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DEALING OF NATURE IN ROBERT FROST WORKS

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ABSTRACT

Robert Lee Frost, (1874 California, U.S.— 1963, Massachusetts), American writer who was quite respected for his portrayals of the country life of New England, his order of American casual discourse, and his reasonable stanza depicting conventional individuals in regular circumstances. Frost was the most generally respected and profoundly regarded American artist of the twentieth century. Amy Lowell thought he had overemphasized the dull parts of New England life; however Frost's later surge of all the more consistently hopeful sections made that view appear to be out of date. Louis Untermeyer's judgment that the emotional sonnets in North of Boston were the most genuine and amazing of their sort ever created by an American has just been affirmed by later sentiments. Progressively, Frost's name stopped to be connected exclusively with New England, and he increased expansive acknowledgment as a public poet. The characteristic world, for Frost, wore two countenances. From the get-go he upset the Emersonian idea of nature as healer and tutor in a sonnet in A Boy's Will named " Storm Fear," a horrid image of a snowstorm as a seething monster that challenges the occupants of a confined house to come outside and be murdered. Afterward, in such sonnets as "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening " and "The Hill Wife," the kind surface of nature shrouds expected risks, and passing itself prowls behind dim, strange trees. Nature's happy viewpoint prevails in different sonnets, for example, "Birches". Despite the fact that Frost is referred to numerous as basically an "Happy" poet, the awful components in life kept on denoting his sonnets, from "Out, Out"—, in which a chap's hand is cut off and life finished, to a fine stanza named "The Fear of Man" from Steeple Bush, wherein human delivery from infesting dread is contained in the picture of a winded scramble through the evening city from the security of one weak streetlight to another similarly as weak.

ARTICLE

Each writer, with his innovative creative mind, makes his very own universe to suit his idyllic purposes. This universe of the writer is out and out an unmistakable world in itself. It has its own attributes, qualities and propensities. For instance, we have Chaucer's reality. Chaucer's pioneers carry on with their own carries on with, brimming with activity or estimation, devotion or interest, all things considered, and inconvenience themselves next to no about their dominant sovereign, about victories, overcomes abroad or inconveniences at home; theirs, so, is such a presence which is the part of most of men in all ages. They are keener on their nearby neighbor than in the ruler, in their neighbor's better half then in the sovereign. In this way, his gathering of travelers comprises its very own general public. It is energetic and life like and looks like especially our own reality, yet it is unmistakable in itself. Being the result of the artist's innovative creative mind, it has its own quirks. Same is the situation with Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats. They have made their own universes which bear the stamp of their virtuoso and owe their own differentiations. Frost's perspective on nature is unavoidable to the point, that it can't be isolated from his work. Frost's idea, disposition to and example of nature, and regulation are forced upon his work. He oftentimes manages oneself hood of the artist, the structure of reality, his connection to living things in nature and the perplexing requests of society. His genuine ability lies in finding novel considerations in the thinking about his own age with which to help conventional perspectives and thusly to give the heaviness of this custom to groundbreaking thoughts that in any case may appear to be transient and inadequate.

“As the naturalist, who is trustful of his senses, Frost had to experience with the poet's burning irritability what is undoubtedly, the most basic distress of modern life. He had to observe modern man's awe some effort to escape nature. At the same time he has had to observe that the very science which sponsors such an escape is based on laws that suggest no escape is possible.”¹

Frost has additionally his own idyllic world. This world has numerous likenesses and differentiations with the universes of different writers. Frost's reality, in its basic viewpoint, is a peaceful universe of rustics. The occupants of this world are New Englanders. Topographically it very well may be situated in that part of New England which deceives the North of Boston. It has a few similitudes with Wordsworth's reality to the extent that it is likewise a provincial world like that of Wordsworth's. In any case, likenesses are just clear. The comparability of the scene and material are not significant here. Almost certainly, both are Nature artists, yet they are the Nature artists of two distinct perspectives. The settings of time and spot vary with them. Further both worked under various atmospheres of musings and sentiments. So they contrast in their mentalities and perspectives about Nature. Here we ought not be confounded to imagine that on the grounds that both are known as Nature artists so the verse of both the writers has the comparable substance. For an away from of Frost's verse we need to clear out the impression of common misconception from our brains that the main method of reflecting upon Nature is the path recommended by the Romantic writers of nineteenth century England. This fantasy is presently broken. Wordsworth finds in nature an enchanted family relationship with human brain. Frost sees nature as basically outsider. Rather than investigating the edge where feeling and appearance mix, he takes a gander at nature over a blocked bay, what he sees on the opposite side is a picture of a hard indifferent reality.

“Man's physical needs, the danger facing him, the realities of birth and death, the limits of his ability to know and to act are shown in stark outline by the indifference and inaccessibility of the physical world in which he must live.”²

We can clarify this distinction by a model Both Frost and Wordsworth as Nature artists expound on fowls - Wordsworth composes of the Skylark and Frost of the Oven Bird. The distinction between the two winged animals isn't only that, the feathered creature of Wordsworth is British, and that of Frost, American. In any case, the thing that matters is that of treatment and demeanor. Wordsworth admires and romanticizes however Frost's methodology is practical. Wordsworth joins various feelings with his winged animal and Frost doesn't surrender to that treatment. So his broiler fowl speaks to an alternate arrangement of thoughts unrivaled with Wordsworth's As far as material is concerned both are indistinguishable from one another. Frost and Wordsworth picked the episodes and occasions from the unassuming provincial life. They manage the provincial existence of natural effortlessness. The characters and incidents introduced in their works are from a similar root. Topographical contrast doesn't make a difference. Notwithstanding the way that Wordsworth is a Cumberlandian and Frost a New Englander, both create a verse which is refined from the dirt. In any case, these two children of the dirt think about nature from two distinct points of contemplations, so our passage into the Nature universe of Frost ought to happen with an unmistakable vision that in spite of the fact that Frost is likewise a Nature artist like Wordsworth, he isn't a Nature artist of Wordsworthian Romantic custom.

“We all are doomed to broken off careers
And so's the nation, so's the total race
The earth itself liable to fate
Of meaning lessly being broken off.”³

Frost's Nature isn't care for that of Wordsworth's. Here there is no space for whimsical glorification and sentimental admiration of Nature. Frost's verse is loaded up with the symbolism of Nature, however to consider him a nature artist in the central sense, or to see him as a celebrant of Nature, is to mutilate the picture of his verse by ignoring its dull complexities. Like Wordsworth, Frost doesn't fundamentally sing delights of Nature life. Most likely, he has composed sonnets that express delights in nature ('Mowing', 'Placing in

the Seed', 'Two gander at two', for instance). Be that as it may, similar to Wordsworth he never rest his full trust in Nature Wordsworth goes in nature like a lover in the sanctuary of God. To Wordsworth Nature gives a defensive umbrella under which he can appreciate flawless harmony, serenity and bliss.

“When stiff and sore and scarred
I take away my hand
From learning to his hard
In grass and sand,
The hurt is not enough
I long for weight and strength
To feel the earth as rough
To all my length.”⁴

Frost doesn't feel this security in Nature. Experiencing his works, one finds that the significant tone includes the sentiments of significant disquiet, even of dread towards nature. Now and again he is pulled in towards the exotic allurements of Nature yet these allurements of nature never get priority over his feeling of social commitments, obligations and obligations. In addition, he doesn't believe Nature as his companion guide and defender. He is constantly dubious of Nature's malignance. His pragmatic way to deal with life consistently works him to be careful with the entrancing charms of Nature and he is anxious of the tricky intentions at the core of Nature. Frost may introduce himself in a characteristic scene yet he is a long way from agreeable there. In such manner, he can be contrasted and Thoreau, who likewise paints the hazier side of nature. His idea of nature was in every case more undecided than is commonly perceived. Thoreau consistently accepts that there cannot be unification of nature and man. He puts stock somewhere out there of the universe of nature and the universe of individuals. Frost shares something of Thoreau's anxiety for the separation among man and nature. Robert Frost pictures man as lone, forlorn figure, secluded and estranged from nature, from God, and from his kindred creatures. He imagines nature as cruel, mechanical and indifferent. Man and Nature are two unique standards isolated from one another by insurmountable separations and boundaries. As per Frost, nature isn't just discrete and unoriginal, it is really antagonistic to man and his motivations.

Feeling comparable, the youthful Wordsworth went to nature for comfort and otherworldly recharging, however Frost never does that nature offers no such endowments to him. Out, if there is one, isn't to go to nature, however to go past nature. In 'Birches' and in some different sonnets, nature has, best case scenario, an ethically impartial worth; it doesn't abuse, neither does it comfort. While Wordsworth focuses on the more brilliant side of Nature, Frost communicates a hazier demeanor towards nature. In fact "dim", in its different structures, happens with amazing recurrence in Frost's inclination verse. 'An elderly person's Winter Night', for instance, starts with the line:

"All out of doors looked darkly in at him.”⁴

The line precisely sums up the sonnet. Nature is by all accounts viewing the Old man, presented like an adversary, threatening holding up an indication of shortcoming. The Old man is just human; he battles as much as possible to continue onward, yet his forces are declining while that of nature stay consistent He is facing a losing conflict. The Old man, unblemished, speaks to the normal mankind. He communicates human pickle in outsider and antagonistic environmental factors of nature. The story of the Old man expresses the defenselessness of the man before the supreme and unsympathetic powers of nature. Like the Old man we may erect our entanglement guards - companions, a house, a fire-yet in time they will all demonstrate lacking: for nature will demand demise, and nature will have its direction.

"Transcendental truth to any poor, bare, forked creature who straggles near a brook or a tuft of flowers. For nature is hard as she is soft. She can destroy and thwart, frustrate and batter, she may prove as flinty as the rocky soil of New England, and as difficult to toll profitably.”⁵

In 'An Old man's Winter Night' nature is malignant voyeur: In 'Tempest Dread' nature is depicted as a functioning insidious type:

"When the wind works against us in the dark
And pelts with snow
The lower chamber on the east
And whisper with a sort of stiffed look
The beast
Come out" come out"
It costs no inward struggle not to go
Ah no!”⁶

His topics in the nature sonnets are the typical subjects of the twentieth Century artists dread, dreary, scar, fear, awfulness, depression, detachment, mysteries, irregularity causing duality and so forth. His disposition to nature is Modern since it is neither Epicurean, nor Reminiscence. It is basically his. His disposition to nature is logical to the extent that he feels that nature is apathetic regarding man and doesn't consider him. All in all, he proposes, it ought to be taken as a little more for man. On the specialized side aside from the customary rhyme, beat, meter and trope utilized in his sonnets, we know his adoration for stories mind, parody, humor, similitude, images, symbolism and indirections, the advanced beautiful apparatuses. So he is more disposed towards advancement, however he never guarantees it. His is certainly, an advanced disposition towards nature and he ought to be given his place as the 20th century model of the American convention of deciphering nature.

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