

GREAT TALENTS IN SHADOWY DEPTHS THE EFFECTS OF SOLITUDE, SELF-CONCEPT AND DEATH ON LITERATURE AND CREATIVITY

Pınar Süt Güngör

Muş Alparslan University, Turkey

Abstract

In this study, my aim is to look at the world through the lonesome eyes of people. Loneliness is the dark side of the human soul; yet many famous people created miracles by using their deep loneliness. When they suffered from loneliness in shadowy depths, they became the voice of other lonely people. By writing, they succeed to make people hear their screams come from the broken side of their hearts. There have been many writers and poets who suffered from loneliness during all their life, and I choose two people among them in order to reflect the dark side of their worlds. They are Emily Dickinson and Sylvia Plath. Loneliness cannot be hidden in hearts. It comes out with miracles. Human nature finds its meaning inside the soul, and if this soul is punished with loneliness, writing is the only cure to escape from this punishment.

Key words: solitude, self-concept, subconscious, creativity

1.1 The Effects of Solitude, Self-concept and Death on Subconscious

The common definition of solitude is the state of being alone. But the nature of solitude is complex, since one can be alone in the presence of another person. Solitude encompasses a variety of states that may range from pleasurable to exceedingly painful. In the latter case, it is termed “loneliness” (Modell, 1996: 121). Loneliness is a psychological situation in which people see themselves in the shape of another person. Like most of psychological situations, loneliness also comes from early childhood. The first six years are very important for child development. Many authors have argued that self-concept is developed very early in childhood and once established, it is enduring. Freudians also state that early childhood is the period self-concept is formed and stabilized. There are stages for the growth of self-concept and during each stage there is a specific task to be accomplished. The satisfactory completion of each stage is necessary to before the next stage to be attempted (Hattie, 1992: 118). So, early childhood has a crucial role for character development. Relations between the family and friends effect the development. If you complete this period successfully, it means it has positive effects on your future. However, if these stages cannot be completed as it should be, bad effects may be seen in later periods. The good memories are kept on conscious level since there is no need to escape them, they are good ones and they are the symbol of successful completion of these stages. But, bad events are kept in subconscious since they are the symbol of grief, anguish, pain and they drag person to the old, bad days. Jastrow defines subconscious as:

At favorable moments, when the sea of consciousness is unruffled and calm contemplation seems promising, he peers intently into the shadowy depths, and is disappointed to find how little he can distinguish of what lies below the surface, how constantly the waters send back merely the reflection -- partly distorted -- of his own familiar features (Jastrow, 1906: 6).

Sometimes, life is not easy, as it seems. Sometimes, our grief, pains, and burdens are too much to endure. In these situations, you do not belong to anywhere. Your subconscious is full of pains and you know it is impossible to escape from these burdens. There is no one around to help you or to share your pains. There is only one way for you to slow down your grief and deep screams: confine yourself to a deep loneliness, and write. Because it is loneliness, and you cannot share your loneliness with

another person, it is not a symptom of physical illness but an emotional illness. The best explanation is what Emily Dickinson says:

A door just opened on a street--
I, lost, was passing by--
An instant's width of warmth disclosed
And wealth, and company.

The door as sudden shut, and I,
I, lost, was passing by,--
Lost doubly, but by contrast most,
Enlightening misery. (Dickinson, 1971)

And when it comes to family, it can be asked what contributions might the family make to children's feelings of loneliness? Family relations contribute to children's feelings of loneliness in different ways. For example, children form secure attachments to their parents through positive, reciprocal interactions over time. When attachments with parents are severed by separation, children feel threatened which can be detrimental to their self-esteem and interpersonal relations. One source of separation that is quite common for children is death (Bullock, 1993: 46).

1.2 Death as a Source of Loneliness

"Death was defiance. Death was an attempt to communicate people feeling the impossibility of reaching the centre, which mystically evaded them; there was an embrace in death" (Woolf, 1992). Many authors and layman alike know that death is the last destination in this world. It is the last point of life for people. Although, all of us know that it is impossible to escape from death, we always try to get rid of it. Besides, even if we do not meet to death, its horror and pain are enough to afraid from it. Because, it takes our loved ones and our hearts, our targets, our feelings with them. Attig describes the pain of death in hearts:

When those we love die, we remain poised to feel, act, think, expect, and hope as if they were still with us. We hurt as we meet their absence again and again in public places and in intimate corners of our lives. We long for the past or for their return so that our feelings, actions, thoughts, expectations, and hopes might again find their targets. When their absence frustrates us, we can't help wishing things were different. The wishing comes over us spontaneously, almost as an extension of, or expression of, our frustration. We wish that they were alive at just this moment so that we could still share our days and face life together. Such wishing is harmless yet unwelcome. We wish the disparity between what was and what is were not so great. We feel deprived and resentful. Such wishing is part of the pain of missing those we love. We experience it less frequently or intensely as time goes on, as we relearn our worlds. But it can recur whenever we find ourselves missing our loved ones, even years later. (Attig, 2000: 22)

This is the most meaningful description of death and the effects of death on our lives. Because when they go, they take our hopes, our meanings, our joy with them. From that time, life does not mean anything for those people. Because life is meaningful with them. Moreover, loneliness is the most obvious consequence of death since our hopes, targets, the meaning of life have gone with the loved one. At this point, it is the destiny of person to confine himself to a deep loneliness. People who suffered much in this world, oppressed in many ways, like Plath and Dickinson, understand and embrace loneliness in the end. Because the people around them, cannot take the place of loved ones and they are not a source of happiness for them. Leonardi becomes the voice of such people by saying:

And the winning post was no end to it, even though crowds might be cheering you in, because on you had to go before you got your breath back, and the only time you stopped really was when you tripped over a tree trunk and broke your neck....' (Leonardi, 1994: 39).

The people around you, are not interested in you, you want the loved ones. As seen, love and death are opposing forces, and loneliness is the product of this relationship. When we consider, death is the most prominent element of loneliness since it has the most devastating effects on human life; pain, anguish, grief, loneliness... After the deaths of loved ones, a new life begins with the memories and footprints of them. As Umberson (2003) states, we still hold memories that we can review privately or share with one another. We still feel the imprints of their lives on us where we hold their practical, soulful, and spiritual legacies. Our feelings and desires for them do not change the moment they die. Neither do our motivations, habits, dispositions, expectations, and hopes. We fear that if we change these things, we may forget or stop loving them. So, life goes on with them even if they are not with us actually. Death shapes the life of those who remain. Because, love is the bond that connects family, friends, lovers. So, it is not surprising that everything within us is poised to keep our love alive. Nearly all of us want to succeed it, however; we are at a loss as to how to do it (Umberson, 2003: 8). Dickinson and Plath succeeded it by writing poems for their loss but loved ones. It is the aim of their life from now on. There is no one to understand them, share their feelings, their pain. There are just memories and imprints of the death ones, the relics of their lives, one pencil, one paper, one thought in mind –death-and the deprivation of love. They are mostly enough to become alone in this world. After living the fear of death even once in life, it is impossible to forget this feeling. Dickinson responds (as cited in Buell, 1989: 344), “ I have a horror of death; the dead are so soon forgotten. But when I die, they’ll have to remember me.” This sentence is the symbol of self-reproach and self-punishment. Because after the death of loved ones, she sees life as meaningless and as not worth for living. She punishes herself with a deep loneliness, loveliness by writing poems for the dead ones always. It is just one way of punishment. Freud (as cited in Ramazani, 1993: 1142) acknowledges the self-reproach of the mourners:

Although ambivalence inheres in all love relationships and in all mourning, a disproportion of negative feelings results in "melancholic" or "pathological" mourning, characterized by "self-reproaches to the effect that the mourner himself is to blame for the loss of the loved object, i.e., that he has willed it." The mourner's self-reproach is therefore secondary, deriving from the primary anger toward the deceased. In melancholia, feelings of "sadism and hate" for the dead person "have been turned round upon the subject's own self," so that the mourner takes revenge "by the circuitous path of self-punishment" (Ramazani, 1993).

Self-punishment gains its meaning in the hands of mourners. It becomes the gate for the mourners to escape from the pain of death. Love and death, as opposing items, force mourner to confine himself to a deep loneliness and this loneliness grows with self-reproaches and at last self-punishment. So, loneliness is both cause and effect of the self-punishment. Klein, (as cited in Leonardi, 1994: 3) echoes this point:

When hatred of the lost loved object . . gets the upper hand in the mourner, this not only turns the loved lost person into a persecutor, but shakes the mourner's belief in his good inner objects as well. The shaken belief in the good objects disturbs most painfully the process of idealization (Klein, 1994).

These sentences show that the death of loved person is not limited to its grief and sorrow, however; it changes nearly everything in the life of mourner. The mourner's point of view for the life, lifestyle, people around him, his wishes, his character, in short, the rest of mourner's life reshapes according to the grief of death. Mourner reflects his anguish, sorrow and self-reproaches to the people by means of writing. The effects of this pain can be shown in mourners every action, every thought. Because like life, grief also is a journey and this journey from loving in presence to loving in separation is possible because the lives of those who have died remain real in the lives of those of us who know and love them (Umberson, 2003). Loneliness, stem from the death of loved person, does not show itself just self-reproaches or the deep pain in heart. It is very complex issue, and very important, especially for children. Because it has crucial effects on character development. It deeply affects the future life of child since it causes to deep injuries upon the child. Besides, these injuries have dominant importance in relationships, friendships, that is in social environments of the child. For instance, it may cause the rejection of the child by his friends due to his behaviors. Asher (1984: 1456) states this emotional poverty as:

Children are rejected for a variety of reasons ranging from being aggressive with peers, having difficulty communicating their needs and desires, misinterpreting intentions and cues of other children, rejecting a peer's suggestion without offering a reason, and ignoring others, to being disruptive. Children who are rejected by their peers are at a greater risk for personal and school adjustment, and report low levels of self-esteem. (Asher et al., 1984)

Even if they do not want to be rejected by their friends or society, it is indispensable for them. Because they are child, and they do not have any control upon their behaviors. Their thoughts, pains, anguish direct their life. They want to behave in an ordinary way, however the imprints of memories do not release them. Since they do not have any peace in their inner worlds, they cannot gain peace in outer worlds of them. Dickinson (as cited in Oates, 1987) experiences this hardship and writes a poem to reflect her situation.

They shut me up in prose
As when a little girl
They put me in the closet
Because they liked me "stil

Still! Could themselves have peeped
And seen my brain go round
They might as well have lodged a bird
For treason in the pound

Himself has but to will
And easy as a star
Abolish his captivity
And laugh no more have I.

Surely there is a witty irony behind the notion that lightning, inside the poet, can be domesticated by way of kind explanations told to children; that the dazzle of truth might be gradual and not blinding. The surprise of which the poet speaks is too much for mankind to bear. Consequently, mourners poetry is difficult to understand since it demands necessary strategies for the act of writing is invariably an act of rebellion, a way of abolishing captivity, and a way of expressing loneliness.

EMILY DICKINSON (1830-1886)

An understanding of Dickinson's work and the underpinnings of her attitudes requires an examination of her life in society and her life in art. In some respects, Dickinson responded to society much like other females. Their loneliness in house even in among other people, their anguish towards to be noticed and remembered always reflected the attitudes of other females towards the society, and emotional loneliness. She shared the concerns of her time like all other women and reflected these concerns to her works. The habit of Emily Dickinson's mind led her to construct a double estate in which this world was furnished with the infinite in which God was her old neighbor and death, agony, loneliness were her friends. Grown up in the religious society of the Connecticut Valley, she learnt early to respect the essentials of the time: mortality, temporal presence of God, and man's relationship with God. (Cady, 1990: 52)

There were a number of poems by Dickinson exploring the nature of mind and the consciousness that have special interest beyond their intrinsic worth. Her purpose to write these poems was to define "self" comprehending both experience and the instrument controlling her art. By expressing "self", she showed the point of view of her soul. Her experiences were important; however it had much importance to support these experiences with mind. How she behaved and how mind reacted to these, was the question for her (Cady, 1990: 52). This poem reflects the relationship between mind and soul:

The mind lives on the heart
Like any parasite
If that is full of meat
The mind is fat.
But if the heart omit
Emaciate the wit
The aliment of it
So absolute. (Johnson, 1955)

She speaks from the interior of a life, she speaks from the soul. Her painful experiences in this world give way her soul to write these poems. She is the poet of our broken hearts, our broken minds. She creates an interior world with the help of mind. By joining these two forces she realizes the soul, the very soul in which she harmonizes all experiences which are painful, broken, untreatable and nearly forgotten. (Oates, 1987: 806)

After a hundred years
Nobody knows the place,--
Agony, that enacted there,
Motionless as peace.

Weeds triumphant ranged,
Strangers strolled and spelled
At the lone orthography
Of the elder dead.

Winds of summer fields
Recollect the way,--
Instinct picking up the key
Dropped by memory. (Johnson, 1955)

This poem also is an example of her agonies and memories that have been nearly forgotten. In her art, she reflects many aspects of her soul: her anger toward the deceased, defiance and pain.

2.1 Emily Dickinson's Attitude toward Death

Her relationship with death was a lifelong one. Beginning with the death of her father in 1874 and mounting until the year of her own death in 1886 at the age of fifty-six, losses of family members, close friends, and eventually her own health carried sorrow from poetic imagination into actual experience, reflected in both letters and poems. In her lifelong attempt to trace the boundaries of certainties and possibilities, she found that love and death become only more acutely felt. As her niece Martha Dickinson Bianchi noted, Emily Dickinson was "eternally preoccupied with death".

From the time she started to write poems until the last days of her, death captivated and absorbed her. In this aspect, her poems were an escape for her to save from the death. Ford, utters this point as:

..... the poet herself knew that death, and more particularly a fear of it, was a prime motivating force in her creative work. To occupy her mind and to reduce her anxiety over death, she turned to a study of the dictionary. (Ford, 1966: 176)

It was clear that in order to escape from the fear of death, she wrote poems. Our subconscious includes all events we do not want to remember, all important points in our life. If you sink below the waters, you can see what lays below the surface. Emily Dickinson, like a magical diving suit, lives always under the waters.

Our subconscious includes all events we do not want to remember, all important points in our life. If you sink below the waters, you can see what lays below the surface. Emily Dickinson, like a magical diving suit, lives always under the waters.

It is wound, a deep wound which is not curable. It is a lifelong experience and it has deep effects upon the lives of those remains. Dickinson is one of those who suffer from this emotional illness during all her life. The effect of death is the most prominent cause of her loneliness. With such deep injuries in heart, it is impossible to live an ordinary life like someone else. The meaning of life goes with those who went far away. In one of her poems, Dickinson reflects her loneliness:

A book I have, a friend gave,
Whose pencil, here and there,
Had notched the place that pleased him,
At rest his fingers are.
Now, when I read, I read not,
For interrupting tears
Obliterate the etchings
Too costly for repairs. (Johnson, 1955)

This is the statement of her wounds, her injuries, her tears. Life is difficult to bear, there are lots of burdens to carry, and sometimes it is impossible to endure all these hardships. In these situations, it is much more acceptable to live with a deep loneliness. Because if you do not know anybody, there is no need to sorry for him. Or, if you do not love someone, there is no need to suffer from their deaths. This is the fear of death, fear of losing someone beloved. Dickinson utters this fear in her nearly all poems. And this is just one of them:

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain. (Johnson, 1955)

Maybe this was the goal of her life: affection to her belongings. However, after losing all her belongings one by one, she became the captive of her fear of death. She lived a life, of course, after these all deaths, but she lost all her soul and senses. Her writings became the only friends of her, in this aspect. For her, the dead person both died and not died, both buried within her and not buried. She lived all her life with the memories of death ones. Maybe, Dickinson fears that if she changed something in her life, she might stop loving them. Love and death were natural enemies and Dickinson was in between these two situations, one side of her was full of love and the other side was at the edge of death.

It is very difficult to understand the works of Dickinson due to their sacred meanings. In order to understand them, a deep lexicon of death and loneliness is needed. There are no surface meanings in her works, every sentence, every word has its special meaning and secluded from any other word levels. Every word is so real that you can infer that Dickinson is in the center of the experience, because without tasting all these injuries, it is impossible to write such real works. Oates shares his ideas about Dickinson as:

She speaks from the interior of a life as we might imagine ourselves speaking, gifted with genius' audacity and shorn of the merely local and time-bound. If anonymity is the soul's quintessential voice-its seductive, mesmerizing, fatal voice- then Emily Dickinson is our poet of the soul: our most endlessly fascinating American poet. As Whitman powerfully addresses the exterior of American life, so Dickinson addresses-or has she helped create?-its unknowable interior (Oates, 1987).

As Barbara Mossberg (as cited in Louis, 1988) has suggested, the role of rebel in Dickinson's work is intimately connected with the role of child whose innocent affection are meant to disarm the reader. Dickinson, like most children in the Protestant culture of her time, had been impressed with the conviction that to regret one's losses is a form of rebellion against Providence. Grief is illegitimate, it is naughty to repine. Against the conviction of her time, Dickinson sets her rhetorical strategy to rebel this conviction. Implicitly, she rebels against the cruelty of the society, or of a god. This is the strategy to explain her grief and loneliness stem from her losses (Louis, 1988: 346). Her soul was in a lifelong torment, and her lifelong struggle with life became the inspiration for her poetry. In her society, where very strict rules were applied, she did not have any other choice rather than to write. Her frustration against the society and God shaped her life as a poet. She lived the fear of losing again in every moment of her life, and she felt the grief of this feeling in the deepest places of her heart. She wrote in order to lessen this pain, and in that situation, while she living the hardest anguish in heart, while her soul was in torment, while one side of her was full of love and the other side was at the edge of death, while she stand in somewhere between the two worlds; it was impossible to expect her writing by ignoring the effects of these situations. She wrote the thing which she best knew: loneliness.

The dying need but little, dear,--
A glass of water's all,
A flower's unobtrusive face
To punctuate the wall,
A fan, perhaps, a friend's regret,
And certainly that one
No color in the rainbow
Perceives when you are gone. (Johnson, 1955)

SYLVIA PLATH (1932- 1963)

Sylvia Plath was born on October 27, 1932, in Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts. She was the eldest child of Otto and Aurelia Plath. Her father was a professor of German and entomology who specialized in bees, and her mother, who had been Otto's student, was a high school teacher. When Plath was eight years old, her father died of complications following an operation. Plath was a talented student and she won a scholarship to attend Smith College.

In her junior year at Smith College, Plath suffered an emotional breakdown and she received electroshock therapy. This is the reason of her attempt to suicide in 1953. She received intensive therapy and graduated from the college. She won a Fulbright to study Cambridge University. In there, she met and married the poet Ted Hughes (Bloom, 1998). Ted Hughes described the personality of Plath (as cited in Malcolm, 1994: 14) as inner transformation and internal work:

Though I spent every day with her for six years, and was rarely separated from her for more than two or three hours at a time, I never saw her show her real self to anybody, except, perhaps, in the last three months of her life. Her real self had showed itself in her writing, just for a moment, three years earlier, and when I heard it- the self I had married, after all, and lived with and knew well- in that brief moment, three lines recited as she went out through a doorway, I knew that what I had always felt must happen had now begun to happen, that her real self, being the real poet, would now speak for itself, and would throw off all those lesser and artificial selves that had monopolized the words up to that point. It was as if a dumb person suddenly spoke. (Malcolm, 1994)

Plath's poetry of the relationship between the self and the world, actually, symbolizes the inner thoughts and the real self of Plath. She was between transformation and isolation, and her poetry shows the conflict between the two. Especially in her early poems, she wanted to act and transform something in her life. Her poems reflect the possibility of this transformation according to her. However, her late poems brought the isolation and stasis. The self of her was trapped within a cycle and there was no possibility to move. Although she tried to move, she came back to the same point. (Annas, 1988)

The fountains are dry and the roses over.
Incense of death. Your day approaches.
The pears fatten like little buddhas.
A blue mist is dragging the lake.
You move through the era of fishes,
You smug centuries of the pig—
Head, toe and finger
Come clear of the shadow.

Sylvia Plath is one of the most popular poets. Until her death, she lives in the darkness. Darkness becomes her only friend in which she can explain her feelings easily. The life she suffers from, has a devastating effect on her psychology. As she tries to live in this world, she approaches to the edge. She forces her limits in order to live in peace, however; the deep injuries inside her do not allow succeeding it. Dobbs touches on that:

Many Plath poems are concerned at one level or another with suffering: with sickness, injury, torture, madness, death. Titles alone, of many Plath poems, reveal this: "Cut," for example, and "Fever 103°," "Paralytic," "Contusion," "Thalidomide," "Amnesiac," "Witch Burning." This seems not surprising in that Plath's life and the lives of

those close to her contained more than an average share of illness and loss. There were the amputation of her father's leg and his subsequent death when she was seven; her mother's chronic ulcer; her grandmother's death; her own breakdown and institutionalization, chronic sinus condition, broken leg, miscarriage, appendectomy (Dobbs, 1977: 18).

She suffers from lots of difficulties, and it is sometimes hardly easy to carry all these burdens. She has a very successful school life, on surface a good husband yet the effects of her early life turn her world into a hell. She marries in order to save herself from these pains, but in vain. She writes this wish to her journal (as cited in McCullough, 1982: 72):

Suddenly everyone else is very married and happy, and one is very alone, and bitter about eating a boiled tasteless egg by oneself every morning and painting on a red mouth to smile oh-so-sweetly at the world with. (Plath, 1953)

She is in a deep loneliness. And the most important thing in her life causes such deep loneliness is 'death'.

3.1 The Impact of Death on Her Life

Dying,
Is an art, like everything else
I do it exceptionally well
I do it so it feels like hell
I do it so it feels real
I guess you could say I've a call.
It's easy enough to do it in a cell.
It's easy enough to do it and stay put
It's the theatrical. ("Lady Lazarus," Ariel, 1981)

As understood from the poem, she knows the art of dying very well. She meets to the death at an early age, and it becomes very familiar to her. Her father dies when Sylvia is seven years old. This loss has the most devastating effect on her psychology. She lives the fear of death during all her life and at last she confines herself to a deep loneliness as an escape from this fear. After the death of her father, she develops a double side towards her mother. She is both rival and friend according to her. The loss of her father causes to loss of her mother at the same time. Eder focuses on this point:

Sylvia both loved and hated her mother. Aurelia Plath, who led a life of scrimping self-sacrifice, expected to live vicariously through her talented daughter. The daughter then found herself burdened with guilt and resentment; for in order to gain her mother's love, she constantly had to fulfill her mother's desires and expectations as well as her own. Plath's demonic inner self repudiated her mother's (and her own) bourgeois aspirations for domesticity, happiness and security. Stevenson traces Plath's deepest conflict to equally powerful needs for absolute love and for the realization of her own deepest nature. The self she had to recover "a queen," as she visualizes it in her beekeeping poems was a guilt-ridden Electra, a fury perpetually mourning her father's early death. Who could love this buried self? In life, as in her art, Plath saw those close to her as doubles. Her mother was the original double. She tended to think of close women friends either as doubles or as rivals: helles amies or doubles when they helped her, rivals when they asserted their own existence and appeared to compete with her for any of the many prizes she coveted, particularly men.(Eder, 1989: 9)

She competes with her mother in order to gain the love of her father; it is because of the Electra complex which includes the missing emotions of a daughter cause of a father's death. Plath verifies this fact in her journals by saying:

I fight all women for my men.... I am a woman, and there is no loyalty, not even between mother and daughter. Both fight for the father, for the son, for the bed of mind and body. (The Journals of Sylvia Plath, 1982)

In this poem, she infers that she is resentful for loving and waiting him for a long time. It is useless to wait since he does not come back. At this point, her love turns into anger and she understands her fault. This is also the symbol of her loneliness; she focuses on the "I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead." She states that she lives in her own world; everything in here depends on her. Plath creates a world of her in order to achieve to explain herself. This is her own world and she can save herself from loneliness in there by writing her own feelings. This is the way of expressing herself to the other world. Now that she is alone in this world and cannot speak freely, the other world is her inn where she can speak. Plath records all her insights on writings. And every insights of her, represents another feeling. For instance, her poem 'Dady' confesses her anger and hate towards the death of her father:

Not God but a swastika
So black no sky could squeak through.
Every woman adores a Fascist,
The boot in the face, the brute
Brute heart of a brute like you.
Bit my pretty red heart in two
I was ten when they buried you
At twenty I tried to die
And get back, back, back to you
I thought even the bones would do. (Plath, 1981)

She explains the reason of her suicide in this poem, like others. She is a single woman. Plath has a husband, children yet they are away from her world. She lives in darkness and loneliness, under the shadow of death. She wants to live a happy life, with her family, friends yet with the death of her father, Plath's hope for a steady life disappears. She is an ordinary woman, and likes ordinary life, steady life. So, big events, like death, crush her life easily. Helle focuses on her steadiness by explaining how she wrote poems:

Any idea that Plath's writing can be regarded as mere cries of personal pain can only be shaken by a visit to Smith College Rare Book Room, where the handwritten drafts of sixty-seven of Plath's last poems are held.... To achieve these sixty seven poems, Plath generated enough paper to fill seven box files, each three inches thick and filled to the brim. There are dozens of revisions for each poem. Stanzas are crossed out again, and again, until she gets there. Plath calculates and chooses. She selects and deletes. A line is written over and over, with countless insertions, cancellations, and restorations of a single word or phrase until Plath pushes the poem into what she wants it to be. The evidence of detailed planning and careful craftsmanship the very opposite of any uncontrolled outpouring of rage and despair is incontrovertible... (Helle, 2005: 634)

As stated in the paragraph, even while writing her feelings, despair, and pain towards the death and loneliness, she wants to be perfect. In every corner of life, she tries to find happiness, peace since there

is no place for unplanned events in her life. However, as a biggest unplanned event in this world, death comes into her world suddenly. And this unexpected arrival, affects all her life. As mentioned before, although she wants just peace in this world, Plath cannot find it anywhere. She marries in order to get away from loneliness and the imprints of the death of her father. But this marriage is not an escape for her but just another burden. She writes in her letters to home also in Journals, her relationship with Ted:

Ted's good story on the caning. Very fine, very difficult. He advances, unencumbered by any fake image of what the world expects of him. Last night, consoling, holding me. ... I have experienced love, sorrow, madness, and if I cannot make these experiences meaningful, no new experience can help me. (Plath, 1959)

This sentences show the indefinite relationship between them. The words “love, sorrow, madness” are the symbols of this uncertainty. She loves him yet cannot find peace in him at the same time. She is confused and frustrated with this marriage. Although she abandons the idea of career for the sake of a happy family, Plath cannot make Ted happy. She is good at housework and children, and misses a happy family, however this wish is far away from her. Dobbs points how Plath is fond of her family and tries to be happy:

In her own life, Plath tried for the compromise. There were times, her letters and the remem- brances of her family and friends reveal, that domestic life alone seemed to fulfill her. She was a perfectionist at housekeeping as she had always been at her college work and at writing. At times she reveled in being "cowlike" and maternal. Then, writing pot-boilers for "soppy women's magazines and cooking and sewing" were her highest ambitions. At times, too, she felt that "children seem[ed] an impetus to [her serious] writing." But a resentment against them, against their demands on her time, their drain on her creativity, is evident too. Pleasure, resentment, guilt. Ambivalence. Plath's work suggests that the attempt to resolve these feelings failed. Her suicide may have been, to some degree, a final acting out of her belief in punishment, vengeance, of the self on the self, for this failure. Plath's use of images and diction depicting suffering in relationship to female roles and domestic experience expressed in *The Bell Jar* and her late poetry are foreshadowed in several poems in her first book of poetry, *The Colossus* (1960). Many of the poems in this volume were written after her marriage; some were written during her first pregnancy. (Dobbs, 1977)

From this passage, it is evident that she is confused with this marriage. One side of her is happy to be a mother and housewife, but the other side is resentful for this marriage, since it kills her creativity, she is disappointed. As mentioned before, she writes to save herself from the hands of loneliness and the image of death, then she marries, as an escape, however; this marriage is not cure for her loneliness since she goes on writing even after this marriage. Yes, she marries, she has children yet she is alone again, and she speaks by means of her writings again. Plath mentions her perfections manner and her failure in her poem “Edge”.

The woman is perfected
Her dead
Body wears the smile of the accomplishment,
The illusion of a Greek necessity
Flows in the scrolls of her toga,
Her bare

Feet seem to be saying:
We have come so far, it is over.
Each dead child coiled, a white serpent,
One at each little
Pitcher of milk, now empty
She has folded (Plath, 198)

She reflects wish of accomplishment and failure in her inner world. Now that she cannot live a life which she wants, she makes her death perfect. Her children and husband cannot make her happy and cannot give the life she wants. Even, as a mother, she does not find peace in her children due to her deep injuries inside. In her great work "The Bell Jar", she narrates the moment of delivery as an unfamiliar way:

The woman's stomach stuck up so high I couldn't see her face or the upper part of her body at all. She seemed to have nothing but an enormous spider fat stomach and two little ugly spindly legs propped in the high stirrups, and all the time the baby was being born she never stopped making this inhuman whooping noise. Later Buddy told me the woman was on a drug that would make her forget she'd had any pain and that when she swore and groaned she really didn't know what she was doing because she was in a kind of twilight sleep. I thought it sounded just like the sort of drug a man would invent. Here was a woman in terrible pain, obviously feeling every bit of it or she wouldn't groan like that, and she would go straight home and start another baby, because the drug would make her forget how bad the pain had been, when all the time, in some secret part of her, that long, blind, doorless and windowless corridor of pain was waiting to open up and shut her in again. The head doctor . . . kept saying to the woman, "Push down, Mrs. Tomolillo, push down, that's a good girl, push down," and finally through the split, shaven place between her legs, lurid with disinfectant, I saw a dark fuzzy thing appear. (p. 72) (as cited in Perloff, 1972: 521)

As understood from this description, the birth of her child, even, is not enough to make her happy. Rather than being a miracle, giving birth to a child is decrypted as a fault, it means all her joy for life disappears. It is evident that coping with the death of her father is difficult for her. Plath's painful and miserable days start with the death of her father, and in this aspect her works are means of articulating grief and pain. Plath is mourner, works are her self-reproaches. She expresses anger, rage, pain, revenge, and self-reproaches in her nearly all works. Ramazani touches on that:

While all Plath's elegies are angry, her early ones turn rage inward, resulting in poems of bitter self-reproach, and only the later ones directly attack her father. Plath was well aware that her love for her father was mingled with sadomasochistic feelings. "He was an autocrat," she said of him; "I adored and despised him, and I probably wished many times that he were dead. When he obliged me and died, I imagined that I had killed him" (Steiner 45). Just as Plath heightens the outwardly directed anger of the elegy, she also heightens its inward manifestation, pitilessly charging herself with having murdered her father. Self-destructive mourning has long played a role in the elegy of her (Ramazani, 1993).

In her poem "Daddy", she infers that she is angry with the death of her father, and she expresses the other intense feelings of her about it.

If I've killed one man, I've killed two-
The vampire who said he was you
And drank my blood for a year,
Seven years, if you want to know.
Daddy, you can lie back know.
There's a stake in your fat black heart
And the villagers never liked you.
They are dancing and stamping on you.
They always knew it was you.
Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I'm through. (Plath, 1981)

In relation to anger and hate, Cam demands the suffering of Plath in this poem by pointing out:

In "Daddy", it takes twenty years of suffocating suffering and finally an exorcism and an elaborate ritual –the stake in the heart of vampire –like Daddy- to make him lie still enough, the persona hopes to allow her to get " through "to personal freedom. Daddy's death is far more drawn out, dramatic, tortuous, and sinister. The death brings Plath's poem to it's close as the persona gasps her valediction, " Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I'm through," and collapses, exhausted by her efforts into a world without Daddy. (Cam, 1987: 430)

Stimpson also echoes the effect of Otto Plath's death on Sylvia and she focuses on Plath's emotional illness stem from this death:

Plath was also a tormented soul. Perhaps, if Otto Plath had not died with his gangrenous leg amputated, her demons might have been gentler, her nerves less "razor-shaved." She might have felt less victimized by what we drily call bipolarity. More vividly, she writes in June 1958, while battling depression, "It is as if my life were magically run by two electric currents, joyous positive and despairing negative which ever is running at the moment dominates my life." The journals can oscillate between a vibrant responsiveness to the world and withdrawal from it into illness and sleep. If her father had lived, her surging anxieties, which she symbolizes as "the Panic Bird," might have attacked her less vehemently. The testimony of the journals is no more than it can be: Otto Plath did die, and left his daughter with the psychic task of dealing with the demons that haunted her afterwards. One of her recurring self-commandments is to "learn German," as if she could control them by mastering her father's tongue. The writer's task, which the journals explore so eloquently, was to give aesthetic shape to torment (Stimpson, 2000).

As understood from the passage, Plath's heart is confined to a place where she is tormented. She wants to forget yet these pains are lifelong. At first, she thinks that if she does not change something in her life, maybe she can accept the death of her father. However, she never accepts this death and it turns to her as a symbol of anger, hate, and loneliness. She wants to be alone from now on since Plath carries the fear of loss all her life. She loves Otto Plath much yet he leaves her alone in this world. She thinks that if she loves again, she will loss. So, loneliness in her is an expression of her attitude towards death.

RESULT AND DISCUSSION

Through the history, there have been many great talents who suffer from deep loneliness. Although sometimes this emotional disaster is very difficult to cope with, they struggle and transform it into great works. Under the name of literature, they reflect their emotions, ambitions, suffrage, and the most important loneliness. By reflecting their own real life and real pains to their works, they become the real voice of lonely ones.

Loneliness is a mysterious and painful subject and it is not easy to understand fully the people who suffer from loneliness. However, it is possible to understand the people who share the same destiny. Because their life may be different from each other but the point which unite them on the same way are their art and lives. At this point, art becomes the meaning of their life and drags us into a mysterious world of them. In there, we see that they confine themselves in burning loneliness and during their whole life they stay in this fire. They live different places in different times yet the pain and injuries are same. Sometimes, life is not easy, as it seems. Sometimes our grieves, pains, and burdens are too much to endure. In these situations, you do not belong to anywhere. Your subconscious is full of pains and you know it is impossible to escape from these burdens. There is no one around to help you or to share your pains. There is only one way for you to slow down your grief and deep screams: confine yourself to a deep loneliness, and write. Because it is loneliness, and you cannot share your loneliness with another person, it is not a symptom of physical illness but an emotional illness. This is the most obvious reason behind their writing.

They compensate the injured part of their heart by writing. In their works, lonely great talents, symbolize the real person inside them. They reflect the deep loneliness to nearly all their works since they never find a satisfactory relationship with people in their life. Their all pains, injuries, hatred, ambitions are included in their lines. The emptiness between their inner and outside world make them to write their emotions in order to fill it. And the most important reason behind these shadowy depths is *death*. When those we love die, we remain silent like all life die with them. Death is the most meaningful and at the same times most meaningless thing in human life. It shows both the meaning and the emptiness of living. At this point, when it includes such a duality inside it, loneliness is the awaited consequence of this pain. Because when they go, they take our hopes, our meanings, and our joy with them. From that time, life does not mean anything for those people. Because life is meaningful with them. Moreover, loneliness is the most obvious consequence of death since our hopes, targets, the meaning of life have gone with the loved one. At this point, it is the destiny of person to confine himself to a deep loneliness.

People who suffered much in this world, oppressed in many ways, like Plath and Dickinson, understand and embraced loneliness in the end. Because the people around them do not hear their screams come from the deepest part of heart. Can loneliness is shared? Is it possible? No. If it can be shared, it cannot be loneliness already. Then how is it possible to tell loneliness to the other person, make them aware of your own pains? Dickinson and Plath, and many other great writers and poets, succeed it by writing and showing their inner world into their lines.

In sum up, longings, injuries, pains lead great talents, like all other people who suffer from life, to the edge of a deep loneliness. This is a double-edged sword for them: because, it makes them to create another life for themselves, which nobody can hear or see them, however; at the same time by means of this loneliness they create very great works. Their deep loneliness becomes the triggering point to write. They reflect the storms in their inner world by means of writings. Their all disappointments in this life are on behalf of writing.

References

- Annas, P J 1988, *A Disturbance in Mirrors: The Poetry of Sylvia Plath*, Greenwood Press: New York
- Asher, SR 1984, *Loneliness in Children*, Child Development. New York: Cambridge University Press
- Attig, T 2003, *The Heart of Grief: Death and the Search for Lasting Love*. Oxford University Press: Cambridge, England
- Bloom, H 1998, 'American Women Fiction Writers, 1990-1960', vol:3 Philadelphia,
- Buell, J W 1989, 'A Slow Solace: Emily Dickinson and Consolation', *The New England Quarterly*, vol. 62, no. 3, pp 344-345.
- Bullock, JR 1993, 'Family Relations', Published by National Council on Family Relations, vol.42, no. 1, pp 46-49.
- Cady, E H 1990, *On Dickinson*. Duke University Press: Durham.
- Cam, H 1987, 'Daddy: Sylvia Plath's Debt to Anne Sexton', *Source: American Literature*, vol. 59, no. 3. Duke University Press.
- Dobbs, J 1977, 'Viciousness in the Kitchen': Sylvia Plath's Domestic Poetry. *Source*, *Modern Language Studies*, Vol. 7, No. 2.
- Ford, T W 1966, *Heaven Beguiles the Tired: Death in the Poetry of Emily Dickinson*. University of Alabama Press.
- Hattie, J 1992, *Self-Concept*. Lawrence Erlbaum Associates, Hillsdale, NJ.
- Helle, A 2005, 'Lessons from Archive: Sylvia Plath and the Politics of Memory'. *Source: Feminist Studies*, vol. 31, no. 3. Published by : Feminist Studies, Inc.
- Jastrow, J 1906, *The Subconscious*. Houghton Mifflin: Boston.
- Johnson, T H 1955, *The Poems of Emily Dickinson*. 3 vol. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
- Leonardi, SJ 1994, 'The Long-Distance Runner (The Loneliness, Loveliness, Nunliness of)', *Source: Tulsa Studies in Women's Literature*, vol. 13, no. 1, University of Tulsa.
- Louis, MK 1988, 'Emily Dickinson's Sacrament of Starvation', *Source: Nineteenth-Century Literature*, vol. 43, no. 3. University of California Press.
- Malcolm, J 1994, *The Silent Women: Sylvia Plath&Ted Hughes*. New York Press.
- McCullough, F 1982, 'The Journals of Sylvia Plath 1950-1962'. New York: The Dial Press.
- Modell, AH 1996, *The Private Self*. Harvard University Press, Cambridge.
- Oates, JC 1987, 'Soul at the White Heat : The Romance of Emily Dickinson's Poetry', *Source: Critical Inquiry*, vol. 13, no. 4. The University of Chicago Press.
- Plath, S 1981, *Ariel*. Faber and Faber: London.
- Plath, S and Perloff, G 1972, 'A Ritual for Being Born Twice': Sylvia Plath's 'The Bell

- Jar'. Source: Contemporary Literature, vol. 13, no. 4.
- Plath, S 1959, Letters Home: correspondence, 1950-1963. Faber, London: Boston.
- Ramazani, J 1993, 'Dady, I Have Had to Kill You': Plath, Rage, and Modern Elegy', PMLA, vol. 108, no. 5.
- Umberson, D 2003, 'Death of a Parent: Transition a New Adult Identity', Cambridge University Press: Cambridge, England.
- Woolf, V 1992, Mrs. Dalloway. Oxford University Press: Oxford.