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## **Parents and Children in Elizabeth Bowen's**

### ***The Death of the Heart***

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**May 2018**  
**Acknowledgements**

Thanks are first due to Almighty Allah for giving us the ability to complete this research.

Also, we would like to give our sincere thanks to our supervisor Lec. Ahmed Abed Alhussien for his invaluable advices which have a big help for us to achieve this paper.

## Abstract

Bowen's *The Death of the Heart* works to break the structure of the familial norm, as the motherless and childless reject the abandonment pattern of the past.

The study consists of two chapters. Chapter one deals with Elizabeth Bowen's life and career. Chapter two discusses parents and children in Elizabeth Bowen's *The Death of the Heart*.

Finally, there is a conclusion which sums up the findings of the study

## Chapter One

### Elizabeth Bowen's Life and Career

Elizabeth Bowen was a British author conceived in Ireland in June 7, 1899, and to acquire a Cromwellian property in Co. Stopper. England was an Empire and a large number of her outstanding scholars were conceived in the Empire. For instance, Kipling was conceived in India and Orwell in Burma. Bowen was Irish just on the off chance that one takes Irish as a subset of British as was done, obviously, for quite a long time<sup>1</sup>.

Twentieth-century writer, Elizabeth Bowen composes regularly of kids in her different works, yet her books and short stories could barely be considered for the utilization or joy of a youthful crowd. She is who utilized a finely created exposition style in fictions much of the time enumerating uneasy and unfulfilling connections among the upper-center class. Her guardians, Henry Charles Cole Bowen and Florence .Bowen later conveyed her to Bowen's Court at Farahy, close Kildorrery, County Cork, where she spent her summers. In 1907, she and her mom moved to England, when her dad turned out to be rationally sick at long last settling in Hythe.<sup>2</sup>

Elizabeth appreciated painting and drawing as a tyke and in 1918 learned at the London County Council School of Art however pulled back after two terms as a result of what she thought about her constrained capacity. She was to make utilization of this current painter's affectability in her abstract work, be that as it may. She had completed a lot of exploratory writing while at Downe House,

primarily short stories, and concluded this was her reason for living. She started fusing her recollections and encounters into her fiction. Rose Macaulay, a companion of the headmistress of Downe House, gave her direction and acquainted her with editors, distributors, scholarly operators, and other people who could help a juvenile essayist<sup>7</sup>.

Elizabeth's first volume of short stories, *Encounters*, was distributed in 1923, the year she wedded Alan Charles Cameron, a collaborator secretary for training in Northampton. Upon his advancement to Secretary of Education for the city of Oxford she found the scholarly environment of the city helpful for her further improvement as an essayist. Her second volume of stories '*Ann Lee's and Other Stories*' (1926) was trailed by her first novel '*The Hotel*' (1927). Amid her years at Oxford Elizabeth distributed her second novel '*The Last September*' (1929) and two accumulations of short fiction '*Joining Charles and Other Stories*' (1929) and '*The Cat Jumps and Other Stories*' (1934) and additionally three extra books '*Friends and Relations*' (1931) '*To the North*' (1932) and '*The House in Paris*'<sup>8</sup> (1935).

In 1930 Bowen turned into the first and final lady to acquire Bowen's Court, yet stayed situated in England, making successive visits to Ireland. Amid World War II she worked for the British Ministry of Information, giving an account of Irish sentiment, especially on the issue of lack of bias. In 1935 Elizabeth and Alan moved to Regent's Park in London, which promoted her vocation. She started composing surveys for the *Tatler* and in 1938 her novel, *the Death of the Heart*, was distributed, trailed by *Look at All Those Roses: Short Stories* in 1941<sup>9</sup>.

World War II assumed a prevailing part in her composition and additionally

in her life. She turned into an Air Raid Precautions superintendent which carried her into contact with individuals she would not have known generally and opened up new roads of enthusiasm for her written work. Additionally she .Bowen's political perspectives tended towards Burkean conservatism. Amid and after the war she composed among the best articulations of life in wartime London ‘*The Demon Lover and Other Stories* (1945) and *The Heat of the Day* (1948) she was granted the CBE that year.<sup>6</sup>

in 1952 her significant other resigned and they settled in Bowen's Court, where Alan Cameron passed on a couple of months after the fact. Numerous journalists like Virginia Woolf, Eudora Welty, Carson McCullers, Iris Murdoch, went to her at Bowen's Court from 1930 onwards. For years Bowen attempted to keep the house going, addressing in the United States to procure cash.<sup>7</sup>

In 1957 her picture was painted at Bowen's Court by her companion, painter Patrick Hennessy. She headed out to Italy in 1958 to inquire about and set up *A Time in Rome* (1960), yet by the next year Bowen was compelled to offer her darling Bowen's Court, which was crushed in 1960. Subsequent to spending a few years without a perpetual home, Bowen at long last settled at "Carbery", Church Hill, Hythe, in 1965.<sup>8</sup>

Her last novel, *Eva Trout, or Changing Scenes* (1968), won the James Tait Black Memorial Prize in 1969 and was shortlisted for the Man Booker Prize in 1970. Hence, she was a judge that granted the 1972 Man Booker Prize to John Berger for *G*. She spent Christmas 1972 at Kinsale, County Cork with her companions, Major Stephen Vernon and his better half, Lady Ursula little girl of the Duke of Westminster yet was hospitalized upon her arrival. Here she was gone

by Connolly, Lady Vernon, Isaiah Berlin, *Rosamund Lehmann*, and her scholarly specialist, Spencer Curtis Brown, among others.<sup>9</sup>

Bowen was incredibly inspired by existence with the top on and what happens when the cover falls off, in the guiltlessness of systematic life, and in the possible, irrepressible powers that change understanding. Bowen likewise analyzed the double-crossing and privileged insights that lie underneath the facade of respectability. The style of her works is exceedingly created and owes much to artistic innovation. She was an admirer of film and impacted by the filmmaking strategies of her day. She was additionally an outstanding author of apparition stories, with various them amazingly. Extraordinary fiction essayist Robert Aickman considered Elizabeth Bowen to be "the most recognized living expert" of phantom stories. He incorporated her story 'The Demon Lover' in his treasury *The Second Fontana Book of Great Ghost Stories* as an outstanding case of the shape.<sup>10</sup>

She trusted that what she had figured out how to set down in however little part would convey a quality to make known to her perusers what was to have been the weight of the entirety. Her section is all insistence and she was correct. The vast majority of her perusers will feel less torment in there being so minimal finished for the brilliance of what is here: this is the thing that would have filled the book we might never observe.<sup>11</sup>

Bowen topics incorporate those of loss of honesty, acknowledgment of the past, and extending awareness. The torment and weakness chaperon on these subjects and the mask of copious cash make them strange. In spite of the fact that Bowen expounds on the advantaged class, three of her four normal character writes don't feel special. To deal with her topics, Bowen every now and again arranges

time and space by isolating the books into three sections, with one section set ten years previously and with a juxtaposition of no less than two areas. The ten-year slip by gives a measure of the development picked up, and the second area, by differentiate, jugs the cognizance into reexamination of the prior experience.<sup>12</sup>

In Bowen's books and short stories, certain subjects and topics are spoken to, however with an assortment of perspectives and plots. Bowen was keen on the manners by which people and occasions from the past can influence, control, and even demolish the living. Her Anglo-Irish legacy gave her an extraordinary comprehension of this subject. She was especially delicate to relocation, a sentiment distance, a weakness even with what has happened some time recently. Bowen's "sentiments" contained the standard components of adoration, struggle, and secret, yet the shows that unfurl in her works contain both catastrophe and drama.<sup>13</sup>

In Bowen's books, the characters converse with each other as opposed to act; there is next to no genuine activity in her fiction. Or maybe, through discussions that are regularly questionable and controlled, covering up as much as they uncover, the story unfurls with a fragile nuance that difficulties the peruser to find what the story truly implies. Incongruity is another normal for Bowen's style. The mind and cleverness in her books rely upon the conflict, between what the characters think and say and what different characters uncover about them. There is incongruity, as well, in what they expect and what they get.<sup>14</sup>

Elizabeth Bowen has regularly been known as an author of 'sensibility', a term which, in the event that it implies anything by any means, is able again and again to infer the misuse of the essayist's own specific disposition to the detriment



of those different qualities which go to the making of a decent writer. Elizabeth Bowen is a standout amongst the most capable of the writers working in what may freely be known as the custom of sensibility (however she herself has reservations about the utilization of the term with reference to her books). Her best, however not her most aspiring, books are likely *The House in Paris* and *The Death of the Heart*.<sup>15</sup>

By focusing a significant number of her books around the sensibility of a young lady or lady, Miss Bowen, by this very means, diminishes the universe of involvement with which she will be worried; for to look after authenticity, she should filter through the young lady's mind just those parts of reality which can be gotten and followed up on.<sup>16</sup>

Elizabeth Bowen is a very cognizant craftsman who has developed throughout the years a composition style that has the elaboration, the wealth of surface, the allusiveness of verse, an exposition as precisely created, as unobtrusive in its suggestions, as that of Henry James in his last stage. She has, as well, a serious attention to, and affectability to, place and climate, to the living character of houses, for instance, and the indefinable yet promptly tangible relations set up amongst them and the general population who stay in them. Her characters are dependably individuals living specifically puts amid specific seasons and specifically climatic conditions; and she utilizes her settings set up and time emblematically, to assist our reactions to the characters that move in them.<sup>17</sup>

Bowen was enormously intrigued by existence with the top on and what happens when the cover falls off, in the honesty of efficient life, and in the possible, irrepressible powers that change involvement. Bowen likewise analyzed

the double-crossing and privileged insights that lie underneath the facade of respectability. The style of her works is very fashioned and owes much to scholarly innovation. She was an admirer of film and affected by the filmmaking methods of her day. The areas in which Bowen's works are set regularly bear vigorously on the brain research of the characters and on the plots.<sup>18</sup>

Her portrayal of blamelessness and experience isn't just one of double contrary energies and her decision of account techniques additionally entangles such an oversimplified figure of speech; this is especially so in connection to the parts of the storyteller and the story and the authorial control of the peruser's epistemological journey. The idea of honesty all through Bowen's books, inspecting the subject over the scope of her work, as well as in connection to her unfurling story structures through the utilization of narratological hypothesis, and particularly the procedure by which the perusers realize what occurs in parallel to, yet uniquely in contrast to, the characters inside her fiction.<sup>19</sup>

In 1972 Bowen created lung tumor. She passed on in University College Hospital on 22 February 1973, matured 73. She is covered with her better half in Farahy, County Cork churchyard, near the entryways of Bowen's Court, where there is a dedication plaque to the creator at the passage to St Colman's Church, where a recognition of her life is held yearly.<sup>20</sup>

## Notes

<sup>1</sup>Lavinia Daniela Inbar ‘*Elizabeth Bowen: Impressionism and Characterization*’ (McMaster University Hamilton, 1984) (p.5.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid,p.6.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

<sup>5</sup> Wyatt-Brown, *Life Review in the Novels of Molly Keane, Elizabeth Bowen, and Peter Taylor* (New York: New York University Press, 1988), p.69.

<sup>6</sup> Ibid.

<sup>7</sup> Ibid,p.74.

<sup>8</sup> Victoria Glendenning, *Elizabeth Bowen* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1978), p.60.

<sup>9</sup> Ibid.

<sup>10</sup> Hoogland, Renee C. *Elizabeth Bowen: a Reputation in Writing* (New York: New York University Press, 1994), p.16.

<sup>11</sup> Ibid,p.17.

<sup>12</sup> Ibid.

<sup>13</sup> Jean Barth, *Elizabeth Bowen; the Psychological and Social Themes in her Fiction* (Columbia: Columbia University Press, 1960), p.52.

<sup>14</sup> Ibid,p.54.

<sup>15</sup> William W. Bellis, *Elizabeth Bowen as Novelist: The Death of the Heart as A Demonstration of Her Art* (New York: Haskell House, 1975), p.79.

<sup>16</sup> <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Elizabeth-Bowen>. (Accessed in 23/10/2016).

<sup>17</sup> Ibid.

<sup>18</sup> Renee C. Hoogland, *Elizabeth Bowen: a Reputation in Writing* (New York: New

York University Press,(1994,p.56.

<sup>19</sup> Ibid.

<sup>20</sup> Ibid.

## **Chapter Two**

## **Parents and Children in Elizabeth Bowen's *The Death of the Heart***

*The Death of the Heart* is a 1938 novel by Elizabeth Bowen set in the interwar period. It is around a sixteen-year-old vagrant, Portia Quayne, who moves to London to live with her stepbrother Thomas and experiences passionate feelings for Eddie, a companion of her sister-in-law. Bowen called it a 'pre-war' novel, a novel which mirrors the time, the pre-war time with its high pressure, its expanding tensions, and this extraordinary weight on independence. Individuals were so aware of themselves, and of each other, and of their own connections since they suspected that everything of that time may soon end.<sup>1</sup>

Portia Quayne is sixteen when she is sent to live with her significantly more seasoned, sincerely inaccessible stepbrother Thomas and his frosty, impressive spouse Anna in their extravagant house neglecting Regent's Park. Portia was the aftereffect of an issue, and spent her youth living in Europe with her disfavored guardians, transporting amongst shabby and dingy lodgings in resort towns, never knowing a genuine home.<sup>2</sup>

After her folks kick the bucket with hardly a pause in between, Portia, guiltless, wide peered toward and rather whimsical, is dispatched off to London, much to Thomas and Anna's alarm. Childless, they have no clue what to do with her. Her ungainliness is frightening; she has no thought of what is worthy conduct in their shallow group of friends, no comprehension of how to control her feelings, and is absolutely unbelievable to Thomas and Anna, who attempt to unravel her, or make her vibe adored or needed.<sup>3</sup>

Portia is effectively despised by Anna, who sees her as a vile nearness, continually viewing from the shadows. Thomas tries to be caring, yet Portia is a steady indication of his dad's disrespect and is driving a wedge amongst him and Anna, the main individual he has space for in his isolated heart. Kept from any fondness and feeling like an outcast wherever she goes, Portia becomes hopelessly enamored with Eddie, a protégé of Anna's. He is a careless, narcissistic and influenced twenty something, who discovers it a fun amusement to play with Portia's extraordinary high school feelings.<sup>4</sup>

Portia is innocent to the point that she drinks in everything Eddie says, trusting that he is totally flawless and that he adores her as much as she cherishes him. Whenever Thomas and Anna go off on vacation and send her to the coastline to remain with Anna's old tutor, Mrs Heccombe, things go to an untidy head. Mrs Heccombe's reckless stepchildren, Dick and Daphne, clear Portia into their strong and brazen 'set', where she interests and bothers in square with measure by her honesty and absence of politeness.<sup>5</sup>

Portia chooses to welcome Eddie to stay, and when he arrives he stuns Portia by playing with Daphne. Gradually the scales start to tumble from her eyes, however it is just when she comes back to London, and finds additionally destroying disloyalties by both Eddie and Thomas, does she understand how little she can put stock in anybody, and how alone she is on the planet.<sup>6</sup>

*The Death of the Heart* is a splendid depiction of the battle the adolescent years are, and of how unwittingly merciless grown-ups can be to kids, and to each other. Anna and Thomas are self fixated, and carry on with an existence

encompassed by vain and pointless connections. Their agreeable, elegant house is vacant of any heart, and the main individual inside it who tends to Portia is the housemaid, Matchett, whose adoration is to some degree spoiled by her desirous possessiveness of Portia's affections.<sup>7</sup>

Eddie is a self fixated, shallow and hoodwinked wannabe person of good taste, who exploits Portia's honesty and gradually, purposely and cold-bloodedly makes her extremely upset with no watch over the outcomes. Bowen's virtuoso lies in her illustrative capacity; not exclusively does she draw no nonsense individuals, she likewise superbly makes the ice bound, reverberating, light lit avenues of a stormy London; the frosty, resounding corridors of a wanton home; the clumsy, unverifiable, innocent and consideration looking for conduct of youthful young ladies.<sup>8</sup>

Bowen's universes are dependably phenomenally inhumane; Portia's surfeit of feeling won't last inside it. In a general public where nobody ever says what they mean, and feeling is held solidly under wraps behind a facade of socially adequate lack of concern, Portia must figure out how to play by the standards. Her guiltlessness is gradually debased by the individuals who have been accused of her insurance, and tragically, Anna and Thomas acknowledge past the point of no return exactly what harm they have done.<sup>9</sup>

A favored topic of Bowen's fiction is that of an unwelcome youngster, pitifully encompassed by extravagances in an awesome house. The untainted Portia is nearly youthful womanhood, a canny onlooker who records Thomas' and Anna's shortcomings in her journal. It is Anna's irate, quick perusing of Portia's journal

that sells out Portia. A childless lady and a motherless young lady, Anna and Portia require each other. This unfulfilled need and the unavoidable mother-girl subject give *The Death of the Heart* its women's activist core interest.<sup>10</sup>

Bowen is splendid at catching the sheer clumsiness and vulnerability of pre-adulthood. Portia has next to no comprehension of how to carry on around Anna, Thomas and their companions, no genuine feeling of the workings of the grown-up mind. (Furthermore, for what reason would it be a good idea for her to? All things considered, her childhood was to some degree flighty and altogether different from the high society world in which she gets herself now.) In this scene, Portia is available while Anna takes tea with her companion, St Quentin ,it's a fantastic outline of Portia's circumstance at the Quanyes'.<sup>11</sup>

Getting up from the stool carefully, Portia returned her cup and plate to the tray. Then, holding herself so erect that she quivered, taking long soft steps on the balls of her feet, and at the same time with an orphaned unostentation, she started making towards the door. She moved crabwise, as though the others were royalty, never quite turning her back on them and they, waiting for her to be quite gone, watched. She wore a dark wool dress, in Anna's excellent taste, buttoned from throat to hem and belted with heavy leather. The belt slid down her thin hips, and she nervously gripped at it, pulling it up. Short sleeves showed her very thin arms and big delicate elbow joints. Her body was all concave and jerkily fluid lines; it moved with sensitive looseness, loosely threaded together: each movement had a touch of exaggeration, as though some



secret power kept springing out. At the same time she looked cautious, aware of the world in which she had to live. She was sixteen, losing her childish majesty.<sup>12</sup>

With almost no help or fondness originating from her stepbrother and his significant other, Portia falls in with Eddie, a colleague of Anna's who additionally happens to work in Thomas' office. Eddie is an egotistical, inhumane young fellow with no genuine feeling of uprightness or duty. Portia, in her innocent purity, can't see this, thus she begins to look all starry eyed at Eddie, thinking all that he advises her truly.<sup>13</sup>

Things take an alternate turn for Portia when Thomas and Anna choose to go to Capri for a month. Rather than taking the young lady with them, the Quanyes pack her off to the Kentish drift to remain with Anna's old tutor, Mrs Heccomb, and her stepchildren, Daphne and Dickie, both of whom are in their twenties. The Heccomb family unit the house is called Waikiki speaks to a stamped change of pace for Portia.<sup>14</sup>

It is inviting, vivacious and to some degree disorderly, brimming with the hints of entryways slamming, plates banging and music playing without end out of sight. Soon after her landing, Portia get herself drawn into the Heccombs' well disposed social set and their universe of moves, bistros, and strolls along the coastline. In some ways, everything begins to feel like a fresh start for the young lady.<sup>15</sup>

Be that as it may, there is inconvenience noticeable all around when Portia welcomes Eddie to remain at the Heccombs'. From the minute she sets eyes on

him, Mrs Heccomb recognizes something fishy about Eddie and is unmistakably occupied by his essence. Her perspective of Anna is somewhat glorified, and there is something about Eddie's way which appears to be comfortable with this. In this scene, Eddie has quite recently sat down to tea following his landing in Waikiki.<sup>16</sup>

He could not be expected to know that his appearance, and that the something around him that might be called his aura, struck into her heart its first misgiving for years a misgiving not about Portia but about Anna. [...] A conviction (dating from her last year at Richmond) that no man with bounce could be up to any good set up an unhappy twitch in one fold of her left cheek. Apprehensions that someone might be common were the worst she had had to combat since she ruled at Waikiki. No doubt it must be in order, this young man being Portia's friend, since Portia said that he was a friend of Anna's. But what was he doing being a friend of Anna's? ... Portia, watching the cheek twitch, wondered what could be up. (*The Death of the Heart*, 209)

The end of the week proceeds on a note of disarray for Portia as she battles to comprehend Eddie's conduct around Daphne, particularly when both of them wind up sitting beside each other at the film. It is a vital turning point in the story as Portia winds up in our current reality where individuals don't really say what they mean or mean what they say. Besides, once she comes back to London, Portia finds the genuine degree of the treacheries by people around her, not simply by Eddie, but rather by others near her also.<sup>17</sup>

With Portia now living in London, her essence in the house can't resist the opportunity to help Thomas to remember the disgrace and humiliation he encountered over the issue, feelings that dependably went to the fore at whatever point he went to his dad and Irene in France.

In those sunless hotel rooms, those chilly flats, his father's disintegration, his laugh so anxious or sheepish, his uneasiness with Irene in Thomas's presence, had filled Thomas with an obscure shame – on behalf of his father, himself, and society. From the grotesqueries of that marriage he had felt a revulsion. (*The Death of the Heart*,39).

*The Death of the Heart* is a magnificent novel, an extremely inconspicuous investigation of the torment and disarray of immaturity, of how simple it is for somebody to toy with the feelings of a youngster, particularly somebody as powerless and as trusting as Portia. Eddie is a remorseless, heartless young fellow who exploits Portia's naivety and want for warmth, smashing her deepest desires all the while. Thusly, Anna and Thomas are minimal superior to anything Eddie, neglecting to offer Portia the help and insurance she so frantically needs.<sup>18</sup>

In some ways, *Heart* helps me emphatically to remember some of Elizabeth Taylor's books, especially *A Game of Hide and Seek* and *At Mrs Lippincote's* (survey to come). Both Bowen and Taylor give careful consideration to character improvement, making complex however sensible people the peruser can put resources into. Like Taylor, Bowen is an intense onlooker of the social connections amongst individuals, and this novel is brimming with flawlessly rendered scenes,

rich with detail and dormant feelings. The auxiliary characters merit a say also,

especially Major Brutt, a colleague of the Quanyes who gets himself scorned by the couple (Anna in particular)<sup>14</sup>.

Bowen's portrayal of this icy evening in January reflects something of the air in the Quanyes' home, a cool, weak, shallow place with little warmth inside

The circle of traffic tightens at this hour round Regent's Park; cars hummed past without a break; it was just before lighting-up time - quite soon the All Out whistles would

sound. At the far side of the road, dusk set the Regency buildings back at a false distance: against the sky they were colourless silhouettes, insipidly ornate, brittle, and cold. The blackness of windows not yet lit or curtained made the houses look hollow inside. Short sleeves showed her very thin arms and big delicate elbow joints. Her body was all concave and jerkily fluid lines; it moved with sensitive looseness, loosely threaded together: each movement had a touch of exaggeration, as though some secret power kept springing out. (*The Death of the Heat*,9)

Portia was the consequence of an undertaking, and spent her youth living in Europe with her disrespected guardians, moving amongst shabby and dingy lodgings in resort towns, never knowing a genuine home. After her folks pass on one after another, Portia, pure, wide looked at and rather whimsical, is dispatched off to London, much to Thomas and Anna's dishearten.<sup>20</sup>

### Notes

<sup>1</sup> Jonathan Yardley, "Elizabeth Bowen's 'Heart' Doesn't Miss a Beat". *The Washington Post*,2005,p.23.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid,p.24.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

<sup>5</sup> Nicola Darwood, *A World of Lost Innocence:The Fiction of Elizabeth Bowen*

(Cambridge :Cambridge Scholars Publishing,2012),p.110.

<sup>6</sup> Ibid,p.111.

<sup>7</sup> Ibid.

<sup>8</sup> Renee C. Hoogland, *Elizabeth Bowen: a Reputation in Writing*( New York: New York University Press,(1994),p.56 .

<sup>9</sup> Ibid,pp.57-58.

<sup>10</sup> Ibid.

<sup>11</sup> Victoria Glendenning, *Elizabeth Bowen* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1978),p.2.

<sup>12</sup> Elizabeth Bowen, *The Death of the Heart* (New York: Anchor Books, 1986),p.26.All further quotations are taken from this copy.

<sup>13</sup> David Daiches,*The Novels of Elizabeth Bowen* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press 1999),p.39.

<sup>14</sup> Ibid.

<sup>15</sup> Ibid,p.41.

<sup>16</sup> Ibid.

<sup>17</sup> Keri Walsh, *Elizabeth Bowen, Surrealist* (New York: New York University Press , 2007),p.161

<sup>18</sup> Ibid,p.162.

<sup>19</sup> Ibid.

<sup>20</sup> Sally M. Nichols, *Elizabeth Bowen: An Inventory of Her Collection* (New York:

New York University Press , 1998),p.19

<sup>21</sup> Paula Caplan, *The New Don't Blame Mother: Mending the Mother-Daughter Relationship* (London: Routledge. 2000),p.21

<sup>22</sup>Ibid.

<sup>23</sup>Ibid,p.22.

<sup>24</sup> Nancy j. Chodorow, *The Reproduction of Mothering: Psychoanalysis and the Sociology of Gender* ( Berkeley: University of California Press. 1978),p.7.

<sup>25</sup> Ibid.

<sup>26</sup> Ibid,p.8.

<sup>27</sup> Alfred McDowell, "The Death of the Heart" and the Human Dilemma *Language Studies* 8.2 (Spring, 1978), p.

## **Conclusion**

Bowen's *The Death of the Heart* is one of the women's abstract works that oppose the social development of womanhood. It depicts sexual orientation way of

life because of social development which is forced to Portia's delicate personality. In the investigation of the novel, this examination initially center<sup>9</sup> around how man controlled society mistreats the mother's flexibility by directing her part as the essential nurturer for her little girl. For this abusive demonstration, it develops the mother-girl's relationship which at last empowers the arrangement of the little girl's delicate personality

*The Death of the Heart* is a magnificent novel, a to an extraordinary degree unobtrusive examination of the destruction and befuddle of youth, of how fundamental it is for some person to toy with the conclusions of a juvenile, particularly some individual as delicate and as trusting as Portia. Eddie is a hardhearted, obtuse energetic related who mishandle Portia's naivety and requirement for love, smashing her most significant needs in the meantime. Henceforth, Anna and Thomas are insignificant superior to anything Eddie, neglect to offer Portia the help and assertion she so fiercely needs

*The Death of the Heart* is maybe Elizabeth Bowen's best-known book. As she deftly and carefully uncovered the brutality that hides behind the cleaned surfaces of traditional society, Bowen uncovers herself as an awesome author who joins a comical inclination with a staggering present for divining human inspirations.

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