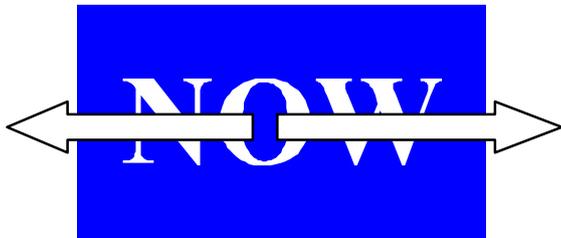


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Next Greville Street Meeting – To be advised

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This month's content, with the exception of Trisha English's interesting perspective on J. Krishnamurti, is a reflection on recent travels and mainly to do with Hereford and Traherne. Greville Street meetings are on hold owing to commitments on the first weeks of August and September. I will circulate everyone involved when things start moving again. *Alan*

Hereford

Margot and I spent a week of our recent overseas trip in Hereford where, over a period of six days, we met members of the Traherne Association and enjoyed their generous hospitality. Owing to our earlier booking of the Summer Festivals Tour we were unable to attend the annual Traherne Festival as the dates clashed with the tour programme. Nevertheless, I caught up on a lot of developments I had missed or not quite grasped.

The Traherne website has been upgraded and now includes much more information and is very accessible and well presented. (See link below) We had dinner with Hilary (Treasurer and Membership Secretary) and Ross Rosankiewicz (Secretary), Ross has compiled a list of the music inspired by Traherne. I had previously been aware only of the Dies Natalis by Finzi, the Traherne Harding song and the recent anthem for Richard Birt. That short list, I discovered, is just the tip of an iceberg which is fully disclosed on a page of the association website labeled *The Jubilant Chord*, there is a list of 108 items.

We had dinner with Hannah and Roy Davies, recent visitors to Sydney Roy is a Patron of the of the Association. They supplied me with another helpful reference. I had noticed an announcement on the notice board of All Saints Church which gave details of Celtic Prayer meetings. I was surprised to see reference to Celtic Christianity and was particularly interested in view of our recent consideration of the early church following the promptings of Brendan Frost and our visit, the week before, to Saint Cuthbert's shrine in Durham Cathedral. Roy produced a book, *Anam Cara, Spiritual Wisdom of the Celtic World* by John O'Donohue, which I look forward to reading and maybe reviewing for the NOWletter.

We spent some time with our old friend Richard Birt, former Chairman, who presented us with his latest publication 'Adlestrop' to mark the Centenary of the writing of the poem and in celebration of the life and work of Edward Thomas. I have included, in this issue, the extract from *The South Country* which forms a section of Richard's leaflet and followed it with the poem Adlestrop. I first came across the poem when a friend sent it to me as an expression of the timeless moment —eternity now — and an example of what she had come upon as a result of the Harding experiments; the restoration of what I take Traherne to be pointing us

towards. We left Richard at a display of his recent photography, on show in a Hereford café.

The new Chairman of the Traherne Association is Richard Willmott. We met Richard for the first time and to my amazement, within minutes of the handshake, he presented us with a quotation by Teilhard du Chardin which is so close to what I've been involved in recently, the preparation of an article on *Transparency and the Backward Step*, I could hardly believe it.

The diaphaneity of the divine at the heart of a glowing universe as I have experienced it through contact with the earth—the divine radiating from the depths of blazing matter.

I thought this quote very relevant to the painting *Salvator Mundi* by Leonardo da Vinci—Christ and transparency, Christ as transparency and a Trahernian version *...till we see our nothing we cannot understand the value of our being.*

I had been talking enthusiastically to everybody about a book on Traherne I was reading and why I thought it so good. I later discovered that Richard (W) had written a review of it in a 2012 issue of the Traherne newsletter which is undoubtedly where I first heard about the book. I have included Richard's review in this month's NOWletter. (see below)

Our final meeting with the Trahernians was with Jane and John Cox. Jane is a former editor of the association newsletter, a librarian by profession and a sister of our own Dave Knowles by birth. We had been emailing about the Traherne quotations or misquotations in Joyce's *Ulysses*. Jane discovered that Nabil Matar had written a note on the subject *A Note on Traherne and Joyce*. I asked her if she could use her librarian skills to get hold of it, which she did and gave us a copy to bring back to Sydney. I will summarise the contents for a future NOWletter. Jane also gave me copies of a series of Joyce letters including one in which he refers to Traherne as 'an obscure writer' which I suppose he was in 1904, much less so in 2014. The Joyce letters are very amusing but I thought the best of the selection Jane gave me was a reply to Joyce from H. G. Wells honouring the Joycean genius but politely saying they would have to agree to disagree. The letter can be read at: <http://www.lettersofnote.com/2012/11/vast-riddles.html>

On leaving Hereford and joining the Summer Festivals tour in London we were told by our tour leaders that they had come across another reference, this one in Ischia, on the stone monument to William Walton which carries an inscription from Traherne's poem *The Apostacy*:

All Bliss

Consists in this,

To do as Adam did; ...

I wondered if there is perhaps something by William Walton to add to Ross's list?

* *Traherne Association website*: <http://www.thomastraherneassociation.org/>

* *Salvator Mundi can be seen at*: <http://robertsimonfineartleonardo.blogspot.com.au/> and many other websites. *It is easy to miss the transparency of the crystal orb, a metaphor for overlooking capacities perhaps?*

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James J. Balakier, Thomas Traherne and the Felicities of the Mind (Cambria Press, 2010)

This article by Richard Willmott first appeared in the February 12 issue of the Traherne Association Newsletter and is reprinted here with his permission.

The publication of the fourth volume of Jan Ross's *The Works of Thomas Traherne* (D. S. Brewer, 2009) meant that apart from 'The Ceremonial Law' (due in volume 6), almost all of Traherne's works became available to the ordinary reader (albeit one with deep pockets). It is good that this has been matched by the first studies to take account of the complete range of Traherne's works. Readers of the Newsletter will already be aware of Denise Inge's *Wanting Like a God* (SCM Press, 2009), but so far we have made no mention of James Balakier's study of Felicity.

In an interesting opening chapter Balakier outlines his view of Traherne's work as a response to the 'speculative crisis of the seventeenth century' and a challenge to the determinism of Hobbes. He contrasts the latter's denial of the existence of a supreme good and his limited definition of felicity as 'a continually progressive of the desire, from one object to another' which is 'anchored in the appetites and aversions of sensory experience' with Traherne's argument that where the mind 'is clear and disentangled from the Interests and Intregues of Flesh and Blood, Its Natural bent and its first Motions Incline it to the best of things' (*Kingdom of God*, Ross I, 270).

Balakier goes on to point out that despite his opposition to Hobbes, Traherne nevertheless does not share Donne's discomfort with the 'new philosophy' that 'calls all in doubt', but delights in the vastness of space: 'It surroundeth us continually on evry side, it filles us, and inspires us. It is so Mysterious, that it is wholly within us, and even then it wholly seems, and is withoute us' (*Centuries* 5, 2). He is, in fact, far removed from the stereotype of a 'mystic' and draws on both Bacon and Hobbes. He values both the senses and rationality, and sees the sciences as 'Handmaids to Felicitie' (*Commentaries of Heaven*, Ross III, 206, line 360). 'Traherne's true importance,' suggests Balakier, 'lies in his endeavours to frame a modern science of cognition that complements and extends Hobbesian materialism' (page 28).

Balakier then suggests that Traherne uses the term 'Felicitie' to describe an 'ecstatic mode of experience', the 'Infinet Sweet Mystery' referred to in *Select Meditations* III, 27. This he relates to the theories about perception and consciousness developed in the early twentieth century by the phenomenologist Husserl, and also to modern theories about transcendental consciousness. (He explored these ideas earlier in the final chapter of *Re-Reading Traherne*, ed. Jacob Blevins, ACMRS, Tempe, Arizona, 2007.)

The rest of the book is then devoted to the theme of Felicity across Traherne's work. Chapter 2 makes a brief mention of *Select Meditations*, taking as a starting point the ecstatic cognitive experience that 'so wholly Ravished and Transported my spirit, that for a fortnight after I could Scarsly Think or speak or write of any other thing' (*SM* IV,3). The subsequent discussion of *Centuries* reads the first two *Centuries* as introducing Felicity as the source of the 'Powers, Inclinations, and Principles [in which] the Knowledge of your self chiefly consisteth. Which are so Great that even to the most Learned of men their Greatness is Incredible; and so Divine, that they are infinit in Value' (I, 9). *Centuries* 3 and 4 are taken to view Felicity from 'the complementary perspectives of experience and understanding, which together approximate Bacon's experimental model' (page 38). In conclusion Balakier claims that the tenth and final meditation of *Century* 5, which states that God's 'Essence' is the source of 'Delights of inestimable valu', shows that the 'bliss of inner Felicity... is transformed into an even greater experience through intensive perceptual and emotional appreciation of objects, whether animate or inanimate' (page 65).

Chapter 3 looks at the Dobell sequence of poems, sometimes allowing paraphrase to replace critical analysis, but showing how the poems can be read as presenting first the direct experience of Felicity, and then its intellectual understanding, before finally showing it to be ‘a unified state of thought, feeling, and perception’ (page 73).

The next two chapters are given the sub-title ‘An Inventory of Felicity in Other Traherne Texts’ and it has to be said that at times that is how they read, as Balakier moves rapidly from one text to another in pursuit of completeness. Nevertheless, his summaries are not without use as introductions, and his cross-references point to possible areas for further discussion. His discussion of *The Kingdom of God*, which he regards as a core text, is particularly interesting. He draws attention to the opening of Chapter 5 (Ross I, 270), in which Traherne compares the soul to a watch. Just as the watch is made for a purpose, so is the soul, and it is the fulfilling of that purpose which ‘Ennobles’ it: ‘Felicite [is] the End of all its Operations’. Furthermore the soul follows its natural inclinations in pursuing Felicity since ‘If there be any Author of Eternal Felicities... that is willing to prepare [the soul] a Kingdom of Happiness and Glory, it is ready to Entertain the Benefit, and Admire the Donor’ (I, 271). Traherne’s view of the glory of Felicity is seen as an expansion of that in *Century 5* and the Dobell poems, and one that can embrace scientific change, rejoicing in the possibility of infinite worlds that show how God’s ‘power is exerted in filling his Omnipresence with infinit Treasures’ (I, 372). Finally Balakier draws attention to Traherne’s wonder at the link between mind and body, a link which makes possible a ‘glorified state of cognition in which “the Glory of all Objects” is seen and one becomes “a Partaker of his Beatifick Vision” (I, 429).’ This brings him back to Husserl and the nature of cognition in a final short chapter.

There are some minor niggles. The confusion in a single paragraph of dimeters and trimeters and (twice) of pentameters and hexameters, and the identification elsewhere of spondees in lines of verse that remained determinedly iambic to my ears were disconcerting, as was a ponderous working out of the etymology of ‘felicity’, which suggested little familiarity with Latin. More startling was the misattribution of the discovery of the circulation of blood to Robert Boyle (although it is true that Boyle records a conversation with William Harvey some thirty years after the publication of the latter’s book on the subject).

Despite these reservations, *Thomas Traherne and the Felicities of the Mind* is a painstaking study of Traherne that invites its readers to think about the centrality and nature of Felicity in his work. It certainly prompted me both to think again about the writings I was more familiar with, and also to read further in those I knew less well.

Richard Willmott

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The Buddha and J. Krishnamurti by Trisha English

Both in India and abroad Krishnamurti has been linked to the Buddha, by both Buddhist scholars and lay people. The Buddha's life story is known to most people. Siddhartha Gautama lived in Nepal somewhere in the time period of the 6th to the 4th century BCE. He was born a prince though renounced his destiny when he came into contact with human suffering and misery. Although married at the time, he left his wife and son and lived the life of an ascetic monk. During a particularly deep meditation one night, all the answers he had been seeking became clear as a result of his "awareness" or "enlightenment". He spent his entire life in the quest to free humanity from the sufferings he had observed. After his enlightenment Buddha discarded an ascetic life because he realized that one could not achieve inner liberation through corporeal austerity and harsh physical constraints but only by following the Middle Way. When he died it is said that he told his disciples that they should follow no leader.

There are some remarkable coincidences between the life of Buddha and that of J. Krishnamurti. In both instances their Mother passed away early in their lives. In both cases their fate had been foretold by holy men. They told Siddhartha's father that he would be either a great king or a great spiritual leader. Similarly, astrologers foretold what fate awaited Krishnamurti. He was to be a great spiritual teacher. Later on, the Theosophical Society declared that he was "the one to come" and would be The World Teacher. This was later confirmed by one of the sages in Varanasi in conference with Annie Besant during the early period of his life within

the Theosophical Society. Gautama and Krishnamurti were both to be outstanding spiritual teachers. Both men fulfilled this destiny.

Gautama married but renounced a worldly destiny and the kingdom of his father in order to pursue enlightenment. Krishnamurti renounced his role in the Theosophical Society when he disbanded the Order of the Star, an organization especially established to prepare for the coming of the World Teacher, and claimed that he had been made one with his beloved, namely the Buddha.

Throughout his entire life, the Buddha was revered by Krishnamurti, though he did not speak publicly about it, nor did he follow the teachings of the Buddha, which developed into the practice and rituals which we know as Buddhism. Krishnamurti's lifelong goal was to free human beings from all attachments, including attachment to a guru which he claimed turned human beings into imitators rather than genuine seekers after Truth through self-knowing. For Krishnamurti the purpose of life is to understand yourself, to see illusion for what it is, and to face yourself without reaction of any kind.

Both Buddha and Krishnamurti came to discard rigid asceticism and celibacy, since they held that such austerity did not necessarily bring release from human suffering, but could cause other problems. Both practiced meditation, though in very different ways. Buddhism stresses ritual, dogma and practice as repetition. Krishnamurti laid emphasis upon meditation that is on-going, that is an integral part of life, and not something estranged or partitioned from other day to day activities. It is through intense observation of the whole of life - our thoughts and activities in relationships - in the ordinary discourse of life - that one comes to see that only through a mutation in the brain, can one change. If we change, the world changes and something real and beautiful, which K called a "benediction", can then unfold.

Both Gautama and Krishnamurti were ordinary men. They were ordinary men who achieved the extraordinary in terms of human insight and depths of awareness. Krishnamurti had great respect for swamis and Buddhist monks - but he did not genuflect to their knowledge or expertise. Yet, in the last public talk he gave before his death, he said: "If I knew the Buddha was speaking here tomorrow, nothing in

the world could stop me from going to listen to him. And I would follow him to the very end”.

In fact, Krishnamurti did walk with the Buddha to the very end. The “process” which he experienced throughout his life and which can only be described as some kind of union with the nameless source of all Energy, was not unlike the spirit of the Buddha himself. The Buddha *could* be said to be part of Krishnamurti’s existence, but it was not *the whole* of his existence. He left us with the challenge to discover for ourselves, what the source of all Energy in the universe might be. He saw for himself how the followers of Buddha destroyed his teachings through codifying them and reducing them to dogma and ritual, Krishnamurti was going to have none of it. He deliberately turned people away from a knowledge based approach to religion. He deliberately lived a life which actively discouraged any form of adulation or worship. He wanted no followers, only people who would be prepared to listen and to experiment honestly with the genuine insights he left behind.

He knew he was the World Teacher, but never admitted it until his dying breath. His whole life was one vast teaching – but not according to someone else’s expectations. Krishnamurti was not a follower, and he didn’t admire or want people to follow him. One of his favourite expressions was “find out!” and he meant it. People who expected him to give easy answers, and conclusions to their enquiries and investigations were greatly disappointed in his mode of teaching. Like all great teachers, he knew that to be a successful student, you have to do the work for yourself. To be a whole and healthy human being you have to read the “book of yourself,” and no one else can do that for you. At the end of the day it is the intensity of “direct perception” that frees you from your conditioning and from the sorrow of attachment.

One day in dialogue with a physician, Krishnamurti was asked “Would you summarize the Teachings in only one sentence? Krishnamurti replied: “Attempt without effort to live with death in futureless silence”. As you can see, if you are serious about understanding what Krishnamurti said, you better get to work. It will be a serious journey, to say the least, and once you begin - the first step will be the last, because you will have entered a timeless dimension in which “seeing” is always there.

Trisha English

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Dressing Down by Margot Mann

The green dress was the first to go. I left it in the hotel in Tehran. Alan told me it made me look like a greengrocer's assistant. Nothing wrong with greengrocer's assistants, I snapped. It was a steady stream after that. All the clothes I had spent so much time collecting for our tour in Iran finished up in hotel rubbish bins as the bus took us further and further south to Shiraz. I had to be careful because sometimes kindly hotel cleaners came running after me with a discarded garment.

I had spent a lot of time before the tour researching appropriate clothing for this trip when it became clear that my favourite long black shorts and t-shirt were not going to meet Iranian cultural requirements. Before I had my visa photo taken, I was sent a helpful list, together with an A4 sized colour photo of four beautiful smiling Iranian women of all ages, presumably to show how easy it could be for tourists to dress properly, with the added warning that if I did not conform I could be refused entry to the country. I chose my head scarf for the visa photo carefully. It did not have red in it because red is offensive, and I did not wear red lipstick.

For the next couple of months before the tour, I focused on trying to find the kind of clothes I never wear. It was going to be hot, so cotton would be good. Two of the beautiful Iranian women in the photo were wearing trench coats which would be too hot. I heard different stories - "just make sure your bum is covered", someone said, "you're not allowed to wear white", said someone else. "You can wear sandals if they don't show too much of your foot." "You can only show your face and hands." "You can wear jeans if you wear a loose long top." "You can't wear anything formfitting."

I haunted second hand shops and even went to Lakemba to see what Muslim women wore every day. Friends, fed up with my endless clothing obsession, scanned their wardrobes for loose long-sleeved garments. I went on-line and saw pictures of beautiful Iranian women in long, heavily-beaded gowns. I even dragged out my old sewing machine, paid an extortionate amount for a Vogue pattern with about three pieces in it, and sewed a couple of side seams on what was intended to be a smart, long-sleeved navy linen shift. It was never finished.

In spite of all my research and preparation, it was obvious that I was the worst-dressed woman on the tour. MaryAnne did wonderful things with scarves so that her hair was barely covered. She always carried a small brightly-coloured Indian sun umbrella and Iranians up and down the land asked her to pose for photos. Sue, a very tall woman with a commanding presence who runs a cattle stud somewhere in outback New South Wales, wore exquisitely tailored (loose) tops, explaining that she has such big feet she has to buy shoes from the transvestite shop in Potts Point. I, alas, was forced to wear big clunky sneakers every day because they were too big to pack - but they were, of course, useful for all the walking we did and they covered my feet satisfactorily. I quickly learned that silk scarves slip off easily. Rosie, a keen traveller and the most daring of us, tied her scarf over a nylon rosette to give it the elegant lift at the back of the head that Iranian women achieve with such style. She also wore colourful clothing, some of it red.

As the bus travelled south from Tehran through Kashan, Yazd, Isfahan, Persepolis and finally to Shiraz, my wardrobe disappeared. The bright blue Indian cotton top which stained my hands and the entire hotel bathroom when I tried to wash it, was the next to go. I think we were in Isfahan when I decided I was never going to wear the colourful long-sleeved shortie nightie which had seemed like such a good idea when I bought it at Sussan's. Rosemary was pleased when I asked her if she would like it. She tells me she has worn it a lot since we got back and she also likes the pyjama bottoms I bought at the same time. I left white jeans (too heavy and difficult to keep clean) and some black trousers (slightly flared) as we left the next hotel and reassured a very sweet young Iranian woman cleaner that I really didn't want them. Then I tossed out some slippery scarves and a stretchy black short cardigan which I wore as a headscarf a few times because it didn't slip. The sleeves hung down the front and you could hardly tell it wasn't a proper scarf. I was quite fond of the man's white cotton shirt I bought at Vinnie's. The arms were miles too long so I hacked off the cuffs, but it was very good material and it was with some regret that it went in another hotel bin.

For the last 4 or 5 days of the tour, I wore a white Indian cotton shift embroidered with pink and purple flowers. I washed it every night and wore it the next day and I have it still. It didn't seem to have mattered that the two garments I liked best were both white. The only other top to make it home was one I bought from Zara which

sounds as though it should work but doesn't, and I am looking for someone who might like it.

Now you might think that surviving one scarring experience of coping badly with cultural clothing requirements would be enough for any one year. Shortly after the end of the Iranian tour, we set off on another - this time the focus was music and musical festivals in southern England, the highlight being two visits to Glyndebourne near the end of the tour. The agency we booked the tour through said Australians were notorious for being slack dressers and suggested we should make an effort to "dress" for Glyndebourne, the mecca for opera lovers who take their outfits as seriously as they take their operas, and it was beholden upon us to 'dress for Australia,' as it were. So into the same case as my ratty collection of female Iranian gear, went my dressiest clothes, a sorry lot of mismatched jackets and skirts and a long black dress I had never worn but must have had a hunch it could come in handy. A week before we left, a kind friend dropped by to loan me her Carla Zampatti long gold opera coat with floral silk pants to match. Relieved, I put them on one side of the case, where they lived undisturbed while we travelled through Iran.

Whilst in England we went to several operas and saw an excellent production of Henry IV Pt. II at Stratford. I noticed that the other women on this tour looked most attractive in their velvets and chiffons and spectacular jewelry. Opera is not my favourite thing, as I prefer the musical instrument to the voice, and in our group there was one opera snob in particular who clearly despised me for not only being an opera duffer but a duffer who did not know how to dress. I was pleased to think that my Carla Zampatti outfit for Glyndebourne would go some way to showing her I knew a thing or two.

I was nervous and gave myself plenty of time to get dressed for the first Glyndebourne opera, Eugene Onegin, which someone had told us was the pick of the season. As soon as I put the silk pants on I realised they were too big. The addition of the long gold coat, also too big, made me look as though I was wearing a dressing gown, and, hit by a sudden certainty, I knew I couldn't carry the outfit off. Various kind folk urged me to step confidently (in my unsuitable shoes) but it was no use. A nice French woman in our group couldn't stand it any longer, and in the ground floor gallery at Glyndebourne, with everyone standing around and the cold

wind whipping at our heels, Nicole began to tuck the gold coat into the loose waist of the silk pants. Tugging and yanking, she fiddled with my outfit, cheered on by our group. At last she could do no more, and while I held the front of the coat in place with one hand, it worked. Then I went to the toilet and it all fell to bits, but by then I was past caring.

We had another trip to Glyndebourne a couple of days later. I dressed in warm clothes underneath the long gold coat. It looked as though I was wearing a dressing gown. I don't like opera much.

Margot Mann

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From The South Country by Edward Thomas

(Lifted from Richard Birt's latest booklet *Adlestrop*)

No English writer has expressed as well as Traherne the spiritual glory of childhood, in which Wordsworth saw intimations of immortality. He speaks of "that divine light wherewith I was born" and of his "pure and virgin apprehensions," and recommends his friend to pray earnestly for these gifts : "They will make you angelical, and wholly celestial." It was by the "divine knowledge " that he saw all things in the peace of Eden:

The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped, nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold; the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me; their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap and almost mad with ecstasy; they were such strange and wonderful things. The Men! O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street, and playing, were moving jewels. I knew not that they were born or should die; but all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest

in the Light of the Day, and something infinite behind everything appeared, which tallied with my expectation and moved my desire. . .

Yet was this light eclipsed. He was "with much ado perverted by the world, by the temptation of men and worldly things and by "opinion and custom," not any "inward corruption or depravation of Nature."

For he tells us how he once entered a noble dining-room and was there alone "to see the gold and state and carved imagery," but wearied of it because it was dead, and had no motion. A little afterwards he saw it "full of lords and ladies and music and dancing," and now pleasure took the place of tediousness, and he perceived, long after, that "men and women are, when well understood, a principal part of our true felicity." Once again, "in a lowering and sad evening, being alone in the field, when all things were dead quiet," he had the same weariness, nay, even horror. "I was a weak and little child, and had forgotten there was a man alive in the earth." Nevertheless, hope and expectation came to him and comforted him, and taught him" that he was concerned in all the world. That he was "concerned in all the world" was the great source of comfort and joy which he found in life, and of that joy which his book pours out for us. Not only did he see that he was concerned in all the world, but that river and corn and herb and sand were so concerned. God, he says, "knoweth infinite excellencies" in each of these things ; "He seeth how it relateth to angels and men." In this he anticipated Blake's *Auguries of Innocence*. He seems to see the patterns which all living things are for ever weaving. He would have men strive after this divine knowledge of things and of their place in the universe.

He came to believe that "all other creatures were such that God was Himself in their creation, that is, Almighty Power wholly exerted ; and that every creature is indeed as it seemed in my infancy, not as it is commonly apprehended."

Yet he feels the superiority of man's soul to the things which it apprehends : " One soul in the immensity of its intelligence is greater and more excellent then the whole world." Even so Richard Jefferies prayed that his soul "might be more than the cosmos of life." The soul is greater than the whole world because it is capable of apprehending the whole world, because it is spiritual, and the spiritual nature is infinite. Thus Traherne was led to the splendid error of making the sun "a poor little

dead thing." Or perhaps it was a figure of speech used to convince the multitude of his estimation of man's soul as above all visible things. In the same spirit he speaks of "this little Cottage of Heaven and Earth as too small a gift, though fair," for beings of whom he says "Infinity we know and feel by our souls ; and feel it so naturally, as if it were the very essence and being of the soul "and again, with childlike simplicity and majesty: "Him than those which He created; and to give and up the world unto Him, which is very delightful in flowing from Him, but made more in returning to Him."

That power to create worlds in the mind is the imagination, and is the proof that the creature liveth and is divine. "Things unknown," he says, "have a secret influence on the soul," and "we love we know not what." The spirit can fill the whole world and the stars be your jewels: "You never enjoy the world aright, till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed the heavens, and crowned with the stars, and see yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world." And our inheritance is more than the world, " because men are in it who are every one sole heirs as well as you." It is a social mysticism. "The world," he says in another place, "does serve you, not only as it is the place and receptacle of all your joys, but as it is a great obligation laid upon all mankind, and upon every person in all ages, to love you as himself; as it also magnifieth all your companions." His is the true "public mind," calls it. "There is not," he says in another place –"there is not a man in the whole world that knows God, or himself, but he must honour you. Not only as an Angel or as a Cherubim, but as one redeemed by the blood of Christ, beloved by all Angels, Cherubims, and the heir of the world, and as much greater than the Universe, as he that possesseth the house is greater than the house. O what a holy and blessed life would men what joys and treasures would they be to each other, in what a sphere of excellency would every man move, how sublime and glorious would their estate be, how full of peace and quiet would the world be, yea, of joy and honour, order and beauty, did men perceive this of themselves, and had they this esteem for one another ! "

Here, as in other passages, he seems to advance to the position of Whitman, whom some have blamed for making the word "divine" of no value because he would apply it to all, whereas to do so is no more than to lay down that rule of veneration for men—and the other animals—which has produced and will produce the greatest revolutions.

This conception of universal divinity sprang from his doctrine of Love. By love we can be at one with the divine power which he calls God. " Love, " he says, " is the true means by which the world is enjoyed : our love to others, and others' love to us." Why, even the love of riches he excuses, since "we love to be rich . . . that we thereby might be more greatly delightful." And just as Richard Jefferies says that Felise loved before ever she loved a man, so Traherne says : "That violence where-with a man sometimes doteth upon one creature is but a little spark of that love, even toward all, which lurketh in his nature. . . . When we dote upon the perfections and beauties of some one creature, we do not love that too much, but other things too little." It is this love by which alone the commonwealth of all forms of life can be truly known, and men are like God when they are " all life and mettle and vigour and love to everything," and "concerned and happy " in all things. His feeling of the interdependence of all the world is thus inseparable from his doctrine of love; love inspires it ; by love alone can it be real and endure. "He that is in all and with all can never be desolate."

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ADLESTROP

Yes. I remember Adlestrop-
The name, because one afternoon
Of heat the express-train drew up there
Unwontedly. It was late June.

The steam hissed. Someone cleared his throat.
No one left and no one came
On the bare platform. What I saw
Was Adlestrop—only the name

And willows, willow-herb, and grass,
And meadowsweet, and haycocks dry,
No whit less still and lonely fair
Than the high cloudlets in the sky.

And for that minute a blackbird sang
Close by, and round him, mistier,
Farther and farther, all the birds
Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.

Edward Thomas