

Death: The Poetential Discloser of Ultimate Mysteries in The Poetry Of Richard Eberhart

J. Karthikeyan

Department of English, VIT University, India

ABSTRACT : *The concept of death and death experience which is the reality of all realities, has produced much of the best and most characteristic attitude in literature. It has gained more attention and attraction today than it had before, because of the rapid sociological, technological, psychological and philosophical changes around. The theme of mortality tends to recline on contradictions, opposites and irreconcilables. Attempts to resolve contradictions result in oblique and equivocal ways. This very ambiguity constitutes to the uniqueness of the theme because it deals with the mysterious realm – “The undiscovered country from whose bourn / No traveller returns” (Hamlet” III. i. 79, 80). The theme of mortality in Eberhart’s poetry indisputably rests on multiple views, but above all, there is the stream of realism, a potential undercurrent running beneath. So the unity presented is part of the basic design of realism and therefore of the universe too!*

Keywords - *annihilation, ineffaceable, metaphysical, mortality, thanatophilia*

I. Introduction

Urged by over enthusiasm for Eberhart, Thorslev, Jr. states that he “is the first poet for whom death has become a persistent theme. His concern is not merely with death as a concept or a mystic attraction although in much a poem as ‘The Soul Longs to Return whence it came ; death is an attraction, but with death and decay as a brutal physical fact.’”

Eberhart cannot claim to be “the first”, although he is one among the famous ‘death-dealers’ in literature. Among the widely popular thematic touchstones, the topic of death is the most fertile field, for Eberhart, opening out new possibilities to exercise his poetic endowments. However the field should be well prepared for cultivation. The poet is primarily obsessed with the theme of suffering and ultimately that leads him to its kindred theme, death. Once he has declared: There ought to be a suffering meter for poetry. But what a joke: How can you judge the amount of suffering, in a poem? Poetry is like fighting. ‘Sir, there was in my heart a kind of fighting’. Hamlet was not averse to killing, But it is more like shadow boxing. (Opp, 311)

This theme of suffering, in Eberhart, culmination in the theme of death subsequently. Eberhart has a high poetic conception of death. In defining “What is poetry”, he states the following as one of its chief functions :Poetry is a spell against death. Poets are more conscious than others, perhaps are more articulate in the realisation of our temporality. Poetry is thus produced as a monument against the passing of time, against death. I do not may that it is consciously so produced by the poet every time he writes a poem, but that is what it becomes. (Opp, 10)

Having professed this realisation, he investigates death as an ‘active’ man, ‘intellectual speculator’ and a ‘mystic’. More than providing a theme for Eberhart’s poetry, death has given him the greatest stimulus to write poetry.

II. Death: The Poetential Discloser

The death-concern in American literature is obviously a development from English literature. The Elizabethan sonneteers regarded death both in its positive and negative aspects. The Metaphysicals found death as a novel field of adventure for their mystic voyage. They battled with “its spiritual implications.” It is the Romantics who dealt with it most ‘luxuriously’. Death was the most familiar field to the Victorians and the proper sphere to exercise their sentimental and grotesque imaginations. Among the post-war generation, morbid death obsession characterises the nature of literature universally.

Eberhart must have been a little influenced by the pioneering “death-dealers” in modern American Poetry. Poe’s fascination with death in his stories and poems is implicit. His aesthetic and moral vision combined with the theory of nothingness creates a skeptical view. To Whitman death is the leveller and the symbol of democracy.

Death seems to be the very guiding principle of the universe to Emily Dickinson, and affects man, objects, and nature alike. The unique unsentimental ways in which she visualised death, combined with an air of intimacy, establishes a tradition of her own. Frost voices his lure for death amidst life’s responsibilities (“Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening”) and meditates quietly on the prospect of death, after successfully

fulfilling his responsibilities ("After Apple Picking"). Sylvia Plath's pre-occupation with death started early in her life and death for her is a personally experienced concept. Like Dickinson, she too realised death in various aspects. Thus, invariably all the renowned American poets developed a strong persona postwar fear of death and tried to transcend it in their own ways. Eberhart is no exception. No doubt, he echoes many current notions but still maintains an individuality towards mortality which is peculiarly his own.

War creates an awareness of total annihilation and mass extermination within literature but it is more so outside. The social, political and economic factors in the postwar literature with horrid experiences concretise the death-consciousness among the sensitive artists.

The prevailing tendency after the war has furrowed ineffaceable scars in all dimensions. With the enormously increased perfection of weapons, the destruction in war becomes total comprehensive and complete. As a gunnery instructor, during the II World War, Eberhart has witnessed the appalling horror with his own eyes. This would have aroused a sensitively conscious sensibility in Eberhart. Hence his attitude to death is synchronic. The field of psychology has a major role in developing death consciousness among the postwar generation. Freud propagated the theory of a universal death instinct (thanatos) in opposition to life principle (eros). These antithetical impulses are not only popularised but create a feeling of uneasiness and uncertainty.

Freudian theory explains the life instinct and death instinct and teach that they should be kept in perfect fusion and proportion in order to keep man a balanced and harmonious creature. Thus Eberhart's thanatophilic thoughts have been partly aroused by the newly expounded psychological theories.

Philosophy also has its own contributions to make to the study of the theme of mortality. The Existential philosophy which originally manifested itself in Germany first, and later in France after the I World War spread like wild fire in colouring the fundamental mode of thinking on both sides of the Atlantic. In one of his interviews, Eberhart confesses his admiration for Nietzsche for some time: I was a hero worshipper of Nietzsche for years. I read everything he wrote, I adored everything he said. I understood it in a small way. (opp,271) But he lost his admiration and feels differently now when he knows that Hitler and Mussolini were inspired by him. The nihilism of Nietzsche has some bearing in shaping Eberhart's philosophy of life. Heidegger's demonstrations on the certainty of death, the necessity to live every minute in anticipation of alarming death, find echoes in Eberhart's poetry.

The deliberate exclusion of the ethical core, among the forerunners of the philosophy, leads to Christian Existentialism; pioneered by Gabriel Marcel, the famous French Philosopher. He believes in the act of engagement which leads to God in order to avoid death obsession but in Eberhart, mostly the obliteration of morbid death paves its way to compassion and concern. Like most of the writers of 1960's Eberhart manifests some traces of Existential philosophy, in his poetry.

Eberhart is realistic because of his romanticism which is much congenial in shaping his outlook on mortality. Compton-Rickett defines romanticism: It is expression in terms of art of sharpened sensibilities, heightened imaginative feeling..... Romanticism is not opposed to reality. It is reality transfigured by new powers of vision and feeling. (A History of English Literature: From Earliest Time to 1916, 292)

The innate sensibility in Eberhart leads to the gradual reawakening of the sense of mystery and reality in romanticism and induces a speculative and inquisitive mind in Eberhart. He is preoccupied with the polarities between the worlds of "infinite possibility" and reality. In seeking a reconciliation between the two, he is haunted by the most 'coersive' reality of all – namely death. The horror of death is not simply a romantic pose in him but he is profoundly troubled by mortality and the transitoriness of human life.

"No one can operate in a vacuum" – so the saying goes. All the extrinsic factors are invalid and nothing, if the artist does not have the seed implanted in his heart. The aspects of one's own life influence greatly and most profoundly in shaping one's own attitudes. Eberhart could not escape this natural phenomenon. His obsession with death started early, though not as early as in the case of Plath. At the age of eighteen, his mother contracted cancer.

The period from Summer 1921 until the death of his mother on June 22, 1922, the poet's happiness and sunny outlook started ebbing away totally. His mother's fatal illness and an embezzlement in his father's business shook the family to its foundations. This is well dramatised in the poem "Orchard." When his mother was unable to move and was completely bedridden, sitting beside her the whole day, he read a good deal to her. He had watched 'intimately' her pain and anguish, tensed moments and the period of stress and strain.

Lena Lowenstein Eberhart was approaching the brink of death gradually and the sands of her life were running out already. Finally when she relinquished her life, there was a sigh of relief and the last poem he wrote during his mother's life, expresses the feeling of 'timely' relief-brought by death. He declares that the death of his mother made him a poet. The terrible trial was the urge for his poetic career. Numerous references to her suffering find places in his poetry and verse plays. There is a positive and a negative side to death. The positive view which is uncommon, sometimes welcomes death as a reliever from the fret and fever of life. It puts an end to all our cares and worries. Death is visualised in his poetry as 'high sleep', 'high peace' and 'the mother of us all'. It is not surprising that the poem he wrote soon after his mother's demise breathes a sense of relief: Thou art not unkind, O timely death, Who comes to still our mother's plain,

She lives, tho' gone her human breath,
In God's eternal love again.
Sleep. Peace. How you have prayed for these
For all your suffering intense
Reward is thine now from disease

And thou art gone – we know not whence. (CP, 100)

As a foil to the positive view to death, there are many poems expressing the negative or skeptical side of death too. This dualistic view is not confined to Eberhart's philosophy alone but is universal. He ponders upon the sheer pointlessness of death which arouses feelings of disgust and frustration.

Death, desdens all sensibility, kills one's fascination for life, causes separation and irretrievable loss, and leaves one destitute of all hopes. To crown the tragedy, he wonders why men should make efforts to proliferate suffering by waging wars. As, death and fear of obliteration of everything that one cherishes in life are inevitable, Eberhart offers a consolation in confronting it. He writes:

Only in the mastery of love
Is anything known of the world,
Death put aside
With pure intent.

(Only in the Dream, 25)

Eberhart's poetry portrays a recognition of the pervasive death. It is pervasive because it includes human as well as animal forms. He realizes man's true kinship with nature and all the objects in nature. The sight of the 'putrid lamb', a 'groundhog lying dead' and the husk of a cicada can evoke the same kind and intensity of feeling as the impact of Evan's and Viola Lang's death on him. He makes the truth known in "The Swallows Return", thus :

None knows the predator, but death
Is available to birds as to man in all weathers. (B15)

Eberhart's musing on mortality does not pertain to one particular period alone but persists throughout his poetic career at different levels, with varied intensity. In the earliest and the first book of poetry A Bravery of Earth, which is the chronicle of the poets' growth from childhood to manhood, in describing the first stage and its development, he reveals; "Through intuition, life and death were unified." He understands death to be part of change: "What man calls death is only change." The "Fields of Grace" must have been published around 1972, and the concern for death still persists and hangs over him like a cloud.

The striking uniformity one finds in his work throughout is the recognition and declaration of mortality and its effects. This theme of mortality sticks to him, penetrates into the marrow of his existence and reflects its all pervading influence.

Though Eberhart is incessantly dealing with death and immortality – the twin subjects; his attitude is hardly consistent. Death is a palpable experience; there is more personal involvement and obsessive questions in the earlier publications as exemplified in the famous "For a Lamb" and "The Groundhog." Whereas, in Fields of Grace, death, more a concept and an observation and less a personally felt experience, is obvious.

To be more specific and precise, in his early poems, he is agonised by and obsessed with the 'cancerous' and consuming power of death. The claim of the flesh was greater to the young man than it is afterwards. Thus in his earlier poems the narcotic obsession with death results in pessimism, meaninglessness, emptiness and uncertainty.

Joel Rosche rightly observes that there is happiness in the poet's outlook after the birth of his son Richard Butcher Eberhart in 1946. He explains that for the first time in his life, after his mother's death and the family 'crack-up'; he has acquired in his domestic life and in his work as the Vice-President in Butcher Polish Company a 'niche' of peace and some benign power.

This change in outlook is reflected in Burr Oaks, and eventually there is an unsentimental detachment and lack of bitterness in death-dealing. Poems belonging to his middle career are retrospective in outlook generally. There is an assurance of continued existence after death as in 'Rumination' and "Cover Me Over" which belong to his middle career. He has learnt to embrace death, pain and fear as necessary parts of life :
It is borne in upon me that pain is essential.

-The Human being is a-lonely creature (CP,115)

The assurance of continued existence after death, which commenced at his middle career, continues even in Fields of Grace. That man can win a measure of triumph, and some form of existence after life is certain. At times the assurance is based on Christian religious faith but it is not emphatically expressed. These are mere general observations and tend to overlap and cannot be contained in water-tight compartments.

The beautiful figurative poem "Track" from Fields of Grace taking an analogy from sports, skillfully dramatises change in the poet's attitude to mortality. Poets have conceived death in different ways, but interestingly, with Robust imagination, Eberhart envisions death as an invincible athlete and himself as the fellow competitor on the track, 'get set' to go.

Death: The potential discloser of ultimate mysteries in the poetry of Richard Eberhart

As a young man and beginner, bubbling with energy, he might have dreamt that he could outrun death but "I could not run a line as fine as his." Despite all possible changes in the mode of his running, he is utterly defeated :

I ran it square, I ran it straight, but death
Was always out ahead of me, the winner.

The second stanza uses the metaphor of a relay race with the baton in his hand, in all enthusiasm and spirit of perseverance, he thought he 'strove better'; but ultimately he discovers to his great dismay that his adversaries, 'the attendants of death' were ahead of him, 'cutting time thinner'. The zeal of competition gets extinguished. Time and age have taught him acceptance and passivity and to realise human limitations :

Now I walk as nature tells me to walk.
I like to think there is no competition.
I am myself. Whatever I am I am,
An end in itself. But death wants a new beginner. (CP,80)

Not wanting to spare the post at his humiliated defeat, death gives him another chance, the role of a 'new beginner' in order to give him another experience to colour his outlook and savour his philosophy. Death which proceeds with the role of an adversary, ends as a 'paraclete underpinner' (advocate).

The movement is from complaining lament to passive resignation which is concurrent to that of the Chorus in T.S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral." What is wanting in Eberhart's attitude is the Chorus spirit of thanks-giving and glorification. Finally the poet is puzzled at death's behaviour: "He cares for me too much, I thin. God knows what game he plays with me, Paraclete underpinner."

There are times when the reader of Eberhart is baffled and in wonders whether the poet is a believer in fatalism. He visualises death many a time as an agent of fate whose manipulations are enigmatical. He feels the sense of relationship with the small creatures and he is profoundly moved by their fate.

Accidentally, one day he had run over a squirrel with his car and pulled the animal to the side of the road. He laments over the unintended fate of the creature in a small poem :

He obeys the order of nature
Without knowing them.
It is what he does not know
That makes him beautiful.

("On a Squirrel Crossing the Road in Autumn, in New England,")

"Let the tight lizard on the wall", carries a similar theme. The Poet's observation of the lizard tightly clinging to the wall provokes his thoughts and he ponders upon its fate :

I grieve thy black skeleton,
Still overlaid by fate
What protection, who the protector. (CP : 1986,40)

Fatalism is quite an obvious theme in "New Hampshire, February." Staying in a cabin in Kensington, New Hampshire near Exeter, during winter, some wasps fell into the stove. Impelled by interest and curiosity in the creatures, he was pushing them out. He describes his curiosity in the following lines :

I first did this innocently, by instinct.
However, I had early read much Schopenhauer and Harby and soon decided to
play with these creatures as the instrument of their fate, 'malice prepense.

(How I write Poetry, 32)

Instead of his hands as agent, he uses his breath in the poem. His breath as the executor of fate controls their movements :

My breath controlled them always quite.
More sensitive than electric sparks
They came into life
Or they withdrew to ice,
While I watched, suspending remarks.
- "New Hampshire, February." (CP : 1986,60)

In his deep concern for lives of the animals and birds, Eberhart reprimands the derangement of man's mind which results in assuming an attitude of "Plaster indifference" towards other's tragedy.

Eberhart's philosophy is spiced with love, seasoned with deep concern for humanity. Whether animals or birds or human beings, they are part of nature. In "A New England View : My Report" when "The deer faced death by drowning or byshot":

The man did not dare to raise their sights,
Such was the condition of the animal kingdom.

"The anxiety I felt in Guanajuato" describes "a shaking and reeling" experience or tragedy which illustrates the "plaster indifference" not only on the part of men but also the statues suggesting that they are in no way better than the heartless and lifeless statues.

Death: The potential discloser of ultimate mysteries in the poetry of Richard Eberhart

The poet sees a small boy leading a blind man down a "ruinous street" but unfortunately the man is run over by heavy traffic. There is no soul to draw the body aside except the small boy. This incident provokes grave thoughts on the onlooker.

He is led into a state of "frenzy of belief" – the belief about sudden cessation of existence, to which all are "blind". Mankind, as embodied in the blind man, moves towards the hidden tragedy; what manner, place and hour is the top secret. When Eberhart is critical about man's indifference, he finds exactly a contrary attitude in the animal world. For example, in "Flux";

[When] The boy, in his first hour on his motorbike,

Met death in a head on collision,

His dog stood silent by the young corpse. (CP : 1960,70)

David Gutmann in his chapter on, "The premature Gerontocracy; Themes of aging and death in the youth culture" in the book 'Death' in American Experience observes that death-consciousness is prevalent in its youthful members as a peculiar modern trait.

Death phobia dominates their thinking and action and this accounts to the increased number of suicides in modern times. The young men spiral slowly towards the psychological condition which is supposed to be normal and common among the aged. Being aware of the odd tendency, Eberhart gives expression to it in his poem "Hardy Perennial" which appears in "Fields of Grace."

A detailed analysis of the poem would not only depict the idea of premature gerontocracy but reveal the ways the young and the old take death.

Two distinct arguments or attitudes that of the young man's and the old man's towards death are, vividly pictured. One might wrongly opine that in youth people have no thoughts about death at all; but in old age, being fascinated by it, as all other things lose their charm; they hasten to it.

But the paradox stated is opposed to the accepted norm and a little thinking would convince any reader. The two points of views juxtaposed are realistic and probable. The general structure of the poem divides itself into two parts–each consisting of two quatrains prefaced by a refrain, "In youth we dream of death/In age we dream of life. (CP : 1960,30) While young, the author must have cared for life, and the pleasures it offered. Life was characterized by hot, breathless pursuit, chasing and hunting after life's unknown glories. It was a life of dream-believing in the possibility of the impossibilities and the attainability of the unattainable. The daring and the most enterprising spirit was engaged in its "savage pursuit."

Death too, like all the objects in nature had its tremendous fascination – may be due to the curiosity to probe into the mystery of death:

The paradox was my brimming blood,

My bright, brimming blood, my force

And power like a bridge to the future,

Could not contain in white flesh. (CP : 1986,175)

The whole "youthful" being could not contentedly be contained in "white flesh". The epithet does not stand for putrid or diseased flesh because that is never the youth attribute, but it symbolises blankness and unsullied existence. This is typical of Eberhart's attitude to mortality as a youngman. His striving spirit wanted to transcend reality – to go beyond and probe into the mystery of mortality – the most mysterious of all mystery ; he sought it in order to gratify his craving spirit.

In the second section of the poem, the bright picture – the spring in the young man's life has been reverted to its gloomier aspect depicting the fall in one's life. Death is conceived in its cruellest aspects – in the most unrefined ways – nipping at the generation like a perverted problem child, the misanthropist, the friend or the enemy to mankind; plucking life or blighting it like thick fog.

The sudden falling of snow puts an end to all vegetation and life. Being utterly disillusioned at "death's savagery," the poet seeks a solution in the final quatrain. Love and concern for the fellow being is the only answer. The speaker decides firmly:

I would give love to every being alive,

Penetrating the secrets of the living,

Discovering subtleties and profundities in

Any slightest gesture, or delicate glance.(CP : 1960,95)

Some modern poets evince a stronger lure to death. Death has its fascination and beauty. Freud's psychoanalysis expounds the ambivalent impulses in man. "Excessive brooding over death is assumed to reflect one's morbid aversion to the thought of dying but it also bespeaks the morbid attraction."

Dickinson's poetry is the classic example where these symptoms are found abundantly. Sylvia Plath with the experience of a veteran artist remarks in "Lady Lazarus" :

Dying / Is an art, like everything else.

I do it exceptionally well. (10)

Wallace Stevens has imaged death as “the mother of beauty.” In “Sunday morning,” he illustrates that it is the principle of change and in change alone can come fulfilment of desire and it is complete only in death. This dichotomy similar to that of Keats’ “Truth and Beauty” is shown in Eberhart’s poetry too.

The poet perceives a likeness between beauty and death in, “Whenever I see beauty I see Death.” This idea originates from an incident when a woman died at the prime of her beauty. The poet declares that since death is everywhere, it follows that the beauty of death also is universal.

In “The Horse Chestnut Tree” the poet enters the portals of celebration and expresses his wonder at the “great flowering world” created by the “law giver” namely, death. The peculiar experience of enjoyment, while being ravaged by the golden flies – the agents of death – is dramatised in “When Golden Flies upon my Carcase Come.” The reason why “I walked out to the graveyard to see the Dead” is, the golden pleasant sitting at the gate, is the centre of fascination, as the snow-falling forest to Frost in “Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening.” Death has been realised in many ways by Eberhart as it has been by other American poets. Dickinson images death as a gentleman suitor, with honourable intentions of taking the Lady to the “Bridal rooms in Heaven” Eberhart’s views on death are as ambivalent as that of Plath’s in bringing out the pleasant as well as the unpleasant aspects of death.

In “Hardy Perennial,” the poet is not as much bewitched by the person Death, as the king and emperor, as by its unfathomable mysterious kingdom. In “Horse Chestnut Tree,” he compares death to a law giver. When men become “outlaws of God’s property,” death will drive them from the scene.

He apostrophises death as a comforter, reliever ; or sometimes it is a passage or a door to another world. In “Track” – death is presented as a well accomplished and eager athlete. He represents death in its negative aspects with unpleasant and repugnant suggestions.

The pornography of death suggested by Geoffrey Corer can be rightly instanced in “The Virgin.” Death is a ‘whore’, ‘beggar’, ‘designing lecher’ and what not. He also pictures death as the “cancerous friend,” “Clawing death,” “Heavenly adversary,” and “Lung-blasting Death.” He is aware of “a living horror of common death.”

In “Ur-Burial” death is a means of rejoining the dead as in Plath’s “Daddy.” He defines, “death is stiffness” and the dead are “voyager. Death is elusive. (‘He begins to loiter when I think.’ In no way is Eberhart’s conception of death as a reality, inferior to Dickinson’s.

Eberhart can visualise the agents of death – in a queer way, as the power of poetic thinking as in “The cancer Cells.” He justifies his choice of the symbol:

The artistic appeal even of one of the instruments of man’s death and the arbitrary and overpowering destiny that brings death, are subject matter for “The Cancer Cells,” “Forms of the Human” and “Oedipus.” (Engel, 86)

The “The Cancer Cells” opens with a simple but direct statement that the poet happens to see a picture of the cancer cells. He describes them as having sinister, in suspicious shapes portending danger which eventuates in death. There is nothing benign or delightful in their attitudes except threatening, menacing and malignant associations. He suggests that the violent and the agitative mood of the cancer cells have outgrown the test-tube. Not being content to be constrained in the tube, like the outlaws, they have violated their confines.

He is struck by the two outstanding prospects of the cancer cells. First, their sprightly nature brings to his mind the creative artist’s agile mind; and secondly their virulent nature suggests the swift spreading of communism. The sight of nimbleness implies poetic creation. A passive and calm mind remains unproductive, whereas a troubled and rebellious mind, the congregation of exuberant and excited events, produces creative art. The cells are vivid and expressive enough in their deadly attitudes – yet sparkling, whose course is as irregular, ominous and unpredictable as the movement of the irregular stars :

Nothing could be more vivid than their language, Lethal, sparkling and irregular stars,
The murderous design of the universe, The hectic dance of the passionate cancer cells.
Like the artist’s alert imagination, they are boiling out of the confiness :

... and in their riot too

I saw the stance of the artist’s make,

The fixed form in the massive fluxion. (Engel, 28)

Engel rightly suggests that the augmenting cells are a “warning against the spread of Communism.” Eberhart not only ponders upon death and its aspect but also on the ‘menacing’ agents of death and ‘sinister’ forms like cancer cells.

III. CONCLUSION

What one finds in Eberhart’s theme of mortality is the multitude, variety which is the very spice of life. What the critics have remarked about the ‘inconclusiveness’ of his poetry is appropriately applicable to the theme of mortality too. The seemingly disparaging statement is not directed against Eberhart alone, but against any intellectualist or philosopher or artist who is profoundly perturbed by the problems of death. The belief one

Death: The potential discloser of ultimate mysteries in the poetry of Richard Eberhart

holds on death and what happens after death are founded upon one's ideas, faith and belief, and can never be a demonstrated fact. A universal cry of despondency is heard echoing Hamlet :

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. (I.V. 166)

This does not incapacitate any person from being a good poet but it rings the very note of realism and humanism.

What is strikingly peculiar about Eberhart is that there is no nostalgic effect, no persisting elegiac, mournful and 'sepulchral' pose. There is no ghoulish or repellent sense in the poems dealing with the theme of death :For all his intellectual preoccupation with death there is a sunny disposition, even temper, a healthy optimism, a muscular good will that stamps his writing as, peculiarly American. (Two Poetic Voices of our Time)The statement compliments the uniqueness one finds in his treatment of death. It is true that his attitude to mortality is as varied as that of his poetry and his perceptiveness is nebulous. But he speaks with the human voice and his philosophy is tinged with realism. There is unity in his 'multeity.

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