility
of time is as old as the world. We find it in Plato, and
Montaigne, Flaubert, Baudelaire, and Bergson continue the
lineage. Nor is it the monopoly of great writers - Samuel
Harland, most probably unknown to Proust, treats the theme,
but without literary distinction, and Théodule Ribot, while
writing long treatises on memory, inevitably touches on time.

First comes the fact that the root conceptions are
likely to be identical, - as between these authors and
philosophers, - even when, as may often prove, they are reached
by each author independently and in his own right. The reason
is, perhaps, that these ideas are "en l'air". This makes it
possible for a poet like Fernand Gregh, in virtual isolation
from Proust, and certainly not in collaboration with him,
at least as far as direct discussion and literary production
are concerned - to evolve an arresting conception and technique
of "Involuntary Memory". So great is the resemblance between
the two conceptions that it has deluded critics such as René
de Massières, into thinking that the hero of Gregh's "Mystères",

1. Harland is mentioned by Justin O'Brien in his article "La
Mémoire involontaire avant Marcel Proust" "Revue de
littérature comparée". janv. 1939.
was intended by Gregh to be none other than Proust. Gregh denied this assumption in my presence and told me that he himself is the character of "Mystères", so mysteriously assailed by weakness in moments of 'transe'. His explanation may help partially to solve the mystery of this coincidence of symptoms. Gregh attributes such likeness to "irradiation"; the ideas of Proust were, - he claims - radiated to him in a metaphysical manner, and without the knowledge of either friend at the time. I think that this is proved by Gregh's frank admiration of the manner in which Messières has seized upon affinities never realised by the poet. Gregh must have been peculiarly receptive to irradiation - to judge also by Jean-Louis Vaudoyer's testimony, that his friend wrote certain poems so like those of Verlaine, that all believed the latter to be the author until they were enlightened on the matter.

The interest of any comparative study must surely lie in our power to detect real affinities in conception and execution, as well as striking differences. We can only conjecture the degree of direct and indirect influence, irradiation, and results reached quite independently. Before the fact that Proust, Machado, and Azorin give to "airy nothings"

1. The Romanic Review Vol.XXXIII - "Un document sur Proust" ("Un document probable sur le premier état de la pensée de Proust, par René de Messières. Ce document est un article de F. Gregh.")
and current ideas, a "local habitation and a name", we can only point to genius for anything but a faltering explanation.

Machado and Proust


"Voilà enfin," - Mairena would have said, "un vrai fin de siècle". In this man just cited, above all, (the one who narrates the Proustian novel), Mairena would have sensed together with its last musical bars, the first motives of the melody of this century. Again, this is because we are dealing in effect with a romantic poem in that novel in the decadent manner, a poem in which youth is evoked by old age.

"Le Temps Perdu" is, in truth, the author's own century seen as a past which cannot be transformed into the future and which is doomed to be lost irreparably, unless it is remembered.

*Le temps perdu* es, en verdad, el siglo del autor, visto como un pasado que no puede - convertirse en futuro, y que se pierde, irremediablemente si no se recuerda".

1. "Voilà enfin - hubiera dicho Mairena - 'un vrai fin de siècle'. En este hombrecito, sobre todo, que narra la novela proustiana, hubiera sentido Mairena, con los últimos compases, los primeros motivos de la melodía del siglo. Porque se trata, en efecto, de un poema romántico en la tal novela a la manera decadente, un poema en que se evoca una juventud desde una vejez.

Juan de Mairena. P. 101.
Machado, at least bears witness to the fact that Machado, for his part, had read Proust, was, indeed, familiar with the French author's aim to recover 'lost' time. A necessary caution when we come to the point of comparing and contrasting, is most surely not to mistake the influence of Bergson on both writers for the influence of Proust on Machado. Nor should we ever be blind to the possibility of conclusions reached quite independently, and yet full of striking similarity. The affinity of mind is so striking that we can sometimes, perhaps, discreetly hazard the conjecture of "irradiation".

(iii) Influence of Bergson. External and Internal evidence. Intuition and Conception in both writers.

Machado actually attended a course of lectures given by Henri Bergson at the Collège de France in 1910. See Poesía Española p. 76.

"Asistí a un curso de Henry Bergson en el Colegio de Francia."

This attendance seems to have been the triumphant close of a journey from Soria to Paris in 1910. No doubt the French philosopher's ideas made an impact of lasting effect on the mind of Machado. In the "Poema de un día" written towards 1913, he makes direct allusion to Bergson. (Poesías Completas Ps. 187 and 190). More important for our purposes than this direct allusion is internal evidence that Bergson's philosophy has
been converted into poetic "equivalent". Machado aims at effecting a compromise between deploy of reason on the one hand, and intuition on the other, as a method of arriving at the ideas and essence.

**Intuition and conception in both writers:**

He conceives of intuition and conception as equally incapable of attaining independently knowledge and truth. Conception would run riot in a sterile aridity, and, deprived of the sustenance or life-blood of the particular, would grow atrophied in direct proportion to its divorce from reality, its only true source and point of reference.

Moreover, is it not a master tenet of psychology that the mind proceeds naturally, now from the particular to the general, now from the general to the particular? The first of the two 'journeys' prevails in the mind of child and adolescent, the second dawns with maturity, but each is indispensable to the other. Intuitional movement alone, would doom humanity to restless travel without direction or classification; gone the economy of effort, gone too the foresight −, and the development of a code of behaviour − which are all expected fruits of generalisation.

Conceptual movement alone would diverge ever more widely from any possible application to real life, and its
problems; - the issue would be sterile reasoning devoid of all reference and practical use.

While admitting the necessity of both, the followers of Bergson are mostly prone to lay the chief stress on intuition. Reason is for Machado a remarkable force. It finds and establishes homogeneity and discovers essences; it functions outside reality - 'el ser', human existence or indeed, time. Thought cannot touch the flow of life, it can only create in the abstract, and build into the void (in vacuo). Alone a faculty capable of seizing the individual and particular, of establishing heterogeneity, can hope to grip and in turn convey the flow, the perpetual being and becoming - 'le devenir' of life at the human level. This faculty of intuition deploys itself eminently in poetry, and is one with our state of flux, with the particular and the temporal. See page 362, "De un cancionero apócrifo."

CLXVII

"Logical thought occurs in effect, in an obvious void; and although this power of inhibiting being is wonderful, for from it rises the enchanted palace of logic, (the mechanical conception of the world, the Kritik of Kant, the metaphysics of Leibnitz, to quote only outstanding examples), nevertheless, being can never be conceived by reason; contrary to the classical opinion, 'being' and 'thought' ('homogeneising'
thought) do not coincide, even by chance.

'We trust that nothing that we think
can be the truth!'  

But art, and especially poetry - adds Martin - poetry, which grows in importance and answers a necessity urgent in proportion to the advance of that generalising work of the human mind, poetry cannot exist without a force of feeling, the converse of logical thought. Now it is a question in poetry of realising afresh what has lost reality - in other words, - once 'being' has been thought and conceived as it is not, it must be thought of as it is: it is a matter of urgency to give back to it its rich, inexhaustible heterogeneity."

1. in logic
2. The Spanish, from which this passage is translated, runs as follows. Page 362. Poesías Completas. ("De un cancionero apócrifo").
(iv) Machado's new dialectic, partaking of advantages of intuition and reason.

Machado, speaking in the person of Abel Martin, goes on to say that this qualifying thought obeys laws no less rigid than those of homogeneising thought - but that it deals with realities not with conjectures and shadows, with intuitions not with concepts (page 363).

Once having thought of the infinite and conceived of being as infinite, there is no system of dialectics, human or divine which can realise the transition from this conception to its opposite, because, among other things, this opposite does not exist.

So it is that Machado conceives of a new dialectic, devoid of negations, and opposites, a lyricism or mode of thought which partakes of some qualities of conception but without the customary rigidity of the latter, and in constant readiness to adapt itself to the flux and mobility of life and to be mellowed by intuition.

Machado early passed through a Symbolist phase - see his first book Soledades (solitude) - palpably influenced by "Poésie Pure". While striving to banish the anecdote from his poetry, he never went to the extreme of some Symbolists, in wishing to banish concept and emotion from imagery.
Pure emotion is the essence of his lyric.

(See "Los Complementarios". Folio 112)

(See "Cuadernos Hispano - americanos" 11-2 Sept. - Dec.1949 page 450)

The introduction to G.Diego's Anthology 1931. (Clavería page 96) displays Machado's resolve to reconcile concept and intuition. While, as previously stated, intuition predominates in his poetics, he is constantly affirming that there is no poetry without ideas, and visions of the essence; Abel Martin and Mairena are forever striving to explain ideas as "an alphabet or collection of homogeneous signs" which represent the essences which make up 'being' ('el ser') - or as 'likenesses or pale copies of the real essences which compose being, all qualitatively distinct; the more homogeneous their projection the less substantial and more alien to being they are.'

(v) Proust's Appraisal of "Bare" intellect and involuntary intuition. The function of his novel.

The proportion of estrangement from the particular leads to corresponding impoverishment of ideas and essences according to Bergson's philosophy - so it happens too, that

1. (Poesías completas. p.355-6)
   "Alfabeto o conjunto de signos homogéneos que representan las esencias que integran el ser".

2. "Trasuntos o copias descoloridas de las esencias reales que integran el ser, que son cualitativamente distintas, y cuya proyección es tanto menos sustancial y más alejada del ser, cuanto más homogénea"

A. cf. Les correspondances.
Proust will turn not to voluntary intellectual but to involuntary memory in order to recapture lost time. A conscious effort of the intelligence to recover the past gives us only a skeleton of that past, whereas involuntary memory, simply because its object has lain in oblivion, untouched by intellect, renders the very soul and essence of the past in all its particularity and power of evocation. Time and again the theme resounds in our ears:—

"Truth is not grasped by the intellect" (Albertine Disparue p.7)

"Intelligence selects from the impressions we receive only what it needs, and is therefore incapable of recapturing lost time." (Temps Retrouvé. 216-17)

"Art cannot be judged by reasoning". (Temps Retrouvé 241)

So strong becomes the insistence on two distinct orders of intelligence and intuition that Proust's mode of

1. Scott Moncrieff's translation.
2. cf. "le moi social" and "le moi profond."
5. Scott Moncrieff's translation.
reconciling these two faculties and his whole conception of the novelist’s purpose are profoundly affected. Against the statement that Art cannot be judged by reasoning, or truth grasped by the intellect, stands out the personal confession that "Intuition alone is a criterion of truth". (Temps Retrouvé 277).

The past survives in essence, only when protected by "L’oubli", or oblivion, from the searing light of reason. Let analysis follow a visitation of involuntary memory; an effort of voluntary memory readily proves the destructive effect of such an instrument as intellect on material so fragile and intangible, so intimate and 'essential' to the individual as our painful past, "Le Passé Douloureux". Proust never loses sight of the "irréductibilité" of things of the heart or subconscious to the play of pure intellect. He conceives of a novel as a product of intuition and intellect, both these faculties, (the former by implication) combined in skilful interplay, and he writes in this vein to the Editor of "Les Annales" Feb.26,1922. (See M.Curtiss: Letters of M. Proust, pp. 313-14).

"To say a last word about the so-called analytical novel, it must, in my view, never be a novel of pure intellect; it has to do with drawing a reality out of the unconscious in

1. Scott Moncrieff’s Translation.
such a way as to make it enter into the realm of the intellect while trying to preserve its life not to garble it, a reality which the light of intellect alone would be enough to destroy, so it seems. To succeed in this work of salvage, all the forces of the mind and even of the body are not superfluous. It is a little like the cautious, docile, intrepid effort necessary to someone who, while still asleep, would like to explore his sleep with his mind, without the intervention leading to his awakening. But although it apparently embodies a contradiction this form of work is not impossible."

Here, Proust, fully recognising the heterogeneous quality of the material under examination - and, writing somewhat in the vein of his Essay: "Contre L'Obscurité," keeps faith with a difficult but not impossible ideal to bring light into the dark, unexplored reaches of the soul and subconscious, while never despising the aid of intuition.

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1. cf. Coleridge's claim that style must at times seem obscure, if only because more clarity would mean betrayal of a complex subject - Appendix A to Ch. III p.487–488 of thesis "My first sonnet is obscure, but you ought to distinguish between obscurity residing in the uncommonness of the thought, and that which proceeds from thoughts unconnected and language not adapted to expression of them". (A reply to John Thelwall's criticism of his sonnet). Proust was in pursuit of a kindred style, when he wrote to Mme. Straus concerning "un style plutôt difficile", "la correction, la perfection du style existe mais au delà de l'originalité, après avoir traversé les faits, non en deçà. Et quand on veut défendre la langue française on écrit tout le contraire du Français classique." Orr. Gén. III. p.72.
Like Machado he will interpret being ("el ser") as "Conciencia activa, quieta, y mudable, esencialmente heterogénea" (Poesías Completas p. 357) (Cf. Proust's belief that things are real only within our consciousness, and that each artist and potential artist constitutes a new world of his own). Machado applies to "conciencia" terms reminiscent of Proust's towards the close of "Contre l'Obscurité;"

"a light which advances into the shadow, lighting up the other, always the other...." (i.e. the unconscious parts of self.)

and again; 'poetic thought does not carry out equations but essential, irreducible differences.'

(vi) Machado and Proust dream of harmonious interplay of intuition and intellect.

The most curious resemblance occurs, perhaps, where Proust, like Machado, hails as a wonderful prospect the harmonious combination of reason and intuition:- truths perceived directly can enshrine veritable impressions which, gleaned intuitively, are unfortunately too rare to compose the entire work of art. We have seen him reject a novel of pure intellect; now he rejects equally, - were it even

1. "Una luz que avanza en las tinieblas, iluminando lo otro, siempre lo otro". (Juan de Mairena p. 146).
2. "Pensamiento poética no realiza ecuaciones - sino diferencias esenciales, irreductibles". (Juan de Mairena, p. 85.)
possible, - a novel of pure intuition. The two extremes are wrong and the intellect has an important rôle, namely to develop these "Instantanés" of the conscience, photographic negatives awaiting completion. In addition, truths registered immediately by the intellect, - gathered "à claire-voie", and in the open light of day, are meant to frame and enhance the glory of the "rara avis" or intuitive flash.

In the course of "Reflexiones sobre la lírica," I, Machado quotes two poems by José Moreno Villa, one, - "Modelos - las Montañas" - the other, "Voz Madura". Machado points the truth that the poet, avoiding the extremes of pure logic and pure intuition, should combine their forces and bring them into harmonious association. The second poem "Voz Madura" combines logic (first two lines and last two lines) and intuition (the middle four lines), and does, in fact, fulfill the dream of Proust - by enshrining emotion within the logic framework and structure of the poem.

1. cf. Temps Retrouvé
"Je sentais pourtant que ces vérités que l'intelligence dégage directement de la réalité ne sont pas à dédaigner entièrement, car elles pourraient enchâsser d'une matière moins pure, mais encore pénétrer d'esprit ces impressions qui nous apportent hors du temps l'essence commune aux sensations du passé et du présent, mais qui, plus précieuses, sont aussi trop rares pour que l'oeuvre d'art puisse être composée seulement avec elles."
Logic, whatever the Symbolists may claim, is indispensable to any artistic structure: the intemporal region of logic (logic alone is situated outside time), borders and disciplines the pulsating immediacy of the individual emotion, the temporal reaches of experience.

"Leave me your green reed,

   Take my wand of pomegranate;

   Do you not see that the sky is red,
   and the meadow yellow;
   that oranges taste of roses,
   and roses of the human body?

   Leave me your green reed,
   Take my wand of pomegranate."

Yet it is here easy to discover the logical scheme of the strophe. The first two lines express in allegory form, a proposition: everything can change. There comes next the

1. ("Sólo la lógica está fuera de tiempo")
2. ("Déjame tu caña verde
   Toma mi vara de granado,
   No ves que el cielo está rojo,
   y amarillo el prado;
   que las naranjas saben a rosas
   y las rosas a cuerpo humano?
   Déjame tu caña verde
   Toma mi vara de granado.")
proof, by means of an experience, which we are invited to realise. But in the four lines forming the live nucleus of the poem, the images are not now "covered with concepts" but expression of intuitions. The red sky and the yellow meadow are moments of a sky and meadow which we must see or remember having seen; they are images in time, which have moved the poet's soul; they are not in the intemporal region of logic - logic alone is outside time - but in the sensitive and vibrant region of "la conscience immédiate."¹ The oranges which taste of roses, and the roses which taste of flesh, are images which flow and suffice - waves of a river - without changing or replacing themselves as in metaphor; (Is the metaphor a lyrical element?) and they correspond to a sensorial and emotive as opposed to a conceptional dialectic." ("Reflexiones sobre la lírica", in "Revista de occidentes," 1925 año III págs 360-1.)

'In process of subjectivisation which passes from intuition to thought - from the concrete to the abstract; first the adjective qualifies; next, when it points out the permanent

¹ cf. Données immédiates de la conscience.
² Waves of a river, yet, as Machado points out elsewhere in "Reflexiones sobre la lírica" (p.362) on the way to the general and abstract, in conformity with the process of deduction, which process is in turn, only a natural expression of the human desire to crystallise the eternal qualities of varied objects.
qualities in different things, the adjective defines. 1

Machado also asks whether the metaphor is a lyrical element and he 'does not stay for an answer.' If anything, he inclines to the view that the metaphor partakes more of logic than of lyricism, since it results from perception of the innate qualities and essences of things. According to Proust, the metaphor alone gives a kind of eternity to style (See Essay on Flaubert's style in Chroniques); it is an eternity of logic - fixing fundamental relationships between objects. One cannot help noticing that Proust accords generous play to synesthesia, a contrastingly temporal and lyrical form, more fluid and ephemeral, more capable perhaps than metaphor of capturing the fleeting moment, so revered by impressionists, painters and writers alike.

(vii) The different means adopted (I) by Proust (II) by Machado, in an effort to evade time.

(a) Will logic or involuntary memory place us beyond the reach of time?

Between Machado and Proust there already appears a fundamental difference in outlook. Machado will cede to logic

1. "En el proceso de subjetivation que va de lo intuido a lo pensado - de lo concreto a lo abstracto;

   1. Adjetivo califica. 2. Al señalar lo permanente en objetos varios, define."
alone the power to evade the subjection of time - i.e. by construction of generalising and eternal laws; - the intemporal logic enshrines temporal intuition. Proust, however, can conceive of the very temporal, anchored within the Heraclitean stream, evading time laws, simply by a resurrection of involuntary memory and after an interval of immersion outside time in the waters of oblivion.

Intuitive flashes of association, the psychic reality, these Proust sets on a higher plane. In them he sees more effective evasions of time than the generalising (homogeneising) laws of logic could ever afford. Which of the two evasions moves us the more deeply? The unexpected, unsolicited return of a past moment, imbued with a freshness and radiance which we could not realise on the first occasion, or the miracle achieved by the defining adjective, the generalisation (which protects emotion) making the whiteness of dawn in one poem valid for all mornings? The image, "the whiteness of dawn", is vindication of the claim voiced by Machado (§374) in the Poesías Completas.

"To be, to-day, what they were yesterday
and, to-morrow, what they are to-day."

1. "La de ser hoy lo que fueron ayer, 
et mañana lo que son hoy."
The poet concedes that the temporal imagery and content of Manrique's poem, compared with Calderon's writing, has the greater poetic power.

Both Machado and Proust wish to isolate time, to distil a little in its state of purity, "Un peu de temps à l'état pur," to intemporalise time as Machado paradoxically resumes this aim - but their methods diverge widely. Personally, I would opt in favour of Proust's actualisation of the past as the means par excellence of evading time laws. Both men, however, meet on the necessity for the poet to stress time and convey the impression of time throughout his work.

"Let us not forget that it is precisely this time, (the vital tempo of the poet with his own vibrant feeling) which the poet claims to place outside time - let us say it with due pomp - eternalise" p.371 Poesías Completas

(b) Machado's demonstration of his viewpoint by analysis of definite poems.

After drawing a poignant contrast between a poem of

1. "No olvidemos que precisamente es el tiempo, (el tiempo vital del poeta con su propia vibración) lo que el poeta pretende intemporalizar, digámoslo con toda pompa, eternizar." p.371. Poesías Completas.
Jorge Manrique and one of Calderon:— "To the flowers ("A las Flores.") the former intuitive and particular, the latter logical and general, Machado does for a moment come very close to Proust's solution of the problem forever taunting philosophers. "How can we suspend the course of time?" No doubt Léon Blum (Nouveaux entretiens de Goethe et d'Eckermann) would, like Proust, favour the particular and temporal as fit subject matter for art since the temporal, once enshrined in art, triumphs over time in a way that generalisation can never achieve.

1. J. Manrique:—

Qué se hicieron las damas, sus tocados, sus vestidos, sus olores?

Qué se hicieron las llamas de los fuegos encendidos de amadores?

Qué se hizo aquel trovar, las músicas acordadas que tñían?

Qué se hizo aquel danzar aquellas ropas chapadas que traían?

What has become of the ladies, their headdresses, their robes, their perfumes?

What has become of the flames, of the burning fires of the lovers?

What has become of that poem the harmonious music which they used to play?

What has become of that dance, those splendid robes which they used to wear?

2. Calderon:—

(A Christian prince is in captivity at a Moorish Court, and he addresses the following words to a woman who longs to be cheered, reminding her of all that she does not want to know.)
Footnote to previous page (522) continued:

(2) (cont'd.)
"Estas que fueron pompa y alegría despertando al albor de la mañana, a la tarde serán lástima vana durmiendo en brazos de la noche fria

Este matiz que al cielo desafía iris listado de oro, nieve y grana; será escarmiento de la vida humana, tanto se aprende en término de un día A florecer las rosas madrigaron, Y para envieceire florecieron cuna sepulcro en un boton hallaron Tales los hombres sus fortunas vieron, en un día nacieron y expiraron, que, pasados los siglos, horas fueron.

These flowers which were pomp and joy On awakening at the whiteness of dawn, in the dusk will be a vain object of pity, sleeping in the arms of cold night.

This shade of colour which challenges the sky, rainbow streaked with gold, snow and scarlet grain, will be a warning to human life... so much is learnt in the limits of a day. The roses budded early only to flower, they flowered (only) to grow old. They found cradle and tomb in a single bud. So men saw their fortunes, born and die in a day, for centuries, when they have passed, were (only) hours
(c) Machado draws close to Proust's exaltation of Involuntary Memory at least for a moment.

The phrase "What has become of ..." gives the poem and its figures, even its general notions a setting and habitat in time, in a living past, from which intuition alone can wrest and evoke them before our eyes. "Aquel" particularises and invokes the presence of definite lords and ladies, their attire and adornment. The marvel of the strophe for Machado is significantly, "Aquellas ropas chapadas," these adorned robes saved from natural death and oblivion by the process of involuntary memory - everywhere so wonderfully embodied in the poem, where psychic reality has the main stress; surviving within us, whatever the material fate of lords and ladies, whatever their costume or pleasures in dancing. Remembrance, and its "materialisation of the past", receive recognition if only for a moment, from Machado, as they eternally do from Marcel Proust.

"And that poem and that dancing, those and no others - what became of them?" the poet insists on asking, until he reaches the marvel of the stanza: "splendid robes, seen in the turns of a dance, these robes which the knights of Aragon or whoever they were, used to wear - and which rise, now, in the memory as if newly escaped from a dream, rendering present, almost materialising the past in a trivial detail of costume."
Even when the strophe has come to an end, it remains vibrating in our memory like an unique melody, which cannot be repeated or imitated, because for that to happen it would be necessary to have lived this experience.

(The emotion of time is everything in the strophe of Don Jorge, nothing or almost nothing in Calderon's sonnet)

The act of rendering present the past, of "almost materialising the past in a trivial anecdote" carries us back to the conceptions of affective memory cherished by Baudelaire and Proust...

cf. Proust's words: "La meilleure part de notre mémoire est hors de nous...."

(Machado calls poetry the "palabra en tiempo" and recognises the value for lyric poetry of Jorge Manrique's poem. It is indeed anchored within the Heraclitean stream, the very essence of the temporal. At the same time, Machado in his poetics, still allows logic to override intuition as a means of cancelling time laws. The passage just quoted is as close as he will ever draw, to making of intuition his communication chord with lost time, and Eternity.

1. "Y aquel trovar, y el danzar aquel - aquellos y no otros - quese hicieron!" insiste en preguntar el poeta, hasta llegar a la maravilla de la estrofa; aquellas ropas chapadas, vistas en los giros de una danza: las que trafan los caballeros de Aragón - o quienes fueren -, y que surgen ahora en el recuerdo, como escabadas de un sueño, actualizando, materializando casi el pasado, en una trivial anecdota indumentaria. Terminada la estrofa queda toda ella vibrando en nuestra memoria como una melodía única, que no podrá, repetirse ni imitarse, porque para ello sería preciso haberla vivido.

( La emoción del tiempo es todo en la estrofa de don Jorge, nada, o casi nada, en el soneto de Calderón.)"
"Intemoralizar el tiempo - eternizar"

In the "Páginas escogidas"; "Prólogo" (a páginas escogidas") of Antonio Machado, 1917. 'Editorial', - the poet again draws our attention to the cancellation of time laws within dreams, and to the power of a dream to render present past events, - "a whole sheaf of arrows which we do not even recollect." He here implies what Proust openly declares, that precisely those parts of the past and of ourselves which we had forgotten - the mere fringe of experience on the first advent, - are the ones to return to us in dreams or in experiences of involuntary memory with startling power and freshness. It is with something of Proust's tenderness that he regards events, dreams or books - all capable of restoring to us unexpectedly our past selves - "le moi ancien" of Proust, "le cimetière abhorré" of Baudelaire - massed high with dead forms.

"And in the best instance, when our book evokes before our mind's eye our soul of yesterday, with the vivid freshness of certain dreams, which render the past present, - then we notice that we were, at that time, carrying on our shoulder a great sheaf of arrows, which we don't recall having shot and which must have fallen from us by the wayside."

1. See Ch.XI on Sleep and Dreams - "Les rêves m'avaient toujours fasciné par le jeu formidable qu'ils font avec le temps." (Proust).

2. "Y en el caso mejor, cuando nuestro libro nos evoca nuestra alma de ayer con la viveza de algunos sueños que actualizan lo pasado; echamos de ver que entonces llevábamos a la espalda un copioso haz de flechas que no recordamos haber disparado y que han debido caérse nos por el camino."
(d) The Curiously Proustian poem of Machado: "Los Ojos"...

The poem "Parergon" gives us in action the Proustian thought of time recaptured by affective memory; for Machado, as for Proust, the essence of the past is contained in a chance sensation (Du Côté de Chez Swann, (1) 61).

The theme of "Los Ojos" ("Parergon") is, briefly, that the poet tries to stop time, when his wife dies. When his wife dies, the poet tries to stop time; how vividly he expresses in terms of a miser's frenzied dream of guarding gold in the chest, his own attempts to hold intangible yesterday intact in a clear mirror. This is the idea of Baudelaire.

1. (CLXII.p.302 Poesías Completas)

When his beloved died, he turned his thoughts to growing old, in the darkened house, alone with his (or her) memory and the mirror, where she beheld her image one clear day. Like gold in the chest of the miser he thought he would guard a whole yesterday in the clear mirror; now, time for him would no longer run its course.

But, once the first anniversary was over, What colour were her eyes? he asked - brown or black, Sea green? grey? How were they? Great heavens! for I cannot remember.

(footnote continued on next page)
and Proust — that emotion and a whole section of the past can be imprisoned within some material object, and released in the fulness of time by some chance analogy. Here the poet thinks that the clear mirror holds the secret and the treasure of a whole past — "el espejo claro"; — does he instinctively too, associate the clear mirror with the theme of clear water,  

Footnote

III (continued from previous page (527))

Salio a la calle un día He went out along the street
de primavera, y paseó en silencio one day in spring, and walked
su doble luto, el corazón cerrado... in silence.
De una ventana en el sombrío In thick mourning, his mind
hueco
Vió, unos ojos brillar. Bajó los In the dark hollow of a
suyos.
Y siguió su camino....! Como esos! He saw two eyes shine. He
lowered his own, and went on his way. They were just like those!

1. (See No. VIII of Poesías Completas p.19)

En los labios niños
Las canciones llevan,
confusa la historia
y clara la pena
como clara el agua

Lleva su consejo
de viejos amores
que nunca se cuentan.

Nuestras vidas son los ríos,
que van a dar a la mar
que es el morir.

(Jorge Manrique).
constant in Soledades 1903 - and a symbol of pure emotion, of time passing. If so, the image is charged with irony - for in the end, the clear mirror is lost in the clear Heraclitean stream, which it once bade fair to escape. Fondly the poet had supposed that it could imprison for ever a 'whole yesterday,' the very essence of time.

In the end, it is the eyes glimpsed by chance as he passes along the street, "los ojos", (the same as those of his beloved) - which restore to him a past he had thought he could deliberately preserve in the mirror.

"The past is outside us - in a scent, a breath of wind."

"La meilleure part de notre mémoire est hors de nous, en nous pour mieux dire, mais dérobée à nos yeux dans un oubli plus ou moins prolongé." J.F. (2) 60.

Proust is constantly telling us that our memory is often weakest when we try to recall the image of a departed one, whom we loved dearly - "la faiblesse de notre mémoire qui ne peut se représenter l'image d'un être disparu que nous aimions." (Albertine Disparue 1.81) So Machado, otherwise the old man of the poem "Los Ojos", despairs of recalling even the colour of his wife's eyes. Little did he know at the time that this was precisely Nature's mode of preserving intact "dans un oubli plus ou moins prolongé", the image of his beloved. "Ce qui rappelle le mieux un être, c'est ce
Oblivion plays a masterly rôle in the aesthetics of Proust, and it owns almost equal importance in the sight of Machado. To oblivion we owe the vividness of recall, especially when we are concerned with the accompanying resurrection of "le moi ancien"—here indeed we have dealings with 'l'oubli conservateur'.

The eyes seen through a shutter overwhelm him with a renewal of the past so intense that he continues his way, and 'Bajo los suyos'. How skilful the grandly orchestrated theme of eyes in the closing lines—the very feature he had forgotten, now imbued with alarming power to renew the past—eyes seen through the shuttered window—'his own lowered, his wife's eyes now before him again in reality.

Machado's stress on the temporal never again borders so closely upon the fringe of this land of lost time, rich in possibilities; Proust alone ventures whole-heartedly over its confines, and he is so bold simply because in the experiences of affective memory he reaches that thread of continuity, the Eternal. Machado develops instead a fluid form of logic as his means of "eternizar lo tiempo".

There lies to hand abundant proof that Machado did toy with the idea of reversing time, and this quite independently of logic; the latter, according to his claim, the sole faculty outside the "bank and shoal of time".
(e) Maragall’s Symbolism, i.e. Love of the Ephemeral because it is ephemeral.

Joan Maragall’s “Cant espiritual” poses a question familiar to Impressionists with their worship of the ephemeral because it is ephemeral, and their ardent desire to fix movement. Once given an unnumbered host of moments that one would like to stop and make eternal, is it possible to avoid the death of human, finite life and an early flight into “le non-être”? (cf. Valéry: ‘La vraie vie est ailleurs, nous ne sommes pas au monde.’)

Maragall thus voices the disquietude of many of his generation, when he asks: “What dangers spring from creating infinity out of the finite here and now? Will not this thirst for the infinite, so great in my own instance, put an end to ordinary conventions of finite and human life?”

A quell que a cap moment 
li digue: “Aturat” sino al mateix
que li digue la mort. —
Je ne l’entenc, senyor: Jo que voldria
aturar tants moments de cada dia
per feils eterns a dintre del men cor
Ó es que aquest "Pe etern” es ja la mort?

The man who says to no moment
"stop" except to the one that brings his death. —
I don’t understand: I should like to stop so many
moments of every day to make them eternal
within my heart
or is this making eternal death?
(f) Machado's stress on the temporal - the "inner" time

The paradox of reversibility or of continuity never ceases to fascinate Machado: witness No. VIII of CLXI "Proverbios y Cantares". "A José Ortega Y Gasset." (p. 280 Poesías Completas).

'Hoy es siempre todavía'

'To-day is always "still."' We may well think here of Proust, as he views the present (cf."El Pasado efímero") even when, according to convention it has slipped away from immediate focus into the so-called 'past'. "The Past, not merely is not fugitive, it remains present." (Le Côté de Gueimantes (2) 99.) This truth of Machado: "Hoy es siempre todavía;" is surely at the very root of Proust's argument that time is never irrecoverably lost - since we carry every moment within us, and develop a stature not of 'physical, corporeal length but of the length of our years.'

It is no wonder that Machado, driven back upon choice between the psychic and conceptual art, (cf. Manrique and Calderon) opts for a combination of the two, a harmonising of divergent yet complementary forces.

However paradoxical the fact that poetry distils its essence from the particular, Proust subscribes fully to this particular, psychic reality. Machado, like the poetry of compromise towards which he is always groping his way,

1. "Still" is here an adverb.
indeed no poet can remain a poet and think absolutely at the same time - yearns for the intemporal plane of logic, glimpsed through the particular and finally reigning supreme.

Calderon's poetry may be lacking in lyricism, but at least he reverses time by virtue of generalisation and the levelling force of logic. The 'whiteness of dawn' quoted from Calderon, is true for all dawns:-- the cold night in the opinion of the poet is true for all nights. (p.374 Poesías Completas). These are the concepts and conceptual images - created by thought not by intuition - and situated outside the psychic time of the poet, the flow of his own consciousness. To the 'panta rhei' of Heraclito, logical thought alone stands exception! Then comes the master claim:

1. Conceits and images forming part of concepts, nouns accompanied by defining adjectives, not qualifying ones, - at least hold this pretension -

to be today what they were yesterday, and tomorrow what they are today"

1. Concetti-pointes?
2. "Conceptos e imágenes en función de conceptos substantivos acompañados de adjetivos definidores, no cualificadores - tienen por lo menos, esta pretensión:

La de ser hoy lo que fueron ayer, y mañana lo que son hoy."
At times, Machado even stresses the temporal more heavily than would appear consistent with his declaration in favour of logic, as supreme medium of vision. For him, as for Baudelaire, the temporal of poetry and music is the consoling link with the life beyond:

"Verbal rhyme, poor and temporal is the rich one,
Adjective and number left by limpid water (time) are accidents of the verb in the lyrical structure, of the today which will be tomorrow, of the yesterday which is forever."

(From V and VII Poesias Completas p.325-6.)

On the relativity of time Machado has much the same comment to make as Proust. According to Carlos Clavería, "time measured in the life of man, distinct from the other, the time of clocks, is the great theme in the rank of Juan de Mairena, - a lesson learnt by the Spanish poet in L'Evolution Créatrice and Données Immédiates de la Conscience."

The length of time is determined not by mechanical measurement but by the rhythm of spiritual life -

1. See "Notes Nouvelles sur Poe" of Baudelaire:

"C'est à la fois par la poésie et à travers la poésie, par et à travers la musique, que l'âme entrevoit les splendeurs situées derrière le tombeau; et quand un poème exquis amène les larmes au bord des yeux, elles sont le témoignage d'une nature exilée dans l'imparfait qui voudrait s'emparer immédiatement, sur cette terre d'un paradis révélé."
psychic and metaphysical time as opposed to the conventional measurement. 'Fools are the novelists, who reckon time by days and years' wrote Proust - "Time is elastic and stretches or diminishes according to the extent to which we dilate it with emotion or contract it with our emptiness and spiritual void."  

IV. (CXXXVI) "Proverbios y cantares" p.205 Poesías Completas.

"Nuestras horas son minutos cuando esperamos saber, y siglos cuando sabemos lo que se puede aprender." Our hours are minutes when we hope to know and centuries when we already know what there is to be learnt.

For Machado, the fabric of poetry is this inner time, the psychic time of the artist. "something relative to the consciousness" ("algo relativo a la conciencia") "The ultimate reality of psychic character, which cannot be counted or measured". ("Realidad última de carácter psíquico que no se cuente ni se mida") (Juan de Mairena ps.289 and 291).

Even as Flaubert, according to Proust, set time to music, so Machado will give in his poetry his intimate and original life rhythm - a music which is his most immediate expression - the rise and fall of his emotions.

1. Proust chosen by G. Hopkins: "Easter Holidays" p.163
2. J.F. (2) 19.
3. C: "Le style de Flaubert": p.206
"Let us not forget that it is exactly this time, (the vital tempo of the poet with his own vibrant sensitiveness) this 'time', in fact, which the poet claims to set outside time, let us say with due pomp, eternalise."

The author of the new conversations with Eckermann concurs absolutely with both Proust and Machado in acclaiming the particular and temporal alone ('le monde unique de chaque artiste;' (Proust)), as fit material for poetry, already on the way to the conceptual and finally to ideas. 'See Juan de Mairena, p.389, "Todo sentimiento se orienta hacia valores universales o que pretendén serlo." ('All feeling is directed towards universal values or at least toward values which purport to be such').

(g) Spontaneity of Creation - upheld by Machado and Proust. Rhyme and Leitmotiv viewed in regard to Time.

Similarly the work of art is created in solitude, drawn from the inmost life blood of the artist, be he poet, sculptor, or painter, for "le moi profond" lies fathoms deep below the perfect and dull uniformity of "le moi social". So Machado in the Soledades published 1903, (written 1899-1902) upholds resolutely direct expression of the artist's inner soul without undue interference of his own or other people's critical,

1. "No olvidemos que, precisamente, es el tiempo, (el tiempo vital del poeta con su propia vibración) que el poeta pretende intemporalizar, digamos lo con toda pompa, eternizar".
2. See Nouveaux entretiens de Goethe avec Eckermann par Léon Blum.
3. ""
conce

conceptual faculty. The latter may blur the vision stretching beyond concept to ideas. (See, "Páginas Escogidas", the note of criticism in Machado's own work). As idle to 'measure' his creation or the degree to which artist and man can be identified, as it would be to attempt measurement of time. The work of art stems from the artist, the latter an entity just as 'irréductible' to the man, as intuition to logic. As Proust writes in the manner of a grand résumé, - "There are as many worlds as there are artists, and all would remain uncommunicated, were it not for the alchemy of art"

"Intuitions are always our own. To judge or correct ourselves implies that we use a yard-stick foreign to our own cloth. In proportion to our entry within the realm of reason, and our agreement with everyone else, we leave our true selves; all the lines we amend for the outside world are so many deformations of the essence, of the original, of what burgeoned spontaneously within us." (Soledades. - "Introduction")

The means employed by the poet are temporal - ("Cantidad medida, acentuacion, pausas, rima, las imágenes mismas, por su enunciacion en seue, son elementos temporales ....") and rhyme for Mairena is the equivalent of leitmotiv for Wagner and Proust. (See Juan de Mairena Ch.I. of Lesson 1"Ars. Poetica").

'Rhyme' says Mairena, 'is the meeting, more or less

2. (See next page for this footnote)
reiterated, of one sound with the memory of another. 1

The leitmotiv appealed to Proust because it seemed to him to embody the process of involuntary memory. The theme would be repeated, and so a present sensation would give habitat and an air of reality to a memory on which the imagination could have full and unimpeded play. Had not Proust bewailed his inability to enjoy any experience in the present - precisely because his imagination could not be deployed on things present, only on things past, and beyond normal reach? The encounter of chance analogy not only set in motion the process of involuntary memory but gave an aura of actuality to a resurrection of the memory. Voluntary, intellectual memory lacks the stimulus and sustained accompaniment of present sensation. Thus he found himself provided with the best of two worlds, - of the world of recollection and of the world of immediate sensation, normally incompatible, yet by reversal of time-laws brought into juxtaposition. A similar process unfolds by the technique of

Footnote No. 2 from previous page (537)

2. "Las intuiciones son siempre nuestras. Juzgarnos o corregirnos supone aplicar la medida ajena al paño propio. Y al par que entramos en razón y nos ponemos de acuerdo con los demás, nos apartamos de nosotros mismos, cuentas líneas emendamos para afuera, son otras tantas deformaciones de lo íntimo, de lo original, de lo que brotè espontáneo en nosotros." (Soledades Introduction).

1. (this page)
"La rima", dice Mairena," es el encuentro, más o menos reiterado de un sonido con el recuerdo de otro".
rhyme; - sensation and memory, presence and absence, meet by virtue of rhyme. (P. Valéry in "Poésie et Pensée abstraite", Zaharoff Lecture for 1939, Oxford 1939, p.19, quoted by Carlos Clavería in the chapter on Machado.) Sensation is present, thought is reproduction of things absent. Machado described this encounter between sound and its memory, as an exact interpretation of the sense of time, - sensation, and memory. How powerfully Proust and Machado strike one accord on this theme: The melancholic cult of memory practised by the Spanish poet affords further evidence, - were it needed, - of the function of art "to place words in time".

(viii) Philosophy and Poetry.

The anguished preoccupation with time soon leads, at least in Machado's instance, to a belief that death alone holds some reality. Valéry, too, conceived of life as a failing, or flaw in the purity of another world and death as something which would mark the end of our so-called "Être" or "being", and open the era of "true being". It would be interesting to speculate, at this point, on the number of times a metaphysical experience has set poetry in motion. An experience of affective memory propelled Coleridge and Proust towards an active rôle in the world of art. From the

1. "Para poner la palabra en el tiempo".
first moment of Machado's preoccupation with time, must surely have dated his début in the world of poetry. "The poet is a philosopher who stays up all night"; "filósofo trasnochado." Machado even foresees the exchange of rôles between poets and philosophers after Juan de Mairena has made the claim that great poets are metaphysicians who have failed, and great philosophers poets who believe in the reality of their poems. Poetry and metaphysics thus draw so close to each other in Machado's vision, that the rôles interchange. Literature and music had seemed to Proust and the Symbolists so closely allied that interchange of techniques was not only possible, in their opinion, but infinitely desirable. Now, to Machado, a yet more fundamental affinity shines forth between metaphysics and poetry: - 'Some day,' he prophesies, 'the rôles will be reversed between philosophers and poets; their spheres will merge wonderfully, - witness already Paul Valéry and Martin Heidegger':-

"Some day the rôles will be interchanged - as between poets and philosophers - and poets and philosophers will stand face to face, - never hostile, - and working each on what the other leaves"

Thus Machado draws very close to Proust in conception of

1. "Algun día se trocárán los papeles entre los poetas y los filósofos - y estaran frente a frente poeta y filósofo ... nunca hostiles - y trabajando cada uno en lo que el otro deja."

Juan de Mairena ps. 226-7
intuition and its rôle, in the exaltation of time as the theme elect of poetry, and in just appraisal of oblivion as handmaid of involuntary memory. The ray of influence shed by Bergson upon both writers no one can challenge — but I am, at the same time inclined to believe that the influence of Proust on Machado was more considerable than has yet been surmised — although we are, of course, driven back upon purely internal evidence before drawing our conclusions. Even when due allowance has been made for affinity of mind, and for that curious phenomenon of irradiation, certain statements on intuition and time as well as the poem 'Los Ojos' (of "Parergon") point in the direction of Proust's direct personal influence on his Spanish contemporary — Antonio Machado.
II. Parallel between conceptions of time held by Proust and Azorin.

"El Tiempo es mi preocupación"

Azorin.

(i) Introduction:— Azorin shares to an extreme degree, the 1898 characteristic:— i.e. preoccupation with 'Time'.

How baffling the host of notions conjured before our mind's eye by that title "À la recherche du temps perdu"! How closely allied to paradox this assertion of the author's purpose! In the layman's ear it sounds a note of the unattainable. Only after having followed a devious course through intuitive flashes, through such deductions as Proust draws from experience, do we effectively arrive at intuition. Then, only, do we appreciate with more than fitful clarity all the enigma and conflict that the theme of time imposed upon this generation of 1898. Let it merely be said that in Azorin, Proust would most certainly have met a man 'after his own heart,' and aligned him without further ado in that same noble filiation of Chateaubriand, Nerval and Baudelaire. Azorin it is, who throws light on a possible source of Proust's technique of involuntary memory; — to the best of my belief a source, so far neglected by all critics.

(ii) Unity in Diversity. Problem of Identity, and its Preservation.

César Barja has drawn to our attention the preponderance
throughout Azorin's work of that age-old enigma - the phenomenon of temporality and eternity, the variety and identity of things. One can speculate endlessly on the meaning of this apparent incompatibility. How can we reconcile the particular and the general, the heterogeneous flow of human life, and accident, and the homogeneous continuity somehow concealed, but no less present, behind the ever-shifting phantasmagoria? This is the problem posed by Leibnitz - of identity in diversity and diversity in identity. This enigma, too, preoccupies Machado and motivates his attempts to evolve a new fluid logic partaking of lyricism and intuition and capable of adapting itself to the varied flow of human life. He can write in impassioned terms in favour of the particular and temporal as fit subject matter for poetry in contrast with the intellectual aridity of cerebral poetry then in vogue.

"Now it is a question in poetry of realising afresh what has lost human reality, in other words, once 'being' ('el ser') has been conceived, and conceived as it is not, it must be thought of as it truly is, we must give back to it its rich, inexhaustible heterogeneity." ¹

¹ See p. 363 Poesías Completas (Machado)

"Ahora se trata (en poesía) de realizar nuevamente lo desrealizado; dicho de otro modo; una vez que el ser ha sido pensado como no es; es preciso pensararlo como es; urge devolverle su rica, inagotable heterogeneidad" ("De un cancionero apócrifo").
In "Les Mystères", Gregh asked how an identical moment could return and be placed afresh in time. Surely it would become a different moment as a result? Mathematically, the preservation of identity is impossible. It would overthrow logic and metaphysics. Proust evades the problem, or, if he takes sides, he subscribes to the belief that a moment can undergo resurrection from the past, returning in integral form, only played afresh in time. See "Confession d'une Jeune Fille" (Les Plaisirs et les Jours p.156)

The "Le baiser de ce soir-là fut aussi doux qu'aucun autre. Ou plutôt ce fut le baiser même des Oublis, qui, évoqué par l'attrait d'une minute pareille, glissa doucement du fond du passé et vint se poser entre les joues de ma mère encore un peu pâles et mes lèvres".

Azorin ponders the problem at length without arriving at a solution; "mismos y distintos", "the same and distinct", recurs under his pen, reflecting his degree of wonderment and uncertainty. Sometimes he subscribes wildly to Nietzsche's theory of "L'Eternal Retour" - that all is merely reproduction of what has gone before, that even Azorin and his friend, sitting in conversation on a winter evening, are repeating an action of theirs of former days - while the dusk gathers, and the wind moans....

"Perhaps present forms are the reproduction of others created in the infinite past. Thus, you and I, the same and yet distinct, the image in two mirrors, - thus you and I, perhaps have been talking together in former times even as now we are talking." 1

Elsewhere, it is not water or the mirror which serves as a symbol of time, unity in diversity, but passing clouds, See "Castilla", and note "Distintas y las mismas" applied to the clouds. ("Castilla" O.CXII Madrid 1920). Machado admires the 'logic of identity' which, precisely because it is not logic of reality, seems to him a creation of the human mind. According to temporal laws, - and he is right in this assertion - A is never A in two successive moments ("A no es nunca A en dos momentos sucesivos"). All this persistent desire to allow the possibility of identity is surely a reflection of man's desire for continuity, stability and the Eternal, for the direct antipodes of change.

"Succession is time and time is the antithesis -

1. See "la Voluntad." O Compl. II Madrid 1918 p.32. "Acaso las formas presentes sean reproducción de otras en el infinito y pretérito creadas. Y así tú y yo, siendo los mismos y distingüentos, la imagen en dos espejos; así tú y yo, acaso hayamos estado otra vez conversando como ahora."

2. "Creación milagrosa."
for ever changing - of eternity - present always"

For Machado, art might have resolved itself into a fixation of the fleeting - "eternizar la momenteidad" -.

For Proust it was a means of saving beauty from subjection to time, from destruction at the hands of the enemy. In Azorín reigns the same desire to suspend the course of time and to enshrine in art "El sentido de duración", the sense of duration, "to transplant in its entirety into the work of art the time which the author feels and perceives".

This study he will rank as his unique pleasure in life. Small wonder that this same artist will muse indefinitely on all the centuries of change which have contributed to the creation of a tiny speck of foam.

In "Cavilar Y contar" (ps 235-238) Mansilla wanted to detain the present moment. "All is past; there is no present; the second which we are living is already past. For me, the perception of time, that is to say the sense of duration, is the only pleasure which I can find in the world."

2. Obras Completas. 3. Madrid 1920, p.150 "El tiempo que siente y percibe el autor; transplantarlo en su totalidad a la obra de arte"
3. "Mansilla quisiera detener el minuto presente. Todo es pretérito; no hay nada presente, el segundo que estamos viviendo es ya pasado. Para mí, la percepción del tiempo, es decir, el sentido de duración es el único goce que yo encuentro en el mundo".
Bergson gave great predominance to the continuity of time—to the futility of attempts to divide time into rigidly separate cells of past, present and future. For philosopher and poet, time is an indivisible continuum, and we have the anguished cry of Lamartine:

"Je dis à cette nuit: 'Sois plus lente!': et l'aurore Va dissiper la nuit"

("Le Lac.")

The artificial distinctions of past, present and future melt into the liquidity of the Heraclitean flow. Guyau can speak of a present acutely experienced and perceived, of a past "remembered and evoked within the so-called present and of a future anticipated within the same ever-flowing present."

(See "Madrid" p.10) Limits of time and space vanish, and eternity is reached, so that Azorin, could, if he so desired, use the words of Larsen to depict this transcendence of an apparent reality in one emphatic sweep of sentence:

"There was no time, no place on earth where I was not present."

For Proust, this consciousness dawns most vividly when,

at the close of *Temps Retrouvé II*, he makes a discovery at once more triumphant and more painful than any he had ever dreamed possible. The bell at Combray has never ceased to ring in his consciousness, all the so-called past is present within him, and even the future, before it, too, is converted into the 'present' and 'past' - he can equally relish in the present. The pattern of events to come, not only casts its shadow before, but takes shape and condition from the present; witness Marcel's inability to forego his mother's 'Goodnight Kiss' - only an embryonic form of his subsequent dependence on a woman's love.

In the person of Don Pablo (p.235 *Blanco en Azul*), as well as in the conte "La Balanza" (p.77 *Blanco en Azul*), Azorin expresses the agony of a human for whom the future is already 'present' before the appointed date of appearance - in defiance of all laws of chronology.... Yet the fate of one for whom the past is ever present, moves Azorin just as profoundly as ever it did De Quincey, Baudelaire and Marcel Proust. A combination of the two extra senses required for perception of time past and time to come - both senses operating conjointly, - would seem to represent a refined form of torture. Azorin goes beyond Proust, and not only
conceives of the synthesis, but poses it directly before us in "Castilla".

"The most tragic sense of time is entertained by one who sees already in the present the past and in the past the future." The total vision of time can change from blessing to curse. It can prevent man from losing himself in the perfection of the hour, minute or second. In the "presqu'île ballottant sur mes hords les querelles", and as he follows from past to present and future, man can find no anchorage. This consciousness of one plane of time, as opposed to the more humane condition subject to the law of distribution into three planes - past, present and future - brings inevitably an overwhelming sense of weight and human inadequacy to the occasion. Whatever the delights of tasting time in its purity - "un peu de temps à l'état pur" - of so abolishing time laws that we enter Eternity on this side of death, the experience seems as if it must exact due retribution for this act of trespass beyond the strictly human province.

In common with De Quincey's "Opium Eater" we pay the price for these moments of exaltation, and a sense of weight almost too heavy to bear descends upon the sons of time who would escape outside time, "n'importe où hors du monde," "Madrid" p.10.

"Nevertheless, an intimate sensation consumes me.

1. p.122 "Habrá sensación más trágica que aquella de quien sienta el Tiempo, la de quien vea ya en el presente el pasado y en el pasado lo porvenir?"

The present of some fifty years has not been converted into the past.¹

In fact, time has lost its soluble quality and with wonderful yet dire results for mankind, for Azorin continues.....

"Nothing has vanished in time. I have the deep, immovable certainty, that everything is present.² There is nothing now but one plane of time, and on this plane, - forever present, enters everything. Near to us, we shall 'forefeel', as we 'forfeit' the past and the future."³

It is interesting to compare Proust's expression:

"traîner douloureusement", referring to our bearing of past time, with Azorin's passage in "El Escritor", p.13

"Nos situamos en lo futuro, y lo pretérito tira de nos otros violentamente." Translated, it runs:

"Placed ahead in the future, we find that it is the past which tugs at us violently"

(iv) Desire for change of Identity in Azorin and Proust.

(cf. love of "Bain de Multitude" in Baudelaire) ⁴

1. "Y sin embargo una íntima sensación me consume. El presente de hace cincuenta anos no se ha convertido en pretérito."

2. cf. Baudelaire and De Quincey - "L'incommensurable mémoire". (Proust).


4. Baudelaire attributes to the human capacity for enjoyment of numbers or of multiplication his love of "un bain de multitude." (Fusées p.5).
In the story "Las tres Pastillitas" there occurs a curious flash of resemblance to Proust's technique. In many chapters of A La Recherche du Temps Perdu, especially in Le Côté de Guermantes, or again when he sees the band of "Jeunes Filles", Proust feels consumed with curiosity to know intimately people glimpsed for a fleeting moment. Speculation is responsible for at least half of his delight. He seeks to know them not always by virtue of the touchstone of actual experience - for that would rob them of mystery and charm, - but by means of intuition. Wherever, as in the instance of Albertine, he undertakes actual detection, the lamp falls shattered and the light is fled.

So intense is Azorin's desire to be for a moment a passer-by, to escape the mobile prison of his own soul - even as Fantasio has yearned for swift release, - that "Las tres Pastillitas" is only an idealised expression of one of his innermost urges; Pablo Mansilla takes the mysterious lozenge and lives for a time within the woman about whose identity he has longed to glean more details.


1. A most interesting and detailed comparison between Musset and Proust, - the work of Monsieur J. Pommier (in the "Bulletin de la Société des Amis de Marcel Proust et des Amis de Combray" 1951-52. No. 2) - fails to make this 'rapprochment' between Musset and Proust; - their joint desire to escape from the prison of self.
It is the story of Don Pablo, however, which records unforgettably the major happening in Azorin's literary development, - his discovery of E.T.A. Hoffmann. This same 'conte' has set me wondering whether, under the spiritual protection of Baudelaire, it was to Hoffmann also that Proust instinctively gravitated in that apparently hopeless quest for lost time. A commonplace of literary criticism relates that influence, especially of the literary variety, often works in a mysterious way, - with the result that the authors who influence a writer's work most profoundly are precisely the ones, whose conversion into his life-substance and "literary equivalent" he is the last to realise.

Presumably Azorin recounts in the medium of his character Don Pablo one of his own most intimate experiences. To judge merely by his incapacity for enjoyment of the present, Don Pablo shares certain identity with the author, and is, indeed, Azorin's spiritual child.

One day, - so the story goes - Don Pablo was in his library, arranging some books, when he found a biography of Hoffmann. He began idly to turn the pages. Half an hour later he might still have been seen in the same position, absorbed in the reading, which was to influence the whole course of his life. A vision of aesthetic creation flashes upon his mind's eye with something of the force and answering
conviction that Proust experienced in the library of the Duc de Guermantes, immediately prior to entering the salon at the close of Bk.II of Temps Retrouvé. Here we find the exact outline of "remémoration" as exemplified by Baudelaire and Proust (see chapters II and III on "Souvenir" and "remémoration") - even to the distinction drawn between voluntary and involuntary memory, a distinction of which Proust claimed he found no trace in Bergson's writing. Involuntary memory finds favour. Like Proust, Pablo has a prodigious memory for sensations: "una prodigiosa memoria de sensaciones" and his art of writing encountered his main force in this singular 'remémoration.' A chance analogy, a voice, a sound, some accident or other, would make both Hoffmann and Don Pablo experience afresh, with startling acuity of sense perception, the identical sensation of fifteen, twenty or thirty years ago.

This reading merely brought to the surface what was already latent in Pablo's consciousness. Present and future, too, are inextricably mixed. He never sees a child without thinking of the child's death. The malady of registering only one plane of Time - a dissolution of barriers between past, present and future, all this assumes the name of "Le mal de Hoffmann."

Todo un estado de conciencia oculta latente había de mostrarse. Estados espirituales remotos vivían con autenticidad en la subconciencia de Don Pablo. No podían ser evocados a voluntad; como evocamos a nuestro talente (continued on next page)
Although we do not know which biography Azorin read and have no means of discovering which one Proust might have read, César Barja suggests that Azorin's encounter could have been with G. Salomon's *E.T.A. Hoffmann. Bibliographie Weimar. 1924*, and that all biographies derive, apparently, from Hitzig's work. Proust mentions Hoffmann in his correspondence (Cor VI, 183), and must have been familiar with his theories through his knowledge of Baudelaire. Despite uncertainty on the point of Azorin's and Proust's reading no one can challenge the fact that, here in this memorable depiction of "le mal de Hoffmann", lie also "le mal de Baudelaire" and "le mal de Proust"; — indeed, the biography of Hoffmann may have served as "la cellule mère", productive not only of Azorin's aesthetic growth, but of the stature in time, "la longueur des années" of that literary filiation which included in its ranks Chateaubriand, Nerval, Baudelaire and finally Proust himself, equally deserving of Machado's special term for the artist of his imagining, the poet of time — "El poeta del Tiempo".

Footnote 1 from last page continued:

los paisajes y la música. De pronto, inesperadamente, una voz, un ruido, un accidente cualquiera le hacían experimentar al caballero con prodigiosa exactitud, con exactitud angustiadora la misma sensación que quince, veinte o treinta años antes había experimentado."

Dr. Hoffmann's definition of involuntary memory cited by Baudelaire. (C. Esth.160)

Footnote 1 - this page.

"El arte poética" de Juan de Mairena (p.371)
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