

Faces on the Canvas: The Resurrection Theme in *The Tree of the Sun*

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I would give my right hand to paint such light, the essence of unself-consciousness eclipsed by conquest.

- Wilson Harris¹

In an essay called "A Talk on the Subjective Imagination" Wilson Harris relates an incident which served as a catalyst to his conception of both the content and form of his fiction. As a government surveyor in Guyana he twice led an expedition in the same area, travelling by boat with his crew on the same stretch of river at several years' interval. On both occasions the boat nearly overturned at the same spot. Harris and the crew were saved the first time by cutting the rope of the anchor that had lodged in the bed of the stream, the second time by giving a strong tug at the anchor and pulling the boat towards the bank. When they got there, they discovered that the anchor was hooked into the one lost years before and now brought it to the surface. He explains that the image of the constellated anchors was at the origin of a strong upsurge of consciousness and that his imagination was energized by these two ordinary objects:

I felt as if a canvas around my head was crowded with phantoms and figures. I had forgotten some of my own antecedents - the Amerindian/Arawak ones - but now their faces were on the canvas.²

Expedition, whether actual or into the psyche, and the recovery of antecedents were to provide the basic pattern of most of Wilson Harris' narratives. His experience is an example of what he calls in the essay mentioned above the retrieval of "eclipsed perspectives of place and community," that is to say the recognition of areas and populations ignored or driven underground for centuries as a result of conquest. We know that Harris' awareness of the hardly visible presence of those victims of conquest has led to his conception of the heterogeneous novel, which juxtaposes opposite fates or conditions in an attempt to reconcile them. It has also influenced his conception of character and made him see the individual as both one and many, encompassing layers of personality that range from low animal selves to a consciousness capable of the highest development. In the long run, however, the sudden apparition of antecedents on the canvas of his imagination seems to have led him to his conception of "the novel as painting," and this appears to be closely linked with the theme of resurrection he has explored with increasing insistence since *Palace of the Peacock*. "Painting" and resurrection are two essential aspects of his fiction which

come to a head in *The Tree of the Sun*, the novel I intend to discuss.

The concept of the "novel as painting," first mentioned in *Fossil and Psyche*, was formulated long after the publication of *Palace of the Peacock*. Harris wrote:

I am drawn to "painting" as a profound "metaphor" . . . in a certain kind of novel. . . . The fact is the inimitable painting that becomes the medium of a novel allows "incompatible" conventions or structures . . . to come into play in such a way that a new approximation to a genius of resurrected sensibility arrives in the language of the novel: it is as if both "incompatibles" are seen as peculiar graves or peculiar kinds of death, and the resurrection of the self emerges as these "incompatibles" begin to be transformed into "I and Thou," "me and the other," so that a new compassion is born.³

The painting metaphor thus stands for a capacity to visualize in depth – that is, beyond what is immediately perceptible – contrary states, and to visualize them together. It is a visionary process of transformation, or as the character da Silva says, of "translation of the elements."⁴ This process is already present in *Palace of the Peacock*, in which the pictures framed by the carpenter in the waterfall⁵ are so many catalysts to Donne's conversion, and the picture of the Arawak virgin and child is what brings about the resurrection of his sensibility, since it makes him aware that "all his life he had loved no one but himself" (p. 140). Above all this process is present in the metamorphosis of the tree of flesh and blood with the sun "suspended from its head," the two together being transformed into the peacock. My impression is that the metaphor of "the tree of the sun," already used in *The Eye of the Scarecrow*, has grown out of this very passage in *Palace of the Peacock* and that, since then, it has come to stand for the process of transformation itself. Also, in *Palace of the Peacock* one of the da Silva twins is presented as an otherworldly creature, a kind of skeleton covered not with flesh, but with drab, wet newspaper and is called "a reporter who had returned from the grave" (p. 123). His very otherworldliness or newspaper self is a kind of paint or incipient canvas which, as we see in later novels in which he reappears (particularly *Da Silva da Silva's Cultivated Wilderness* and *The Tree of the Sun*), fills with the eclipsed faces of the historical and individual characters he paints. In these novels the twins have indeed grown into the painter da Silva da Silva. His double name "repudiate[s]," as he says, "a tautology of identity in painter as well as painted subject" (p. 3). This may seem paradoxical but in fact his name expresses the duality of both his vision and the reality he explores. It is as if the second part of his name conveyed the "otherness" towards which he gropes in his paintings.

It would be possible to trace through Harris' opus the elements that have developed into "the novel as painting" as exemplified in *Da Silva da Silva's Cultivated Wilderness* and *The Tree of the Sun*. I can only draw attention here to two important landmarks. One is *Ascent to Omai*, which presents the same kind of surface fragmentation and reconstitution from several points of view

as a cubist painting. In this novel a character called Victor is engaged in reconstructing the trial of his father, sentenced forty years before for burning down the factory in which he worked. The reconstruction emphasizes several features that are basic to Harris' "novels of expedition" and the revision of catastrophe he presents in them. It must indeed be kept in mind that in *Palace of the Peacock* and from *The Eye of the Scarecrow* onwards Harris' protagonists regress into a catastrophic past in order to come to terms with the destructive elements in it but also, and mainly, in order to discover its potentially creative element, the invisible spark that can redeem, modify the effects of the past, and that makes it possible to forestall the recurrence of similar catastrophes in the future. At the very end of *Ascent to Omai*, for example, the housecoat, symbol of one stage in the catastrophic past into which Victor was locked, crumbles, but "in conformity with the very ruin of catastrophe - it retained a living spark, a frail star."⁶

To sum up briefly the basic features of the reconstructive process as they appear in *Ascent to Omai*, I would first point out that the regression into the past is not a straightforward one which places the protagonist within the full blast of catastrophe. As the judge in the novel says, "It's a question of the uncomfortable region one must approach time after time, again and again, down the ages shrouded by death in order to learn *by degrees* what would otherwise be quite clearly . . . unbearable" (p. 55). The point is that reality such as Victor wishes to discover, whether extreme horror (like that aroused by the middle passage) or extreme joy, can never be fully faced. It must be approached by degrees and from several angles, and this partly accounts for the breakdown of the narrative structure in *Ascent to Omai* and for the protagonist's need to identify with different characters, to be himself a vessel for other existences. The reconstruction also juxtaposes the material with the immaterial. In fact, the immaterial can be reached only by breaking down material forms, as, for example, the material horizons of Victor's past (the housecoat is one of them) eventually crumble to reveal an "inner lighthouse" (p. 89). The immaterial in Harris' fiction does not simply represent some kind of spiritual reality. One must associate with it the eclipsed victims of the past, those who disappeared into the so-called void of Caribbean history or, as Harris puts it, the "unwritten lives" of the "nameless forgotten dead."⁷

The "novel as painting" implies a re-vision or new vision of the past so that the invisible reality these "unwritten lives" represent comes to the fore. In *Ascent to Omai* the judge elaborates on sketches he made forty years before at the original trial, and as he does so, he begins to discern in his sketches the formerly invisible presence of a witness "whose voice sprang from nothingness like an archetype of silence . . . ruined personality within whose rubbish shone nevertheless an illumination of function" (p. 80). Something similar happens in *Da Silva da Silva's Cultivated Wilderness* when the painter re-visions the paintings he made seven years before and the lamp or "genie" (p. 26) appears on his canvases. Moreover, in *Ascent to Omai* the judge shuffles his sketches like a pack of cards and this seems to suggest that they represent alternatives to the accepted interpretation of Victor's and his father's history. The shuffled

cards prefigure the series of canvases da Silva paints from many different angles, what he sees as so many partial approximations to an “unfathomable coherence” (p. 38) or wholeness.

The other landmark I wish to mention is *Companions of the Day and Night*. The exploring consciousness in this novel is Idiot Nameless, a character born in *The Eye of the Scarecrow* who personifies a fluid condition or intermediary state between solid characters and the mystery of eclipsed lives. Goodrich, who translates his papers, paintings and sculptures into a novel, finds that “the paintings and sculptures to which the writings related were doorways through which Idiot Nameless moved.”⁸ In a similar way in *The Tree of the Sun* da Silva moves “through the door of the tree of the sun” (his mural is called “The Tree of the Sun”); he moves “into the life of previous tenants of the house” (p. 10). What seems to me important in this equation of painting with a doorway is the assumption that the imaginative work of art is a gateway into being or towards resurrection.⁹

This is, indeed, the meaning of painting in *The Tree of the Sun*, though not of painting alone since it is presented together with poetry, sculpture, music and at the end drama as so many coincidental forms of art (see p. 63), forms through which one gropes towards a truth that can never be wholly apprehended¹⁰ and which make the art of creation itself a “heterogeneous enterprise” (p. 63). It is through painting, however, that da Silva regresses into the past, just as in *Da Silva da Silva’s Cultivated Wilderness* he paints – or descends into – the masks of Magellan, Cuffey, the eighteenth-century black rebel, and the Earl of Holland, i.e. apparently antagonistic or “incompatible” figures, in order to discover what they share and retrieve the light eclipsed when they were victimized. At the end of this novel da Silva’s wife, Jen, announces that she is pregnant. In *Tree of the Sun*, which is a sequel to it, Harris explores the implications of this annunciation, which is the starting point of a new expedition into the past.

When the novel opens da Silva takes up again a mural he started to paint on the very day he and Jen conceived a child, which reminds us that for Harris artistic creation is equivalent to the creation of life: “Two months pregnant this painting is,” da Silva says (p. 3). He paints into his mural Montezuma, the Mexican emperor killed by a stone. It is not known whether it was thrown by the conquistadors or his own people, but the blow he received merely left an imperceptible bruise. Da Silva then paints Atahualpa, the Inca sun-king, whose death was much more violent since he was sentenced to burn by Francisco Pizarro when the latter conquered Peru. The fates of the two kings are not presented as irrevocable historical events. Both contain a seed that in time could transform the catastrophic effects of their deaths. The juxtaposition of those fates in the painting links them to each other and to Jen and da Silva, who both have South American antecedents. Out of this juxtaposition emerges what Jen sees as “the tidal spark . . . that related her and her husband’s peoples to other peoples” (p. 5). Thus the opening of the novel already presents its essential outline: the unravelling of a catastrophic past in order to discover in it the spark of rebirth that has so far remained

unseen. "Absolute justice," says da Silva, referring to Pizarro's death sentence on Atahualpa, "is death's republic. To step back before it is too late . . . and to begin all over again, to enfold a resurrection-motif of individual tenderness . . . individual art of saving powers . . . is a conception of the frail kingdom of life" (p. 8).

The "resurrection-motif of individual tenderness" is illustrated in the lives of Francis and Julia Cortez, whom da Silva next brings into his painting. They are the former tenants of his flat: Julia died of cancer twenty years before and Francis disappeared and was never heard of again. While remodelling the flat the da Silvas came across an unfinished book by Francis and letters Julia had secretly written to her husband, though neither actually read what the other had written. The book and the letters provide the material for da Silva's mural and form a kind of novel within the novel. Da Silva edits the books and letters in much the same way as the narrator edits the Forrestals' logbook in *The Waiting Room*. There is an important difference, however: as da Silva brings Francis and Julia to life, they are aware of *him* as their creator. Time is abolished and in the dialogue between the present and the past, the living and the dead, each is aware of the other as his own creation: "He da Silva was himself being taken over by them page by page as he began to sketch or paint them" (p. 11). This brings us a stage further in Harris' conception of characters as "agents of personality."¹¹ In their desire to survive, the re-created characters of the past (who are so many inner selves) can also imagine their creator.

Francis' real name was Rigby and he changed it to Cortez, uniting in the name Francis Cortez the personalities of Francisco Pizarro and Hernando Cortez. Just after their marriage the Cortezes went to a grand costume ball in which he dressed up as Francisco and she as a feminine Atahualpa. This mock marriage between the conqueror and his victim assumes a particular significance when we know that Julia intensely wanted but was never able to have a child. Her miscarriages, which also stand for the miscarriages of populations or the miscarriage of history, can be seen at the beginning as a symbol of the aborted union between conqueror and conquered. This is confirmed when Julia tells Francis that "da Silva's interpretation of their lives . . . works to diminish a pattern of domination" (p. 38). We are also told at the outset of the novel that "the child Jen conceived was the apparition of a child she Julia dreamed to conceive all her life in the letters she wrote . . ." (p. 11). This resurrection of the miscarried foetus is the subject of the novel.

Though their marriage was barren, Francis and Julia were deeply in love and the scenes of their lovemaking are among the most poetic and sensuous in the novel. In the following passage their coming together on da Silva's canvas seems to be an act of liberation:

They drew into a tree of passion through which a psychical forest of creation grew and reached up, in its turn, into other forests or unknown creations.

Their bodies became a cradle of the future running hand in hand or mouth to mouth with a vision of nothingness so strong and secure it seemed

other than nothingness and to abandon all straitjacketed proportions.
(p. 14)

This passage sends out several strands of meaning in the novel. To begin with, Francis "misconceives" the tree of passion because he dreams of the "perfect tyranny of love" (pp. 14 and 17), that is to say of the same kind of commanding and possessive love that once conquered the world in the name of Christ and which, on the level of personal relations, makes him jealous of Julia's imaginative intercourse with da Silva. Julia, on the contrary, refrains "from investing in absolutes" (p. 17). Yet it is through his book, i.e. through his art and da Silva's, that his wife's miscarried foetus is eventually brought back to life and that the repetition of catastrophe in the future is forestalled. In this book, also called "The Tree of the Sun," Francis has created a variety of characters who come to life in da Silva's painting. These are Eleanor Rigby (Francis' actual mistress), her husband Harlequin, and a black milkman called Leonard whom Francis uses as a kind of alter ego to father with Eleanor the child he and Julia never had. Thus, through Montezuma and Atahualpa, then Francis and Julia, then the characters in Francis' book, one explores in increasing depth the potentialities of the past.

Another important point in the passage quoted above is the reference to "a vision of nothingness so strong and secure it seemed other than nothingness." For here Harris reasserts more boldly than ever that this nothingness, which resulted from catastrophe, is the source of rebirth, that it contains the seed of evolution through which we free ourselves from the constrictions of the past and move towards the future: "There's a central, apparently invincible, nothingness to all material existence out of which time runs backwards and forwards" (p. 22). It is by regressing into, and coming through, this nothingness that Francis relates to the characters in his book, that he creates himself, as it were, into those other selves and can then ask the metaphysical question: "Am I my own father?" (p. 22). There is a new insistence on the need to move backwards and forwards, never to lose sight of past and future, and this has led to the coining of a new phrase illustrated in many ways in the novel, "backward resurrection" (p. 22)

The backward resurrection implies a synthesis between past, present and future. It implies a plunge into the past in order to bring out of it something new and original but *at the same time* a consciousness that the present begins to die so that one has the constant possibility of making the present and the future anew, of not becoming locked into them. Da Silva's descent into Montezuma and Atahualpa, into the Cortezes and the characters of Francis' book are backward resurrections, and all these characters are what da Silva calls "approximations to resurrected selves, across centuries, across islands and continents, on this bank of heaven or that bank of earth" (pp. 29-30; see also p. 53). One finds in those approximations an expression of Harris' attempt to approach truth from a variety of positions or conditions, since no one man possesses the truth.¹² When da Silva turns a page in Francis' book to "unveil and construe some of its limbo elements" (p. 45), it is one approach,

one form of backward resurrection, this time through a material object. For in their descent into limbo Francis and da Silva follow Leonard to the nineteenth-century bottle kiln where his black immigrant ancestors used to work in one of the poorest areas in London. The kiln carries the traces of "economic miscarriage or scar" (p. 47), yet serves as a catalyst to a new sensibility and a higher degree of awareness ("heightened threshold of awareness," p. 46):

The heat and burden of a past century had vanished and yet something pathetic, yet penetrative and illuminating, curiously naked and sad, seemed to relate the mystery of constellations to a re-dress of appearances in the comedy of the cosmos. (p. 46)

So the dead kiln is seen to contain a spark of life after all.

When they leave the kiln da Silva and Francis follow Leonard to Eleanor's flat. In his book Francis recreates his affair with Eleanor through Leonard and sees him threatened by a bullet which Harlequin (her husband) fires. Through his fictional re-enactment of violence Francis appears to transform its impact. Once again, it is a question of becoming aware of areas of non-sensibility in the past, of wounds inflicted and unheeded which could reopen in the future and strike back with overwhelming power. The bullet fired by the "young revengeful Harlequin" is transmuted into the force of imagination, the force which, as Julia thinks, "seems to *strike*, even as it *rescues*" (p. 17):

So that as the bullet sped, its material consequences seemed less overwhelming, almost as if it were tipped by ineffectuality to vanish into an apparition or creative paradox. Could Julia's miscarriage of flesh-and-blood be converted into profound sensibility of apparitions of community (in resurrections of the unborn) one lives ahead of one's time in order to be whole and survive? (p. 50)

The question whether Julia's actual miscarriage can be converted into a "sensibility of apparitions of community" in the future, into a capacity to conceive the rebirth of humanity, is central to the novel. It amounts to asking whether art (Francis' fiction, da Silva's painting) can transform catastrophe, whether it can at least be one of the means through which one can try to approach what is unbearable in catastrophe. This question is answered in one way when Francis and da Silva next follow Leonard to a market where a few masterpieces, among them Michelangelo's *David* and Titian's *Sacred and Profane Love*, are put up for sale at a mock auction. Da Silva, whose paintings, as we have seen, "translate the elements," becomes the auctioneer. Like the misfired bullet, the auction is a kind of "creative paradox." The link with the auction block of slavery days when flesh-and-blood people were put up for sale like animals is soon obvious. Da Silva reads traces of this horrible past in Titian's painting, for he sees the two women on the painting as lionesses with "a beautiful lion cub [playing] in the head and flesh" of the child between them (p. 58). In other words, the human animal shows through the faces and postures of the beautiful women and child that are themselves

put up for sale, yet in a sense live and survive. So that the masterpiece in which the artist has brought together (whether consciously or not) the lower animal with figures of the highest beauty is auctioned, in da Silva's words, "for the conservation of all threatened species" (p. 57). Here too the question is whether the individual imagination is capable of grasping the nature of catastrophe (in this case slavery) in such a way that it can envisage a reversal of its implications, draw from it the element that will save the future, or, as Harris says in *Black Marsden*, the element that will make it a "seminal catastrophe."¹³

What is the humour of fate and freedom [da Silva asks] if it disguises from itself the animal generations that stand within our terrors and ambivalences? We need to see them if we are to see how we ourselves are furnaces and floods in which so many threatened species may burn, in which so many lost species may begin to revive. (p. 57)

In the second part of the novel it becomes clearer than ever that what is at stake is the future of humanity. Julia now comes to the fore and da Silva's editorship of her letters is seen as a "deep-seated love affair" (p. 63). Indeed he fertilizes the material of her past, her childhood and youth in the West Indies "across oceans," as he says "back to where it all started" (p. 87). This return to the past illustrates Julia's idea that "Posterity lies in the past as much as in the future" (p. 36). One incident in her youth seems to illustrate this. At the age of eighteen, on the West Indian island of Zemi she ascended a mountain into Zemi-land, the territory of the Arawak mythical gods,¹⁴ and had the impression that she was raped by Zemi dancers or players. When they retreated, she was conscious only of "a lover of infinity" and of "her first . . . gateway into the annunciation of the globe . . . within which populations danced" (p. 71). The meaning of this annunciation seems to be that a symbolic conception has taken place, that in her journey to a mythical past Julia has been fertilized by the gods (as the madonna was by the Holy Spirit) and that this has made her into a potential mother of humanity.

The other significant event before her departure from the West Indies was the death of her father. As his funeral procession advances it becomes clear that his death stands for the end of an era and that what is called "the mighty insensible coffin of an age" (p. 79) represents its deadness and insensibility. We see indeed that the funeral procession seems "to charge into sculptured solutions" (p. 81) as if the instinct of man in a dying age was to invest further in what is solid and static. But as a counterpoint to this, the re-creation of the funeral brings to light various frail elements which gradually modify "the bulk of insensibility" (p. 78), so that even the most insensible material seems to possess "an incalculable spark of compassion" (p. 79). Again a major idea in Harris' fiction is expressed here, namely that, as Julia puts it, "the secret, the most sensitive, origins of life" are to be found "in the apparent death of life" (p. 79).

Significantly, it is at her father's funeral that Francis first appears to Julia as

a nondescript reporter from the *Zemi Chronicle*, as someone with whom she will “embark into another beginning of the self” (p. 73). Francis, who has not yet changed his name to Cortez, is then called Francis Leonard Harlequin Rigby. In other words, he is then potentially all the characters he is to create in his book, what da Silva calls “limbo selves” (p. 87). As such he is a true harlequin figure. The harlequin appears in many guises in the novel and combines features of death and life. He is “Julia’s unborn child . . . everyman’s, everywoman’s unborn child” (p. 44). In the guise of Leonard he is called “unpromising skeleton” (p. 44) and “Caribbean miscarriage” (p. 45). But he is also the child born of the fictionalized affair between Leonard and Eleanor, he appears when the rape of Julia becomes “a gateway into the annunciation of the globe” (p. 71). He thus carries the possibility of healing and change and, to use Francis’ words, “he puts flesh-and-blood on the most unpromising skeletons” (p. 44). As a harlequin figure himself, Francis passes with Julia through the “astonishing gate” (p. 87) of her father’s plantation into a new world. We know that their marriage was barren and for this reason might be called a failure. Their lives, in which they wrote for each other in secret and often quarrelled, were in a sense what Julia calls “parallel expeditions” (pp. 64 and 88). These are separate areas of experience which do not meet directly yet relate to each other through the spark that resides in each. It is da Silva who retrieves that spark and turns their marriage into a fruitful dialogue¹⁵ or, to use Julia’s words, “a communication that’s subtle as truth” (p. 92)

At the end of the novel Julia’s departure from the West Indies with Francis appears to coincide with her death or, more exactly, is transformed into her dying. The dying scene and the departure, the end and the beginning, make one:

Why leave? (Julia asks) Why not live forever upon a static gate . . . Why move at all, why begin to die, across the ages one has constructed from deathless lives? To fulfil perhaps a theatre of nature that appears to be finished yet remains unfinished. (p. 90)

The “theatre of nature” or, if I understand rightly, of the human community appears when da Silva’s studio turns into the world stage on which he and Jen say lines edited and translated from Francis’ book and Julia’s letters. The many transformations that have taken place in the course of da Silva’s editorship cohere into the last scene, making the departure possible, issuing into a new creation, a new “evolution”¹⁶ of which the ship is a symbol. At first overwhelmed by his grief for Julia’s dying, Francis does not see the ship nor even the sea until she touches his tears into laughter and he begins to hear the murmur of the waves, which amplifies and fuses with the voices of the sea of human beings around them. Thus at the very end da Silva’s painting, which has made Julia’s dying a passage into a new world, coincides with music to express this new birth and newly created harmony:

Francis lay in Julia’s arms which were outstretched from the strangest

living nothingness into the strangest living otherness.

And then the prow of the great ship began to move forward, the water surged and swelled and a chorus of voices, the chorus of incarnation or human orchestra, filled the air with presences. (p. 94)

The incarnation or human orchestra is the community born of the now fruitful marriage between Francis and Julia. The tree of the sun has become the tree of humanity conceived anew by Julia. It is also "the foodbearing tree of the world" of the Arawak and Macusi legend quoted as an epigraph to the novel. Harris has reworked into Julia's story this "creation myth rooted in catastrophe."¹⁷ Like Titian's painting of *Sacred and Profane Love*, da Silva's mural reconciles the two sides of life, the physical and the spiritual: it brings together Jen's actual child and what he calls Julia's "spiritual brat" (p. 74). One might apply to it André Malraux's words:

For Titian as for Phidias, as for the Sumerian sculptors, whether they knew it or not, the object of artistic creation is to express through appearances what does not belong to appearances (and above all not to the time of men) – what can only exist through creation itself.¹⁸

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NOTES

- 1 *Da Silva da Silva's Cultivated Wilderness* (London: Faber and Faber, 1977).
- 2 "A Talk on the Subjective Imagination," *New Letters*, 40, No. 1 (1973), 40. This quotation illustrates a basic idea in Harris' work, namely that an apparently or virtually non-existent past can suddenly resurge and impress itself upon the consciousness.
- 3 Letter to Hena Maes-Jelinek, 3 August 1976.
- 4 *The Tree of the Sun* (London: Faber and Faber, 1978), p. 42. Further references are incorporated in the text.
- 5 See in particular: "It was the universe whose light turned into the room . . . painting the carpenter's walls with shades from the sky – the most elaborate pictures and seasons he stored and framed and imagined." *Palace of the Peacock* (London: Faber and Faber, 1960), p. 134. Further references are incorporated in the text.
- 6 *Ascent to Omai* (London: Faber and Faber, 1970), p. 128. Further references are incorporated in the text.
- 7 *The Eye of the Scarecrow* (1965; London: Faber and Faber, 1974), pp. 9 and 10.
- 8 *Companions of the Day and Night* (London: Faber and Faber, 1975), p. 13.
- 9 This notion is akin to that expressed by Shelley in *Ode to the West Wind*: "Drive my dead thoughts over the universe / Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth."
- 10 See p. 17: "truth exists but stands on unfathomable foundations."
- 11 See Ian H. Munro and Reinhard Sander, interview with Wilson Harris in *Kas Kas: Interviews with Three Caribbean Writers in Texas* (Austin: African and Afro-American Research Institute, University of Texas, 1972), p. 52.

- 12 Another expression of what Harris calls truth is "unnameable centre or unfathomable wholeness." Helen Tiffin, interview with Wilson Harris, *New Literature Review*, 7 (1979), 24, 25.
- 13 *Black Marsden* (London: Faber and Faber, 1972), p. 84.
- 14 The name Zemi comes from the Arawak *Zemi(s)*. These, as Wilson Harris has explained, are Arawak icons expressive of the inner spaces in the Arawak psyche. See *History, Fable and Myth* (Georgetown: National History and Arts Council, 1970), p. 23. Julia returns to her past in Zemi "as into an extension of mythical presences" (p. 63).
- 15 Harris talks elsewhere of an "arbitrating essence between [separate and parallel] structures" and compares this concept to Jung's synchronicity. "Synchronicity," an unpublished interview with Wilson Harris by Marion Gilliland, July 1980.
- 16 See "evolution of serenity," (p. 92) or "evolution of music" (p. 93).
- 17 Wilson Harris, "Carnival of Psyche: Jean Rhys's Wide Sargasso Sea," *Kunapipi*, 2, No. 2 (1980), 143.
- 18 André Malraux, *La Métamorphose des Dieux, L'Irréel*, Gallimard, 1974, p. 11. Translation mine.